

دانلود کتاب



رومئو و ژولیت

نویسنده : ویلیام شکسپیر

The Tragedy of ROMEO *and* JULIET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These

expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put

together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With ʀbloodʀ and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: "O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?"). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare's texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

The prologue of *Romeo and Juliet* calls the title characters “star-crossed lovers”—and the stars do seem to conspire against these young lovers.

Romeo is a Montague, and Juliet a Capulet. Their families are enmeshed in a feud, but the moment they meet—when Romeo and his friends attend a party at Juliet’s house in disguise—the two fall in love and quickly decide that they want to be married.

A friar secretly marries them, hoping to end the feud. Romeo and his companions almost immediately encounter Juliet’s cousin Tybalt, who challenges Romeo. When Romeo refuses to fight, Romeo’s friend Mercutio accepts the challenge and is killed. Romeo then kills Tybalt and is banished. He spends that night with Juliet and then leaves for Mantua.

Juliet’s father forces her into a marriage with Count Paris. To avoid this marriage, Juliet takes a potion, given her by the friar, that makes her appear dead. The friar will send Romeo word to be at her family tomb when she awakes. The plan goes awry, and Romeo learns instead that she is dead. In the tomb, Romeo kills himself. Juliet wakes, sees his body, and commits suicide. Their deaths appear finally to end the feud.

Characters in the Play

ROMEO

MONTAGUE, his father

LADY MONTAGUE, his mother

BENVOLIO, their kinsman

ABRAM, a Montague servingman

BALTHASAR, Romeo’s servingman

JULIET

CAPULET, her father

LADY CAPULET, her mother

NURSE to Juliet

TYBALT, kinsman to the Capulets

PETRUCHIO, Tybalt’s companion

Capulet’s Cousin

SAMPSON

GREGORY *servingmen*

PETER

Other Servingmen

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona

PARIS, the Prince's kinsman and Juliet's suitor

MERCUTIO, the Prince's kinsman and Romeo's friend

Paris' Page

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR JOHN

APOTHECARY

Three or four Citizens

Three Musicians

Three Watchmen

CHORUS

Attendants, Maskers, Torchbearers, a Boy with a drum, Gentlemen,
Gentlewomen, Tybalt's Page, Servingmen.

THE PROLOGUE

「Enter」 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.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-marked love
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

5

10

FTLN 0001
FTLN 0002
FTLN 0003
FTLN 0004
FTLN 0005
FTLN 0006
FTLN 0007
FTLN 0008
FTLN 0009
FTLN 0010
FTLN 0011
FTLN 0012
FTLN 0013
FTLN 0014

「

「ACT 1」

「Scene 1」

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers,
of the house of Capulet.*

SAMPSON

FTLN 0015 Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY

FTLN 0016 No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

FTLN 0017 I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY

FTLN 0018 Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of
FTLN 0019 collar.

5

SAMPSON

FTLN 0020 I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY

FTLN 0021 But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

FTLN 0022 A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY

FTLN 0023 To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to

FTLN 0024 stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st
FTLN 0025 away.

10

SAMPSON

FTLN 0026 A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I

FTLN 0027 will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY

FTLN 0028 That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest

FTLN 0029 goes to the wall.

15

SAMPSON

FTLN 0030 'Tis true, and therefore women, being the

FTLN 0031 weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore

FTLN 0032	I will push Montague's men from the wall and	
FTLN 0033	thrust his maids to the wall.	
	GREGORY	
FTLN 0034	The quarrel is between our masters and us	20
FTLN 0035	their men.	
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0036	'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant.	
FTLN 0037	When I have fought with the men, I will be civil	
FTLN 0038	with the maids; I will cut off their heads.	
	9	

11

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 1

FTLN 0039	GREGORY	
	The heads of the maids?	25
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0040	Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.	
FTLN 0041	Take it in what sense thou wilt.	
	GREGORY	
FTLN 0042	They must take it 'in' sense that feel it.	
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0043	Me they shall feel while I am able to stand,	
FTLN 0044	and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.	30
	GREGORY	
FTLN 0045	'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou	
FTLN 0046	hadst been poor-john. Draw thy tool. Here comes	
FTLN 0047	of the house of Montagues.	
	<i>Enter 'Abram with another Servingman.'</i>	
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0048	My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back	
FTLN 0049	thee.	35
	GREGORY	
FTLN 0050	How? Turn thy back and run?	
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0051	Fear me not.	
	GREGORY	
FTLN 0052	No, marry. I fear thee!	
	SAMPSON	

FTLN 0053	Let us take the law of our sides; let them	
FTLN 0054	begin.	40
	GREGORY	
FTLN 0055	I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it	
FTLN 0056	as they list.	
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0057	Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at	
FTLN 0058	them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.	
	<i>「He bites his thumb.」</i>	
	ABRAM	
FTLN 0059	Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?	45
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0060	I do bite my thumb, sir.	
	ABRAM	
FTLN 0061	Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?	
	SAMPSON, <i>「aside to Gregory」</i>	
FTLN 0062	Is the law of our side if I	
FTLN 0063	say “Ay”?	
	GREGORY, <i>「aside to Sampson」</i>	
FTLN 0064	No.	50
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0065	No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir,	
FTLN 0066	but I bite my thumb, sir.	
	GREGORY	
FTLN 0067	Do you quarrel, sir?	
	ABRAM	
FTLN 0068	Quarrel, sir? No, sir.	
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0069	But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as	55
FTLN 0070	good a man as you.	
	ABRAM	
FTLN 0071	No better.	

FTLN 0072 SAMPSON
Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

	GREGORY, 「 <i>aside to Sampson</i> 」	
FTLN 0073	Say “better”; here comes	
FTLN 0074	one of my master’s kinsmen.	60
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0075	Yes, better, sir.	
	ABRAM	
FTLN 0076	You lie.	
	SAMPSON	
FTLN 0077	Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember	
FTLN 0078	thy washing blow.	
	<i>They fight.</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0079	Part, fools!	65
	「 <i>Drawing his sword.</i> 」	
FTLN 0080	Put up your swords. You know not what you do.	
	<i>Enter Tybalt, 「drawing his sword.」</i>	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0081	What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?	
FTLN 0082	Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0083	I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,	
FTLN 0084	Or manage it to part these men with me.	70
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0085	What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word	
FTLN 0086	As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.	
FTLN 0087	Have at thee, coward!	
	「 <i>They fight.</i> 」	
	<i>Enter three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.</i>	
	「CITIZENS」	
FTLN 0088	Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!	
FTLN 0089	Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!	75
	<i>Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.</i>	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 0090	What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0091	A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a	
FTLN 0092	sword?	
	<i>Enter old Montague and his Wife.</i>	

CAPULET

My sword, I say. Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

80

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus with his train.

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this 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
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

85

90

95

100

105

*〔All but Montague, Lady Montague,
and Benvolio〕 exit.*

MONTAGUE, 「to Benvolio」

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

I drew to part them. In the instant came 110

The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows 115

Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun 120

Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind 「drove」 me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son. 125

Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own
(Which then most sought where most might not be
found, 130

Being one too many by my weary self),

Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 135
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son 140
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 145

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends.
 But he, 'his' own affections' counselor, 150
 Is to himself—I will not say how true,
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air 155
 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.

BENVOLIO

See where he comes. So please you, step aside.
 I'll know his grievance or be much denied. 160

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
['Montague and Lady Montague' exit.]

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

165

ROMEO

Ay 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

In love?

170

ROMEO

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

175

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

180

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O anything of nothing first 「create!」

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,

Misshapen chaos of 「well-seeming」 forms,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,

185

Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

190

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0205 At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

FTLN 0206 Why, such is love's transgression.

FTLN 0207 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
FTLN 0208 Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed
FTLN 0209 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown

195

FTLN 0210 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
FTLN 0211 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
FTLN 0212 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
FTLN 0213 Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.

FTLN 0214 What is it else? A madness most discreet,

200

FTLN 0215 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
FTLN 0216 Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0217 Soft, I will go along.

FTLN 0218 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

FTLN 0219 Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.

205

FTLN 0220 This is not Romeo. He's some other where.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0221 Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO

FTLN 0222 What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0223 Groan? Why, no. But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO

FTLN 0224 A sick man in sadness makes his will—

210

FTLN 0225 A word ill urged to one that is so ill.

FTLN 0226 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0227 I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

FTLN 0228 A right good markman! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0229 A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

215

ROMEO

FTLN 0230 Well in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit

FTLN 0231 With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,

And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,

25

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 1

FTLN 0233

From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.

FTLN 0234

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 220

FTLN 0235

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

FTLN 0236

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

FTLN 0237

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

FTLN 0238

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0239

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? 225

ROMEO

FTLN 0240

She hath, and in that sparing 「makes」 huge waste;

FTLN 0241

For beauty, starved with her severity,

FTLN 0242

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

FTLN 0243

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

FTLN 0244

To merit bliss by making me despair. 230

FTLN 0245

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

FTLN 0246

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0247

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO

FTLN 0248

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0249

By giving liberty unto thine eyes. 235

FTLN 0250

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

FTLN 0251

'Tis the way

FTLN 0252

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

FTLN 0253

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

FTLN 0254

Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair. 240

FTLN 0255

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

FTLN 0256

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

FTLN 0257

Show me a mistress that is passing fair;

FTLN 0258

What doth her beauty serve but as a note

FTLN 0259

Where I may read who passed that passing fair? 245

FTLN 0260

Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0261

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

They exit.

27

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 2

「Scene 2」

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and 「a 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,
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

5

CAPULET

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

10

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
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.
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 house look to behold this night

15

20

FTLN 0286	Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.	25
FTLN 0287	Such comfort as do lusty young men feel	
FTLN 0288	When well-appareled April on the heel	
FTLN 0289	Of limping winter treads, even such delight	

29

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 2

FTLN 0290	Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night	
FTLN 0291	Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,	30
FTLN 0292	And like her most whose merit most shall be;	
FTLN 0293	Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,	
FTLN 0294	May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.	
FTLN 0295	Come go with me.	

「*To Servingman, giving him a list.*」

FTLN 0296	Go, sirrah, trudge about	35
FTLN 0297	Through fair Verona, find those persons out	
FTLN 0298	Whose names are written there, and to them say	
FTLN 0299	My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.	

「*Capulet and Paris*」 *exit.*

SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0300	Find them out whose names are written	
FTLN 0301	here! It is written that the shoemaker should	40
FTLN 0302	meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the	
FTLN 0303	fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets.	
FTLN 0304	But I am sent to find those persons whose names	
FTLN 0305	are here writ, and can never find what names the	
FTLN 0306	writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.	45
FTLN 0307	In good time!	

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

BENVOLIO, 「*to Romeo*」

FTLN 0308	Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;	
FTLN 0309	One pain is lessened by another's anguish.	
FTLN 0310	Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning.	
FTLN 0311	One desperate grief cures with another's languish.	50
FTLN 0312	Take thou some new infection to thy eye,	
FTLN 0313	And the rank poison of the old will die.	

ROMEO

FTLN 0314	Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.	
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BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

55

BENVOLIO

Why Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,

31

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 2

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipped and tormented, and—good e'en, good
fellow.

60

SERVINGMAN

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

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVINGMAN

Perhaps you have learned it without

book. But I pray, can you read anything you see?

65

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVINGMAN

You say honestly. Rest you merry.

ROMEO

Stay, fellow. I can read.

(He reads the letter.)

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,

County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,

70

The lady widow of Vitruvio,

Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,

Mercutio and his brother Valentine,

Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,

My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,

75

Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,

Lucio and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVINGMAN

	Up.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0341	Whither? To supper?	80
	SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0342	To our house.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0343	Whose house?	
	SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0344	My master's.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0345	Indeed I should have asked thee that before.	
	SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0346	Now I'll tell you without asking. My	85
FTLN 0347	master is the great rich Capulet, and, if you be not	
FTLN 0348	of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a	
FTLN 0349	cup of wine. Rest you merry.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0350	At this same ancient feast of Capulet's	
	33	ACT 1. SC. 3
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	
FTLN 0351	Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,	90
FTLN 0352	With all the admirèd beauties of Verona.	
FTLN 0353	Go thither, and with unattainted eye	
FTLN 0354	Compare her face with some that I shall show,	
FTLN 0355	And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0356	When the devout religion of mine eye	95
FTLN 0357	Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;	
FTLN 0358	And these who, often drowned, could never die,	
FTLN 0359	Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.	
FTLN 0360	One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun	
FTLN 0361	Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.	100
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0362	Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,	
FTLN 0363	Herself poised with herself in either eye;	
FTLN 0364	But in that crystal scales let there be weighed	
FTLN 0365	Your lady's love against some other maid	
FTLN 0366	That I will show you shining at this feast,	105

And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO

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

「*They exit.*」

「Scene 3」

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.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!
God forbid. Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

35

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 3

JULIET

How now, who calls?

5

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile.

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

I have remembered me, thou 's hear our counsel.

