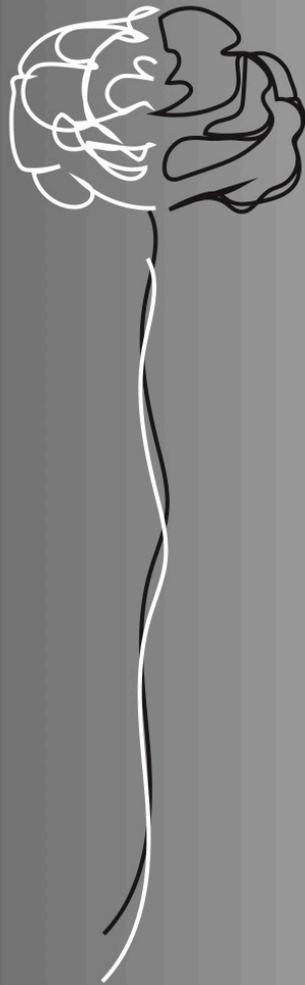


Romeo and Juliet



William Shakespeare



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PREFACE

I first read *Romeo and Juliet* in my 9th grade English class. It was hard and I hated it. I got as far as “A rose by any other name would smell as sweet” before I threw down the book. I could not believe that Shakespeare was so famous—it was all clichés! (What I did not yet realize was that those clichés came from Shakespeare.)

This edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was edited by students for students. We believe that reliably edited versions of the play should be available for free online. But we wanted ours to be easy to get in other ways as well. The editors—Oregon State University students who remember, far better than their professors, what it was like to read the play for the first time—carefully considered every pronoun, punctuation mark, and indent. Our goal: to make a friendly, confidence-building edition that supported classroom activities at the high school and college level. (For example, we wanted speakers’ names to be bold so that students reading aloud or performing in class would not miss their cues.)

The most radical thing about this textbook is its minimalism: it has fewer marginal glosses and footnotes than other scholarly editions. This was a deliberate choice: the editors felt that important conversations were more likely to happen in the classroom than in footnotes, and they wanted our edition to resist pushing readers toward specific interpretations. As a result, this textbook features a lot of white space. If, like us, you find it helpful to take notes (and to doodle) while you read, we hope you’ll print it out and make it your own.

Our edition may look simple, but it’s not. In order to avoid overwhelming the page with notes—but still help the reader understand the sixteenth-century language—my students went word by word through the play, comparing three early modern printings to select the clearest language. Emboldened by the knowledge that there is no “authoritative” version of the play (we don’t actually know what Shakespeare wrote), they also made their own minor adjustments, typically in the less culturally iconic scenes and passages. For example, in Act 3 scene 5, Juliet’s father is angry that she does not want marry Paris on Thursday. In the first printed edition of the play (known as Q1, and printed in 1597), he says:

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.
I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,

In the second printed edition (Q2, printed in 1599) he says something slightly different:

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,

Our edition modernizes spelling and punctuation, but makes other minor adjustments as well:

But if you will not wed, I'll pardon you!
Graze where you will; you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't; I do not often jest.
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart. Think well.

Here, the student editors have retained Q1's "But if" instead of Q2's now-archaic "But and." They have replaced the potential confusing phrase "use to" (which does not mean "used to" and would have required an explanatory note) with "often," a word that retains the original meter of the line. Similarly, they swapped out "advise"—which today tends to mean "give advice" rather than consider it—with "think well," a phrase that also picks up on Q1's "bethinke your self."

This project would not have been possible even a decade ago: in the past, if you wanted to compare the early printings up close you had to gain physical access to rare book libraries. Now, there are wonderful resources online—my students made use of digital images and transcriptions of the early editions of *Romeo and Juliet* on the invaluable website Internet Shakespeare Editions. Other essential sources included online dictionaries (including the Oxford English Dictionary), print editions (especially those printed by Pelican and The Folger Shakespeare Library), the No Fear Shakespeare website, and David Crystal and Ben Crystal's *Shakespeare's Words* (Penguin, 2002). In preparation the editors took a course devoted to the print history of Shakespeare's plays and studied recent scholarship on editing practices. They also interviewed high school teachers and students about their experiences with the text.

We believe that there is no one "perfect" edition of *Romeo and Juliet*—different readers need different things. This edition is ideal for first-time readers, and especially those of you who are young: its editors literally speak your language. That said, more seasoned readers of Shakespeare will appreciate its readability and the editors' obvious respect for Elizabethan language. During the editing process I served as a resource to my students, lending my expertise on Shakespeare's time period as needed. I checked my students' work against the early modern editions to ensure that they had not misconstrued particularly archaic passages and that they preserved the play's famous iambic pentameter. They did a really good job.

In the preface to the first collected works of Shakespeare—printed after the playwright's death in 1623 and known as the First Folio—his colleagues John Heminge and Henrie Condell suggest that if you do not like reading Shakespeare's plays, it is probably because you do not understand them. If that's the case, "his

Friends, whom if you need, can be your guides”: in other words, if you want to enjoy Shakespeare, read his works with people who already get it. As an experienced teacher of Shakespearean drama, I can vouch that the opposite is also true: I did not love *Romeo and Juliet* until I read it with students.

I hope to hear from our readers—please reach out to me with your questions, suggestions, or thoughts about the text at rebecca.olson@oregonstate.edu.

Enjoy!

Dr. Rebecca Olson
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INTRODUCTION



WELCOME!

Shakespeare is largely considered to be the greatest writer in the English language. In his lifetime, he wrote thirty-nine plays, most of which are still read and performed today. Of these thirty-nine plays, *Romeo and Juliet* is one of the best known. Shakespeare, however, did not invent the story of *Romeo and Juliet*. The tragic tale of two star-crossed lovers existed for a few hundred years before Shakespeare took a stab at it, and audiences in the early modern era were familiar with the story before setting foot in the theater. It might seem surprising to modern audiences that this story wasn't treading any new ground at the time of its "conception," and some might wonder why the brilliant, the mighty Shakespeare might have retold a story whose twisted ending came as no surprise to its audience. Shakespeare felt "driven" (in his own words) to write the narrative all over again, and something about his version impacted audiences so intensely that it is today considered one of the greatest stories ever told. Why is it that Shakespeare's version affected his audience deeply enough that it is still firmly lodged in the literary cannon? What about this story is so enduring? And most importantly: why is it so popular?

The time period in which Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* debuted was one of particular distress and turmoil. At the time, England was ravaged by the Bubonic Plague, which had a fatality rate of 50%. Theaters were closed during mass outbreaks, which likely impacted Shakespeare financially, since he lived off the revenue from theater admissions to his plays. England was also in the grips of the Catholic-Protestant divide, which often erupted into violence. *Romeo and Juliet* was written, directed, and enjoyed during a time characterized by fear, tension, and disease, effectively making it a play for people of any era, who grapple with their own catastrophes and terrors. The role of theatre and literature (in society at large, and in...ahem...classrooms) is hotly debated, and we cannot claim to have a definitive answer to this age-old question. We can, however, assert that the endurance of plays such as this one speaks to their ability to *move* people, to *speak* to them in ways that inspire their preservation through the ages. And so, we became inspired to make this age-old classic more readily accessible to you, both in the digital format that has made its way onto your screens, or paper copies that you hold in your hands, and in way that the content has been carefully collected and presented.

OUR PROCESS

In an effort funded through Open Oregon State and with support from Oregon State's School of Writing, Literature, and Film, a group of 20 students, led by Dr. Rebecca Olson, crafted this edition of *Romeo and*

Juliet with the vision that it be easily read and accessed by high school students everywhere. As a group, we decided upon a set of guiding principles, which included an effort to modernize spellings that are no longer in use, encourage your interaction with the text, and (of course) support the Shakespeare-related Common Core educational goals. Above all, we hope that this edition will allow you, the reader, to move through the text with little need to stop and look up an unfamiliar word, or to try and figure out what in the world a “Lanthorne” is (it’s an old-fashioned word for “lantern.” Could you imagine using that word for a lantern? Neither could we, so we changed it).

To put all this together, we created a set of guidelines to get us started. We decided which text versions of the play to use as primary sources—we chose from five Quarto versions and four Folio¹ editions, settling on Quarto 1, Quarto 2, and the First Folio. We decided that we wanted to include some very important things like footnotes—necessary to clarify some words and concepts, but often intimidating and numerous—but we determined that we’d keep them brief and use them only when necessary. We decided on some more mundane things, like the font we wanted (Garamond instead of that nasty Times New Roman. What ever happened to Times Old Roman anyway?). We made countless other decisions at the outset of this project, and after establishing these ground rules we separated into editing groups, each focusing on a particular act within the play.

When the groups had completed their edited acts, we met again as a large group to review all the work together. It was at this time that we discovered how differently each editing group had approached our individual edited acts and scenes, while still following the same set of established guidelines. Should we use bold for the character names? How much white space should we include? Should there be one space after a line of dialogue, or two? How far should we indent the stage directions? What is the impact of these seemingly trivial questions on the experience of the reader? The team set out to analyze these and many other questions. Our deliberations were lengthy, and at times unexpectedly heated. We learned much about ourselves (and about our apparent passion for uniform margins and un-bolded character names).

After arranging our edition into a single, consistent document, we set out to consider the other requirements that go along with creating a new edition of an old work. We again separated into groups to address the facets of this project. There was a group to draft out scene and location summaries; a group to establish the technical formatting of the finished work; a group to reach out to high school teachers and students to better understand their needs and concerns when engaging with an old-fashioned work such as *Romeo and Juliet*; and a group to ensure that there was consistency in formatting throughout the edition. We

1. Quartos are standalone books, with the paper folded into quarters, and they contained the earliest printing of the plays. There are five Quarto versions of *Romeo and Juliet*, published in 1597, 1609, 1622, 1623, and 1637. Folios are compilations of several plays (they were published in folio format), and there are four Folio versions of *Romeo and Juliet*, published in 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685.

also created a group to draft this introduction, and a group of lead editors met with Dr. Olson to identify all topics that would be covered within it (we won't list those as long as you promise to read the whole thing). We also identified individuals to work on creating the cover of this edition (which, we are sure you will agree, is top notch). With the groupings settled, and the work underway, the edition that you hold in your very hands (or upon your very screen) began to take shape.

We recognize that there are numerous other editions out there, and fervently hope that this one will be effectively suited to your educational needs. But this may beg the question: why are there so many editions? Why not just use the original? Great question! The answer is that there not *just one* original edition. The idea of a singular “original” Shakespeare text is a common misunderstanding. Shakespeare was a 17th Century playwright, so he didn't necessarily intend his works to be published for broad literary audiences—most published versions were printed after his death. This being the case, there is much debate regarding the authority of different published versions. In the particular instance of *Romeo and Juliet*, there are multiple versions, all of which can be seen as authentic or “original”, but are dissimilar from each other in sometimes slight and sometimes significant ways. Some scholars believe that people who attended the play numerous times and recorded the dialogue in writing produced the earliest versions of the texts. Others believe that these texts were generated by a few of the play actors. Theories abound regarding original production. Maybe several of them are correct, maybe none, but whatever the case, this allows modern editors to have a selection of authentic Shakespearean texts to draw from, which leads to some distinct differences from one edition to the next. (Spoiler alert!) Did Juliet awaken before Romeo was fully dead? The text seems to indicate that she didn't, but others have interpreted it differently. This play has passed through the hands of many, many editors through the centuries, all of whom have left their own distinct marks; our hope is that our varied perspectives and orientation toward our readers' needs will result in an edition that is relatable in the events and motivations of characters that you will encounter.

SHAKESPEARE'S LANGUAGE

Shakespeare is famous for his plays. He is famous for the emotions and the responses that these plays inspire in those who interact with them. He is credited with creating over 1700 original words alone in the English language (you're welcome, Jessica²). And so, when we're considering Shakespeare, we're not looking just at the play, or the performance, or its history—we're looking at the language.

Language has acted as Shakespeare's central tool in creating some of the world's greatest literary compositions. Both a powerful playwright and literary icon, the fundamental aspects of what makes Shakespeare's work *Shakespeare's work* in the first place—and what continues to perpetuate his worldwide fame—can be understood in some of his most recognizable moments. Even without reading *Romeo and*

2. Shakespeare gets the credit for first using many first names that are still popular today, including Jessica.

Juliet, the average high school student can identify “Wherefore art thou, Romeo?” as easily as they can fail a math test.

When we started out to create the world’s most accessible version of *Romeo and Juliet*, the biggest question that we were tasked to answer was: how do we treat the language? What needs to be changed? Should the text be completely modernized—removing early modern English altogether? What about iambic pentameter—the rhythmic meter that makes poetry of Shakespeare’s words? Is it necessary to preserve a rhythm that doesn’t seem so universal without the archaic pronunciation of the words within? Where does the line between historical preservation and accessibility meet, and how do we land at that crossroad?

The language in this edition is thus a compilation of the First Folio, Quarto 1, and Quarto 2, as well as the collective minds of twenty plus (how many of us are there?) students working diligently to achieve clarity and ensure comprehension. The language has been only slightly altered, so as to maintain Shakespeare’s original intent, and in order to also appeal to a more modern audience. The plot has remained untouched. Punctuation has been updated where appropriate. Spellings have been modernized. But the story is the same. The famous, dramatic, moving story of a forbidden love and its original contexts remains. If we have changed anything, it is so that such a story can be loved and adored (though, perhaps with a bit more reserve than either Romeo or Juliet display toward one another) and can be read by many, many more people.

ROMEO AND JULIET ONSTAGE

“But soft, what light through yonder window breaks” is probably one of the most quoted and easily recognizable lines of Shakespeare. Good ol’ Romeo and Juliet have been around for centuries, brought to life again and again through the text that houses them. This text is read in high schools, watched on the stage, adapted for film, and even re-written in terms of a text conversation. But where did it all begin?

Originally, *Romeo and Juliet* was designed to be played on a thrust stage, which extends into the audience, allowing viewers to watch from three sides. Scenery was sparse to allow for quick action and a focus on the carefully crafted language. There was a rear balcony staged as Juliet’s window and a trapdoor for her tomb. The play ran briefly in London following the Restoration of Charles II when William Davenant, acclaimed “son of Shakespeare” (whether literary or biological, we’re still not sure), presented it at Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

Several adaptations made their way around, including a version set in ancient Rome and a version in which a father and daughter played the titular characters in 1744, which was not widely accepted (for obvious reasons, we think). In 1748, David Garrick, a man renowned in the world of theatre, staged a production of *Romeo and Juliet* at Drury Lane and removed all sexual references and jokes present in the text. This version became the standard for the next century.

When Shakespeare was staging performances of *Romeo and Juliet*, most all actors were men, which means that Juliet was traditionally played by men dressed up as women. This tradition persisted until the late 17th

century. By the 19th century, playing the role of Juliet became an actress's marker of success in the theatrical world, and by the mid-19th century girls were even allowed to take on the role of Romeo as well.

Throughout the 1900s, several noted playwrights and producers adapted and toured the play. William Poel of the Elizabethan Stage Society created a version chock-full of fast-paced action and complicated stage directions, or blocking. Before directing the 1968 film version of the play, Franco Zeffirelli created an adaptation of the original script for the stage, and then his film premiered in 1968 at the Old Vic Theatre in London. The Old Vic was traditionally a venue for live theater, and had never before hosted a film screening. The Italian renaissance setting at the Old Vic was so realistic and natural that audience members were awed by the never-before-seen representational style of stepping into a virtual snapshot of Verona.

