

Romeo juliet book pdf

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Free download Project Gutenberg 75,938 free eBooks 336 by William Shakespeare "Romeo and Juliet" by William Shakespeare is a tragedy likely written during the late 16th century. The play centers on the intense love affair between two young lovers, Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet, whose families are embroiled in a bitter feud. Their love,
while passionate and profound, is met with adversities that ultimately lead to tragic consequences. At the start of the play, a Prologue delivered by the femilial conflict that surrounds Romeo and Juliet. The opening scenes depict a public brawl ignited by the feud between
the Montagues and Capulets, showcasing the hostility that envelops their lives. As we are introduced to various characters such as Benvolio, Tybalt, and Mercutio, we learn of Romeo's unrequited love for Rosaline. However, this quickly changes when Romeo encounters Juliet at the Capulet ball, where they share a famous and romantic exchange,
unwittingly falling in love with each other despite their families' bitter enmity. This initial encounter foreshadows the obstacles they will face as their love story unfolds amidst chaos and conflict. (This is an automatically generated summary.) Show Less Skip to main content or search all Shakespeare texts Characters in the Play Entire Play The
prologue of Romeo and Juliet calls the title characters "star-crossed lovers"—and the stars do seem to conspire against these young lovers. Romeo is a Montague, and Juliet a Capulet. Their families are enmeshed in a feud, but the moment they meet—when Romeo and his friends attend a party at Juliet's house in disguise—the two fall in love and
quickly decide that they want to be married. A friar secretly marries them, hoping to end the feud. Romeo and his companions almost immediately encounter Juliet's cousin Tybalt, who challenges Romeo. When Romeo refuses to fight, Romeo's friend Mercutio accepts the challenge and is killed. Romeo then kills Tybalt and is banished. He spends that
night with Juliet and then leaves for Mantua. Juliet's father forces her into a marriage with Count Paris. To avoid this marriage, Juliet takes a potion, given her by the friar will send Romeo word to be at her family tomb when she awakes. The plan goes awry, and Romeo learns instead that she is dead. In the tomb,
Romeo kills himself. Juliet wakes, sees his body, and commits suicide. Their deaths appear finally to end the feud. Prologue Act 1, scene 1 A street fight breaks out between the Montagues and Capulets with death if they fight again. A melancholy
Romeo enters and is questioned by his cousin Benvolio, who learns that the cause of Romeo's sadness is unrequited love. Act 1, scene 2 In conversation with Capulet invites him to a party that night. Capulet invites him to a party that night.
servant cannot read the list and asks for help from Romeo and Benvolio. When they find out that Rosaline, on whom Romeo dotes, is invited to the party, they decide to go too. Act 1, scene 3 Lady Capulet informs Juliet of Paris's marriage proposal and praises him extravagantly. Juliet says that she has not even dreamed of marrying, but that she will
consider Paris as a possible husband if her parents wish her to. Act 1, scene 4 Romeo and Benvolio approach the Capulets' party with their friend Mercutio and others, wearing the disguises customarily donned by "maskers." Romeo is anxious because of an ominous dream. Mercutio mocks him with a speech about a dream-giving queen of fairies. Act
1, scene 5 Capulet welcomes the disguised Romeo and his friends. Romeo, watching the dance, is caught by the beauty of Juliet. Overhearing Romeo ask about her, Tybalt recognizes his voice and is enraged at the intrusion. Romeo then meets Juliet, and they fall in love. Not until they are separated do they discover that they belong to enemy houses.
Act 2, Chorus Again the Chorus's speech is in the form of a sonnet. Act 2, scene 1 Romeo finds himself so in love with Juliet that he cannot leave her. He scales a wall and enters Capulet's garden Romeo overhears Juliet express her love for him. When he
answers her, they acknowledge their love and their desire to be married. Act 2, scene 3 Determined to marry Juliet, Romeo hurries to Friar Lawrence. The Friar agrees to marry them, expressing the hope that the marriage may end the feud between their families. Act 2, scene 4 Mercutio and Benvolio meet the newly enthusiastic Romeo in the street.
Romeo defeats Mercutio in a battle of wits. The Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet: meet me at Friar Lawrence's cell this afternoon, and we will there be married. Act 2, scene 5 Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet: meet me at Friar Lawrence's cell this afternoon, and we will there be married. Act 2, scene 5 Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet: meet me at Friar Lawrence's cell this afternoon, and we will there be married. Act 2, scene 5 Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits impatiently for the Nurse finds Romeo, and he gives her a message for Juliet waits and her a message for Juliet waits and
Juliet learns that if she wants to marry Romeo, she need only go to Friar Lawrence's cell. After expressing their mutual love, they exit with the Friar to be married. Act 3, scene 1 Mercutio and Benvolio encounter Tybalt on the street. As soon as Romeo arrives, Tybalt tries to
provoke him to fight. When Romeo refuses, Mercutio answers Tybalt's challenge. They duel and Mercutio is fatally wounded. Romeo then avenges Mercutio's death by killing Tybalt in a duel. Benvolio tries to persuade the Prince to excuse Romeo's slaying of Tybalt; however, the Capulets demand that Romeo pay with his life; the Prince instead
 banishes Romeo from Verona. Act 3, scene 2 Juliet longs for Romeo to come to her. The Nurse arrives with the news that Romeo, but then renounces these feelings and devotes herself to grief for Romeo's banishment. The
Nurse promises to bring Romeo to Juliet that night. Act 3, scene 3 Friar Lawrence tells Romeo that his punishment from Juliet. When the Nurse enters and tells Romeo that Juliet is grief-stricken, Romeo attempts suicide. Friar Lawrence then says that
 Romeo may spend the night with Juliet and leave for exile in Mantua next morning. The Friar promises that Balthasar will bring Romeo news of Verona and suggests that Romeo can expect in time that the Prince may relent and allow him to return to Verona. Act 3, scene 4 Paris again approaches Capulet about marrying Juliet. Capulet, saying that
 Juliet will do as she is told, promises Paris that she will marry him in three days. Act 3, scene 5 Romeo and Juliet refuses, her father becomes enraged and vows to put her out on the streets. The Nurse recommends that Juliet
forget the banished Romeo and regard Paris as a more desirable husband. Juliet is secretly outraged at the Nurse's advice and decides to seek Friar Lawrence about the coming wedding when Juliet arrives. After Paris leaves, she threatens suicide if Friar Lawrence cannot save her from
marrying Paris. Friar Lawrence gives her a potion that will make her appear as if dead the morning of the wedding. He assures her that when she awakes in the vault, Romeo will be there to take her away. Act 4, scene 2 Capulet energetically directs preparations for the wedding. When Juliet returns from Friar Lawrence and pretends to have learned
obedience, Capulet is so delighted that he moves the wedding up to the next day and goes off to tell Paris the new date. Act 4, scene 3 Juliet sends the Nurse away for the night. After facing her terror at the prospect of awaking in her family's burial vault, Juliet drinks the potion that Friar Lawrence has given her. Act 4, scene 4 The Capulets and the
Nurse stay up all night to get ready for the wedding. Capulet, hearing Paris approach with musicians, orders the Nurse in lamentation. Friar Lawrence interrupts them and
begins to arrange Juliet's funeral. The scene closes with an exchange of wordplay between Capulet's servant Peter and Paris's musicians. Act 5, scene 1 Romeo's man, Balthasar, arrives in Mantua with news of Juliet in Juliet in
death in the Capulets' burial vault. Act 5, scene 2 Friar John enters, bringing with him the letter that he was to have delivered to Romeo. He tells why he was unable to deliver the letter. Friar Lawrence anxiously goes to the tomb to be there when Juliet comes out of her trance. Act 5, scene 3 Paris visits Juliet's tomb and, when Romeo arrives,
challenges him. Romeo and Paris fight and Paris is killed. Romeo, in the tomb, takes poison, dying as he kisses Juliet. As Friar Lawrence enters the tomb, Juliet awakes to find Romeo lying dead. Frightened by a noise, the Friar flees the tomb. Juliet kills herself with Romeo's dagger. Alerted by Paris's page, the watch arrives and finds the bodies. When
the Prince, the Capulets, and Montague arrive, Friar Lawrence gives an account of the marriage of Romeo and Juliet. Their deaths lead Montague arrive, Friar Lawrence gives an account of the marriage of Romeo and Juliet calls the title characters "star-crossed lovers"—and the stars do seem to conspire against these
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Juliet takes a potion, given her by the friar, that makes her appear dead. The friar will send Romeo word to be at her family tomb when she awakes. The plan goes awry, and Romeo learns instead that she is dead. In the tomb, Romeo kills himself, Juliet wakes, sees his body, and commits suicide. Their deaths appear finally to end the feud.
 Enter Chorus. 0001 Two households, both alike in dignity 0002 (In fair Verona, where we lay our scene), 0003 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, 0004 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. 0005 5 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 0006 A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life; 0007
 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows 0008 Doth with their death bury their parents' strife. 0009 The fearful passage of their parents' rage, 0011 Which, but their children's end, naught could remove, 0012 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; 0013
 The which, if you with patient ears attend, 0014 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. Chorus exits. Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers, of the house of Capulet. SAMPSON 0015 Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals. GREGORY 0016 No, for then we should be colliers. SAMPSON 0017
 I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw. GREGORY 0018 Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of 0019 5 collar. SAMPSON 0020 I strike quickly, being moved to strike. GREGORY 0021 But thou art not quickly moved to strike of Montague moves me. GREGORY 0023 To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to 0024
10 stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st 0025 away. SAMPSON 0026 A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I 0027 will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. GREGORY 0028 That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest 0029 15 goes to the wall. SAMPSON 0030 'Tis true, and therefore women, being the 0031
 weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore 0032 I will push Montague's men from the wall and 0033 thrust his maids to the wall. GREGORY 0034 20The guarrel is between our masters and us 0035 their men. SAMPSON 0036 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. 0037 When I have fought with the men, I will be civil 0038
 with the maids; I will cut off their heads. GREGORY 0039 25The heads of the maids? SAMPSON 0040 Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. 0041 Take it in what sense thou wilt. GREGORY 0042 They must take it in what sense that feel it. SAMPSON 0043 Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, 0044
30 and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. GREGORY 0045 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou 0046 hadst been poor-john. Draw thy tool. Here comes 0047 of the house of Montagues. Enter 'Abram with another Servingman.' SAMPSON 0048 My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back 0049 35 thee. GREGORY 0050
 How? Turn thy back and run? SAMPSON 0051 Fear me not. GREGORY 0052 No, marry. I fear thee! SAMPSON 0053 Let us take the law of our sides; let them take it 0056 as they list. SAMPSON 0057 Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at 0058
 them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it. He bites his thumb. ABRAM 0059 45Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? SAMPSON, aside to Gregory 0062 Is the law of our side if I 0063 say "Ay"? GREGORY, aside to Sampson 0064 50No. SAMPSON 0065
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, 0066 but I bite my thumb, sir. GREGORY 0067 Do you quarrel, sir? ABRAM 0068 Quarrel, sir? No, sir. SAMPSON 0071 No better. SAMPSON 0072 Well, sir. Enter Benvolio. GREGORY, raside to Sampson 0073
Say "better"; here comes 0074 60 one of my master's kinsmen. SAMPSON 0075 Yes, better, sir. ABRAM 0076 You lie. SAMPSON 0077 Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember 0078 thy washing blow. They fight. BENVOLIO 0079 65 Part, fools! Drawing his sword. 0080
 Put up your swords. You know not what you do. Enter Tybalt, 'drawing his sword, 'TYBALT 0081 What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? 0082 Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death. BENVOLIO 0083 I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, 0084 70 Or manage it to part these men with me. TYBALT 0085
 What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word 0086 As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. 0087 Have at thee, coward! They fight. Enter three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans. CITIZENS 0088 Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down! 0089
75 Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife. CAPULET 0090 What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! LADY CAPULET 0093 My sword, I say. Old Montague is come 0094 sword? Enter old Montague and his Wife. CAPULET 0093 My sword, I say.