10

Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can 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

FTLN 0384	be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen.	15
FTLN 0385	How long is it now to Lammastide?	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0386	A fortnight and odd days.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 0387	Even or odd, of all days in the year,	
FTLN 0388	Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.	
FTLN 0389	Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)	20
FTLN 0390	Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;	
FTLN 0391	She was too good for me. But, as I said,	
FTLN 0392	On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.	
FTLN 0393	That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.	
FTLN 0394	'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,	25
FTLN 0395	And she was weaned (I never shall forget it)	
FTLN 0396	Of all the days of the year, upon that day.	
FTLN 0397	For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,	
FTLN 0398	Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.	
FTLN 0399	My lord and you were then at Mantua.	30
FTLN 0400	Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,	
FTLN 0401	When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple	
FTLN 0402	Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,	
FTLN 0403	To see it tetchy and fall out with 'the' dug.	
FTLN 0404	"Shake," quoth the dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I	35
FTLN 0405	throw,	

37

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 3

FTLN 0406	To bid me trudge.	
FTLN 0407	And since that time it is eleven years.	
FTLN 0408	For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th'	
FTLN 0409	rood,	40
FTLN 0410	She could have run and waddled all about,	
FTLN 0411	For even the day before, she broke her brow,	
FTLN 0412	And then my husband (God be with his soul,	
FTLN 0413	He was a merry man) took up the child.	
FTLN 0414	"Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?"	45
FTLN 0415	Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,	
FTLN 0416	Wilt thou not, Jule?" And, by my holidam,	
FTLN 0417	The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."	
FTLN 0418	To see now how a jest shall come about!	

FTLN 0419	I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,	50
FTLN 0420	I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?"	
FTLN 0421	quoth he.	
FTLN 0422	And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0423	Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 0424	Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh	55
FTLN 0425	To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."	
FTLN 0426	And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow	
FTLN 0427	A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone,	
FTLN 0428	A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.	
FTLN 0429	"Yea," quoth my husband. "Fall'st upon thy face?"	60
FTLN 0430	Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,	
FTLN 0431	Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0432	And stint thou, too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 0433	Peace. I have done. God mark thee to his grace,	
FTLN 0434	Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.	65
FTLN 0435	An I might live to see thee married once,	
FTLN 0436	I have my wish.	

	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0437	Marry, that "marry" is the very theme	
FTLN 0438	I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,	
FTLN 0439	How stands your 「disposition」 to be married?	70
	JULIET	
FTLN 0440	It is an 「honor」 that I dream not of.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 0441	An 「honor?」 Were not I thine only nurse,	
FTLN 0442	I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy	
FTLN 0443	teat.	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0444	Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you	75
FTLN 0445	Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,	
FTLN 0446	Are made already mothers. By my count	
FTLN 0447	I was your mother much upon these years	

FTLN 0448	That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:	
FTLN 0449	The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.	80
	NURSE	
FTLN 0450	A man, young lady—lady, such a man	
FTLN 0451	As all the world—why, he’s a man of wax.	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0452	Verona’s summer hath not such a flower.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 0453	Nay, he’s a flower, in faith, a very flower.	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0454	What say you? Can you love the gentleman?	85
FTLN 0455	This night you shall behold him at our feast.	
FTLN 0456	Read o’er the volume of young Paris’ face,	
FTLN 0457	And find delight writ there with beauty’s pen.	
FTLN 0458	Examine every married lineament	
FTLN 0459	And see how one another lends content,	90
FTLN 0460	And what obscured in this fair volume lies	
FTLN 0461	Find written in the margent of his eyes.	
FTLN 0462	This precious book of love, this unbound lover,	
FTLN 0463	To beautify him only lacks a cover.	
FTLN 0464	The fish lives in the sea, and ’tis much pride	95

41

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 4

FTLN 0465	For fair without the fair within to hide.	
FTLN 0466	That book in many’s eyes doth share the glory	
FTLN 0467	That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.	
FTLN 0468	So shall you share all that he doth possess	
FTLN 0469	By having him, making yourself no less.	100
	NURSE	
FTLN 0470	No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0471	Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris’ love?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0472	I’ll look to like, if looking liking move.	
FTLN 0473	But no more deep will I endart mine eye	
FTLN 0474	Than your consent gives strength to make ‘it’ fly.	105

Enter ‘Servingman.’

SERVINGMAN

Madam, the guests are come, supper

served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the

Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in

extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you,

follow straight.

110

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

「Servingman exits.」

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other
Maskers, Torchbearers, 「and a Boy with a drum.」*

ROMEO

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity.

43

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 4

We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,

「Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance.」

But let them measure us by what they will.

We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

5

10

ROMEO

Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.

Being but heavy I will bear the light.

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
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. 15

MERCUTIO

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

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.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink. 20

「MERCUTIO」

And to sink in it should you burden love—
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn. 25

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in.—
A visor for a visor. What care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me. 30

45

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 4

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase:
I'll be a candle holder and look on;
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am 「done.」 35

MERCUTIO

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire— 40

FTLN 0524	Or, save 'your' reverence, love—wherein thou	
FTLN 0525	stickest	
FTLN 0526	Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0527	Nay, that's not so.	45
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0528	I mean, sir, in delay	
FTLN 0529	We waste our lights; in vain, 'light' lights by day.	
FTLN 0530	Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits	
FTLN 0531	Five times in that ere once in our 'five' wits.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0532	And we mean well in going to this masque,	50
FTLN 0533	But 'tis no wit to go.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0534	Why, may one ask?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0535	I dreamt a dream tonight.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0536	And so did I.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0537	Well, what was yours?	55
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0538	That dreamers often lie.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0539	In bed asleep while they do dream things true.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0540	O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.	
47	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 1. SC. 4
FTLN 0541	She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes	
FTLN 0542	In shape no bigger than an agate stone	60
FTLN 0543	On the forefinger of an alderman,	
FTLN 0544	Drawn with a team of little 'atomi'	
FTLN 0545	Over men's noses as they lie asleep.	
FTLN 0546	Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,	
FTLN 0547	The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,	65
FTLN 0548	Her traces of the smallest spider web,	
FTLN 0549	Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,	
FTLN 0550	Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,	

FTLN 0551	Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,	
FTLN 0552	Not half so big as a round little worm	70
FTLN 0553	Pricked from the lazy finger of a 「maid.」	
FTLN 0554	Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,	
FTLN 0555	Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,	
FTLN 0556	Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.	
FTLN 0557	And in this state she gallops night by night	75
FTLN 0558	Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;	
FTLN 0559	On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight;	
FTLN 0560	O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;	
FTLN 0561	O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,	
FTLN 0562	Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues	80
FTLN 0563	Because their 「breaths」 with sweetmeats tainted are.	
FTLN 0564	Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,	
FTLN 0565	And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.	
FTLN 0566	And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,	
FTLN 0567	Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep;	85
FTLN 0568	Then he dreams of another benefice.	
FTLN 0569	Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,	
FTLN 0570	And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,	
FTLN 0571	Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,	
FTLN 0572	Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon	90
FTLN 0573	Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes	
FTLN 0574	And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two	
FTLN 0575	And sleeps again. This is that very Mab	
FTLN 0576	That plats the manes of horses in the night	

49

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 4

FTLN 0577	And bakes the 「elflocks」 in foul sluttish hairs,	95
FTLN 0578	Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.	
FTLN 0579	This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,	
FTLN 0580	That presses them and learns them first to bear,	
FTLN 0581	Making them women of good carriage.	
FTLN 0582	This is she—	100
FTLN 0583	ROMEO	
FTLN 0584	Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.	
FTLN 0585	Thou talk'st of nothing.	
	MERCUTIO	
	True, I talk of dreams,	

FTLN 0586	Which are the children of an idle brain,	
FTLN 0587	Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,	105
FTLN 0588	Which is as thin of substance as the air	
FTLN 0589	And more inconstant than the wind, who woos	
FTLN 0590	Even now the frozen bosom of the north	
FTLN 0591	And, being angered, puffs away from thence,	
FTLN 0592	Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.	110
BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0593	This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.	
FTLN 0594	Supper is done, and we shall come too late.	
ROMEO		
FTLN 0595	I fear too early, for my mind misgives	
FTLN 0596	Some consequence yet hanging in the stars	
FTLN 0597	Shall bitterly begin his fearful date	115
FTLN 0598	With this night's revels, and expire the term	
FTLN 0599	Of a despisèd life closed in my breast	
FTLN 0600	By some vile forfeit of untimely death.	
FTLN 0601	But he that hath the steerage of my course	
FTLN 0602	Direct my 「sail.」 On, lusty gentlemen.	120
BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0603	Strike, drum.	
	<i>They march about the stage and 「then withdraw to the side.」</i>	

「Scene 5」		
<i>Servingsmen come forth with napkins.</i>		
「FIRST」 SERVINGMAN		
FTLN 0604	Where's Potpan that he helps not	
FTLN 0605	to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a	
FTLN 0606	trencher?	
「SECOND」 SERVINGMAN		
FTLN 0607	When good manners shall lie	
FTLN 0608	all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed	5

FTLN 0609	too, 'tis a foul thing.	
	「FIRST」SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0610	Away with the joint stools, remove	
FTLN 0611	the court cupboard, look to the plate.—	
FTLN 0612	Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as	
FTLN 0613	thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone	10
FTLN 0614	and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan!	
	「THIRD」SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0615	Ay, boy, ready.	
	「FIRST」SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0616	You are looked for and called for,	
FTLN 0617	asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.	
	「THIRD」SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0618	We cannot be here and there too.	15
FTLN 0619	Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver	
FTLN 0620	take all.	
	「They move aside.」	
	<i>Enter 「Capulet and his household,」 all the guests and</i>	
	<i>gentlewomen to 「Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and」 the</i>	
	<i>「other」 Maskers.</i>	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 0621	Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes	
FTLN 0622	Unplagued with corns will walk 「a bout」 with	
FTLN 0623	you.—	20
FTLN 0624	Ah, my mistresses, which of you all	
FTLN 0625	Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,	
FTLN 0626	She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you	
FTLN 0627	now?—	
FTLN 0628	Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day	25
FTLN 0629	That I have worn a visor and could tell	
FTLN 0630	A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,	
FTLN 0631	Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.	
53	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 1. SC. 5
FTLN 0632	You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,	
FTLN 0633	play.	30
	<i>Music plays and they dance.</i>	

FTLN 0634	A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.—	
FTLN 0635	More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,	
FTLN 0636	And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—	
FTLN 0637	Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.—	
FTLN 0638	Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,	35
FTLN 0639	For you and I are past our dancing days.	
FTLN 0640	How long is 't now since last yourself and I	
FTLN 0641	Were in a mask?	
	CAPULET'S COUSIN	
FTLN 0642	By 'r Lady, thirty years.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 0643	What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.	40
FTLN 0644	'Tis since the nuptial of 'Lucentio,'	
FTLN 0645	Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,	
FTLN 0646	Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.	
	CAPULET'S COUSIN	
FTLN 0647	'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir.	
FTLN 0648	His son is thirty.	45
	CAPULET	
FTLN 0649	Will you tell me that?	
FTLN 0650	His son was but a ward two years ago.	
	ROMEO, 'to a Servingman'	
FTLN 0651	What lady's that which doth enrich the hand	
FTLN 0652	Of yonder knight?	
	SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0653	I know not, sir.	50
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0654	O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!	
FTLN 0655	It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night	
FTLN 0656	As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—	
FTLN 0657	Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear.	
FTLN 0658	So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows	55
FTLN 0659	As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.	
FTLN 0660	The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand	
FTLN 0661	And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.	
FTLN 0662	Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,	
FTLN 0663	For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.	60

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.

「*Page exits.*」

What, dares the slave

Come hither covered with an antic face

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

65

Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite

70

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.

He bears him like a portly gentleman,

75

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

I would not for the wealth of all this town

Here in my house do him disparagement.

Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.

80

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest.

I'll not endure him.

85

CAPULET

He shall be endured.

What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to.

Am I the master here or you? Go to.

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

FTLN 0693	You'll make a mutiny among my guests,	90
FTLN 0694	You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0695	Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 0696	Go to, go to.	
FTLN 0697	You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed?	
FTLN 0698	This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.	95
FTLN 0699	You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time—	
FTLN 0700	Well said, my hearts.—You are a princox, go.	
FTLN 0701	Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame,	
FTLN 0702	I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0703	Patience perforce with willful choler meeting	100
FTLN 0704	Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.	
FTLN 0705	I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,	
FTLN 0706	Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	ROMEO, <i>['taking Juliet's hand']</i>	
FTLN 0707	If I profane with my unworthiest hand	
FTLN 0708	This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:	105
FTLN 0709	My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand	
FTLN 0710	To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0711	Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,	
FTLN 0712	Which mannerly devotion shows in this;	
FTLN 0713	For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,	110
FTLN 0714	And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0715	Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0716	Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0717	O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.	
FTLN 0718	They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.	115
	JULIET	
FTLN 0719	Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.	

ROMEO

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

「He kisses her.」

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

120

Give me my sin again.

「He kisses her.」

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

「Juliet moves toward her mother.」

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,

125

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

130

「Nurse moves away.」

ROMEO, *「aside」*

Is she a Capulet?

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

BENVOLIO

Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.

135

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

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

I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—

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

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

140

I'll to my rest.

「All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit.」

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

145

JULIET

What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name. *「The Nurse goes.」* If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE, *「returning」*

His name is Romeo, and a Montague,

150

The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me

That I must love a loathed enemy.

155

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learned even now

Of one I danced withal.

One calls within "Juliet."

NURSE

Anon, anon.

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

160

They exit.

「ACT 2」

「Enter」 Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir.
That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet 「matched,」 is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 5
Alike bewitchèd 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
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear, 10
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new belovèd anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
「Chorus exits.」

「Scene 1」

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO

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

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

65

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

5

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

「MERCUTIO」

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

10

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.

