

# *The Tragedy of* ROMEO *and* JULIET

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

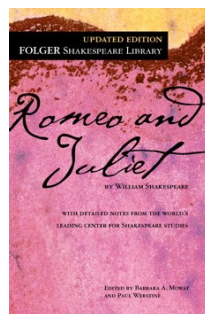
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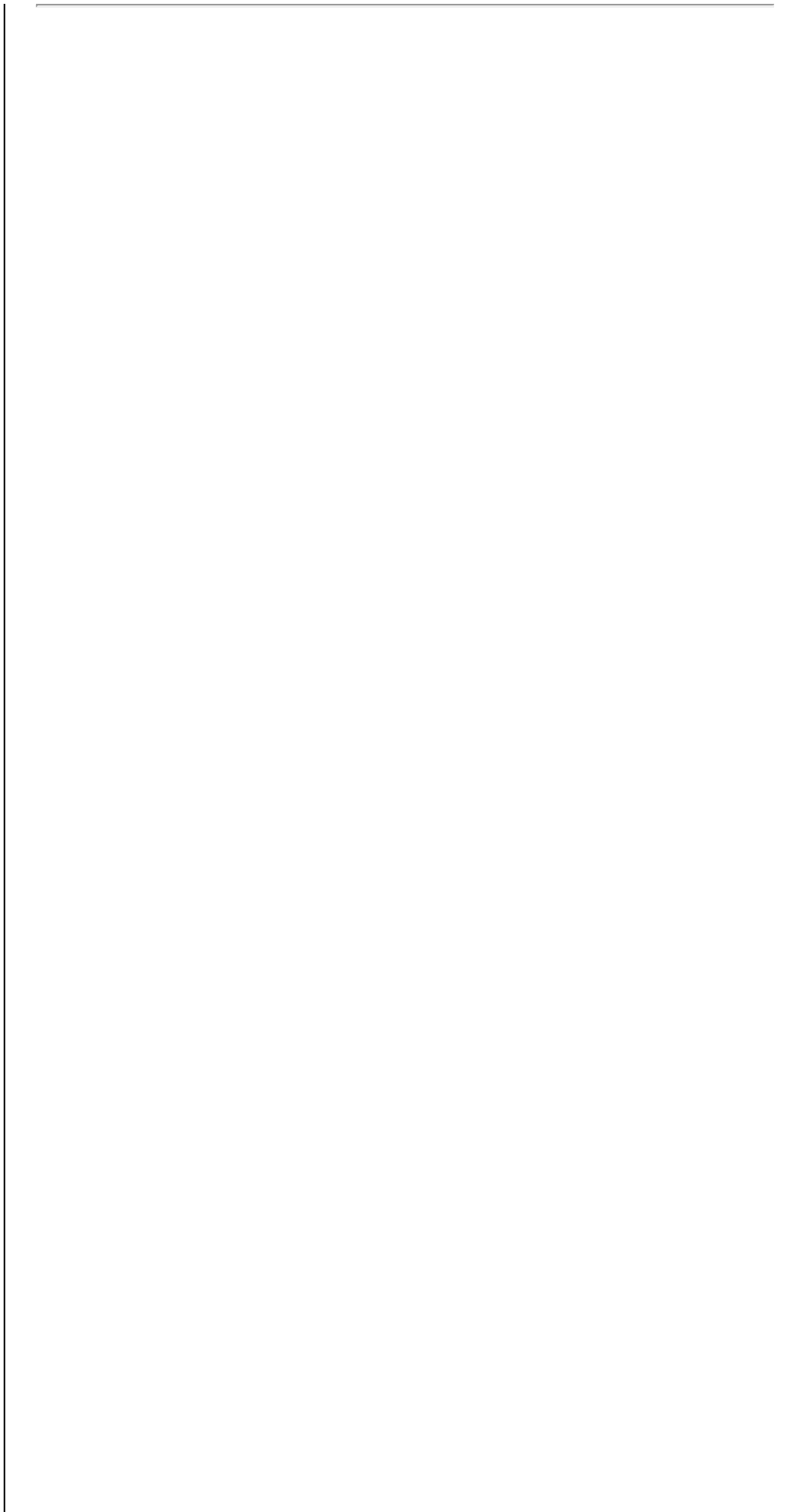


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# Contents

Front Matter	From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library Textual Introduction Synopsis Characters in the Play
	Prologue
ACT 1	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5
ACT 2	Chorus Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5 Scene 6
ACT 3	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5
ACT 4	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5
ACT 5	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3



## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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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

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## *THE PROLOGUE*

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*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.

*Chorus exits.*

## 「ACT I」

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### 「Scene 1」

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

FTLN 0015	SAMPSON	Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals.	
FTLN 0016	GREGORY	No, for then we should be colliers.	
FTLN 0017	SAMPSON	I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.	
FTLN 0018	GREGORY	Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of	
FTLN 0019		collar.	5
FTLN 0020	SAMPSON	I strike quickly, being moved.	
FTLN 0021	GREGORY	But thou art not quickly moved to strike.	
FTLN 0022	SAMPSON	A dog of the house of Montague moves me.	
FTLN 0023	GREGORY	To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to	
FTLN 0024		stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st	10
FTLN 0025		away.	
FTLN 0026	SAMPSON	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.	
FTLN 0028	GREGORY	That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest	
FTLN 0029		goes to the wall.	15
FTLN 0030	SAMPSON	'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.	
FTLN 0034	GREGORY	The quarrel is between our masters and us	20
FTLN 0035		their men.	
FTLN 0036	SAMPSON	'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.	

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FTLN 0039 GREGORY The heads of the maids? 25  
 FTLN 0040 SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.  
 FTLN 0041 Take it in what sense thou wilt.  
 FTLN 0042 GREGORY They must take it <sup>in</sup> sense that feel it.  
 FTLN 0043 SAMPSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand,  
 FTLN 0044 and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. 30  
 FTLN 0045 GREGORY '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 <sup>in</sup> Abram with another Servingman.*

FTLN 0048 SAMPSON My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back  
 FTLN 0049 thee. 35  
 FTLN 0050 GREGORY How? Turn thy back and run?  
 FTLN 0051 SAMPSON Fear me not.  
 FTLN 0052 GREGORY No, marry. I fear thee!  
 FTLN 0053 SAMPSON Let us take the law of our sides; let them  
 FTLN 0054 begin. 40  
 FTLN 0055 GREGORY I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it  
 FTLN 0056 as they list.  
 FTLN 0057 SAMPSON Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at  
 FTLN 0058 them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.  

*<sup>in</sup> He bites his thumb.*

 FTLN 0059 ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 45  
 FTLN 0060 SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.  
 FTLN 0061 ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
 FTLN 0062 SAMPSON, *<sup>in</sup> aside to Gregory* Is the law of our side if I  
 FTLN 0063 say "Ay"?  
 FTLN 0064 GREGORY, *<sup>in</sup> aside to Sampson* No. 50  
 FTLN 0065 SAMPSON No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir,  
 FTLN 0066 but I bite my thumb, sir.  
 FTLN 0067 GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?  
 FTLN 0068 ABRAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir.  
 FTLN 0069 SAMPSON But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as  
 FTLN 0070 good a man as you. 55  
 FTLN 0071 ABRAM No better.

FTLN 0072 SAMPSON Well, sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

FTLN 0073 GREGORY, *「aside to Sampson」* Say “better”; here comes  
FTLN 0074 one of my master’s kinsmen. 60

FTLN 0075 SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

FTLN 0076 ABRAM You lie.

FTLN 0077 SAMPSON Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember  
FTLN 0078 thy washing blow. *They fight.*

FTLN 0079 BENVOLIO Part, fools! *「Drawing his sword.」* 65

FTLN 0080 Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

*Enter Tybalt, 「drawing his sword.」*

TYBALT

FTLN 0081 What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

FTLN 0082 Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0083 **I do but keep the peace.** Put up thy sword,  
FTLN 0084 Or manage it to part these men with me. 70

TYBALT

FTLN 0085 What, drawn and talk of peace? **I hate the word**

FTLN 0086 **As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.**

FTLN 0087 Have at thee, coward! *「They fight.」*

*Enter three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.*

*「CITIZENS」*

FTLN 0088 Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

FTLN 0089 Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! 75

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.*

CAPULET

FTLN 0090 What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0091 A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a

FTLN 0092 sword?

