

PROLOGUE(friar)

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~~ 15 minutes' traffic of our stage.

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and BALTHASAR

BALTHASAR

Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

BALTHASAR

Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

SAMPSON

Do you quarrel, sir?

BALTHASAR

Quarrel sir! No, sir.

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

BALTHASAR

No better.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

BALTHASAR

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw.

They fight

Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

Beats down their swords

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

They fight

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--
hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Capulet and Montague, you
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
On pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but BENVOLIO

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aim'd so near. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how.

BENVOLIO

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

PARIS

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
To Servant, giving a paper

Go, sirrah; find those persons out
Whose names are written there.

Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS

Servant (sampson)

Find them out whose names are written here! I can never find what names the writing
person hath here writ. I must to the learned.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

ROMEO

God-den, good fellow.

Servant

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

ROMEO

Ay.

Servant

Rest you merry!

ROMEO

Reads

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece
Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin
Tybalt.' A fair
assembly: whither should they come?

Servant

To our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

Servant

The great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry!

Exit

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest.
Go thither; Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

I'll go along.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking.

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This is she--

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True.

BENVOLIO

We shall come too late.

ROMEO

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels and expire the term
 Of a despised life closed in my breast
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. A hall in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house

CAPULET

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

Music plays, and they dance

ROMEO

[To a Servingman] What lady is that?

Servant

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

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

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

Nurse

Madam, your mother, the lady of the house, craves a word with you.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

CAPULET

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
Come on then, let's to bed.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse

Come, let's away.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

JULIET appears

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for that name which is no part of thee
 Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word:

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love.

Nurse calls within

JULIET

Sweet, good night!

Nurse calls within

Anon, good nurse!

Exit, above

Re-enter JULIET, above

JULIET

dear Romeo,
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come:--

Exit, above

Good night, good night! parting is such
 sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!
 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO

That last is true.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

no.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's my good son.

ROMEO

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis!
 Is Rosaline
 So soon forsaken? Jesu Maria!
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

SCENE VII. A street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead. And is he a man to
encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

BENVOLIO

The what?

Enter ROMEO

MERCUTIO

Signior
Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation
to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit
fairly last night.

ROMEO

What?

Enter NURSE

Nurse

Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I
may find the young Romeo?

MERCUTIO

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

Sings

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

Singing

'lady, lady, lady.'

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

Nurse

Scurvy knave!

Now, afore God, I am vexed! Pray you, sir, a word:
my young lady bade me inquire you
out.

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

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

Nurse

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

Exeunt

SCENE VIII. Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.

Enter NURSE

O, she is lame!
O honey nurse, what news?
O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

I pray thee speak, good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse

O, my back, my back!

JULIET

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

Nurse

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I
warrant, a virtuous,--Where is your mother?

JULIET

what says Romeo?!?

Nurse

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

JULIET

I have.

Nurse

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Hie! Hie!

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt

SCENE IX. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROMEO

Amen, amen!

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume.
They kiss

Exeunt

SCENE X. A public place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others

TYBALT

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

And but one word with one of us? couple it with
something: make it a word and a blow.

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT

Romeo, thou art a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, I love thee.
Therefore farewell.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me.

ROMEO

I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
And so, good Capulet, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

Draws

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives.

TYBALT

I am for you.

Drawing

They fight

ROMEO

Gentlemen, for shame! Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Why the devil came you between us? I
was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO dies

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
And here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
 fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT

They fight; TYBALT falls

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

Exit ROMEO

Exeunt

SCENE XI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

ROMEO

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banished:

ROMEO

'Tis torture!

Knocking within

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I.

Knocking

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
 Thou wilt be taken. Stand up;

Knocking

God's will,
 What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

Knocking

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse

Nurse

Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse

O piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand.

ROMEO

Nurse!

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Where is she? how doth she?

Nurse

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.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Romeo is coming.

Nurse

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Exit

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

Exeunt

SCENE XII. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone?

ROMEO

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

JULIET

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Enter Nurse, to the chamber

Nurse

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

Nurse

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Exit

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell!

He goeth down

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. early next Thursday morn,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I pray you, tell my lord and father I will not marry yet; and, when I do

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
Enter CAPULET and Nurse

CAPULET

How now, wife!
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch.

God's bread! it makes me mad:
Exit CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and NURSE

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Thou 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.

Exit

SCENE XIII. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

FRIAR LAURENCE

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Enter JULIET

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

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

PARIS

That may be must be.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's certain.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAURENCE

My leisure serves me now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

Exit

JULIET

O shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
or lurk where serpents are;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave---

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
In the mean time, Romeo by my letters shall know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

JULIET

Give me, give me!

FRIAR LAURENCE

get you gone: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength! Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt

SCENE XIV. Juliet's chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night,

Exeunt Nurse

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. Come, vial.
Romeo, I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed

Enter Nurse

Nurse

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, why, why?
Madam! Madam!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

Nurse

O!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

Nurse

O!

LADY CAPULET

O! Help, help!

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE

Nurse

She's dead, deceased, dead!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day!

CAPULET

she's cold:
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.

Nurse

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Nurse

O woeful, lamentable hateful day!

PARIS

Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

CAPULET

Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
go, Sir Paris.

Exeunt

SCENE XV. Mantua. A street.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR

ROMEO

News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar!
How fares my Juliet?

BALTHASAR

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument.

ROMEO

Is it even so? Juliet! Juliet!

I will hence to-night.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience: =

ROMEO

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

get thee gone,
I'll be with thee straight.

Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Apothecary

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

let me have a dram of poison.

Apothecary

drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

Come, go with me to Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

Exeunt

SCENE XVI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Servant

SERVANT

Holy Franciscan friar!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome from Mantua: Didst thou bear my letter? what says Romeo?

SERVANT

I could not send it.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Unhappy fortune!
The letter was
Of dear import. go hence.

Exit

FRIAR LAURENCE

Now must I to the monument alone;
 Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

Exit

SCENE XVII. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR

ROMEO

upon thy life, do not interrupt me in my course.

BALTHASAR

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

[Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

Retires

Enter PARIS

PARIS

This is that banish'd haughty Montague.
 I will apprehend him.

Comes forward

Stop, vile Montague!
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO

tempt not a desperate man;

PARIS

I do defy thy conjurations,
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

They fight

BALTHASAR

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

Exit

PARIS

O, I am slain!

Falls

Lay me with Juliet.

Dies

ROMEO

In faith, I will.

Laying PARIS in the tomb

O my love! my wife!
 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!
 Here's to my love!

Drinks

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

Dies

JULIET wakes

JULIET

Where is my Romeo?

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

Kisses him

Noise within

JULIET

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

Snatching ROMEO's dagger, stabbing herself

Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies

Enter BALTHASAR and PRINCE, CAPULET, and LADY CAPULET, MONTAGUE

BALTHASAR

This is the place.

CAPULET

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

LADY CAPULET

O me!

PRINCE

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.

Exeunt