80 And flourishes his blade in spite of me. MONTAGUE 0095 Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go. LADY MONTAGUE 0096 Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe. Enter Prince Escalus with his train. PRINCE 0097 Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, 0098 Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel—0099 85 Will they not hear?—
 What ho! You men, you beasts, 0100 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage 0101 With purple fountains issuing from your veins: 0104 90 And hear the sentence of your moved prince. 0105 Three civil brawls bred of an airy word 0106
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, 0107 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets 0108 And made Verona's ancient citizens 0109 95 Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments 0110 To wield old partisans in hands as old, 0111 Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate. 0112 If ever you disturb our streets again, 0113
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. 0114 100 For this time all the rest depart away. 0115 You, Capulet, shall go along with me, 0116 And, Montague, come you this afternoon 0117 To know our farther pleasure in this case, 0118 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. 0119
 105 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. All but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio exit. MONTAGUE, to Benvolio 0120 Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? 0121 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began? BENVOLIO 0122 Here were the servants of your adversary, 0123 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. 0124
110 I drew to part them. In the instant came 0125 The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared, 0126 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, 0127 He swung about his head and cut the winds, 0128 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn. 0129 115 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows 0130
 Came more and more and fought on part and part, 0131 Till the Prince came, who parted either part. LADY MONTAGUE 0132 O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today? 0133 Right glad I am he was not at this fray. BENVOLIO 0134 120 Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun 0135 Peered forth the golden window of the east, 0136
 A troubled mind 'drove' me to walk abroad, 0137 Where underneath the grove of sycamore 0138 That westward rooteth from this city side, 0139 125 So early walking did I see your son. 0140 Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me 0141 And stole into the covert of the wood. 0142 I, measuring his affections by my own 0143
 (Which then most sought where most might not be 0144 130 found, 0145 Being one too many by my weary self), 0146 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his, 0147 And gladly shunned who gladly shunned who gladly shunned who gladly shunned most morning hat he there been seen, 0149 135 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 0150
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs. 0151 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun 0152 Should in the farthest east begin to draw 0153 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, 0154 140 Away from light steals home my heavy son 0155 And private in his chamber pens himself, 0156 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, 0157
 And makes himself an artificial night. 0158 Black and portentous must this humor prove, 0159 145 Unless good counsel may the cause? MONTAGUE 0161 I neither know it nor can learn of him. BENVOLIO 0162 Have you importuned him by any means? MONTAGUE 0163
 Both by myself and many other friends. 0164 150 But he, 'his' own affections' counselor, 0165 Is to himself—I will not say how true, 0166 But to himself so secret and so close, 0167 So far from sounding and discovery, 0168 As is the bud bit with an envious worm 0169 155 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air 0170
 Or dedicate his beauty to the same. 0171 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, 0172 We would as willingly give cure as know. Enter Romeo. BENVOLIO 0173 See where he comes. So please you, step aside. 0174 160 I'll know his grievance or be much denied. MONTAGUE 0175 I would thou wert so happy by thy stay 0176
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away, Montague and Lady Montague exit, BENVOLIO 0177 Good morrow, cousin, ROMEO 0178 Is the day so young? BENVOLIO 0179 165 But new struck nine, ROMEO 0180 Av me, sad hours seem long, 0181 Was that my father that went hence so fast? BENVOLIO 0182
 It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours? ROMEO 0183 Not having that which, having, makes them short. BENVOLIO 0186 Of love? ROMEO 0187 Out of her favor where I am in love. BENVOLIO 0188 Alas that love, so gentle in his view, 0189
 175 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! ROMEO 0190 Alas that love, whose view is muffled still, 0191 Should without eyes see pathways to his will! 0192 Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here? 0193 Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. 0194 180 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. 0195
 Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate, 0196 O anything of nothing first 'create!' 0197 O heavy lightness, serious vanity, 0198 Misshapen chaos of 'well-seeming' forms, 0199 185 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health, 0200 Still-waking sleep that is not what it is! 0201 This love feel I, that feel no love in this. 0202
 Dost thou not laugh? BENVOLIO 0203 No, coz, I rather weep. ROMEO 0204 190 Good heart, at what? BENVOLIO 0205 At thy good heart's oppression. O207 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, 0208 Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed 0209
195 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown 0210 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. 0211 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs; 0212 Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears. 0214 200 What is it else? A madness most discreet, 0215
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. 0216 Farewell, my coz. BENVOLIO 0217 Soft, I will go along. 0218 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong. ROMEO 0221 Tell me in sadness, who is that you love? ROMEO 0222
What, shall I groan and tell thee? BENVOLIO 0223 Groan? Why, no. But sadly tell me who. ROMEO 0224 210 A sick man in sadness makes his will—0225 A word ill urged to one that is so ill. 0226 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. BENVOLIO 0227 I aimed so near when I supposed you loved. ROMEO 0228
A right good markman! And she's fair I love. BENVOLIO 0229 215 A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. ROMEO 0230 Well in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit 0231 With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit, 0232 And, in strong proof of chastity well armed, 0233 From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed, 0234
220 She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 0235 Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes, 0236 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. 0237 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor 0238 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store. BENVOLIO 0239 225 Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? ROMEO 0240
 She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste; 0241 For beauty, starved with her severity, 0242 Cuts beauty off from all posterity. 0243 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, 0244 230 To merit bliss by making me despair. 0245 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow 0246 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now. BENVOLIO 0247
 Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her. ROMEO 0248 O, teach me how I should forget to think! BENVOLIO 0249 235 By giving liberty unto thine eyes. 0250 Examine other beauties. ROMEO 0251 'Tis the way 0252 To call hers, exquisite, in question more. 0253 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, 0254
240 Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair. 0255 He that is strucken blind cannot forget 0256 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. 0257 Show me a mistress that is passing fair; 0258 What doth her beauty serve but as a note 0259 245 Where I may read who passed that passing fair; 0260 Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.
BENVOLIO 0261 I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt. They exit. Enter Capulet, County Paris, and 'a Servingman.' CAPULET 0262 But Montague is bound as well as I, 0263 In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think, 0264 For men so old as we to keep the peace. PARIS 0265 Of honorable reckoning are you both, 0266
5 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. 0267 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? CAPULET 0268 But saying o'er what I have said before. 0269 My child is yet a stranger in the world. 0270 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years. 0271 10 Let two more summers wither in their pride 0272 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
PARIS 0273 Younger than she are happy mothers made. CAPULET 0274 And too soon marred are those so early made. 0275 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she; 0276 How will to her consent is but a part. 0279
 And, she agreed, within her scope of choice 0280 Lies my consent and fair according voice. 0281 20 This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 0282 Whereto I have invited many a guest 0283 Such as I love; and you among the store, 0284 One more, most welcome, makes my number more. 0285 At my poor house look to behold this night 0286
25 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light. 0287 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel 0288 When well-appareled April on the heel 0289 Of limping winter treads, even such delight 0290 Among fresh fennel buds shall be; 0293
 Which, on more view of many, mine, being one, 0294 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none. 0295 Come go with me. 'To Servingman, giving him a list.' 0296 35 Go, sirrah, trudge about 0297 Through fair Verona, find those persons out 0298 Whose names are written there, and to them say 0299
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay. Capulet and Paris exit. SERVINGMAN 0300 Find them out whose names are written 0301 40 here! It is written that the shoemaker should 0302 meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the 0303 fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets. 0304
 But I am sent to find those persons whose names 0305 are here writ, and can never find what names the 0306 45 writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. 0307 In good time! Enter Benvolio and Romeo. BENVOLIO, 'to Romeo' 0308 Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning; 0309 One pain is lessened by another's anguish. 0310
 Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning. 0311 50 One desperate grief cures with another's languish. 0312 Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 0313 And the rank poison of the old will die. ROMEO 0314 Your plantain leaf is excellent for that. BENVOLIO 0315 For what, I pray thee? ROMEO 0316 55 For your broken shin. BENVOLIO
0317 Why Romeo, art thou mad? ROMEO 0318 Not mad, but bound more than a madman is, 0319 Shut up in prison, kept without my food, 0320 Whipped and tormented, and—good e'en, good 0321 feed? ROMEO 0324 Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. SERVINGMAN
0325 Perhaps you have learned it without 0326 65 book. But I pray, can you read anything you see? ROMEO 0327 Ay, if I know the letters and the language. SERVINGMAN 0328 You say honestly. Rest you merry. ROMEO 0329 Stay, fellow. I can read. (He reads the letter.) 0330 Signior Martino and his wife and daughters, 0331
70 County Anselme and his beauteous sisters, 0332 The lady widow of Vitruvio, 0333 Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces, 0334 Mercutio and his brother Valentine, 0335 Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters, 0336 75 My fair niece Rosaline and Livia, 0337 Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, 0338 Lucio and the lively Helena. 0339
 A fair assembly. Whither should they come? SERVINGMAN 0340 Up. ROMEO 0341 80Whither? To supper? SERVINGMAN 0344 My master's. ROMEO 0345 Indeed I should have asked thee that before. SERVINGMAN 0346 85Now I'll tell you without asking. My 0347
 master is the great rich Capulet, and, if you be not 0348 of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a 0349 cup of wine. Rest you merry, He exits. BENVOLIO 0350 At this same ancient feast of Capulet's 0351 90 Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves, 0352 With all the admired beauties of Verona. 0353
 Go thither, and with unattainted eye 0354 Compare her face with some that I shall show, 0355 And I will make thee think thy swan a crow. ROMEO 0356 95 When the devout religion of mine eye 0357 Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire; 0358 And these who, often drowned, could never die, 0359
 Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars, 0360 One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun 0361 100 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun. BENVOLIO 0362 Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, 0363 Herself poised with herself in either eye; 0364 But in that crystal scales let there be weighed 0365
 Your lady's love against some other maid 0366 105 That I will show you shining at this feast, 0367 And she shall scant show well that now seems best. ROMEO 0368 I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 0369 But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. They exit. Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse. LADY CAPULET 0370
 Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me. NURSE 0371 Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, 0372 I bade her come.—What, Juliet!Enter Juliet. JULIET 0374 5How now, who calls? NURSE 0375 Your mother. JULIET 0376 Madam, I am here. What is your will?
LADY CAPULET 0377 This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile. 0378 We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again. 0379 10 I have remembered me, thou 's hear our counsel. 0380 Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age. NURSE 0381 Faith, I can tell her age unto 'an' hour. LADY CAPULET 0382 She's not fourteen. NURSE 0383
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my teen 0384 15 be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen. 0385 How long is it now to Lammastide? LADY CAPULET 0386 A fortnight and odd days. NURSE 0387 Even or odd, of all days in the year, 0388 Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. 0389
20 Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!) 0390 Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; 0391 She was too good for me. But, as I said, 0392 On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. 0393 That shall she Marry, I remember it well. 0394 25 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, 0395 And she was weaned (I never shall forget it)
0396 Of all the days of the year, upon that day, 0397 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, 0398 Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall. 0399 30 My lord and you were then at Mantua. 0400 Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said, 0401 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 0402 Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, 0403
To see it tetchy and fall out with 'the' dug. 0404 35 "Shake," quoth the dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I 0405 trow, 0406 To bid me trudge. 0407 And since that time it is eleven years. 0408 For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th' 0409 40 rood, 0410 She could have run and waddled all about, 0411 For even the day before, she broke her brown
0412 And then my husband (God be with his soul, 0413 He was a merry man) took up the child. 0414 45 "Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face? 0415 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, 0416 Wilt thou not, Jule?" And, by my holidam, 0417 The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay." 0418
 To see now how a jest shall come about! 0419 50 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, 0420 I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" 0423 Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace. NURSE 0424 55 Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh 0425
 To think it should leave crying and say "Ay." 0426 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow 0427 A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone, 0428 A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. 0429 60 "Yea," quoth my husband. "Fall'st upon thy face? 0430 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, 0431 Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."