*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']*

FTLN 0120 Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
FTLN 0121 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0122 Here were the servants of your adversary,  
FTLN 0123 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.  
FTLN 0124 I drew to part them. In the instant came 110  
FTLN 0125 The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared,  
FTLN 0126 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
FTLN 0127 He swung about his head and cut the winds,  
FTLN 0128 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.  
FTLN 0129 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows 115  
FTLN 0130 Came more and more and fought on part and part,  
FTLN 0131 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

FTLN 0132 O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?  
FTLN 0133 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0134 Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun 120  
FTLN 0135 Peered forth the golden window of the east,  
FTLN 0136 A troubled mind *['drove']* me to walk abroad,  
FTLN 0137 Where underneath the grove of sycamore  
FTLN 0138 That westward rooteth from this city side,  
FTLN 0139 So early walking did I see your son. 125  
FTLN 0140 Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me  
FTLN 0141 And stole into the covert of the wood.  
FTLN 0142 I, measuring his affections by my own  
FTLN 0143 (Which then most sought where most might not be  
FTLN 0144 found, 130  
FTLN 0145 Being one too many by my weary self),  
FTLN 0146 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,  
FTLN 0147 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0148 Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
FTLN 0149 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 135  
FTLN 0150 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.]*

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	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0177	Good morrow, cousin.	
FTLN 0178	ROMEO	Is the day so young?
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0179	But new struck nine.	165
FTLN 0180	ROMEO	Ay me, sad hours seem long.
FTLN 0181	Was that my father that went hence so fast?	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0182	It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0183	Not having that which, having, makes them short.	
FTLN 0184	BENVOLIO	In love? 170
FTLN 0185	ROMEO	Out—
FTLN 0186	BENVOLIO	Of love?
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0187	Out of her favor where I am in love.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0188	Alas that love, so gentle in his view,	
FTLN 0189	Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!	175
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0190	Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,	
FTLN 0191	Should without eyes see pathways to his will!	
FTLN 0192	Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here?	
FTLN 0193	Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.	
FTLN 0194	Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.	180
FTLN 0195	Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,	
FTLN 0196	O anything of nothing first 「create!」	
FTLN 0197	O heavy lightness, serious vanity,	
FTLN 0198	Misshapen chaos of 「well-seeming」 forms,	
FTLN 0199	Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,	185
FTLN 0200	Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!	
FTLN 0201	This love feel I, that feel no love in this.	
FTLN 0202	Dost thou not laugh?	
FTLN 0203	BENVOLIO	No, coz, I rather weep.
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0204	Good heart, at what?	190



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FTLN 0205	BENVOLIO	At thy good heart's oppression.	
FTLN 0206	ROMEO	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.	
FTLN 0217	BENVOLIO	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?	
FTLN 0222	ROMEO	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,	
FTLN 0232		And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,	

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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 <sup>1</sup> makes <sup>1</sup> 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.	
FTLN 0251	ROMEO <span style="margin-left: 100px;">'Tis the way</span>	
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.*

## [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 Where to 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-appeared April on the heel  
 FTLN 0289 Of limping winter treads, even such delight

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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. <i>['To Servingman, giving him a list.']</i>	
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.	
	<i>['Capulet and Paris'] exit.</i>	
FTLN 0300	SERVINGMAN 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!	
	 <i>Enter Benvolio and Romeo.</i>	
	 BENVOLIO, <i>['to Romeo']</i>	
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	
FTLN 0315	For what, I pray thee?	
FTLN 0316	ROMEO For your broken shin.	55
FTLN 0317	BENVOLIO Why Romeo, art thou mad?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0318	Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,	

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FTLN 0319	Shut up in prison, kept without my food,	
FTLN 0320	Whipped and tormented, and—good e'en, good	
FTLN 0321	fellow.	60
FTLN 0322	SERVINGMAN God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you	
FTLN 0323	read?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0324	Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.	
FTLN 0325	SERVINGMAN Perhaps you have learned it without	
FTLN 0326	book. But I pray, can you read anything you see?	65
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0327	Ay, if I know the letters and the language.	
FTLN 0328	SERVINGMAN You say honestly. Rest you merry.	
FTLN 0329	ROMEO Stay, fellow. I can read. <i>(He reads the letter.)</i>	
FTLN 0330	<i>Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,</i>	
FTLN 0331	<i>County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,</i>	70
FTLN 0332	<i>The lady widow of Vitruvio,</i>	
FTLN 0333	<i>Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,</i>	
FTLN 0334	<i>Mercutio and his brother Valentine,</i>	
FTLN 0335	<i>Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,</i>	
FTLN 0336	<i>My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,</i>	75
FTLN 0337	<i>Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,</i>	
FTLN 0338	<i>Lucio and the lively Helena.</i>	
FTLN 0339	A fair assembly. Whither should they come?	
FTLN 0340	SERVINGMAN Up.	
FTLN 0341	ROMEO Whither? To supper?	80
FTLN 0342	SERVINGMAN To our house.	
FTLN 0343	ROMEO Whose house?	
FTLN 0344	SERVINGMAN My master's.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0345	Indeed I should have asked thee that before.	
FTLN 0346	SERVINGMAN Now I'll tell you without asking. My	85
FTLN 0347	master is the great rich Capulet, and, if you be not	
FTLN 0348	of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a	
FTLN 0349	cup of wine. Rest you merry. <i>〔He exits.〕</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0350	At this same ancient feast of Capulet's	

FTLN 0351     Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,           90  
 FTLN 0352     With all the admirèd beauties of Verona.  
 FTLN 0353     Go thither, and with unattainted eye  
 FTLN 0354     Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
 FTLN 0355     And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

FTLN 0356     When the devout religion of mine eye               95  
 FTLN 0357     Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;  
 FTLN 0358     And these who, often drowned, could never die,  
 FTLN 0359     Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.  
 FTLN 0360     One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun  
 FTLN 0361     Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.   100

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0362     Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,  
 FTLN 0363     Herself poised with herself in either eye;  
 FTLN 0364     But in that crystal scales let there be weighed  
 FTLN 0365     Your lady's love against some other maid  
 FTLN 0366     That I will show you shining at this feast,       105  
 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.*

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FTLN 0374	JULIET	How now, who calls?	5
FTLN 0375	NURSE	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.	
FTLN 0382	LADY CAPULET	She's not fourteen.	
FTLN 0383	NURSE	I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my teen	
FTLN 0384		be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen.	15
FTLN 0385		How long is it now to Lammastide?	
FTLN 0386	LADY CAPULET	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,	

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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 <sup>1</sup>disposition<sup>1</sup> to be married? 70

JULIET

FTLN 0440 It is an <sup>1</sup>honor<sup>1</sup> that I dream not of.

NURSE

FTLN 0441 An <sup>1</sup>honor?<sup>1</sup> 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.'*

FTLN 0475 SERVINGMAN Madam, the guests are come, supper  
 FTLN 0476 served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the  
 FTLN 0477 Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in  
 FTLN 0478 extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you,  
 FTLN 0479 follow straight. 110

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0480 We follow thee. *'Servingman exits.'*

FTLN 0481 Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

FTLN 0482 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

FTLN 0483 What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
 FTLN 0484 Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0485 The date is out of such prolixity.

FTLN 0486	We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,	
FTLN 0487	Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,	5
FTLN 0488	Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,	
FTLN 0489	「Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke	
FTLN 0490	After the prompter, for our entrance.」	
FTLN 0491	But let them measure us by what they will.	
FTLN 0492	We'll measure them a measure and be gone.	10
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0493	Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.	
FTLN 0494	Being but heavy I will bear the light.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0495	Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0496	Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes	
FTLN 0497	With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead	15
FTLN 0498	So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0499	You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings	
FTLN 0500	And soar with them above a common bound.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0501	I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft	
FTLN 0502	To soar with his light feathers, and so bound	20
FTLN 0503	I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.	
FTLN 0504	Under love's heavy burden do I sink.	
	「MERCUTIO」	
FTLN 0505	And to sink in it should you burden love—	
FTLN 0506	Too great oppression for a tender thing.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0507	Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,	25
FTLN 0508	Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0509	If love be rough with you, be rough with love.	
FTLN 0510	Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—	
FTLN 0511	Give me a case to put my visage in.—	
FTLN 0512	A visor for a visor. What care I	30
FTLN 0513	What curious eye doth cote deformities?	
FTLN 0514	Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.	

