

Romeo ∞ Juliet

Redux

by w. shakespeare
adapted by charles m pepiton

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,
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[2.2.131-135]

“The revelation of Juliet’s nature here might be called an epiphany in the religion of love...the entire play could be regarded as a dawn song that, alas, is out of phase.” – Harold Bloom

Foreword

What do we know about Romeo and Juliet? Why bring them back? Two young lovers meet, fall for each other in an instant, marry, are torn apart by their warring families, and die together by their own hands so that the feud may end. I'm sorry to spoil it for you, but we're told nearly that much in the prologue. Why then do we continue staging the play? Perhaps, as a friend replied when I put the same question to him, we want to have our hearts broken again. A good answer.

I'm curious about time and the way our classics change, or don't change, given the progression of years, the repetition of history, and the unreliability of memory. I'm curious about how we inevitably read ourselves as we recall the classics and about how we resurrect our ancestors as we revisit and take apart their work. What does our particular point on the timeline help us to understand about this play that we haven't already considered? Isn't it arrogant to assume we have some new insight in the first place? In that case, what have we forgotten? As I was thinking through these questions, one thing became clear. I wanted to somehow unpack the play from our expectations, to disrupt our assumptions. All transformation implies disorder.

Romeo and Juliet die, but the play is not about their death. They love, but the play is not about their passion. If it were about either of these, I suspect we might not be told the entire plot in the first 14 lines of the play. Instead, I propose that Shakespeare's play is about the transformative power of a choice, despite all evidence and warnings to the contrary, to fully connect with another, that simultaneously selfish and selfless act wherein strength is found in weakness. Juliet makes this choice as she utters the five lines that literary critic Harold Bloom calls "the most exalted declaration of romantic love in the language." Her declaration is two moments in one.

This adaptation is about how such an event can be two very contradictory yet simultaneous moments. She lives as she dies. She heals as she kills. Einstein tells us, "...all our judgments in which time plays a part are always judgments of simultaneous events," but what if we experienced time not as a line but as a continuous sequential loop? Consider time instead as a Möbius strip with no clear beginning or ending. Time moves at once forward and backward, the past hovering just below the future. What if we were to allow this dawn song to shift itself back into phase?

- Charles M Pepiton

SCENE 1

Prologue - Act I, Scene 1

(TYBALT)

CHORUS (Tybalt's voice)

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

SCENE 2

Act V, Scene 3B

[ROMEO & JULIET]

ROMEO [enters]

A grave? O no, a lantern, slaughtered youth,
For, here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! Which their keepers call
A light'ning before death. O how may I
Call this a light'ning? O my love, my wife,
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [kisses Juliet]
Come, bitter conduct, come unsavory guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks they sea-sick weary bark.
Here's to my love! [drinks] O true apothecary!

[Juliet awakes]

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [kisses Juliet]

JULIET

O Romeo? Romeo? Romeo!

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. [kisses Romeo]

Thy lips are warm! [finding Romeo's dagger] O, happy dagger.

This is thy sheath! [stabs herself] There rust, and let me die.

SCENE 3

Prologue – Act II

[MERCUTIO]

CHORUS (Mercutio's voice)

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,
Alike betwitchèd 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;
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.

SCENE 4

Act I, Scene 1a

[SAMPSON, GREGORY, ABRAHAM, BENVOLIO, TYBALT, & PRINCE]

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I
have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the
maids, and cut off their heads.

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;
take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY

Draw thy tool! here comes
two of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out. Let us take the law of our sides;
Let them begin.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

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

[Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR]

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

[Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side, if I say
ay?

GREGORY

No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAHAM

No better.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

GREGORY

Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.

[They fight]

[Enter BENVOLIO]

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[Breaks them up.]

[Enter TYBALT]

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward!

[They fight]

[Enter PRINCE]

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-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 mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your movéd prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd 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,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

SCENE 5

Act I, Scene 1b

[LORD MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, & BENVOLIO]

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 worshipped sun

Peered forth the golden window of the east,

Underneath the grove of sycamore

So early walking did I see your son.

