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

Gregory, o’ my word, we'll not carry coals.
No, for then we should be colliers.
I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o’ the collar.
I strike quickly, being moved.
But art not quickly moved to strike.
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if art moved, runn’st away.
A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will
 take the wall of any man or maid of Montague’s.
That shows a weak slave; for the weakest goes
to the wall.
True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels,
are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Montague’s men from the wall, and thrust his maids
to the wall.
The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
’Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I
have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the
maids, and cut off their heads.
The heads of the maids?
Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;
take it in what sense wilt.
They must take it in sense that feel it.
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and
’tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
’Tis well art not fish; if hadst,
hadst been poor John. Draw tool! here comes
two of the house of the Montagues.
My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back.
How! turn back and run?
Fear me not.
No, marry; I fear!
Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as
they list.
Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;
which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
    I do bite my thumb, sir.
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
    Is the law of our side, if I say
        ay?
            No.
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I
    bite my thumb, sir.
Do you quarrel, sir?
    Quarrel sir! no, sir.
If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
    No better.
        Well, sir.
Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
    Yes, better, sir.
        You lie.
Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember swashing blow.

Part, fools!
    Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

What, art drawn among these heartless hinds?
    Turn, Benvolio, look upon death.
I do but keep the peace: put up sword,
    Or manage it to part these men with me.
What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and:
    Have at, coward!

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!
    A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?
My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
    And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
    shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
    Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
    That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
    On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
    And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
    By, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
    And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You Capulet; shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Have you importuned him by any means?
Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself--I will not say how true--
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.
We would as willingly give cure as know.

See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
I would wert so happy by stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

Good-morrow, cousin.
Is the day so young?
But new struck nine.
Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
In love?
Out--
Of love?
Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,
sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost not laugh?
No, coz, I rather weep.
Good heart, at what?
At good heart's oppression.
Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of: this love that hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.
Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
What, shall I groan and tell?
    Groan! why, no.
    But sadly tell me who.
Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
    Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
    In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
I aim’d so near, when I supposed you loved.
A right good mark-man! And she’s fair I love.
    A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Well, in that hit you miss: she’ll not be hit
With Cupid’s arrow; she hath Dian’s wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm’d,
From love’s weak childish bow she lives unharm’d.
    She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
    Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
    Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
    O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.
Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
    For beauty starved with her severity
    Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
    To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
    Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
    O, teach me how I should forget to think.
By giving liberty unto eyes;
Examine other beauties.
    ’Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies’ brows
    Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;
    He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
    Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass’d that passing fair?
    Farewell: canst not teach me to forget.
I’ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

But Montague is bound as well as I,
    In penalty alike; and ’tis not hard, I think,
    For men so old as we to keep the peace.
    Of honourable reckoning are you both;
    And pity ’tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
    But saying o’er what I have said before:
    My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
    Let two more summers wither in their pride,
    Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
    Younger than she are happy mothers made.
And too soon marr’d are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none,
Come, go with me.

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

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

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take some new infection to eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.
For what, I pray?
For your broken shin.
Why, Romeo, art mad?
Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and--God-den, good fellow.
God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?
Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I
pray, can you read any thing you see?
Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Ye say honestly: rest you merry!
Stay, fellow; I can read.

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

Up.

Whither?
To supper; to our house.
Whose house?
My master's.

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.

Rest you merry!

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make think swan a crow.
When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

How now! who calls?
Your mother.
Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, 's hear our counsel.
know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
She's not fourteen.
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four--

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?
A fortnight and odd days.

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

She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband--God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man--took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost fall upon face?
wilt fall backward when hast more wit;
Wilt not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'
Enough of this; I pray, hold peace.
Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon face?
wilt fall backward when comest to age;
Wilt not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'
And stint too, I pray, nurse, say I.
Peace, I have done. God mark to his grace!
wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see married once,
I have my wish.