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0515 Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in  
FTLN 0516 But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO

FTLN 0517 A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart 35  
FTLN 0518 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,  
FTLN 0519 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:  
FTLN 0520 I'll be a candle holder and look on;  
FTLN 0521 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am 「done」

MERCUTIO

FTLN 0522 Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word. 40  
FTLN 0523 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire—  
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 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 Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

FTLN 0535 I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO And so did I.

ROMEO

FTLN 0537 Well, what was yours? 55

MERCUTIO 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.

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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	

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                   Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.	
FTLN 0584	Thou talk'st of nothing.	
FTLN 0585	MERCUTIO               True, I talk of dreams,	
FTLN 0586	Which are the children of an idle brain,	
FTLN 0587	Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,	105
FTLN 0588	Which is as thin of substance as the air	
FTLN 0589	And more inconstant than the wind, who woos	
FTLN 0590	Even now the frozen bosom of the north	
FTLN 0591	And, being angered, puffs away from thence,	
FTLN 0592	Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.	110
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0593	This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.	
FTLN 0594	Supper is done, and we shall come too late.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0595	I fear too early, for my mind misgives	
FTLN 0596	Some consequence yet hanging in the stars	
FTLN 0597	Shall bitterly begin his fearful date	115
FTLN 0598	With this night's revels, and expire the term	
FTLN 0599	Of a despisèd life closed in my breast	
FTLN 0600	By some vile forfeit of untimely death.	
FTLN 0601	But he that hath the steerage of my course	
FTLN 0602	Direct my 「sail.」 On, lusty gentlemen.	120
FTLN 0603	BENVOLIO   Strike, drum.	

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

## [Scene 5]

*Servingsmen come forth with napkins.*

FTLN 0604 [FIRST] SERVINGMAN Where's Potpan that he helps not  
 FTLN 0605 to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a  
 FTLN 0606 trencher?  
 FTLN 0607 [SECOND] SERVINGMAN 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.  
 FTLN 0610 [FIRST] SERVINGMAN 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!  
 FTLN 0615 [THIRD] SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready.  
 FTLN 0616 [FIRST] SERVINGMAN You are looked for and called for,  
 FTLN 0617 asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.  
 FTLN 0618 [THIRD] SERVINGMAN 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.

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FTLN 0632	You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,	
FTLN 0633	play. <i>Music plays and they dance.</i>	30
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?	
FTLN 0642	CAPULET'S COUSIN 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
FTLN 0649	CAPULET 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?	
FTLN 0653	SERVINGMAN 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.]

FTLN 0666 What, dares the slave

FTLN 0667 Come hither covered with an antic face  
 FTLN 0668 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? 65  
 FTLN 0669 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?

FTLN 0676 TYBALT '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

FTLN 0689 CAPULET 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,

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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.	
FTLN 0696	CAPULET                               Go to, go to.	
FTLN 0697	You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed?	
FTLN 0698	This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.	95
FTLN 0699	You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time—	
FTLN 0700	Well said, my hearts.—You are a princox, go.	
FTLN 0701	Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame,	
FTLN 0702	I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0703	Patience perforce with willful choler meeting	100
FTLN 0704	Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.	
FTLN 0705	I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,	
FTLN 0706	Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	ROMEO, <i>['taking Juliet's hand']</i>	
FTLN 0707	If I profane with my unworhiest 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.	

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	ROMEO	
FTLN 0720	Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.	
		[ <i>He kisses her.</i> ]
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.	[ <i>He kisses her.</i> ]
FTLN 0725	JULIET	You kiss by th' book.
	NURSE	
FTLN 0726	Madam, your mother craves a word with you.	
		[ <i>Juliet moves toward her mother.</i> ]
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0727	What is her mother?	
FTLN 0728	NURSE	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.	[ <i>Nurse moves away.</i> ] 130
FTLN 0734	ROMEO, [ <i>aside</i> ]	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.	
		[ <i>All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit.</i> ]

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JULIET  
 FTLN 0745 Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE  
 FTLN 0746 The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET  
 FTLN 0747 What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE  
 FTLN 0748 Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. 145

JULIET  
 FTLN 0749 What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE I know not.  
 FTLN 0750

JULIET  
 FTLN 0751 Go ask his name. *「The Nurse goes.」* If he be married,  
 FTLN 0752 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE, *「returning」*  
 FTLN 0753 His name is Romeo, and a Montague, 150  
 FTLN 0754 The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET  
 FTLN 0755 My only love sprung from my only hate!  
 FTLN 0756 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
 FTLN 0757 Prodigious birth of love it is to me  
 FTLN 0758 That I must love a loathèd enemy. 155

NURSE  
 FTLN 0759 What's this? What's this?

JULIET A rhyme I learned even now  
 FTLN 0760 Of one I danced withal.  
 FTLN 0761

*One calls within "Juliet."*

NURSE Anon, anon.  
 FTLN 0762 Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone. 160  
 FTLN 0763

*They exit.*

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## 「ACT 2」

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「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.*

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	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0780	Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo!	
FTLN 0781	MERCUTIO He is wise	
FTLN 0782	And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.	5
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0783	He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.	
FTLN 0784	Call, good Mercutio.	
FTLN 0785	「MERCUTIO」 Nay, I'll conjure too.	
FTLN 0786	Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!	
FTLN 0787	Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.	10
FTLN 0788	Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.	
FTLN 0789	Cry but "Ay me," 「pronounce」 but "love" and	
FTLN 0790	「"dove."」	
FTLN 0791	Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,	
FTLN 0792	One nickname for her purblind son and 「heir,」	15
FTLN 0793	Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so 「trim」	
FTLN 0794	When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.—	
FTLN 0795	He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.	
FTLN 0796	The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—	
FTLN 0797	I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,	20
FTLN 0798	By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,	
FTLN 0799	By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,	
FTLN 0800	And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,	
FTLN 0801	That in thy likeness thou appear to us.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0802	An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.	25
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0803	This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him	
FTLN 0804	To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle	
FTLN 0805	Of some strange nature, letting it there stand	
FTLN 0806	Till she had laid it and conjured it down.	
FTLN 0807	That were some spite. My invocation	30
FTLN 0808	Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,	
FTLN 0809	I conjure only but to raise up him.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0810	Come, he hath hid himself among these trees	

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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 <i>「open-arse,」</i> thou a pop'rin pear.	
FTLN 0819	Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed;	
FTLN 0820	This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—	
FTLN 0821	Come, shall we go?	
FTLN 0822	BENVOLIO                    Go, then, for 'tis in vain	45
FTLN 0823	To seek him here that means not to be found.	
	<i>「They」</i> exit.	

*「Scene 2」*  
*「Romeo comes forward.」*

ROMEO

FTLN 0824        He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*「Enter Juliet above.」*

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!	
FTLN 0850	JULIET	Ay me.
FTLN 0851	ROMEO, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	She speaks.
FTLN 0852	O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art	
FTLN 0853	As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,	30
FTLN 0854	As is a wingèd messenger of heaven	
FTLN 0855	Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring eyes	
FTLN 0856	Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him	
FTLN 0857	When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds	
FTLN 0858	And sails upon the bosom of the air.	35
	JULIET	
FTLN 0859	O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?	
FTLN 0860	Deny thy father and refuse thy name,	
FTLN 0861	Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,	
FTLN 0862	And I'll no longer be a Capulet.	
	ROMEO, 「 <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	



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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.	
FTLN 0876	ROMEO	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?	
FTLN 0881	ROMEO	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

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FTLN 0929 Than those that have <sup>1</sup>more<sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup>circled<sup>1</sup> orb, 115  
 FTLN 0939 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

FTLN 0940 What shall I swear by?

JULIET 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 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. [She exits.]	145
ROMEO		
FTLN 0969	O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afraid,	
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
FTLN 0979	[NURSE, within] Madam.	
JULIET		
FTLN 0980	I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well,	
FTLN 0981	I do beseech thee—	
FTLN 0982	[NURSE, within] Madam.	
FTLN 0983	JULIET By and by, I come.—	160
FTLN 0984	To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.	
FTLN 0985	Tomorrow will I send.	

