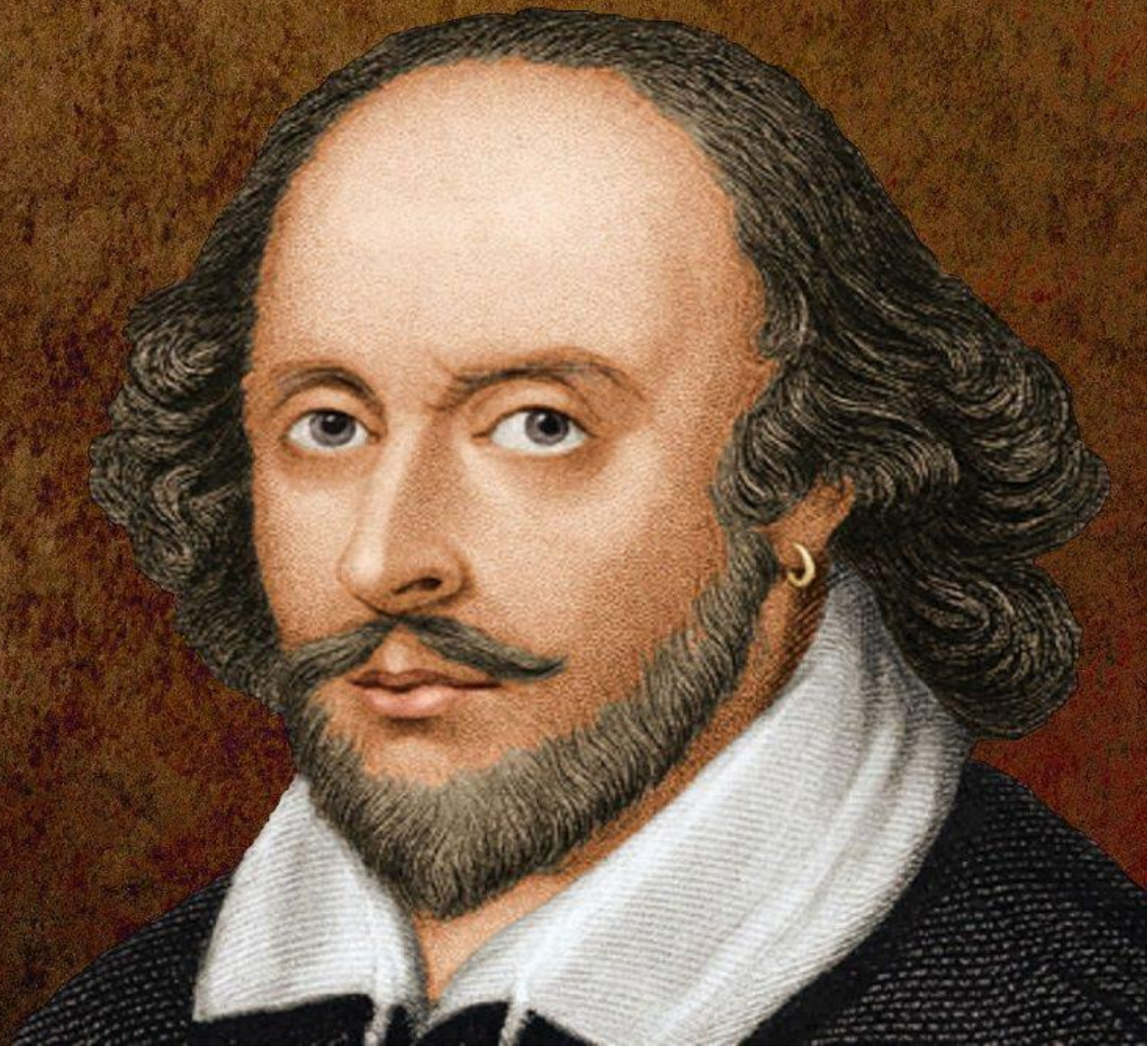


# *Romeo and Juliet*

*By William Shakespeare*



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## Act I

### *Prologue*

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;  
Whole misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do 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, nought 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.

### **SIMBOLOGÍA:**

**Gris**= presente simple.

**Fucsia**= pronombres.

**Verde azulado**= presente continuo.

**Amarillo**= future simple.

**Olive**= present perfect.

**Verde**= Verb to be.

**Turquesa**= past continuo.

**Verde fuerte**= past simple.

## SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers*

**SAMPSON**

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

**GREGORY**

No, for then we should be colliers.