JULIET 0432 And stint thou, too, I pray thee, nurse, say I. NURSE 0433 Peace. I have done. God mark thee to his grace, 0434 65 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed. 0435 An I might live to see thee married once, 0436 I have my wish. LADY CAPULET 0437 Marry, that "marry" is the very theme 0438 I came to talk of.—
 Tell me, daughter Juliet, 0439 70 How stands your 'disposition' to be married? JULIET 0440 It is an 'honor' that I dream not of. NURSE 0441 An 'honor?' Were not I thine only nurse, 0442 I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy 0443 teat. LADY CAPULET 0444 75 Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you 0445
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 0446 Are made already mothers. By my count 0447 I was your mother much upon these years 0448 That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief: 0449 80 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. NURSE 0450 A man, young lady—lady, such a man 0451 As all the world—why, he's a man of wax. LADY CAPULET
0452 Verona's summer hath not such a flower. NURSE 0453 Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower. LADY CAPULET 0454 85 What say you? Can you love the gentleman? 0455 This night you shall behold him at our feast. 0456 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, 0457 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. 0458
 Examine every married lineament 0459 90 And see how one another lends content, 0460 And what obscured in this fair volume lies 0461 Find written in the margent of his eyes. 0462 This precious book of love, this unbound lover, 0463 To beautify him only lacks a cover. 0464 95 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride 0465
 For fair without the fair within to hide. 0466 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory 0467 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. 0468 So shall you share all that he doth possess 0469 100 By having him, making yourself no less. NURSE 0470 No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men. LADY CAPULET 0471
 Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love? JULIET 0472 I'll look to like, if looking liking move. 0473 But no more deep will I endart mine eye 0474 105 Than your consent gives strength to make fit fly. Enter Servingman. SERVINGMAN 0475 Madam, the guests are come, supper 0476 served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the 0477
 Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in 0478 extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you, 0479 110 follow straight. LADY CAPULET 0480 We follow thee. Servingman exits. 0481 Juliet, the County stays. NURSE 0482 Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. They exit.
Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torchbearers, and a Boy with a drum. ROMEO 0483 What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? 0484 Or shall we on without apology? BENVOLIO 0485 The date is out of such prolixity. 0486 We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf, 0487
5 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 0488 Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper, 0489 'Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke 0490 After the prompter, for our entrance.' 0491 But let them measure us by what they will. 0492 10 We'll measure them a measure and be gone. ROMEO 0493 Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling. 0494
 Being but heavy I will bear the light. MERCUTIO 0495 Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance. ROMEO 0498 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. MERCUTIO 0499 You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings 0500
 And soar with them above a common bound. ROMEO 0501 I am too sore enpierced with his shaft 0502 20 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound 0503 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe. 0504 Under love's heavy burden do I sink. 「MERCUTIO 0505 And to sink in it should you burden love— 0506 Too great oppression for a tender thing
ROMEO 0507 25 Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, 0508 Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn. MERCUTIO 0509 If love be rough with you, be rough with you beat love down.—0511 Give me a case to put my visage in.—0512 30 A visor for a visor. What care I 0513
 What curious eye doth cote deformities? 0514 Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me. BENVOLIO 0515 Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in 0516 But every man betake him to his legs. ROMEO 0517 35 A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart 0518 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels, 0519
 For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase: 0520 I'll be a candle holder and look on; 0521 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am "done." MERCUTIO 0522 40 Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word. 0523 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire—0524 Or, save "your" reverence, love—wherein thou 0525 stickest 0526
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho! ROMEO 0527 45 Nay, that's not so. MERCUTIO 0528 I mean, sir, in delay 0529 We waste our lights; in vain, 'light' lights by day. 0530 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits 0531 Five times in that ere once in our 'five' wits. ROMEO 0522 50 And we mean well in going to this masque, 0533
 But 'tis no wit to go. MERCUTIO 0534 Why, may one ask? ROMEO 0535 I dreamt a dream tonight. MERCUTIO 0536 And so did I. ROMEO 0535 I dreamt a dream tonight. MERCUTIO 0536 And so did I. ROMEO 0537 I dreamt a dream tonight.
0541 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes 0542 60 In shape no bigger than an agate stone 0543 On the forefinger of an alderman, 0544 Drawn with a team of little ratomi 0545 Over men's noses as they lie asleep. 0546 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs, 0547 65 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, 0548
 Her traces of the smallest spider web, 0549 Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams, 0550 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film, 0551 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat, 0552 70 Not half so big as a round little worm 0553 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid. 0554 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut, 0555
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub, 0556 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers. 0557 75 And in this state she gallops night by night 0558 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; 0559 On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight; 0560 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees; 0561
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, 0562 80 Which off the angry Mab with blisters plagues 0563 Because their 'breaths' with sweetmeats tainted are. 0564 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, 0565 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit. 0566 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail, 0567
85 Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep; 0568 Then he dreams of another benefice. 0569 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, 0570 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, 0571 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, 0572 90 Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon 0573 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes
0574 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two 0575 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab 0576 That plats the manes of horses in the night 0577 95 And bakes the relflocks in foul sluttish hairs, 0578 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes. 0579 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, 0580
 That presses them and learns them first to bear, 0581 Making them women of good carriage. 0582 100 This is she—ROMEO 0583 Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace. 0584 Thou talk'st of nothing. MERCUTIO 0585 True, I talk of dreams, 0586 Which are the children of an idle brain, 0587 105 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, 0588
 Which is as thin of substance as the air 0589 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos 0590 Even now the frozen bosom of the north 0591 And, being angered, puffs away from thence, 0592 110 Turning his side to the dew-dropping south. BENVOLIO 0593 This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves. 0594
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late. ROMEO 0595 I fear too early, for my mind misgives 0596 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars 0597 115 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date 0598 With this night's revels, and expire the term 0599 Of a despised life closed in my breast 0600 By some vile forfeit of untimely death. 0601
 But he that hath the steerage of my course 0602 120 Direct my sail. On, lusty gentlemen. BENVOLIO 0603 Strike, drum. They march about the stageand then withdraw to the side. Servingmen come forth with napkins. FIRST SERVINGMAN 0604 Where's Potpan that he helps not 0605 to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a 0606
 trencher? "SECOND" SERVINGMAN 0607 When good manners shall lie 0608 5 all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed 0609 too, 'tis a foul thing. "FIRST" SERVINGMAN 0610 Away with the joint stools, remove 0611 the court cupboard, look to the plate.— 0612 Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as 0613
10 thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone 0614 and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan! THIRD SERVINGMAN 0615 Ay, boy, ready. FIRST SERVINGMAN 0615 Ay, boy, ready. FIRST SERVINGMAN 0616 You are looked for and sought for, in the great chamber. THIRD SERVINGMAN 0618 15We cannot be here and there too. 0619
 Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver 0620 take all. They move aside. Enter Capulet and his household, all the quests andgentlewomen to Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and the longer liver 0621 Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes 0622 Unplagued with corns will walk about with 0623 20 you.—0624
 Ah, my mistresses, which of you all 0625 Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, 0626 She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you 0627 now?—0628 25 Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day 0629 That I have worn a visor and could tell 0630 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, 0631
 Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 
for sport comes well.— 0638 35 Nay, sit, nay, 
0645 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, 0646 Some five and twenty years, and then we masked. CAPULET 'S COUSIN 0647 'Tis more, 't
 What lady's that which doth enrich the hand 0652 Of yonder knight? SERVINGMAN 0653 50I know not, sir. ROMEO 0654 O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! 0655 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night 0656 As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear— 0657 Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear. 0658
55 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows 0659 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. 0660 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand 0661 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. 0662 Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight, 0663 60 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. TYBALT 0664
 This, by his voice, should be a Montague.— 0665 Fetch me my rapier, boy. Page exits. 0666 What, dares the slave 0667 Come hither covered with an antic face 0668 65 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? 0669 Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, 0670 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. CAPULET 0671
 Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so? TYBALT 0672 Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe, 0673 70 A villain that is hither come in spite 0674 To scorn at our solemnity this night. CAPULET 0675 Young Romeo is it? TYBALT 0676 'Tis he, that villain Romeo. CAPULET 0677 Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone. 0678
75 He bears him like a portly gentleman, 0679 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him 0680 To be a virtuous and well-governed youth. 0681 I would not for the wealth of all this town 0682 Here in my house do him disparagement. 0683 80 Therefore be patient. Take no note of him. 0684 It is my will, the which if thou respect, 0685
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, 0686 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast. TYBALT 0689 He shall be endured. 0690 What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to. 0691 Am I the master here or you? Go to. 0692
 You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul, 0693 90 You'll make a mutiny among my quests, 0694 You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man! TYBALT 0695 Why, uncle, 'tis a shame. CAPULET 0696 Go to, go to. 0697 You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed? 0698 95 This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what. 0699
 You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time—0700 Well said, my hearts.—You are a princox, go. 0701 Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame, 0702 I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts! TYBALT 0703 100 Patience perforce with willful choler meeting 0704 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. 0705
 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, 0706 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall. He exits. ROMEO, 'taking Juliet's hand' 0707 If I profane with my unworthiest hand 0708 105 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this: 0709 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand 0710 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. JULIET 0711
 Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, 0712 Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 0713 110 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, 0714 And palm to palm is holy palmers too? JULIET 0716 Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer. ROMEO 0717
 O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do. 0718 115 They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. JULIET 0719 Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. ROMEO 0720 Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. He kisses her. 0721 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged. JULIET 0722
 Then have my lips the sin that they have took. ROMEO 0723 120 Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged! 0724 Give me my sin again. He kisses her. JULIET 0725 You kiss by th' book. NURSE 0726 Madam, your mother craves a word with you. Juliet moves toward her mother. ROMEO 0727 What is her mother? NURSE 0728
125 Marry, bachelor, 0729 Her mother is the lady of the house, 0730 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous. 0731 I nursed her daughter that you talked withal. 0732 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her 0733 130 Shall have the chinks. Nurse moves away. ROMEO, 'aside' 0734 Is she a Capulet? 0735 O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.