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FTLN 0986	ROMEO	So thrive my soul—	
FTLN 0987	JULIET	A thousand times good night.	「 <i>She exits.</i> 」
	ROMEO		
FTLN 0988		A thousand times the worse to want thy light.	165
FTLN 0989		Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their	
FTLN 0990		books,	
FTLN 0991		But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.	
			「 <i>Going.</i> 」
		<i>Enter Juliet</i> 「 <i>above</i> 」 <i>again.</i>	
	JULIET		
FTLN 0992		Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice	
FTLN 0993		To lure this tassel-gentle back again!	170
FTLN 0994		Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,	
FTLN 0995		Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies	
FTLN 0996		And make her airy tongue more hoarse than 「mine」	
FTLN 0997		With repetition of “My Romeo!”	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 0998		It is my soul that calls upon my name.	175
FTLN 0999		How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,	
FTLN 1000		Like softest music to attending ears.	
	JULIET		
FTLN 1001		Romeo.	
FTLN 1002	ROMEO	My 「dear.」	
FTLN 1003	JULIET	What o'clock tomorrow	180
FTLN 1004		Shall I send to thee?	
FTLN 1005	ROMEO	By the hour of nine.	
	JULIET		
FTLN 1006		I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.	
FTLN 1007		I have forgot why I did call thee back.	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 1008		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.	

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 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 Sweet, so would I.

FTLN 1020 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
 FTLN 1021 Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet  
 FTLN 1022 sorrow 200  
 FTLN 1023 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.

FTLN 1061 FRIAR LAWRENCE 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

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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, blessèd 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	
FTLN 1095	I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,	
FTLN 1096	That thou consent to marry us today.	



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 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.

FTLN 1117 FRIAR LAWRENCE 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.

FTLN 1122 FRIAR LAWRENCE 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.

FTLN 1125 In one respect I'll thy assistant be,

FTLN 1126 For this alliance may so happy prove

FTLN 1127 To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

FTLN 1128

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

100

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1129

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

*They exit.*

[Scene 4]

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1130

Where the devil should this Romeo be?

FTLN 1131

Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1132

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

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1133

Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that

FTLN 1134

Rosaline,

5

FTLN 1135

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1136

Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,

FTLN 1137

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

FTLN 1138

MERCUTIO A challenge, on my life.

FTLN 1139

BENVOLIO Romeo will answer it.

10

FTLN 1140

MERCUTIO Any man that can write may answer a letter.

FTLN 1141

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

FTLN 1142

he dares, being dared.

FTLN 1143

MERCUTIO 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?

FTLN 1148

[BENVOLIO] Why, what is Tybalt?

FTLN 1149

MERCUTIO 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.

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*!  
 FTLN 1157 BENVOLIO The what?  
 FTLN 1158 MERCUTIO 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.*

FTLN 1167 BENVOLIO Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.  
 FTLN 1168 MERCUTIO Without his roe, like a dried herring. O  
 FTLN 1169 flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the 40  
 FTLN 1170 numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady  
 FTLN 1171 was a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love  
 FTLN 1172 to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy,  
 FTLN 1173 Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a gray  
 FTLN 1174 eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, 45  
 FTLN 1175 *bonjour*. There’s a French salutation to your French  
 FTLN 1176 slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.  
 FTLN 1177 ROMEO Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit  
 FTLN 1178 did I give you?  
 FTLN 1179 MERCUTIO The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive? 50  
 FTLN 1180 ROMEO Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was  
 FTLN 1181 great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain  
 FTLN 1182 courtesy.  
 FTLN 1183 MERCUTIO That’s as much as to say such a case as  
 FTLN 1184 yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. 55  
 FTLN 1185 ROMEO Meaning, to curtsy.

---

FTLN 1186	MERCUTIO	Thou hast most kindly hit it.	
FTLN 1187	ROMEO	A most courteous exposition.	
FTLN 1188	MERCUTIO	Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.	
FTLN 1189	ROMEO	“Pink” for flower.	60
FTLN 1190	MERCUTIO	Right.	
FTLN 1191	ROMEO	Why, then is my pump well flowered.	
FTLN 1192	MERCUTIO	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.	
FTLN 1196	ROMEO	O single-soled jest, solely singular for the	
FTLN 1197		singleness.	
FTLN 1198	MERCUTIO	Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits	
FTLN 1199		faints.	70
FTLN 1200	ROMEO	Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I’ll cry	
FTLN 1201		a match.	
FTLN 1202	MERCUTIO	Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese chase, I	
FTLN 1203		am done, for thou hast more of the wild goose in	
FTLN 1204		one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole	75
FTLN 1205		five. Was I with you there for the goose?	
FTLN 1206	ROMEO	Thou wast never with me for anything when	
FTLN 1207		thou wast not there for the goose.	
FTLN 1208	MERCUTIO	I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.	
FTLN 1209	ROMEO	Nay, good goose, bite not.	80
FTLN 1210	MERCUTIO	Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most	
FTLN 1211		sharp sauce.	
FTLN 1212	ROMEO	And is it not, then, well served into a sweet	
FTLN 1213		goose?	
FTLN 1214	MERCUTIO	O, here’s a wit of cheveril that stretches	85
FTLN 1215		from an inch narrow to an ell broad.	
FTLN 1216	ROMEO	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.	
FTLN 1219	MERCUTIO	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  
 FTLN 1225 BENVOLIO Stop there, stop there.  
 FTLN 1226 MERCUTIO Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against  
 FTLN 1227 the hair.  
 FTLN 1228 BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.  
 FTLN 1229 MERCUTIO 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.

*Enter Nurse and her man [Peter.]*

FTLN 1233 ROMEO Here's goodly gear. A sail, a sail!  
 FTLN 1234 MERCUTIO Two, two—a shirt and a smock. 105  
 FTLN 1235 NURSE Peter.  
 FTLN 1236 PETER Anon.  
 FTLN 1237 NURSE My fan, Peter.  
 FTLN 1238 MERCUTIO Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's  
 FTLN 1239 the fairer face. 110  
 FTLN 1240 NURSE God you good morrow, gentlemen.  
 FTLN 1241 MERCUTIO God you good e'en, fair gentlewoman.  
 FTLN 1242 NURSE Is it good e'en?  
 FTLN 1243 MERCUTIO 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of  
 FTLN 1244 the dial is now upon the prick of noon. 115  
 FTLN 1245 NURSE Out upon you! What a man are you?  
 FTLN 1246 ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself  
 FTLN 1247 to mar.  
 FTLN 1248 NURSE 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?  
 FTLN 1251 ROMEO 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  
 FTLN 1255 NURSE You say well.

FTLN 1256	MERCUTIO	Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i'	
FTLN 1257		faith, wisely, wisely.	
FTLN 1258	NURSE	If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with	
FTLN 1259		you.	130
FTLN 1260	BENVOLIO	She will indite him to some supper.	
FTLN 1261	MERCUTIO	A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!	
FTLN 1262	ROMEO	What hast thou found?	
FTLN 1263	MERCUTIO	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		<i>〔Singing.〕 An old hare hoar,</i>	
FTLN 1266		<i>And an old hare hoar,</i>	
FTLN 1267		<i>Is very good meat in Lent.</i>	
FTLN 1268		<i>But a hare that is hoar</i>	
FTLN 1269		<i>Is too much for a score</i>	140
FTLN 1270		<i>When it hoars ere it be spent.</i>	
FTLN 1271		Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to	
FTLN 1272		dinner thither.	
FTLN 1273	ROMEO	I will follow you.	
FTLN 1274	MERCUTIO	Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, lady, lady,	145
FTLN 1275		lady. <i>〔Mercutio and Benvolio〕 exit.</i>	
FTLN 1276	NURSE	I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this	
FTLN 1277		that was so full of his ropery?	
FTLN 1278	ROMEO	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.	
FTLN 1281	NURSE	An he speak anything against me, I'll take him	
FTLN 1282		down, an he were lustier than he is, and twenty	
FTLN 1283		such jacks. An if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.	
FTLN 1284		Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none	155
FTLN 1285		of his skains-mates. <i>〔To Peter.〕</i> And thou must stand	
FTLN 1286		by too and suffer every knave to use me at his	
FTLN 1287		pleasure.	
FTLN 1288	PETER	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.	