Cry but “Ay me,” 「pronounce」 but “love” and

「“dove.”」

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and 「heir,」

15

Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so 「trim」

When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

20

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

25

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it and conjured it down.

That were some spite. My invocation

30

Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees

FTLN 0811	To be consorted with the humorous night.	
FTLN 0812	Blind is his love and best befits the dark.	35
MERCUTIO		
FTLN 0813	If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.	
FTLN 0814	Now will he sit under a medlar tree	
FTLN 0815	And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit	
FTLN 0816	As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—	
FTLN 0817	O Romeo, that she were, O, that she were	40
FTLN 0818	An 「open-arse,」 thou a pop’rin pear.	
FTLN 0819	Romeo, good night. I’ll to my truckle bed;	
FTLN 0820	This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—	
FTLN 0821	Come, shall we go?	
BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0822	Go, then, for ’tis in vain	45
FTLN 0823	To seek him here that means not to be found.	
	「 <i>They</i> 」 <i>exit.</i>	
	「Scene 2」	
	「 <i>Romeo comes forward.</i> 」	
ROMEO		
FTLN 0824	He jests at scars that never felt a wound.	
	「 <i>Enter Juliet above.</i> 」	
FTLN 0825	But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?	
FTLN 0826	It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.	
FTLN 0827	Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,	
FTLN 0828	Who is already sick and pale with grief	5
FTLN 0829	That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.	
FTLN 0830	Be not her maid since she is envious.	
FTLN 0831	Her vestal livery is but sick and green,	
FTLN 0832	And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.	
FTLN 0833	It is my lady. O, it is my love!	10
FTLN 0834	O, that she knew she were!	
FTLN 0835	She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?	
FTLN 0836	Her eye discourses; I will answer it.	

FTLN 0837	I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.	
FTLN 0838	Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,	15
FTLN 0839	Having some business, 'do' entreat her eyes	
FTLN 0840	To twinkle in their spheres till they return.	
FTLN 0841	What if her eyes were there, they in her head?	
FTLN 0842	The brightness of her cheek would shame those	
FTLN 0843	stars	20
FTLN 0844	As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven	
FTLN 0845	Would through the airy region stream so bright	
FTLN 0846	That birds would sing and think it were not night.	
FTLN 0847	See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.	
FTLN 0848	O, that I were a glove upon that hand,	25
FTLN 0849	That I might touch that cheek!	
JULIET		
FTLN 0850	Ay me.	
ROMEO, 'aside'		
FTLN 0851	She speaks.	
FTLN 0852	O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art	
FTLN 0853	As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,	30
FTLN 0854	As is a wingèd messenger of heaven	
FTLN 0855	Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring eyes	
FTLN 0856	Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him	
FTLN 0857	When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds	
FTLN 0858	And sails upon the bosom of the air.	35
JULIET		
FTLN 0859	O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?	
FTLN 0860	Deny thy father and refuse thy name,	
FTLN 0861	Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,	
FTLN 0862	And I'll no longer be a Capulet.	
ROMEO, 'aside'		
FTLN 0863	Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?	40
JULIET		
FTLN 0864	'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.	
FTLN 0865	Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.	
FTLN 0866	What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,	
FTLN 0867	Nor arm, nor face. O, be some other name	
FTLN 0868	Belonging to a man.	45
FTLN 0869	What's in a name? That which we call a rose	

By any other word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

And, for thy name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

50

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

55

JULIET

What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

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.

60

JULIET

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

65

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

70

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

75

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire. 85
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore 'washed' with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, 90
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 95
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or, if thou thinkest I am too quickly won, 100
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior' light.
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 105

FTLN 0929	Than those that have 「more」 coying to be strange.	
FTLN 0930	I should have been more strange, I must confess,	
FTLN 0931	But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware	
FTLN 0932	My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,	
FTLN 0933	And not impute this yielding to light love,	110
FTLN 0934	Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0935	Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,	
FTLN 0936	That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0937	O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,	
FTLN 0938	That monthly changes in her 「circled」 orb,	115
FTLN 0939	Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0940	What shall I swear by?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0941	Do not swear at all.	
FTLN 0942	Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,	
FTLN 0943	Which is the god of my idolatry,	120
FTLN 0944	And I'll believe thee.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0945	If my heart's dear love—	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0946	Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,	
FTLN 0947	I have no joy of this contract tonight.	
FTLN 0948	It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,	125
FTLN 0949	Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be	
FTLN 0950	Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night.	
FTLN 0951	This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,	
FTLN 0952	May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.	
FTLN 0953	Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest	130
FTLN 0954	Come to thy heart as that within my breast.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0955	O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0956	What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0957	Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.	

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it, 135
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea, 140
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

「Nurse calls from within.」

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—

Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little; I will come again. 145

「She exits.」

ROMEO

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

「Reenter Juliet above.」

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable, 150
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my 'lord' throughout the world. 155

「NURSE, within」

Madam.

JULIET

I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee—

「NURSE, within」

Madam.

JULIET

By and by, I come.— 160

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.

Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night.

「*She exits.*」

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

165

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

「*Going.*」

Enter Juliet 「above」 again.

JULIET

Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

170

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than 「mine」

With repetition of “My Romeo!”

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name.

175

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET

Romeo.

ROMEO

My 「dear.」

JULIET

What o'clock tomorrow

180

Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

185

JULIET

FTLN 1009
FTLN 1010

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

83

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 3

ROMEO

FTLN 1011
FTLN 1012

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

JULIET

FTLN 1013
FTLN 1014
FTLN 1015
FTLN 1016
FTLN 1017
FTLN 1018

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

190

195

ROMEO

FTLN 1019

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

FTLN 1020
FTLN 1021
FTLN 1022
FTLN 1023
FTLN 1024

Sweet, so would I.
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet
sorrow
That I shall say "Good night" till it be morrow.

200

「She exits.」

「ROMEO」

FTLN 1025
FTLN 1026
FTLN 1027
FTLN 1028

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 friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

205

He exits.

「Scene 3」

Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 alone with a basket.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1029
FTLN 1030
FTLN 1031

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
「Check'ring」 the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels

FTLN 1032	From forth day's path and Titan's 'fiery' wheels.	
FTLN 1033	Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,	5
FTLN 1034	The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,	
85	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 2. SC. 3
FTLN 1035	I must upfill this osier cage of ours	
FTLN 1036	With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.	
FTLN 1037	The Earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;	
FTLN 1038	What is her burying grave, that is her womb;	10
FTLN 1039	And from her womb children of divers kind	
FTLN 1040	We sucking on her natural bosom find,	
FTLN 1041	Many for many virtues excellent,	
FTLN 1042	None but for some, and yet all different.	
FTLN 1043	O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies	15
FTLN 1044	In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.	
FTLN 1045	For naught so vile that on the Earth doth live	
FTLN 1046	But to the Earth some special good doth give;	
FTLN 1047	Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,	
FTLN 1048	Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.	20
FTLN 1049	Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,	
FTLN 1050	And vice sometime by action dignified.	
	<i>Enter Romeo.</i>	
FTLN 1051	Within the infant rind of this weak flower	
FTLN 1052	Poison hath residence and medicine power:	
FTLN 1053	For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each	25
FTLN 1054	part;	
FTLN 1055	Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.	
FTLN 1056	Two such opposèd kings encamp them still	
FTLN 1057	In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will;	
FTLN 1058	And where the worser is predominant,	30
FTLN 1059	Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1060	Good morrow, father.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1061	Benedicite.	
FTLN 1062	What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?	
FTLN 1063	Young son, it argues a distempered head	35

FTLN 1064 So soon to bid “Good morrow” to thy bed.
 FTLN 1065 Care keeps his watch in every old man’s eye,
 FTLN 1066 And, where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 FTLN 1067 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain

87

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 3

FTLN 1068	Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth	40
FTLN 1069	reign.	
FTLN 1070	Therefore thy earliness doth me assure	
FTLN 1071	Thou art uproused with some distemp’rature,	
FTLN 1072	Or, if not so, then here I hit it right:	
FTLN 1073	Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.	45
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1074	That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1075	God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1076	With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.	
FTLN 1077	I have forgot that name and that name’s woe.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1078	That’s my good son. But where hast thou been	50
FTLN 1079	then?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1080	I’ll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.	
FTLN 1081	I have been feasting with mine enemy,	
FTLN 1082	Where on a sudden one hath wounded me	
FTLN 1083	That’s by me wounded. Both our remedies	55
FTLN 1084	Within thy help and holy physic lies.	
FTLN 1085	I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,	
FTLN 1086	My intercession likewise steads my foe.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1087	Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.	
FTLN 1088	Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.	60
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1089	Then plainly know my heart’s dear love is set	
FTLN 1090	On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.	
FTLN 1091	As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,	
FTLN 1092	And all combined, save what thou must combine	
FTLN 1093	By holy marriage. When and where and how	65
FTLN 1094		

FTLN 1095
FTLN 1096

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

89

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 3

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1097
FTLN 1098
FTLN 1099
FTLN 1100
FTLN 1101
FTLN 1102
FTLN 1103
FTLN 1104
FTLN 1105
FTLN 1106
FTLN 1107
FTLN 1108
FTLN 1109
FTLN 1110
FTLN 1111
FTLN 1112
FTLN 1113

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, 70
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste 75
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ringing in mine ancient ears.
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet. 80
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence
then:
Women may fall when there's no strength in men. 85

ROMEO

FTLN 1114

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1115

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

FTLN 1116

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1117

Not in a grave

FTLN 1118

To lay one in, another out to have. 90

ROMEO

FTLN 1119

I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now

FTLN 1120

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.

FTLN 1121

The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1122

O, she knew well

FTLN 1123

Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell. 95

FTLN 1124

FTLN 1125
FTLN 1126
FTLN 1127

But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

91

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 4

ROMEO

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

100

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

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

Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

10

MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1128

FTLN 1129

FTLN 1130

FTLN 1131

FTLN 1132

FTLN 1133

FTLN 1134

FTLN 1135

FTLN 1136

FTLN 1137

FTLN 1138

FTLN 1139

FTLN 1140

FTLN 1141

FTLN 1142

FTLN 1143	Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead,	
FTLN 1144	stabbed with a white wench's black eye, run	15
FTLN 1145	through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his	
FTLN 1146	heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt shaft. And	
FTLN 1147	is he a man to encounter Tybalt?	
	「BENVOLIO」	
FTLN 1148	Why, what is Tybalt?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1149	More than prince of cats. O, he's the courageous	20
FTLN 1150	captain of compliments. He fights as you sing	
FTLN 1151	prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion.	
	93	ACT 2. SC. 4
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	
FTLN 1152	He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in	
FTLN 1153	your bosom—the very butcher of a silk button, a	
FTLN 1154	duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house	25
FTLN 1155	of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal	
FTLN 1156	<i>passado</i> , the <i>punto reverso</i> , the <i>hay</i> !	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1157	The what?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1158	The pox of such antic, lisp, affecting	
FTLN 1159	「phantasies,」 these new tuners of accent: “By	30
FTLN 1160	Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good	
FTLN 1161	whore!” Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,	
FTLN 1162	that we should be thus afflicted with these	
FTLN 1163	strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these 「“pardon-me” ’s,」	
FTLN 1164	who stand so much on the new form	35
FTLN 1165	that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their	
FTLN 1166	bones, their bones!	
	<i>Enter Romeo.</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1167	Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1168	Without his roe, like a dried herring. O	
FTLN 1169	flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the	40
FTLN 1170	numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady	

FTLN 1171	was a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love	
FTLN 1172	to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy,	
FTLN 1173	Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a gray	
FTLN 1174	eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo,	45
FTLN 1175	<i>bonjour</i> . There’s a French salutation to your French	
FTLN 1176	slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1177	Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit	
FTLN 1178	did I give you?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1179	The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?	50
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1180	Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was	
FTLN 1181	great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain	
FTLN 1182	courtesy.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1183	That’s as much as to say such a case as	
FTLN 1184	yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.	55
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1185	Meaning, to curtsy.	
	95	ACT 2. SC. 4
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1186	Thou hast most kindly hit it.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1187	A most courteous exposition.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1188	Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1189	“Pink” for flower.	60
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1190	Right.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1191	Why, then is my pump well flowered.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1192	Sure wit, follow me this jest now till thou	
FTLN 1193	hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole	
FTLN 1194	of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing,	65
FTLN 1195	solely singular.	