LADY MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Should in the furthest east begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from the light steals home my heavy son,

And private in his chamber pens himself,

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And makes himself an artificial night.

MONTAGUE

Black and portentous must this humor prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

So please you, step aside.

I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

[They exit]

SCENE 6

Act I, Scene 2a

[LORD CAPULET, & PARIS]

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?

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.
My will to her consent is but a part.
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, not of the house of Montagues,
And you, most welcome. Look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-appareled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me.

[They exit]

SCENE 7

Act V, Scene 1b

[ROMEO & APOTHECARY]

ROMEO

What, ho! Apothec'ry!

APOTHECARY [enters]

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this!

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY

Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

Farewell. Buy food and get theyself in flesh.

[aside] Come, cordial and not poison, go with me

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

SCENE 8

Act I, Scene 3

[LADY CAPULET, NURSE, & JULIET]

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!

JULIET [enters]

How now, who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.

[Nurse goes to exit.]

Nurse, come back again!
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
And I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
So shall you share all that he doth possess
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move,
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

LADY CAPULET

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[They exit]

SCENE 9

Act I, Scenes 1c+2b

[BENVOLIO & ROMEO]

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

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?

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!

ROMEO

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

What fray was here?

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

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

Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O anything of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea raging with lovers' tears;
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented, and—

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO

In sadness, coz, I do love Rosaline.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Well in that hit you miss! She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,
And in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties!

ROMEO

One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
At this night's ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires.
And these who, often drowned, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

[They exit]

SCENE 10

Act IV, Scene 5

[NURSE, LADY CAPULET, LORD CAPULET, & JULIET]

NURSE

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she.

Why, lamb, why lady! Fie, you slug-abed!

What dressed? And in your clothes? And down again?

I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!

O, weraday that ever I was born!

LADY CAPULET [outside]

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET [enters]

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

O me, O me! My child, my only life!

Help, help! Call help!

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

NURSE

She's dead, deceased. She's dead! Alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET [enters]

Ha! Let me see her. Out alas. She's cold.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

CAPULET

All things that we ordainéd festival
Turn from their office to black funeral,
Our instuments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change.

SCENE 11

Act V, Scene 2

[FRIAR LAURENCE & FRIAR JOHN]

FRIAR JOHN [enters]

Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

FRIAR LAURENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?

Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth,

So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it—here it is again —

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge,

Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,

Get me an iron crow and bring it straight

Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, Ill go and bring it thee.

[exit John]

FRIAR LAURENCE

Now must I to the monument alone.
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents,
But I will write again to Mantua,
Any keep her at my cell till Romeo come—
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[exit LAURENCE]

SCENE 12

Act I, Scene 4

[ROMEO, MERCUTIO, & BENVOLIO]

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.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings

And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpiercèd 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.

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 boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

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.

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 proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:
I'll be a candle holder and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MERCUTIO

Tit, dun's the mouse,
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie!

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true!

MERCUTIO

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!

BENVOLIO

Queen Mab? What's she?

MERCUTIO

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, who dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she...

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

[All exit]

SCENE 13

Act I, Scene 5

[LORD & LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, PARIS, NURSE, JULIET, ROMEO, BENVOLIO,
MERCUTIO, et al]

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen. Ah ha, my mistresses!
Which of you all will now deny to dance?
Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day that I could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, such as would please.
'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone. You are welcome, gentlemen!
Come, musicians, play!

[ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter masked.]

ROMEO [seeing Juliet]

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT [aside]

This, by his voice, should be a Montague!
What, dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
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
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.
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.

TYBALT

I'll not endure him!

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!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests?

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!

CAPULET

Go to, go to!
You are a saucy boy! Is't so, indeed?
You must contrary me?
You are a princox! Go,
Be quiet, or—
For shame, I'll make you quiet!

TYBALT [aside]

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.