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FTLN 1293	NURSE	Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part	
FTLN 1294		about me quivers. Scurvy knave! <i>「To Romeo.」</i> Pray	165
FTLN 1295		you, sir, a word. And, as I told you, my young lady	
FTLN 1296		bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will	
FTLN 1297		keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you	
FTLN 1298		should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it	
FTLN 1299		were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say. For	170
FTLN 1300		the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you	
FTLN 1301		should deal double with her, truly it were an ill	
FTLN 1302		thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very	
FTLN 1303		weak dealing.	
FTLN 1304	ROMEO	Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.	175
FTLN 1305		I protest unto thee—	
FTLN 1306	NURSE	Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much.	
FTLN 1307		Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.	
FTLN 1308	ROMEO	What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not	
FTLN 1309		mark me.	180
FTLN 1310	NURSE	I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as	
FTLN 1311		I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.	
FTLN 1312	ROMEO	Bid her devise	
FTLN 1313		Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,	
FTLN 1314		And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell	185
FTLN 1315		Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.	
		<i>「Offering her money.」</i>	
FTLN 1316	NURSE	No, truly, sir, not a penny.	
FTLN 1317	ROMEO	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.

FTLN 1327 ROMEO 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

FTLN 1330 Warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

FTLN 1331 NURSE Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord,

FTLN 1332 Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is

FTLN 1333 a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay

FTLN 1334 knife aboard, but she, good soul, had as lief see a 205

FTLN 1335 toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes

FTLN 1336 and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I'll

FTLN 1337 warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any

FTLN 1338 clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and

FTLN 1339 Romeo begin both with a letter? 210

FTLN 1340 ROMEO Ay, nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

FTLN 1341 NURSE Ah, mocker, that's the 「dog's」 name. *R* is for

FTLN 1342 the—No, I know it begins with some other letter,

FTLN 1343 and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you

FTLN 1344 and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. 215

FTLN 1345 ROMEO Commend me to thy lady.

FTLN 1346 NURSE Ay, a thousand times.—Peter.

FTLN 1347 PETER Anon.

FTLN 1348 NURSE Before and apace.

「*They*」 *exit*.

「Scene 5」  
*Enter Juliet.*

JULIET

FTLN 1349 The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.

FTLN 1350 In half an hour she promised to return.

FTLN 1351 Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.

FTLN 1352 O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

FTLN 1353 Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams, 5



FTLN 1354 Driving back shadows over louring hills.  
 FTLN 1355 Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,  
 FTLN 1356 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
 FTLN 1357 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 FTLN 1358 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10  
 FTLN 1359 Is <sup>three</sup> long hours, yet she is not come.  
 FTLN 1360 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
 FTLN 1361 She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
 FTLN 1362 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 FTLN 1363 And his to me. 15  
 FTLN 1364 But old folks, many feign as they were dead,  
 FTLN 1365 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse* <sup>and Peter.</sup>

FTLN 1366 O God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news?  
 FTLN 1367 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.  
 FTLN 1368 NURSE Peter, stay at the gate. <sup>*Peter exits.*</sup> 20  
 JULIET  
 FTLN 1369 Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou  
 FTLN 1370 sad?  
 FTLN 1371 Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.  
 FTLN 1372 If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
 FTLN 1373 By playing it to me with so sour a face. 25  
 NURSE  
 FTLN 1374 I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.  
 FTLN 1375 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I!  
 JULIET  
 FTLN 1376 I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.  
 FTLN 1377 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. Good, good nurse,  
 FTLN 1378 speak. 30  
 NURSE  
 FTLN 1379 Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile?  
 FTLN 1380 Do you not see that I am out of breath?  
 JULIET  
 FTLN 1381 How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
 FTLN 1382 To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
 FTLN 1383 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay 35

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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?	
FTLN 1388	NURSE 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?	
FTLN 1407	NURSE 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
FTLN 1414	NURSE 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?

FTLN 1420

JULIET 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      Braggs 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」

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### 「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.

FTLN 1473

MERCUTIO 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

FTLN 1479

BENVOLIO Am I like such a fellow?

FTLN 1480

MERCUTIO 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.

FTLN 1483

BENVOLIO And what to? 15

FTLN 1484

MERCUTIO 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 20

FTLN 1489

nuts, having no other reason but because thou

FTLN 1490

hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy

FTLN 1491

out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as

FTLN 1492 an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been  
 FTLN 1493 beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast 25  
 FTLN 1494 quarreled with a man for coughing in the street  
 FTLN 1495 because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain  
 FTLN 1496 asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor  
 FTLN 1497 for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With  
 FTLN 1498 another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? 30  
 FTLN 1499 And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?  
 FTLN 1500 BENVOLIO An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any  
 FTLN 1501 man should buy the fee simple of my life for an  
 FTLN 1502 hour and a quarter.  
 FTLN 1503 MERCUTIO The fee simple? O simple! 35

*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

FTLN 1504 BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.  
 FTLN 1505 MERCUTIO 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.  
 FTLN 1508 MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? Couple it 40  
 FTLN 1509 with something. Make it a word and a blow.  
 FTLN 1510 TYBALT You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an  
 FTLN 1511 you will give me occasion.  
 FTLN 1512 MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without  
 FTLN 1513 giving? 45  
 FTLN 1514 TYBALT Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.  
 FTLN 1515 MERCUTIO 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.

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

MERCUTIO

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

FTLN 1544 Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

FTLN 1545 TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?

FTLN 1546 MERCUTIO 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

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.	
FTLN 1552	TYBALT I am for you.	「He draws.」
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1553	Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.	85
FTLN 1554	MERCUTIO Come, sir, your <i>passado</i> .	「They fight.」
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1555	Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.	
		「Romeo draws.」
FTLN 1556	Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!	
FTLN 1557	Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath	
FTLN 1558	Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.	90
FTLN 1559	Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!	
		「Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers. Tybalt stabs Mercutio.」
FTLN 1560	「PETRUCHIO」 Away, Tybalt!	
		「Tybalt, Petruchio, and their followers exit.」
FTLN 1561	MERCUTIO I am hurt.	
FTLN 1562	A plague o' both houses! I am sped.	
FTLN 1563	Is he gone and hath nothing?	95
FTLN 1564	BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 1565	Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.	
FTLN 1566	Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.	
		「Page exits.」
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1567	Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.	
FTLN 1568	MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as	100
FTLN 1569	a church door, but 'tis enough. 'Twill serve. Ask for	
FTLN 1570	me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I	
FTLN 1571	am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'	
FTLN 1572	both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a	
FTLN 1573	cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a	105
FTLN 1574	villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the	
FTLN 1575	devil came you between us? I was hurt under your	
FTLN 1576	arm.	



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FTLN 1577	ROMEO	I thought all for the best.	
	MERCUTIO		
FTLN 1578		Help me into some house, Benvolio,	110
FTLN 1579		Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!	
FTLN 1580		They have made worms' meat of me.	
FTLN 1581		I have it, and soundly, too. Your houses!	
		<i>〔All but Romeo〕 exit.</i>	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 1582		This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,	
FTLN 1583		My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt	115
FTLN 1584		In my behalf. My reputation stained	
FTLN 1585		With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour	
FTLN 1586		Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,	
FTLN 1587		Thy beauty hath made me effeminate	
FTLN 1588		And in my temper softened valor's steel.	120
		<i>Enter Benvolio.</i>	
	BENVOLIO		
FTLN 1589		O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead.	
FTLN 1590		That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,	
FTLN 1591		Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 1592		This day's black fate on more days doth depend.	
FTLN 1593		This but begins the woe others must end.	125
		<i>〔Enter Tybalt.〕</i>	
	BENVOLIO		
FTLN 1594		Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 1595		<i>〔Alive〕</i> in triumph, and Mercutio slain!	
FTLN 1596		Away to heaven, respective lenity,	
FTLN 1597		And <i>〔fire-eyed〕</i> fury be my conduct now.—	
FTLN 1598		Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again	130
FTLN 1599		That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul	
FTLN 1600		Is but a little way above our heads,	
FTLN 1601		Staying for thine to keep him company.	
FTLN 1602		Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.	