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
It is an honour that I dream not of.
An honour! were not I only nurse,
I would say hadst suck'd wisdom from teat.
Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
    Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
    A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.
Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
    Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
    And see how one another lends content
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
    To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
    By having him, making yourself no less.
No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
    I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

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

Juliet, the county stays.
    Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
    Or shall we on without a apology?
The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
    Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
    After the prompter, for our entrance:
But let them measure us by what they will;
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
    Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
Come, knock and ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If art dun, we'll draw from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Nay, that's not so.
I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Why, may one ask?
I dream'd a dream to-night.
And so did I.
Well, what was yours?
That dreamers often lie.
In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
Not so big as a round little worm
Prick’d from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o’ mind the fairies’ coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers’ brains, and then they dream of love;
O’er courtiers’ knees, that dream on court’s sies straight,
O’er lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O’er ladies’ lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:

Sometime she gallops o’er a courtier’s nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig’s tail
Tickling a parson’s nose as a’ lies asleep,
Then dreams, he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o’er a soldier’s neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breeches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:

This is she--
Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
talk’st of nothing.
True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger’d, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night’s revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.
Strike, drum.

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

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

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

Antony, and Potpan!

Ay, boy, ready.

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

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

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

By'r lady, thirty years.

What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

I know not, sir.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?
Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Young Romeo is it?
'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Content, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!
Patience perforce with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

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

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant, lest faith turn to despair.
Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.
Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Sin from lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
You kiss by the book.

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
What is her mother?
Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
The son and heir of old Tiberio.
What's he that now is going out of door?
Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.
What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
I know not.
Go ask his name: if he be married.
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
What's this? what's this?
A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

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

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

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

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
He is wise;
And, on my lie, hath stol'n him home to bed.
He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove;'
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in likeness appear to us!
And if he hear, wilt anger him.
This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et caetera, a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
   It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
   Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That her maid art far more fair than she:
   Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
   It is my lady, O, it is my love!
   O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
   Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
   Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
   To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
   As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
   That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
   O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
   Ay me!
She speaks:
   O, speak again, bright angel! for art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
   As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art Romeo?
   Deny father and refuse name;
Or, if wilt not, be but sworn my love,
   And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
   'Tis but name that is my enemy;
art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
   Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
   By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
   Without that title. Romeo, doff name,
And for that name which is no part of
   Take all myself.
   I take at word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
   Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
What man art that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
    By a name
      I know not how to tell who I am:
      My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
        Because it is an enemy to;
      Had I it written, I would tear the word.
      My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
    Art not Romeo and a Montague?
      Neither, fair saint, if either dislike.
    How camest hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
    And the place death, considering who art,
      If any of my kinsmen find here.
With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
    For stony limits cannot hold love out,
      And what love can do that dares love attempt;
      Therefore kinsmen are no let to me.
      If they do see, they will murder.
    Alack, there lies more peril in eye
Than twenty of their swords: look but sweet,
      And I am proof against their enmity.
I would not for the world they saw here.
I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
      And love me, let them find me here:
      My life were better ended by their hate,
        Than death prorogued, wanting of love.
By whose direction found'st out this place?
    By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
      He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
      I am no pilot; yet, wert as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
      I would adventure for such merchandise.
    know'st the mask of night is on my face,
      Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which hast heard me speak to-night
      Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
      Dost love me? I know wilt say 'Ay,'
        And I will take word: yet if swear'st,
          mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
          Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
            If dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
              Or if think'st I am too quickly won,
                I'll frown and be perverse an say nay,
                  So wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
              In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
                And therefore mayst think my 'havior light:
                  But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
    I should have been more strange, I must confess,
      But that overheard'st, ere I was ware,
      My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
                    And not impute this yielding to light love,
                      Which the dark night hath so discovered.
                    Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear.
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--
O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that love prove likewise variable.
What shall I swear by?
Do not swear at all;
Or, if wilt, swear by gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe.
If my heart's dear love--
Well, do not swear: although I joy in,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to heart as that within my breast!
O, wilt leave me so unsatisfied?
What satisfaction canst have to-night?
The exchange of love's faithful vow for mine.
I gave mine before didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Wouldst withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
But to be frank, and give it again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

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

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

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that bent of love be honourable,
purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to,
Where and what time wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at foot I'll lay
And follow my lord throughout the world.
Madam!
I come, anon.--But if meanst not well,
I do beseech--
Madam!
By and by, I come:--
To cease suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
So thrive my soul--
A thousand times good night!