The film was adapted again for Baz Luhrman's 1996 *Romeo + Juliet*, a lush cinematic experience that exemplified Luhrman's decadent style. This version starring Leonardo DiCaprio brought the tale of tragic romance to a whole new generation of teenagers. To this day, the play is read, performed, and referenced at a massive scale, but echoes of the original production linger.

LOVE AND DEATH: READING *ROMEO AND JULIET* TODAY

A play is more than words on a page; a play is a story full of feelings and experiences that the actors *and* the audience bring to the table. A play like *Romeo and Juliet* is an experience that captivates and challenges the imaginations of people across generations, across centuries. *Romeo and Juliet* is not a static story about a boy and a girl. It is an open story about love between two *people*—a story that adapts and changes in the minds and bodies that contemplate and reenact it. We believe this play offers a chance to explore what love can actually mean, from a wide variety of genders, sexual orientations, and experiences. It is a story about the tragedies and triumphs of love, and its special power lies in its ability to inspire contemplation of these ideas in all who encounter it.

Slowly but surely, our world is warming up to the idea that love is universal regardless of the identity of the bodies involved with it. More and more, people are exploring characters with more flexible categories of analysis, opening up new (or centuries-old) avenues of sexuality that challenge a heterosexual-dominant narrative. Actors of all ages are subverting historically gendered roles to inspire audiences to question their implicit assumptions. Players and playgoers are not disregarding what these stories were, but are imagining new possibilities for what these stories *could be*. In other words, it can be tempting to think that the script is rigidly set, but in actuality there is a real freedom in the performance. We encourage students and teachers alike to embrace that freedom, to widen their perspectives and see *Romeo and Juliet* (and plays in general) as tools to help explore what it means to be human.

While we're on the subject of important social ramifications of the play, we feel it's important to talk about the crux of the play's tragedy: the choice Romeo and Juliet make to commit suicide. To some it can seem

strange, absurd, or even silly. Why would anyone kill themselves over someone they met only earlier that same week?

The suicides of Romeo and Juliet suggest that their love and subsequent marriage were more than the result of the exaggerated emotions of a first love. What other, less obvious factors were at play? What would drive someone to make the worst and most permanent of all mistakes?³ Rather than attempt to answer this question that has followed this text around like a phantom, we'll leave you with some questions that help us contemplate the complicated tangle of intention and action in this play: How did Juliet view her future after being forced to marry someone she barely knew? Maybe Romeo felt locked into the family feud and was looking for an escape? By seriously considering the motivations that led these characters to a tragic end, can we learn how to better respond to those situations that inspire feelings of powerlessness?

In any case, we'll leave the answering of those questions to you. Just as we have enjoyed *Romeo and Juliet* in its many forms, and from the many angles through which we have viewed it, we hope that you will enjoy this new edition!

Sincerely,

The Editors

Corvallis, Oregon

Spring 2018

3. If you or someone you know is struggling with suicidal thoughts, please reach out for help. There are people who care about you, and who want to help. The National Suicide Prevention Lifeline can be reached at 1-800-273-8255.

LIST OF MAIN CHARACTERS

ROMEO, heir to the Montagues

JULIET, heir to the Capulets

LADY CAPULET, Juliet's Mother and Tybalt's Aunt by blood

CAPULET, Juliet's Father and Tybalt's uncle by marriage

LADY MONTAGUE, Romeo's Mother

MONTAGUE, Romeo's Father

MERCUTIO, Romeo's friend but pledges to neither house because he is related to Prince Escalus

TYBALT, Juliet's cousin

PRINCE ESCALUS, ruler of Verona

PARIS, engaged to Juliet and related to Prince Escalus

FRIAR LAWRENCE, religious man who marries Romeo and Juliet and gives Juliet the poison

NURSE, mother figure and confidant to Juliet

BENVOLIO, Lord Montague's nephew and Romeo's cousin

SAMPSON, Capulet's Servant

GREGORY, Capulet's Servant

BALTHASAR, Romeo's Servant

FRIAR JOHN, Friar Lawrence's messenger

ABRAM, Montague's servant

APOTHECARY, potion maker that sells Romeo the poison

PETER, Capulet's Servant

ACT I

PROLOGUE

CHORUS

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

5 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows^o

^odestruction

Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

This fearful showing of their death-marked love,

10 And the exhibition of their parents' rage—

Which, but their children's end, naught could remove—

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage

That which—if you with patient ears attend—

Here goes unsaid, our toil shall strive to mend.



ACT I, SCENE I

Servants of the Capulet family start a fight with Montague family servants. Benvolio, a Montague, draws his sword and attempts to break up the fight. Tybalt, a Capulet, sees the drawn sword of Benvolio. Tybalt draws his sword and, after Benvolio tries to avoid conflict, Tybalt attacks. The fight escalates. Montague and Capulet enter the scene. The Prince enters and commands the fight to end. Frustrated with the family feud, the Prince declares a death sentence on anybody who starts more trouble.

In the aftermath, Lady Montague asks Benvolio if he's seen Romeo, her son. Benvolio tells her that he saw Romeo earlier, but Romeo seemed troubled. Later, Benvolio approaches to ask Romeo about the

mood he's in. Romeo replies that he is in love with Rosaline, but saddened that she doesn't seem to love him back.

On a street somewhere in Verona:

Enter two servingmen of the Capulets

SAMPSON

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals¹.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers^o. ^ocoal miners

SAMPSON

I mean that if we be in choler^o we'll draw. ^oanger

GREGORY

Aye, while you live, draw your neck out of collar².

SAMPSON

5 I strike quickly when moved.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague would move me.

GREGORY

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

1. *To not carry coals*: to bear no insults

2. *Collar* might refer to a hangman's noose.

SAMPSON

10 A dog of that house shall move me to stand;
I will take the wall³ of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave⁴, for the weakest go to the wall.

SAMPSON

'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever
thrust to the wall. Therefore, I will push Montague's men from
15 the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis the same. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought
with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their
heads.

GREGORY

20 The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON

Aye, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads^o; take it in
what sense thou wilt. °virinities

GREGORY

Those who feel it must take it in that sense.

3. *take the wall*: There were no sidewalks at this time, so when passing one another on the street one person would "take the wall," forcing the other to walk in the gutter.

4. *slave*: meant as an insult to someone's class

SAMPSON

They shall feel me while I'm able to stand, and 'tis known I'm a
25 pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-
john⁵. Draw thy tool! Here comes of the house of Montague.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR, servingmen of the Montagues

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY

How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON

30 Fear this not.

GREGORY

No, marry^o, I fear thee.

^oreally

SAMPSON

Let us have the law on our side; let them begin.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

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

5. *poor-john*: fish that was salted or dried because of its inferior quality

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

[*To GREGORY*] Is the law on our side, if I say aye?

GREGORY

⁴⁰ No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel, sir? No sir.

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am yours to fight. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAHAM

⁴⁵ No better than mine.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO

GREGORY

Say ours is better; here comes one of our master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON

Yes: better, sir.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

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

They fight

BENVOLIO

Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds^o?

^opeasants; servants

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword

55 Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

They fight

Enter three or four citizens with clubs and partisans⁶

CITIZENS OF THE WATCH

Clubs, bills⁷, and partisans, strike!

60 Beat them down!

Down with the Capulets!

Down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my longsword, ho^o!

^onow

LADY CAPULET

A crutch you need! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET

65 My sword I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade to spite me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not! Let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to meet a foe.

Enter PRINCE ESKALES with his entourage

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

6. *partisan*: a weapon, consisting of a spearhead mounted on a pole

7. *bill*: a close combat weapon

70 Profaners with your neighbor-stained steel!
Will they not hear? What, ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins.
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
75 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls bred by an airy word
From thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
80 And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast off their gravely-styled ornaments⁸
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered⁹ with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again
85 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For now, all you rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon
To know our further judgment in this case
90 To old Free-town, our common judgment place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

⁹infested

Exit all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?⁹
Speak, nephew. Were you here when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary
95 And yours, close fighting ere⁹ I did approach.
I drew to part them; in the instant came

⁹before

8. *ornaments*: articles of dress, decorative

9. *abroach*: in action or agitation

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about its head and cut the winds,
100 Which, nothing hurt at all, hissed it in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows
Came more and more who fought on part and part,
Til the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

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

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
110 Which westward rooteth on this city-side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, presuming his affections as my own,
115 Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Feeling one too many with my weary self,
Pursued my humor¹⁰, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly flew from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
120 With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.
And all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Doth in the farthest east begin to draw

10. *humor*: fancy, whim; can also refer to mood

The shady curtains from Aurora's¹¹ bed,
125 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous^o will his humor prove
130 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

^oof a warning

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned¹² him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends.
135 But he, his own affections counselor
Is to himself—I will not say how well—
Keeping himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
Like the flowerbud bit by an envious worm
140 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

11. Aurora: goddess of the dawn

12. *importuned*: persistently asked

BENVOLIO

See where he comes. So please you, step aside.

145 I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I wish thee fortune in thy stay

To hear the truth. Come, Madam, let's away.

Exit MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

150 It's newly struck nine.

ROMEO

Aye me! Sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

155 In love.

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

Of love.

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas that love, so gentle in his view¹³,
160 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

ROMEO

Alas, that love, whose view is blinded still,
Should without eyes see the path to our will.
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
165 That's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything that nothing first creates!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
170 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep. All is not what it is!
This love feel I, for that who feels no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

175 Good heart, at what?

13. *view*: in this case, appearance

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast

Which thou wilt propagate to have them pressed

180 With more of yours. This love that thou hast shown

Dost add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised from the fumes of sighs;

When cleared, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

When vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.

185 What is it else? A madness most discreet,¹⁴

A choking gall^o, and a preserving sweet.

^obitterness, bile

Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Wait, I will go along

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

190 Tut^o, I have lost myself. I am not here.

^o(expresses disapproval)

This is not Romeo; he's some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness: whom is it that you love?

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan? Why no, but sadly tell me who.

14. *discreet*: subtle, wise, prudent

ROMEO

195 A sick man in sadness makes his will,
Ill are urging words to one already ill.
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good marksman! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

200 A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Diana's¹⁵ wit
And, proving chastity strong and well-armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.
205 She will not stay the siege of loving words,
Nor bear th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope^o her lap to saint-seducing gold,
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
For when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

^oopen

BENVOLIO

210 Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing, makes huge waste.
For beauty, starved by chaste severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity^o.

^ofuture children

15. *Diana*: Roman goddess of the hunt, who remained a virgin

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
215 To merit bliss^o by causing me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow,
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

^oheaven

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me: forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

220 By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
225 Being black, puts to mind that they hide the fair.
He that is struck blind cannot forget
The previous treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
230 Where I may read who passed that passing fair.
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me how to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt.

Exit all



ACT I, SCENE 2

Paris, a member of the Prince's family, speaks to Capulet about marrying his daughter Juliet. They debate about whether or not Juliet is old enough, at age thirteen, to be married. Elsewhere, Romeo and Benvolio are talking about Romeo's love of Rosaline. One of Capulet's servants invites them to a party Capulet is throwing—not knowing they are Montagues. Benvolio encourages Romeo to go, thinking that it will be a good chance to take his mind off of Rosaline. Romeo agrees to go because Rosaline will be at the party.

Lord Capulet's private office within the Capulet estate; then on a street somewhere in Verona:

Enter CAPULET, COUNTY PARIS, and PETER, the servingman

CAPULET

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

PARIS

Of honorable reckoning are you both,
5 And pity 'tis you've lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

But saying more that I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world.
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
10 Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowéd all my hopes but she.
15 She's the hopeful Lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris; get her heart.

My will to her consent is but a part.
And she agreed within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice.
20 This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest.
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor^o house, look to behold this night
25 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Such delight as do lusty young men feel
With well-appareled April on the heel
Of limping winter steps. The same delight
Among fresh fennel buds¹⁶ shall you this night
30 Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see.
You'll like her most, whose merit most shall be
Which one more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.

^omodest

He hands PETER a paper

35 [To PETER] Go, sirrah,¹⁷ trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exit CAPULET and PARIS

PETER

Find them out whose names are written here? It is written that
40 the shoe-maker should meddle with his yard,¹⁸ and the tailor with
his last,¹⁹ the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets.

16. *fennel buds*: unopened flowers that appear in springtime

17. *sirrah*: term of address for a man of lower station

18. *yard*: possibly referring to “yards” of clothing

19. *last*: tool involved in shoe-making

But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ,
and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ.
I must to the learned in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO

45 Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.
Turn dizzy, and be helped by backward turning.
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.
Take thou some new infection to thine eye,
50 And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO

Your plantain leaf²⁰ is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

ROMEO kicks BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

55 Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and—[*To PETER*] Good e'en, good fellow.

20. *plantain leaf*: thought to have curative powers

PETER

God 'i' good e'en.²¹ I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Aye, mine own fortune in my misery.

PETER

60 Perhaps you have learned it without book.
But I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

If I know the letters and the language.

PETER

A honest answer. Rest you merry.

ROMEO

Stay, fellow, I can read.

65 "Signeur Martino, & his wife and daughters; Count Anselme and
his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Seigneur
Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother
Valentine; mine uncle Capulet; his wife and daughters; my fair
70 niece Rosaline and Livia; Seigneur Valentio, and his cousin
Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Hellena."
A fair assembly. Whither^o should they come? °where

PETER

Up.

ROMEO

Whither to supper?

21. *God 'i' good e'en*: "May God give you a good evening."

PETER

To our house.

ROMEO

75 Whose house?

PETER

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed, I should have asked thee that before.

PETER

Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich
Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray
80 come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

If the devout religion of mine eye
Allows such falsehood, then turn tears to fires
And these who, often drowned, could never die,
90 Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love? The all-seeing Sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO

Tut! You found her fair none else being by,
Herself poised, with herself in either eye.

95 But in those crystal scales there let be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant^o show well that now seems best.

^ohardly

ROMEO

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

Exit all



ACT I, SCENE 3

After a humorous exchange with the Nurse, Lady Capulet asks for Juliet's thoughts on marriage. Juliet hasn't thought about it much. Lady Capulet hints that Juliet should consider marrying Paris, who will be coming to the party tonight. Juliet agrees to observe him and consider the possibility.

Somewhere within the Capulet estate:

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Now by my maidenhead, at twelve year old I bade her come.
[Calls to JULIET] What, lamb! What, lady-bird!
God forbid, where's the girl? [Calls to JULIET] What, Juliet?

Enter JULIET

JULIET

5 How now, who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave a while.

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again,

10 I have remembered thou may hear our counsel.

Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I call tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—and yet to my teen^o be it spoken, I

^omisery

15 have just four—She's not fourteen. How long is it now to

Lammastide?²²

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight^o and a few odd days.

^otwo weeks

NURSE

Even or odd, of all the days in the year,

22. *Lammastide*: August 1st

Come Lammas-Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
 20 Susan²³ and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
 Were born that day. Well Susan is with God.
 She was too good for me. But as I said,
 On Lammas-Eve at night shall she be fourteen,
 That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.
 25 ‘Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
 And she was weaned (I never shall forget it),
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
 For I had then laid worm-wood²⁴ to my dug^o °breast
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
 30 My Lord and you were then at Mantua.
 Nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said,
 When it^{o25} did taste the worm-wood on the nipple °(Juliet)
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy,²⁶ and fall out with the dug.
 35 “Shake,” quoth the dove-house. ‘Twas no need, I trow
 To bid me trudge:²⁷
 And since that time it is eleven years,
 For then she could stand alone. Nay, by the rood^o, °cross
 She could have run and waddled all about
 40 Or even the day before, she broke her brow,
 And then my husband—God be with his soul,
 He was a merry man—took up the child,
 “Yea,” quoth he, “dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
 45 Wilt thou not, Jule?” And, by my holidam,²⁸
 The pretty wretch quit crying and said, “Aye.”
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant that should I live a thousand years,

23. *Susan*: the Nurse’s daughter, who died

24. *worm-wood*: a bitter plant used in medicine and alcohol

25. *When it did taste*: Through here, the nurse refers to the infant Juliet as “it.”