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	TYBALT	
FTLN 1603	Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here	135
FTLN 1604	Shalt with him hence.	
FTLN 1605	ROMEO This shall determine that.	
	<i>They fight. Tybalt falls.</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1606	Romeo, away, begone!	
FTLN 1607	The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.	
FTLN 1608	Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death	140
FTLN 1609	If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 1610	O, I am Fortune's fool!	
FTLN 1611	BENVOLIO Why dost thou stay?	
	<i>Romeo exits.</i>	
	<i>Enter Citizens.</i>	
	CITIZEN	
FTLN 1612	Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?	
FTLN 1613	Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?	145
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1614	There lies that Tybalt.	
FTLN 1615	CITIZEN, 「to Tybalt」 Up, sir, go with me.	
FTLN 1616	I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.	
	<i>Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.</i>	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1617	Where are the vile beginners of this fray?	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1618	O noble prince, I can discover all	150
FTLN 1619	The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.	
FTLN 1620	There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,	
FTLN 1621	That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 1622	Tybalt, my cousin, O my brother's child!	
FTLN 1623	O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilled	155
FTLN 1624	Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,	

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FTLN 1625	For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.	
FTLN 1626	O cousin, cousin!	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1627	Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 1628	Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay—	160
FTLN 1629	Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink	
FTLN 1630	How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal	
FTLN 1631	Your high displeasure. All this utterèd	
FTLN 1632	With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed	
FTLN 1633	Could not take truce with the unruly spleen	165
FTLN 1634	Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts	
FTLN 1635	With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,	
FTLN 1636	Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point	
FTLN 1637	And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats	
FTLN 1638	Cold death aside and with the other sends	170
FTLN 1639	It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity	
FTLN 1640	Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud	
FTLN 1641	"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his	
FTLN 1642	tongue	
FTLN 1643	His <sup>1</sup> 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 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?	
FTLN 1715	NURSE	
	Ay, ay, the cords.	40
	[ <i>Dropping the rope ladder.</i> ]	
	JULIET	
FTLN 1716	Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?	

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	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
FTLN 1721	NURSE	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 <sup>shut</sup> 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 1751	Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 1752	O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?	
	「NURSE」	
FTLN 1753	It did, it did, alas the day, it did.	
	「JULIET」	
FTLN 1754	O serpent heart hid with a flow'ring face!	
FTLN 1755	Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?	80
FTLN 1756	Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!	
FTLN 1757	Dove-feathered raven, wolfish-ravening lamb!	
FTLN 1758	Despisèd substance of divinest show!	
FTLN 1759	Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,	
FTLN 1760	A 「damnèd」 saint, an honorable villain.	85
FTLN 1761	O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell	
FTLN 1762	When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend	
FTLN 1763	In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?	
FTLN 1764	Was ever book containing such vile matter	
FTLN 1765	So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell	90
FTLN 1766	In such a gorgeous palace!	
FTLN 1767	NURSE	
	There's no trust,	
FTLN 1768	No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,	
FTLN 1769	All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.	
FTLN 1770	Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.	95
FTLN 1771	These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me	
FTLN 1772	old.	
FTLN 1773	Shame come to Romeo!	
FTLN 1774	JULIET	
	Blistered be thy tongue	
FTLN 1775	For such a wish! He was not born to shame.	100
FTLN 1776	Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,	
FTLN 1777	For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned	

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FTLN 1778	Sole monarch of the universal Earth.	
FTLN 1779	O, what a beast was I to chide at him!	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1780	Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?	105
	JULIET	
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  
 FTLN 1817 spent,  
 FTLN 1818 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.—  
 FTLN 1819 Take up those cords.

[The Nurse picks up the rope ladder.]

FTLN 1820 Poor ropes, you are beguiled, 145  
 FTLN 1821 Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.  
 FTLN 1822 He made you for a highway to my bed,  
 FTLN 1823 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.  
 FTLN 1824 Come, cords—come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed,  
 FTLN 1825 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! 150

NURSE

FTLN 1826 Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
 FTLN 1827 To comfort you. I wot well where he is.  
 FTLN 1828 Hark you, your Romeo will be here at night.  
 FTLN 1829 I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell.

JULIET

FTLN 1830 O, find him! [Giving the Nurse a ring.] 155  
 FTLN 1831 Give this ring to my true knight  
 FTLN 1832 And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[They] exit.

[Scene 3]  
 Enter Friar [Lawrence.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1833 Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.  
 FTLN 1834 Affliction is enamored of thy parts,  
 FTLN 1835 And thou art wedded to calamity.

「*Enter Romeo.*」

ROMEO

FTLN 1836     Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?  
 FTLN 1837     What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand                     5  
 FTLN 1838     That I yet know not?

FTLN 1839     FRIAR LAWRENCE             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

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 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,	
	<i>「Romeo throws himself down.」</i>	
FTLN 1906	Taking the measure of an unmade grave.	
	<i>Knock 「within.」</i>	
	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.	
	<i>Knock.</i>	
	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
	<i>Knock.</i>	
FTLN 1913	Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will,	
FTLN 1914	What simpleness is this?—I come, I come.	
	<i>Knock.</i>	
FTLN 1915	Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's	
FTLN 1916	your will?	

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	NURSE, 「 <i>within</i> 」	
FTLN 1917	Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.	85
FTLN 1918	I come from Lady Juliet.	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「 <i>admitting the Nurse</i> 」	
FTLN 1919	Welcome, then.	
	「 <i>Enter Nurse.</i> 」	
	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	90
FTLN 1923	drunk.	
	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?	
FTLN 1931	ROMEO Nurse.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1932	Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.	100
	ROMEO, 「 <i>rising up</i> 」	
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

FTLN 1943	ROMEO	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		The hateful mansion. <i>「He draws his dagger.」</i>	
FTLN 1950	FRIAR LAWRENCE	Hold thy desperate hand!	
FTLN 1951		Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.	
FTLN 1952		Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts <i>「denote」</i>	120
FTLN 1953		The unreasonable fury of a beast.	
FTLN 1954		Unseemly woman in a seeming man,	
FTLN 1955		And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!	
FTLN 1956		Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,	
FTLN 1957		I thought thy disposition better tempered.	125
FTLN 1958		Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,	
FTLN 1959		And slay thy lady that in thy life <i>「lives,」</i>	
FTLN 1960		By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?	
FTLN 1961		Why railest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,	
FTLN 1962		Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet	130
FTLN 1963		In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?	
FTLN 1964		Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,	
FTLN 1965		Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all	
FTLN 1966		And usest none in that true use indeed	
FTLN 1967		Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.	135
FTLN 1968		Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,	
FTLN 1969		Digressing from the valor of a man;	
FTLN 1970		Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,	
FTLN 1971		Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;	
FTLN 1972		Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,	140
FTLN 1973		Misshapen in the conduct of them both,	
FTLN 1974		Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,	
FTLN 1975		Is set afire by thine own ignorance,	
FTLN 1976		And thou dismembered with thine own defense.	
FTLN 1977		What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,	145
FTLN 1978		For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:	

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FTLN 1979	There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,	
FTLN 1980	But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.	
FTLN 1981	The law that threatened death becomes thy friend	
FTLN 1982	And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.	150
FTLN 1983	A pack of blessings light upon thy back;	
FTLN 1984	Happiness courts thee in her best array;	
FTLN 1985	But, like a <i>「misbehaved」</i> and sullen wench,	
FTLN 1986	Thou <i>「pouts upon」</i> 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.	
	<i>「Nurse gives Romeo a ring.」</i>	
FTLN 2006	Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.	
	<i>「She exits.」</i>	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2007	How well my comfort is revived by this!	175





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  
 FTLN 2039 PARIS 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.

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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.*

FTLN 2093 NURSE Madam.

FTLN 2094 JULIET Nurse?

NURSE

FTLN 2095 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

FTLN 2096 The day is broke; be wary; look about. *〔She exits.〕* 40

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.

FTLN 2104 ROMEO 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.]

FTLN 2121 LADY CAPULET 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?

FTLN 2126 JULIET 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.

FTLN 2136 JULIET 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?

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FTLN 2141	LADY CAPULET	That same villain, Romeo.	85
	JULIET, <i>「aside」</i>		
FTLN 2142		Villain and he be many miles asunder.—	
FTLN 2143		God pardon <i>「him.」</i> 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,	

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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
	<i>Enter Capulet and Nurse.</i>	
	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 counterfeits 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!	
FTLN 2219	LADY CAPULET           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
FTLN 2232	NURSE 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
FTLN 2237	「CAPULET」 O, God 'i' g' eden!	
	「NURSE」	
FTLN 2238	May not one speak?	
FTLN 2239	CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool!	
FTLN 2240	Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,	
FTLN 2241	For here we need it not.	185
FTLN 2242	LADY CAPULET You are too hot.	
FTLN 2243	CAPULET 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.