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

Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Romeo!
My dear?
At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to ?
At the hour of nine.
I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call  back.
Let me stand here till remember it.
I shall forget, to have still stand there,
Remembering how I love company.
And I'll still stay, to have still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
'Tis almost morning; I would have gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
I would I were bird.
Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

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

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

Good morrow, father.
Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper’d head
So soon to bid good morrow to bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man’s eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff’d brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore earliness doth me assure
art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
God pardon sin! wast with Rosaline?
With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name’s woe.
That’s my good son: but where hast been, then?
I’ll tell , ere ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That’s by me wounded: both our remedies
Within help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Be plain, good son, and homely in drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Then plainly know my heart’s dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, we woo’d and made exchange of vow,
I’ll tell as we pass; but this I pray,
That consent to marry us to-day.
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
   Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

   Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
   Hath wash'd sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

   How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
   To season love, that of it doth not taste!

   The sun not yet sighs from heaven clears,  
   Old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

   Lo, here upon cheek the stain doth sit  
   Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

   If e'er wast thyself and these woes,  
   And these woes were all for Rosaline:

   And art changed? pronounce this sentence then,  
   Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

   chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.  
   For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

   And bad'st me bury love.  
   Not in a grave,

   To lay one in, another out to have.

   I pray, chide not; she whom I love now  
   Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;

   The other did not so.  
   O, she knew well

   love did read by rote and could not spell.

   But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
   In one respect I'll assistant be;

   For this alliance may so happy prove,  
   To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

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

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

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

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

   Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline.  
   Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

   Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
   Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

   A challenge, on my life.  
   Romeo will answer it.

   Any man that can write may answer a letter.

   Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he  
   dares, being dared.

   Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a  
   white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a

   love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the  
   blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to

   encounter Tybalt?  
   Why, what is Tybalt?

   More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is  
   the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as

   you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and  
   proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and
the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk
button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the
very first house, of the first and second cause:
ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the
hai!
The what?
The pox of such antic, lispine, affecting
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu,
a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good
whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing,
grand sire, that we should be thus afflicted with
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these
perdona-m'is, who stand so much on the new form,
that they cannot at ease on the old bench? O, their
bones, their bones!

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.
Without his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh,
how art fishified! Now is he for the numbers
that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a
kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to
be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy;
Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey
eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation
to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit
fairly last night.
Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?
The ship, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?
Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in
such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.
That's as much as to say, such a case as yours
constrains a man to bow in the hams.
Meaning, to court'sy,
hast most kindly hit it.
A most courteous exposition.
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
Pink for flower.
Right.
Why, then is my pump well flowered.
Well said: follow me this jest now till hast
worn out pump, that when the single sole of it
is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.
O single-soled jest, solely singular for the
singleness.
Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.
Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.
Nay, if wits run the wild-goose chase, I have
done, for hast more of the wild-goose in one of
wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five:
was I with you there for the goose?
wast never with me for any thing when wast
not there for the goose.
I will bite by the ear for that jest.
Nay, good goose, bite not.
it is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most
sharp sauce.
And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?
O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an
inch narrow to an ell broad!
I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added
to the goose, proves far and wide a broad goose.
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?
now art sociable, now art Romeo; now art
what art, by art as well as by nature:
for this drivelling love is like a great natural,

that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.
Stop there, stop there.
desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.
wouldst else have made tale large.
O, art deceived; I would have made it short:
for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and
meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.
Here's goodly gear!

A sail, a sail!
Two, two; a shirt and a smock.
Peter!
Anon!
My fan, Peter.