BENVOLIO 0736 Away, begone. The sport is at the best. ROMEO 0737 Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest. CAPULET 0738 135 Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone. 0740 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all. 0741 I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—0742 More torches here.—
Come on then, let's to bed.— 0743 140 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late. 0744 I'll to my rest. All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit. JULIET 0745 Come hither, nurse. What is young gentleman? NURSE 0746 The son and heir of old Tiberio. JULIET 0747 What's he that now is going out of door? NURSE 0748
145 Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. JULIET 0749 What's he that follows here, that would not dance? NURSE 0750 I know not. JULIET 0751 Go ask his name. The Nurse goes. If he be married, 0752 My grave is like to be my wedding bed. NURSE, returning 0753 150 His name is Romeo, and a Montague, 0754
 The only son of your great enemy. JULIET 0755 My only love sprung from my only hate! 0756 Too early seen unknown, and known too late! 0757 Prodigious birth of love it is to me 0758 155 That I must love a loathed enemy. NURSE 0759 What's this? What's this? JULIET 0760 A rhyme I learned even now 0761
 Of one I danced withal. One calls within "Juliet." NURSE 0762 Anon, anon. 0763 160 Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone. They exit. Enter Chorus. 0764 Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie, 0765 And young affection gapes to be his heir. 0766 That fair for which love groaned for and would die, 0767
 With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair. 0768 5 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 0769 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks, 0772 Being held a foe, he may not have access 0773 10 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear,
0774 And she as much in love, her means much less 0775 To meet her new beloved anywhere. 0776 But passion lends them power, time means, to meet, 0777 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. Chorus exits. Enter Romeo alone. ROMEO 0778 Can I go forward when my heart is here? 0779
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. He withdraws. Enter Benvolio with Mercutio. BENVOLIO 0780 Romeo, my cousin Ro
 Nay, I'll conjure too. 0786 Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover! 0787 10 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh. 0788 Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied. 0789 Cry but "Ay me," 'pronounce' but "love" and 0790 "dove." 0791 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, 0792 15 One nickname for her purblind son and 'heir,' 0793
 Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so 'trim' 0794 When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.— 0795 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he stirreth not, he stirreth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not. 0796 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.— 0797 20 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, 0798 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip, 0799
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, 0800 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 0801 That in thy likeness thou appear to us. BENVOLIO 0802 25 An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 'Twould anger him 0804 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle 0805
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 0806 Till she had laid it and conjured it down. 0807 30 That were some spite. My invocation 0808 Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name, 0809 I conjured with the humorous night. 0812
35 Blind is his love and best befits the dark. MERCUTIO 0813 If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. 0814 Now will he sit under a medlar tree 0815 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit 0816 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—0817 40 O Romeo, that she were 0818 An Topen-arse, thou a pop'rin pear. 0819
 Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed; 0820 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.— 0821 Come, shall we go? BENVOLIO 0822 45 Go, then, for 'tis in vain 0823 To seek him here that means not to be found. They exit. 'Romeo comes forward.' ROMEO 0824 He jests at scars that never felt a wound. Enter Juliet above. '0825
 But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? 0826 It is the East, and Juliet is the sun. 0827 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, 0828 5 Who is already sick and pale with grief 0829 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she. 0830 Be not her maid since she is envious. 0831 Her vestal livery is but sick and green, 0832
 And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off. 0833 10 It is my lady. O, it is my lady. O, it is my love! 0834 O, that she knew she were! 0835 She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? 0836 Her eye discourses; I will answer it. 0837 I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks. 0838 15 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 0839
 Having some business, 'do' entreat her eyes 0840 To twinkle in their spheres till they return. 0841 What if her eyes were there, they in her head? 0842 The brightness of her cheek would shame those 0843 20 stars 0844 As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven 0845 Would through the airy region stream so bright 0846
 That birds would sing and think it were not night, 0847 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand, 0848 25 O, that I were a glove upon that hand, 0849 That I might touch that cheek! JULIET 0850 Ay me. ROMEO, 'aside' 0851 She speaks, 0852 O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art 0853 30 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
0854 As is a winged messenger of heaven 0855 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes 0856 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 0857 When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds 0858 35 And sails upon the bosom of the air. JULIET 0859 O Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? 0860 Deny thy father and refuse thy name, 0861
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, 0862 And I'll no longer be a Capulet. ROMEO, 'aside' 0863 40 Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? JULIET 0864 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. 0865 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, 0867 Nor arm, nor face. O, be some other name 0868
45 Belonging to a man. 0869 What's in a name? That which we call a rose 0870 By any other word would smell as sweet. 0871 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo, doff thy name, 0874 And, for thy name, which is no part of thee, 0875 Take all myself.
ROMEO 0876 I take thee at thy word. 0877 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized. 0878 55 Henceforth I never will be Romeo. JULIET 0879 What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night, 0880 So stumblest on my counsel? ROMEO 0881 By a name 0882 I know not how to tell thee who I am. 0883
60 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself 0884 Because it is an enemy to thee. 0885 Had I it written, I would tear the word. JULIET 0886 My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words 0887 Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound. 0888 65 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? ROMEO 0889 Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
JULIET 0890 How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? 0891 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, 0892 And the place death, considering who thou art, 0893 70 If any of my kinsmen find thee here. ROMEO 0894 With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls, 0895 For stony limits cannot hold love out, 0896
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt. 0897 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me. JULIET 0898 75 If they do see thee, they will murder thee. ROMEO 0899 Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye 0900 Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet, 0901 And I am proof against their enmity. JULIET 0902
 I would not for the world they saw thee here. ROMEO 0903 80 I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes, 0904 And, but thou love me, let them find me here. 0905 My life were better ended by their hate 0906 Than death proroqued, wanting of thy love. JULIET 0907 By whose direction found'st thou out this place? ROMEO 0908
85 By love, that first did prompt me to inquire. 0909 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. 0911 I should adventure for such merchandise. JULIET 0913 90 Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, 0914
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek 0915 For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight. 0918 95 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 0919 And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st, 0920
 Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries, 0921 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, 0922 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully. 0923 100 Or, if thou wilt woo, but else not for the world. 0926 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, 0927 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior' light. 0928 105 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 0929 Than those that have 'more' coying to be strange. 1 must confess, 0931 But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware 0932 My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me, 0933
110 And not impute this yielding to light love, 0934 Which the dark night hath so discovered. ROMEO 0935 Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow, 0936 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—JULIET 0937 O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon, 0938 115 That monthly changes in her circled orb, 0939
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. ROMEO 0940 What shall I swear by? JULIET 0946 Well, do not swear at all. 0942 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, 0943 120 Which is the god of my idolatry, 0944 And I'll believe thee. ROMEO 0945 If my heart's dear love—JULIET 0946 Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, 0947
 I have no joy of this contract tonight. 0948 125 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, 0949 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be 0950 Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night. 0951 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, 0952 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. 0953
130 Good night, good night, good night, As sweet repose and rest 0954 Come to thy heart as that within my breast. ROMEO 0955 O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? JULIET 0958 What satisfaction canst thou have tonight? ROMEO 0959 Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine. JULIET 0958 135 I gave thee mine before thou didst request it, 0959 Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
 And yet I would it were to give again. ROMEO 0960 Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love? JULIET 0961 But to be frank and give it thee again. 0962 And yet I wish but for the thing I have. 0963 140 My bounty is as boundless as the sea, 0964 My love as deep. The more I give to thee, 0965
 The more I have, for both are infinite. Nurse calls from within. 10966 I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu. 10967 Anon, good nurse. Sweet Montague, be true. 10968 I hear some noise within. 10966 I hear some noise within noise wit
 Too flattering sweet to be substantial. Reenter Juliet above. JULIET 0972 Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. 0973 150 If that thy bent of love be honorable, 0974 Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. 0973 150 If that thy bent of love be honorable, 0974 Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. 0973 150 If that thy bent of love be honorable, 0974 Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay 0978 155 And follow thee my 'lord' throughout the world. 'NURSE, within' 0982 Madam. JULIET 0983 160By and by, I come.— 0984 To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief. 0985
 Tomorrow will I send. ROMEO 0986 So thrive my soul—JULIET 0987 A thousand times good night. She exits. ROMEO 0988 165 A thousand times the worse to want thy light. O989 Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their 0990 books, 0991 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. Going again. JULIET
0992 Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice 0993 170 To lure this tassel-gentle back again! 0994 Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud, 0995 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies 0996 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than 'mine' 0997 With repetition of "My Romeo!" ROMEO 0998 175 It is my soul that calls upon my name.
0999 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, 1000 Like softest music to attending ears. JULIET 1001 Romeo. ROMEO 1005 By the hour of nine. JULIET 1006 I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then. 1007
I have forgot why I did call thee back. ROMEO 1008 185 Let me stand here till thou remember it. JULIET 1009 I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, 1010 Rememb'ring how I love thy company. ROMEO 1011 And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, 1012 Forgetting any other home but this. JULIET 1013
190 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone, 1014 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, 1015 That lets it hop a little from his hand, 1016 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 1017 And with a silken thread plucks it back again, 1018 195 So loving-jealous of his liberty. ROMEO 1019 I would I were thy bird. JULIET 1020
 Sweet, so would I. 1021 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. 1022 Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night be morrow. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast. 1026 Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest. 1027
 Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell, 1028 205 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. He exits. Enter Friar Lawrence alone with a basket. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1029 The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, 1030 'Check'ring' the eastern clouds with streaks of light, 1031 And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels 1032
 From forth day's path and Titan's "fiery" wheels, 1033 5 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eve, 1034 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry, 1035 I must upfill this osier cage of ours 1036 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers, 1037 The Earth that's nature's mother is her tomb: 1038
10 What is her burying grave, that is her womb; 1039 And from her womb children of divers kind 1040 We sucking on her natural bosom find, 1041 Many for many virtues excellent, 1043 15 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies 1044 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true gualities. 1045
 For naught so vile that on the Earth doth live 1046 But to the Earth some special good doth give; 1047 Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use, 1048 20 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. 1049 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, 1050 And vice sometime by action dignified. Enter Romeo. 1051
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower 1052 Poison hath residence and medicine power: 1053 25 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each 1054 part; 1055 Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart. 1056 Two such opposed kings encamp them still 1057 In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will; 1058
30 And where the worser is predominant, 1059 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. ROMEO 1060 Good morrow, father. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1061 Benedicite. 1062 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? 1063 35 Young son, it argues a distempered head 1064 So soon to bid "Good morrow" to thy bed. 1065
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, 1066 And, where care lodges, sleep will never lie; 1067 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain 1068 40 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth 1069 reign. 1070 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure 1071 Thou art uproused with some distemp'rature, 1072
 Or, if not so, then here I hit it right: 1073 45 Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight. ROMEO 1074 That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1075 God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline? ROMEO 1076 With Rosaline? ROMEO 1076 With Rosaline? ROMEO 1076 With Rosaline? ROMEO 1077 I have forgot that name and that name's woe. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1078
50 That's my good son. But where hast thou been 1079 then? ROMEO 1080 I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again. 1081 I have been feasting with mine enemy, 1082 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me 1083 55 That's by me wounded. Both our remedies 1084 Within thy help and holy physic lies. 1085 I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for, lo,
1086 My intercession likewise steads my foe. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1087 Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift. 1088 60 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. ROMEO 1089 Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set 1090 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet. 1091 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine, 1092
 And all combined, save what thou must combine 1093 65 By holy marriage. When and where and how 1094 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow 1095 I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray, 1096 That thou consent to marry us today. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1097 Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! 1098
70 Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, 109 So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies 1100 Not truly in their eyes. 1101 Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine 1102 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 1103 75 How much salt water thrown away in waste 1104 To season love, that of it doth not taste! 1105
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, 1106 Thy old groans yet ringing in mine ancient ears, 1107 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit 1108 80 Of an old tear that is not washed off yet. 1109 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine, 1110 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline. 1111
 And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence 1112 then: 1113 85 Women may fall when there's no strength in men. ROMEO 1116 And bad'st me bury love. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1117 Not in a grave 1118
90 To lay one in, another out to have. ROMEO 1119 I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now 1120 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow. 1121 The other did not so. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1122 O, she knew well 1123 95 Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell. 1124 But come, young waverer, come, go with me. 1125
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In one respect I'll thy assistant be, 1126 For this alliance may so happy prove 1127 To turn your households' rancor to pure love. ROMEO 1128 100 O, let us hence. I stand on sudden haste. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1129 Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast. They exit. Enter Benvolio and Mercutio. MERCUTIO 1130

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Where the devil should this Romeo be? 1131 Came he not home tonight? BENVOLIO 1132 Not to his father's. I spoke with his man. MERCUTIO 1133 Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that 1134 5 Rosaline, 1135 Torments him so that he will sure run mad. BENVOLIO 1136 Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, 1137
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house. MERCUTIO 1138 A challenge, on my life. BENVOLIO 1140 Any man that can write may answer a letter. BENVOLIO 1141 Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how 1142 he dares, being dared. MERCUTIO 1143 Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead, 1144
15 stabbed with a white wench's black eye, run 1145 through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his 1146 heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt shaft. And 1147 is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 「BENVOLIO」 1148 Why, what is Tybalt? MERCUTIO 1149 20More than prince 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 minim rests, one, two, and the third in 1153 your bosom—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 'phantasimes,' these new tuners of accent: "By 1160 Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good 1161 whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, 1162 that we should be thus afflicted with these
 1163 strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these repardon-me" 's, 1164 35 who 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 herring. O 1169
 40~\mathrm{flesh}, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the 1170~\mathrm{mumbers} that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady 1171~\mathrm{mas} a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love 1172~\mathrm{to} berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy, 1173~\mathrm{Helen} and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a gray 1174~45~\mathrm{eye} or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, 1175~\mathrm{mas}
 bonjour. There's a French salutation to your French 1176 slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night. ROMEO 1177 Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit fairly last night. ROMEO 1178 did I give you? MERCUTIO 1179 50The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive? ROMEO 1180 Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was 1181
 great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain 1182 courtesy. MERCUTIO 1183 That's as much as to say such a case as 1184 55 yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. ROMEO 1185 Meaning, to curtsy. MERCUTIO 1186 Thou hast most kindly hit it. ROMEO 1187 A most courteous exposition. MERCUTIO 1188
 Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. ROMEO 1189 60"Pink" for flower. MERCUTIO 1190 Right. ROMEO 1191 Why, then is my pump well flowered. MERCUTIO 1192 Sure wit, follow me this jest now till thou 1193 hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole 1194 65 of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, 1195 solely singular.