26. *tetchy*: irritably or peevishly sensitive

27. *‘Twas no ned...to bid me trudge*: i.e., I didn’t need to be told twice to leave

28. *by my holidam*: similar oath to “by the rood”

I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he.
50 And the pretty fool stopped crying and said, "Aye."

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Yes, Madam. Yet, I cannot choose but laugh,
To think she should stop crying and say, "Aye."
And yet I warrant she had upon her brow
55 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone.²⁹
A perilous knock, and she cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face,
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age.
Wilt thou not, Jule?" She stopped and said, "Aye."

JULIET

60 And stop thou too. I pray thee, Nurse, say "Aye."

NURSE

Peace, I am done. God mark thee to his grace.
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e're I nursed,
If I might live to see thee married once,
I'll have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

29. *cockerel's stone*: a rooster's testicle

NURSE

An honor! Were not I thine only nurse,
70 I would say thou had'st sucked wisdom from my teat.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

A man, young Lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world. Why, he's a man of wax.³⁰

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

80 Nay, he's a flower, in faith^o, a very flower.

^otruly

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
85 Examine every several lineament
And see how to each other lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
90 To beautify him, only lacks a cover.

30. *man of wax*: as perfect as a man fashioned from wax

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without,³¹ the fair within to hide.
That book in many eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
95 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
100 But no more deep will I endart³² mine eye,
Then your consent gives me strength to make fly.

Enter SERVINGMAN

SERVINGMAN

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called for, my
young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and
everything is in chaos. I must wait upon them. I beseech you,
105 follow quick.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee. Juliet, the County^o awaits.

^o(Paris)

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

31. *fair without*: In this instance, "without" means "on the outside."

32. *endart*: to throw or cast like a dart

Exit all



ACT 1, SCENE 4

Romeo, along with Benvolio and their friend Mercutio, leave for the party. As they go Romeo claims, among other concerns, that he will not dance. Mercutio twists Romeo's melancholy comments into sexual jokes. Romeo, not interested in Mercutio's humor, says that a dream convinced him that attending the party is a bad idea. Mercutio launches into a speech about Queen Mab, the fairy queen, who visits people in their dreams. Though the speech begins in a lighthearted manner, it takes a dark turn. Romeo snaps Mercutio out of his speech. Benvolio convinces them to get moving and get to the party.

On a street somewhere in Verona, near the Capulet estate:

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six other maskers, torch-bearers

ROMEO

What speech shall be spoken to excuse us?
Or shall we move on without apology?

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity.³³
We'll have no Cupid, tricked and blindfolded,
5 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,³⁴
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper^o. °scarecrow
But let them measure us by what they will;
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROMEO

Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling^o. °dancing
10 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

33. *The date is out of such prolixity:* i.e., such boring excuses are unfashionable

34. *Tartar:* ethnic group known for shooting arrows while moving on horseback. *Bow of lath:* cheap wood used for pretend bows. Benvolio is saying they won't have someone dressed up as Cupid introducing them to the party while holding this item.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

15 You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings
And soar above a common bound.³⁵

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.³⁶
20 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

And, to sink in it, so you burden love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

25 If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage^o in,
A visor^o for a visor. What care I

^oface; expression
^omask

35. *common bound*: a normal jump, which was a popular dance move

36. *bound a pitch above dull woe*: i.e., muster any feeling but woe

If a curious eye doth note deformities?

30 Here are the beetle-brows³⁷ that shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO

Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.³⁸

ROMEO

A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart³⁹
Tickle the senseless rushes^o with their heels, ^othe floor
35 For I am proverbed with a grandsier phrase.⁴⁰
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,
The game was never so fair, and I am done.⁴¹

MERCUTIO

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word,⁴²
If thou art done, we'll draw thee from the mire^o ^oyour misery
40 Or—save your reverence⁴³—love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO

I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day;

37. *Beetle-brows*: Mercutio's mask has beetle-brows (thick eyebrows)

38. *betake him to his legs*: i.e., let's start dancing

39. *wantons light of heart*: i.e., carefree partygoers

40. *For I am proverbed with a grandsier phrase*: i.e., I know an old proverb that applies here

41. *The game was never so fair, and I am done*: i.e., it's best to leave when the party is best

42. Mercutio has interpreted "done" as *dun*: a reference to the game "Dun the horse is in the mire," in which players would try to lift a large log from the *mire* (mud). He refers to the phrase "dun's the mouse" (meaning "quiet as a mouse"), saying this is an appropriate saying for a useless policeman. Basically, he mocks Romeo for being mouselike and a stick-in-the-mud.

43. *save your reverence*: a phrase used to replace a rude word

45 Take our good meaning^o, for our judgment's fit °good intentions
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

ROMEO

And we mean well in going to this masque^o, °masquerade
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

50 I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

55 O, then I see Queen Mab has been with you.
She is the Fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone,
On the forefinger of an alderman^o, °councilman
Drawn with a team of little atomies^o °miniscule creatures
60 Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs^o, °spider legs
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,

Her traces^o of the smallest spider web, °reins
 Her collars^o of the moonshine's watery beams, °part of a harness
 65 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of philome^o, °film; fine thread
 Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
 70 Made by the joiner^o squirrel or old grub, °carpenter
 Time out o' mind⁴⁴ the fairies' coach-makers.
 In this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight,⁴⁵
 75 O'er ladies' lips, who strait on kisses dream—which
 Oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats^o tainted are. °candy
 Sometime she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 Then dreams he of smelling out a suit.
 80 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pigs tail,⁴⁶
 Tickling a person's nose that lies asleep,
 Then he dreams of another benefice.⁴⁷
 Sometimes she drives over a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 85 Of breaches, ambuscados^o, Spanish blades, °ambushes
 Of healths five-fathom deep,⁴⁸ and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 90 That plaits the manes of horses in the night
 And bakes the elklocks in foul sluttish hairs

44. *Time out o' mind*: for as long as anyone can remember

45. *dream on curties straight*: immediately dream about curtsies

46. *tithe-pig*: to pay a tax to their church, people would often choose to pay one pig out of ten

47. *benefice*: i.e., giving tax to a church

48. *healths five-fathoms deep*: The soldier would dream of toasts ("healths") that go on and on; basically, cups of alcohol that never run dry.

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.⁴⁹
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
95 Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talkst of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams
100 Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom^o of the North;
105 And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his tide to the dew-dropping South.

^obreast

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

I fear too early, for my mind misgives
110 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of the despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
115 But he that hath the steerage of my course,

49. *This is that very Mab...which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes*: Mab secretly tangles horses' manes at night, which bring bad luck when untangled.

Direct my suit. On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO

Strike, drum!

Exit all



ACT I, SCENE 5

The party begins. Capulet greets guests, encouraging them to dance and have a good time. Romeo sees Juliet. For him, it's love at first sight. Tybalt recognizes Romeo as a Montague, and wants to fight. Capulet hears this and rebukes Tybalt. Capulet wants no disturbances at the party, and explains that Romeo is a respected youth in the community.

Romeo approaches Juliet, touching her hand. They flirt back and forth and eventually kiss. The Nurse finds Juliet and beckons her away. Romeo asks the Nurse who Juliet is. The Nurse tells him she's Capulet's daughter. Juliet is intrigued by Romeo, and convinces the Nurse to find out who he is. The Nurse finds out, and tells Juliet that Romeo is a Montague. Romeo and Juliet are each crushed to find out the identity of the other. They both feel powerful longing for one another despite their family conflict.

Inside the Capulet estate:

Enter SERVINGMEN with napkins

PETER

Where's Potpan, that he does not help us clear away? He took a plate? He eats from it?

FIRST SERVINGMAN

When good manners are found in just one or two men's hands,
and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

5 Take away the joint stools, remove the sideboards, and the plates

too, good thou, save me a piece of marzipan,⁵⁰ and if thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.⁵¹

Enter ANTHONIE and POTPAN

Anthonie and Potpan!

ANTHONIE

Aye, boy, ready.

PETER

10 You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for in the great chamber.

POTPAN

We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys,
Be brisk for now, then the longest liver takes all.

Exit all

Enter CAPULET, TYBALT, JULIET, NURSE, LADY CAPULET as well as ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and the other guests and servants

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns^o will walk about with you.

^ofoot calluses

15 Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,⁵²
She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near to truth?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
When I could wear a mask and tell
20 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

50. *marzipan*: confection of crushed almonds or almond paste, sugar, and egg whites

51. *Susan Grindstone and Nell*: his friends

52. *makes dainty*: coyly refuses

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play!

Music plays, they dance

The hall, the hall, make room! And foot it, girls.

[*To SERVANTS*] More light, you knaves^o. And turn the tables up.

^ofools

25 And quench the fire. The room has grown too hot.

Ah sirrah, this unlooked-for sport feels well.

[*To COUSIN*] Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dancing days.

How long is 't now since last yourself and I

30 Were in a mask?

COUSIN CAPULET

By'r Lady,⁵³ about thirty years.

CAPULET

What man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.

'Tis since the nuptial^o of Lucentio,

^owedding

Come the years as quickly as they will,

35 Some five and twenty years than last we masked.

COUSIN CAPULET

'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is older, sir.

His son is thirty.

CAPULET

Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward^o two years ago.

^oa child

ROMEO

40 What lady is that which does enrich the hand of yonder Knight?

53. *By'r Lady*: an exclamation derived from the phrase "by our Lady"

SERVINGMAN

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright,

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

45 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's^o ear,

^oEthiopian's

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

So shows like a snowy dove trooping with crows,

That yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

When dancing done, I'll find her place of stand,

50 And touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.

If my heart loved till now, forswear^o it sight,

^oswear off

For I never saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This by that voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier,⁵⁴ boy.

His PAGE exits

55 How dares the slave⁵⁵

Come hither covered with a masked face,

To laugh and scorn at our ceremony?

Now, by the stock^o and honor of my kin,

^obreeding; pedigree

I'll strike him dead, and hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

60 Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe.

A villain that is hither come in spite,

54. *rapier*: a thin, sharp sword

55. *slave*: meant as an insult to his class

To scorn at our ceremony this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo, is it?

TYBALT

65 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle cousin. Let him alone.

He bears himself like a real gentleman.

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

70 I would not, for the wealth of all this town,

Here in my house do him disparagement.

Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

It is my will, so if this thou respect,

Show a fair presence, and give up those frowns

75 Which are ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits, when such a villain is a guest.

I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured.

What, lordful⁵⁶ boy! I say he shall. Go to.

80 Am I the master here or you? Go to.

You'll not endure him. God shall mend my soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests:

You will set chaos here. You'll be the cause!

56. *lordful*: lordly. Tybalt is being chastised for his presumptive attitude.

TYBALT

But Uncle, he shames us.

CAPULET

85 Go to, go to.

You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what.

Must you contradict me? Marry, 'tis time—

[*To GUESTS*] Well said, my hearts — [*To TYBALT*] You are a young fool. Go.

90 Be quiet, or — [*To SERVANTS*] More light, more light! — [*To TYBALT*] For shame,

I'll make you quiet. — [*To GUESTS*] What, cheerly my hearts!

TYBALT

Patience forced, with willful choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,

95 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.

Exit TYBALT

ROMEO

If I profane with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, readily stand,

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

100 Good Pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much.

Such mannerly devotion shows in this,

For saints have hands, that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips? And holy palmers too?

JULIET

105 Aye, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
And pray. Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair?

JULIET

Saints do not move; they grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

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

They kiss

JULIET

Now have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

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

They kiss again

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

JULIET joins her mother

ROMEO

115 Who is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and so wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

120 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.⁵⁷

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?
O, what price! My life is my foe's charge.

BENVOLIO

Away, begone! This sport has reached its best.

ROMEO

125 Aye, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone!
We have a trifling foolish feast that comes.
Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night.—

130 [To *SERVANTS*] More torches here.— Come on, then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my thought, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

Exit all but JULIET and NURSE

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. Who was that gentleman?

57. *the chinks*: i.e., lots of money (“chink” being the sound of coins gathered together)

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

135 Who's he that now is going out the door?

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JULIET

Who's he that follows here that would not dance?

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name.

NURSE goes

140 If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE returns

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learned just now

150 From one I danced withal.

One calls within "JULIET!"

NURSE

Anon, anon°.

°right away

Come, let's away. The strangers are all gone.

Exit all

ACT 2

ACT 2 PROLOGUE

CHORUS

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



ACT 2, SCENE 1

Mercutio and Benvolio wonder where Romeo has gone, and Mercutio mocks Romeo's love of Rosaline.

Outside the Capulet orchard wall:

Enter ROMEO alone

ROMEO

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

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin, Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise, and on my life he hath stolen home to bed.

BENVOLIO

5 He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure^o too. ^osummon (as in a spirit)
Romeo, Humors, Madman, Passion, Lover,
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I'll be satisfied:
10 Cry out at me, "Aye me," pronounce but "love" and "dove."
Speak to my gossip^o Venus one fair word, ^ogood friend
One nickname for her pureblind^o son and heir, ^oblind
Young Abraham: Cupid he that shot so true,
When King Cophetua¹ loved the beggar maid.
15 He hears me not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead,² and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
20 And the domains that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness, thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

And if he hears you, that will anger him.

1. *King Cophetua*: An African king who had no interest in women until he fell in love with a beggar woman outside his palace.

2. *high forehead*: a sign of female beauty

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. It would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress's circle,
25 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down.
That were some spite. My invocation°
Is fair and honest, and, his mistress's name,
I conjure only but to raise him up.

°appeal

BENVOLIO

30 Come, he hath hidden himself among these trees
To be comforted by the humorous° night.
Blind is his love, which best befits the dark.

°humid

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now he will sit under a medlar tree,³
35 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O Romeo, that she were, O that she were
An open arse, and thou a "poperin" pear.⁴
Romeo, goodnight, I'll go to my trundle bed,
40 This field bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go then, for it is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exit BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

3. *Now he will sit...medlar tree*: Medlar tree fruit, also called the "open-arse," was resemble to an anus.

4. *poperin pear*: pun for male genitalia; "pop her in"

ROMEO

He laughs at scars that never felt a wound.



ACT 2, SCENE 2

Juliet appears in a window above Romeo, and she thinks she's alone. She talks to herself, lamenting Romeo's nature as a Montague. She wishes he would abandon his name, or that she could abandon hers, so that they could be together. Upon hearing this, Romeo reveals himself and professes his love to Juliet. Juliet shares the feelings of love, but worries that Romeo's feelings might be fleeting. The Nurse calls for Juliet, and the couple once again declares their love for each other, Juliet promising to send somebody to him at nine the next morning.

In the Capulet orchard:

Enter JULIET on balcony

ROMEO

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun.

Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

5 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious,

Her vestal livery⁵ is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady, O it is my love, O that she knew she were.

10 She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses^o; I will answer it.

^ocommunicates

I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the Heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

15 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

5. *Vestal livery*: clothing worn by the maidens of Diana, the Roman goddess of the moon

What if her eyes were there and they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight does a lamp; her eye in Heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
20 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand?
O, that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Aye, me.