	ROMEO	
FTLN 1196	O single-soled jest, solely singular for the	
FTLN 1197	singleness.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1198	Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits	
FTLN 1199	faints.	70
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1200	Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry	
FTLN 1201	a match.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1202	Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese chase, I	
FTLN 1203	am done, for thou hast more of the wild goose in	
FTLN 1204	one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole	75
FTLN 1205	five. Was I with you there for the goose?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1206	Thou wast never with me for anything when	
FTLN 1207	thou wast not there for the goose.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1208	I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1209	Nay, good goose, bite not.	80
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1210	Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most	
FTLN 1211	sharp sauce.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1212	And is it not, then, well served into a sweet	
FTLN 1213	goose?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1214	O, here's a wit of cheveril that stretches	85
FTLN 1215	from an inch narrow to an ell broad.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1216	I stretch it out for that word "broad," which	
FTLN 1217	added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a	
FTLN 1218	broad goose.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1219	Why, is not this better now than groaning	90
FTLN 1220	for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou	
FTLN 1221	Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as	
97	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 2. SC. 4

FTLN 1222	by nature. For this driveling love is like a great	
FTLN 1223	natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his	
FTLN 1224	bauble in a hole.	95
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1225	Stop there, stop there.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1226	Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against	
FTLN 1227	the hair.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1228	Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1229	O, thou art deceived. I would have made it	100
FTLN 1230	short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale	
FTLN 1231	and meant indeed to occupy the argument no	
FTLN 1232	longer.	
	<i>Enter Nurse and her man 「Peter.」</i>	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1233	Here's goodly gear. A sail, a sail!	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1234	Two, two—a shirt and a smock.	105
	NURSE	
FTLN 1235	Peter.	
	PETER	
FTLN 1236	Anon.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1237	My fan, Peter.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1238	Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's	
FTLN 1239	the fairer face.	110
	NURSE	
FTLN 1240	God you good morrow, gentlemen.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1241	God you good e'en, fair gentlewoman.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1242	Is it good e'en?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1243	'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of	
FTLN 1244	the dial is now upon the prick of noon.	115
	NURSE	
FTLN 1245	Out upon you! What a man are you?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1246	One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself	
FTLN 1247	to mar.	
	NURSE	

FTLN 1248	By my troth, it is well said: “for himself to	
FTLN 1249	mar,” quoth he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me	120
FTLN 1250	where I may find the young Romeo?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1251	I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older	
FTLN 1252	when you have found him than he was when you	
FTLN 1253	sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for	
FTLN 1254	fault of a worse.	125
	NURSE	
FTLN 1255	You say well.	

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 4

	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1256	Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i’	
FTLN 1257	faith, wisely, wisely.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1258	If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with	
FTLN 1259	you.	130
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1260	She will indite him to some supper.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1261	A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1262	What hast thou found?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1263	No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten	
FTLN 1264	pie that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.	135
FTLN 1265	「Singing.」 <i>An old hare hoar,</i>	
FTLN 1266	<i>And an old hare hoar,</i>	
FTLN 1267	<i>Is very good meat in Lent.</i>	
FTLN 1268	<i>But a hare that is hoar</i>	
FTLN 1269	<i>Is too much for a score</i>	140
FTLN 1270	<i>When it hoars ere it be spent.</i>	
FTLN 1271	Romeo, will you come to your father’s? We’ll to	
FTLN 1272	dinner thither.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1273	I will follow you.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1274	Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, lady, lady,	145

FTLN 1275	lady.	
	<i>「Mercutio and Benvolio」 exit.</i>	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1276	I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this	
FTLN 1277	that was so full of his ropery?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1278	A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself	
FTLN 1279	talk and will speak more in a minute than he will	150
FTLN 1280	stand to in a month.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1281	An he speak anything against me, I'll take him	
FTLN 1282	down, an he were lustier than he is, and twenty	
FTLN 1283	such jacks. An if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.	
FTLN 1284	Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none	155
FTLN 1285	of his skains-mates. <i>「To Peter.」</i> And thou must stand	
FTLN 1286	by too and suffer every knave to use me at his	
FTLN 1287	pleasure.	
	PETER	
FTLN 1288	I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had,	
FTLN 1289	my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant	160
FTLN 1290	you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I	
FTLN 1291	see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my	
FTLN 1292	side.	
101	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 2. SC. 4
	NURSE	
FTLN 1293	Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part	
FTLN 1294	about me quivers. Scurvy knave! <i>「To Romeo.」</i> Pray	165
FTLN 1295	you, sir, a word. And, as I told you, my young lady	
FTLN 1296	bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will	
FTLN 1297	keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you	
FTLN 1298	should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it	
FTLN 1299	were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say. For	170
FTLN 1300	the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you	
FTLN 1301	should deal double with her, truly it were an ill	
FTLN 1302	thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very	
FTLN 1303	weak dealing.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1304	Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.	175

FTLN 1305	I protest unto thee—	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1306	Good heart, and i’ faith I will tell her as much.	
FTLN 1307	Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1308	What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not	
FTLN 1309	mark me.	180
	NURSE	
FTLN 1310	I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as	
FTLN 1311	I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1312	Bid her devise	
FTLN 1313	Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,	
FTLN 1314	And there she shall at Friar Lawrence’ cell	185
FTLN 1315	Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.	
	<i>ᵀOffering her money.ᵀ</i>	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1316	No, truly, sir, not a penny.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1317	Go to, I say you shall.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1318	This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1319	And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall.	190
FTLN 1320	Within this hour my man shall be with thee	
FTLN 1321	And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,	
FTLN 1322	Which to the high topgallant of my joy	
FTLN 1323	Must be my convoy in the secret night.	
FTLN 1324	Farewell. Be trusty, and I’ll quit thy pains.	195
FTLN 1325	Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.	
103	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 2. SC. 5
	NURSE	
FTLN 1326	Now, God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1327	What sayst thou, my dear nurse?	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1328	Is your man secret? Did you ne’er hear say	
FTLN 1329	“Two may keep counsel, putting one away”?	200

ROMEO

Warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

NURSE

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord,

Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is

a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay

knife aboard, but she, good soul, had as lief see a

toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes

and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I'll

warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any

clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and

Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO

Ay, nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

NURSE

Ah, mocker, that's the 'dog's' name. *R* is for

the—No, I know it begins with some other letter,

and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you

and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.—Peter.

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

Before and apace.

'They' exit.

'Scene 5'

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,

Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,

5

Driving back shadows over louring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is ¹three¹ long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me.

But old folks, many feign as they were dead,

Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse ¹and Peter.¹

O God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE

Peter, stay at the gate.

¹Peter exits.¹

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou
sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I!

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. Good, good nurse,
speak.

NURSE

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

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

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
 Let me be satisfied; is 't good or bad?

NURSE

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

JULIET

No, no. But all this did I know before.
 What says he of our marriage? What of that? 50

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
 My back o' t' other side! Ah, my back, my back!
 Beshrew your heart for sending me about
 To catch my death with jaunting up and down. 55

JULIET

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

NURSE

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
 courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I 60
 warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? Why, she is within.
 Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
 "Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
 Where is your mother?" 65

NURSE

O God's lady dear,
 Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow.

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Here's such a coil. Come, what says Romeo?

70

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell.

There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;

75

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church. I must another way,

To fetch a ladder by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

80

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

They exit.

「Scene 6」

Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 and Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

So smile the heavens upon this holy act

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

ROMEO

Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight.

5

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 LAWRENCE

These violent delights have violent ends

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately. Long love doth so.
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

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

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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.

「They exit.」

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and 「their」 men.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of these fellows that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his
sword upon the table and says “God send me no
need of thee” and, by the operation of the second
cup, draws him on the drawer when indeed there is
no need. 5 10

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO

And what to? 15

MERCUTIO

Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou—why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than
thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking
nuts, having no other reason but because thou 20

FTLN 1490
FTLN 1491

hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy
out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as

115

117

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 1

FTLN 1492
FTLN 1493
FTLN 1494
FTLN 1495
FTLN 1496
FTLN 1497
FTLN 1498
FTLN 1499

an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been
beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast 25
quarreled with a man for coughing in the street
because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain
asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor
for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With
another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? 30
And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1500
FTLN 1501
FTLN 1502

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

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1503

The fee simple? O simple! 35

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1504

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1505

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT, *['to his companions']*

FTLN 1506

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—

FTLN 1507

Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1508

And but one word with one of us? Couple it 40

FTLN 1509

with something. Make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT

FTLN 1510

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an

FTLN 1511

you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1512

Could you not take some occasion without

FTLN 1513

giving? 45

TYBALT

FTLN 1514	Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1515	Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels?	
FTLN 1516	An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear	
FTLN 1517	nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's	
FTLN 1518	that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!	50
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1519	We talk here in the public haunt of men.	
FTLN 1520	Either withdraw unto some private place,	
FTLN 1521	Or reason coldly of your grievances,	
FTLN 1522	Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.	
119	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 3. SC. 1
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1523	Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.	55
FTLN 1524	I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.	
	<i>Enter Romeo.</i>	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 1525	Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1526	But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.	
FTLN 1527	Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower.	
FTLN 1528	Your Worship in that sense may call him "man."	60
	TYBALT	
FTLN 1529	Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford	
FTLN 1530	No better term than this: thou art a villain.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1531	Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee	
FTLN 1532	Doth much excuse the appertaining rage	
FTLN 1533	To such a greeting. Villain am I none.	65
FTLN 1534	Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 1535	Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries	
FTLN 1536	That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1537	I do protest I never injured thee	
FTLN 1538	But love thee better than thou canst devise	70
FTLN 1539		

FTLN 1540	Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.	
FTLN 1541	And so, good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1542	O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!	
FTLN 1543	<i>Alla stoccato</i> carries it away.	75
	「He draws.」	
FTLN 1544	Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 1545	What wouldst thou have with me?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1546	Good king of cats, nothing but one of your	
FTLN 1547	nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as	
FTLN 1548	you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the	80
	121	ACT 3. SC. 1
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	
FTLN 1549	eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher	
FTLN 1550	by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your	
FTLN 1551	ears ere it be out.	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 1552	I am for you.	
	「He draws.」	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1553	Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.	85
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1554	Come, sir, your <i>passado</i> .	
	「They fight.」	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1555	Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.	
	「Romeo draws.」	
FTLN 1556	Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!	
FTLN 1557	Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath	
FTLN 1558	Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.	90
FTLN 1559	Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!	
	「Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers. Tybalt stabs Mercutio.」	
	「PETRUCHIO」	
FTLN 1560	Away, Tybalt!	
	「Tybalt, Petruchio, and their followers exit.」	

	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1561	I am hurt.	
FTLN 1562	A plague o' both houses! I am sped.	
FTLN 1563	Is he gone and hath nothing?	95
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1564	What, art thou hurt?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1565	Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.	
FTLN 1566	Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.	
	「Page exits.」	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1567	Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1568	No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as	100
FTLN 1569	a church door, but 'tis enough. 'Twill serve. Ask for	
FTLN 1570	me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I	
FTLN 1571	am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'	
FTLN 1572	both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a	
FTLN 1573	cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a	105
FTLN 1574	villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the	
FTLN 1575	devil came you between us? I was hurt under your	
FTLN 1576	arm.	
	123	
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 3. SC. 1
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1577	I thought all for the best.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1578	Help me into some house, Benvolio,	110
FTLN 1579	Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!	
FTLN 1580	They have made worms' meat of me.	
FTLN 1581	I have it, and soundly, too. Your houses!	
	「All but Romeo」 exit.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1582	This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,	
FTLN 1583	My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt	115
FTLN 1584	In my behalf. My reputation stained	
FTLN 1585	With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour	
FTLN 1586	Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,	
FTLN 1587	Thy beauty hath made me effeminate	

FTLN 1588	And in my temper softened valor's steel.	120
	<i>Enter Benvolio.</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1589	O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead.	
FTLN 1590	That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,	
FTLN 1591	Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1592	This day's black fate on more days doth depend.	
FTLN 1593	This but begins the woe others must end.	125
	<i>「Enter Tybalt.」</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1594	Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1595	「Alive」 in triumph, and Mercutio slain!	
FTLN 1596	Away to heaven, respective lenity,	
FTLN 1597	And 「fire-eyed」 fury be my conduct now.—	
FTLN 1598	Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again	130
FTLN 1599	That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul	
FTLN 1600	Is but a little way above our heads,	
FTLN 1601	Staying for thine to keep him company.	
FTLN 1602	Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.	
	125	
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 3. SC. 1
	TYBALT	
FTLN 1603	Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here	135
FTLN 1604	Shalt with him hence.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1605	This shall determine that.	
	<i>They fight. Tybalt falls.</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1606	Romeo, away, begone!	
FTLN 1607	The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.	
FTLN 1608	Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death	140
FTLN 1609	If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away.	
	ROMEO	

FTLN 1610	O, I am Fortune's fool!	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1611	Why dost thou stay?	
	<i>Romeo exits.</i>	
	<i>Enter Citizens.</i>	
	CITIZEN	
FTLN 1612	Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?	
FTLN 1613	Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?	145
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1614	There lies that Tybalt.	
	CITIZEN, 「to Tybalt」	
FTLN 1615	Up, sir, go with me.	
FTLN 1616	I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.	
	<i>Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.</i>	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1617	Where are the vile beginners of this fray?	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1618	O noble prince, I can discover all	150
FTLN 1619	The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.	
FTLN 1620	There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,	
FTLN 1621	That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 1622	Tybalt, my cousin, O my brother's child!	
FTLN 1623	O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilled	155
FTLN 1624	Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,	
	127	ACT 3. SC. 1
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	
FTLN 1625	For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.	
FTLN 1626	O cousin, cousin!	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1627	Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1628	Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay—	160
FTLN 1629	Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink	
FTLN 1630	How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal	

FTLN 1631	Your high displeasure. All this utterèd	
FTLN 1632	With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed	
FTLN 1633	Could not take truce with the unruly spleen	165
FTLN 1634	Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts	
FTLN 1635	With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,	
FTLN 1636	Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point	
FTLN 1637	And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats	
FTLN 1638	Cold death aside and with the other sends	170
FTLN 1639	It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity	
FTLN 1640	Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud	
FTLN 1641	"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his	
FTLN 1642	tongue	
FTLN 1643	His 'agile' arm beats down their fatal points,	175
FTLN 1644	And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm	
FTLN 1645	An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life	
FTLN 1646	Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.	
FTLN 1647	But by and by comes back to Romeo,	
FTLN 1648	Who had but newly entertained revenge,	180
FTLN 1649	And to 't they go like lightning, for ere I	
FTLN 1650	Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain,	
FTLN 1651	And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.	
FTLN 1652	This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.	