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

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Is it good den?
'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the
dial is now upon the prick of noon.
Out upon you! what a man are you!

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to
mar.
By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,'
quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I
may find the young Romeo?

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

Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith;
wisely, wisely.
if you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with
you.
She will indite him to some supper.
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!
What hast found?

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

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

Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?
A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.
An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.
Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?
I saw no man use you a pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.
Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word:
and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.
Nurse, commend me to lady and mistress. I protest unto --
Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.
What wilt tell her, nurse? dost not mark me.
I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.
Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shrived and married. Here is for pains.
No truly sir; not a penny.
Go to; I say you shall.
This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.
And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with
And bring cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit pains:
Farewell; commend me to mistress.
Now God in heaven bless! Hark you, sir.
What say'st, my dear nurse?
Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away?
I warrant, my man's as true as steel.  
Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady--Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:--O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the--No; I know it begins with some other letter:--and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Commend me to lady.

Ay, a thousand times.

Peter!

Anon!

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

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.  
O God, she comes!

O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast met with him? Send man away.  
Peter, stay at the gate.

Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.  
I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!  
I would hadst my bones, and I news:  
Nay, come, I pray, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
How art out of breath, when hast breath
To say to me that art out of breath?
The excuse that dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale dost excuse.
Is news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not

how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels
all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,
though they be not to be talked on, yet they are
past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go
ways, wenche; serve God. What, have you dined at home?
No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side.--O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
'I faith, I am sorry that art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I
warrant, a virtuous.--Where is your mother?
Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'
O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?
Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
I have.
Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.
Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Romeo shall thank, daughter, for us both.
As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Ah, Juliet, if the measure of joy
Be heap'd like mine and that skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

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

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

I pray, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of !' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Am I like such a fellow?

Come, come, art as hot a Jack in mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.
And what to?

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. ! why, wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than hast:
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no
other reason but because hast hazel eyes: what
eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel?
head is as fun of quarrels as an egg is full of
meat, and yet head hath been beaten as addle as
an egg for quarrelling: hast quarrelled with a
man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened dog that hath lain asleep in the sun:
didst not fall out with a tailor for wearing
his new doublet before Easter? with another, for
tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet
wilt tutor me from quarrelling!
An I were so apt to quarrel as art, any man
should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.
The fee-simple! O simple!
By my head, here come the Capulets.
By my heel, I care not.

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.
And but one word with one of us? couple it with
something; make it a word and a blow.
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you
will give me occasion.
Could you not take some occasion without giving?
Mercutio, consort'st with Romeo,--
Consort! what, dost make us minstrels? an
make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but
discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall
make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!
We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'
Romeo, the hate I bear can afford
No better term than this,-- art a villain.
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see know'st me not.
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That hast done me; therefore turn and draw.
I do protest, I never injured,
But love better than canst devise,
Till shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.
O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?  
What wouldst have with me?  
Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine 
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you 
shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the 
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher 
by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your 
ears ere it be out.  
I am for you.  

Gentle Mercutio, put rapier up.  
Come, sir, your passado.  

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath 
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:  
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!  

I am hurt.  
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?  
What, art hurt?  
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.  
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.  

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.  
No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a 
church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for 
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I 
am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' 
both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a 
cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a 
rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of 
arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I 
was hurt under your arm.  
I thought all for the best.  
Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! 
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too: your houses!  

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour 
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soft'en'd valour's steel!  

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.  
This day's black fate on more days doth depend;  
This but begins the woe, others must end.  
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.  
Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for to keep him company:
Either, or I, or both, must go with him.
, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
This shall determine that.

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom death,
If art taken: hence, be gone, away!
O, I am fortune's fool!
Why dost stay?

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
There lies that Tybalt.
Up, sir, go with me;
I charge in the princes name, obey.

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew kinsman, brave Mercutio.
Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
O my dear kinsman! Prince, as art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which , prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.
And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, day in night;
For wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast there? the cords
That Romeo bid fetch?
Ay, ay, the cords.

Ay me! what news? why dost wring hands?
Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Can heaven be so envious?
Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!
What devil art, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say 'I,'
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make answer 'I.'
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--
God save the mark!--here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.
O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And Romeo press one heavy bier!
O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see dead!
What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.
O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst to do in hell,
When didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Blister'd be tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Solo monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth name,
When I, three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished,'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
father, or mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentations might have moved?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!' There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!  
Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.  
O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Romeo, come forth; come forth, fearful man:  
Affliction is enamour'd of parts,  
And art wedded to calamity.

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?  
Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring tidings of the prince's doom.  
What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?  
A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.  
Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'  
Hence from Verona art banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.  
There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death: then banished,  
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,  
cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.  
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:

This is dear mercy, and seest it not.  
'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished:  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st yet that exile is not death?
Hadst no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?
Fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
O, wilt speak again of banishment.
I'll give armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort, though art banished.
Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Let me dispute with of estate.
canst not speak of that dost not feel:
Wert as young as I, Juliet love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst speak, then mightst tear hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;
Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.
Welcome, then.

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Nurse!
Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.
Spakest of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain’d the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal’d lady to our cancell’d love?
O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name’s cursed hand
Murder’d her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Hold desperate hand:
Art a man? form cries out art:
tears are womanish; wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought disposition better temper’d.
Hast slain Tybalt? wilt slay thyself?
And stay lady too that lives in ,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail’st on birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In at once; which at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, shamesh shape, love, wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound’st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck shape, love, wit:
noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which hast vow’d to cherish;
wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skitless soldier’s flask,
Is set afire by own ignorance,
And dismember’d with own defence.
What, rouse , man! Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake wast but lately dead;
There art happy; Tybalt would kill ,
But slew’st Tybalt; there are happy too:
The law that threaten’d death becomes friend
And turns it to exile; there art happy:
A pack of blessings lights up upon back;
Happiness courts in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
pout’st upon fortune and love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get to love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
   But look stay not till the watch be set,
   For then canst not pass to Mantua;
   Where shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
   Beg pardon of the prince, and call back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
   Than went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to lady;
   And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
   Romeo is coming.

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
   To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
   My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
   Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
   Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
   Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

   How well my comfort is revived by this!
Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
   Either be gone before the watch be set,
   Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
   Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
   And he shall signify from time to time
   Every good hap to you that chances here:
   Give me hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.
   But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
   It were a grief, so brief to part with: Farewell.


   Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
   Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
   And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.
   'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
   I promise you, but for your company,
   I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
   These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
   I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
   To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.
   Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
   Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
   In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
   Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
   Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
   And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--
   But, soft! what day is this?
   Monday, my lord,
   Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
   O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
   She shall be married to this noble earl.
   Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
   We'll keep no great ado,--a friend or two;
   For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
    Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
    Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
    Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
    Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
    Afore me! it is so very very late,
    That we may call it early by and by.
    Good night.

Wilt be gone? it is not yet near day:
    It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
    That pierced the fearful hollow of ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
    Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do face the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
    Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
    Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
    It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
    To be to this night a torch-bearer,
    And light on way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; need'st not to be gone.
Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
    I am content, so wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
    'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
    I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
    How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.
    It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
    It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
    This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
    O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
    Hunting hence with hunt's-up to the day,
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Madam!
Nurse?
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

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

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to. 
O think'st we shall ever meet again?
I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see, now art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or look'st pale.
And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

O fortune, fortune! all men call fickle:
If art fickle, what dost with him.
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
Ho, daughter! are you up?
Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Why, how now, Juliet!
Madam, I am not well.
Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt wash him from his grave with tears?
An if couldst, couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Feeling so the loss,
Cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
Well, girl, weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
What villain madam?
That same villain, Romeo.
Villain and he be many miles asunder.--
God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
We will have vengeance for it, fear not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom’d dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, wilt be satisfied.
Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--
Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex’d.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him.
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that slaughter’d him!
Find the means, and I’ll find such a man.
But now I’ll tell joyful tidings, girl.
And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
Well, well, hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put from heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That expect’st not nor I look’d not for.
Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church,
Shall happily make there a joyful bride.
Now, by Saint Peter’s Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother’s son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
counterfeit’st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, sighs;
Who, raging with tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver’d to her our decree?
Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
   Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'
   And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
   To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
   Or I will drag on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
   You tallow-face!
   Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Hang, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
   I tell what: get to church o' Thursday,
   Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
   That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
   Out on her, hilding!
   God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
   I speak no treason.
   O, God ye god-den.
   May not one speak?
Peace, you mumbling fool!
   Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
   For here we need it not.
You are too hot.
God's bread! it makes me mad:
   Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
   Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
   A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
   Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
   And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
   To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will you shall not house with me:
   Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in
   the streets,
   For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge,
Nor what is mine shall never do good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as wilt, for I have done with .

O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st ? hast not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Speakest from heart?
And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Amen!
What?
Well, hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.
Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
You say you do not know the lady’s mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt’s death,
And therefore have I little talk’d of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
I would I knew not why it should be slow’d.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Happily met, my lady and my wife!
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
What must be shall be.
That’s a certain text.
Come you to make confession to this father?
To answer that, I should confess to you.
Do not deny to him that you love me.
I will confess to you that I love him.
So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Poor soul, face is much abused with tears.
The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Wrong’st it, more than tears, with that report.
That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Face is mine, and hast slander’d it.
It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

Oh shut the door! and when hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Ah, Juliet, I already know grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Tell me not, friar, that hearst of this,
Unless tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in wisdom, canst give no help,
Do but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I’ll help it presently.
God join’d my heart and Romeo’s, our hands;
And ere this hand, by to Romeo seal’d,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what speak'st speak not of remedy.
Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution.
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to scape from it:
And, if daresst, I'll give remedy.
O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that lie alone;
Let not nurse lie with in chamber:
Take this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink off;
When presently through all veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify livest;
The roses in lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse from bed, there art dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In best robes uncover'd on the bier
shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will watch waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free from this present shame;  
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate valour in the acting it.  
Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!  
Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to lord.  
Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father!

So many guests invite as here are writ.  
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.  
You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they  
can lick their fingers.  
How canst try them so?  
Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his  
own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his  
fingers goes not with me.  
Go, be gone.

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.  
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?  
Ay, forsooth.  
Well, he may chance to do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.  
See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?  
Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.  
Send for the county; go tell him of this:  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning,  
I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not step o'er the bounds of modesty.  
Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:  
This is as't should be. Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.  
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,  
Our whole city is much bound to him.  
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?  
No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.  
Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.
We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.
Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant, wife:
Go to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray, leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Good night:
Get to bed, and rest; for hast need.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie there.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes’ torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather’s joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman’s bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin’s ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier’s point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to.

Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow’d,
The curfew-bell hath rung, ’tis three o’clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for the cost.
Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, You’ll be sick to-morrow
For this night’s watching.
No, not a whit: what! I have watch’d ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne’er been sick.
Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Now, fellow,
What’s there?
Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Make haste, make haste.

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show where they are.
I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
shalt be logger-head. Good faith, ’tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would: I hear him near.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!
Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;  
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,  
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:  
Make haste, I say.

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:  
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!  
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!  
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;  
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
The County Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,  
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;  
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!  
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!  
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

What noise is here?  
O lamentable day!  
What is the matter?  
Look, look! O heavy day!  
O me, O me! My child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with!  
Help, help! Call help.

For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.  
She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!  
Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!  
Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold:  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
O lamentable day!  
O woful time!

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?  
Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son! the night before wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with wife. There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.  
Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?  
Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
   In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
   But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!
   O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
   That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
   O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:
   O woful day, O woful day!
Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
   Most detestable death, by beguil'd,
   By cruel cruel quite overthrown!
   O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
   Uncomfortable time, why camest now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
   O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
   Dead art! Alack! my child is dead;
   And with my child my joys are buried.

Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
   In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
   And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,

   But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
   And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
   Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
   O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
   On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
   In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us an lament,
   Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
   All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
   Our instruments to melancholy bells,

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
   Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
   And all things change them to the contrary.
   Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
   And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Romeo and Juliet 
by William Shakespeare

Honest goodfellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'
   Why 'Heart's ease?'
O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me some merry dump,
   to comfort me.
Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.
   You will not, then?
   No.
I will then give it you soundly.
   What will you give us?
No money, on my faith, but the gleek;
   I will give you the minstrel.
Then I will give you the serving-creature.
Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you,
   I'll fa you; do you note me!
An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:
   'When gripping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'--
why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.
Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?
Faith, I know not what to say.
O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:
   'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.'

What a pestilent knave is this same!
Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

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

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Tush, art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid do.
Hast no letters to me from the friar?
No, my good lord.
No matter: get gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with you straight.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O mischief, art swift
To in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Who calls so loud?
Come hither, man. I see that art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Art so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon back;
The world is not friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
My poverty, but not my will, consents.
I pay poverty, and not will.
Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
There is gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that mayst not sell.
I sell poison; hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use.

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!
This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Going to find a bare-foot brother out
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
I could not send it.--here it is again,--
Nor get a messenger to bring it,
So fearful were they of infection.
Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
Brother, I'll go and bring it.
Now must I to the monument alone;
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

Give me a torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay all along,
Holding ear close to the hollow ground;

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid, go.
I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

Sweet flower, with flowers bridal bed I strew,--
O woe! canopy is dust and stones;--
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for will keep
Nightly shall be to strew grave and weep.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon life, I charge,
Whate'er hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.
I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

So shalt show me friendship. Take that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.
    For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
    His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

    detestable maw, womb of death,
    Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
    Thus I enforce rotten jaws to open,
    And, in despite, I'll cram with more food!

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
    It is supposed, the fair creature died;
    And here is come to do some villanous shame
    To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
    Condemned villain, I do apprehend:
    Obey, and go with me; for must die.
    I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
    Let them affright. I beseech, youth,
    Put not another sin upon my head,
    By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
    By heaven, I love better than myself;
    For I come hither arm'd against myself:
    Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
    A madman's mercy bade run away.
    I do defy conjurations,
    And apprehend for a felon here.
Wilt provoke me? then have at, boy!

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

    O, I am slain!

    If be merciful,
    Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
    Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
    Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
    Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
    To think it was so? O, give me hand,
    One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie there, by a dead man interr'd.

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck’d the honey of breath,
Hath had no power yet upon beauty:
Art not conquer’d; beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in lips and in cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest there in bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to,
Than with that hand that cut youth in twain
To sunder his that was enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks sea-sick weary bark!
Here’s to my love!

O true apothecary!
Drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who’s there?
Here’s one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capel’s monument.
It doth so, holy sir; and there’s my master,
One that you love.

Who is it?
Romeo.

How long hath he been there?
Full half an hour.
Go with me to the vault.
I dare not, sir
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discouler’d by this place of peace?

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep’d in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
husband in bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,

I dare no longer stay.
Go, get hence, for I will not away.

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make die with a restorative.

lips are warm.
Lead, boy: which way?
Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

This is sheath;
there rust, and let me die.

This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.
Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.
Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.
What fear is this which startles in our ears?
Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en--for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,--
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!
O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Come, Montague; for art early up,
To see son and heir more early down.
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Look, and shalt see.

O untaught! what manners is in this?
To press before father to a grave?
Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.
Then say at once what dost know in this.
I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
We still have known for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
I departed not and left him there.
Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
SIRRah, what made your master in this place?
He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
      And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.
      O brother Montague, give me hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
      Can I demand.
      But I can give more:
      For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
      There shall no figure at such rate be set
      As that of true and faithful Juliet.
      As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
      Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
      For never was a story of more woe
      Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.