FTLN 2281 NURSE 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,

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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
FTLN 2297	JULIET Amen.	
FTLN 2298	NURSE 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>	

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## 「ACT 4」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter Friar 「Lawrence」 and County Paris.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2312     On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

FTLN 2313     My father Capulet will have it so,  
FTLN 2314     And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2315     You say you do not know the lady's mind?  
FTLN 2316     Uneven is the course. I like it not.                     5

PARIS

FTLN 2317     Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
FTLN 2318     And therefore have I little talk of love,  
FTLN 2319     For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
FTLN 2320     Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
FTLN 2321     That she do give her sorrow so much sway,                     10  
FTLN 2322     And in his wisdom hastes our marriage  
FTLN 2323     To stop the inundation of her tears,  
FTLN 2324     Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
FTLN 2325     May be put from her by society.  
FTLN 2326     Now do you know the reason of this haste.                     15

FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「*aside*」

FTLN 2327     I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—  
FTLN 2328     Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

*Enter Juliet.*

	PARIS	
FTLN 2329	Happily met, my lady and my wife.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2330	That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2331	That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday next.	20
	JULIET	
FTLN 2332	What must be shall be.	
FTLN 2333	FRIAR LAWRENCE                      That’s a certain text.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2334	Come you to make confession to this father?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2335	To answer that, I should confess to you.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2336	Do not deny to him that you love me.	25
	JULIET	
FTLN 2337	I will confess to you that I love him.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2338	So will you, I am sure, that you love me.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2339	If I do so, it will be of more price	
FTLN 2340	Being spoke behind your back than to your face.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2341	Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.	30
	JULIET	
FTLN 2342	The tears have got small victory by that,	
FTLN 2343	For it was bad enough before their spite.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2344	Thou wrong’st it more than tears with that report.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2345	That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,	
FTLN 2346	And what I spake, I spake it to my face.	35
	PARIS	
FTLN 2347	Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 2348	It may be so, for it is not mine own.—	

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FTLN 2349	Are you at leisure, holy father, now,	
FTLN 2350	Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE	
FTLN 2351	My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—	40
FTLN 2352	My lord, we must entreat the time alone.	
	PARIS	
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.	<i>He exits.</i>
	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
	<i>〔She shows him her knife.〕</i>	
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.	
	<i>'Holding out a vial.'</i>	
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

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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

FTLN 2441

So many guests invite as here are writ.

*「One or two of the Servingmen exit  
with Capulet's list.」*

FTLN 2442

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

FTLN 2443

SERVINGMAN You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if

FTLN 2444

they can lick their fingers.

FTLN 2445

CAPULET How canst thou try them so?

5

FTLN 2446

SERVINGMAN Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick

FTLN 2447

his own fingers. Therefore he that cannot lick his

FTLN 2448

fingers goes not with me.

FTLN 2449

CAPULET Go, begone.

*「Servingman exits.」*

FTLN 2450

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.—

10

FTLN 2451

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

FTLN 2452

NURSE Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

FTLN 2453

Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

FTLN 2454

A peevish 「self-willed」 harlotry it is.

*Enter Juliet.*

NURSE

FTLN 2455

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

15

CAPULET

FTLN 2456

How now, my headstrong, where have you been

FTLN 2457

gadding?

JULIET

FTLN 2458

Where I have learned me to repent the sin

FTLN 2459

Of disobedient opposition

FTLN 2460

To you and your behests, and am enjoined

20

FTLN 2461

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here

*「Kneeling.」*

FTLN 2462

To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you.

FTLN 2463

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.





「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 <sup>1</sup>wake, 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. *1*She drinks and falls upon her bed *60*  
*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.

FTLN 2556 NURSE 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

「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 2586 What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths 5  
FTLN 2587 now.

FTLN 2588 Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,  
FTLN 2589 The County Paris hath set up his rest  
FTLN 2590 That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
FTLN 2591 Marry, and amen! How sound is she asleep! 10  
FTLN 2592 I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!  
FTLN 2593 Ay, let the County take you in your bed,

FTLN 2594	He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?	
	<i>〔She opens the bed's curtains.〕</i>	
FTLN 2595	What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down	
FTLN 2596	again?	15
FTLN 2597	I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—	
FTLN 2598	Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead.—	
FTLN 2599	O, weraday, that ever I was born!—	
FTLN 2600	Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!	
	<i>〔Enter Lady Capulet.〕</i>	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2601	What noise is here?	20
FTLN 2602	NURSE O lamentable day!	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2603	What is the matter?	
FTLN 2604	NURSE Look, look!—O heavy day!	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2605	O me! O me! My child, my only life,	
FTLN 2606	Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.	25
FTLN 2607	Help, help! Call help.	
	<i>Enter 〔Capulet.〕</i>	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2608	For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2609	She's dead, deceased. She's dead, alack the day!	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 2610	Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 2611	Ha, let me see her! Out, alas, she's cold.	30
FTLN 2612	Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.	
FTLN 2613	Life and these lips have long been separated.	
FTLN 2614	Death lies on her like an untimely frost	
FTLN 2615	Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 2616	O lamentable day!	35

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FTLN 2617	LADY CAPULET	O woeful time!	
	CAPULET		
FTLN 2618		Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,	
FTLN 2619		Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.	
		<i>Enter Friar [Lawrence] and the County [Paris, with Musicians.]</i>	
	FRIAR LAWRENCE		
FTLN 2620		Come, is the bride ready to go to church?	
	CAPULET		
FTLN 2621		Ready to go, but never to return.—	40
FTLN 2622		O son, the night before thy wedding day	
FTLN 2623		Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,	
FTLN 2624		Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.	
FTLN 2625		Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.	
FTLN 2626		My daughter he hath wedded. I will die	45
FTLN 2627		And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.	
	PARIS		
FTLN 2628		Have I thought [long] to see this morning's face,	
FTLN 2629		And doth it give me such a sight as this?	
	LADY CAPULET		
FTLN 2630		Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!	
FTLN 2631		Most miserable hour that e'er time saw	50
FTLN 2632		In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!	
FTLN 2633		But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,	
FTLN 2634		But one thing to rejoice and solace in,	
FTLN 2635		And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!	
	NURSE		
FTLN 2636		O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!	55
FTLN 2637		Most lamentable day, most woeful day	
FTLN 2638		That ever, ever I did yet behold!	
FTLN 2639		O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!	
FTLN 2640		Never was seen so black a day as this!	
FTLN 2641		O woeful day, O woeful day!	60
	PARIS		
FTLN 2642		Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!	

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, distressed, 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 <sup>1</sup>cure<sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup>fond<sup>1</sup> nature bids us all lament,  
 FTLN 2670 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

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



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.	
	<i>「All but the Nurse and the Musicians」 exit.</i>	
	「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
	<i>「Nurse」 exits.</i>	
	<i>Enter 「Peter」.</i>	
FTLN 2687	PETER Musicians, O musicians, “Heart’s ease,”	
FTLN 2688	“Heart’s ease.” O, an you will have me live, play	
FTLN 2689	“Heart’s ease.”	
FTLN 2690	「FIRST MUSICIAN」 Why “Heart’s ease?”	
FTLN 2691	PETER O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My	110
FTLN 2692	heart is full.” O, play me some merry dump to	
FTLN 2693	comfort me.	
FTLN 2694	「FIRST MUSICIAN」 Not a dump, we. ’Tis no time to play	
FTLN 2695	now.	
FTLN 2696	PETER You will not then?	115
FTLN 2697	「FIRST MUSICIAN」 No.	
FTLN 2698	PETER I will then give it you soundly.	
FTLN 2699	「FIRST MUSICIAN」 What will you give us?	
FTLN 2700	PETER No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give	
FTLN 2701	you the minstrel.	120
FTLN 2702	「FIRST MUSICIAN」 Then will I give you the	
FTLN 2703	serving-creature.	