ROMEO

25 She speaks.
O, speak again, bright Angel! For thou art
As glorious to this night, being over my head
As is a winged messenger of Heaven
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes
30 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides^o the lazy, puffing clouds °straddles
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore^o art thou Romeo? °why
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
35 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

[*To himself*] Shall I hear more or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thou self, though, not a Montague.
40 What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

45 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that divine perfection which he owes.
Without that title Romeo, doff^o thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

^oremove; cast away

ROMEO

50 I take thee at thy word,
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.
Henceforth, I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou, that thus bescreened^o by night,
So stumbles on my counsel^o?

^oconcealed
^oprivate thoughts

ROMEO

55 By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to myself
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
60 Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair Saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither?

Tell me, and wherefore?

65 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'erperch^o these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
70 And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

^ofly over

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alas, there lies more peril in thine eyes,
Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet,
75 And I am proof^o against their enmity^o.

^ohostility ^oimmune

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And, but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
80 Than death prolonged, wanted of thy love.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, were thou as far
85 As the vast shore washeth with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
90 Fain^o would I dwell on form^o. Fain, fain deny ^{°formalities °gladly}
What I have spoke. But farewell compliments!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say “Aye,” ^{°good manners}
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear’st,
Thou might prove false. At lovers’ perjuries
95 They say Jove⁶ laughs. O gentle Romeo
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown and be perverse^o, and say thee nay ^{°destruction}
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
100 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou might think my behavior light^o. ^{°immodest}
But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true
Than those who have more cunning to be strange^o. ^{°standoffish}
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
105 But that thou overheard, ere I was ‘ware,
My true love’s passion. Therefore, pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
110 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

6. *Jove*: Another name for Jupiter, the king of gods in Roman mythology

JULIET

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

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

¹¹⁵ Do not swear at all.
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry^o,
And I'll believe thee.

^oworship

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

¹²⁰ Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy in this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, good night.
¹²⁵ This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when we next meet.
Goodnight, goodnight! As sweet repose and rest,
Come to my heart, as that within my breast.

ROMEO

O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

¹³⁰ What satisfaction can'st thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it,
And yet I wish it would to give again.

ROMEO

Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

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

NURSE calls from within

140 I hear some noise within, dear love. Adieu!
[Calls within] Anon, good nurse! [To ROMEO] Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little. I will come again.

Exit JULIET

ROMEO

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

Enter JULIET again

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, And goodnight, indeed.
If that thy bent^o of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

^ointentions

150 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite.
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

NURSE

[From within] Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon! *[To ROMEO]* But if thou mean not well,
155 I do beseech thee—

NURSE

[From within] Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come!
[To ROMEO] To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief,
Tomorrow I will send.

ROMEO

160 So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times goodnight!

Exit JULIET

ROMEO

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

ROMEO starts to go

Enter JULIET again

JULIET

165 Hush, Romeo! Hush! O, for a falc'ner's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.⁷
Bondage^o is hoarse and may not speak aloud
Else would I tear the cave where Echo⁸ lies
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
170 From repetition of "My Romeo."

^ofamilial duties

ROMEO

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

^oattentive

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

175 My sweet?

JULIET

What o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

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

7. *O, for a falc'ner's voice / To lure this tassel-gentle back again*: Juliet wishes she could call back Romeo the way a falconer calls back a male falcon ("tassel-gentle").

8. *Echo*: a figure from Greek legend; a woman who wasted away from heartbreak and remains only as the voice that echoes back to you

ROMEO

180 Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

185 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's^o bird
That lets it hop a little from his hand
Like a poor prisoner in twisted cuffs,
And with a silken thread, plucks it back again,
190 So loving-jealous of its liberty.

^ospoiled child's

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Goodnight, goodnight. Parting is such sweet sorrow
195 That I shall say goodnight 'till it be morrow.

Exit JULIET

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast,
Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly^o friar's cell.

^ospiritual

His help to crave, and my dear hap^o to tell.

^ogood fortune

Exit ROMEO



ACT 2, SCENE 3

Friar Lawrence carries a basket of herbs and plants as he contemplates the goodness of the earth. Romeo finds the friar. The friar notices that Romeo hasn't slept, and asks if Romeo slept with Rosaline in sin. Romeo denies it and describes his new love of Juliet. The friar is concerned at how quickly Romeo's feelings have changed. Romeo convinces the friar to perform a wedding for Romeo and Juliet. The friar hopes that some good may come of it, perhaps even an end to the feud between the Capulets and Montagues.

Friar Lawrence's cell in Verona; early morning:

Enter FRIAR alone with a basket

FRIAR

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.⁹

5 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this reed basket of ours
With deadly weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
10 And is her burying grave, and is her womb.
And from her womb children of diverse kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find.
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
15 O, how great is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

9. *Titan's fiery wheels*: reference to Helios, Greek god of the sun

For naught so vile here on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use—
20 Used unnaturally—stumbles on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes, by action, dignified.

Enter ROMEO

FRIAR

With the infant rind of this weak flower,
Poison hath residence, and medicine power.
25 For this being smelt, with that part cheers our parts,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still,
In man as well as herbs, grace^o, and rude will^o.
And where the worser is predominant,
30 Full soon, the canker death eats up that plant.

^odesire ^ovirtue

ROMEO

Good morrow, Father.

FRIAR

Benedicte.¹⁰
What early tongue so sweet salutes me?
Young son, it argues a distempered^o head
35 If you so soon bade good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
40 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art uproused with some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:

^otroubled

10. *Benedicte*: a blessing

Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR

45 God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRIAR

That's my good son! But where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
50 I have been feasting with mine enemy
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
And, by me, wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic^o lies. ^oremedy
I bear no hatred, blessed man: for now
55 My intervention likewise steads^o my foe. ^obenefits

FRIAR

Be plain, good son, and homely^o in thy drift. ^osimple
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift^o. ^oabsolution

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
60 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. Where, and when, and how

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray:

65 That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline that thou didst love so dear
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

70 Jesu^o Maria, what a deal of brine^o
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season¹¹ love, that of it doth not taste.

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
75 Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears.

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If ever you were you, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.

80 And art thou changed, pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall¹² when there's no strength in men.

^osalt water; tears ^oJesus

ROMEO

Thou chidest^o me oft for loving Rosaline.

^oscolded

FRIAR

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bad'st^o me bury love.

^oadvised

11. *To season*: as in to salt

12. *Women may fall*: women will fail morally

FRIAR

85 Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.

FRIAR

90 O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote,¹³ and could not spell.
But come young waverer,¹⁴ come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove,
95 To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

O, let us hence. I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

Exit all



ACT 2, SCENE 4

Benvolio and Mercutio wonder where Romeo has been. Benvolio found out from a Montague servant that Romeo never returned home the night before. Benvolio tells Mercutio that Tybalt has challenged Romeo to a duel. Mercutio describes why he hates Tybalt. When Romeo arrives, Mercutio mocks Romeo for being weak because of his love for Rosaline. Romeo neglects to tell them about Juliet. The

13. *by rote*: memorization without understanding

14. *young waverer*: indecisive young man

Nurse enters with a Capulet servant, Peter. Romeo tells her to pass on a message: have Juliet meet him for confessional at Friar Lawrence's cell that afternoon, where Friar Lawrence will marry them. The Nurse agrees.

Somewhere in Verona; morning:

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's. I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO

Why, that same pale, hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

A challenge, I would swear.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it°.

°accept

MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead: stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin¹⁵ of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.¹⁶ And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

15 Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than the Prince of Cats,¹⁷ I can tell you. O, he's the courageous Captain of Compliments. He fights like you sing pricksong,¹⁸ keeps time, distance and proportion; he rests, his minim¹⁹ rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom. The very
20 butcher of a silk button, a dualist, a dualist; a gentleman of the very first house,²⁰ of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hay!*²¹

BENVOLIO

The what?

MERCUTIO

The pox²² of such antic,²³ lispings, affecting fanasticoes, these new
25 tuners of accents! By Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore! Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire^o, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these

^oold man

15. *pin*: peg marking the center of a target

16. *butt-shaft*: arrow with no barb

17. *Prince of Cats*: a figure from a popular story, Reynard the Fox, who is also called Tybalt

18. *Pricksong*: or "pricked-song," is music performed from written notation, instead of from memory or by ear

19. *minim*: to rest half a note

20. *very first house*: a prestigious school for fencing

21. *the immortal...the hay*: Italian fencing terms

22. *pox*: exclamation of irritation

23. *antic*: possibly grotesque or "antique," though due to the era's spelling and the context "antic" is likely

fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the
new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O, their
30 bones, their bones!²⁴

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Without his roe,²⁵ like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou
fishified! Now is he for the numbers^o that Petrarch flowed in. °verse
Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a
35 better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy;²⁶ Cleopatra, a gipsy;
Helen and Hero, hidlings^o and harlots; Thisbe,²⁷ a grey eye or °good-for-nothings
two, but not worth mention.
[To Romeo] Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* There's a French salutation to
your French slop^o. You gave us the counterfeit²⁸ fairly last night. °baggy pants

ROMEO

40 Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit
Did I give you?

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip^o. Can you not conceive? °counterfeit coin

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was vital, and in such a case
as mine a man may strain courtesy.

24. *their bones*: pun on French “bon”

25. *roe*: fish eggs, or the “ro” in Romeo

26. *dowdy*: unattractively dressed woman

27. *Laura...Thisbe*: classical figures who killed themselves for love

28. *You gave us the counterfeit*: i.e., you ditched us

MERCUTIO

45 That's as much as to say: Such a case as yours constrains a man to
bow in the hams.

ROMEO

Meaning to curtsy.

MERCUTIO

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO

A most courteous explanation.

MERCUTIO

50 Nay, I am the very pink^o of courtesy.

^operfect example

ROMEO

Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why, then is my pump well flowered.²⁹

MERCUTIO

Well said. Follow me this jest now, till thou has worn out thy
55 pump, that when the single role of it is worn, the jest may remain,
after the wearing, solely singular.

29. *my pump well flowered*: i.e., my feet are tired from dancing

ROMEO

O single-soled jest,³⁰ solely singular for the singleness.

MERCUTIO

Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits fail.

ROMEO

Swits and spurs, swits and spurs,³¹ or I'll win this match.

MERCUTIO

60 Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

ROMEO

Thou wast never with me for anything when thou was not there for the goose°.

°prostitute

MERCUTIO

65 I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO

Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO

And is it not, then, well served to a sweet goose?

30. *single-soled jest*: weak joke

31. *Swits and spurs*: i.e., make your horse go faster

MERCUTIO

O, here's a wit like cheveril^o that stretches from an inch narrow
70 to an ell^o broad. °stretchy leather
°forty-five inches

ROMEO

I stretch it out for that word "broad"^o, which added to the goose,
proves thee far and wide a broad goose. °fat

MERCUTIO

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou
sociable; now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art
75 as well as by nature: for this riving love is like a great natural^o, °idiot
that runs lolling^o up and down to hide his bauble^o in a hole. °jester's baton °loose

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO

Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.³²

BENVOLIO

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO

80 O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: For I was come
to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the
argument no longer.

Enter NURSE and her man, PETER

ROMEO

Here comes goodly stuff. A sail, a sail!

32. *against the hair*: against the grain

BENVOLIO

Two, two: a shirt and a smock.³³

NURSE

85 Peter.

PETER

At your service.

NURSE

My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO

Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

90 God ye good evening, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Is it good evening?

MERCUTIO

Tis no less, I tell ye, for the bawdy^o hand of the dial is now upon
the prick³⁴ of noon.

^oindecent

NURSE

Out upon you! What kind of man are you?

33. *a shirt and a smock*: meaning, a man and a woman

34. *prick*: clock point; male genitalia

ROMEO

95 One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

NURSE

By my troth,³⁵ well said. “For himself to mar,” quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO

I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you have
100 found him than he was when you sought him.
I am the youngest of that name, for lack of a worse.

NURSE

You speak well.

MERCUTIO

Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, in faith, wisely, wisely.

NURSE

If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence³⁶ with you.

BENVOLIO

105 She will indite³⁷ him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd³⁸, a bawd, a bawd!
So ho!

35. *By my troth*: Upon my word

36. *confidence*: The Nurse fumbles on the word “conference.”

37. *indite*: Benvolio mocks the nurse by purposefully fumbling the word “invite.”

38. *bawd*: a hare; a go-between for prostitutes

ROMEO

What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO

No hare sir, unless it be a hare in Lenten pie,³⁹ that is somewhat
110 stale and hoar⁴⁰ ere it be spent.

He walks by them and sings

‘An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar
Is very good meat in Lent.
But a hare that is hoar,
115 Is too much for a score,⁴¹
When it hoars ere it be spent.’⁴²
Romeo, will you come to your father’s? We’ll dinner thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farwell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] ‘Lady, Lady, lady.’

Exit BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

NURSE

120 Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant^o was this
that was so full of ropery^o? °con man
°trickery

ROMEO

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

39. *Lenten pie*: pie with no meat

40. *hoar*: moldy; pun on the word “whore”

41. *for a score*: to pay for

42. *An old...be spent*: If the Nurse were a whore, she would be like old bread that is only eaten as a last resort.

NURSE

If he speak anything against me, I'll take him down, even if he
125 were lustier^o than he is, with twenty such Jacks^o; and if I could, °fellows °energetic
I'd find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-girls,
I am none of his skains-mates.⁴³

She turns to PETER

And thou like a knave must stand by, and see every knave use me at his pleasure?

PETER

130 I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should
quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as
soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on
my side.

NURSE

Now afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.
135 Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word. And as I told you, my young
lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to
myself, but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's
paradise, as they say, it would be very gross kind of behavior, as
they say. For the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you
140 should deal double^o with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered °double cross
to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing^o. °poor behavior

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest⁴⁴ unto
thee—

NURSE

Good heart, and in faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she
145 will be a joyful woman.

43. *skains-mates*: friends who carry knives

44. *protest*: The Nurse mistakes the word “protest” for “propose.”

ROMEO

What wilt thou tell her Nurse? Thou dost not hear me.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Bid her devise some means to come to shrift^o this afternoon, and
150 there she shall at Friar Lawrence's cell be shrived^o and married.
Here is for thy pains.

^oconfession
^ohave confession

ROMEO offers her money.

NURSE

No, truly sir, not a penny.

ROMEO

Go to; I say you shall.

NURSE

This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

ROMEO

155 And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey wall.
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,⁴⁵
Which to the high top-gallant⁴⁶ of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
160 Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit^o thy pains.
Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

^opay you for

45. *cords made like a tackled stair*: a rope ladder

46. *top-gallant*: the top of the mast of a ship

NURSE

Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROMEO

What sayest thou, my dear Nurse?

NURSE

Is your man secret? Did you never hear say,
165 Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROMEO

I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

NURSE

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord, when 'twas
a little prating thing°. O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris,
that would fain° lay knife aboard.⁴⁷ But she, good soul, would
170 happily see a toad, a very toad, than him. I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout° in the versall⁴⁸
world. Doth not rosemary⁴⁹ and Romeo begin both with a letter?

°bubbling baby
°eagerly
°piece of cloth

ROMEO

Aye, Nurse, what of that? Both with an "R."

NURSE

175 Ah, mocker! That's the dog's name;⁵⁰ R is for the—no, I know it
begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest
sententious⁵¹ of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good

47. *lay knife aboard*: lay to claim Juliet

48. *versall*: the Nurse fumbles on the word "universal"

49. *rosemary*: In Hamlet, it is said that rosemary is "for remembrance" of the dead.

50. *dog's name*: "R" sounds like a dog's growl

51. *sententious*: the Nurse fumbles on the word "sentence"

to hear it.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

180 Aye, a thousand times. Peter?

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

Before and apace°.