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 1653	He is a kinsman to the Montague.	185
FTLN 1654	Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.	
FTLN 1655	Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,	
FTLN 1656	And all those twenty could but kill one life.	
FTLN 1657	I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give.	
FTLN 1658	Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.	190

PRINCE

FTLN 1659	Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.	
FTLN 1660	Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?	
	「MONTAGUE」	
FTLN 1661	Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's friend.	
FTLN 1662	His fault concludes but what the law should end,	
FTLN 1663	The life of Tybalt.	195

PRINCE

FTLN 1664	And for that offense	
FTLN 1665	Immediately we do exile him hence.	
FTLN 1666	I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding:	
FTLN 1667	My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.	
FTLN 1668	But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine	200
FTLN 1669	That you shall all repent the loss of mine.	
FTLN 1670	「I」 will be deaf to pleading and excuses.	
FTLN 1671	Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.	
FTLN 1672	Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,	
FTLN 1673	Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.	205
FTLN 1674	Bear hence this body and attend our will.	
FTLN 1675	Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.	
	「They」 exit, 「the Capulet men bearing off Tybalt's body.」	

「Scene 2」
Enter Juliet alone.

JULIET

FTLN 1676	Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,	
FTLN 1677	Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner	
FTLN 1678	As Phaëton would whip you to the west	
FTLN 1679	And bring in cloudy night immediately.	
FTLN 1680	Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,	5
FTLN 1681	That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo	
FTLN 1682	Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.	
FTLN 1683	Lovers can see to do their amorous rites	
FTLN 1684	By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,	

FTLN 1685	It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,	10
FTLN 1686	Thou sober-suited matron all in black,	
FTLN 1687	And learn me how to lose a winning match	
FTLN 1688	Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.	
FTLN 1689	Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,	
FTLN 1690	With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold,	15
FTLN 1691	Think true love acted simple modesty.	

FTLN 1692	Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in	
FTLN 1693	night,	
FTLN 1694	For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night	
FTLN 1695	Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.	20
FTLN 1696	Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed	
FTLN 1697	night,	
FTLN 1698	Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,	
FTLN 1699	Take him and cut him out in little stars,	
FTLN 1700	And he will make the face of heaven so fine	25
FTLN 1701	That all the world will be in love with night	
FTLN 1702	And pay no worship to the garish sun.	
FTLN 1703	O, I have bought the mansion of a love	
FTLN 1704	But not possessed it, and, though I am sold,	
FTLN 1705	Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day	30
FTLN 1706	As is the night before some festival	
FTLN 1707	To an impatient child that hath new robes	
FTLN 1708	And may not wear them.	
	<i>Enter Nurse with cords.</i>	
FTLN 1709	O, here comes my nurse,	
FTLN 1710	And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks	35
FTLN 1711	But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—	
FTLN 1712	Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The	
FTLN 1713	cords	
FTLN 1714	That Romeo bid thee fetch?	
NURSE		
FTLN 1715	Ay, ay, the cords.	40
	<i>「Dropping the rope ladder.」</i>	
JULIET		
FTLN 1716	Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?	
133	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 3. SC. 2
NURSE		
FTLN 1717	Ah weraday, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!	
FTLN 1718	We are undone, lady, we are undone.	
FTLN 1719	Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead.	
JULIET		
FTLN 1720	Can heaven be so envious?	45

NURSE

FTLN 1721 Romeo can,
FTLN 1722 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
FTLN 1723 Whoever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

FTLN 1724 What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
FTLN 1725 This torture should be roared in dismal hell. 50
FTLN 1726 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but “Ay,”
FTLN 1727 And that bare vowel “I” shall poison more
FTLN 1728 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
FTLN 1729 I am not I if there be such an “I,”
FTLN 1730 Or those eyes ¹shut¹ that makes thee answer “Ay.” 55
FTLN 1731 If he be slain, say “Ay,” or if not, “No.”
FTLN 1732 Brief sounds determine my weal or woe.

NURSE

FTLN 1733 I saw the wound. I saw it with mine eyes
FTLN 1734 (God save the mark!) here on his manly breast—
FTLN 1735 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse, 60
FTLN 1736 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
FTLN 1737 All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight.

JULIET

FTLN 1738 O break, my heart, poor bankrout, break at once!
FTLN 1739 To prison, eyes; ne’er look on liberty.
FTLN 1740 Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here, 65
FTLN 1741 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

NURSE

FTLN 1742 O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
FTLN 1743 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
FTLN 1744 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

FTLN 1745 What storm is this that blows so contrary? 70

FTLN 1746 Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?
FTLN 1747 My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
FTLN 1748 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,
FTLN 1749 For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE

FTLN 1750 Tybalt is gone and Romeo banishèd. 75

FTLN 1781	Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?	
FTLN 1782	Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy	
FTLN 1783	name	
FTLN 1784	When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?	
FTLN 1785	But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?	110
FTLN 1786	That villain cousin would have killed my husband.	
FTLN 1787	Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;	
FTLN 1788	Your tributary drops belong to woe,	
FTLN 1789	Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.	
FTLN 1790	My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,	115
FTLN 1791	And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my	
FTLN 1792	husband.	
FTLN 1793	All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?	
FTLN 1794	Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,	
FTLN 1795	That murdered me. I would forget it fain,	120
FTLN 1796	But, O, it presses to my memory	
FTLN 1797	Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:	
FTLN 1798	"Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."	
FTLN 1799	That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"	
FTLN 1800	Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death	125
FTLN 1801	Was woe enough if it had ended there;	
FTLN 1802	Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship	
FTLN 1803	And needly will be ranked with other griefs,	
FTLN 1804	Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"	
FTLN 1805	"Thy father" or "thy mother," nay, or both,	130
FTLN 1806	Which modern lamentation might have moved?	
FTLN 1807	But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,	
FTLN 1808	"Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word	
FTLN 1809	Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,	
FTLN 1810	All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd."	135
FTLN 1811	There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,	

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 3

FTLN 1812	In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.	
FTLN 1813	Where is my father and my mother, nurse?	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1814	Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.	
FTLN 1815	Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.	140
	JULIET	
FTLN 1816		

FTLN 1817	Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,	
FTLN 1818	When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.—	
FTLN 1819	Take up those cords.	
	<i>「The Nurse picks up the rope ladder.」</i>	
FTLN 1820	Poor ropes, you are beguiled,	145
FTLN 1821	Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.	
FTLN 1822	He made you for a highway to my bed,	
FTLN 1823	But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.	
FTLN 1824	Come, cords—come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed,	
FTLN 1825	And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!	150
	NURSE	
FTLN 1826	Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo	
FTLN 1827	To comfort you. I wot well where he is.	
FTLN 1828	Hark you, your Romeo will be here at night.	
FTLN 1829	I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 1830	O, find him!	155
	<i>「Giving the Nurse a ring.」</i>	
FTLN 1831	Give this ring to my true knight	
FTLN 1832	And bid him come to take his last farewell.	
	<i>「They」 exit.</i>	
	 <i>「Scene 3」</i> <i>Enter Friar 「Lawrence.」</i>	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1833	Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.	
FTLN 1834	Affliction is enamored of thy parts,	
FTLN 1835	And thou art wedded to calamity.	
141	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 3. SC. 3
	<i>「Enter Romeo.」</i>	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1836	Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?	
FTLN 1837	What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand	5

FTLN 1838	That I yet know not?	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1839	Too familiar	
FTLN 1840	Is my dear son with such sour company.	
FTLN 1841	I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1842	What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?	10
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1843	A gentler judgment vanished from his lips:	
FTLN 1844	Not body's death, but body's banishment.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1845	Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death,"	
FTLN 1846	For exile hath more terror in his look,	
FTLN 1847	Much more than death. Do not say "banishment."	15
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1848	Here from Verona art thou banishèd.	
FTLN 1849	Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1850	There is no world without Verona walls	
FTLN 1851	But purgatory, torture, hell itself.	
FTLN 1852	Hence "banishèd" is "banished from the world,"	20
FTLN 1853	And world's exile is death. Then "banishèd"	
FTLN 1854	Is death mist termed. Calling death "banishèd,"	
FTLN 1855	Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax	
FTLN 1856	And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1857	O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!	25
FTLN 1858	Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,	
FTLN 1859	Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law	
FTLN 1860	And turned that black word "death" to	
FTLN 1861	"banishment."	
FTLN 1862	This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.	30

ROMEO

FTLN 1863	'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here
FTLN 1864	Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
FTLN 1865	And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
FTLN 1866	Live here in heaven and may look on her,
FTLN 1867	

FTLN 1868	But Romeo may not. More validity,	35
FTLN 1869	More honorable state, more courtship lives	
FTLN 1870	In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize	
FTLN 1871	On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand	
FTLN 1872	And steal immortal blessing from her lips,	40
FTLN 1873	Who even in pure and vestal modesty	
FTLN 1874	Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;	
FTLN 1875	But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.	
FTLN 1876	Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.	
FTLN 1877	They are free men, but I am banishèd.	45
FTLN 1878	And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?	
FTLN 1879	Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground	
FTLN 1880	knife,	
FTLN 1881	No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,	
FTLN 1882	But "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?	50
FTLN 1883	O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell.	
FTLN 1884	Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,	
FTLN 1885	Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,	
FTLN 1886	A sin absolver, and my friend professed,	
	To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1887	「Thou」 fond mad man, hear me a little speak.	55
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1888	O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1889	I'll give thee armor to keep off that word,	
FTLN 1890	Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,	
FTLN 1891	To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1892	Yet "banishèd"? Hang up philosophy.	60
FTLN 1893	Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,	
145	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 3. SC. 3
FTLN 1894	Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,	
FTLN 1895	It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1896	O, then I see that 「madmen」 have no ears.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1897	How should they when that wise men have no eyes?	65

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,

Doting like me, and like me banishèd,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy
hair

And fall upon the ground as I do now,

「Romeo throws himself down.」

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Knock 「within.」

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,

Mistlike, enfold me from the search of eyes.

Knock.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

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

Knock.

Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will,

What simpleness is this?—I come, I come.

Knock.

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

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 3

NURSE, *「within」*

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *「admitting the Nurse」*

Welcome, then.

「Enter Nurse.」

NURSE

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. 90

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Nurse.

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all. 100

ROMEO, *rising up*

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
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 105
My concealed lady to our canceled love?

NURSE

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And "Tybalt" calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again. 110

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 3

ROMEO

As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand
Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy 115
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack

FTLN 1949	The hateful mansion.	
		「He draws his dagger.」
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1950	Hold thy desperate hand!	
FTLN 1951	Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.	
FTLN 1952	Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts 「denote」	120
FTLN 1953	The unreasonable fury of a beast.	
FTLN 1954	Unseemly woman in a seeming man,	
FTLN 1955	And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!	
FTLN 1956	Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,	
FTLN 1957	I thought thy disposition better tempered.	125
FTLN 1958	Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,	
FTLN 1959	And slay thy lady that in thy life 「lives,」	
FTLN 1960	By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?	
FTLN 1961	Why raillest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,	
FTLN 1962	Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet	130
FTLN 1963	In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?	
FTLN 1964	Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,	
FTLN 1965	Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all	
FTLN 1966	And usest none in that true use indeed	
FTLN 1967	Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.	135
FTLN 1968	Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,	
FTLN 1969	Digressing from the valor of a man;	
FTLN 1970	Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,	
FTLN 1971	Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;	
FTLN 1972	Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,	140
FTLN 1973	Misshapen in the conduct of them both,	
FTLN 1974	Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,	
FTLN 1975	Is set afire by thine own ignorance,	
FTLN 1976	And thou dismembered with thine own defense.	
FTLN 1977	What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,	145
FTLN 1978	For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:	

FTLN 1979	There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,	
FTLN 1980	But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.	
FTLN 1981	The law that threatened death becomes thy friend	
FTLN 1982	And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.	150
FTLN 1983	A pack of blessings light upon thy back;	

FTLN 1984	Happiness courts thee in her best array;	
FTLN 1985	But, like a 「misbehaved」 and sullen wench,	
FTLN 1986	Thou 「pouts upon」 thy fortune and thy love.	
FTLN 1987	Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.	155
FTLN 1988	Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed.	
FTLN 1989	Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her.	
FTLN 1990	But look thou stay not till the watch be set,	
FTLN 1991	For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,	
FTLN 1992	Where thou shalt live till we can find a time	160
FTLN 1993	To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,	
FTLN 1994	Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back	
FTLN 1995	With twenty hundred thousand times more joy	
FTLN 1996	Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—	
FTLN 1997	Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,	165
FTLN 1998	And bid her hasten all the house to bed,	
FTLN 1999	Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.	
FTLN 2000	Romeo is coming.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2001	O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night	
FTLN 2002	To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!—	170
FTLN 2003	My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2004	Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2005	Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.	
	「Nurse gives Romeo a ring.」	
FTLN 2006	Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.	
	「She exits.」	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2007	How well my comfort is revived by this!	175
153 <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> ACT 3. SC. 4		
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2008	Go hence, good night—and here stands all your	
FTLN 2009	state:	
FTLN 2010	Either be gone before the watch be set	
FTLN 2011	Or by the break of day 「disguised」 from hence.	
FTLN 2012	Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,	180
FTLN 2013	And he shall signify from time to time	

FTLN 2014	Every good hap to you that chances here.	
FTLN 2015	Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2016	But that a joy past joy calls out on me,	
FTLN 2017	It were a grief so brief to part with thee.	185
FTLN 2018	Farewell.	
	<i>They exit.</i>	
	「Scene 4」	
	<i>Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.</i>	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2019	Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily	
FTLN 2020	That we have had no time to move our daughter.	
FTLN 2021	Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,	
FTLN 2022	And so did I. Well, we were born to die.	
FTLN 2023	'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight.	5
FTLN 2024	I promise you, but for your company,	
FTLN 2025	I would have been abed an hour ago.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2026	These times of woe afford no times to woo.—	
FTLN 2027	Madam, good night. Commend me to your	
FTLN 2028	daughter.	10
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2029	I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.	
FTLN 2030	Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2031	Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender	
FTLN 2032	Of my child's love. I think she will 「be」 ruled	
	155	
	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 3. SC. 5
FTLN 2033	In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.—	15
FTLN 2034	Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.	
FTLN 2035	Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,	
FTLN 2036	And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday	
FTLN 2037	next—	
FTLN 2038	But soft, what day is this?	20

PARIS

FTLN 2039

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

FTLN 2040

Monday, ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.