ROMEO 1196 O single-soled jest, solely singular for the 1197 singleness. MERCUTIO 1198 Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits 1199 70 faints. ROMEO 1200 Switch and spurs, or I'll cry 1201 a match. MERCUTIO 1202 Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I 1203 am done, for thou hast more of the wild goose in 1204
75 one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole 1205 five. Was I with you there for the goose, BERCUTIO 1208 I will bite thee by the ear for that jest. ROMEO 1209 80Nay, good goose, bite not. MERCUTIO 1210
Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most 1211 sharp sauce. ROMEO 1212 And is it not, then, well served into a sweet 1213 goose? MERCUTIO 1214 850, here's a wit of cheveril that stretches 1215 from an inch narrow to an ell broad. ROMEO 1216 I stretch it out for that word "broad," which 1217
 added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a 1218 broad goose. MERCUTIO 1219 90Why, is not this better now than groaning 1220 for love? Now art thou what thou art, by art as well as 1222 by nature. For this driveling love is like a great 1223 natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his
1224 95 bauble in a hole. BENVOLIO 1225 Stop there, stop the stop the stop there.
 and meant indeed to occupy the argument no 1232 longer. Enter Nurse and her man 'Peter.' ROMEO 1233 Here's goodly gear. A sail, a sail! MERCUTIO 1234 105Two, two—a shirt and a smock. NURSE 1235 Peter. PETER 1236 Anon. NURSE 1237 My fan, Peter. MERCUTIO 1238 Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's 1239
110 the fairer face. NURSE 1240 God you good morrow, gentlemen. MERCUTIO 1241 God you good e'en, fair gentlewoman. NURSE 1242 Is it good e'en? MERCUTIO 1243 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of 1244 115 the dial is now upon the prick of noon. NURSE 1245 Out upon you! What a man are you? ROMEO 1246
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself 1247 to mar. NURSE 1248 By my troth, it is well said: "for himself to 1249 120 mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me 1250 when you have found him than he was when you 1253 and the said: "for himself to 1249 120 mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me 1250 when you have found him than he was when you 1253 are the said: "for himself to 1249 120 mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me 1250 when you have found him than he was when you 1253 are the said: "for himself to 1249 120 mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me 1250 when you have found him than he was when you 1253 are the said: "for himself to 1249 120 mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me 1250 when you have found him than he was when you 1253 are the said: "for himself to 1249 120 mar," quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me 1250 when you have found him than he was when you have found him than h
 sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for 1254 125 fault of a worse. NURSE 1255 You say well. MERCUTIO 1256 Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' 1257 faith, wisely, wisely, wisely. NURSE 1258 If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with 1259 130 you. BENVOLIO 1260 She will indite him to some supper. MERCUTIO 1261
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! ROMEO 1262 What hast thou found? MERCUTIO 1263 No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten 1264 135 pie that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. Singing. 1265 An old hare hoar, 1266 And an old hare hoar, 1267 Is very good meat in Lent. 1268 But a hare that is hoar 1269 and hoar ere it be spent.
140 Is too much for a score 1270 When it hoars ere it be spent. 1271 Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to 1272 dinner thither. ROMEO 1273 I will follow you. MERCUTIO 1274 145Farewell, lady, 1275 lady. Mercutio and Benvolio exit. NURSE 1276 I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this 1277
 that was so full of his ropery? ROMEO 1278 A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself 1279 150 talk and will speak more in a minute than he will 1280 stand to in a month. NURSE 1281 An he speak anything against me, I'll take him 1282 down, an he were lustier than he is, and twenty 1283 such jacks. An if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.
1284 155 Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none 1285 of his skains-mates. To Peter. And thou must stand 1286 by too and suffer every knave to use me at his 1287 pleasure. PETER 1288 I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, 1289 160 my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant 1290
 you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I 1291 see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my 1292 side. NURSE 1293 Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part 1294 165 about me quivers. Scurvy knave! 'To Romeo.' Pray 1295 you, sir, a word. And, as I told you, my young lady 1296 bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will
1297 keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you 1298 should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it 1299 170 were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say. For 1300 the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you 1301 should deal double with her, truly it were an ill 1302 thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very 1303
 weak dealing. ROMEO 1304 175Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. 1305 I protest unto thee—NURSE 1306 Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much. 1307 Lord, she will be a joyful woman. ROMEO 1308 What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not 1309 180 mark me. NURSE 1310
 I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as 1311 I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. ROMEO 1312 Bid her devise 1313 Some means to come to shrift this afternoon, 1314 185 And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell 1315 Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains. Offering her money. NURSE 1316 No, truly, sir, not a penny. ROMEO
1317 Go to, I say you shall. NURSE 1318 This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there. ROMEO 1319 190 And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall. 1320 Within this hour my man shall be with thee 1321 And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair, 1322 Which to the high topgallant of my joy 1323 Must be my convoy in the secret night. 1324
195 Farewell. Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. 1325 Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress. NURSE 1326 Now, God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir. ROMEO 1327 What sayst thou, my dear nurse? NURSE 1328 Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say 1329 200 "Two may keep counsel, putting one away"? ROMEO 1330
 Warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. NURSE 1331 Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is 1335 toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes 1336 toad.
 and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I'll 1337 warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any 1338 clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and 1339 210 Romeo begin both with a letter? ROMEO 1340 Ay, nurse, what of that? Both with an R. NURSE 1341 Ah, mocker, that's the 'dog's' name. R is for 1342 the—
No, I know it begins with some other letter, 1343 and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you 1344 215 and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. ROMEO 1345 Commend me to thy lady. NURSE 1346 Ay, a thousand times.—Peter. PETER 1347 Anon. NURSE 1348 Before and apace. They exit. Enter Juliet. JULIET 1349
 The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse. 1350 In half an hour she promised to return. 1351 Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so. 1352 O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts, 1353 5 Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams, 1354 Driving back shadows over louring hills. 1355 Therefore do nimble-
pinioned doves draw Love, 1356 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. 1357 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill 1358 10 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 1359 Is "three" long hours, yet she is not come. 1360 Had she affections and warm youthful blood, 1361 She would be as swift in motion as a ball; 1362
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love, 1363 15 And his to me. 1364 But old folks, many feign as they were dead, 1365 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead. Enter Nurse and Peter. 1366 O God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news? 1367 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away. NURSE 1368
20Peter, stay at the gate. Peter exits. JULIET 1369 Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou 1370 sad? 1371 Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily. 1372 If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news 1373 25 By playing it to me with so sour a face. NURSE 1374 I am aweary. Give me leave awhile. 1375
 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I! JULIET 1376 I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news. 1377 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. Good, good nurse, 1378 30 speak. NURSE 1379 Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile? 1380 Do you not see that I am out of breath? JULIET 1381 How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
1382 To say to me that thou art out of breath? 1383 35 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay 1384 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. 1385 Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that. 1386 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance. 1387 Let me be satisfied; is 't good or bad? NURSE 1388
40Well, you have made a simple choice. You know 1389 not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. 1390 Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg 1391 excels all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a 1392 body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they 1393 45 are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, 1394
 but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy 1395 ways, wench. Serve God. What, have you dined at 1396 home? JULIET 1397 No, no. But all this did I know before. 1398 50 What says he of our marriage? What of that? NURSE 1399 Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I! 1400 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 1401
 My back o' t' other side! Ah, my back, my back! 1402 Beshrew your heart for sending me about 1403 55 To catch my death with jaunting up and down. JULIET 1404 I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. 1405 Sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my 1406 love? NURSE 1407 Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a 1408
60 courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I 1409 warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother? JULIET 1410 Where is my mother? Why, she is within. 1411 Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest: 1412 "Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 1413 65 Where is your mother?" NURSE 1414 O God's lady dear, 1415
 Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow, 1416 Is this the poultice for my aching bones? 1417 Henceforward do your messages yourself, IULIET 1420 I have you got leave to go to shrift today? IULIET 1420 I have. NURSE 1421 Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell, 1422
 There stays a husband to make you a wife. 1423 75 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks; 1424 They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. 1425 Hie you to church. I must another way, 1426 To fetch a ladder by the which your love 1427 Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark. 1428 80 I am the drudge and toil in your delight, 1429
 But you shall bear the burden soon at night. 1430 Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell. JULIET 1431 Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. They exit. Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1432 So smile the heavens upon this holy act 1433 That after-hours with sorrow chide us not. ROMEO 1434
 Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can, 1435 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy 1436 5 That one short minute gives me in her sight. 1437 Do thou but close our hands with holy words, 1438 Then love-devouring death do what he dare, 1439 It is enough I may but call her mine. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1440
 These violent delights have violent ends 1441 10 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 1442 Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey 1443 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness 1444 And in the taste confounds the appetite. 1445 Therefore love moderately. Long love doth so. 1446
15 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. Enter Juliet. 1447 Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot 1448 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. 1451 20 And yet not fall, so light is vanity. JULIET 1452 Good even to my ghostly confessor. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1453
 Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both. JULIET 1454 As much to him, else is his thanks too much. ROMEO 1455 Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy 1456 25 Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more 1457 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath 1458 This neighbor air, and let rich 'music's' tongue 1459
 Unfold the imagined happiness that both 1460 Receive in either by this dear encounter. JULIET 1461 30 Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 1462 Brags of his substance, not of ornament. 1463 They are but beggars that can count their worth, 1464 But my true love is grown to such excess 1465 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth
FRIAR LAWRENCE 1466 35 Come, come with me, and we will make short work, 1467 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone 1468 Till Holy Church incorporate two in one. They exit. Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and their men. BENVOLIO 1469 I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire. 1470 The day is hot, the Capels abroad, 1471
 And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl, 1472 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring. MERCUTIO 1473 5Thou art like one of these fellows that, when 1474 he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his 1475 sword upon the table and says "God send me no 1476 need of thee" and, by the operation of the second 1477
 cup, draws him on the drawer when indeed there is 1478 10 no need. BENVOLIO 1479 Am I like such a fellow? MERCUTIO 1480 Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy 1481 mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be 1482 moody, and as soon moved to be moved. BENVOLIO 1483 15And what to? MERCUTIO 1484
Nay, an there were two such, we should 1485 have none shortly, for one would kill the other. 1486 Thou—why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that 1487 hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than 1488 20 thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking 1489 nuts, having no other reason but because thou 1490
 hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy 1491 out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as 1492 an egg for quarreled with a man for coughing in the street 1495 because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain 1496
 asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor 1497 for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With 1498 30 another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? 1499 And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling? BENVOLIO 1500 An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any 1501 man should buy the fee simple of my life for an 1502
 hour and a quarter. MERCUTIO 1503 35The fee simple? O simple!Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others. BENVOLIO 1504 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets are capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here comes the Capulets are capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here capulets are capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here capulets are capulets. MERCUTIO 1505 By my head, here capulets are capulets are capulets. MERCUTIO 1505
1508 40And but one word with one of us? Couple it 1509 with something. Make it a word and a blow. TYBALT 1510 You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an 1511 you will give me occasion. MERCUTIO 1512 Could you not take some occasion without 1513 45 giving? TYBALT 1514 Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo. MERCUTIO 1515
Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? 1516 An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear 1517 nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here in the public haunt of men. 1520 Either withdraw unto some private place, 1521
 Or reason coldly of your grievances, 1522 Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us. MERCUTIO 1523 55 Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. 1524 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.Enter Romeo. TYBALT 1525 Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man. MERCUTIO 1526 But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.