°quickly

Exit all



ACT 2, SCENE 5

Juliet waits for the Nurse to return. When the Nurse returns, Juliet begs her for information. The Nurse delays, saying she's too tired and her body is too sore. Juliet pressures her until the Nurse gives in and tells her that Romeo is waiting to marry her at Friar Lawrence's cell.

Somewhere outside the Capulet estate:

Enter JULIET

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so:

O, she is lame°! Love's heralds should be thoughts

°feeble; slow

5 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,⁵²
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid⁵³ wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
10 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve,
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm, youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy^o her to my sweet love,
15 And his to me. But old folks,
Many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

^othrow

Enter NURSE and PETER

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

NURSE

20 Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit PETER

JULIET

Now, good sweet Nurse—
O, Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou shames the music of sweet news
25 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

O, I am weary. Let me rest awhile.
Fie,⁵⁴ how my bones ache! What a jaunt I had!

52. *nimble-pinioned doves draw Love*: as doves pull Venus in her chariot

53. *Cupid*: son of Venus and god of desire, affection, and love

54. *Fie*: Here, an exclamation, like "oh!"

JULIET

I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. Good, good Nurse, speak.

NURSE

30 Jesu, what haste? Can you not wait awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
35 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.⁵⁵
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE

Well, you have made a foolish choice. You know not how to
40 choose a man. Romeo, no, not he, though his face be better than
any man's; and his leg excels all mens'; and for a hand, and a foot,
and a body, though not much to talk on, yet they are past
compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as
gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you
45 dined at home?

JULIET

No, no. But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

55. *stay the circumstance*: wait for details

50 My back a' t' other^o side! Oh my back, my back.
Beshrew^o your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

^oat the other
^ocurse

JULIET

I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE

55 Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother?
Why she is within, where should she be?
60 How oddly thou repliest.
“Your love says like an honest gentleman:
Where is your mother?”

NURSE

Oh God's lady dear,⁵⁶
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow.
65 Is this the poultice^o for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

^ohomemade ointment

JULIET

What a fuss! Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

56. *Oh God's lady dear*: Holy Mary, mother of God

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

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

^ohurry

JULIET

80 Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

Exit all



ACT 2, SCENE 6

Romeo and Friar Lawrence wait at the cell. Romeo says his current joy far outweighs any misfortune that may come. Juliet arrives. They all exit and the friar performs the wedding.

Friar Lawrence's cell in Verona:

Enter FRIAR and ROMEO

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

Amen, amen, but come what sorrows will,

They cannot countervail^o the exchange of joy ^oequal
5 That one short minute gives me of her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR

These violent delights have violent ends,
10 And in their triumph die like fire and powder^o. ^ogun powder
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And is the taste confounds^o the appetite. ^odestroys
Therefore love moderately. Long love doth so.
15 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

FRIAR

Here comes the Lady. O, so light a foot
Will never wear out the everlasting flint^o. ^ohardships of life
A lover may bestride the gossamers^o, ^ospider's web
That idles in the wanton summer air,
20 And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

JULIET

Good evening to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

And same to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO

Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

25 Be heaped like mine, and since thy skill be more
To blazon^o it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air,⁵⁷ and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that we
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

^odescribe

JULIET

30 Conceit^o, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

^oUnderstanding

FRIAR

35 Come, come with me, and we will make short work.
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

Exit all

57. *This neighbor air*: this air we share

ACT 3

ACT 3, SCENE 1

Benvolio urges Mercutio to come away with him and avoid the Capulets in the streets. Mercutio brushes him off. Tybalt and other Capulets arrive, whom Mercutio taunts. Benvolio tries to move the conflict somewhere private, but Romeo interrupts with his arrival. Tybalt challenges him to fight, citing prior grievances; Romeo refuses and attempts to de-escalate the situation. Mercutio goads Tybalt into a duel, which Romeo tries and fails to stop. Tybalt stabs Mercutio, who in his dying moments curses both the Montague and Capulet houses. Benvolio informs Romeo that Mercutio is dead; upon re-encountering Tybalt, Romeo fights and kills him. Benvolio convinces Romeo to flee before passersby arrive. The Prince and both families then arrive to the scene. Benvolio explains what happened, but Lady Capulet, observing Benvolio to be biased, urges the Prince to punish the Montague family by executing Romeo. The Prince chooses instead to banish Romeo from the city.

On a street somewhere in Verona:

Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire,
The day is hot, the Capels^o are abroad, °Capulets
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl,
For these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

5 Thou art like one of these fellows who, when he enters the
confines of a tavern, claps down his sword upon the table and
says "God send me no need of thee," but under the influence
of the second cup, draws it on the drawer^o, when indeed there is no °bartender
need.

BENVOLIO

10 Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art such a Jack in thy moods as any in Italy,
and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be
moved.

BENVOLIO

And what to?¹

MERCUTIO

15 Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for
one would kill the other. Thou—why, thou wilt quarrel with a
man who hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts^o, having no
other reason than that thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such
20 an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of
quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head has been
beaten as addled^o as an egg from quarrelling. Thou once
quarreled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath
wakened thy dog that had lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not
25 fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet^o before Easter?
With another for tying his new shoes with old ribbons? And
thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

^ohazelnuts

^obeaten

^ojacket

BENVOLIO

An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the
fee-simple^o of my life for an hour and a quarter.

^oownership

MERCUTIO

30 The fee-simple? O, simple!

Enter TYBALT and his company

1. *What to?* Mercutio deliberately misconstrues “to” as “two.”

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den°. A word with one of you.

°ownership

MERCUTIO

35 Only one word with one of us? Couple it with something. Make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT

You shall find me apt enough to that sir, an you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion if not given?

TYBALT

40 Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels?² An thou make minstrels of us, you will hear nothing but discords°. Here's my fiddlestick°; here's that shall make you dance—zounds,³ “Consort!”

°ugly noise

°sword

2. *minstrels*: musicians, thought of as homeless wanderers

3. *zounds*: an exclamation or swearword

BENVOLIO

45 We talk here in the public haunt⁴ of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

Men’s eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
50 I will not budge for no man’s pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.⁵

MERCUTIO

But I’ll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery°. Marry, go before °servant’s uniforms
into the field°, and he may be your follower; Your Worship in °dueling-place
that sense may call him “man.”

TYBALT

55 Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, a reason which I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage⁶
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.
60 Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

4. *public haunt*: frequent gathering place

5. *Here comes my man*: the man I want to fight; Mercutio deliberately misconstrues Tybalt’s “my man,” as “my servant.”

6. *appertaining rage*: appropriately angry reaction

TYBALT

Boy, that shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me—therefore, turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
65 Til thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet—whose name I value
As dearly as mine own—be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O, calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccatta carries it away.⁷

He draws.

70 Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?⁸

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I
mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter,
dry-beat⁹ the rest of the eight. Therefore, come, draw your rapier
75 out of your scabbard, lest mine be about your ears ere you be
aware.

TYBALT

I am for you.

7. *Alla stoccatta carries it away*: the first thrust wins the fight

8. *will you walk?*: i.e., will you fight me?

9. *dry-beat*: beat with a sword

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up—

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your *passado*!

TYBALT and MERCUTIO fight

ROMEO

80 Draw, Benvolio! Beat down their weapons!
Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage.
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

ROMEO steps in between them

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

TYLBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and leaves with his company

MERCUTIO

85 I am hurt.

A plague o' both houses! I am sped°.
Is he gone and hath nothing°?

°done for
°no wounds

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Aye, aye, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.
90 Where is my page?—
Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Exit PAGE

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No—'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but
'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find
95 me a grave man.¹⁰ I am peppered^o, I warrant, for this world. A °done for
plague o' both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to
scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights by
the book of arithmetic!¹¹ Why the devil came you between us? I
was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

100 I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me.
I have it, and soundly too. Your houses!

Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

ROMEO

105 This gentleman, the Prince's near ally^o, °close relative
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf. My reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander; Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
110 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate^o, °womanish; unmanly
And in my temper softened valor's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO

10. *Grave*: serious; dead

11. *A dog... by the book of arithmetic*: all referring to Tybalt

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo! Brave Mercutio is dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired^o the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

^ogone up towards

ROMEO

115 This day's black fate on more days doth depend.¹²
This but begins the woe others must end.

Enter TYBALT

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain!
Away to Heaven, respective leniency,
120 And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
125 Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight; TYBALT falls and dies

12. *This day's black fate on more days doth depend:* This day will affect future days

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, begone!

¹³⁰ The Citizens are up,¹³ and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee dead
If thou art taken. Hence, begone! Away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

Exit ROMEO

Enter CITIZENS

CITIZEN

¹³⁵ Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN

[*To TYBALT*] Up, sir, go with me.
I charge thee, in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE ESKALES, MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, CAPULET, and LADY CAPULET

PRINCE

¹⁴⁰ Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

13. *The Citizens are up*: meaning, up in arms

170 Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to't they went like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and flee.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

175 He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true—
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice which thou, Prince, must give:
180 Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his dear blood¹⁴ doth owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Prince. He was Mercutio's friend.
His fault concludes that which the law should end:
185 The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offense
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding—
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.
190 But I'll amerce^o you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.
No tears, no prayers, shall bribe away abuses.
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste;

^opunish

14. *dear blood*: beloved

195 Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and obey our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit all



ACT 3, SCENE 2

Juliet impatiently waits to be with Romeo again. The Nurse returns and is evasive about what happened before finally explaining that Romeo killed Tybalt and was subsequently banished. In shock, Juliet defends Romeo to the nurse and tries to feel relief that her husband survived rather than the other way around. She despairs at Romeo's banishment. The Nurse offers to bring Romeo to her for one final night before he leaves; Juliet agrees and sends the Nurse with the token of a ring.

Somewhere within the Capulet estate:

Enter JULIET alone

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging.¹⁵ Such a wagoner
As Phaeton¹⁶ would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
5 Spread thy close^o curtain, love-performing night, ^oconcealing
That runaway's eyes may wink^o, and Romeo ^oshut
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rights
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-footed matron all in black,¹⁷
And learn me how to lose a winning match

15. *Gallop apace...Towards Phoebus' lodging*: Juliet wants night to come; in Classical mythology Phoebus' horses pulled the chariot of the sun across the sky.

16. *Phaeton*: Phaeton, the sun god's son, was allowed to drive the chariot of the sun, but lost control and had to be killed by Zeus.

17. *sober-footed matron all in black*: like a widow dressed in black

Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods°.
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks¹⁸
15 With thy black mantle°, till strange° love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty—¹⁹
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
20 Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo. And when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
25 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love
But not possessed it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
30 To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse.

°virginities

°unfamailiar °cloak

Enter NURSE with cords of rope

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence—
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there,
35 The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Aye, aye. The cords.

Throws down the rope ladder

JULIET

Aye me, what news?

18. *Hood* (cover with a hood), *unmanned* (untamed), and *bating* (fluttering) are all terms used in falconry.

19. *Think true love acted simple modesty*: to think of sex ("true love acted") as modest

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

Ah, welladay^o! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

^o(expression of woe)

40 We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack^o the day—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead.

^o(expression of grief)

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,

45 Whoever would have thought it, Romeo?

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roared^o in dismal hell.

^oused

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but “Aye,”

And that bare vowel “I” shall poison more

50 than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.²⁰

I am not I, if there be such an “I,”

Or those eyes²¹ shut that makes thee answer “Aye.”

If he be slain, say “Aye,” or if not, “No.”

Brief sounds determine of my weal^o and woe.

^ohappiness

NURSE

55 I saw the wound; I saw it with mine eyes—

God save the mark!²²—here on his manly breast.

A piteous corpse, a bloodied piteous corpse,

20. *cockatrice*: a mythical beast that can kill with a look

21. *Or those eyes*: i.e., if those eyes are Romeo's

22. *God save the mark*: i.e., God avert the ill omen

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed° in blood,
All in gore° blood. I swooned at the sight.

°smear
°clotted

JULIET

60 O, break my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look at liberty.
Vile earth,²³ to earth resign°, end motion here:
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.²⁴

°return

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
65 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered? And is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin and my dearer lord?
70 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,²⁵
For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished.
Romeo that killed him: he is banished.

JULIET

O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE

75 It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

23. *Vile earth*: here Juliet seems to be referring to her own body

24. *And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier*: meaning, my body and Romeo's will share a coffin

25. *dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom*: A biblical reference to the "last trump," which announces Judgment Day

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face.
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Ravenous dove-feathered raven,
80 Wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show^o! °appearance
Just opposite to what thou justly seemest,
A damned Saint, an honorable villain.
O Nature! What hadest thou to do in hell
85 When thou didst bower^o the spirit of a fiend °gives sanctuary
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

90 There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men.
All perjured, all forsworne, all naught^o, all dissemblers^o. °liars °evil
Ah, where's my man?—Give me some aqua-vitae^o.— °liquor
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo.

JULIET

95 Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to fit
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
100 O, what a beast was I to chide him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?

105 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have killed my husband—

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy—

110 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this comfort, wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was worser than Tybalt's death

That murdered me. I would forget it fain^o,

^ogladly

115 But, O, it presses to my memory

Like damned guilty deeds to sinner's minds.

"Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished."

That "banished," that one word "banished"

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

120 Was woe enough if it had ended there;

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship

And needly^o will be ranked with other griefs,

^onecessarily

Why followed not when she said 'Tybalt's dead,"

"Thy father" or "thy mother," nay, or both

125 Which modern^o lamentation might have moved^o.

^oprovoked ^oordinary

But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,

"Romeo is banished." To speak that word

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished."

130 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.²⁶

Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

26. *No words can that woe sound*: no words can express that woe

NURSE

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

JULIET

135 Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall go on
When theirs are dry, for Romeo is banished.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled°, °deceived
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
140 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come cords, come Nurse, I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot° well where he is. °know
145 Hark° you, your Romeo will be here at night. °listen
I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence's cell.

JULIET hands NURSE a ring

JULIET

O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit all



ACT 3, SCENE 3

Friar Lawrence returns to Romeo, who was hiding in his quarters. He tells Romeo he has been banished. Romeo says he'd prefer execution to exile. Lawrence tries to make Romeo understand the Prince's mercy, but he refuses to be consoled. The Nurse arrives and tells Romeo of Juliet's grief. In despair, Romeo draws his dagger to kill himself, but the Friar stops him and chastises him for being willing to abandon his wife in death. He urges Romeo to flee to Mantua until the issue can be settled,

and he and Juliet can be reunited. The Nurse leaves to prepare for Romeo's arrival that evening, leaving Juliet's ring with him. The Friar warns Romeo to leave for Mantua by dawn to escape capture.

Friar Lawrence's cell in Verona:

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction^o is enamored of thy parts^o;
And thou art wedded to calamity.

^oqualities ^odisaster

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sorry company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

ROMEO

10 What less than Doomsday is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

A gentler judgment vanished from his lips.
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death,"
For exile hath more terror in his look,
15 Much more than death. Do not say "banishment."

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Here from Verona are thou banished;
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
20 Hence banishèd, is banished from the world.
And world's exile is death. Then banishèd,
Is death, mistermed. Calling death "banished,"
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smiles upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

25 O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death,²⁷ but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

30 Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her.
But Romeo may not. More validity^o,
35 More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal^o modesty
40 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly,

^ovalue

^ovirginal

27. *Thy fault our law calls death*: i.e., your crime is punishable by death

And says thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly;
45 They are free men, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden means of death—though ne'er so mean—
But “banishèd,” to kill me? “Banishèd?”
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell:
50 Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word “banishèd?”