FTLN 2041

O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday, tell her,

FTLN 2042

She shall be married to this noble earl.—

FTLN 2043

Will you be ready? Do you like this haste? 25

FTLN 2044

「We'll」 keep no great ado: a friend or two.

FTLN 2045

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

FTLN 2046

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

FTLN 2047

Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

FTLN 2048

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, 30

FTLN 2049

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

PARIS

FTLN 2050

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

FTLN 2051

Well, get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.

FTLN 2052

「To Lady Capulet.」 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.

FTLN 2053

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.— 35

FTLN 2054

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

FTLN 2055

Afore me, it is so very late that we

FTLN 2056

May call it early by and by.—Good night.

They exit.

「Scene 5」

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

JULIET

FTLN 2057

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

FTLN 2058

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

FTLN 2059

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.

157

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 5

FTLN 2060

Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.

FTLN 2061

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5

ROMEO

FTLN 2062

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

FTLN 2063	No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks	
FTLN 2064	Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.	
FTLN 2065	Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day	
FTLN 2066	Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.	10
FTLN 2067	I must be gone and live, or stay and die.	
JULIET		
FTLN 2068	Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I.	
FTLN 2069	It is some meteor that the sun 'exhaled'	
FTLN 2070	To be to thee this night a torchbearer	
FTLN 2071	And light thee on thy way to Mantua.	15
FTLN 2072	Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.	
ROMEO		
FTLN 2073	Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death.	
FTLN 2074	I am content, so thou wilt have it so.	
FTLN 2075	I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye;	
FTLN 2076	'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.	20
FTLN 2077	Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat	
FTLN 2078	The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.	
FTLN 2079	I have more care to stay than will to go.	
FTLN 2080	Come death and welcome. Juliet wills it so.	
FTLN 2081	How is 't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.	25
JULIET		
FTLN 2082	It is, it is. Hie hence, begone, away!	
FTLN 2083	It is the lark that sings so out of tune,	
FTLN 2084	Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.	
FTLN 2085	Some say the lark makes sweet division.	
FTLN 2086	This doth not so, for she divideth us.	30
FTLN 2087	Some say the lark and loathed toad 'changed' eyes.	
FTLN 2088	O, now I would they had changed voices too,	
FTLN 2089	Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,	
FTLN 2090	Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.	
FTLN 2091	O, now begone. More light and light it grows.	35

ROMEO

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

Enter Nurse.

NURSE

FTLN 2093 Madam.

JULIET

FTLN 2094 Nurse?

NURSE

FTLN 2095 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

FTLN 2096 The day is broke; be wary; look about.

40

「She exits.」

JULIET

FTLN 2097 Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO

FTLN 2098 Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I'll descend.

「They kiss, and Romeo descends.」

JULIET

FTLN 2099 Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay husband, friend!

FTLN 2100 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

FTLN 2101 For in a minute there are many days.

45

FTLN 2102 O, by this count I shall be much in years

FTLN 2103 Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO

FTLN 2104 Farewell.

FTLN 2105 I will omit no opportunity

FTLN 2106 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

50

JULIET

FTLN 2107 O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

FTLN 2108 I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

FTLN 2109 For sweet discourses in our times to come.

「JULIET」

FTLN 2110 O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

FTLN 2111 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,

55

FTLN 2112 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

FTLN 2113 Either my eyesight fails or thou lookest pale.

ROMEO

FTLN 2114 And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.

FTLN 2115 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

He exits.

JULIET

O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle. 60
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter 「Lady Capulet.」

LADY CAPULET

Ho, daughter, are you up? 65

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well. 70

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of
love, 75
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Feeling so the loss, 80
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

FTLN 2141 That same villain, Romeo. 85

JULIET, *「aside」*

FTLN 2142 Villain and he be many miles asunder.—

FTLN 2143 God pardon *「him.」* I do with all my heart,

FTLN 2144 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2145 That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

FTLN 2146 Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. 90

FTLN 2147 Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2148 We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.

FTLN 2149 Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

FTLN 2150 Where that same banished runagate doth live,

FTLN 2151 Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram 95

FTLN 2152 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.

FTLN 2153 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

FTLN 2154 Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

FTLN 2155 With Romeo till I behold him—dead—

FTLN 2156 Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed. 100

FTLN 2157 Madam, if you could find out but a man

FTLN 2158 To bear a poison, I would temper it,

FTLN 2159 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

FTLN 2160 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

FTLN 2161 To hear him named and cannot come to him 105

FTLN 2162 To wreak the love I bore my cousin

FTLN 2163 Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2164 Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

FTLN 2165 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

FTLN 2166 And joy comes well in such a needy time. 110

FTLN 2167 What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2168 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.

115

JULIET

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.

120

JULIET

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

125

LADY CAPULET

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

130

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,
 But for the sunset of my brother's son
 It rains downright.
 How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
 Evermore show'ring? In one little body
 Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind.
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs,
 Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,
 Without a sudden calm, will overset

135

140

Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir, but she will none, she ^{「gives」} you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave. 145

CAPULET

Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bride? 150

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET

How, how, how, how? Chopped logic? What is this?

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not,” 155

And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next

To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 160

Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!

You tallow face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

JULIET, ^{「kneeling」}

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 165

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not; reply not; do not answer me.

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us 170

blessed

That God had lent us but this only child,
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her.
 Out on her, hilding.

175

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!

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

CAPULET

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

NURSE

I speak no treason.

180

「CAPULET」

O, God 'i' g' eden!

「NURSE」

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

185

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad.

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

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her matched. And having now provided

190

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly 「ligned,」

Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,

Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

195

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer “I'll not wed. I cannot love.

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

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!

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

200

Look to 't; think on 't. I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart; advise.

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, 205
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
 Trust to 't; bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

He exits.

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
 O sweet my mother, cast me not away. 210
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. 215

She exits.

JULIET, *['rising']*

O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on Earth, my faith in heaven.
 How shall that faith return again to Earth
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving Earth? Comfort me; counsel me.— 220
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself.—
 What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is. 225
 Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the County. 230
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match, 235
For it excels your first, or, if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speak'st thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both. 240

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell 245

To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

「*She exits.*」

JULIET

Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue 250

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counselor.

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, myself have power to die. 255

She exits.

「Scene 1」
Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 and County Paris.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

5

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

10

15

FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「*aside*」

I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

177

179

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 1

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

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

PARIS

FTLN 2331	That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday next.	20
	JULIET	
FTLN 2332	What must be shall be.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2333	That’s a certain text.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2334	Come you to make confession to this father?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2335	To answer that, I should confess to you.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2336	Do not deny to him that you love me.	25
	JULIET	
FTLN 2337	I will confess to you that I love him.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2338	So will you, I am sure, that you love me.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2339	If I do so, it will be of more price	
FTLN 2340	Being spoke behind your back than to your face.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2341	Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.	30
	JULIET	
FTLN 2342	The tears have got small victory by that,	
FTLN 2343	For it was bad enough before their spite.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2344	Thou wrong’st it more than tears with that report.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2345	That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,	
FTLN 2346	And what I spake, I spake it to my face.	35
	PARIS	
FTLN 2347	Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2348	It may be so, for it is not mine own.—	

FTLN 2349	Are you at leisure, holy father, now,	
FTLN 2350	Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2351	My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—	40
FTLN 2352	My lord, we must entreat the 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 exits.

JULIET

O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so, 45
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 proroque it,
On Thursday next be married to this County. 50

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,
And with this knife I'll help it presently. 55

['She shows him her knife.']

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both. 60
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
Which the commission of thy years and art 65
Could to no issue of 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.

FTLN 2383	If, rather than to marry County Paris,	
FTLN 2384	Thou hast the strength of will to 「slay」 thyself,	
FTLN 2385	Then is it likely thou wilt undertake	
FTLN 2386	A thing like death to chide away this shame,	75
FTLN 2387	That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;	
FTLN 2388	And if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.	

JULIET

FTLN 2389	O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,	
FTLN 2390	From off the battlements of any tower,	
FTLN 2391	Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk	80
FTLN 2392	Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears,	
FTLN 2393	Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,	
FTLN 2394	O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,	
FTLN 2395	With reeky shanks and yellow 「chapless」 skulls.	
FTLN 2396	Or bid me go into a new-made grave	85
FTLN 2397	And hide me with a dead man in his 「shroud」	
FTLN 2398	(Things that to hear them told have made me	
FTLN 2399	tremble),	
FTLN 2400	And I will do it without fear or doubt,	
FTLN 2401	To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.	90

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2402	Hold, then. Go home; be merry; give consent	
FTLN 2403	To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.	
FTLN 2404	Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone;	
FTLN 2405	Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.	
	「Holding out a vial.」	
FTLN 2406	Take thou this vial, being then in bed,	95
FTLN 2407	And this distilling liquor drink thou off;	
FTLN 2408	When presently through all thy veins shall run	
FTLN 2409	A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse	
FTLN 2410	Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.	
FTLN 2411	No warmth, no 「breath」 shall testify thou livest.	100

FTLN 2412	The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade	
FTLN 2413	To 「paly」 ashes, thy eyes' windows fall	
FTLN 2414	Like death when he shuts up the day of life.	
FTLN 2415	Each part, deprived of supple government,	
FTLN 2416	Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death,	105

FTLN 2417	And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death	
FTLN 2418	Thou shalt continue two and forty hours	
FTLN 2419	And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.	
FTLN 2420	Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes	
FTLN 2421	To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.	110
FTLN 2422	Then, as the manner of our country is,	
FTLN 2423	「In」 thy best robes uncovered on the bier	
FTLN 2424	Thou 「shalt」 be borne to that same ancient vault	
FTLN 2425	Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.	
FTLN 2426	In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,	115
FTLN 2427	Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,	
FTLN 2428	And hither shall he come, and he and I	
FTLN 2429	Will watch thy 「waking,」 and that very night	
FTLN 2430	Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.	
FTLN 2431	And this shall free thee from this present shame,	120
FTLN 2432	If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear	
FTLN 2433	Abate thy valor in the acting it.	
JULIET		
FTLN 2434	Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!	
FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「 <i>giving Juliet the vial</i> 」		
FTLN 2435	Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous	
FTLN 2436	In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed	125
FTLN 2437	To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.	
JULIET		
FTLN 2438	Love give me strength, and strength shall help	
FTLN 2439	afford.	
FTLN 2440	Farewell, dear father.	
	「 <i>They</i> 」 exit 「 <i>in different directions.</i> 」	

「Scene 2」

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

CAPULET

FTLN 2441	So many guests invite as here are writ. 「One or two of the Servingmen exit with Capulet's list.」	
FTLN 2442	Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 2443	You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if	
FTLN 2444	they can lick their fingers. CAPULET	
FTLN 2445	How canst thou try them so?	5
FTLN 2446	SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 2447	Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick	
FTLN 2448	his own fingers. Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me. CAPULET	
FTLN 2449	Go, begone. 「Servingman exits.」	
FTLN 2450	We shall be much unfurnished for this time.—	10
FTLN 2451	What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence? NURSE	
FTLN 2452	Ay, forsooth. CAPULET	
FTLN 2453	Well, he may chance to do some good on her.	
FTLN 2454	A peevish 「self-willed」 harlotry it is. <i>Enter Juliet.</i>	
FTLN 2455	NURSE See where she comes from shrift with merry look.	15
FTLN 2456	CAPULET	
FTLN 2457	How now, my headstrong, where have you been gadding?	
FTLN 2458	JULIET	
FTLN 2459	Where I have learned me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition	
FTLN 2460	To you and your behests, and am enjoined	20
FTLN 2461	By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here 「Kneeling.」	
FTLN 2462	To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you.	
FTLN 2463	Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.	

CAPULET

Send for the County. Go tell him of this.

I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

25

JULIET

I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell

And gave him what becomèd love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on 't. This is well. Stand up.

「Juliet rises.」

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the County.

30

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

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?

35

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, nurse. Go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

「Juliet and the Nurse」 exit.

LADY CAPULET

We shall be short in our provision.

'Tis now near night.

40

CAPULET

Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet. Help to deck up her.

I'll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!—

45

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare up him

Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

「They」 exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET

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

5

Enter 「Lady Capulet.」

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam, we have culled such necessities
As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

10

LADY CAPULET

Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

「Lady Capulet and the Nurse」 exit.

JULIET

Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.