ROMEO [taking Juliet's hand]

If I profane with my unworthy hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this,
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray: Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. [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!
Give me my sin again. [kisses her]

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

[Juliet goes]

ROMEO [to Nurse]

What is her mother?

NURSE

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

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

ROMEO [aside] Is she a Capulet?

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

BENVOLIO

Away, be gone! The sport is at the best!

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?

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

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name. [Nurse goes]

[aside] If he be married, my grave is like to be my wedding bed!

NURSE

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

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.

LADY CAPULET [offstage]

Juliet!

NURSE

Anon, anon.

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

[They exit]

SCENE 14

Act II, Scene 1

[BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He's wise,

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

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leaped 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!

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.

Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce but "love" and "dove".—

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,

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

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him!

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

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
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open-arse and thou a pop'rin pear!
Romeo, good night.—I'll to my truckle bed.
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

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

[They exit]

SCENE 15

Act II, Scene 2

[ROMEO, JULIET, NURSE]

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[JULIET enters at window]

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious,

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

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

It is my lady. O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

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

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

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

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head

As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO [to Juliet]

I take thee at they word.
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreened 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.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How came'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch 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!

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,
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.

NURSE [inside]

Juliet!

JULIET

[to her] Anon, good Nurse!
[to him] Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little; I will come again. [goes in]

ROMEO

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

JULIET [comes out again]

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

NURSE [inside]

Madam!

JULIET

[to her] I come, anon!
[to him] But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE [inside]

Madam!

JULIET

[to her] By and by I come!
[to him] To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night! [goes in]

ROMEO

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

JULIET [comes out again]

Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of "My Romeo!"

ROMEO [aside]

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

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

'Tis almost morning.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [exits]

SCENE 16

Act III, Scene 1a

[MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, TYBALT, MONTAGUES, CAPULETS, ROMEO]

BENVOLIO

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

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.

[TYBALT & other Capulets enter]

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not!

TYBALT

[to Capulets] Follow me close.
[to Benvolio & Mercutio] Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with
something: make it a word and a blow!

TYBALT

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir,
and you will give me occasion!

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—

MERCUTIO

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels?
And thou make minstrels of us, look to
hear nothing but discords. Here's my
fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance!
Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

[enter ROMEO]

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.
Romeo! The hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: Thou art a villain!

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.
Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw!

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccato carries it away!
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

TYBALT

I am for you.

[They fight]

ROMEO

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets!
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[Tybalt stabs Mercutio under Romeo's arm and exits with his followers.]

MERCUTIO

I am hurt. A plague on both your houses!
I am sped.
Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.
Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

ROMEO

Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me
tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am
Peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague on both
your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to
scratch a man to death! Why the devil came you
between us? I was hurt under your arm!

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

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

[Mercutio & Benvolio exit]

ROMEO

My very friend, hath got his mortal wound
In my behalf. My reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander. Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper softened valor's steel!

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This day's black fate on moe days doth depend:
This but begins the woe others must end.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

[TYBALT enters]

ROMEO

Alive in triumph! And Mercutio slain!
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gave'st me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company!
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him!

[They fight. Romeo kills Tybalt]

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed! The Prince will doom thee death

If thou art taken! Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am Fortune's fool!

[Romeo exits]

SCENE 17

Act III, Scene 1b

[PRINCE, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET, BENVOLIO]

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble Prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O Prince, O husband, O the blood is spilled

Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin.

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt hit the life of stout Mercutio.

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.

Affection makes him false; he speaks not true!

BENVOLIO

Romeo he cries aloud, "Hold, friends! Friends, part!"

And 'twixt them rushes, but

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt, deaf to peace.

LADY CAPULET

I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.

Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live!

PRINCE

Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend.
His fault concludes but what the law should end:
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none! Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last!
Bear hence the body, and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[All exit]

SCENE 18

Act III, Scene 2

[JULIET & NURSE]

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalked-of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night. Come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo. And when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O I have bought the mansion of a love
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed.

[NURSE enters]

NURSE

Alack the day!