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Then, fond^o mad man, hear me a little speak—

^ofoolish

ROMEO

55 O, thou wilt speak again of banishment!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I'll give thee armor to keep off that word.
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO

Still “banishèd?” Hang up philosophy,
60 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant^o a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not.²⁸ Talk no more.

^odisplace

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O then I see that mad men have no ears.

28. *prevails not*: has no effect

ROMEO

How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

65 Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.²⁹

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Were thou as young as I, Juliet they love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,

Doting^o like me, and like me banishèd,

^olovesick

70 Then mightest thou speak,

Then mightest thou tear thy hair

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.³⁰

There is a knock from within

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

75 Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,

Mist-like, conceal me from the search of eyes,

Continuous knocking

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hark! How they knock.—Who's there?—Romeo, arise!

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up.

Knock

29. *dispute with thee of thy estate*: i.e., discuss your state of affairs

30. *Taking the measure of an unmade grave*: taking the measurements of a grave not yet dug

Run to my study.—By and by!³¹—God’s will,
80 What simpleness^o is this?—I come, I come.

^ononsense

Knock

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What’s your will?

NURSE

[*From within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand: I come from Lady Juliet.

Enter NURSE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Welcome then.

NURSE

85 O holy Friar, O tell me, holy Friar, where’s my lady’s lord?
Where’s Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

There on the ground,
With his own tears made drunk.

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress case,³²
90 Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up. Stand and you be a man!
For Juliet’s sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
95 Why should you fall into so deep an O?³³

31. *By and by*: just a moment

32. *he is even in my mistress case*: i.e., he is just like my mistress

33. *so deep an O*: moaning fit

ROMEO

Nurse.

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Spaketh thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think of me an old murderer,
100 Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My concealed Lady to our canceled love?

NURSE

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

ROMEO

As if that name, shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
110 Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sack°
The hateful mansion.

°destroy

FRIAR

Hold thy desperate hand!
115 Art though a man? Thy form cries out thou art.
Thy tears are womanly, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,

And ill-beseeming^o beast in seeming both! °unnatural

120 Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thy self?

125 Why rails^o thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth? °complains
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fie, fie^o, thou shames thy shape, thy love, thy wit, °(expression of disgust)
Which, like a usurer³⁴ abound'st in all

130 And uses none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck^o thy shape, thy love, thy wit. °decorate
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax
Digressing from³⁵ the valor of a man.
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,

135 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape^o and love, °body
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,

140 And thou dismembered with thine own defense.³⁶
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou was but lately dead.
There art thou happy^o. Tybalt would kill thee, °fortunate
But thou slewest Tybalt; there art thou happy.

145 The law that threatened death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But like a missbehaved and sullen wench,

150 Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.

34. *usurer*: someone who makes a profit by lending money and being repaid with interest. This was considered greedy, immoral, and a misuse of wealth.

35. *Digressing from*: lacking of

36. *thou dismembered by thine own defense*: i.e., harmed by what was intended to defend

Take heed, take heed: such men die miserable,
Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her.
But look^o thou stay not till the watch be set,³⁷

^obe careful

155 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze^o your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
160 Then when thou went forth in lamentation.—
Go before, Nurse; commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorry makes them apt to do.
Romeo is coming.

^opublicize

NURSE

165 O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night,
To hear such good council. O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide^o.

^oscold

NURSE

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.

She hands ROMEO a ring

170 Hie you! Make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit NURSE

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this.

37. *the watch be set*: when the night watchmen take their positions, usually at dusk

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go hence, goodnight; and here stands all your state:³⁸

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or at the break of day, disguised, go hence.

175 Sojourn^o in Mantua. I'll seek out your man,

^ostay awhile

And he shall let you know from time to time

Every good hap^o to you that happens here.

^ohappening

Give me thy hand. 'Tis late; farewell, goodnight.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out to me,

180 It were a grief so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

Exit all



ACT 3, SCENE 4

Lord and Lady Capulet explain to Paris that Juliet will not see him tonight due to her grieving for Tybalt. They agree to marry Juliet to Paris in a respectfully humble ceremony on Thursday. Lord Capulet commands Lady Capulet to break the news to their daughter.

Somewhere within the Capulet estate:

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET and PARIS

CAPULET

Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,

That we have had no time to move our daughter.³⁹

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I. Well, we were born to die.

5 'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight.

I promise you, but for your company,

38. *here stands all your state*: i.e., everything depends on this

39. *we have had no time to move our daughter*: i.e., we haven't had time to convince Juliet

I would have been a-bed an hour ago,

PARIS

These times of woe afford no times to woo.
Madam, goodnight. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

10 I will, and know^o her mind early tomorrow, ^o(will know)
Tonight she's mew'd up to her heaviness.⁴⁰

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender^o ^orisky offer
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled,
In all respects, by me. Surely; I doubt it not.—
15 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her here of my son Paris's love,
And bid her—Mark you me?—on Wednesday next—
But soft^o! What day is this? ^owait

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

20 Monday, ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.
A Thursday let it be. A Thursday, tell her
She shall be married to this noble Earl.—
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two.
25 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly^o ^owithout care
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

40. *mew'd up to*: shut up with

And there an end.⁴¹ But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

30 My Lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well, get you gone. A Thursday be it then!—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—

35 Afore me,⁴² it is so very late that we may call it early by and by.—

Goodnight.

Exit all



ACT 3, SCENE 5

In her chambers, Juliet and Romeo go back and forth on whether Romeo needs to leave yet or whether he can stay longer. The Nurse enters to warn them that Lady Capulet is approaching. Romeo departs in secret. Lady Capulet enters to talk to Juliet. Juliet pretends to hate Romeo while telling the audience that she forgives him completely. Lady Capulet tells Juliet that she is set to be married to Paris next Thursday. Juliet protests that it is far too soon. Her father enters, just as surprised as his wife that Juliet is still grieving. He expects Juliet to be pleased at the news of the marriage; when she begs him to change their plans, he flies into a rage, silencing the Nurse who jumps to Juliet's defense. He threatens to disown Juliet if she refuses to marry and then leaves. Juliet asks her mother for help; she refuses and also exits. Juliet then goes to the Nurse for comfort, who tells her that she should marry Paris and be happy since Romeo is as good as dead in exile. Juliet decides to find Friar Lawrence for help, resolving to kill herself if he will not help her.

Juliet's chambers within the Capulet estate, near a window overlooking the orchard:

Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft

41. *there an end*: that's it

42. *Afore me*: a mild swear

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,⁴³
That pierced the fearful^o hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.

^oanxious

5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love: what envious streaks
Do lace the severing^o clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund^o day

^oparting

^ocheerful

10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yond light is not daylight—I know it. Aye:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer
15 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet; thou needst not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en^o. Let me be put to death.
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye.
20 'Tis but the pale reflect of Cynthia's⁴⁴ brow;
And that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome. Juliet wills it so—

^otaken

25 How is my love? Let's talk; it is not day.

43. *It was the nightingale, and not the lark*: The nightingale sings at night; the lark sings in the morning

44. *Cynthia*: another name for the goddess of the moon.

JULIET

It is, it is! Hie hence, begone!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division^o:

^omelody

30 This is not so, for she divideth us.

Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes.⁴⁵

O, now I would they had changed voices too,

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray^o,

^otear apart

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up⁴⁶ to the day.

45 O, now begone! More light and light it grows!

ROMEO

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

Enter NURSE

NURSE

Madam.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber.

50 The day is broke. Be wary; look about.

Exit NURSE

JULIET

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

45. *the lark and loathèd toad change eyes*: Juliet is referring to the tale that the lark traded its pretty eyes for the toad's ugly ones

46. *hunts-up*: a song to wake huntsmen

ROMEO

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

They kiss, and ROMEO begins to climb down

JULIET

Art thou gone so, love, lord, husband, friend?

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

55 For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

60 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

O, thinkst thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our times to come.

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul.⁴⁷

65 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.

47. *ill-divining soul*: i.e., a bad feeling

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.⁴⁸ Adieu, adieu!

Exit ROMEO

JULIET

70 O Fortune, Fortune!⁴⁹ All men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what doest thou with him
That is renowned for faith^o? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

^ofaithfulness; steadiness

LADY CAPULET

75 [*From within*] Ho, daughter. Are you up?

JULIET

Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not down^o so late or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures^o her hither?

^oin bed

^osends

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

80 Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

48. *Dry sorrow drinks our blood*: It was thought that sorrow dried up the blood, drop by drop

49. *Fortune*: Fortuna, the goddess of chance, was thought to control peoples' fates, but did so in a very fickle and unpredictable manner

Therefore, be done. Some grief shows much of love,
85 But much of grief shows some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling^o loss.

^odevastating

LADY CAPULET

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,
90 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain: Romeo.

JULIET

95 *[Hushed]* Villain and he be many miles asunder^o.
[To LADY CAPULET] God pardon him. I do, with all my heart
And yet, no man like he doth grieve my heart.

^oapart

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

Aye, madam, from the reach of these, my hands

100 Would none but I might 'venge my cousin's death.

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runaway doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed drink

105 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, 'til I behold him... dead
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed°.

°distressed; frustrated

110 Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper° it
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors°
To hear him named, and cannot come to him
115 To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon the body that hath slaughtered him.

°mix, or dilute

°hates

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time.

120 What are they, beseech° your ladyship?

°beg

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness°,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

°sadness

JULIET

125 Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

130 Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
135 I will not marry yet, and when I do I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news, indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE

CAPULET

140 When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset^o of my brother's son ^odeath
It rains downright. How now? A conduit^o, girl? What, still in tears? ^ofountain
Evermore showring? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark^o, a sea, a wind. ^osailboat
145 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears. The bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood. The winds thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,

Without a sudden calm,⁵⁰ will overset
150 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Aye, sir, but she will none. She gives you thanks.⁵¹
I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET

Soft, take me with you, take me with you,⁵² wife.
155 How will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have!
160 Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.⁵³

CAPULET

How, how, how, how? Chopped logic. What is this?
Proud, and I thank you, and I thank you not?
And yet not proud? Mistress minion⁵⁴ you,
165 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle^o your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle⁵⁵ thither.

^oprepare

50. *without a sudden calm*: i.e., unless you calm down

51. *she gives you thanks*: i.e., she says no thanks

52. *take me with you*: catch me up

53. *that is meant love*: that is meant with love

54. *Mistress minion*: spoiled brat

55. *hurdle*: used to drag criminals to their executions

Out, you green-sickness⁵⁶ carrion! Out, you baggage!
170 You tallow^o face!

^ouseless woman ^orotting meat
^opale

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET kneels

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch.
175 I tell thee what: get thee to church on Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch!⁵⁷ Wife, we scarce thought us blessed
That God had lent us but this only child;
180 But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding^o!

^oworthless person

NURSE

God in heaven, bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

185 And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go.

56. *green-sickness*: anemia, associated with the paleness of young virgins

57. *My fingers itch*: i.e., his fingers itch to hit someone

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O, God ‘T’ good e’en.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

¹⁹⁰ Peace, you mumbling fool.

Utter your gravity^o o’er a gossip’s drink,
For here we need it not.

^o“serious” things

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot!

CAPULET

God’s bread!⁵⁸ It makes me mad!

¹⁹⁵ Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company: still my goal hath been

To have her matched! And having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes^o, youthful, and nobly-trained,

^olands owned

²⁰⁰ Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,

Proportioned as one’s thought would wish a man—

And then to have a wretchèd puling^o fool,

^owhimpering

A whining mammet^o, to her fortune’s tender

^odoll

Answer, “I’ll not wed, I cannot love;

²⁰⁵ I am too young, I pray you, pardon me.”

But if you will not wed, I’ll pardon you!

Graze where you will; you shall not house with me.

Look to’t, think on’t; I do not often jest.

58. *God’s bread*: a strong swear

Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart. Think well.

210 If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.
If you be not? Hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't; bethink^o you. I'll not be forsworn^o.

^ogo back on my word ^othink hard

Exit CAPULET

JULIET

215 Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet, my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
220 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies!

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit LADY CAPULET

JULIET rises

JULIET

O God, O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.
225 How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me!
Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems^o
Upon so soft a subject as myself.
230 What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, Nurse.

^oplay tricks

NURSE

Faith, here it is: Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing⁵⁹

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge^o you.

^oclaim

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

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

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman:

Romeo's a dish cloth to him. An eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

240 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first. Or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

Not living here, and you no use of him.

JULIET

245 Speakst thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

250 Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Lawrence's cell,

To make confession, and to be absolved.

59. *all the world to nothing*: I'd bet anything

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit NURSE

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O, most wicked fiend!

255 Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.
Thou and my bosom⁶⁰ henceforth shall be twain.
260 I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit JULIET

60. *my bosom*: in this context, “bosom” means trust.

ACT 4

ACT 4, SCENE 1

Paris meets with Friar Lawrence, informing him that the wedding will be held on Thursday in a supposed attempt to soothe Juliet's grief over murdered Tybalt. Juliet arrives for confession, and Paris attempts to pressure her into confessing her love for him. After Paris leaves, Juliet tells the Friar she is resolved to kill herself if he can offer no solution out of the impending marriage. The Friar offers her a plan: agree to the marriage, but drink a poison the night before that will make her *appear* dead while in reality leaving her asleep. The Friar will then send word to Romeo, who will return and rescue Juliet once she awakes in the family tomb. Juliet accepts.

Friar Lawrence's cell in Verona:

Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very soon.

PARIS

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you do not know the Lady's mind?
5 Uneven is the course. I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk of love,
For Venus¹ smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

1. *Venus* a mythical goddess often representing love

10 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.²
15 Now you do know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

[To himself] I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
[To PARIS] Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

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

PARIS

20 That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That’s a certain text°.

°truth

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

2. *May be put from her by society*: Paris is saying that with company, she might cry less

JULIET

To answer that, I would confess to you.

PARIS

25 Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

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

JULIET

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

PARIS

30 Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

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

^onot much

PARIS

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

JULIET

That is no slander, sir, when it's a truth,
35 And what I said, I said it to my face.

PARIS

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET

It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

40 My leisure serves me, somber daughter, now.
My lord, we must ask for this time alone.

PARIS

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

He kisses her

Exit Paris

JULIET

45 O, shut the door! And when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me – past hope, past care, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must – and nothing may postpone it –
50 On Thursday next be married to the County.

JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
55 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands.
And ere this hand – by thee to Romeo sealed –

Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
60 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that,
65 Which the commission of thy years and art³
Could not to this issue true honor bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope
70 Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County Paris
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
75 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copes with Death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O bid me leap – rather than marry Paris –
From off the battlements of any tower,
80 Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,⁴
O'ercovered quite^o with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;⁵
85 Or bid me go into a new-made grave

^oentirely

3. *the commission of thy years and art*: the authority of your age and skills

4. *Charnel house*: structure that stores burial remains

5. *reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls*: smelly bones and jawless skulls

And hide me with a dead man in his tomb;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt
To keep myself a faithful unstained wife
90 To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold then: go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
And when thou art alone, take thou this vial,
95 And this distilling liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse
Shall keep his native rhythm but surcease^o.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
100 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To many ashes. Thy eyes' windows fall
Like Death when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death,
105 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead;
110 Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier^o
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave;
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
115 In the meantime, by then thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our plan,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
120 And this shall free thee from this present shame,

^ocease

^ocoffin

If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate° thy valor in the acting it.

°lessen

JULIET

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

He gives her the vial

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold! Get you gone, be strong and prosperous

¹²⁵ In this resolve. I'll send a Friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear Father.