15

「She takes out the vial.」

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

*「She takes out her knife
and puts it down beside her.」*

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison which the Friar

25

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man. 30
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, 35
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle 40
 Where for this many hundred years the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort— 45
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O, if I 'wake, I shall I not be distraught, 50
 Environèd with all these hideous fears,
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains? 55
 O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point! Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to
 thee. 60

*She drinks and falls upon her bed
 within the curtains.*

「Scene 4」

Enter 「Lady Capulet」 and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET

Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter old Capulet.

CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed.

The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.—

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.

Spare not for cost.

NURSE

Go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow

For this night's watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you from such watching now.

Lady 「Capulet」 and Nurse exit.

CAPULET

A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

*Enter three or four 「Servingmen」 with spits and logs
and baskets.*

Now fellow,

What is there?

5

10

15

「FIRST SERVINGMAN」

Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste.

「*First Servingman exits.*」

Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

20

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 5

「SECOND SERVINGMAN」

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs

And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET

Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha!

Thou shalt be loggerhead.

「*Second Servingman exits.*」

Good 「faith,」 'tis day.

25

The County will be here with music straight,

Play music.

For so he said he would. I hear him near.—

Nurse!—Wife! What ho!—What, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up.

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

30

Make haste. The bridegroom he is come already.

Make haste, I say.

「*He exits.*」

「Scene 5」

NURSE, 「*approaching the bed*」

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant

her, she—

Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slugabed!

Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!—

FTLN 2586	What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths	5
FTLN 2587	now.	
FTLN 2588	Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,	
FTLN 2589	The County Paris hath set up his rest	
FTLN 2590	That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,	
FTLN 2591	Marry, and amen! How sound is she asleep!	10
FTLN 2592	I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!	
FTLN 2593	Ay, let the County take you in your bed,	

199	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 4. SC. 5
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FTLN 2594	He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?	
	「 <i>She opens the bed's curtains.</i> 」	
FTLN 2595	What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down	
FTLN 2596	again?	15
FTLN 2597	I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—	
FTLN 2598	Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead.—	
FTLN 2599	O, weraday, that ever I was born!—	
FTLN 2600	Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!	

「*Enter Lady Capulet.*」

LADY CAPULET		
FTLN 2601	What noise is here?	20
NURSE		

FTLN 2602	O lamentable day!	
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LADY CAPULET		
FTLN 2603	What is the matter?	
NURSE		

FTLN 2604	Look, look!—O heavy day!	
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LADY CAPULET		
FTLN 2605	O me! O me! My child, my only life,	
FTLN 2606	Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.	25
FTLN 2607	Help, help! Call help.	

Enter 「*Capulet.*」

CAPULET		
FTLN 2608	For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.	
NURSE		

FTLN 2609	She's dead, deceased. She's dead, alack the day!	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2610	Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2611	Ha, let me see her! Out, alas, she's cold.	30
FTLN 2612	Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.	
FTLN 2613	Life and these lips have long been separated.	
FTLN 2614	Death lies on her like an untimely frost	
FTLN 2615	Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2616	O lamentable day!	35
201	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 4. SC. 5
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2617	O woeful time!	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2618	Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,	
FTLN 2619	Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.	
	<i>Enter Friar [Lawrence] and the County [Paris, with Musicians.]</i>	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2620	Come, is the bride ready to go to church?	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2621	Ready to go, but never to return.—	40
FTLN 2622	O son, the night before thy wedding day	
FTLN 2623	Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,	
FTLN 2624	Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.	
FTLN 2625	Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.	
FTLN 2626	My daughter he hath wedded. I will die	45
FTLN 2627	And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2628	Have I thought [long] to see this morning's face,	
FTLN 2629	And doth it give me such a sight as this?	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2630	Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!	
FTLN 2631	Most miserable hour that e'er time saw	50
FTLN 2632	In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!	

FTLN 2633	But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,	
FTLN 2634	But one thing to rejoice and solace in,	
FTLN 2635	And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2636	O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!	55
FTLN 2637	Most lamentable day, most woeful day	
FTLN 2638	That ever, ever I did yet behold!	
FTLN 2639	O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!	
FTLN 2640	Never was seen so black a day as this!	
FTLN 2641	O woeful day, O woeful day!	60
	PARIS	
FTLN 2642	Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!	
203	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	ACT 4. SC. 5
FTLN 2643	Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,	
FTLN 2644	By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!	
FTLN 2645	O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2646	Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!	65
FTLN 2647	Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now	
FTLN 2648	To murder, murder our solemnity?	
FTLN 2649	O child! O child! My soul and not my child!	
FTLN 2650	Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,	
FTLN 2651	And with my child my joys are burièd.	70
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2652	Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's 「cure」 lives not	
FTLN 2653	In these confusions. Heaven and yourself	
FTLN 2654	Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,	
FTLN 2655	And all the better is it for the maid.	
FTLN 2656	Your part in her you could not keep from death,	75
FTLN 2657	But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.	
FTLN 2658	The most you sought was her promotion,	
FTLN 2659	For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced;	
FTLN 2660	And weep you now, seeing she is advanced	
FTLN 2661	Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?	80
FTLN 2662	O, in this love you love your child so ill	
FTLN 2663	That you run mad, seeing that she is well.	
FTLN 2664	She's not well married that lives married long,	
FTLN 2665	But she's best married that dies married young.	

FTLN 2666	Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary	85
FTLN 2667	On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,	
FTLN 2668	And in her best array, bear her to church,	
FTLN 2669	For though 「fond」 nature bids us all lament,	
FTLN 2670	Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.	

CAPULET

FTLN 2671	All things that we ordained festival	90
FTLN 2672	Turn from their office to black funeral:	
FTLN 2673	Our instruments to melancholy bells,	
FTLN 2674	Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,	
FTLN 2675	Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,	

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 5

FTLN 2676	Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,	95
FTLN 2677	And all things change them to the contrary.	

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2678	Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,	
FTLN 2679	And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare	
FTLN 2680	To follow this fair corse unto her grave.	
FTLN 2681	The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.	100
FTLN 2682	Move them no more by crossing their high will.	

「All but the Nurse and the Musicians」 exit.

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2683	Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.	
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NURSE

FTLN 2684	Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,	
FTLN 2685	For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.	

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2686	Ay, 「by」 my troth, the case may be amended.	105
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「Nurse」 exits.

Enter 「Peter.」

PETER

FTLN 2687	Musicians, O musicians, “Heart’s ease,”	
FTLN 2688	“Heart’s ease.” O, an you will have me live, play	
FTLN 2689	“Heart’s ease.”	

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2690	Why “Heart’s ease?”	
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	PETER	
FTLN 2691	O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My	110
FTLN 2692	heart is full.” O, play me some merry dump to	
FTLN 2693	comfort me.	
	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2694	Not a dump, we. ’Tis no time to play	
FTLN 2695	now.	
	PETER	
FTLN 2696	You will not then?	115
	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2697	No.	
	PETER	
FTLN 2698	I will then give it you soundly.	
	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2699	What will you give us?	
	PETER	
FTLN 2700	No money, on my faith, but the gleeek. I will give	
FTLN 2701	you the minstrel.	120
	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2702	Then will I give you the	
FTLN 2703	serving-creature.	

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ACT 4. SC. 5

	PETER	
FTLN 2704	Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger on	
FTLN 2705	your pate. I will carry no crochets. I’ll <i>re</i> you, I’ll <i>fa</i>	
FTLN 2706	you. Do you note me?	125
	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2707	An you <i>re</i> us and <i>fa</i> us, you note us.	
	SECOND 「MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2708	Pray you, put up your dagger and	
FTLN 2709	put out your wit.	
	「PETER」	
FTLN 2710	Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat	
FTLN 2711	you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.	130
FTLN 2712	Answer me like men.	
FTLN 2713	「Sings.」 <i>When griping griefs the heart doth wound</i>	
FTLN 2714	<i>And doleful dumps the mind oppress,」</i>	
FTLN 2715	<i>Then music with her silver sound—</i>	

FTLN 2716	Why “silver sound”? Why “music with her silver	135
FTLN 2717	sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?	
	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2718	Marry, sir, because silver hath a	
FTLN 2719	sweet sound.	
	PETER	
FTLN 2720	Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?	
	SECOND 「MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2721	I say “silver sound” because musicians	140
FTLN 2722	sound for silver.	
	PETER	
FTLN 2723	Prates too.—What say you, James Soundpost?	
	THIRD 「MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2724	Faith, I know not what to say.	
	PETER	
FTLN 2725	O, I cry you mercy. You are the singer. I will say	
FTLN 2726	for you. It is “music with her silver sound” because	145
FTLN 2727	musicians have no gold for sounding:	
FTLN 2728	「Sings.」 <i>Then music with her silver sound</i>	
FTLN 2729	<i>With speedy help doth lend redress.</i>	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2730	What a pestilent knave is this same!	
	SECOND 「MUSICIAN」	
FTLN 2731	Hang him, Jack. Come, we’ll in	150
FTLN 2732	here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.	
	「They」 <i>exit.</i>	

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」
Enter Romeo.

ROMEO

FTLN 2733	If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,	
FTLN 2734	My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.	
FTLN 2735	My bosom's 「lord」 sits lightly in his throne,	
FTLN 2736	And all this day an unaccustomed spirit	
FTLN 2737	Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.	5
FTLN 2738	I dreamt my lady came and found me dead	
FTLN 2739	(Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to	
FTLN 2740	think!)	
FTLN 2741	And breathed such life with kisses in my lips	
FTLN 2742	That I revived and was an emperor.	10
FTLN 2743	Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed	
FTLN 2744	When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!	

Enter Romeo's man 「Balthasar, in riding boots.」

FTLN 2745	News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?	
FTLN 2746	Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?	
FTLN 2747	How doth my lady? Is my father well?	15
FTLN 2748	How doth my Juliet? That I ask again,	
FTLN 2749	For nothing can be ill if she be well.	

BALTHASAR

FTLN 2750	Then she is well and nothing can be ill.	
FTLN 2751	Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,	
FTLN 2752	And her immortal part with angels lives.	20

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 5. SC. 1

FTLN 2753	I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault	
FTLN 2754	And presently took post to tell it you.	
FTLN 2755	O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,	
FTLN 2756	Since you did leave it for my office, sir.	

ROMEO

FTLN 2757	Is it e'en so?—Then I deny you, stars!—	25
FTLN 2758	Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper,	
FTLN 2759	And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.	

BALTHASAR

FTLN 2760	I do beseech you, sir, have patience.	
FTLN 2761	Your looks are pale and wild and do import	
FTLN 2762	Some misadventure.	30

ROMEO

FTLN 2763
FTLN 2764
FTLN 2765

FTLN 2766

FTLN 2767
FTLN 2768

FTLN 2769
FTLN 2770
FTLN 2771
FTLN 2772
FTLN 2773
FTLN 2774
FTLN 2775
FTLN 2776
FTLN 2777
FTLN 2778
FTLN 2779
FTLN 2780
FTLN 2781
FTLN 2782
FTLN 2783
FTLN 2784

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.
「*Balthasar*」 *exits.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means. 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, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples. Meager were his looks.
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 account of empty boxes,
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, to myself I said

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Romeo and Juliet

ACT 5. SC. 1

FTLN 2785
FTLN 2786
FTLN 2787
FTLN 2788
FTLN 2789
FTLN 2790
FTLN 2791
FTLN 2792

“An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.” 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! 60

「*Enter Apothecary.*」

APOTHECARY

FTLN 2793 Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

FTLN 2794 Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

「*He offers money.*」

FTLN 2795 Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have

FTLN 2796 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear

FTLN 2797 As will disperse itself through all the veins, 65

FTLN 2798 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,

FTLN 2799 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath

FTLN 2800 As violently as hasty powder fired

FTLN 2801 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY

FTLN 2802 Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law 70

FTLN 2803 Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

FTLN 2804 Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

FTLN 2805 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,

FTLN 2806 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

FTLN 2807 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. 75

FTLN 2808 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

FTLN 2809 The world affords no law to make thee rich.

FTLN 2810 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY

FTLN 2811 My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

FTLN 2812 I 「pay」 thy poverty and not thy will. 80

APOTHECARY, 「*giving him the poison*」

FTLN 2813 Put this in any liquid thing you will

FTLN 2814 And drink it off, and if you had the strength

FTLN 2815 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO, 「*handing him the money*」

FTLN 2816 There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,

FTLN 2817 Doing more murder in this loathsome world 85

FTLN 2818 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
FTLN 2819 sell.

FTLN 2820 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

FTLN 2821	Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.	
	<i>「Apothecary exits.」</i>	
FTLN 2822	Come, cordial and not poison, go with me	90
FTLN 2823	To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.	
	<i>「He exits.」</i>	

「Scene 2」
Enter Friar John.

	FRIAR JOHN	
FTLN 2824	Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!	

Enter 「Friar」 Lawrence.

	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2825	This same should be the voice of Friar John.—	
FTLN 2826	Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?	
FTLN 2827	Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.	

	FRIAR JOHN	
FTLN 2828	Going to find a barefoot brother out,	5
FTLN 2829	One of our order, to associate me,	
FTLN 2830	Here in this city visiting the sick,	
FTLN 2831	And finding him, the searchers of the town,	
FTLN 2832	Suspecting that we both were in a house	
FTLN 2833	Where the infectious pestilence did reign,	10
FTLN 2834	Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth,	
FTLN 2835	So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.	

