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Romeo and Juliet

By William Shakespeare

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"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."

The Capulets, the Capulets.

The Capulets.

The Montagues.

The Montagues.

Here come the Capulets.

Be patient. Take no note.

- The House of Montague, our foe.

- Soft.

Keep the peace.

I strike quickly, being moved,

when a dog of the House of Montague

moves me.

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 on our side if I say ay?

- No.

No, sir, I do not bite

my thumb at you, sir,

but I do 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.

- Say "better."

- Yes, better.

- You lie.

- Draw, if you be men.

Part, fools!

Put up your swords.

Put up your swords.

What? Art thou drawn amongst
these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
I do but keep the peace.
Put up thy 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 thee.
Have at thee, coward.
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace.
Will they not hear?
What ho, you men, you beasts,
on pain of torture.
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons
to the ground
and hear the sentence
of your moved Prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
by thee, old Capulet,
and Montague, have thrice disturb'd
the quiet of our streets.
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.
Once more, on pain of death,
all men depart.
But Montague is bound as well as I,
in penalty alike.
And 'tis not hard, I think,
for men as old as we to keep the peace.
Of honorable reckoning are you both. And
pity it is you've 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.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.
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.
Sirrah.
Sirrah!
Go, 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.
Nurse.
Nurse.
Where's my daughter?
Call her forth to me.
I bade her come. What, lamb.
What, ladybird.
God forbid. Where's this girl?
What, Juliet!
Madam, 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,
thou'st hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's
of a pretty age.
Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
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,
my lord and you were then at Mantua.
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, he was a merry man,
took up the child. "Yea," quoth he,
"Dost thou fall upon thy face?"

"Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast
more wit. Wilt thou not, Jule?"
And, by my halidom, the pretty wretch
left crying, and said, "Ay."
To see now how a jest may come about.
I warrant, and I should live
a thousand years, I never should forget it.
"Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he.
And, pretty fool, it
stinted and said, "Ay."
Enough of this. I pray
thee, hold thy peace.
Peace, I have done.
God mark thee to his grace.
Thou wast the prettiest babe
that e'er I nursed.
And I might live to see thee 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 honor that I dream not of.
Well, think of marriage now.
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
My will to her consent is but a part.
Oh, 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.
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.
Good morrow, cousin.
Is the day so young?

But new struck 9:00.
And here I hit it right,
our Romeo has not been in bed tonight.
Ay me, sad hours seem long.
What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Not having that which having
makes them short.

- In love?
- Out.
- Of love?
- Out of her favor where I am in love.

Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine hath
washed thy sallow cheek for Rosaline.
Rosaline.
Dost thou not laugh?
No, coz, I rather weep.

- Good heart, at what?
- At thy good heart's oppression.

Why, such is love's transgression.
Love is a smoke
raised with the fume of sighs,
being purged,
a fire sparkling in lover's eyes,
being vexed,
a sea nourished with lover's tears.
What is it else?
A madness most discreet,
a choking gall and a preserving sweet.
And, in strong proof of
chastity well arm'd,
from love's weak childish bow
she lives unharmed.
Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.
Oh, teach me how I should forget to think.
By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.
He that is stricken blind
cannot forget the precious treasure
of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
what doth her beauty serve but as a note
where I may read
who pass'd that passing fair?
Tut, man, one fire burns out

another's burning.

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

and the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo, art thou mad?

No, not mad,

but bound more than a madman is.

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

whipp'd and tormented.

Good den, good fellow.

God gi' good den. I pray,

sir, can you read?

Ay, my own fortune in my misery.

Well, perhaps you have learn'd it

without book,

but I pray, sir,

can you read anything you see?

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

- Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.

- Stay, fellow, I can read.

"Signor Martino and his wife

and daughters,

"County Anselme

and his beauteous sisters,

"the lady widow of Vitruvio,

"Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces,

"Mercutio and his brother Valentine.

"Signor Valentio and his cousin Tybalt."

Tybalt.

"My fair niece Rosaline."

A fair assembly.

Whither should they come?

- Up.

- Whither?

- To supper, to our house.

- To whose house?

- My master's.

- Yes, indeed,

I should have asked 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 Montague,

I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.

Rest you merry.

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
supps the fair Rosaline
whom thou so lov'st
with all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
compare her face
with some that I shall show.

- I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

- One fairer than my love?

The all-seeing sun ne'er saw her match
since first the world begun.

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
but to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

- Mercutio.

- Come, supper is served.

I shall not budge.

- Come, let's away.

- I shall not budge for no man's pleasure.

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

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.

Come, let us enter, and no sooner in,
but every man betake him to his legs.

And we mean well
in going to this masque.

- But 'tis no wit to go.

- Why, may one ask?

I dream'd a dream last night.

- And so did I.

