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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.

- verb tobe 
- futuro simple 
- pronombre 
- pasado simple 
- pasado perfecto 

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 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

'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 help 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

It 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
margin 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 fleer 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 unworhiest 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 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'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, **!!! 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