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

**SAMPSON**

I strike quickly, being moved.

**GREGORY**

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**GREGORY**

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

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

**SAMPSON**

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

**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**

They must take it in sense that feel it.

**SAMPSON**

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

**GREGORY**

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

**SAMPSON**

My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

**GREGORY**

How! turn thy back and run?

**SAMPSON**

Fear me not.

**GREGORY**

No, marry; I fear thee!

**SAMPSON**

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. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *They fight Enter*  
*BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!  
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.  
*Beats down their swords*  
*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, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs*

**First Citizen**

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!  
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!  
*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

**LADY CAPULET**

A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

**CAPULET**



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

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**MONTAGUE**

Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants*

**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 moved 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.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

**You** Capulet; shall go along with me:

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our  
common judgment-place.

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

*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and*

*BENVOLIO*

**MONTAGUE**

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  
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 hiss'd him in  
scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, 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 to-day? Right glad I am he  
was not at this fray.

**BENVOLIO**

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward  
rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your  
son: Towards him I made, but he was ware of me And stole  
into the covert of the wood: I, measuring his affections by  
my own,  
That most are busied when they're most alone, Pursued my  
humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from  
me.

**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 far daylight out And makes himself an artificial night: Black  
and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel  
may the cause remove.

**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' counsellor,  
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, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
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.

**MONTAGUE**

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shrift. Come,  
madam, let's away.

*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**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 favour, where **I am** in love.

**BENVOLIO**

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous  
and rough in proof!

**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.  
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Mis-shapen 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.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest With more of thine: this  
love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine  
own. Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs; Being purged, a  
fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers'  
tears: What is it else? a madness most discreet, A choking gall and a  
preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO**

Soft! I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

**ROMEO**

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here; This is not Romeo, he's  
some other where.

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

**BENVOLIO**

Groan! why, no.  
But sadly tell me who.

**ROMEO**

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:  
Ah, word ill urged to one **that is** so ill!  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

**ROMEO**

A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

**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 arm'd, From love's weak childish bow  
**she** lives unharm'd.  
**She will not stay the siege of loving terms,** Nor bide the  
encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saintseducing  
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**

'Tis the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more:  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows Being black  
put us in mind they hide the fair; 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 pass'd that passing fair? Farewell: thou canst not  
teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

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

## SCENE II. A street.

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant*

### 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 honourable 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;  
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.

### PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

### CAPULET

And too soon marr'd are those so early made. The earth hath swallow'd 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; An she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd 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 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd 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 reckoning none, Come, go with me.

*To Servant, giving a paper*

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

*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*

### **Servant**

Find them out whose names are written here! **It is** written, that the  
shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the  
fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but **I am** sent to find  
those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names  
the writing person hath here writ. **I** must to the learned.—In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO*

### **BENVOLIO**

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; Turn giddy, and be holp 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**

Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

### **BENVOLIO**

For what, **I** pray thee?

### **ROMEO**

For your broken shin.

**BENVOLIO**

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

**ROMEO**

Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

**Servant**

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

**ROMEO**

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

**Servant**

Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

**Servant**

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO**

Stay, fellow; I can read.

*Reads*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair assembly: whither should they come?

**Servant Up.**

**ROMEO**

Whither?

**Servant**

To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**Servant**

My master's.

**ROMEO**

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

**Servant**

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

*Exit*

**BENVOLIO**

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest, 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  
drown'd could never die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! One  
fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since first  
the world begun.

**BENVOLIO**

Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, Herself poised with herself in either eye:  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid **That I will show you shining at this feast,**  
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

**ROMEO**

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

**SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.**

*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*

**JULIET**

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, come back again; I have  
remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. Thou know'st 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 teeth be it spoken, I have but four— She is not  
fourteen. How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight and odd days.