FTLN 2704	PETER	Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on	
FTLN 2705		your pate. I will carry no crochets. I'll <i>re</i> you, I'll <i>fa</i>	
FTLN 2706		you. Do you note me?	125
FTLN 2707	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	An you <i>re</i> us and <i>fa</i> us, you note us.	
FTLN 2708	SECOND 「MUSICIAN」	Pray you, put up your dagger and	
FTLN 2709		put out your wit.	
FTLN 2710	「PETER」	Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat	
FTLN 2711		you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.	130
FTLN 2712		Answer me like men.	
FTLN 2713	「Sings.」	<i>When griping griefs the heart doth wound</i>	
FTLN 2714		<i>「And doleful dumps the mind oppress,」</i>	
FTLN 2715		<i>Then music with her silver sound—</i>	
FTLN 2716		Why “silver sound”? Why “music with her silver	135
FTLN 2717		sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?	
FTLN 2718	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	Marry, sir, because silver hath a	
FTLN 2719		sweet sound.	
FTLN 2720	PETER	Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?	
FTLN 2721	SECOND 「MUSICIAN」	I say “silver sound” because musicians	140
FTLN 2722		sound for silver.	
FTLN 2723	PETER	Prates too.—What say you, James Soundpost?	
FTLN 2724	THIRD 「MUSICIAN」	Faith, I know not what to say.	
FTLN 2725	PETER	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>	
FTLN 2730	「FIRST MUSICIAN」	What a pestilent knave is this same!	
FTLN 2731	SECOND 「MUSICIAN」	Hang him, Jack. Come, we'll in	150
FTLN 2732		here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.	
		<i>「They」 exit.</i>	

## 「ACT 5」

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### 「Scene 1」 *Enter Romeo.*

ROMEO

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

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

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

BALTHASAR

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

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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
FTLN 2763	ROMEO	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.	
FTLN 2767	ROMEO	No matter. Get thee gone,
FTLN 2768	And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.	35
		<i>「Balthasar」 exits.</i>
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	

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.*〕

FTLN 2793 APOTHECARY Who calls so loud?  
 ROMEO  
 FTLN 2794 Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.  
 〔*He offers money.*〕  
 FTLN 2795 Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have  
 FTLN 2796 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
 FTLN 2797 As will disperse itself through all the veins, 65  
 FTLN 2798 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
 FTLN 2799 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
 FTLN 2800 As violently as hasty powder fired  
 FTLN 2801 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s womb.  
 APOTHECARY  
 FTLN 2802 Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua’s law 70  
 FTLN 2803 Is death to any he that utters them.  
 ROMEO  
 FTLN 2804 Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,  
 FTLN 2805 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,  
 FTLN 2806 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
 FTLN 2807 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. 75  
 FTLN 2808 The world is not thy friend, nor the world’s law.  
 FTLN 2809 The world affords no law to make thee rich.  
 FTLN 2810 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.  
 APOTHECARY  
 FTLN 2811 My poverty, but not my will, consents.  
 ROMEO  
 FTLN 2812 I 〔pay〕 thy poverty and not thy will. 80

APOTHECARY, *「giving him the poison」*

FTLN 2813 Put this in any liquid thing you will  
 FTLN 2814 And drink it off, and if you had the strength  
 FTLN 2815 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO, *「handing him the money」*

FTLN 2816 There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
 FTLN 2817 Doing more murder in this loathsome world 85  
 FTLN 2818 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not  
 FTLN 2819 sell.

FTLN 2820 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
 FTLN 2821 Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

*「Apothecary exits.」*

FTLN 2822 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 90  
 FTLN 2823 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

*「He exits.」*

*「Scene 2」*

*Enter Friar John.*

FRIAR JOHN

FTLN 2824 Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

*Enter 「Friar」 Lawrence.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

FRIAR JOHN

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2836 Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

FTLN 2837 I could not send it—here it is again—

「Returning the letter.」

FTLN 2838 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, 15

FTLN 2839 So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2840 Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,

FTLN 2841 The letter was not nice but full of charge,

FTLN 2842 Of dear import, and the neglecting it

FTLN 2843 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence. 20

FTLN 2844 Get me an iron crow and bring it straight

FTLN 2845 Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

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

*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, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 2863	I am almost afraid to stand alone	10
FTLN 2864	Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.	
	<i>「He moves away from Paris.」</i>	
	PARIS, <i>「scattering flowers」</i>	
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.	
	<i>「Page」 whistles.</i>	
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.	
	<i>「He steps aside.」</i>	
	<i>Enter Romeo and 「Balthasar.」</i>	
	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,	



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

FTLN 2915	Put not another sin upon my head	
FTLN 2916	By urging me to fury. O, begone!	
FTLN 2917	By heaven, I love thee better than myself,	
FTLN 2918	For I come hither armed against myself.	65
FTLN 2919	Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say	
FTLN 2920	A madman's mercy bid thee run away.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2921	I do defy thy 「commination」	
FTLN 2922	And apprehend thee for a felon here.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 2923	Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!	70
		「 <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 betossed 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 <i>palace</i> of dim night	
FTLN 2961	Depart again. Here, here will I remain	
FTLN 2962	With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here	
FTLN 2963	Will I set up my everlasting rest	110
FTLN 2964	And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars	
FTLN 2965	From this world-wearied flesh! Eyes, look your last.	
FTLN 2966	Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you	
FTLN 2967	The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss	
FTLN 2968	A dateless bargain to engrossing death.	115
	<i>«Kissing Juliet.»</i>	
FTLN 2969	Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!	
FTLN 2970	Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on	
FTLN 2971	The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!	
FTLN 2972	Here's to my love. <i>«Drinking.»</i> O true apothecary,	
FTLN 2973	Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.	120
	<i>«He dies.»</i>	

*Enter Friar «Lawrence» with lantern, crow, and spade.*

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

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

JULIET

FTLN 3006 O comfortable friar, where is my lord?  
 FTLN 3007 I do remember well where I should be,  
 FTLN 3008 And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 155

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 3009 I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest  
 FTLN 3010 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.  
 FTLN 3011 A greater power than we can contradict  
 FTLN 3012 Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
 FTLN 3013 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead, 160  
 FTLN 3014 And Paris, too. Come, I'll dispose of thee  
 FTLN 3015 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
 FTLN 3016 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
 FTLN 3017 Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

FTLN 3018 Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 165

*He exits.*

FTLN 3019 What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?  
 FTLN 3020 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—  
 FTLN 3021 O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
 FTLN 3022 To help me after! I will kiss thy lips.  
 FTLN 3023 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 170  
 FTLN 3024 To make me die with a restorative. *〔She kisses him.〕*  
 FTLN 3025 Thy lips are warm!

*Enter 〔Paris's Page〕 and Watch.*

FTLN 3026 *〔FIRST〕* WATCH Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

FTLN 3027 Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O, happy dagger,  
 FTLN 3028 This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die. 175  
*〔She takes Romeo's dagger, stabs herself, and dies.〕*

「PAGE」

FTLN 3029 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 buried.—

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.

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FTLN 3072	Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.	
FTLN 3073	What further woe conspires against mine age?	220
FTLN 3074	PRINCE 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	



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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.	

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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	
FTLN 3140	Give me the letter. I will look on it.—	
	<i>〔He takes Romeo's letter.〕</i>	
FTLN 3141	Where is the County's page, that raised the	
FTLN 3142	watch?—	
FTLN 3143	Sirrah, what made your master in this place?	290
	PAGE	
FTLN 3144	He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave	
FTLN 3145	And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.	
FTLN 3146	Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,	
FTLN 3147	And by and by my master drew on him,	
FTLN 3148	And then I ran away to call the watch.	295
	PRINCE	
FTLN 3149	This letter doth make good the Friar's words,	
FTLN 3150	Their course of love, the tidings of her death;	
FTLN 3151	And here he writes that he did buy a poison	
FTLN 3152	Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal	
FTLN 3153	Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.	300
FTLN 3154	Where be these enemies?—Capulet, Montague,	
FTLN 3155	See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,	
FTLN 3156	That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love,	
FTLN 3157	And I, for winking at your discords too,	
FTLN 3158	Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.	305
	CAPULET	
FTLN 3159	O brother Montague, give me thy hand.	
FTLN 3160	This is my daughter's jointure, for no more	
FTLN 3161	Can I demand.	
FTLN 3162	MONTAGUE           But I can give thee more,	
FTLN 3163	For I will ray her statue in pure gold,	310
FTLN 3164	That whiles Verona by that name is known,	
FTLN 3165	There shall no figure at such rate be set	
FTLN 3166	As that of true and faithful Juliet.	

CAPULET

FTLN 3167     As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,  
FTLN 3168     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 punished.  
FTLN 3173     For never was a story of more woe 320  
FTLN 3174     Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

⌈*All exit.*⌋

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