Exit all



ACT 4, SCENE 2

Juliet returns to find her family preparing for the wedding. Repentant, she asks for forgiveness and agrees to marry Paris. Lord Capulet, in his excitement, decides to advance the ceremony from Thursday to Wednesday (tomorrow). Ignoring his wife's protests, he instructs her to be with Juliet while he finishes preparations and sends word to Paris of the changed itinerary.

Somewhere within the Capulet estate:

Enter Capulet, Lady capulet, Nurse, and Servingmen

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.

Gives a list to a SERVANT, who then exits.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SERVINGMAN

You shall have none ill^o, sir, for I'll test if they will lick their fingers.

^ounskilled

CAPULET

How canst thou test them so?

SERVINGMAN

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

CAPULET

Go, be gone.

Exit Servingman

We shall be much unfurnished^o for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

^ounprepared

NURSE

10 Aye, forsooth.

CAPULET

Well he may chance to do some good on her.
A peevish, self-willed harlotry^o it is.

^ounprincipled behavior

Enter Juliet

LADY CAPULET

See, here she commeth from confession.

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong?
15 Where have you been gadding^o?

^owandering

JULIET

Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoined^o °compelled
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here [*Juliet kneels*]
20 To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Now before God, this holy reverend Friar,
All our whole city is much bound^o to him! °indebted
Send for the County. Go tell him of this.
25 I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.⁶

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't. This is well. Stand up.
30 This is as't should be. Let me see the County.
Aye, marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.

JULIET rises

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

35 No, not till Thursday. There's time enough.

6. *this knot knit up tomorrow morning*: this means Juliet will be married in the morning, a day earlier than planned.

CAPULET

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

Exit Juliet and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

Methinks on Thursday would be time enough.

CAPULET

I say I will have this dispatched tomorrow.

LADY CAPULET

40 I pray, my Lord, let it be Thursday.

CAPULET

I say tomorrow while she's in the mood.

LADY CAPULET

We shall be short in our provision°.
'Tis now near night.

°food and drink

CAPULET

Tush, I will stir about.
45 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck° her up.
I'll not to bed tonight. Let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.— [*calls servants*] What ho?
They are all forth°.— Well, I will walk myself
50 To County Paris, to prepare up him
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

°dress

°gone

Exit all



ACT 4, SCENE 3

Juliet sends the nurse and Lady Capulet from her bedroom on the pretext of getting rest. She then experiences a series of doubts about the plan: what if the poison doesn't work? What if the Friar actually intends to kill her to preserve the sanctity of her first marriage? What if she wakes up too early and suffocates? What if waking in the tomb will drive her insane? She rebuts most of these fears and drinks the poison, falling into a death-like trance.

Juliet's chambers within the Capulet estate:

Enter JULIET and NURSE

JULIET

Aye, those attires are best; but gentle Nurse

I pray thee leave me to myself tonight

For I have need of many orisons^o

^oprayers

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

5 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy – do you need my help?

JULIET

No, madam, we have culled^o such necessaries

^oselected

As are behooveful^o for our state tomorrow.

^onecessary

So please you, let me now be left alone;

10 And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,

For I am sure you have your hands full all

In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET

Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exit NURSE and LADY CAPULET

JULIET

15 Farewell:
God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
20 Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.

Takes out vial.

What if this mixture should not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
25 No, no, this shall forbid it.

Takes out knife.

Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
30 I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? There's a fearful point:
35 Shall I not then be stifled^o in the vault, ^osuffocated
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like^o ^olikely
The horrible conceit^o of death and night, ^onotion; idea
40 Together with the terror of the place—
As in the vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,⁷
 45 Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort^o. °haunt
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I
 In early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,⁸
 50 That living mortals hearing them run mad—
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed^o with all these hideous fears, °surrounded; buried
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 55 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost,
 Seeking out Romeo that did spit^o his body °impale
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 60 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink; I drink to thee.

She drinks and falls upon her bed within the curtains.



ACT 4, SCENE 4

The Capulets work through the night in preparation. Hearing Paris' arrival, Lord Capulet tells the Nurse to wake Juliet.

Somewhere within the Capulet estate:

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE

LADY CAPULET

Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, Nurse.

7. *yet but green in earth*: freshly buried

8. *mandrakes*: plants whose roots grow in a humanlike shape and, according to legend, shriek when torn from the ground.

NURSE

They call for dates and quinces⁹ in the pastry.

⁹fruit

Enter CAPULET

CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed;¹⁰
The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock:

5 Look to the baked meats, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost.

NURSE

Go, you cotquean,¹¹ go,
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET

10 No, not a whit. What! I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET

Aye, you have been a mousehunt^o in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

^oa ladies' man

Exit LADY CAPULET and NURSE

CAPULET

A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! Now, fellow, what is there?

Enter three or four SERVINGMEN with spits, logs, and baskets

9. *pastry*: pastry-making room

10. *The second cock hath crowed*: tradition had it that the cock crows first at midnight, then at 3AM, and then an hour before the sun rises

11. *cotquean*: here, a man doing women's work or displaying womanish tendencies.

FELLOW

15 Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste, sirrah! Fetch drier logs.
Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.

FELLOW

I have a head sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET

20 Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson,¹² ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.¹³—Good Father, 'tis day.

Play music

The County will be here with music soon,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What ho! What, Nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE

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

Exit all but NURSE



ACT 4, SCENE 5

The Nurse enters Juliet's bedroom, assuming her to be asleep, but then discovers her to be (apparently)

12. *A merry whoreson*: i.e., he's a funny son of a whore

13. *loggerhead*: could mean blockhead; could also mean having a big head (out of proportion to the body)

dead. Lady Capulet, Lord Capulet, Paris, and Friar Lawrence arrive consecutively and grieve at seeing Juliet in her current state. The Friar reassures the family that Juliet is surely well in heaven and urges them to bring her to church to begin the funeral rites. After they leave, musicians hired for the wedding linger, and, unconcerned by the day's events, joke and banter about music before making their exit.

Juliet's chambers within the Capulet estate:

Enter NURSE

NURSE

Mistress? What, mistress? Juliet? Fast^o, I warrant her, she.

^ofast asleep

Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slugabed^o!

^osleepyhead

Why, love, I say! Madam, sweetheart! Why, bride!

What, not a word? You take your pennyworths^o now,

^omoney's worth

5 Sleep for a week, for the next night I warrant

The County Paris hath set up his rest¹⁴

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me.

Marry and Amen! How sound is she asleep.

I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!

10 Aye, let the County take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?

What, dressed and in your clothes and down again?

I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!

15 O welladay^o that ever I was born!

^owoe the day

Some aqua-vitae, ho! My lord, my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

14. *hath set up his rest*: has resolved

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

20 Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

O me, O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help!

Enter CAPULET

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her Lord is come.

NURSE

25 She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day! She's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

CAPULET

Ha! Let me see her. Out, alas—she's cold!
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
30 Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
35 Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS with MUSICIANS

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
40 Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all life living. All is Death's.

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
45 And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage.¹⁵
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
50 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath caught it from my sight.

NURSE

O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day

¹⁵ *lasting labor of his pilgrimage*: i.e., in all his days

That ever, ever I did yet behold.

55 O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

PARIS

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,
60 By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown.
O love, O life; not life, but love in death.

CAPULET

Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
65 O child, O child, my soul and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child, my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Peace, ho! For shame, confusion's cares lies not
In these confusions°. Heaven and yourself
70 Had part in this fair maid.¹⁶ Now heaven hath all,
And all the better it is for the maid.
Your part in her, you could not keep from Death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
75 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced.
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself.
O in this love, you love your child so ill
That you run mad seeing that she is well.
80 She's not well married that lives married long,

°yelling; commotion

16. *had part in this fair maid*: i.e., were alive in her

But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary¹⁷
On this fair corpse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array^o bear her to Church.

^oattire

85 For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
90 Our wedding cheer to sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges^o change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

^osongs of lamentation

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, go you in, and madam, go with him;
95 And go, sir Paris. Every one prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave.
The heavens do frown upon you for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exit all but NURSE and MUSICIANS

FIRST MUSICIAN

Faith, we may put up our pipes¹⁸ and be gone.

NURSE

100 Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up!
For well you know, this is a pitiful case.

17. *rosemary*: the herb was sometimes used in funeral ceremonies

18. *put up our pipes*: Pipe instruments were traditionally used at weddings; "put up" here means "put away."

FIRST MUSICIAN

Aye, by my troth, the case may be amended.¹⁹

Exit NURSE

Enter PETER

PETER

Musicians, O musicians! “Heart’s Ease,” “Heart’s Ease.”²⁰

O, an you will have me live, play “Heart’s Ease.”

FIRST MUSICIAN

¹⁰⁵ Why “Heart’s Ease?”

PETER

O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My heart is full of woe.” O play me some merry dump^o to comfort me.

^osad song

FIRST MUSICIAN

Not a dump, no—’tis no time to play now.

PETER

You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN

¹¹⁰ No.

PETER

I will then give it you soundly.

19. *the case may be amended*: referring to either the case of Juliet’s death, or his instrument case

20. “*Heart’s Ease*”: a popular song at the time.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What will you give us?

PETER

No money, on my faith, but the gleek°. I will give° you the minstrel.²¹

°name °insult

FIRST MUSICIAN

115 Then will I give you the serving-creature.²²

PETER

Then will I lay the serving-creature's daggers on your pate°. I will carry no crochets°; I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you.²³ Do you note me?

°head
°a musical note

FIRST MUSICIAN

If you *re* us and you *fa* us, you'll note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN

120 Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit. Then have at you with my wit.

PETER

I will dry-beat° you with an iron wit and put up my iron dagger.

°trash

Answer me like men:

[Sings] *When griping griefs the heart doth wound,*

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

125 *Then music with her silver sound—*

Why “silver sound?” Why “music with her silver sound?”

What say you, Simon Catling?²⁴

21. *the minstrel*: insulting term for “musician”

22. *the serving-creature*: insulting term for “servant”

23. *I'll re you, I'll fa you*: *re* and *fa* are both names of musical notes

24. *Catling*: a string used for instruments

FIRST MUSICIAN

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER

Prates^o! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?²⁵

^oa stupid answer

SECOND MUSICIAN

¹³⁰ I say “silver sound” because musicians sound for silver.²⁶

PETER

Prates too! What say you, James Sound-Post?²⁷

THIRD MUSICIAN

Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER

O, I cry you mercy!²⁸ You are the singer. I will say for you: It is
“music with her silver sound” because musicians have no gold for
¹³⁵ sounding.

[Sings] *Then Music with her silver sound*

With speedy help doth lend redress^o.

^orelief

Farewell, fiddlers! Farewell!

Exit PETER

FIRST MUSICIAN

What a pestilent knave is this man!

SECOND MUSICIAN

¹⁴⁰ Hang him, Jack. Come, we’ll in here, tarry for the mourners, and

25. *Rebeck*: a bowed instrument

26. *sound for silver*: i.e., make sound for money

27. *Sound-Post*: a small component used in violins and other similar instruments.“

28. *cry you mercy*: beg your pardon

stay dinner.²⁹

Exit all

29. *stay dinner*: wait for dinner

ACT 5

ACT 5, SCENE 1

Balthasar, a friend of Romeo's, brings him news that Juliet is dead and lies in the Capulet tomb. Resolved to find her and join her in death, Romeo first visits an apothecary and bribes him to obtain an illegal (and lethal) poison.

A market street in Mantua:

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep
My dreams presage^o some joyful news at hand.

^oforeshadow

My bosom's lord¹ sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit

5 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an Emperor.

10 Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed,²
When but love's shadows^o are so rich in joy!

^odreams

Enter ROMEO's man BALTHASAR

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?

15 How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

1. *My bosom's lord*: my heart

2. *love itself possessed*: i.e., love in real life

BALTHASAR

Then she is well and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
20 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing this ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office^o, sir.

^oduty

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I deny you, stars!
25 Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses.³ I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import^o
Some misadventure^o.

^oimply
^oaccident, or failed attempt

ROMEO

30 Tush, thou art deceived!
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter; get thee gone.
35 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

Exit BALTHASAR

3. *post horses*: horses for rent, which were kept at inns

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means.⁴ O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary—

40 And hereabouts he dwells—which late I noted

In tattered weeds^o with overwhelming brows,

^oclothes

Culling of simples^o. Meager were his looks.

^oherbs

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

45 An alligator stuffed, and other skins

Of ill-shaped fishes. And about his shelves,

A beggarly^o amount of empty boxes:

^osmall

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses

50 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.

Noting this penury^o, to myself I said,

^oextreme poverty

“An if a man did need a poison now—

Whose sale is present death in Mantua—

Here lives a caitiff^o wretch would sell it him.”

^omiserable; vile

55 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What ho, apothecary?”

Enter APOTHECARY

APOTHECARY

60 Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

Hold, there is forty ducats^o. Let me have

^ogold coins

4. *Let's see for means*: i.e., how can I do this?

A dram° of poison, such soon-speeding stuff °small drink
As will disperse itself through all the veins
65 That life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk° may be discharged of breath °chest
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
70 Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness
And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
75 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pray thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY gives him the poison

APOTHECARY

80 Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

There is thy gold: worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world
85 Than those poor compounds that thou must not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.⁵

Exit APOTHECARY

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

^omedicinal drink

Exit ROMEO



ACT 5, SCENE 2

Friar John returns to Friar Lawrence, informing him that his letter could not be delivered to Romeo due to an outbreak of sickness. Aware that Juliet will soon awake, Friar Lawrence heads to the Capulet tomb to retrieve Juliet and keep her safe until Romeo can return.

Friar Lawrence's cell in Verona:

Enter FRIAR JOHN

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan Friar, brother, ho?

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

5. *get thyself in flesh*: meaning, "get some meat on your bones"

FRIAR JOHN

5 I went to find a barefoot brother^o out,
One of our order, to accompany me,
Who was in this city visiting the sick,
And, finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspected that we both were in a house
10 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth,⁶
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

^oanother friar

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Unhappy fortune! By my Brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge⁷
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
20 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow⁸ and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit FRIAR JOHN

6. "Here in...let us forth": he was quarantined because the searchers suspected him of having the plague

7. *not nice but full of charge*: not trivial, but full of important instructions

8. *iron crow*: an iron rod used as a lever

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now must I to the Monument^o alone. ^oCapulet family tomb
25 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents.
But I will write again to Mantua
And keep her at my cell 'til Romeo come.
30 Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's Tomb.

Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE



ACT 5, SCENE 3

Paris mourns at the Capulet tomb, but hides when he hears someone (Romeo) approaching. As he reaches the tomb, Romeo commands Balthazar to leave; Balthazar leaves but decides to linger secretly. Paris confronts Romeo as he attempts to open the tomb. They fight, and Romeo kills Paris. Romeo enters the tomb and lays Paris inside it. Approaching Juliet, Romeo grieves for her death and the luster of her still-lively beauty. He drinks the poison and dies. Friar Lawrence arrives and witnesses the scene as Juliet wakes, offering to hide her away among a convent of nuns. She refuses. Hearing guards approaching, Juliet kills herself with Romeo's dagger. The Prince, the Capulets, and the Montagues are summoned by the guards. Friar Lawrence summarizes the events leading to this point and is corroborated by Balthazar and Romeo's letter to his father. In remorse, lords Capulet and Montague make peace.

The Churchyard, outside the Capulet Tomb, later moving within the tomb:

Enter PARIS and his PAGE

PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof^o. ^oat a distance
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under those young trees, lay thee all along,⁹
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground.

9. *all along*: flat

5 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me
As signal that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go!