	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2836	Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?	
	FRIAR JOHN	
FTLN 2837	I could not send it—here it is again—	
	<i>「Returning the letter.」</i>	
FTLN 2838	Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,	15
FTLN 2839	So fearful were they of infection.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	

FTLN 2840	Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,	
FTLN 2841	The letter was not nice but full of charge,	
FTLN 2842	Of dear import, and the neglecting it	
FTLN 2843	May do much danger. Friar John, go hence.	20
FTLN 2844	Get me an iron crow and bring it straight	
FTLN 2845	Unto my cell.	
	FRIAR JOHN	
FTLN 2846	Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2847	Now must I to the monument alone.	
FTLN 2848	Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.	25
FTLN 2849	She will beshrew me much that Romeo	
FTLN 2850	Hath had no notice of these accidents.	
FTLN 2851	But I will write again to Mantua,	
FTLN 2852	And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.	
FTLN 2853	Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!	30
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	「Scene 3」 <i>Enter Paris and his Page.</i>	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2854	Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof.	
FTLN 2855	Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.	
FTLN 2856	Under yond 「yew」 trees lay thee all along,	
FTLN 2857	Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground.	
FTLN 2858	So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread	5
FTLN 2859	(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)	
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FTLN 2860	But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me	
FTLN 2861	As signal that thou hearest something approach.	
FTLN 2862	Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee. Go.	
	PAGE, 「aside」	
FTLN 2863	I am almost afraid to stand alone	10
FTLN 2864	Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.	

「He moves away from Paris.」

PARIS, 「scattering flowers」

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew

(O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!)

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

「Page」 whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.

「He steps aside.」

Enter Romeo and 「Balthasar.」

ROMEO

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady's face,

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment. Therefore hence, begone.

But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I farther shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

「BALTHASAR」

FTLN 2893	I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.	40
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2894	So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.	
	「Giving money.」	
FTLN 2895	Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.	
	「BALTHASAR, <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2896	For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.	
FTLN 2897	His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.	
	「He steps aside.」	
	ROMEO, 「beginning to force open the tomb」	
FTLN 2898	Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,	45
FTLN 2899	Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,	
FTLN 2900	Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,	
FTLN 2901	And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2902	This is that banished haughty Montague	
FTLN 2903	That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief	50
FTLN 2904	It is supposed the fair creature died,	
FTLN 2905	And here is come to do some villainous shame	
FTLN 2906	To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.	
	「Stepping forward.」	
FTLN 2907	Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.	
FTLN 2908	Can vengeance be pursued further than death?	55
FTLN 2909	Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee.	
FTLN 2910	Obey and go with me, for thou must die.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2911	I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.	
FTLN 2912	Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.	
FTLN 2913	Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone.	60
FTLN 2914	Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,	

FTLN 2915	Put not another sin upon my head	
FTLN 2916	By urging me to fury. O, begone!	
FTLN 2917	By heaven, I love thee better than myself,	
FTLN 2918	For I come hither armed against myself.	65
FTLN 2919	Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say	
FTLN 2920	A madman's mercy bid thee run away.	
	PARIS	

FTLN 2921	I do defy thy 「commination」	
FTLN 2922	And apprehend thee for a felon here.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2923	Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!	70
	「They draw and fight.」	
	「PAGE」	
FTLN 2924	O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.	
	「He exits.」	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2925	O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,	
FTLN 2926	Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.	
	「He dies.」	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2927	In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.	
FTLN 2928	Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!	75
FTLN 2929	What said my man when my betossèd soul	
FTLN 2930	Did not attend him as we rode? I think	
FTLN 2931	He told me Paris should have married Juliet.	
FTLN 2932	Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?	
FTLN 2933	Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,	80
FTLN 2934	To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,	
FTLN 2935	One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!	
FTLN 2936	I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—	
	「He opens the tomb.」	
FTLN 2937	A grave? O, no. A lantern, slaughtered youth,	
FTLN 2938	For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes	85
FTLN 2939	This vault a feasting presence full of light.—	
FTLN 2940	Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.	
	「Laying Paris in the tomb.」	
FTLN 2941	How oft when men are at the point of death	
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FTLN 2942	Have they been merry, which their keepers call	
FTLN 2943	A light'ning before death! O, how may I	90
FTLN 2944	Call this a light'ning?—O my love, my wife,	
FTLN 2945	Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,	
FTLN 2946	Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.	
FTLN 2947	Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet	
FTLN 2948	Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,	95

FTLN 2949	And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—	
FTLN 2950	Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?	
FTLN 2951	O, what more favor can I do to thee	
FTLN 2952	Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain	
FTLN 2953	To sunder his that was thine enemy?	100
FTLN 2954	Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,	
FTLN 2955	Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe	
FTLN 2956	That unsubstantial death is amorous,	
FTLN 2957	And that the lean abhorred monster keeps	
FTLN 2958	Thee here in dark to be his paramour?	105
FTLN 2959	For fear of that I still will stay with thee	
FTLN 2960	And never from this 'palace' of dim night	
FTLN 2961	Depart again. Here, here will I remain	
FTLN 2962	With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here	
FTLN 2963	Will I set up my everlasting rest	110
FTLN 2964	And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars	
FTLN 2965	From this world-wearied flesh! Eyes, look your last.	
FTLN 2966	Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you	
FTLN 2967	The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss	
FTLN 2968	A dateless bargain to engrossing death.	115
	<i>'Kissing Juliet.'</i>	
FTLN 2969	Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!	
FTLN 2970	Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on	
FTLN 2971	The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!	
FTLN 2972	Here's to my love. <i>'Drinking.'</i> O true apothecary,	
FTLN 2973	Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.	120
	<i>'He dies.'</i>	

Enter Friar 'Lawrence' with lantern, crow, and spade.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

'BALTHASAR'

Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light

FTLN 2979	To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,	
FTLN 2980	It burneth in the Capels' monument.	
	「BALTHASAR」	
FTLN 2981	It doth so, holy sir, and there's my master,	
FTLN 2982	One that you love.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2983	Who is it?	130
	「BALTHASAR」	
FTLN 2984	Romeo.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2985	How long hath he been there?	
	「BALTHASAR」	
FTLN 2986	Full half an hour.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2987	Go with me to the vault.	
	「BALTHASAR」	
FTLN 2988	I dare not, sir.	135
FTLN 2989	My master knows not but I am gone hence,	
FTLN 2990	And fearfully did menace me with death	
FTLN 2991	If I did stay to look on his intents.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2992	Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.	
FTLN 2993	O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.	140
	「BALTHASAR」	
FTLN 2994	As I did sleep under this 「yew」 tree here,	
FTLN 2995	I dreamt my master and another fought,	
FTLN 2996	And that my master slew him.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「 <i>moving toward the tomb</i> 」	
FTLN 2997	Romeo!—	
FTLN 2998	Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains	145
FTLN 2999	The stony entrance of this sepulcher?	
FTLN 3000	What mean these masterless and gory swords	

FTLN 3001	To lie discolored by this place of peace?	
FTLN 3002	Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?	
FTLN 3003	And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour	150
FTLN 3004	Is guilty of this lamentable chance!	
FTLN 3005	The lady stirs.	

JULIET

O comfortable friar, where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

155

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.

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.

160

JULIET

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

165

He exits.

What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—

O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after! I will kiss thy lips.

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

170

She kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

Enter Paris's Page and Watch.

「FIRST」 WATCH

Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O, happy dagger,

This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die.

175

She takes Romeo's dagger, stabs herself, and dies.

「PAGE」

This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

「FIRST」 WATCH

FTLN 3030	The ground is bloody.—Search about the	
FTLN 3031	churchyard.	
FTLN 3032	Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.	
	<i>「Some watchmen exit.」</i>	
FTLN 3033	Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,	180
FTLN 3034	And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,	
FTLN 3035	Who here hath lain this two days burièd.—	
FTLN 3036	Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.	
FTLN 3037	Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.	
	<i>「Others exit.」</i>	
FTLN 3038	We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,	185
FTLN 3039	But the true ground of all these piteous woes	
FTLN 3040	We cannot without circumstance descry.	
	<i>Enter 「Watchmen with」 Romeo's man 「Balthasar.」</i>	
	<i>「SECOND」 WATCH</i>	
FTLN 3041	Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the	
FTLN 3042	churchyard.	
	<i>「FIRST」 WATCH</i>	
FTLN 3043	Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.	190
	<i>Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 and another Watchman.</i>	
	<i>THIRD WATCH</i>	
FTLN 3044	Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.	
FTLN 3045	We took this mattock and this spade from him	
FTLN 3046	As he was coming from this churchyard's side.	
	<i>「FIRST」 WATCH</i>	
FTLN 3047	A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.	
	<i>Enter the Prince 「with Attendants.」</i>	
	<i>PRINCE</i>	
FTLN 3048	What misadventure is so early up	195
FTLN 3049	That calls our person from our morning rest?	

CAPULET

What should it be that is 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.

200

PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in 「our」 ears?

「FIRST」 WATCH

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.

205

「FIRST」 WATCH

Here is a friar, and 「slaughtered」 Romeo’s man,

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 house

Is empty on the back of Montague,

And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter’s bosom.

210

LADY CAPULET

O me, this sight of death is as a bell

That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

215

Enter Montague.

PRINCE

Come, Montague, for thou art early up

To see thy son and heir now 「early」 down.

MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.

Grief of my son’s exile hath stopped her breath.

FTLN 3073	What further woe conspires against mine age?	220
	PRINCE	
FTLN 3074	Look, and thou shalt see.	
	MONTAGUE, 「 <i>seeing Romeo dead</i> 」	
FTLN 3075	O thou untaught! What manners is in this,	
FTLN 3076	To press before thy father to a grave?	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 3077	Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile,	
FTLN 3078	Till we can clear these ambiguities	225
FTLN 3079	And know their spring, their head, their true	
FTLN 3080	descent,	
FTLN 3081	And then will I be general of your woes	
FTLN 3082	And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,	
FTLN 3083	And let mischance be slave to patience.—	230
FTLN 3084	Bring forth the parties of suspicion.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 3085	I am the greatest, able to do least,	
FTLN 3086	Yet most suspected, as the time and place	
FTLN 3087	Doth make against me, of this direful murder.	
FTLN 3088	And here I stand, both to impeach and purge	235
FTLN 3089	Myself condemnèd and myself excused.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 3090	Then say at once what thou dost know in this.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 3091	I will be brief, for my short date of breath	
FTLN 3092	Is not so long as is a tedious tale.	
FTLN 3093	Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,	240
FTLN 3094	And she, there dead, 「that」 Romeo's faithful wife.	
FTLN 3095	I married them, and their stol'n marriage day	
FTLN 3096	Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death	
FTLN 3097	Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city,	
FTLN 3098	For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.	245
FTLN 3099	You, to remove that siege of grief from her,	
FTLN 3100	Betrothed and would have married her perforce	
FTLN 3101	To County Paris. Then comes she to me,	
FTLN 3102	And with wild looks bid me devise some mean	

FTLN 3103	To rid her from this second marriage,	250
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FTLN 3104	Or in my cell there would she kill herself.	
FTLN 3105	Then gave I her (so tutored by my art)	
FTLN 3106	A sleeping potion, which so took effect	
FTLN 3107	As I intended, for it wrought on her	
FTLN 3108	The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo	255
FTLN 3109	That he should hither come as this dire night	
FTLN 3110	To help to take her from her borrowed grave,	
FTLN 3111	Being the time the potion's force should cease.	
FTLN 3112	But he which bore my letter, Friar John,	
FTLN 3113	Was stayed by accident, and yesternight	260
FTLN 3114	Returned my letter back. Then all alone	
FTLN 3115	At the prefixèd hour of her waking	
FTLN 3116	Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,	
FTLN 3117	Meaning to keep her closely at my cell	
FTLN 3118	Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.	265
FTLN 3119	But when I came, some minute ere the time	
FTLN 3120	Of her awakening, here untimely lay	
FTLN 3121	The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.	
FTLN 3122	She wakes, and I entreated her come forth	
FTLN 3123	And bear this work of heaven with patience.	270
FTLN 3124	But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,	
FTLN 3125	And she, too desperate, would not go with me	
FTLN 3126	But, as it seems, did violence on herself.	
FTLN 3127	All this I know, and to the marriage	
FTLN 3128	Her nurse is privy. And if aught in this	275
FTLN 3129	Miscarried by my fault, let my old life	
FTLN 3130	Be sacrificed some hour before his time	
FTLN 3131	Unto the rigor of severest law.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 3132	We still have known thee for a holy man.—	
FTLN 3133	Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?	280
	BALTHASAR	
FTLN 3134	I brought my master news of Juliet's death,	
FTLN 3135	And then in post he came from Mantua	
FTLN 3136	To this same place, to this same monument.	

FTLN 3137	This letter he early bid me give his father	
FTLN 3138	And threatened me with death, going in the vault,	285
FTLN 3139		

If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE

Give me the letter. I will look on it.—

〔He takes Romeo's letter.〕

Where is the County's page, that raised the
watch?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 290

PAGE

He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And by and by my master drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the watch. 295

PRINCE

This letter doth make good the Friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death;

And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet. 300

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 too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished. 305

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more

Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,

For I will ray her statue in pure gold, 310

That whiles Verona by that name is known,

There shall no figure at such rate be set

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,

Poor sacrifices of our enmity. 315

PRINCE

FTLN 3169
FTLN 3170
FTLN 3171
FTLN 3172
FTLN 3173
FTLN 3174

A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

320

「*All exit.*」