**Nurse**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!— Were of an age: well,  
Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: but, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I  
remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,— Of all the days of  
the year, upon that day: For I had then laid wormwood to my  
dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—  
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, To see it tetchy and fall out with  
the dug! Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow, To bid me  
trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then **she** could stand alone; nay, by the rood, **She** could have run and  
waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she broke her brow:  
And then my husband—God be with his soul! A' was a merry  
man—took up the child:  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,  
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.' To see, now, how a  
jest shall come about!  
**I** warrant, an **I** should live a thousand years,  
**I** never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;  
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

#### LADY CAPULET

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

#### Nurse

Yes, madam: yet **I** cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'  
And yet, **I** warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; A parlous knock; and  
it cried bitterly:  
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

#### JULIET

And stint thou too, **I** pray thee, nurse, say **I**

#### Nurse

Peace, **I** have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er **I** nursed: An **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**

**I**t is an honour that I dream not of.

**Nurse**

An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
**I** would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
**I** was your mother much upon these years 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;  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies Find written in the  
margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound  
lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride For fair without the fair within to hide:

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. *Enter a Servant*

**Servant**

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

*Exit Servant*

Juliet, the county stays.

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *Exeunt*

## **SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others*

**ROMEO**



What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without a apology?

**BENVOLIO**

The date is out of such prolixity:  
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
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.

**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 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.

**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 quote  
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**

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word: If thou art dun,  
we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st Up to the ears.  
Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**

Nay, that's not so.

**MERCUTIO**

I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day. Take our good meaning,  
for our judgment sits Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

**I** dream'd a dream to-night.

**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.  
**She** is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spider's 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 so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut Made by the joiner squirrel  
or old grub, Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies 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 a' lies asleep, Then dreams, he 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 frighted 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, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north, And, being anger'd,  
puffs away from thence, Turning his face to the dew-dropping  
south.

## 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. **BENVOLIO**

Strike, drum.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen with napkins*

### First Servant

Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? **He** shift a trencher? **he** scrape a trencher!

### Second Servant

When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

### First Servant

Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

### Second Servant Ay, boy,

ready.

### First Servant

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

### Second Servant

**We** cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

*Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers*

### CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you. Ah ha, my mistresses!  
which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, **She**,  
I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
That **I have worn a visor and 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. A  
hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

*Music plays, and they dance*

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, And  
quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well. Nay, sit, nay, sit,  
good cousin Capulet; For you and I are past our dancing days:  
How long is't now since last yourself and **I** Were in a mask?

### **Second Capulet**

By'r lady, thirty years.

### **CAPULET**

What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:  
'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,  
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

### **Second Capulet**

'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder, sir; His son is thirty.

### **CAPULET**

Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago. **ROMEO**

[To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth  
enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

### **Servant**

**I** know not, sir.

### **ROMEO**

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**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave Come hither,  
cover'd with an antic face, To flear and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honour 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;  
He bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth,  
Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-govern'd  
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:  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, And ill-beseeming  
semblance for a feast.



**TYBALT**

It fits, when such a villain is a guest: I'll not endure him.

**CAPULET**

He shall be endured:

What, 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!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?

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

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princex; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame! I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

**TYBALT**

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 bitter gall. *Exit*

**ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I profane with my unworsted hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine 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. Thus from my lips, by yours,  
my sin is purged.

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**

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 talk'd withal; I tell you, he that can  
lay hold of her Shall have the chinks.

**ROMEO**

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; 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: I'll  
to my rest.

*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse*

**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 Petrucio.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

Go ask his name: 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.

**Nurse**

What's this? what's this?

**JULIET**

A rhyme I learn'd even now Of one I danced withal.

*One calls within 'Juliet.'*

**Nurse**

Anon, anon!  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. *Exeunt*

# Act II

## Prologue

*Enter Chorus*

### Chorus

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die, With tender Juliet match'd,  
is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, **Alike betwitched 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-beloved any where: But  
passion lends them power, time means, to meet Tempering  
extremities with extreme sweet.

*Exit*

## SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

*Enter ROMEO*

### ROMEO

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

*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

### BENVOLIO

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

### MERCUTIO

**He** is wise;  
And, on my lie, hath stol'n him home to bed.

**BENVOLIO**

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall: Call, good Mercutio.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! 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';  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir, Young Adam  
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,  
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, and in  
his mistres s' 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.  
Romeo, that she were, O, that she were An open et caetera, thou  
a poperin 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. *Exeunt*

### **SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.**

*Enter ROMEO*

#### **ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*JULIET appears above at a 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 winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him When he bestrides the  
lazy-pacing 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**

[Aside] 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 call'd,  
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**

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

**JULIET**

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd 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 that 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 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.

**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 let 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 sight; And but thou love me, let them find me here: My life were better ended by their hate, Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

**JULIET**

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO**

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

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise.

**JULIET**

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night 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,'  
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries Then say, Jove  
laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll  
frown and be perverse an 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 Than those that have more cunning to  
be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me, And not impute this  
yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I 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 to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! 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 to-night?