JULIET

Ay me, what news? Now, Nurse, what news?

NURSE

He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roared in dismal hell!
Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes
—God save the mark—here on his manly breast.
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore blood. I swounded at the sight.

JULIET

O break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, Break at once!

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had.
O courteous Tybalt. Honest gentelman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd.
Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.

JULIET

O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE

It did, it did, alas the day, it did!

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven! Wolfish ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
O, that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men. All perjured.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame!
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there.

"Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead! "Romeo is banishèd!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.
Where are my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

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

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
I'll to my wedding-bed,
And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him. He is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET

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

[They exit]

SCENE 19

Act V, Scene 1a

[ROMEO & BALTHASAR]

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor.
Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[BALTHASAR enters]

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

BALTHASAR

Then she is well and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
[aside] Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience!
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived!

Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter. Get thee gone,

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take though that. [Pays him]

Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

[exits]

SCENE 20

Act IV, Scene 1

[FRIAR, PARIS, & JULIET]

FRIAR

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so.

FRIAR

You say you do not know the lady's mind?

Uneven is the course. I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears.

[JULIET enters]

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

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

PARIS

That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to the Friar?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

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

JULIET

If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.
[to Friar] Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now?

FRIAR

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
[to him] 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. [kisses her & exits]

JULIET

O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR

O Juliet, I already know thy grief.
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it!
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently!
Be not so long to speak. I long to die.
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR

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

JULIET

O, I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR

Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
Let not they Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off.
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou live'st.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes. Thy eyes' windows fall
Like Death when he shuts up the day of life.
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR *[gives her the vial]*

Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford!

Farewell, dear Father!

[They exit]

SCENE 21

Act IV, Scene 3

[JULIET, LADY CAPULET, & NURSE]

JULIET

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 know'st, is cross and full of sin.

LADY CAPULET [enters]

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

JULIET

No, madam. We have culled such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Farewell. [They exit] 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.
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no! This shall forbid it. [speaks to her knife] Lie thou there.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place...

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.

SCENE 22

Act II, Scene 3

[FRIAR LAURENCE & ROMEO]

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO [enter]

Good morrow, Father.

FRIAR

Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

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

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

Thou chide'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bade'st me bury love.

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

[They exit]

SCENE 23

Act II, Scene 4

[BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO, ROMEO, & NURSE]

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's.

MERCUTIO

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

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

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

[ROMEO enters]

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh,

Flesh, how art thou fishified! Signor Romeo, bonjour!

There's a French salutation to your French slop.

You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

"Pink" for flower?

MERCUTIO

Sure wit! Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits faint.

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art
thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou
art, by art as well as by nature, for this driveling love
is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down
to hide his bauble in a hole!

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there!

MERCUTIO

Thou desire'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large!

MERCUTIO

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

[NURSE enters]

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Is it good den?

MERCUTIO

'Tis no less, I tell ye, for the bawdy hand of the
dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE

Out upon you! What a man are you?
Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I
may find young Romeo?

ROMEO

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

NURSE

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

MERCUTIO

So ho!
Romeo, will you come to your father's?
We'll to dinner thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell ancient lady, farewell.

[Mercutio & Benvolio exit]

NURSE

[to Romeo] Pray you, sir, a word. And as I told you,
My young lady bade me inquire you out. What she
bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell
ye, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they
say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say,
For the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you
should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing
and very weak dealing!

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.
Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE

This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.
Now God in heaven bless thee!

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

[They exit]

SCENE 24

Act II, Scene 5

[JULIET & NURSE]

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 glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
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.

[NURSE enters]

O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him?
Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou shame'st 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 had!

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 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,
but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!

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 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?"

NURSE

O God's lady dear! Are you so hot?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell.

There stays a husband to make you a wife!

JULIET

Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell!

[They exit]

SCENE 25

Act II, Scene 6

[FRIAR LAURENCE, ROMEO, & JULIET]

FRIAR LAURENCE

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:
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 LAURENCE

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 bstride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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 heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the 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 LAURENCE

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
'Til holy church incorporate two in one.
[The priest blesses them. The lovers kiss.]