PAGE

10 I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure.

PARIS

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew—
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
15 Or, lacking that, with tears distilled by moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,¹⁰
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

The PAGE whistles

The boy gives warning; something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way tonight,
20 To cross my obsequies and true love's right?
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, a while.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR

ROMEO

Give me the mattock^o and the wrenching iron^o.
And take this letter early in the morning;
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
25 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

^ocrowbar ^opickaxe

10. *The obsequies that I for thee will keep*: i.e., the funeral rites that I will perform for you

Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
30 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use,
In dear employment;¹¹ therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous^o, dost return to pry,
In what I farther shall intend to do,
35 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

^ocurious

BALTHASAR

40 I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.

ROMEO

In this thou shows me friendship. [*hands BALTHASAR money*] Take thou that.
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow!

BALTHASAR and ROMEO part

BALTHASAR

For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

ROMEO

45 Thou detestable maw^o, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite^o, I'll cram thee with more food!

^omouth

^ospite

11. *In dear employment*: i.e., for important reasons

PARIS

This is that banished haughty^o Montague ^oarrogant
50 That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.
[To ROMEO] Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
55 Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee!
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO

I must indeed, and therefore I came hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
60 Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury. O, begone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
65 For I come hither armed against myself.
Stay not: be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

70 Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

ROMEO and PARIS fight

PAGE

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.

Exit PAGE

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.

PARIS dies

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse^o this face. ^oexamine
75 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
80 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave? O, no. A lantern, slaughtered youth,
85 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

ROMEO arranges PARIS in the Capulet tomb

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they felt merry, which their keepers call
90 A lightning before death. O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love, my wife,
Death that has sucked the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign^o yet ^obanner
95 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, lie you there in that bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain^o ^oin half
100 To sunder^o his that was thine enemy? ^ocut off
Forgive me, cousin. Ah, dear Juliet,

Why are thou yet so fair? I will believe—
Shall I believe—that unsubstantial Death is amorous,¹²
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
105 Thee here in dark to be his paramour^o? ^olover
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again, here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
110 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
115 A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

He kisses JULIET

Come, bitter conduct. Come, unsavory guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!
Here's to my love! O true^o apothecary, ^ohonest
120 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss, I die.

ROMEO drinks the poison and dies

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a lantern, crowbar and a spade

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Saint Francis¹³ be my speed! How oft tonight
Have my old feet tripped on gravestones.—Who's there?

BALTHASAR

Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

12. *unsubstantial Death is amorous*: i.e., death is in love with Juliet

13. *Saint Francis*: the patron saint of Italy

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
125 What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burns in the Capulets' monument.

BALTHASAR

It does so, holy sir,
And there's my master, one that you love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

130 Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR

Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR

135 I dare not, sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

140 O, much I fear some ill unthrifty^o thing.

^ounfortunate

BALTHASAR

As I did sleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought
And that my master slew him.

Exit BALTHASAR

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo!

145 Alas! Alas! What blood is this which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulcher^o?

^oburial place

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolored by this place of peace?

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

150 And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

The lady stirs.

JULIET

O comfortable Friar, where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be.

155 And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away,

160 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,

And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming.

Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE

JULIET

165 Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?
Poison I see has been his timeless end!
O churl^o, drank all and left no friendly drop
To help me after! I will kiss thy lips.
170 Happ'ly some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

^oselfish person

She kisses ROMEO

Thy lips are warm.

Enter PAGE and WATCH

WATCHMAN 1

Lead, boy! Which way?

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,
175 This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die.

JULIET stabs herself and dies

PAGE

This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

The ground is bloody! Search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you; who'er you find, arrest.
Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,
180 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.

Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
185 But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry°.

°decipher

Enter 2nd WATCHMAN escorting BALTHASAR

2nd WATCHMAN

Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

Hold him in safety 'til the Prince comes hither.

Enter 3rd WATCHMAN escorting FRIAR LAWRENCE

3rd WATCHMAN

Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.
190 We took this mattock and spade from him
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

A great suspicion! Stay the Friar too.

Enter PRINCE

PRINCE

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

Enter CAPULET and LADY CAPULET

CAPULET

195 What could it be that they so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET

O, the people in the street cry "Romeo,"

Some “Juliet,” and some “Paris,” and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

CHIEF WATCHMAN

200 Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

Here is a Friar, and slaughtered Romeo’s man,
205 With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men’s tombs.

CAPULET

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista’en, for lo, his house¹⁴
Is empty on the back of Montague
210 And is mis-sheathed in my daughter’s bosom.

LADY CAPULET

O me, this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.¹⁵

Enter MONTAGUE

14. *his house*: the dagger’s sheath

15. *That warns my old age to a sepulcher*: i.e., makes her feel old

PRINCE

Come, Montague, for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir, now early down.

MONTAGUE

215 Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight!
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE

Look and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

[To ROMEO] Oh, thou untaught^o! What manners is this
220 To press^o before thy father to a grave?

^orude
^ohurry

PRINCE

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Til we can clear these ambiguities
And know their spring^o, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes
225 And lead you even to death.¹⁶ Meantime, forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.¹⁷
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

^osource

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
230 Doth make¹⁸ against me of this direful murder.
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge,
Myself condemned and myself excused.

16. *And lead you even to death*: i.e., be your leader in grief

17. *let mischance be slave to patience*: i.e., let patience guide your misfortune

18. *make*: give evidence

PRINCE

Then say at once what thou dost know in this!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I will be brief, for my short date of breath

235 Is not so long as is this tedious tale.

Romeo there, dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that's Romeo's faithful wife.

I married them, and their stol'n marriage day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

240 Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her
Betrothed and would have married her perforce^o
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,

^oby force

245 And with wild looks bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect,

250 As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime I wrote to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from the borrowed grave
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

255 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
260 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Til I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

265 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth

And bear this work of heaven¹⁹ with patience.
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me
But as it seems, did violence on herself.

270 All this I know, and to the marriage her Nurse is privy.
And if aught in this miscarried by my fault,²⁰
Let my old life be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigor of severest law.

PRINCE

We still have known thee for a holy man.
275 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post^o he came from Mantua, °by horseback
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
280 And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

PRINCE

Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that raised the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your master²¹ in this place?

PAGE

285 He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope^o the tomb, °open
And, by and by, my master drew on him,

19. *this work of heaven*: i.e., this tragedy

20. *if aught in this miscarried by my fault*: i.e., if anything in this was my fault

21. *what made your master*: i.e., what was he doing?

And then I ran away to call the Watch.

PRINCE

290 *[reading letter]* This letter doth make good the Friar's words.
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor apothecary, and there with it
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
295 Where be these enemies? Capulet? Montague?
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords,²² too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.

CAPULET

300 O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure^o, for no more °dowry
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold
305 That whiles Verona by that name is known,²³ °praised
There shall be no figure at such rate be set^o
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's²⁴ by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices for our enmity.

22. *winking at your discords*: turning a blind eye

23. *whiles Verona by that name is known*: while Verona is called Verona

24. *Romeo's*: meaning Romeo's statue

PRINCE

310 A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The sun for sorrow shall not show his head.
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe
315 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exit all

A' t' other	at the other
Abate	lessen
Abhors	hates
Addled	eaten
Affliction	disaster
Affray	tear apart
Alack	Expression of grief
Alderman	councilman
Aloof	at a distance
Ambling	dancing
Ambuscados	ambushes
Amerce	punish
Anon	right away
Answer it	accept
Apace	quickly
Aqua-vitae	liquor
Array	attire
Aspired	gone up towards
Asunder	apart
Atomies	miniscule creatures
Attending	attentive
Bad'st	advised
Baggage	useless woman
Bandy	throw
Barefoot brother	another friar
Bark	sailboat
Bauble	jester's baton
Bawdy	indecent
Be forsworn	go back on my word

Be perverse	play hard-to-get
Be shrived	have confession
Bedaubed	smeared
Bedeck	decorate
Beggarly	small
Beguiled	deceived
Behooveful	necessary
Bent	intentions
Bescreened	concealed
Beseech	beg
Beshrew	curse
Bestrides	straddles
Bethink	think hard
Bier	coffin
Blaze	publicize
Blazon	describe
Bliss	heaven
Bondage	familial duties
Bosom	breast
Bound	indebted
Bower	give sanctuary
Brine	salt water; tears
Broad	fat
Caitiff	miserable; vile
Cankered	infested
Carelessly	without care
Carrion	rotting meat
Challenge	claim
Cheveril	stretchy leather
Chide	scold

Chidest	scolded
Choler	anger
Churl	selfish person
Close	concealing
Clout	piece of cloth
Collar	part of a harness
Colliers	coal miners
Complements	good manners
Conceit	notion; idea
Conceit	understanding
Conduit	fountain
Confounds	destroys
Confusions	yelling; commotion
Conjure	summon (as in a spirit)
Cordial	medicinal drink
Corns	foot calluses
Counsel	private thoughts
Countervail	equal
Crochet	a musical note
Crow-keeper	scarecrow
Culled	selected
Deal double	double cross
Deck	dress
Demesnes	lands owned
Descry	decipher
Desperate tender	risky offer
Despite	spite
Dirges	songs of lamentation
Discords	ugly noise
Discourses	communicates

Displant	displace
Dissemblers	liars
Distempered	troubled
Division	melody
Doff	remove, cast away
Doting	lovesick
Doublet	jacket
Down	in bed
Dram	small drink
Drawer	bartender
Dry-beat	thrash
Ducats	gold coins
Dug	breast
Dump	sad song
Effeminate	womanish; unmanly
Ell	forty-five inches
Enjoined	compelled
Enmity	hostility
Ensign	banner
Envious	malicious
Environed	surrounded; buried
Ere	before
Ethiop's	Ethiopian's
Fain	eagerly
Fain	gladly
Fair	with civility
Faith	faithfulness; steadiness
Fast	fast asleep
Fearful	anxious
Fee-simple	ownership

Feeling	devastating
Fettle	prepare
Fiddlestick	sword
Fie	(expression of disgust)
Field	dueling-place
Flint	hardships of life
Fond	foolish
Form	formalities
Forswear	swear off
Forth	gone
Fortnight	two weeks
Gadding	wandering
Gall	bitterness, bile
Gapes	opens
Ghostly	spiritual
Give	name
Gleek	insult
Good den	good afternoon
Good meaning	good intentions
Goose	prostitute
Gore	clotted
Gossamers	spider's webs
Gossip	good friend
Grace	virtue
Grandsire	old man
Gravity	"serious" things
Hap	good fortune
Hap	happening
Happy	fortunate
Hark	listen

Harlotry	unprincipled behavior
Haughty	arrogant
Heaviness	sadness
Hie	hurry
Hilding	worthless person
Hildings	good-for-nothings
Hinds	peasants; servants
Ho	now
Homely	simple
Humorous	humid
Idolatry	worship
Ill	unskilled
Ill-beseeming	unnatural
Import	imply
In faith	truly
In post	by horseback
In twain	in half
Invocation	appeal
Jack	fellow
Jealous	curious
Jesu	Jesus
Jocund	cheerful
Joiner	carpenter
Jointure	dowry
Knaves	fools
Know	(will know)
Lame	feeble, slow
Light	immodest
Like	likely

Livery	servant's uniform
Lolling	loose
Look	be careful
Lustier	energetic
Maidenheads	virginities
Mammet	doll
Mantle	cloak
Marry	really
Martial	soldier-like
Masque	masquerade
Mattock	pickaxe
Maw	mouth
Mire	your misery
Misadventure	accident or failed attempt
Modern	ordinary
Monument	Capulet family tomb
Mousehunt	a ladies' man
Moved	provoked
Natural	idiot
Naught	evil
Near ally	close relative
Needly	necessarily
Nice	unimportant
Nothing	no wounds
Numbers	verse
Nuptial	wedding
Nuts	hazelnuts
O'erperch	fly over
Office	duty

Ope	open
Orisons	prayers
Overthrows	destruction
Paramour	lover
Parts	qualities
Pate	head
Pennyworths	money's worth
Penury	extreme poverty
Peppered	done for
Perforce	by force
Peruse	examine
Philome	Film; fine thread
Physic	remedy
Poor	modest
Portentous	of a warning
Posterity	future children
Poultice	homemade ointment
Powder	gunpowder
Practice stratagems	play tricks
Prates	a stupid answer
Prating thing	bubbling baby
Presage	foreshadow
Press	hurry
Procures	sends
Proof	immune
Provision	food and drink
Puling	whimpering
Pureblind	blind
Quince	fruit
Quit	pay you for

Quite	entirely
Rails	complains
Redress	relief
Resign	return
Resort	haunt
Roared	used
Rood	cross
Ropery	trickery
Rude will	desire
Rushes	the floor
Sack	destroy
Saucy merchant	con man
Scant	hardly
Sepulcher	burial place
Set	praised
Severing	parting
Shadows	dreams
Shape	body
Show	appearance
Shrift	absolution
Shrift	confession
Simpleness	nonsense
Simples	herbs
Slip	counterfeit coin
Slop	baggy pants
Slugabed	sleepyhead
Small	not much
Soft	wait
Sojourn	stay awhile
Sped	done for

Spinners' legs	spider legs
Spit	impale
Spring	source
Steads	benefits
Stifled	suffocated
Stock	breeding; pedigree
Strange	standoffish
Strange	unfamiliar
Sunder	cut off
Sunset	death
Surcease	cease
Sweetmeats	candy
Ta'en	taken
Tallow	pale
Teen	misery
Temper	mix
Text	truth
The County	(Paris)
Thither	there
Traces	reins
True	honest
Trunk	chest
Tut	(expresses disapproval)
Unattainted	impartial
Unfurnished	unprepared
Unruly spleen	bad temper
Untaught	rude
Unthrifty	unfortunate
Validity	value

Very pink	perfect example
Vestal	virginal
Vexed	distressed; frustrated
Visage	face; expression
Visor	mask
Wanton's	spoiled child's
Ward	a child
Weak dealing	poor behavior
Weal	happiness
Weeds	clothes
Welladay	woe the day
Welladay	(expression of woe)
Wherefore	why
Whither	where
Wink	shut
Wot	know
Wrenching iron	crowbar

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Examples

If retrieving from a webpage:

- Berndt, T. J. (2002). *Friendship quality and social development*. Retrieved from [insert link](#).

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- Berndt, T. J. (2002). Friendship quality and social development. *Current Directions in Psychological Science*, 11, 7-10.

MLA outline:

Author (last, first name). Title of source. Title of container (larger whole that the source is in, i.e. a chapter in a book), Other contributors, Version, Number, Publisher, Publication Date, Location (page numbers).

Examples

- Bagchi, Alaknanda. "Conflicting Nationalisms: The Voice of the Subaltern in Mahasweta Devi's Bashai Tudu." *Tulsa Studies in Women's Literature*, vol. 15, no. 1, 1996, pp. 41-50.
- Said, Edward W. *Culture and Imperialism*. Knopf, 1994.

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- Last name, First name. *Title of Book*. Place of publication: Publisher, Year of publication.

Examples

- Davidson, Donald, *Essays on Actions and Events*. Oxford: Clarendon, 2001. <https://bibliotecamathom.files.wordpress.com/2012/10/essays-on-actions-and-events.pdf>.
- Kerouac, Jack. *The Dharma Bums*. New York: Viking Press, 1958.

Versioning

This page provides a record of changes made to this guide. Each set of edits is acknowledged with a 0.01 increase in the version number. The exported files for this toolkit reflect the most recent version.

If you find an error in this text, please fill out the form at bit.ly/33cz3Q1

Version	Date	Change Made	Location in text
0.1	MM/DD/YYYY		
0.11	08/03/2020	Links to external sources updated	All