 1527 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower. 1528 60 Your Worship in that sense may call him "man." TYBALT 1529 Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford 1530 No better term than this: thou art a villain. ROMEO 1531 Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee 1532 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage 1533
65 To such a greeting. Villain am I none. 1534 Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not. TYBALT 1535 Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries 1536 That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw. ROMEO 1537 I do protest I never injured thee 1538 70 But love thee better than thou canst devise 1539
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love. 1540 And so, good Capulet, which name I tender 1541 As dearly as mine own, be satisfied. MERCUTIO 1542 O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! 1543 75 Alla stoccato carries it away. He draws. 1544 Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk? TYBALT 1545 What wouldst thou have with me? MERCUTIO
1546 Good king of cats, nothing but one of your 1547 nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as 1548 80 you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the 1549 eight. Will you pluck your 1551 ears ere it be out. TYBALT 1552 I am for you. He draws.
ROMEO 1553 85 Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. MERCUTIO 1554 Come, sir, your passado. They fight. ROMEO 1555 Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons. Romeo draws. 1556 Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage! 1557 Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath 1558 90 Forbid this bandying in Verona streets. 1559
 Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio! Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers. Tybalt stabs Mercutio. TETRUCHIO 1561 I am hurt. 1562 A plague o' both houses! I am sped. 1563 95 Is he gone and hath nothing? BENVOLIO 1564 What, art thou hurt? MERCUTIO 1565 A plague o' both houses! I am sped. 1563 95 Is he gone and hath nothing? BENVOLIO 1564 What, art thou hurt? MERCUTIO 1565 A plague o' both houses! I am sped. 1566 Away, Tybalt! Tybalt stabs Mercutio.
 Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch, a scratch, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough. 1566 Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. Page exits. ROMEO 1567 Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much. MERCUTIO 1568 100No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as 1569 a church door, but 'tis enough. Twill serve. Ask for 1570
 me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I 1571 am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' 1572 both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a 1573 105 cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a 1574 villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the 1575 devil came you between us? I was hurt under your
1576 arm. ROMEO 1577 I thought all for the best. MERCUTIO 1578 110 Help me into some house, Benvolio, 1579 Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! This gentleman, the Prince's near ally, 1583
 115 My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt 1584 In my behalf. My reputation stained 1585 With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour 1586 Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet, 1587 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate 1588 120 And in my temper softened valor's steel. Enter Benvolio. BENVOLIO 1589
 O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead. 1590 That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds, 1591 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth. ROMEO 1593 This but begins the woe others must end. Enter Tybalt. BENVOLIO 1594 Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. ROMEO 1595
 'Alive' in triumph, and Mercutio slain! 1596 Away to heaven, respective lenity, 1597 And 'fire-eved' fury be my conduct now.— 1598 130 Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again 1599 That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul 1600 Is but a little way above our heads, 1601 Staying for thine to keep him company, 1602
 Either thou or I, or both, must go with him. TYBALT 1603 135 Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here 1604 Shalt with him hence. ROMEO 1605 This shall determine that. They fight. Tybalt falls. BENVOLIO 1606 Romeo, away, begone! 1607 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain. 1608 140 Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death
 1609 If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away. ROMEO 1610 O, I am Fortune's fool! BENVOLIO 1611 Why dost thou stay?Romeo exits.Enter Citizens. CITIZEN 1613 145 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? BENVOLIO 1614 There lies that Tybalt. CITIZEN, 'to Tybalt' 1615 Up, sir, go with me.
 1616 I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey. Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all. PRINCE 1617 Where are the vile beginners of this fatal brawl. 1620 There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, 1621
 That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. LADY CAPULET 1622 Tybalt, my cousin, O my brother's child! 1623 155 O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood of Montague. 1626 O cousin! PRINCE 1627 Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
BENVOLIO 1628 160 Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay—1629 Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink 1630 How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal 1631 Your high displeasure. All this uttered 1632 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed 1633 165 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen 1634
 Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts 1635 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 1638 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with a martial
 "Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his 1642 tongue 1643 175 His 'agile' arm beats down their fatal points, 1644 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm 1645 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life 1646 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled. 1647 But by and by comes back to Romeo, 1648
180 Who had but newly entertained revenge, 1649 And to 't they go like lightning, for ere I 1650 Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain, 1651 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly. 1652 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. LADY CAPULET 1653 185 He is a kinsman to the Montague. 1654 Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
1655 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, 1656 And all those twenty could but kill one life. 1657 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give. 1658 190 Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio. 1660 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? 「MONTAGUE」 1661
200 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 1669 That you shall all repent the loss of mine. 1670 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste, 1673 205 Else, when he is found, that hour is his last. 1674 Bear hence this body and attend our will.
1675 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. They' exit, 'the Capulet menbearing off Tybalt's body.' Enter Juliet alone. JULIET 1676 Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, 1677 Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner 1678 As Phaëton would whip you to the west 1679 And bring in cloudy night immediately. 1680
5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, 1681 That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo 1682 Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen. 1683 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites 1684 By their own beauties, or, if love be blind, 1685 10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 1686 Thou sober-suited matron all in black, 1687
 And learn me how to lose a winning match 1688 Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods. 1689 Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks, 1690 15 With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold, 1691 Think true love acted simple modesty. 1692 Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in 1693 night, 1694
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night 1695 20 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back. 1696 Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed 1697 night, 1698 Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die, 1699 Take him and cut him out in little stars, 1700 25 And he will make the face of heaven so fine 1701
 That all the world will be in love with night 1702 And pay no worship to the garish sun. 1703 O, I have bought the mansion of a love 1704 But not possessed it, and, though I am sold, 1705 30 Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day 1706 As is the night before some festival 1707 To an impatient child that hath new robes 1708
 And may not wear them. Enter Nurse with cords. 1709 O, here comes my nurse, 1710 35 And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks 1711 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—1712 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The 1713 cords 1714 That Romeo bid thee fetch? NURSE 1715
 40 Ay, ay, the cords. Dropping the rope ladder. JULIET 1716 Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands? NURSE 1717 Ah weraday, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead, luliet 1720 45 Can heaven be so envious? NURSE 1721 Romeo can, 1722
 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo, 1723 Whoever would have thought it? Romeo! JULIET 1724 What devil art thou that dost torment me thus? 1725 50 This torture should be roared in dismal hell. 1726 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "Ay," 1727 And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more 1728 Than the death-
darting eye of cockatrice. 1729 I am not I if there be such an "I," 1730 55 Or those eyes 'shut' that makes thee answer "Ay." or if not, "No." 1731 If he be slain, say "Ay," or if not, "No." 1732 Brief sounds determine my weal or woe. NURSE 1733 I saw the wound. I saw it with mine eyes 1734 (God save the mark!) here on his manly breast—1735
60 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse, 1736 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood, 1737 All in gore blood. I swooned at the sight. JULIET 1738 O break, my heart, poor bankrout, break at once! 1739 To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty. 1740 65 Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here, 1741 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.
NURSE 1742 O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! 1743 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman, 1744 That ever I should live to see thee dead! JULIET 1745 70 What storm is this that blows so contrary? 1746 Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead? 1747 My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord? 1748
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom, 1749 For who is living if those two are gone? NURSE 1750 75 Tybalt is gone and Romeo banishèd. JULIET 1752 O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood? "NURSE" 1753 It did, it did, alas the day, it did. "JULIET" 1754
 O serpent heart hid with a flow'ring face! 1755 80 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 1756 Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical! 1757 Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb! 1758 Despised substance of divinest show! 1759 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, 1760 85 A 'damned' saint, an honorable villain. 1761
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell 1762 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend 1763 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? 1764 Was ever book containing such vile matter 1765 90 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell 1766 In such a gorgeous palace! NURSE 1767 There's no trust, 1768 No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,
1769 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. 1770 95 Ah, where's my man? Give me some agua vitae. 1771 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me 1772 old. 1773 Shame come to Romeo! JULIET 1774 Blistered be thy tongue 1775 100 For such a wish! He was not born to shame. 1776 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit, 1777
 For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned 1778 Sole monarch of the universal Earth. 1779 O, what a beast was I to chide at him! NURSE 1780 105 Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin? JULIET 1781 Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? 1782 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy 1783 name 1784
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it? 1785 110 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 1786 That villain cousin would have killed my husband. 1787 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; 1788 Your tributary drops belong to woe, 1789 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. 1790
 115 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain, 1791 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my 1792 husband. 1793 All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then? 1794 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, 1795 120 That murdered me. I would forget it fain, 1796 But, O, it presses to my memory 1797
 Like damnèd quilty deeds to sinners' minds: 1798 "Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd." 1799 That "banishèd," 1800 125 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death 1801 Was woe enough if it had ended there; 1802 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship 1803 And needly will be ranked with other griefs, 1804
 Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead," 1805 130 "Thy father" or "thy mother," nay, or both, 1806 Which modern lamentation might have moved? 1807 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death, 1808 "Romeo is banished." To speak that word 1809 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, 1810
 135 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd." 1811 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 1812 In that word's death. No words can that woe sound. 1813 Where is my father and my mother, nurse? NURSE 1814 Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse. 1815 140 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. JULIET 1816
 Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be 1817 spent, 1818 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.—1819 Take up those cords. The Nurse picks up the rope ladder. 1820 145 Poor ropes, you are beguiled, 1821 Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled. 1822 He made you for a highway to my bed, 1823 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd
1824 Come, cords—come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed, 1825 150 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! NURSE 1826 Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo 1827 To comfort you. I wot well where he is. 1828 Hark you, your Romeo will be here at night. 1829 I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell. JULIET 1830 155 O, find him!
 Giving the Nurse a ring. 1831 Give this ring to my true knight 1832 And bid him come to take his last farewell. They exit. Enter Friar Lawrence. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1833 Romeo, come forth, thou fearful man. 1834 Affliction is enamored of thy parts, 1835 And thou art wedded to calamity. Enter Romeo. ROMEO 1836
 Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom? 1837 5 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand 1838 That I yet know not? FRIAR LAWRENCE 1839 Too familiar 1840 Is my dear son with such sour company. 1841 I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom. ROMEO 1842 10 What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom? FRIAR LAWRENCE
1843 A gentler judgment vanished from his lips: 1844 Not body's death, but body's banishment. ROMEO 1845 Ha, banishment. Romeo 18
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. ROMEO 1850 There is no world without Verona walls 1851 But purgatory, torture, hell itself. 1852 20 Hence "banished" 1854 Is death mistermed. Calling death "banished" 1855 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax
1856 And smilest upon the stroke that murders me. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1857 25 O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness! 1858 Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince, 1859 Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law 1860 And turned that black word "death" to 1861 "banishment." 1862 30 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. ROMEO
1863 'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here 1864 Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog 1865 And little mouse, every unworthy thing, 1868 More honorable state, more courtship lives 1869 In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize 1870
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand 1871 And steal immortal blessing from her lips, 1872 40 Who even in pure and vestal modesty 1873 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin; 1874 But Romeo may not; he is banished. 1875 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly. 1876 They are free men, but I am banished. 1877
45 And sayest thou yet that exile is not death? 1878 Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground 1879 knife, 1880 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 1881 But "banishèd"? 1882 50 O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell. 1883 Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart, 1884
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, 1885 A sin absolver, and my friend professed, 1886 To mangle me with that word "banished"? FRIAR LAWRENCE 1889 I'll give thee armor to keep off that word, 1890
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, 1891 To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd. ROMEO 1892 60 Yet "banishèd."? Hang up philosophy can make a Juliet, 1894 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom, 1895 It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1896 O, then I see that 'madmen' have no ears.
ROMEO 1897 65 How should they when that wise men have no eyes? FRIAR LAWRENCE 1898 Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. ROMEO 1899 Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel. 1900 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 1901 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, 1902 70 Doting like me, and like me banished, 1903
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy 1904 hair 1905 And fall upon the ground as I do now, Romeo throws himself down. 1906 Taking the measure of an unmade grave. Knock within. 1906 Taking the measure of an unmade grave. Then mightst thou tear thy 1904 hair 1905 And fall upon the ground as I do now, Romeo throws himself down.