**ROMEO**

The 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.

*Nurse calls within*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little, I will come again.

*Exit, above*

**ROMEO**

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

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If that thy bent of love be honourable, Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow, 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**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee—

**Nurse**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

By and by, I come:—  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief: To-morrow will I send.

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul—

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!  
*Exit, above*

**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.  
*Retiring*  
*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice, To lure this  
tasselgentle 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's name.

**ROMEO**

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**

At what o'clock to-morrow Shall I send to thee?

**ROMEO**

At 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; I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread  
plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty.

**ROMEO**

I would I were thy bird.

## JULIET

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. *Exit above*

## 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 father's cell, His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

*Exit*

### SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket*

#### FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light, And flecked darkness  
like a drunkard reels From forth day's path and Titan's fiery  
wheels: Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave that is her womb,  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find, Many for many  
virtues excellent, None but for some and yet all different.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use Revolts from true birth,  
stumbling on abuse: Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied; And vice  
sometimes by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower Poison hath residence and  
medicine power: For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; Being  
tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will; And where the  
worser is predominant, Full soon the canker death eats up that  
plant. *Enter ROMEO*

#### ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

#### FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!  
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? Young son, it  
argues a distemper'd 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  
unstuff'd 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 to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 LAURENCE**

**That's** my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

**ROMEO**

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

**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, blessed man, for, lo, My intercession likewise  
steads my foe. **FRIAR LAURENCE**

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 woo'd and made exchange of vow, I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray, That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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. Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! How much salt water thrown away in waste, To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears; Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet: 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.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And bad'st me bury love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now Doth grace for grace and love for love allow; The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. *Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. A street.**

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**MERCUTIO**

Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

**BENVOLIO**

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

**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?

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

More than prince of cats, **I** can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

**BENVOLIO**

The what?

**MERCUTIO**

The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdonami's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones! *Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

Without his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!  
Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady  
was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her;  
Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots;  
Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon  
jour! 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 ship, 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**

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow  
in the hams.

**ROMEO**

Meaning, to court'sy.

**MERCUTIO**

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

**ROMEO**

A most courteous exposition.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

**ROMEO**

Pink for flower.

**MERCUTIO**

Right.

**ROMEO**

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

**MERCUTIO**

Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

**ROMEO**

Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

**MERCUTIO**

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

**ROMEO**

Nay, good goose, bite not.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

**MERCUTIO**

O here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

**ROMEO**

I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

**MERCUTIO**

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling 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 desirest 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.

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

**MERCUTIO**

A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO**

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

**Nurse**

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

My fan, Peter.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**Nurse**

Is it good den?



**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

Out upon you! what a man are **you!**

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

By my troth, **it is** well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where **I** may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

**You** say well.

**MERCUTIO**

Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

**Nurse** if you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with  
you.

**BENVOLIO**

**She** will indite him to some supper.

**MERCUTIO**

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

**ROMEO**

What hast thou found?

**MERCUTIO**

No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale  
and hoar ere it be spent. *Sings*

An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in lent  
But a hare that is hoar Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.  
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,  
*Singing*  
'lady, lady, lady.'  
*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**Nurse**

Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so  
full of his ropery?

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than  
he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.  
Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And  
thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

**PETER**

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

**Nurse**

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! 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 ye 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 to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

**ROMEO**

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO**

Go to; I say you shall.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the high topgallant  
of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains: Farewell; commend me to thy  
mistress.

**Nurse**

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

**ROMEO**

What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

**Nurse**

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep  
counsel, putting one away?

**ROMEO**

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

Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a  
little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that  
would fain lay knife aboard; 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. *Exit Romeo*  
Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

Peter, take my fan, and go before and apace.  
*Exeunt*

## **SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.**

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

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd 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 three long hours, yet **she is** not come. Had

**she** affections and warm youthful blood,

**She** would be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy  
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.

O God, she comes!

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

**Nurse**

Peter, stay at the gate.

*Exit PETER*

**JULIET**

Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st 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** a-weary, 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. 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?

**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,—O, my back, my back! Beshrew your heart for sending me about, To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

**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? 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?

**Nurse**

Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

**JULIET**

**I** have.

**Nurse**

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell; There stays a husband  
to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in your  
cheeks, 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, 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.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO*

**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  
lovedevouring 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 bestride 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, Brags 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 Till holy church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt*