

The Tragedy of ROMEO *and* JULIET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

<https://shakespeare.folger.edu/>

Contents

Front Matter	<p>From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library Textual Introduction Synopsis Characters in the Play</p> <p>Prologue</p>
ACT 1	<p>Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4</p>

	Scene 5
	Chorus
	Scene 1
	Scene 2
ACT 2	Scene 3
	Scene 4
	Scene 5
	Scene 6
	Scene 1
	Scene 2
ACT 3	Scene 3
	Scene 4
	Scene 5
	Scene 1
	Scene 2
ACT 4	Scene 3
	Scene 4
	Scene 5
	Scene 1
ACT 5	Scene 2
	Scene 3

From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

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

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

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

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

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

Synopsis

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

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

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

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

Characters in the Play

ROMEO

MONTAGUE, his father

LADY MONTAGUE, his mother

BENVOLIO, their kinsman

ABRAM, a Montague servingman

BALTHASAR, Romeo’s servingman

JULIET

CAPULET, her father

LADY CAPULET, her mother

NURSE to Juliet

TYBALT, kinsman to the Capulets

PETRUCHIO, Tybalt’s companion

Capulet’s Cousin

SAMPSON

GREGORY *servingmen*

PETER

Other Servingmen

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona

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

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

Paris' Page

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR JOHN

APOTHECARY

Three or four Citizens

Three Musicians

Three Watchmen

CHORUS

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

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

FTLN 0001 Two households, both alike in dignity
FTLN 0002 (In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),
FTLN 0003 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
FTLN 0004 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
FTLN 0005 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
FTLN 0006 A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
FTLN 0007 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
FTLN 0008 Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
FTLN 0009 The fearful passage of their death-marked love
FTLN 0010 And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
FTLN 0011 Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
FTLN 0012 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
FTLN 0013 The which, if you with patient ears attend,
FTLN 0014 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

┌

┐

「ACT I」

「Scene 1」

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

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

FTLN 0016 No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

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

5

SAMPSON

FTLN 0020 I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY

FTLN 0021 But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

FTLN 0023 To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to
FTLN 0024 stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st
FTLN 0025 away.

10

SAMPSON

FTLN 0026 A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I
FTLN 0027 will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY

FTLN 0028 That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest
FTLN 0029 goes to the wall.

15

SAMPSON

FTLN 0030 'Tis true, and therefore women, being the
FTLN 0031 weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore

FTLN 0032 I will push Montague's men from the wall and
 FTLN 0033 thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY

FTLN 0034 The quarrel is between our masters and us 20
 FTLN 0035 their men.

SAMPSON

FTLN 0036 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant.
 FTLN 0037 When I have fought with the men, I will be civil
 FTLN 0038 with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

9

11

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 1

GREGORY

FTLN 0039 The heads of the maids? 25
 SAMPSON

FTLN 0040 Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.
 FTLN 0041 Take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY

FTLN 0042 They must take it ⁱⁿ sense that feel it.
 SAMPSON

FTLN 0043 Me they shall feel while I am able to stand,
 FTLN 0044 and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. 30

GREGORY

FTLN 0045 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou
 FTLN 0046 hadst been poor-john. Draw thy tool. Here comes
 FTLN 0047 of the house of Montagues.

Enter ⁱⁿ Abram with another Servingman.

SAMPSON

FTLN 0048 My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back
 FTLN 0049 thee. 35

GREGORY

FTLN 0050 How? Turn thy back and run?
 SAMPSON

FTLN 0051 Fear me not.
 GREGORY

FTLN 0052 No, marry. I fear thee!
 SAMPSON

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

FTLN 0072 SAMPSON
Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

GREGORY, *「aside to Sampson」*

Say “better”; here comes

one of my master’s kinsmen.

60

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember

thy washing blow.

They fight.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

65

「Drawing his sword.」

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

Enter Tybalt, 「drawing his sword.」

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.

70

TYBALT

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

「They fight.」

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

「CITIZENS」

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

75

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a

sword?

Enter old Montague and his Wife.

CAPULET

FTLN 0093 My sword, I say. Old Montague is come
 FTLN 0094 And flourishes his blade in spite of me. 80

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0095 Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

FTLN 0096 Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus with his train.

PRINCE

FTLN 0097 Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 FTLN 0098 Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel—
 FTLN 0099 Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts, 85
 FTLN 0100 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 FTLN 0101 With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
 FTLN 0102 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 FTLN 0103 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
 FTLN 0104 And hear the sentence of your movèd prince. 90
 FTLN 0105 Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
 FTLN 0106 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 FTLN 0107 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
 FTLN 0108 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 FTLN 0109 Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments 95
 FTLN 0110 To wield old partisans in hands as old,
 FTLN 0111 Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
 FTLN 0112 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 FTLN 0113 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 FTLN 0114 For this time all the rest depart away. 100
 FTLN 0115 You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
 FTLN 0116 And, Montague, come you this afternoon
 FTLN 0117 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 FTLN 0118 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 FTLN 0119 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 105

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

MONTAGUE, *['to Benvolio']*

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

I drew to part them. In the instant came

110

The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared,

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows

115

Came more and more and fought on part and part,

Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun

120

Peered forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind *['drove']* me to walk abroad,

Where underneath the grove of sycamore

That westward rooteth from this city side,

So early walking did I see your son.

125

Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me

And stole into the covert of the wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own

(Which then most sought where most might not be

found,

130

Being one too many by my weary self),

Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,

And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

135

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

FTLN 0151 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 FTLN 0152 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 FTLN 0153 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 FTLN 0154 Away from light steals home my heavy son 140
 FTLN 0155 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 FTLN 0156 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 FTLN 0157 And makes himself an artificial night.
 FTLN 0158 Black and portentous must this humor prove,
 FTLN 0159 Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 145

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0160 My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0161 I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0162 Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0163 Both by myself and many other friends.
 FTLN 0164 But he, 「his」 own affections' counselor, 150
 FTLN 0165 Is to himself—I will not say how true,
 FTLN 0166 But to himself so secret and so close,
 FTLN 0167 So far from sounding and discovery,
 FTLN 0168 As is the bud bit with an envious worm
 FTLN 0169 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air 155
 FTLN 0170 Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
 FTLN 0171 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 FTLN 0172 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0173 See where he comes. So please you, step aside.
 FTLN 0174 I'll know his grievance or be much denied. 160

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0175 I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
 FTLN 0176 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
 「Montague and Lady Montague」 exit.

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

165

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

170

ROMEO

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

175

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his will!

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

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

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

180

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O anything of nothing first 「create!」

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,

Misshapen chaos of 「well-seeming」 forms,

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

185

Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!

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

Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

190

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0205 At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

FTLN 0206 Why, such is love's transgression.

FTLN 0207 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

FTLN 0208 Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed

FTLN 0209 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown 195

FTLN 0210 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

FTLN 0211 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;

FTLN 0212 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

FTLN 0213 Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.

FTLN 0214 What is it else? A madness most discreet, 200

FTLN 0215 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

FTLN 0216 Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0217 Soft, I will go along.

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

ROMEO

FTLN 0219 Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here. 205

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

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

FTLN 0222 What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

FTLN 0224 A sick man in sadness makes his will— 210

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

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

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0229 A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. 215

ROMEO

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

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

And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,

25

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 1

FTLN 0233

From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.

FTLN 0234

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 220

FTLN 0235

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

FTLN 0236

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

FTLN 0237

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

FTLN 0238

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

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0239

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

ROMEO

FTLN 0240

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

FTLN 0241

For beauty, starved with her severity,

FTLN 0242

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

FTLN 0243

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

FTLN 0244

To merit bliss by making me despair. 230

FTLN 0245

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

FTLN 0246

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

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0247

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO

FTLN 0248

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0249

By giving liberty unto thine eyes. 235

FTLN 0250

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

FTLN 0251

'Tis the way

FTLN 0252

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

FTLN 0253

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

FTLN 0254

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

FTLN 0255

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

FTLN 0256

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

FTLN 0257

Show me a mistress that is passing fair;

FTLN 0258

What doth her beauty serve but as a note

FTLN 0259

Where I may read who passed that passing fair? 245

FTLN 0260

Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0261

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

They exit.

27

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 2

「Scene 2」

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and 「a Servingman.」

CAPULET

FTLN 0262 But Montague is bound as well as I,
FTLN 0263 In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,
FTLN 0264 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

FTLN 0265 Of honorable reckoning are you both,
FTLN 0266 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. 5
FTLN 0267 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

FTLN 0268 But saying o'er what I have said before.
FTLN 0269 My child is yet a stranger in the world.
FTLN 0270 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
FTLN 0271 Let two more summers wither in their pride 10
FTLN 0272 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

FTLN 0273 Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

FTLN 0274 And too soon marred are those so early made.
FTLN 0275 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
FTLN 0276 She's the hopeful lady of my earth. 15
FTLN 0277 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
FTLN 0278 My will to her consent is but a part.
FTLN 0279 And, she agreed, within her scope of choice
FTLN 0280 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
FTLN 0281 This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 20
FTLN 0282 Whereto I have invited many a guest
FTLN 0283 Such as I love; and you among the store,
FTLN 0284 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
FTLN 0285 At my poor house look to behold this night

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

29

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 2

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

「To Servingman, giving him a list.」

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

「Capulet and Paris」 exit.

SERVINGMAN

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

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

BENVOLIO, *「to Romeo」*

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

ROMEO

FTLN 0314 Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

55

BENVOLIO

Why Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,

31

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 2

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

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

60

SERVINGMAN

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

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVINGMAN

Perhaps you have learned it without

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

65

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVINGMAN

You say honestly. Rest you merry.

ROMEO

Stay, fellow. I can read.

(He reads the letter.)

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,

County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,

70

The lady widow of Vitruvio,

Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,

Mercutio and his brother Valentine,

Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,

My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,

75

Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,

Lucio and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0315

FTLN 0316

FTLN 0317

FTLN 0318

FTLN 0319

FTLN 0320

FTLN 0321

FTLN 0322

FTLN 0323

FTLN 0324

FTLN 0325

FTLN 0326

FTLN 0327

FTLN 0328

FTLN 0329

FTLN 0330

FTLN 0331

FTLN 0332

FTLN 0333

FTLN 0334

FTLN 0335

FTLN 0336

FTLN 0337

FTLN 0338

FTLN 0339

FTLN 0340

Up.

ROMEO

Whither? To supper?

80

SERVINGMAN

To our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

SERVINGMAN

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed I should have asked thee that before.

SERVINGMAN

Now I'll tell you without asking. My

85

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.

He exits.

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

33

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 3

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,

90

With all the admirèd 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

95

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;

And these who, often drowned, 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.

100

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 weighed

Your lady's love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,

105

FTLN 0367 And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO

FTLN 0368 I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

FTLN 0369 But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

「*They exit.*」

「Scene 3」

Enter 「Lady Capulet」 and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0370 Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE

FTLN 0371 Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

FTLN 0372 I bade her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!

FTLN 0373 God forbid. Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

35

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 3

JULIET

FTLN 0374 How now, who calls? 5

NURSE

FTLN 0375 Your mother.

JULIET

FTLN 0376 Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0377 This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile.

FTLN 0378 We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again.

FTLN 0379 I have remembered me, thou 's hear our counsel. 10

FTLN 0380 Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

FTLN 0381 Faith, I can tell her age unto 「an」 hour.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0382 She's not fourteen.

NURSE

FTLN 0383 I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my teen

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter ‘Servingman.’

SERVINGMAN

Madam, the guests are come, supper

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

Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in

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

follow straight.

110

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

「Servingman exits.」

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

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

ROMEO

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity.

43

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 4

We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

5

Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,

「Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance.」

But let them measure us by what they will.

We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

10

ROMEO

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

Being but heavy I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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

15

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

20

「MERCUTIO」

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

ROMEO

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

25

MERCUTIO

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

30

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

35

MERCUTIO

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

40

FTLN 0524 Or, save 「your」 reverence, love—wherein thou
 FTLN 0525 stickest
 FTLN 0526 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
 ROMEO
 FTLN 0527 Nay, that's not so. 45
 MERCUTIO
 FTLN 0528 I mean, sir, in delay
 FTLN 0529 We waste our lights; in vain, 「light」 lights by day.
 FTLN 0530 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
 FTLN 0531 Five times in that ere once in our 「five」 wits.
 ROMEO
 FTLN 0532 And we mean well in going to this masque, 50
 FTLN 0533 But 'tis no wit to go.
 MERCUTIO
 FTLN 0534 Why, may one ask?
 ROMEO
 FTLN 0535 I dreamt a dream tonight.
 MERCUTIO
 FTLN 0536 And so did I.
 ROMEO
 FTLN 0537 Well, what was yours? 55
 MERCUTIO
 FTLN 0538 That dreamers often lie.
 ROMEO
 FTLN 0539 In bed asleep while they do dream things true.
 MERCUTIO
 FTLN 0540 O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

FTLN 0541 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 FTLN 0542 In shape no bigger than an agate stone 60
 FTLN 0543 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 FTLN 0544 Drawn with a team of little 「atomi」
 FTLN 0545 Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
 FTLN 0546 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 FTLN 0547 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, 65
 FTLN 0548 Her traces of the smallest spider web,
 FTLN 0549 Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
 FTLN 0550 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

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

49

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 4

FTLN 0577	And bakes the 「elflocks」 in foul sluttish hairs,	95
FTLN 0578	Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.	
FTLN 0579	This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,	
FTLN 0580	That presses them and learns them first to bear,	
FTLN 0581	Making them women of good carriage.	
FTLN 0582	This is she—	100
FTLN 0583	ROMEO	
FTLN 0584	Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.	
FTLN 0585	Thou talk'st of nothing.	
FTLN 0586	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0587	True, I talk of dreams,	

FTLN 0586 Which are the children of an idle brain,
FTLN 0587 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, 105
FTLN 0588 Which is as thin of substance as the air
FTLN 0589 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
FTLN 0590 Even now the frozen bosom of the north
FTLN 0591 And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
FTLN 0592 Turning his side to the dew-dropping south. 110

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0593 This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.
FTLN 0594 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO

FTLN 0595 I fear too early, for my mind misgives
FTLN 0596 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
FTLN 0597 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date 115
FTLN 0598 With this night's revels, and expire the term
FTLN 0599 Of a despisèd life closed in my breast
FTLN 0600 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
FTLN 0601 But he that hath the steerage of my course
FTLN 0602 Direct my 「sail.」 On, lusty gentlemen. 120

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0603 Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage
and 「then withdraw to the side.」*

51

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 1. SC. 5

「Scene 5」

Servingsmen come forth with napkins.

「FIRST」 SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0604 Where's Potpan that he helps not
FTLN 0605 to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a
FTLN 0606 trencher?

「SECOND」 SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0607 When good manners shall lie
FTLN 0608 all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed

5

FTLN 0609 too, 'tis a foul thing.
「FIRST」 SERVINGMAN
FTLN 0610 Away with the joint stools, remove
FTLN 0611 the court cupboard, look to the plate.—
FTLN 0612 Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as
FTLN 0613 thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone 10
FTLN 0614 and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan!

「THIRD」 SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0615 Ay, boy, ready.

「FIRST」 SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0616 You are looked for and called for,
FTLN 0617 asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

「THIRD」 SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0618 We cannot be here and there too. 15
FTLN 0619 Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver
FTLN 0620 take all.

「*They move aside.*」

*Enter 「Capulet and his household,」 all the guests and
gentlewomen to 「Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and」 the
「other」 Maskers.*

CAPULET

FTLN 0621 Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
FTLN 0622 Unplagued with corns will walk 「a bout」 with
FTLN 0623 you.— 20

FTLN 0624 Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
FTLN 0625 Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
FTLN 0626 She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you
FTLN 0627 now?—

FTLN 0628 Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day 25
FTLN 0629 That I have worn a visor and could tell
FTLN 0630 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
FTLN 0631 Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

FTLN 0632 You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,
FTLN 0633 play.

30

Music plays and they dance.

FTLN 0634 A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.—
 FTLN 0635 More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
 FTLN 0636 And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—
 FTLN 0637 Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.—
 FTLN 0638 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, 35
 FTLN 0639 For you and I are past our dancing days.
 FTLN 0640 How long is 't now since last yourself and I
 FTLN 0641 Were in a mask?

CAPULET'S COUSIN
 FTLN 0642 By 'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET
 FTLN 0643 What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much. 40
 FTLN 0644 'Tis since the nuptial of 'Lucentio,']
 FTLN 0645 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
 FTLN 0646 Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.

CAPULET'S COUSIN
 FTLN 0647 'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir.
 FTLN 0648 His son is thirty. 45

CAPULET
 FTLN 0649 Will you tell me that?
 FTLN 0650 His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO, 'to a Servingman']
 FTLN 0651 What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
 FTLN 0652 Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN
 FTLN 0653 I know not, sir. 50

ROMEO
 FTLN 0654 O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 FTLN 0655 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 FTLN 0656 As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
 FTLN 0657 Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear.
 FTLN 0658 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows 55
 FTLN 0659 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 FTLN 0660 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand
 FTLN 0661 And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
 FTLN 0662 Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
 FTLN 0663 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. 60

TYBALT

FTLN 0664 This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—

FTLN 0665 Fetch me my rapier, boy.

「*Page exits.*」

What, dares the slave

FTLN 0666 Come hither covered with an antic face

FTLN 0667 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? 65

FTLN 0668 Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,

FTLN 0670 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

FTLN 0671 Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

FTLN 0672 Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

FTLN 0673 A villain that is hither come in spite 70

FTLN 0674 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

FTLN 0675 Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

FTLN 0676 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

FTLN 0677 Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.

FTLN 0678 He bears him like a portly gentleman, 75

FTLN 0679 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

FTLN 0680 To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

FTLN 0681 I would not for the wealth of all this town

FTLN 0682 Here in my house do him disparagement.

FTLN 0683 Therefore be patient. Take no note of him. 80

FTLN 0684 It is my will, the which if thou respect,

FTLN 0685 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

FTLN 0686 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

FTLN 0687 It fits when such a villain is a guest.

FTLN 0688 I'll not endure him. 85

CAPULET

FTLN 0689 He shall be endured.

FTLN 0690 What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to.

FTLN 0691 Am I the master here or you? Go to.

FTLN 0692 You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,

FTLN 0693	You'll make a mutiny among my guests,	90
FTLN 0694	You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0695	Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 0696	Go to, go to.	
FTLN 0697	You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed?	
FTLN 0698	This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.	95
FTLN 0699	You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time—	
FTLN 0700	Well said, my hearts.—You are a princox, go.	
FTLN 0701	Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame,	
FTLN 0702	I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0703	Patience perforce with willful choler meeting	100
FTLN 0704	Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.	
FTLN 0705	I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,	
FTLN 0706	Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	ROMEO, ¹ <i>taking Juliet's hand</i>	
FTLN 0707	If I profane with my unworthiest hand	
FTLN 0708	This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:	105
FTLN 0709	My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand	
FTLN 0710	To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0711	Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,	
FTLN 0712	Which mannerly devotion shows in this;	
FTLN 0713	For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,	110
FTLN 0714	And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0715	Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0716	Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0717	O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.	
FTLN 0718	They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.	115
	JULIET	
FTLN 0719	Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.	

ROMEO

FTLN 0720 Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

「He kisses her.」

FTLN 0721 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

FTLN 0722 Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

FTLN 0723 Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

120

FTLN 0724 Give me my sin again.

「He kisses her.」

JULIET

FTLN 0725 You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

FTLN 0726 Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

「Juliet moves toward her mother.」

ROMEO

FTLN 0727 What is her mother?

NURSE

FTLN 0728 Marry, bachelor,

125

FTLN 0729 Her mother is the lady of the house,

FTLN 0730 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

FTLN 0731 I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

FTLN 0732 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

FTLN 0733 Shall have the chinks.

130

「Nurse moves away.」

ROMEO, *「aside」*

FTLN 0734 Is she a Capulet?

FTLN 0735 O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0736 Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

ROMEO

FTLN 0737 Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

FTLN 0738 Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.

135

FTLN 0739 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

FTLN 0740 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.

FTLN 0741 I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—

FTLN 0742 More torches here.—Come on then, let's to bed.—

FTLN 0743 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

140

FTLN 0744 I'll to my rest.

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

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

145

JULIET

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

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name. *['The Nurse goes.']* If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE, *['returning']*

His name is Romeo, and a Montague,

150

The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me

That I must love a loathed enemy.

155

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learned even now

Of one I danced withal.

One calls within "Juliet."

NURSE

Anon, anon.

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

160

They exit.

「ACT 2」

「Enter」 Chorus.

FTLN 0764 Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
FTLN 0765 And young affection gapes to be his heir.
FTLN 0766 That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
FTLN 0767 With tender Juliet 「matched,」 is now not fair.
FTLN 0768 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 5
FTLN 0769 Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks,
FTLN 0770 But to his foe supposed he must complain,
FTLN 0771 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
FTLN 0772 Being held a foe, he may not have access
FTLN 0773 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear, 10
FTLN 0774 And she as much in love, her means much less
FTLN 0775 To meet her new belovèd anywhere.
FTLN 0776 But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
FTLN 0777 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

「Chorus exits.」

「Scene 1」

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO

FTLN 0778 Can I go forward when my heart is here?
FTLN 0779 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

「He withdraws.」

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

65

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. 5

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

「MERCUTIO」

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh. 10

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.

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

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and 「heir,」 15

Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so 「trim」

When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.—

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

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

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, 20

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

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

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 25

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it and conjured it down.

That were some spite. My invocation 30

Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees

FTLN 0811	To be consorted with the humorous night.	
FTLN 0812	Blind is his love and best befits the dark.	35
MERCUTIO		
FTLN 0813	If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.	
FTLN 0814	Now will he sit under a medlar tree	
FTLN 0815	And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit	
FTLN 0816	As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—	
FTLN 0817	O Romeo, that she were, O, that she were	40
FTLN 0818	An ¹ open-arse, ¹ thou a pop ¹ rin pear.	
FTLN 0819	Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed;	
FTLN 0820	This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—	
FTLN 0821	Come, shall we go?	
BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0822	Go, then, for 'tis in vain	45
FTLN 0823	To seek him here that means not to be found.	
	<i>¹They¹ exit.</i>	
<p>¹Scene 2¹</p> <p><i>¹Romeo comes forward.¹</i></p>		
ROMEO		
FTLN 0824	He jests at scars that never felt a wound.	
<p><i>¹Enter Juliet above.¹</i></p>		
FTLN 0825	But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?	
FTLN 0826	It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.	
FTLN 0827	Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,	
FTLN 0828	Who is already sick and pale with grief	5
FTLN 0829	That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.	
FTLN 0830	Be not her maid since she is envious.	
FTLN 0831	Her vestal livery is but sick and green,	
FTLN 0832	And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.	
FTLN 0833	It is my lady. O, it is my love!	10
FTLN 0834	O, that she knew she were!	
FTLN 0835	She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?	
FTLN 0836	Her eye discourses; I will answer it.	

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

FTLN 0870	By any other word would smell as sweet.	
FTLN 0871	So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,	
FTLN 0872	Retain that dear perfection which he owes	
FTLN 0873	Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,	50
FTLN 0874	And, for thy name, which is no part of thee,	
FTLN 0875	Take all myself.	
ROMEO		
FTLN 0876	I take thee at thy word.	
FTLN 0877	Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.	
FTLN 0878	Henceforth I never will be Romeo.	55
JULIET		
FTLN 0879	What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night,	
FTLN 0880	So stumblest on my counsel?	
ROMEO		
FTLN 0881	By a name	
FTLN 0882	I know not how to tell thee who I am.	
FTLN 0883	My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself	60
FTLN 0884	Because it is an enemy to thee.	
FTLN 0885	Had I it written, I would tear the word.	
JULIET		
FTLN 0886	My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words	
FTLN 0887	Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.	
FTLN 0888	Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?	65
ROMEO		
FTLN 0889	Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.	
JULIET		
FTLN 0890	How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?	
FTLN 0891	The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,	
FTLN 0892	And the place death, considering who thou art,	
FTLN 0893	If any of my kinsmen find thee here.	70
ROMEO		
FTLN 0894	With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,	
FTLN 0895	For stony limits cannot hold love out,	
FTLN 0896	And what love can do, that dares love attempt.	
FTLN 0897	Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.	
JULIET		
FTLN 0898	If they do see thee, they will murder thee.	75

ROMEO

FTLN 0899 Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
FTLN 0900 Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet,
FTLN 0901 And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

FTLN 0902 I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

FTLN 0903 I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes, 80
FTLN 0904 And, but thou love me, let them find me here.
FTLN 0905 My life were better ended by their hate
FTLN 0906 Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

FTLN 0907 By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

FTLN 0908 By love, that first did prompt me to inquire. 85
FTLN 0909 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
FTLN 0910 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
FTLN 0911 As that vast shore 「washed」 with the farthest sea,
FTLN 0912 I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

FTLN 0913 Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, 90
FTLN 0914 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
FTLN 0915 For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
FTLN 0916 Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
FTLN 0917 What I have spoke. But farewell compliment.

FTLN 0918 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 95
FTLN 0919 And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
FTLN 0920 Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
FTLN 0921 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
FTLN 0922 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

FTLN 0923 Or, if thou thinkest I am too quickly won, 100
FTLN 0924 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
FTLN 0925 So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.

FTLN 0926 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
FTLN 0927 And therefore thou mayst think my 「havior」 light.
FTLN 0928 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 105

FTLN 0929 Than those that have 「more」 coying to be strange.
FTLN 0930 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
FTLN 0931 But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware
FTLN 0932 My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,
FTLN 0933 And not impute this yielding to light love, 110
FTLN 0934 Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

ROMEO

FTLN 0935 Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,
FTLN 0936 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET

FTLN 0937 O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
FTLN 0938 That monthly changes in her 「circled」 orb, 115
FTLN 0939 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

FTLN 0940 What shall I swear by?

JULIET

FTLN 0941 Do not swear at all.
FTLN 0942 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
FTLN 0943 Which is the god of my idolatry, 120
FTLN 0944 And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

FTLN 0945 If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

FTLN 0946 Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
FTLN 0947 I have no joy of this contract tonight.
FTLN 0948 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, 125
FTLN 0949 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
FTLN 0950 Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night.
FTLN 0951 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
FTLN 0952 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
FTLN 0953 Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest 130
FTLN 0954 Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

ROMEO

FTLN 0955 O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

FTLN 0956 What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

FTLN 0957 Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET

FTLN 0958 I gave thee mine before thou didst request it, 135
FTLN 0959 And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

FTLN 0960 Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

FTLN 0961 But to be frank and give it thee again.
FTLN 0962 And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
FTLN 0963 My bounty is as boundless as the sea, 140
FTLN 0964 My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
FTLN 0965 The more I have, for both are infinite.

「Nurse calls from within.」

FTLN 0966 I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—

FTLN 0967 Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true.

FTLN 0968 Stay but a little; I will come again. 145

「She exits.」

ROMEO

FTLN 0969 O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
FTLN 0970 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
FTLN 0971 Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

「Reenter Juliet above.」

JULIET

FTLN 0972 Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
FTLN 0973 If that thy bent of love be honorable, 150
FTLN 0974 Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
FTLN 0975 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
FTLN 0976 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
FTLN 0977 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
FTLN 0978 And follow thee my 「lord」 throughout the world. 155

「NURSE, within」

FTLN 0979 Madam.

JULIET

FTLN 0980 I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well,

FTLN 0981 I do beseech thee—

「NURSE, within」

FTLN 0982 Madam.

JULIET

FTLN 0983 By and by, I come.— 160

FTLN 0984 To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.

FTLN 0985 Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night.

「She exits.」

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

165

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

「Going.」

Enter Juliet 「above」 again.

JULIET

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

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

170

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than *「mine」*

With repetition of "My Romeo!"

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name.

175

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET

Romeo.

ROMEO

My *「dear.」*

JULIET

What o'clock tomorrow

180

Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

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

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

185

JULIET

FTLN 1009 I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
FTLN 1010 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

83

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 3

ROMEO

FTLN 1011 And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
FTLN 1012 Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

FTLN 1013 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone, 190
FTLN 1014 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
FTLN 1015 That lets it hop a little from his hand,
FTLN 1016 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
FTLN 1017 And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
FTLN 1018 So loving-jealous of his liberty. 195

ROMEO

FTLN 1019 I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

FTLN 1020 Sweet, so would I.
FTLN 1021 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
FTLN 1022 Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet
FTLN 1023 sorrow 200
FTLN 1024 That I shall say "Good night" till it be morrow.
[*She exits.*]

[ROMEO]

FTLN 1025 Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
FTLN 1026 Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest.
FTLN 1027 Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
FTLN 1028 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. 205
He exits.

[Scene 3]

Enter Friar [Lawrence] alone with a basket.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1029 The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
FTLN 1030 [Check'ring] the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
FTLN 1031 And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels

FTLN 1032 From forth day's path and Titan's 'fiery' wheels.
FTLN 1033 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5
FTLN 1034 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

FTLN 1035 I must upfill this osier cage of ours
FTLN 1036 With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.
FTLN 1037 The Earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
FTLN 1038 What is her burying grave, that is her womb; 10
FTLN 1039 And from her womb children of divers kind
FTLN 1040 We sucking on her natural bosom find,
FTLN 1041 Many for many virtues excellent,
FTLN 1042 None but for some, and yet all different.
FTLN 1043 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies 15
FTLN 1044 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
FTLN 1045 For naught so vile that on the Earth doth live
FTLN 1046 But to the Earth some special good doth give;
FTLN 1047 Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,
FTLN 1048 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. 20
FTLN 1049 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
FTLN 1050 And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

FTLN 1051 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
FTLN 1052 Poison hath residence and medicine power:
FTLN 1053 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each 25
FTLN 1054 part;
FTLN 1055 Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.
FTLN 1056 Two such opposèd kings encamp them still
FTLN 1057 In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will;
FTLN 1058 And where the worser is predominant, 30
FTLN 1059 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO

FTLN 1060 Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1061 Benedicite.

FTLN 1062 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
FTLN 1063 Young son, it argues a distempered head 35

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

87

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 3

FTLN 1068 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth 40
FTLN 1069 reign.

FTLN 1070 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
FTLN 1071 Thou art uproused with some distemp’rature,
FTLN 1072 Or, if not so, then here I hit it right:
FTLN 1073 Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight. 45

ROMEO

FTLN 1074 That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1075 God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

FTLN 1076 With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

FTLN 1077 I have forgot that name and that name’s woe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1078 That’s my good son. But where hast thou been 50
FTLN 1079 then?

ROMEO

FTLN 1080 I’ll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

FTLN 1081 I have been feasting with mine enemy,

FTLN 1082 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

FTLN 1083 That’s by me wounded. Both our remedies 55

FTLN 1084 Within thy help and holy physic lies.

FTLN 1085 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,

FTLN 1086 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1087 Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

FTLN 1088 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. 60

ROMEO

FTLN 1089 Then plainly know my heart’s dear love is set

FTLN 1090 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.

FTLN 1091 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,

FTLN 1092 And all combined, save what thou must combine

FTLN 1093 By holy marriage. When and where and how 65

FTLN 1094

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

89

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 3

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1097 Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
FTLN 1098 Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, 70
FTLN 1099 So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
FTLN 1100 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
FTLN 1101 Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
FTLN 1102 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
FTLN 1103 How much salt water thrown away in waste 75
FTLN 1104 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
FTLN 1105 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
FTLN 1106 Thy old groans yet ringing in mine ancient ears.
FTLN 1107 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
FTLN 1108 Of an old tear that is not washed off yet. 80
FTLN 1109 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
FTLN 1110 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
FTLN 1111 And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence
FTLN 1112 then:
FTLN 1113 Women may fall when there's no strength in men. 85

ROMEO

FTLN 1114 Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1115 For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

FTLN 1116 And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1117 Not in a grave
FTLN 1118 To lay one in, another out to have. 90

ROMEO

FTLN 1119 I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
FTLN 1120 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
FTLN 1121 The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1122 O, she knew well
FTLN 1123 Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell. 95
FTLN 1124

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

91

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 4

ROMEO

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

100

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that

Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

5

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

10

MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO

Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how

he dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1143 Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead,
FTLN 1144 stabbed with a white wench's black eye, run 15
FTLN 1145 through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his
FTLN 1146 heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt shaft. And
FTLN 1147 is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

「BENVOLIO」

FTLN 1148 Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1149 More than prince of cats. O, he's the courageous 20
FTLN 1150 captain of compliments. He fights as you sing
FTLN 1151 prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion.

93

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 4

FTLN 1152 He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in
FTLN 1153 your bosom—the very butcher of a silk button, a
FTLN 1154 duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house 25
FTLN 1155 of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal
FTLN 1156 *passado*, the *punto reverso*, the *hay*!

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1157 The what?

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1158 The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting
FTLN 1159 「phantasimes,」 these new tuners of accent: “By 30
FTLN 1160 Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good
FTLN 1161 whore!” Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,
FTLN 1162 that we should be thus afflicted with these
FTLN 1163 strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these 「“pardon-me” ’s,」
FTLN 1164 who stand so much on the new form 35
FTLN 1165 that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their
FTLN 1166 bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1167 Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1168 Without his roe, like a dried herring. O
FTLN 1169 flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the 40
FTLN 1170 numbers that Petrarch flow'd in. Laura to his lady

FTLN 1171 was a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love
FTLN 1172 to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy,
FTLN 1173 Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a gray
FTLN 1174 eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, 45
FTLN 1175 *bonjour*. There’s a French salutation to your French
FTLN 1176 slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

FTLN 1177 Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit
FTLN 1178 did I give you?

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1179 The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive? 50

ROMEO

FTLN 1180 Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was
FTLN 1181 great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain
FTLN 1182 courtesy.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1183 That’s as much as to say such a case as
FTLN 1184 yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. 55

ROMEO

FTLN 1185 Meaning, to curtsy.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1186 Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO

FTLN 1187 A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1188 Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

FTLN 1189 “Pink” for flower. 60

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1190 Right.

ROMEO

FTLN 1191 Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1192 Sure wit, follow me this jest now till thou

FTLN 1193 hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole

FTLN 1194 of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, 65

FTLN 1195 solely singular.

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

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

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

99

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 4

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

FTLN 1275

lady.

「*Mercutio and Benvolio*」*exit.*

NURSE

FTLN 1276

I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this

FTLN 1277

that was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO

FTLN 1278

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself

FTLN 1279

talk and will speak more in a minute than he will

150

FTLN 1280

stand to in a month.

NURSE

FTLN 1281

An he speak anything against me, I'll take him

FTLN 1282

down, an he were lustier than he is, and twenty

FTLN 1283

such jacks. An if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.

FTLN 1284

Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none

155

FTLN 1285

of his skains-mates. 「*To Peter.*」 And thou must stand

FTLN 1286

by too and suffer every knave to use me at his

FTLN 1287

pleasure.

PETER

FTLN 1288

I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had,

FTLN 1289

my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant

160

FTLN 1290

you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I

FTLN 1291

see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my

FTLN 1292

side.

101

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 2. SC. 4

NURSE

FTLN 1293

Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part

FTLN 1294

about me quivers. Scurvy knave! 「*To Romeo.*」 Pray

165

FTLN 1295

you, sir, a word. And, as I told you, my young lady

FTLN 1296

bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will

FTLN 1297

keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you

FTLN 1298

should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it

FTLN 1299

were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say. For

170

FTLN 1300

the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you

FTLN 1301

should deal double with her, truly it were an ill

FTLN 1302

thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very

FTLN 1303

weak dealing.

ROMEO

FTLN 1304

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

175

FTLN 1305 I protest unto thee—
 NURSE

FTLN 1306 Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much.
 FTLN 1307 Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.
 ROMEO

FTLN 1308 What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not
 FTLN 1309 mark me. 180
 NURSE

FTLN 1310 I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as
 FTLN 1311 I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.
 ROMEO

FTLN 1312 Bid her devise
 FTLN 1313 Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
 FTLN 1314 And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell 185
 FTLN 1315 Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.
「Offering her money.」

NURSE

FTLN 1316 No, truly, sir, not a penny.
 ROMEO

FTLN 1317 Go to, I say you shall.
 NURSE

FTLN 1318 This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.
 ROMEO

FTLN 1319 And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall. 190
 FTLN 1320 Within this hour my man shall be with thee
 FTLN 1321 And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
 FTLN 1322 Which to the high topgallant of my joy
 FTLN 1323 Must be my convoy in the secret night.
 FTLN 1324 Farewell. Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. 195
 FTLN 1325 Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE

FTLN 1326 Now, God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.
 ROMEO

FTLN 1327 What sayst thou, my dear nurse?
 NURSE

FTLN 1328 Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say
 FTLN 1329 "Two may keep counsel, putting one away"? 200

ROMEO

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

NURSE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and

Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO

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

NURSE

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

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

and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you

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

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.—Peter.

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

Before and apace.

'They' exit.

['Scene 5']

Enter Juliet.

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.

In half an hour she promised to return.

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

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

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

5

Driving back shadows over louring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

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

Is ^{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.

Enter Nurse ^{and Peter.}

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

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE

Peter, stay at the gate.

Peter exits.

JULIET

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

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.

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

JULIET

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

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

NURSE

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

FTLN 1384 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 FTLN 1385 Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.
 FTLN 1386 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
 FTLN 1387 Let me be satisfied; is 't good or bad?

NURSE

FTLN 1388 Well, you have made a simple choice. You know 40
 FTLN 1389 not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he.
 FTLN 1390 Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
 FTLN 1391 excels all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a
 FTLN 1392 body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they
 FTLN 1393 are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, 45
 FTLN 1394 but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy
 FTLN 1395 ways, wench. Serve God. What, have you dined at
 FTLN 1396 home?

JULIET

FTLN 1397 No, no. But all this did I know before.
 FTLN 1398 What says he of our marriage? What of that? 50

NURSE

FTLN 1399 Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
 FTLN 1400 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
 FTLN 1401 My back o' t' other side! Ah, my back, my back!
 FTLN 1402 Beshrew your heart for sending me about
 FTLN 1403 To catch my death with jaunting up and down. 55

JULIET

FTLN 1404 I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
 FTLN 1405 Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
 FTLN 1406 love?

NURSE

FTLN 1407 Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
 FTLN 1408 courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I 60
 FTLN 1409 warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

FTLN 1410 Where is my mother? Why, she is within.
 FTLN 1411 Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
 FTLN 1412 "Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
 FTLN 1413 Where is your mother?" 65

NURSE

FTLN 1414 O God's lady dear,
 FTLN 1415 Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow.

FTLN 1416 Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

FTLN 1417 Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

FTLN 1418 Here's such a coil. Come, what says Romeo?

70

NURSE

FTLN 1419 Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

FTLN 1420 I have.

NURSE

FTLN 1421 Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell.

FTLN 1422 There stays a husband to make you a wife.

FTLN 1423 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;

75

FTLN 1424 They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

FTLN 1425 Hie you to church. I must another way,

FTLN 1426 To fetch a ladder by the which your love

FTLN 1427 Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.

FTLN 1428 I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

80

FTLN 1429 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

FTLN 1430 Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

JULIET

FTLN 1431 Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

They exit.

「Scene 6」

Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 and Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1432 So smile the heavens upon this holy act

FTLN 1433 That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

ROMEO

FTLN 1434 Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can,

FTLN 1435 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

FTLN 1436 That one short minute gives me in her sight.

5

FTLN 1437 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

FTLN 1438 Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

FTLN 1439 It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1440 These violent delights have violent ends

FTLN 1441 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10
 FTLN 1442 Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
 FTLN 1443 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
 FTLN 1444 And in the taste confounds the appetite.
 FTLN 1445 Therefore love moderately. Long love doth so.
 FTLN 1446 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

Enter Juliet.

FTLN 1447 Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
 FTLN 1448 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
 FTLN 1449 A lover may bestride the gossamers
 FTLN 1450 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 FTLN 1451 And yet not fall, so light is vanity. 20

JULIET

FTLN 1452 Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1453 Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

FTLN 1454 As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO

FTLN 1455 Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 FTLN 1456 Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more 25
 FTLN 1457 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 FTLN 1458 This neighbor air, and let rich 「music's」 tongue
 FTLN 1459 Unfold the imagined happiness that both
 FTLN 1460 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

FTLN 1461 Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
 FTLN 1462 Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
 FTLN 1463 They are but beggars that can count their worth,
 FTLN 1464 But my true love is grown to such excess
 FTLN 1465 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1466 Come, come with me, and we will make short work, 35
 FTLN 1467 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
 FTLN 1468 Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

「They exit.」

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and 「their」 men.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1469 I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
FTLN 1470 The day is hot, the Capels 「are」 abroad,
FTLN 1471 And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl,
FTLN 1472 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1473 Thou art like one of these fellows that, when 5
FTLN 1474 he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his
FTLN 1475 sword upon the table and says “God send me no
FTLN 1476 need of thee” and, by the operation of the second
FTLN 1477 cup, draws him on the drawer when indeed there is
FTLN 1478 no need. 10

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1479 Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1480 Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy
FTLN 1481 mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be
FTLN 1482 moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1483 And what to? 15

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1484 Nay, an there were two such, we should
FTLN 1485 have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
FTLN 1486 Thou—why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
FTLN 1487 hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than
FTLN 1488 thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking
FTLN 1489 nuts, having no other reason but because thou 20

FTLN 1490
FTLN 1491

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

115

117

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 1

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

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

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1500
FTLN 1501
FTLN 1502

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

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1503

The fee simple? O simple! 35

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1504

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1505

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT, *['to his companions']*

FTLN 1506

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

FTLN 1507

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

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1508

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

FTLN 1509

with something. Make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT

FTLN 1510

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

FTLN 1511

you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1512

Could you not take some occasion without

FTLN 1513

giving? 45

TYBALT

FTLN 1514 Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.
MERCUTIO
FTLN 1515 Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels?
FTLN 1516 An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear
FTLN 1517 nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's
FTLN 1518 that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort! 50

BENVOLIO
FTLN 1519 We talk here in the public haunt of men.
FTLN 1520 Either withdraw unto some private place,
FTLN 1521 Or reason coldly of your grievances,
FTLN 1522 Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

119

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 1

MERCUTIO
FTLN 1523 Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. 55
FTLN 1524 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

TYBALT
FTLN 1525 Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.
MERCUTIO
FTLN 1526 But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.
FTLN 1527 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower.
FTLN 1528 Your Worship in that sense may call him "man." 60

TYBALT
FTLN 1529 Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
FTLN 1530 No better term than this: thou art a villain.
ROMEO
FTLN 1531 Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
FTLN 1532 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
FTLN 1533 To such a greeting. Villain am I none. 65
FTLN 1534 Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT
FTLN 1535 Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
FTLN 1536 That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.
ROMEO
FTLN 1537 I do protest I never injured thee
FTLN 1538 But love thee better than thou canst devise 70
FTLN 1539

FTLN 1540 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
 FTLN 1541 And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
 As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1542 O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
 FTLN 1543 *Alla stoccato* carries it away. 75

「*He draws.*」

FTLN 1544 Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

FTLN 1545 What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1546 Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
 FTLN 1547 nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
 FTLN 1548 you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the 80

121

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 1

FTLN 1549 eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
 FTLN 1550 by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your
 FTLN 1551 ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

FTLN 1552 I am for you.

「*He draws.*」

ROMEO

FTLN 1553 Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 85

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1554 Come, sir, your *passado*.

「*They fight.*」

ROMEO

FTLN 1555 Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.
 「*Romeo draws.*」

FTLN 1556 Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!
 FTLN 1557 Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath
 FTLN 1558 Forbid this bandying in Verona streets. 90
 FTLN 1559 Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

「*Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers.*
Tybalt stabs Mercutio.」

「PETRUCHIO」

FTLN 1560 Away, Tybalt!
 「*Tybalt, Petruchio, and their followers exit.*」

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague o' both houses! I am sped.

Is he gone and hath nothing?

95

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

「Page exits.」

ROMEO

Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as

100

a church door, but 'tis enough. 'Twill serve. Ask for

me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I

am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'

both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a

cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a

105

villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the

devil came you between us? I was hurt under your

arm.

123

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 1

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,

110

Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me.

I have it, and soundly, too. Your houses!

「All but Romeo」 exit.

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt

115

In my behalf. My reputation stained

With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate

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

LADY CAPULET

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

PRINCE

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

PRINCE

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

「Scene 2」
Enter Juliet alone.

JULIET

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

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

FTLN 1692 Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in
FTLN 1693 night,
FTLN 1694 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
FTLN 1695 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back. 20
FTLN 1696 Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed
FTLN 1697 night,
FTLN 1698 Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
FTLN 1699 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
FTLN 1700 And he will make the face of heaven so fine 25
FTLN 1701 That all the world will be in love with night
FTLN 1702 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
FTLN 1703 O, I have bought the mansion of a love
FTLN 1704 But not possessed it, and, though I am sold,
FTLN 1705 Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day 30
FTLN 1706 As is the night before some festival
FTLN 1707 To an impatient child that hath new robes
FTLN 1708 And may not wear them.

Enter Nurse with cords.

FTLN 1709 O, here comes my nurse,
FTLN 1710 And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks 35
FTLN 1711 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—
FTLN 1712 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The
FTLN 1713 cords
FTLN 1714 That Romeo bid thee fetch?
NURSE
FTLN 1715 Ay, ay, the cords. 40
〔Dropping the rope ladder.〕
JULIET
FTLN 1716 Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE
FTLN 1717 Ah weraday, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
FTLN 1718 We are undone, lady, we are undone.
FTLN 1719 Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead.
JULIET
FTLN 1720 Can heaven be so envious? 45

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

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

NURSE

FTLN 1750 Tybalt is gone and Romeo banishèd. 75

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

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

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be
spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.—
Take up those cords.

「The Nurse picks up the rope ladder.」

Poor ropes, you are beguiled, 145
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come, cords—come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed,
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! 150

NURSE

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

JULIET

O, find him! 155
「Giving the Nurse a ring.」
Give this ring to my true knight
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
「They」 exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Friar 「Lawrence.」

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

「Enter Romeo.」

ROMEO

Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand

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

ROMEO

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

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

FTLN 1894	Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,	
FTLN 1895	It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 1896	O, then I see that 「madmen」 have no ears.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1897	How should they when that wise men have no eyes?	65

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1898 Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

FTLN 1899 Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

FTLN 1900 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

FTLN 1901 An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,

FTLN 1902 Doting like me, and like me banishèd, 70

FTLN 1903 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy

FTLN 1904 hair

FTLN 1905 And fall upon the ground as I do now,

「*Romeo throws himself down.*」

FTLN 1906 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Knock 「*within.*」

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1907 Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself. 75

ROMEO

FTLN 1908 Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,

FTLN 1909 Mistlike, enfold me from the search of eyes.

Knock.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1910 Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,

FTLN 1911 arise.

FTLN 1912 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up. 80

Knock.

FTLN 1913 Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will,

FTLN 1914 What simpleness is this?—I come, I come.

Knock.

FTLN 1915 Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's

FTLN 1916 your will?

NURSE, 「*within*」

FTLN 1917 Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. 85

FTLN 1918 I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「*admitting the Nurse*」

FTLN 1919 Welcome, then.

「*Enter Nurse.*」

NURSE

FTLN 1920 O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
FTLN 1921 Where's my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1922 There on the ground, with his own tears made
FTLN 1923 drunk. 90

NURSE

FTLN 1924 O, he is even in my mistress' case,
FTLN 1925 Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!
FTLN 1926 Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
FTLN 1927 Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.— 95
FTLN 1928 Stand up, stand up. Stand an you be a man.
FTLN 1929 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
FTLN 1930 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO

FTLN 1931 Nurse.

NURSE

FTLN 1932 Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all. 100

ROMEO, ¹*rising up*

FTLN 1933 Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
FTLN 1934 Doth not she think me an old murderer,
FTLN 1935 Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
FTLN 1936 With blood removed but little from her own?
FTLN 1937 Where is she? And how doth she? And what says 105
FTLN 1938 My concealed lady to our canceled love?

NURSE

FTLN 1939 O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
FTLN 1940 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
FTLN 1941 And "Tybalt" calls, and then on Romeo cries,
FTLN 1942 And then down falls again. 110

ROMEO

FTLN 1943 As if that name,
FTLN 1944 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
FTLN 1945 Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand
FTLN 1946 Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
FTLN 1947 In what vile part of this anatomy 115
FTLN 1948 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack

FTLN 1949
FTLN 1950
FTLN 1951
FTLN 1952
FTLN 1953
FTLN 1954
FTLN 1955
FTLN 1956
FTLN 1957
FTLN 1958
FTLN 1959
FTLN 1960
FTLN 1961
FTLN 1962
FTLN 1963
FTLN 1964
FTLN 1965
FTLN 1966
FTLN 1967
FTLN 1968
FTLN 1969
FTLN 1970
FTLN 1971
FTLN 1972
FTLN 1973
FTLN 1974
FTLN 1975
FTLN 1976
FTLN 1977
FTLN 1978

The hateful mansion.

「He draws his dagger.」

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold thy desperate hand!

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts *「denote」* 120

The unreasonable fury of a beast.

Unseemly woman in a seeming man,

And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!

Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better tempered. 125

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,

And slay thy lady that in thy life *「lives,」*

By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?

Why railest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,

Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet 130

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?

Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. 135

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valor of a man;

Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 140

Misshapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,

Is set afire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismembered with thine own defense.

What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, 145

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:

FTLN 1979
FTLN 1980
FTLN 1981
FTLN 1982
FTLN 1983

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.

The law that threatened death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile: there art thou happy. 150

A pack of blessings light upon thy back;

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2008	Go hence, good night—and here stands all your	
FTLN 2009	state:	
FTLN 2010	Either be gone before the watch be set	
FTLN 2011	Or by the break of day 「disguised」 from hence.	
FTLN 2012	Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,	180
FTLN 2013	And he shall signify from time to time	

FTLN 2014 Every good hap to you that chances here.
FTLN 2015 Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.
ROMEO
FTLN 2016 But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
FTLN 2017 It were a grief so brief to part with thee. 185
FTLN 2018 Farewell.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.

CAPULET

FTLN 2019 Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
FTLN 2020 That we have had no time to move our daughter.
FTLN 2021 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
FTLN 2022 And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
FTLN 2023 'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight. 5
FTLN 2024 I promise you, but for your company,
FTLN 2025 I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS

FTLN 2026 These times of woe afford no times to woo.—
FTLN 2027 Madam, good night. Commend me to your
FTLN 2028 daughter. 10

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2029 I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
FTLN 2030 Tonight she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

FTLN 2031 Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
FTLN 2032 Of my child's love. I think she will 「be」 ruled

155

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 3. SC. 5

FTLN 2033 In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.— 15
FTLN 2034 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
FTLN 2035 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
FTLN 2036 And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday
FTLN 2037 next—
FTLN 2038 But soft, what day is this? 20

PARIS

FTLN 2039

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

FTLN 2040

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

FTLN 2041

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

FTLN 2042

She shall be married to this noble earl.—

FTLN 2043

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

FTLN 2044

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

FTLN 2045

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

FTLN 2046

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

FTLN 2047

Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

FTLN 2048

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

FTLN 2049

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

PARIS

FTLN 2050

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

FTLN 2051

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

FTLN 2052

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

FTLN 2053

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

FTLN 2054

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

FTLN 2055

Afore me, it is so very late that we

FTLN 2056

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

They exit.

「Scene 5」

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

JULIET

FTLN 2057

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

FTLN 2058

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

FTLN 2059

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.

FTLN 2060

Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.

FTLN 2061

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5

ROMEO

FTLN 2062

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

FTLN 2063 No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
FTLN 2064 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
FTLN 2065 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
FTLN 2066 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. 10
FTLN 2067 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

FTLN 2068 Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I.
FTLN 2069 It is some meteor that the sun 「exhaled」
FTLN 2070 To be to thee this night a torchbearer
FTLN 2071 And light thee on thy way to Mantua. 15
FTLN 2072 Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

FTLN 2073 Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death.
FTLN 2074 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
FTLN 2075 I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye;
FTLN 2076 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow. 20
FTLN 2077 Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
FTLN 2078 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
FTLN 2079 I have more care to stay than will to go.
FTLN 2080 Come death and welcome. Juliet wills it so.
FTLN 2081 How is 't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day. 25

JULIET

FTLN 2082 It is, it is. Hie hence, begone, away!
FTLN 2083 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
FTLN 2084 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
FTLN 2085 Some say the lark makes sweet division.
FTLN 2086 This doth not so, for she divideth us. 30
FTLN 2087 Some say the lark and loathèd toad 「changed」 eyes.
FTLN 2088 O, now I would they had changed voices too,
FTLN 2089 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
FTLN 2090 Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
FTLN 2091 O, now begone. More light and light it grows. 35

ROMEO

FTLN 2092 More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE

FTLN 2093 Madam.

JULIET

FTLN 2094 Nurse?

NURSE

FTLN 2095 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

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

40

She exits.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

They kiss, and Romeo descends.

JULIET

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

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

FTLN 2101 For in a minute there are many days.

45

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

FTLN 2103 Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO

FTLN 2104 Farewell.

FTLN 2105 I will omit no opportunity

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

50

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

FTLN 2109 For sweet discourses in our times to come.

「JULIET」

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

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

55

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

FTLN 2113 Either my eyesight fails or thou lookest pale.

ROMEO

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

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

He exits.

JULIET

FTLN 2116 O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle. 60
FTLN 2117 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
FTLN 2118 That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
FTLN 2119 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
FTLN 2120 But send him back.

Enter 「Lady Capulet.」

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2121 Ho, daughter, are you up? 65

JULIET

FTLN 2122 Who is 't that calls? It is my lady mother.
FTLN 2123 Is she not down so late or up so early?
FTLN 2124 What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?
「Juliet descends.」

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2125 Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

FTLN 2126 Madam, I am not well. 70

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2127 Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
FTLN 2128 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
FTLN 2129 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
FTLN 2130 Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of
FTLN 2131 love, 75
FTLN 2132 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

FTLN 2133 Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2134 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
FTLN 2135 Which you weep for.

JULIET

FTLN 2136 Feeling so the loss, 80
FTLN 2137 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2138 Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
FTLN 2139 As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

FTLN 2140 What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2141 That same villain, Romeo. 85

JULIET, *「aside」*

FTLN 2142 Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
FTLN 2143 God pardon *「him.」* I do with all my heart,
FTLN 2144 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2145 That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

FTLN 2146 Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. 90
FTLN 2147 Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2148 We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
FTLN 2149 Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
FTLN 2150 Where that same banished runagate doth live,
FTLN 2151 Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram 95
FTLN 2152 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
FTLN 2153 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

FTLN 2154 Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
FTLN 2155 With Romeo till I behold him—dead—
FTLN 2156 Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed. 100
FTLN 2157 Madam, if you could find out but a man
FTLN 2158 To bear a poison, I would temper it,
FTLN 2159 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
FTLN 2160 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
FTLN 2161 To hear him named and cannot come to him 105
FTLN 2162 To wreak the love I bore my cousin
FTLN 2163 Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2164 Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
FTLN 2165 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

FTLN 2166 And joy comes well in such a needy time. 110
FTLN 2167 What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2168 Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,

FTLN 2169 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 FTLN 2170 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
 FTLN 2171 That thou expects not, nor I looked not for. 115

JULIET

FTLN 2172 Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2173 Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn
 FTLN 2174 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
 FTLN 2175 The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church
 FTLN 2176 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. 120

JULIET

FTLN 2177 Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
 FTLN 2178 He shall not make me there a joyful bride!
 FTLN 2179 I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
 FTLN 2180 Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
 FTLN 2181 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 125
 FTLN 2182 I will not marry yet, and when I do I swear
 FTLN 2183 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
 FTLN 2184 Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2185 Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
 FTLN 2186 And see how he will take it at your hands. 130

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET

FTLN 2187 When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,
 FTLN 2188 But for the sunset of my brother's son
 FTLN 2189 It rains downright.
 FTLN 2190 How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
 FTLN 2191 Evermore show'ring? In one little body 135
 FTLN 2192 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind.
 FTLN 2193 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 FTLN 2194 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 FTLN 2195 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs,
 FTLN 2196 Who, raging with thy tears and they with them, 140
 FTLN 2197 Without a sudden calm, will overset

FTLN 2198	Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife?	
FTLN 2199	Have you delivered to her our decree?	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2200	Ay, sir, but she will none, she 「gives」 you thanks.	
FTLN 2201	I would the fool were married to her grave.	145
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2202	Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.	
FTLN 2203	How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?	
FTLN 2204	Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,	
FTLN 2205	Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought	
FTLN 2206	So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?	150
	JULIET	
FTLN 2207	Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.	
FTLN 2208	Proud can I never be of what I hate,	
FTLN 2209	But thankful even for hate that is meant love.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2210	How, how, how, how? Chopped logic? What is this?	
FTLN 2211	“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not,”	155
FTLN 2212	And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you,	
FTLN 2213	Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,	
FTLN 2214	But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next	
FTLN 2215	To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,	
FTLN 2216	Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.	160
FTLN 2217	Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!	
FTLN 2218	You tallow face!	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2219	Fie, fie, what, are you mad?	
	JULIET, 「 <i>kneeling</i> 」	
FTLN 2220	Good father, I beseech you on my knees,	
FTLN 2221	Hear me with patience but to speak a word.	165
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2222	Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!	
FTLN 2223	I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday,	
FTLN 2224	Or never after look me in the face.	
FTLN 2225	Speak not; reply not; do not answer me.	
FTLN 2226	My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us	170
FTLN 2227	blessed	

FTLN 2228	That God had lent us but this only child,	
FTLN 2229	But now I see this one is one too much,	
FTLN 2230	And that we have a curse in having her.	
FTLN 2231	Out on her, hilding.	175
	NURSE	
FTLN 2232	God in heaven bless her!	
FTLN 2233	You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2234	And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue.	
FTLN 2235	Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2236	I speak no treason.	180
	「CAPULET」	
FTLN 2237	O, God 'i' g' eden!	
	「NURSE」	
FTLN 2238	May not one speak?	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2239	Peace, you mumbling fool!	
FTLN 2240	Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,	
FTLN 2241	For here we need it not.	185
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2242	You are too hot.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2243	God's bread, it makes me mad.	
FTLN 2244	Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,	
FTLN 2245	Alone, in company, still my care hath been	
FTLN 2246	To have her matched. And having now provided	190
FTLN 2247	A gentleman of noble parentage,	
FTLN 2248	Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly 「ligned,」	
FTLN 2249	Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,	
FTLN 2250	Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—	
FTLN 2251	And then to have a wretched puling fool,	195
FTLN 2252	A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,	
FTLN 2253	To answer "I'll not wed. I cannot love.	
FTLN 2254	I am too young. I pray you, pardon me."	
FTLN 2255	But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!	
FTLN 2256	Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.	200
FTLN 2257	Look to 't; think on 't. I do not use to jest.	
FTLN 2258	Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart; advise.	
FTLN 2259	An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.	

FTLN 2260 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 FTLN 2261 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, 205
 FTLN 2262 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
 FTLN 2263 Trust to 't; bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

He exits.

JULIET

FTLN 2264 Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
 FTLN 2265 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
 FTLN 2266 O sweet my mother, cast me not away. 210
 FTLN 2267 Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
 FTLN 2268 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 FTLN 2269 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2270 Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
 FTLN 2271 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. 215

She exits.

JULIET, *rising*

FTLN 2272 O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 FTLN 2273 My husband is on Earth, my faith in heaven.
 FTLN 2274 How shall that faith return again to Earth
 FTLN 2275 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 FTLN 2276 By leaving Earth? Comfort me; counsel me.— 220
 FTLN 2277 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
 FTLN 2278 Upon so soft a subject as myself.—
 FTLN 2279 What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
 FTLN 2280 Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE

FTLN 2281 Faith, here it is. 225
 FTLN 2282 Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing
 FTLN 2283 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,
 FTLN 2284 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 FTLN 2285 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 FTLN 2286 I think it best you married with the County. 230
 FTLN 2287 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 FTLN 2288 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
 FTLN 2289 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 FTLN 2290 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

FTLN 2291	I think you are happy in this second match,	235
FTLN 2292	For it excels your first, or, if it did not,	
FTLN 2293	Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were	
FTLN 2294	As living here and you no use of him.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2295	Speak'st thou from thy heart?	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2296	And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.	240
	JULIET	
FTLN 2297	Amen.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2298	What?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2299	Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.	
FTLN 2300	Go in and tell my lady I am gone,	
FTLN 2301	Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell	245
FTLN 2302	To make confession and to be absolved.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2303	Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.	
		<i>「She exits.」</i>
	JULIET	
FTLN 2304	Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend!	
FTLN 2305	Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn	
FTLN 2306	Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue	250
FTLN 2307	Which she hath praised him with above compare	
FTLN 2308	So many thousand times? Go, counselor.	
FTLN 2309	Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.	
FTLN 2310	I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.	
FTLN 2311	If all else fail, myself have power to die.	255
		<i>She exits.</i>

「Scene 1」

Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 and County Paris.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

Uneven is the course. I like it not.

5

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she do give her sorrow so much sway,

10

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage

To stop the inundation of her tears,

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

15

FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「*aside*」

I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

177

179

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 1

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

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

PARIS

PARIS

FTLN 2353 God shield I should disturb devotion!—
FTLN 2354 Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you.
FTLN 2355 Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

He exits.

JULIET

FTLN 2356 O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so, 45
FTLN 2357 Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2358 O Juliet, I already know thy grief.
FTLN 2359 It strains me past the compass of my wits.
FTLN 2360 I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
FTLN 2361 On Thursday next be married to this County. 50

JULIET

FTLN 2362 Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,
FTLN 2363 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
FTLN 2364 If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
FTLN 2365 Do thou but call my resolution wise,
FTLN 2366 And with this knife I'll help it presently. 55

〔She shows him her knife.〕

FTLN 2367 God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
FTLN 2368 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,
FTLN 2369 Shall be the label to another deed,
FTLN 2370 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
FTLN 2371 Turn to another, this shall slay them both. 60
FTLN 2372 Therefore out of thy long-experienced time
FTLN 2373 Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
FTLN 2374 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
FTLN 2375 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
FTLN 2376 Which the commission of thy years and art 65
FTLN 2377 Could to no issue of true honor bring.
FTLN 2378 Be not so long to speak. I long to die
FTLN 2379 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2380 Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
FTLN 2381 Which craves as desperate an execution 70
FTLN 2382 As that is desperate which we would prevent.

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

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

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

FTLN 2417 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
FTLN 2418 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours
FTLN 2419 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
FTLN 2420 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
FTLN 2421 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead. 110
FTLN 2422 Then, as the manner of our country is,
FTLN 2423 「In」 thy best robes uncovered on the bier
FTLN 2424 Thou 「shalt」 be borne to that same ancient vault
FTLN 2425 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
FTLN 2426 In the meantime, against thou shalt awake, 115
FTLN 2427 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
FTLN 2428 And hither shall he come, and he and I
FTLN 2429 Will watch thy 「waking,」 and that very night
FTLN 2430 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
FTLN 2431 And this shall free thee from this present shame, 120
FTLN 2432 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
FTLN 2433 Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

FTLN 2434 Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「giving Juliet the vial」

FTLN 2435 Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
FTLN 2436 In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed 125
FTLN 2437 To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

FTLN 2438 Love give me strength, and strength shall help
FTLN 2439 afford.

FTLN 2440 Farewell, dear father.

「They」 exit 「in different directions.」

「Scene 2」

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

CAPULET

CAPULET

FTLN 2464 Send for the County. Go tell him of this.

FTLN 2465 I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

25

JULIET

FTLN 2466 I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell

FTLN 2467 And gave him what becomèd love I might,

FTLN 2468 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET

FTLN 2469 Why, I am glad on 't. This is well. Stand up.

「Juliet rises.」

FTLN 2470 This is as 't should be.—Let me see the County.

30

FTLN 2471 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

FTLN 2472 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

FTLN 2473 All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET

FTLN 2474 Nurse, will you go with me into my closet

FTLN 2475 To help me sort such needful ornaments

35

FTLN 2476 As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2477 No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

FTLN 2478 Go, nurse. Go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

「Juliet and the Nurse」 exit.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2479 We shall be short in our provision.

FTLN 2480 'Tis now near night.

40

CAPULET

FTLN 2481 Tush, I will stir about,

FTLN 2482 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

FTLN 2483 Go thou to Juliet. Help to deck up her.

FTLN 2484 I'll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.

FTLN 2485 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!—

45

FTLN 2486 They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself

FTLN 2487 To County Paris, to prepare up him

FTLN 2488 Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light

FTLN 2489 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

「They」 exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET

FTLN 2490 Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,
 FTLN 2491 I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,
 FTLN 2492 For I have need of many orisons
 FTLN 2493 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 FTLN 2494 Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin. 5

Enter 「Lady Capulet.」

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2495 What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET

FTLN 2496 No, madam, we have culled such necessaries
 FTLN 2497 As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.
 FTLN 2498 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 FTLN 2499 And let the Nurse this night sit up with you, 10
 FTLN 2500 For I am sure you have your hands full all
 FTLN 2501 In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET

Good night.

FTLN 2502 Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

「Lady Capulet and the Nurse」 exit.

JULIET

FTLN 2504 Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again. 15
 FTLN 2505 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
 FTLN 2506 That almost freezes up the heat of life.
 FTLN 2507 I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
 FTLN 2508 Nurse!—What should she do here?
 FTLN 2509 My dismal scene I needs must act alone. 20
 FTLN 2510 Come, vial.

「She takes out the vial.」

FTLN 2511 What if this mixture do not work at all?

FTLN 2512 Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

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

FTLN 2513 No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

FTLN 2514 What if it be a poison which the Friar 25

FTLN 2515 Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
 FTLN 2516 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
 FTLN 2517 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 FTLN 2518 I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not,
 FTLN 2519 For he hath still been tried a holy man. 30
 FTLN 2520 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 FTLN 2521 I wake before the time that Romeo
 FTLN 2522 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.
 FTLN 2523 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 FTLN 2524 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, 35
 FTLN 2525 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 FTLN 2526 Or, if I live, is it not very like
 FTLN 2527 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 FTLN 2528 Together with the terror of the place—
 FTLN 2529 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle 40
 FTLN 2530 Where for this many hundred years the bones
 FTLN 2531 Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
 FTLN 2532 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 FTLN 2533 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 FTLN 2534 At some hours in the night spirits resort— 45
 FTLN 2535 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
 FTLN 2536 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 FTLN 2537 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 FTLN 2538 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 FTLN 2539 O, if I ¹wake, shall I not be distraught, 50
 FTLN 2540 Environèd with all these hideous fears,
 FTLN 2541 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
 FTLN 2542 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
 FTLN 2543 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 FTLN 2544 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains? 55
 FTLN 2545 O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 FTLN 2546 Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
 FTLN 2547 Upon a rapier's point! Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 FTLN 2548 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to
 FTLN 2549 thee. 60

¹*She drinks and falls upon her bed
 within the curtains.*¹

「Scene 4」

Enter 「Lady Capulet」 and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2550 Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE

FTLN 2551 They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter old Capulet.

CAPULET

FTLN 2552 Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed.

FTLN 2553 The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.—

FTLN 2554 Look to the baked meats, good Angelica. 5

FTLN 2555 Spare not for cost.

NURSE

FTLN 2556 Go, you cot-quean, go,

FTLN 2557 Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow

FTLN 2558 For this night's watching.

CAPULET

FTLN 2559 No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now 10

FTLN 2560 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2561 Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,

FTLN 2562 But I will watch you from such watching now.

Lady 「Capulet」 and Nurse exit.

CAPULET

FTLN 2563 A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

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

FTLN 2564 Now fellow, 15

FTLN 2565 What is there?

「FIRST SERVINGMAN」

FTLN 2566 Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET

FTLN 2567 Make haste, make haste.

「*First Servingman exits.*」

FTLN 2568 Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

FTLN 2569 Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

20

197

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 5

「SECOND SERVINGMAN」

FTLN 2570 I have a head, sir, that will find out logs

FTLN 2571 And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET

FTLN 2572 Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha!

FTLN 2573 Thou shalt be loggerhead.

「*Second Servingman exits.*」

FTLN 2574 Good 「faith,」 'tis day.

25

FTLN 2575 The County will be here with music straight,

Play music.

FTLN 2576 For so he said he would. I hear him near.—

FTLN 2577 Nurse!—Wife! What ho!—What, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

FTLN 2578 Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up.

FTLN 2579 I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

30

FTLN 2580 Make haste. The bridegroom he is come already.

FTLN 2581 Make haste, I say.

「*He exits.*」

「Scene 5」

NURSE, 「*approaching the bed*」

FTLN 2582 Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant

FTLN 2583 her, she—

FTLN 2584 Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slugabed!

FTLN 2585 Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!—

FTLN 2633 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
 FTLN 2634 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
 FTLN 2635 And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!

NURSE

FTLN 2636 O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day! 55
 FTLN 2637 Most lamentable day, most woeful day
 FTLN 2638 That ever, ever I did yet behold!
 FTLN 2639 O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
 FTLN 2640 Never was seen so black a day as this!
 FTLN 2641 O woeful day, O woeful day! 60

PARIS

FTLN 2642 Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!

203

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 5

FTLN 2643 Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
 FTLN 2644 By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
 FTLN 2645 O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

CAPULET

FTLN 2646 Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed! 65
 FTLN 2647 Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
 FTLN 2648 To murder, murder our solemnity?
 FTLN 2649 O child! O child! My soul and not my child!
 FTLN 2650 Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
 FTLN 2651 And with my child my joys are buried. 70

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2652 Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's 「cure」 lives not
 FTLN 2653 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 FTLN 2654 Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,
 FTLN 2655 And all the better is it for the maid.
 FTLN 2656 Your part in her you could not keep from death, 75
 FTLN 2657 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 FTLN 2658 The most you sought was her promotion,
 FTLN 2659 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced;
 FTLN 2660 And weep you now, seeing she is advanced
 FTLN 2661 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? 80
 FTLN 2662 O, in this love you love your child so ill
 FTLN 2663 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
 FTLN 2664 She's not well married that lives married long,
 FTLN 2665 But she's best married that dies married young.

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

CAPULET

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

205

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 5

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

「All but the Nurse and the Musicians」 exit.

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

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

NURSE

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

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

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

「Nurse」 exits.

Enter 「Peter」.

PETER

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

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2690 Why “Heart's ease?”

PETER

FTLN 2691 O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My
FTLN 2692 heart is full.” O, play me some merry dump to
FTLN 2693 comfort me. 110

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2694 Not a dump, we. ’Tis no time to play
FTLN 2695 now.

PETER

FTLN 2696 You will not then? 115

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2697 No.

PETER

FTLN 2698 I will then give it you soundly.

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2699 What will you give us?

PETER

FTLN 2700 No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give
FTLN 2701 you the minstrel. 120

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2702 Then will I give you the
FTLN 2703 serving-creature.

207

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 4. SC. 5

PETER

FTLN 2704 Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger on
FTLN 2705 your pate. I will carry no crochets. I’ll *re* you, I’ll *fa*
FTLN 2706 you. Do you note me? 125

「FIRST MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2707 An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

SECOND 「MUSICIAN」

FTLN 2708 Pray you, put up your dagger and
FTLN 2709 put out your wit.

「PETER」

FTLN 2710 Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat
FTLN 2711 you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. 130
FTLN 2712 Answer me like men.

FTLN 2713 「Sings.」 *When griping griefs the heart doth wound*
FTLN 2714 *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*
FTLN 2715 *Then music with her silver sound—*

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

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」
Enter Romeo.

ROMEO

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

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

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

BALTHASAR

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

211

213

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 5. SC. 1

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

ROMEO

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

BALTHASAR

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

ROMEO

FTLN 2763 Tush, thou art deceived.
FTLN 2764 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
FTLN 2765 Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR

FTLN 2766 No, my good lord.

ROMEO

FTLN 2767 No matter. Get thee gone, 35
FTLN 2768 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.
[*Balthasar*] *exits.*

FTLN 2769 Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
FTLN 2770 Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
FTLN 2771 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
FTLN 2772 I do remember an apothecary 40
FTLN 2773 (And hereabouts he dwells) which late I noted
FTLN 2774 In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
FTLN 2775 Culling of simples. Meager were his looks.
FTLN 2776 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
FTLN 2777 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, 45
FTLN 2778 An alligator stuffed, and other skins
FTLN 2779 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves,
FTLN 2780 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
FTLN 2781 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
FTLN 2782 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses 50
FTLN 2783 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
FTLN 2784 Noting this penury, to myself I said

215

Romeo and Juliet

ACT 5. SC. 1

FTLN 2785 "An if a man did need a poison now,
FTLN 2786 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
FTLN 2787 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him." 55
FTLN 2788 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
FTLN 2789 And this same needy man must sell it me.
FTLN 2790 As I remember, this should be the house.
FTLN 2791 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
FTLN 2792 What ho, Apothecary! 60

[*Enter Apothecary.*]

APOTHECARY

FTLN 2793 Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

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

「*He offers money.*」

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

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

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

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

FTLN 2799 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath

FTLN 2800 As violently as hasty powder fired

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

APOTHECARY

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

FTLN 2803 Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

FTLN 2804 Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

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

FTLN 2806 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

FTLN 2807 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. 75

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

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

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

APOTHECARY

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

ROMEO

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

APOTHECARY, 「*giving him the poison*」

FTLN 2813 Put this in any liquid thing you will

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

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

ROMEO, 「*handing him the money*」

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

FTLN 2817 Doing more murder in this loathsome world 85

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

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

FTLN 2840 Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
FTLN 2841 The letter was not nice but full of charge,
FTLN 2842 Of dear import, and the neglecting it
FTLN 2843 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence. 20
FTLN 2844 Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
FTLN 2845 Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

FTLN 2846 Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

He exits.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2847 Now must I to the monument alone.
FTLN 2848 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake. 25
FTLN 2849 She will beshrew me much that Romeo
FTLN 2850 Hath had no notice of these accidents.
FTLN 2851 But I will write again to Mantua,
FTLN 2852 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
FTLN 2853 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! 30

He exits.

「Scene 3」

Enter Paris and his Page.

PARIS

FTLN 2854 Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof.
FTLN 2855 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
FTLN 2856 Under yond 「yew」 trees lay thee all along,
FTLN 2857 Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground.
FTLN 2858 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread 5
FTLN 2859 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)

FTLN 2860 But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me
FTLN 2861 As signal that thou hearest something approach.
FTLN 2862 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee. Go.

PAGE, 「*aside*」

FTLN 2863 I am almost afraid to stand alone 10
FTLN 2864 Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.

「*He moves away from Paris.*」

PARIS, 「*scattering flowers*」

FTLN 2865 Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew

FTLN 2866 (O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!)

FTLN 2867 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

FTLN 2868 Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.

15

FTLN 2869 The obsequies that I for thee will keep

FTLN 2870 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

「*Page*」 *whistles.*

FTLN 2871 The boy gives warning something doth approach.

FTLN 2872 What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight,

FTLN 2873 To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

20

FTLN 2874 What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.

「*He steps aside.*」

Enter Romeo and Balthasar.

ROMEO

FTLN 2875 Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

FTLN 2876 Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning

FTLN 2877 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

FTLN 2878 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,

25

FTLN 2879 Whate'er thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof

FTLN 2880 And do not interrupt me in my course.

FTLN 2881 Why I descend into this bed of death

FTLN 2882 Is partly to behold my lady's face,

FTLN 2883 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

30

FTLN 2884 A precious ring, a ring that I must use

FTLN 2885 In dear employment. Therefore hence, begone.

FTLN 2886 But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

FTLN 2887 In what I farther shall intend to do,

FTLN 2888 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint

35

FTLN 2889 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

FTLN 2890 The time and my intents are savage-wild,

FTLN 2891 More fierce and more inexorable far

FTLN 2892 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

「*BALTHASAR*」

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

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

FTLN 2921	I do defy thy 「commination」	
FTLN 2922	And apprehend thee for a felon here.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2923	Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!	70
	「 <i>They draw and fight.</i> 」	
	「PAGE」	
FTLN 2924	O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.	
	「 <i>He exits.</i> 」	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2925	O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,	
FTLN 2926	Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.	
	「 <i>He dies.</i> 」	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2927	In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.	
FTLN 2928	Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!	75
FTLN 2929	What said my man when my betossèd soul	
FTLN 2930	Did not attend him as we rode? I think	
FTLN 2931	He told me Paris should have married Juliet.	
FTLN 2932	Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?	
FTLN 2933	Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,	80
FTLN 2934	To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,	
FTLN 2935	One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!	
FTLN 2936	I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—	
	「 <i>He opens the tomb.</i> 」	
FTLN 2937	A grave? O, no. A lantern, slaughtered youth,	
FTLN 2938	For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes	85
FTLN 2939	This vault a feasting presence full of light.—	
FTLN 2940	Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.	
	「 <i>Laying Paris in the tomb.</i> 」	
FTLN 2941	How oft when men are at the point of death	

FTLN 2942	Have they been merry, which their keepers call	
FTLN 2943	A light'ning before death! O, how may I	90
FTLN 2944	Call this a light'ning?—O my love, my wife,	
FTLN 2945	Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,	
FTLN 2946	Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.	
FTLN 2947	Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet	
FTLN 2948	Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,	95

FTLN 2949 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
 FTLN 2950 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 FTLN 2951 O, what more favor can I do to thee
 FTLN 2952 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 FTLN 2953 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
 FTLN 2954 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,
 FTLN 2955 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 FTLN 2956 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 FTLN 2957 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 FTLN 2958 Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 105
 FTLN 2959 For fear of that I still will stay with thee
 FTLN 2960 And never from this 「palace」 of dim night
 FTLN 2961 Depart again. Here, here will I remain
 FTLN 2962 With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
 FTLN 2963 Will I set up my everlasting rest 110
 FTLN 2964 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 FTLN 2965 From this world-wearied flesh! Eyes, look your last.
 FTLN 2966 Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you
 FTLN 2967 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 FTLN 2968 A dateless bargain to engrossing death. 115

「Kissing Juliet.」

FTLN 2969 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
 FTLN 2970 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 FTLN 2971 The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!
 FTLN 2972 Here's to my love. 「Drinking.」 O true apothecary,
 FTLN 2973 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120

「He dies.」

Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 with lantern, crow, and spade.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2974 Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight
 FTLN 2975 Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

「BALTHASAR」

FTLN 2976 Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2977 Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
 FTLN 2978 What torch is yond that vainly lends his light 125

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

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

JULIET

O comfortable friar, where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

155

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,

And Paris, too. Come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

160

JULIET

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

165

He exits.

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

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

O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after! I will kiss thy lips.

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

170

She kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

Enter Paris's Page and Watch.

「FIRST」 WATCH

Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

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

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

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

175

「PAGE」

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

「FIRST」 WATCH

FTLN 3030 The ground is bloody.—Search about the
 FTLN 3031 churchyard.
 FTLN 3032 Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.
「Some watchmen exit.」

FTLN 3033 Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, 180
 FTLN 3034 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
 FTLN 3035 Who here hath lain this two days burièd.—
 FTLN 3036 Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.
 FTLN 3037 Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.
「Others exit.」

FTLN 3038 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, 185
 FTLN 3039 But the true ground of all these piteous woes
 FTLN 3040 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter 「Watchmen with」 Romeo's man 「Balthasar.」

「SECOND」 WATCH
 FTLN 3041 Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the
 FTLN 3042 churchyard.

「FIRST」 WATCH
 FTLN 3043 Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither. 190

Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 and another Watchman.

THIRD WATCH
 FTLN 3044 Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.
 FTLN 3045 We took this mattock and this spade from him
 FTLN 3046 As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

「FIRST」 WATCH
 FTLN 3047 A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince 「with Attendants.」

PRINCE
 FTLN 3048 What misadventure is so early up 195
 FTLN 3049 That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter 「Capulet and Lady Capulet.」

CAPULET

FTLN 3050 What should it be that is so 「shrieked」 abroad?

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 3051 O, the people in the street cry “Romeo,”

FTLN 3052 Some “Juliet,” and some “Paris,” and all run

FTLN 3053 With open outcry toward our monument. 200

PRINCE

FTLN 3054 What fear is this which startles in 「our」 ears?

「FIRST」 WATCH

FTLN 3055 Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,

FTLN 3056 And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,

FTLN 3057 Warm and new killed.

PRINCE

FTLN 3058 Search, seek, and know how this foul murder 205

FTLN 3059 comes.

「FIRST」 WATCH

FTLN 3060 Here is a friar, and 「slaughtered」 Romeo’s man,

FTLN 3061 With instruments upon them fit to open

FTLN 3062 These dead men’s tombs.

CAPULET

FTLN 3063 O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! 210

FTLN 3064 This dagger hath mista’en, for, lo, his house

FTLN 3065 Is empty on the back of Montague,

FTLN 3066 And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter’s bosom.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 3067 O me, this sight of death is as a bell

FTLN 3068 That warns my old age to a sepulcher. 215

Enter Montague.

PRINCE

FTLN 3069 Come, Montague, for thou art early up

FTLN 3070 To see thy son and heir now 「early」 down.

MONTAGUE

FTLN 3071 Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.

FTLN 3072 Grief of my son’s exile hath stopped her breath.

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

FTLN 3103	To rid her from this second marriage,	250
-----------	---------------------------------------	-----

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

PRINCE

FTLN 3132 We still have known thee for a holy man.—
 FTLN 3133 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this? 280

BALTHASAR

FTLN 3134 I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 FTLN 3135 And then in post he came from Mantua
 FTLN 3136 To this same place, to this same monument.

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

If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE

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

〔He takes Romeo's letter.〕

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

Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 290

PAGE

He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And by and by my master drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the watch. 295

PRINCE

This letter doth make good the Friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death;

And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

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

Where be these enemies?—Capulet, Montague,

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love,

And I, for winking at your discords too,

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

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more

Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,

For I will ray her statue in pure gold, 310

That whiles Verona by that name is known,

There shall no figure at such rate be set

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET

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

Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

315

PRINCE

FTLN 3169

A glooming peace this morning with it brings.

FTLN 3170

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

FTLN 3171

Go hence to have more talk of these sad things.

FTLN 3172

Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.

FTLN 3173

For never was a story of more woe

320

FTLN 3174

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

「All exit.」