 Mistlike, enfold me from the search of eyes. Knock. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1910 Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, 1911 arise. 1912 80 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up. Knock. 1913 Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will, 1914 What simpleness is this?—I come, I come. Knock. 1915
 Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's 1916 your will? NURSE, 'within' 1917 85 Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. 1918 I come from Lady Juliet. FRIAR LAWRENCE, 'admitting the Nurse' 1919 Welcome, then. Enter Nurse. NURSE 1920 O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, 1921 Where's my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?
FRIAR LAWRENCE 1922 90 There on the ground, with his own tears made 1923 drunk. NURSE 1924 O, he is even in my mistress' case, 1925 Just in her case. O woeful sympathy! 1926 Piteous predicament! Even so lies she, 1927 95 Blubb'ring and weeping and blubb'ring.— 1928 Stand up, stand up, stand an you be a man. 1929
 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand. 1930 Why should you fall into so deep an O? ROMEO 1931 Nurse. NURSE 1932 100 Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all. ROMEO, rising up 1933 Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her? 1934 Doth not she think me an old murderer, 1935 Now I have stained the childhood of our joy 1936
 With blood removed but little from her own? 1937 105 Where is she? And how doth she? And what says 1938 My concealed lady to our canceled love? NURSE 1939 O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps, 1940 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up, 1941 And "Tybalt" calls, and then on Romeo cries, 1942
110 And then down falls again. ROMEO 1943 As if that name, 1944 Shot from the deadly level of a gun, 1945 Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand 1946 Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me, 1947 115 In what vile part of this anatomy 1948 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack 1949
 The hateful mansion. He draws his dagger. FRIAR LAWRENCE 1950 Hold thy desperate hand! 1951 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art. 1952 120 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 1953 The unreasonable fury of a beast. 1954 Unseemly woman in a seeming man, 1955 And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! 1956
 Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order, 1957 125 I thought thy disposition better tempered. 1958 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself, 1959 And slay thy lady that in thy life 'lives,' 1960 By doing damnèd hate upon thyself? 1961 Why railest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth, 1962
 130 Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet 1963 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose? 1964 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit, 1965 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all 1966 And usest none in that true use indeed 1967 135 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. 1968
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, 1969 Digressing from the valor of a man; 1970 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury, 1971 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish; 1972 140 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 1973 Misshapen in the conduct of them both, 1974 Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask, 1975
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance, 1976 And thou dismembered with thine own defense. 1977 145 What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, 1978 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead: 1979 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee, 1980 But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy. 1981
 The law that threatened death becomes thy friend 1982 150 And turns it to exile: there art thou happy. 1983 A pack of blessings light upon thy back; 1984 Happiness courts thee in her best array; 1985 But, like a 'misbehaved' and sullen wench, 1986 Thou 'pouts upon' thy fortune and thy love. 1987
155 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 1988 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed. 1989 Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her. 1990 But look thou stay not till the watch be set, 1991 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua, 1992 160 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 1993
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends, 1994 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back 1995 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy 1996 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—1997 165 Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady, 1998 And bid her hasten all the house to bed, 1999 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
2000 Romeo is coming. NURSE 2001 O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night 2002 170 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!—2003 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come. ROMEO 2004 Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide. NURSE 2005 Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir. Nurse gives Romeo a ring. 2006
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. She exits. ROMEO 2007 175 How well my comfort is revived by this! FRIAR LAWRENCE 2010 Either be gone before the watch be set 2011 Or by the break of day disguised from hence. 2012
180 Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man, 2013 And he shall signify from time to time 2014 Every good hap to you that chances here. 2015 Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night. ROMEO 2016 But that a joy past joy calls out on me, 2017 185 It were a grief so brief to part with thee. 2018 Farewell. They exit.
Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris. CAPULET 2019 Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily 2020 That we have had no time to move our daughter. 2021 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly, 2022 And so did I. Well, we were born to die. 2023 5 'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight. 2024 I promise you, but for your company,
2025 I would have been abed an hour ago. PARIS 2026 These times of woe afford no times to woo.—2027 Madam, good night. Commend me to your 2028 10 daughter. LADY CAPULET 2031 Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender 2032
 Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled 2033 15 In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.—2034 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed. 2035 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love, 2036 And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday 2037 next—2038 20 But soft, what day is this? PARIS 2039 Monday, my lord. CAPULET 2040
 Monday, ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon. 2041 O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday let it be. a friend or two. 2045 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, 2046 It may be thought we held him carelessly, 2047
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much. 2048 30 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, 2049 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday be it, then. 2052 'To Lady Capulet.' Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed. 2053
35 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—2054 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—2055 Afore me, it is so very late that we 2056 May call it early by and by.—Good night. They exit. Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft. JULIET 2057 Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day. 2058 It was the nightingale, and not the lark, 2059
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear. 2060 Nightly she sings on yound pomegranate tree. 2061 5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. ROMEO 2062 It was the herald of the morn, 2063 No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks 2064 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. 2065
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day 2066 10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. 2067 I must be gone and live, or stay and die. JULIET 2068 Youd light is not daylight, I know it, I. 2069 It is some meteor that the sun 'exhaled' 2070 To be to thee this night a torchbearer 2071 15 And light thee on thy way to Mantua. 2072
 Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone. ROMEO 2073 Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death. 2074 I am content, so thou wilt have it so. 2075 I'll say you gray is not the morning's eye; 2076 20 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow. 2077 Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat 2078 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
2079 I have more care to stay than will to go. 2080 Come death and welcome. Juliet wills it so. 2081 25 How is 't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day. JULIET 2082 It is, it is. Hie hence, begone, away! 2083 It is the lark that sings so out of tune, 2084 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. 2085 Some say the lark makes sweet division. 2086
30 This doth not so, for she divideth us. 2087 Some say the lark and loathed toad changed voices too, 2089 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, 2090 Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day. 2091 35 O, now begone. More light and light it grows. ROMEO 2092
 More light and light, more dark and dark our woes. Enter Nurse. NURSE 2093 Madam. JULIET 2094 Nurse? NURSE 2095 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber. 2096 40 The day is broke; be wary; look about. She exits. JULIET 2097 Then, window, let day in, and let life out. ROMEO 2098
 Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I'll descend. They kiss, and Romeo descends. JULIET 2099 Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay husband, friend! 2100 I must hear from thee every day in the hour, 2101 45 For in a minute there are many days. 2102 O, by this count I shall be much in years 2103 Ere I again behold my Romeo. ROMEO 2104 Farewell.
2105 I will omit no opportunity 2106 50 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. JULIET 2107 O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again? ROMEO 2108 I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve 2109 For sweet discourses in our times to come. JULIET 2110 O God, I have an ill-divining soul! 2111
55 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low, 2112 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb. 2113 Either my eyesight fails or thou lookest pale. ROMEO 2114 And trust me, love, in my eye so do you. 2115 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. He exits. JULIET 2116 60 O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle. 2117
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him 2118 That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune, 2119 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long, 2120 But send him back. Enter 'Lady Capulet.' LADY CAPULET 2121 65 Ho, daughter, are you up? JULIET 2122 Who is 't that calls? It is my lady mother. 2123 Is she not down so late or up so early?
2124 What unaccustomed cause procures her hither? Juliet descends. LADY CAPULET 2125 Why, how now, Juliet? JULIET 2126 70 Madam, I am not well. LADY CAPULET 2127 Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? 2128 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? 2129 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live. 2130
 Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of 2131 75 love, 2132 But much of grief shows still some want of wit. JULIET 2133 Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. LADY CAPULET 2134 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend 2135 Which you weep for JULIET 2136 80 Feeling so the loss, 2137 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend 2135 Which you weep for JULIET 2136 80 Feeling so the loss, 2137 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend 2135 Which you weep for JULIET 2136 80 Feeling so the loss, 2137 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend 2135 Which you weep for JULIET 2136 80 Feeling so the loss, 2137 I cannot choose but ever weep for such a feeling loss.
LADY CAPULET 2138 Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death 2139 As that the villain lives which slaughtered him. JULIET 2140 What villain, Romeo. JULIET, 'aside' 2142 Villain and he be many miles asunder.— 2143 God pardon 'him.' I do with all my heart, 2144
 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart. LADY CAPULET 2145 That is because the traitor murderer lives. JULIET 2146 90 Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. 2147 Would none but I might venge my cousin's death! LADY CAPULET 2148 We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not. 2149
 Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, 2150 Where that same banished runagate doth live, 2151 95 Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram 2152 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company. 2153 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied. JULIET 2154 Indeed, I never shall be satisfied 2155 With Romeo till I behold him—dead— 2156
100 Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed. 2157 Madam, if you could find out but a man 2158 To bear a poison, I would temper it, 2159 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, 2160 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors 2161 105 To hear him named and cannot come to him 2162 To wreak the love I bore my cousin 2163
 Upon his body that hath slaughtered him. LADY CAPULET 2164 Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man. 2165 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. JULIET 2168 Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child, 2169
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, 2170 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy 2171 115 That thou expects not, nor I looked not for. JULIET 2172 Madam, in happy time! What day is that? LADY CAPULET 2173 Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn 2174 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, 2175
 The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church 2176 120 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. JULIET 2177 Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too, 2178 He shall not make me there a joyful bride! 2179 I wonder at this haste, that I must wed 2180 Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. 2181
125 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 2182 I will not marry yet, and when I do I swear 2183 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, 2184 Rather than Paris. These are news indeed! LADY CAPULET 2185 Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, 2186 130 And see how he will take it at your hands. Enter Capulet and Nurse.
CAPULET 2187 When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew, 2188 But for the sunset of my brother's son 2189 It rains downright. 2190 How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears? 2191 135 Evermore show'ring? In one little body 2192 Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind. 2193 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, 2194
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is, 2195 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs, 2196 140 Who, raging with thy tears and they with them, 2197 Without a sudden calm, will overset 2198 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife? 2199 Have you delivered to her our decree? LADY CAPULET 2200
  My, sir, but she will none, she "gives" you thanks. 2201 145 I would the fool were married to her grave. CAPULET 2202 Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife. 2203 How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks? 2204 Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed, 2205 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought 2206
150 So worthy a gentleman to be her bride? JULIET 2207 Not proud you have, but thankful that you have. 2208 Proud can I never be of what I hate, 2209 But thankful even for hate that is meant love. CAPULET 2210 How, how, how, how, how, how, how, how thankful even for hate that is meant love. CAPULET 2210 How, how, how, how thankful even for hate that is meant love. CAPULET 2210 How, how, how thankful even for hate that is meant love.
 And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you, 2213 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, 2214 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next 2215 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, 2216 160 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 2217 Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage! 2218 You tallow face! LADY CAPULET
2219 Fie, fie, what, are you mad? JULIET, 'kneeling' 2220 Good father, I beseech you on my knees, 2221 165 Hear me with patience but to speak a word. CAPULET 2222 Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch! 2223 I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, 2224 Or never after look me in the face. 2225
 Speak not; reply not; do not answer me. 2226 170 My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us 2227 blessed 2228 That God had lent us but this only child, 2229 But now I see this one is one too much, 2230 And that we have a curse in having her. 2231 175 Out on her, hilding. NURSE 2232 God in heaven bless her! 2233
 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. CAPULET 2234 And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue. 2235 Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go. NURSE 2236 180 I speak no treason. CAPULET 2237 O, God 'i' g' eden! NURSE 2238 May not one speak? CAPULET 2239 Peace, you mumbling fool! 2240
 Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, 2241 185 For here we need it not. LADY CAPULET 2242 You are too hot. CAPULET 2243 God's bread, it makes me mad. 2244 Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play, 2245 Alone, in company, still my care hath been 2246 190 To have her matched. And having now provided 2247
 A gentleman of noble parentage, 2248 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly 'ligned,' 2249 Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts, 2250 Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—2251 195 And then to have a wretched puling fool, 2252 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, 2253 To answer "I'll not wed. I cannot love. 2254
 I am too young. I pray you, pardon me." 2255 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you! 2256 200 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. 2257 Look to 't; think on 't. I do not use to jest. 2258 Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart; advise. 2259 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend. 2260
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, 2261 205 For, by my soul, I'll not be forsworn. He exits. JULIET 2264 Is there no pity sitting in the clouds 2265 That sees into the bottom of my grief?— 2266
210 O sweet my mother, cast me not away. 2267 Delay this marriage for a month, a week, 2268 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed 2269 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. LADY CAPULET 2270 Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word. 2271 215 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. She exits. JULIET, 'rising' 2272
 O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented? 2273 My husband is on Earth, my faith in heaven 2276 Upon so soft a subject as myself.