SCENE 26

Act III, Scene 4

[LORD & LADY CAPULET, PARIS]

LADY CAPULET

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

Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily

That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly.

LADY CAPULET

And so did I.

CAPULET

Well, we were born to die.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no time to woo.

Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled

In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,

And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday next—

But soft, what day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

Monday! Ah, ah. Well, Wednesday is too soon.

O' Thursday let it be. [to her] O' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl!

[to him] Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two,

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow!

CAPULET

We'll get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then!

[to her] Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.

[to him] Farewell, my lord.

Afore me, it is so very late that we

May call it early by and by. Good night.

[They exit]

SCENE 27

Act III, Scene 5b

[LADY& LORD CAPULET, JULIET, & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET [enters]

Ho, daughter, are you up? Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

Which villain madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain Romeo.

JULIET

[Aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder.

[to her] God pardon him. I do, with all my heart.

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murd'rer lives.

JULIET

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him...dead...
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named and cannot come to him
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET

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

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!

JULIET

Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed.

LADY CAPULET

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

[CAPULET & NURSE enter]

CAPULET

How now, still in tears? Evermore showering?
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.

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 blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
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"
And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie. What, are you mad?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
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 blest

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

NURSE

God in heav'n bless her.
You are to blame, me 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...

CAPULET

O, God i' god en!

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.

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad. To have a wretched
puling fool, in her fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed; I pray you pardon me!"
[to Juliet] But if you will not wed, I'll "pardon" you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend—
If you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets!
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn!

[exits]

JULIET

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away.
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

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

[exits]

JULIET

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.
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

NURSE

Faith, here it is. Romeo is banished.
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman.
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead – or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. [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

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. [exits]

SCENE 28

Act III, Scene 3

[FRIAR, ROMEO, & NURSE]

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR

Hence from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence "banishèd" is "banish'd from the world,"
And world's exile is death. Then "banishment"
Is death mis-termed. Calling death "banishment,"
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe
And smile'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not; he is banishéd.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?
O Friar, the damnèd use that word in hell;
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?

FRIAR

Thou fond madman, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR

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

ROMEO

Yet "banishèd"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

FRIAR

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR

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,
Taking the full measure of an unmade grave. [Falls at full length]

[NURSE knocks at door]

FRIAR

Good Romeo, hide thyself. Thou wilt be taken!

[Knocking]

Run to my study.

[Knocking]

—I come, I come! Who knocks so hard?

NURSE [outside]

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

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR

Welcome then!

NURSE [enters]

O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,

Where is my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

ROMEO

Nurse...

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stained the childhood of our joy.

Where is she? And how doth she? And what says

My concealed lady to our cancelled 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.

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

Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion. [tries to stab himself]

FRIAR

Hold thy desperate hand!

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art,
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wert but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt. There are thou happy too.
The law that threatened death, becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

NURSE

Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir. [hands him the ring]

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this.

FRIAR

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber—hence, and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
[to Nurse] Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is.
[to Romeo] My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

FRIAR

Go hence, good night—and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day, disguised, from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

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

Farewell.

[They exit]

SCENE 29

Act III, Scene 5a

[ROMEO, JULIET, & NURSE]

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yon pom'granate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye;
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'n so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so!
How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

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

NURSE [enters]

Madam.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [exits]

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO

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

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

JULIET [Act II, Scene 2]

Dost thou love me? [She descends to Romeo] I know thou wilt say "Ay,"

And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear—

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all.

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry, and I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract.

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, adieu!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Adieu, adieu. As sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,

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,

My love as deep. The more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[The staging here mirrors their death in the tomb, Scene 1. He is outstretched. She lays her body over his.]

SCENE 30

Act V, Scene 3c

[Concluding Chorus – Tybalt & Mercutio trade lines.]

CHORUS

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 punished.

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