 - 2279 What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy? 2280 Some comfort, nurse. NURSE 2281 225 Faith, here it is. 2282 Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing 2283 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you, 2284 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. 2285 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, 2286
230 I think it best you married with the County. 2287 O, he's a lovely gentleman! 2288 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam, 2299 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye 2290 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, 2291 235 I think you are happy in this second match, 2292 For it excels your first, or, if it did not, 2293
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were 2294 As living here and you no use of him. JULIET 2295 Speak'st thou from my soul too, else beshrew them both. JULIET 2297 Amen. NURSE 2298 What? JULIET 2299 Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much. 2300 Go in and tell my lady I am gone, 2301
245 Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell 2302 To make confession and to be absolved. NURSE 2303 Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. She exits. JULIET 2304 Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend! 2305 Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn 2306 250 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue 2307
 Which she hath praised him with above compare 2308 So many thousand times? Go, counselor. 2309 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. 2310 I'll to the Friar to know his remedy. 2311 255 If all else fail, myself have power to die. She exits. Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2312
 On Thursday, sir? The time is very short. PARIS 2313 My father Capulet will have it so, 2314 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2315 You say you do not know the lady's mind? 2316 5 Uneven is the course. I like it not. PARIS 2317 Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, 2318 And therefore have I little talk of love,
2319 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. 2320 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous 2321 10 That she do give her sorrow so much sway, 2322 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage 2323 To stop the inundation of her tears, 2324 Which, too much minded by herself alone, 2325 May be put from her by society. 2326
15 Now do you know the reason of this haste. FRIAR LAWRENCE, [aside] 2327 I would I knew not why it should be slowed.— 2328 Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell. Enter Juliet. PARIS 2329 Happily met, my lady and my wife. JULIET 2330 That may be, sir, when I may be a wife. PARIS 2331
20 That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next. JULIET 2332 What must be shall be. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2333 That's a certain text. PARIS 2336 25 Do not deny to him that you love me. JULIET 2337
 I will confess to you that I love him. PARIS 2338 So will you, I am sure, that you love me. JULIET 2339 If I do so, it will be of more price 2340 Being spoke behind your back than to your face. PARIS 2341 30 Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears. JULIET 2342 The tears have got small victory by that, 2343
 For it was bad enough before their spite. PARIS 2344 Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report. JULIET 2345 That is no slander, sir, which is a truth, 2346 35 And what I spake, I spake it to my face. PARIS 2347 Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it. JULIET 2348 It may be so, for it is not mine own.— 2349
 Are you at leisure, holy father, now, 2350 Or shall I come to you at evening Mass? FRIAR LAWRENCE 2351 40 My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—2352 My lord, we must entreat the time alone. PARIS 2353 God shield I should disturb devotion!—2354 Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you. 2355
 Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. He exits. JULIET 2356 45 O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so, 2357 Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past hope, past 
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; 2368 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed, 2370 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt 2371 60 Turn to another, this shall slay them both. 2372 Therefore out of thy long-experienced time 2373 Give me some present counsel, or, behold, 2374
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife 2375 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that 2376 65 Which the commission of thy years and art 2377 Could to no issue of true honor bring. 2378 Be not so long to speak. I long to die 2379 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2380 Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope, 2381
70 Which craves as desperate an execution 2382 As that is desperate which we would prevent. 2383 If, rather than to marry County Paris, 2384 Thou hast the strength of will to 'slay' thyself, 2385 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake 2386 75 A thing like death to chide away this shame, 2387 That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it; 2388
 And if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy. JULIET 2389 O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, 2391 Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears, 2393 Or hide me nightly in a charnel house, 2394 O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
2395 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls. 2396 85 Or bid me go into a new-made grave 2397 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud 2398 (Things that to hear them told have made me 2399 tremble), 2400 And I will do it without fear or doubt, 2401 90 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2402
 Hold, then. Go home; be merry; give consent 2403 To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow. 2404 Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone; 2405 Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber. Holding out a vial. 2406 95 Take thou this vial, being then in bed, 2407 And this distilling liquor drink thou off; 2408
 When presently through all thy veins shall run 2409 A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse 2410 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade 2413 To 'paly' ashes, thy eyes' windows fall 2414 Like death when he shuts up the day of life.
2415 Each part, deprived of supple government, 2416 105 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death, 2417 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death 2418 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours 2419 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. 2420 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes 2421
110 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead. 2422 Then, as the manner of our country is, 2423 'In' thy best robes uncovered on the bier 2424 Thou shalt awake, 2427 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
2428 And hither shall he come, and he and I 2429 Will watch thy 'waking,' and that very night 2430 Shall Romeo bear thee from this present shame, 2431 120 And this shall free thee from this present shame, 2432 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear 2433 Abate thy valor in the acting it. JULIET 2434 Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!
FRIAR LAWRENCE, 'giving Juliet the vial 2435 Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous 2436 125 In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed 2437 To Mantua with my letters to thy lord. JULIET 2438 Love give me strength, and strength shall help 2439 afford. 2440 Farewell, dear father. They' exit 'in different directions.'
Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Servingmen, two or three. CAPULET 2441 So many guests invite as here are writ. One or two of the Servingmen exitwith Capulet's list. 2442 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. SERVINGMAN 2443 You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if 2444 they can lick their fingers. CAPULET 2445
5How canst thou try them so? SERVINGMAN 2446 Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick 2447 his own fingers goes not with me. CAPULET 2449 Go, begone. Servingman exits. 2450 10 We shall be much unfurnished for this time.—2451 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence? NURSE
2452 Ay, forsooth. CAPULET 2453 Well, he may chance to do some good on her. 2454 A peevish self-willed harlotry it is. Enter Juliet. NURSE 2455 15 See where she comes from shrift with merry look. CAPULET 2458 Where I have learned me to repent the sin 2459
Of disobedient opposition 2460 20 To you and your behests, and am enjoined 2461 By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here Kneeling. 2462 To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you. 2463 Henceforward I am ever ruled by you. CAPULET 2464 Send for the County. Go tell him of this. 2465 25 I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning. JULIET
2466 I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell 2467 And gave him what becomed love I might, 2468 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. CAPULET 2469 Why, I am glad on 't. This is well. Stand up. Juliet rises. 2470 30 This is as 't should be.—Let me see the County. 2471 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.— 2472
 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, 2473 All our whole city is much bound to him. JULIET 2474 Nurse, will you go with me into my closet 2475 35 To help me sort such needful ornaments 2476 As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow? LADY CAPULET 2477 No. not till Thursday. There is time enough. CAPULET 2478
 Go, nurse. Go with her. We'll to church tomorrow. Juliet and the Nurse exit. LADY CAPULET 2481 Tush, I will stir about, 2482 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. 2483 Go thou to Juliet. Help to deck up her. 2484 I'll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.
2485 45 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!— 2486 They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself 2487 To County Paris, to prepare up him 2488 Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light 2489 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed. They exit. Enter Juliet and Nurse. JULIET 2490 Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,
2491 I pray thee leave me to myself tonight, 2492 For I have need of many orisons 2493 To move the heavens to smile upon my state, 2495 What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help? JULIET 2496 No, madam, we have culled such necessaries 2497
 As are behooveful for our state tomorrow. 2498 So please you, let me now be left alone, 2499 10 And let the Nurse this night sit up with you, 2500 For I am sure you have your hands full all 2501 In this so sudden business. LADY CAPULET 2502 Good night. 2503 Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. Lady Capulet and the Nurse exit.
JULIET 2504 15 Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again. 2505 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins 2506 That almost freezes up the heat of life. 2507 I'll call them back again to comfort me.— 2508 Nurse!—What should she do here? 2509 20 My dismal scene I needs must act alone. 2510 Come, vial. She takes out the vial.
2511 What if this mixture do not work at all? 2512 Shall I be married then tomorrow morning? She takes out her knifeand puts it down beside her. 2513 No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there. 2514 25 What if it be a poison which the Friar 2515 Subtly hath ministered to have me dead, 2516 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored 2517
 Because he married me before to Romeo? 2518 I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not, 2519 30 For he hath still been tried a holy man. 2520 How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 2521 I wake before the time that Romeo 2522 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point. 2523 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, 2524
35 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, 2525 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? 2526 Or, if I live, is it not very like 2527 The horrible conceit of death and night, 2528 Together with the terror of the place—2529 40 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle 2530 Where for this many hundred years the bones 2531
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed; 2532 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, 2533 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say, 2534 45 At some hours in the night spirits resort—2535 Alack, alack, is it not like that I, 2536 So early waking, what with loathsome smells, 2537 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth, 2538
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That living mortals, hearing them, run mad— 2539 50 O, if I 'wake,' shall I not be distraught, 2540 Environed with all these hideous fears, 2541 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud, 2543 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, 2544
55 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains? 2545 O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost 2546 Seeking out Romeo, Ro
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, s
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 10 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! 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, make haste. First Servingman exits. 2568 Sirrah, fetch drier logs. 2569 20 Call Peter. He will show thee where they are. SECOND SERVINGMAN 2570 I have a head, sir, that will find out logs 2571 And never trouble Peter for the matter. CAPULET 2572 Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha! 2573
 Thou shalt be loggerhead. Second Servingman exits. 2574 25 Good faith, itis 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 ho!—What, nurse, I say! Enter Nurse. 2578 Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up. 2579
30 I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste, 2580 Make haste, 2580 Make haste, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!—Fast, I warrant 2583 her, she—2584 Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slugabed! 2585 Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!—
2586 5 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 wake you. Lady, lady!—2598 Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead.—2599 O, weraday, 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 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, she'
 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, with Musicians. FRIAR LAWRENCE 2620 Come, is the bride 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 she was, deflowered by him. 2625 Death is my son-in-law; Death is my
 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 day, O day, O day, O 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, 26510 Dead art thou! Alack, my child! O child! My soul and not my child! 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?
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 that she is well. 2664
 She's not well married that lives married that lives married long, 2665 But she's best married that dies married voung, 2666 85 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary 2667 On this fair corse, 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. Everyone prepare 2680 To follow this fair corse 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 up our pipes and be gone. NURSE 2684 Honest good fellows, ah, 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, "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 1100 musicians, because my heart itself plays "My 2692 heart is full." O, play me some merry dump to 2693 comfort me. 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 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 griping griefs the heart doth wound 2714 Fand doleful dumps the mind oppress, 2715 Then music with her silver sound.
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? THIRD 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 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
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men. 2772 40 I do remember an apothecary 2773 (And hereabouts he dwells) which late I noted 2774 In tattered weeds, 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 caitiff wretch would 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! 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 Is 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 mayst not 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. Friar John. FRIAR JOHN 2824 Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho! Enter 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 lay thee all along, 2857 Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground. 2858 5 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 15 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 Whate'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 strew 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 tigers 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 same, I'll hide me hereabout. 2897 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. He steps aside. ROMEO, beginning to force open the tomb 2898 45 Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 2899 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, 2900 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, 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 Condemnèd 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 affright 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." PARIS 2925 O, I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2926 Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet. "He dies." ROMEO 2927 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, 2928 O. I am slain! If thou be merciful and the open slain! If thou be merciful and the ope
 In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face. 2928 75 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 2929 What said my man when my betossèd 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.—The 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?—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 youth 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 stars 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 115 Å 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. The 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 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 away. 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 no 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? Then I'll 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. 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 burièd.— 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 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 Juliet, 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 me, this sight of death 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 rearly 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. MONTAGUE, '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 condemnèd 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
3114 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 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 my old 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? What can he 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 monument, 3137 This letter he early bid me give his father 3138 285 And threatened me with death, going in 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 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.
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