- 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
upon the forefinger of an alderman.
Drawn with a team of little atomies
athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her wagon spokes
made of long spinner's legs.
The covers, of the wings of grasshoppers.
The traces, of the smallest spider's web.
The collars,
of the moonshine's watery beams.
Her whip, of cricket's bone.
The lash, of film.
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
not half so big as a round little worm
prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state
she gallops night by night
through lovers' brains,
and then they dream on love.
O'er courtiers' knees,
who dream on curtsies straight.
O'er lawyers' fingers
who straight dream on fees.
O'er ladies lips,
who straight on kisses dream.
Sometimes she gallops
o'er a courtier's nose,
and then dreams he of smelling out a suit.
And sometimes come she
with a tithe-pig's tail
tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth
o'er a soldier's neck,
and then dreams he of cutting foreign
throats, of breaches, ambuscadoes,
Spanish blades,
of healths five fathom deep.
And then anon drums in his ears,
at which he starts and wakes,

and being thus frightened swears a prayer
or two and sleeps again.

- This is that very Mab. This is she...

- Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.

Thou talk'st of nothing.

True, I talk of dreams,
which are the children of an idle brain,
begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
as thin of substance as the air,
and more inconstant than the wind.

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.

But he, that hath the steerage
of my course, direct my sail.

On, lusty gentlemen.

Strike drum.

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.

The fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st.

She hath forsworn to love.

Thou canst not teach me to forget.

What lady's that which doth enrich
the hand of yonder knight?

I know not, sir.

Oh, she doth teach
the torches to burn bright.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

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?
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 thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
I wouldn't for the wealth of all this town
here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
- I'll not endure him.
- He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy. I say, he shall.
Go to. Am I the master here or you?
Go to. You'll not endure him.
- Why, Uncle, 'tis a shame.
- Go to. Go to.
You are a saucy boy.
I will withdraw.
But this intrusion shall, now
seeming sweet, convert to bitterest 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.
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 thou,
lest faith turn to despair.
Saints do not move,
though grant for prayers' sake.
Then move not,
while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine,
my sin is purged.
Then have my lips the sin
that they have took.
Sin from my lips?
Oh, trespass sweetly urged.
Give me my sin again.
Madam.
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 talked withal.
Is she a Capulet?
O dear account.
My life is my foe's debt.
Away, be gone. The sport is at the best.
Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.
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 Petruccio.
What's he that follows there?
- I know not.
- Go, ask his name.
His name is Romeo, and a Montague.
- The only son of your great enemy.
- A Montague?
My only love sprung from my only hate.
Too early seen unknown,
- and known too late.
- What's this, what's this?

A rhyme I learned e'en now
of one I danced withal.
Come, let's away.
The strangers all are gone.
Romeo.
Romeo. My cousin, Romeo.
He is wise, and, on my life,
hath stolen him home to bed.
He ran this way. Call, good Mercutio.
Nay, I'll conjure, too.
Romeo. Humors. Madman. Passion. Lover.
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
Cry but, "Ah, me."
Pronounce but "love" and "dove."
He heareth not. He stirreth not.
He moveth not.
The ape is dead,
and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
by her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
by her fine foot,
straight leg and quivering thigh,
and the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
that in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Come, he hath hid himself
among these trees.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed.
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
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.
It is my lady. Oh, it is my love.
Oh, that she knew she were.
See how she leans her cheek
upon her hand.
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand
that I might touch that cheek.
Ay me!
Oh, speak again, bright angel.
For thou art as glorious to this night,
being o'er my head,

as is a winged messenger of heaven.
O Romeo. Romeo.
Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
and I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Shall I hear more, or
shall I speak at this?
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
What's in a name?
That which we call a rose
by any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would,
were he were not Romeo called,
retain that dear perfection
which he owes without that title.
Romeo, doff thy name,
and for that name which is no part of thee,
take all myself.
I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.
What man art thou,
that thus be screened in night,
so stumblest on my counsel?
By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
because it is an enemy to thee.
My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
words of that tongue's utterance,
yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
How camest thou hither, tell me,
and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high
and hard to climb
and the place death, considering who thou
art, if any of my kinsmen find thee here.
With love's light wings
did I o'er-perch these walls.
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
and what love can do,
that dares love attempt.

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
than twenty of their swords.
Look thou but sweet,
and I am proof against their enmity.
I would not for the world
they saw thee here.
I have night's cloak to hide me
from their eyes,
and but thou love me,
let them find me here.
By whose direction
found'st thou out this place?
By Love's,
that first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot.
Yet, wert thou as far as that vast shore
washed by the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.
Thou know'st the mask of night
is on my face.
Else would a maiden blush
bepaint my cheek
for that which thou hast heard me
speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form,
fain, fain deny what I have spoke:
But farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me?
I know thou wilt say ay,
and I will take thy word.
Yet, if thou swear'st,
thou mayst prove false.
At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs.
O gentle Romeo.
If thou dost love,
pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse,
and say thee nay, so thou wilt woo.
Else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague,

I am too fond.
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.
Oh, swear not by the moon,
the inconstant moon,
that monthly changes in her circled orb,
lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
- What shall I swear by?
- Do not swear at all.
Or, if thou wilt,
swear by thy gracious self,
which is the god of my idolatry,
and I'll believe thee.
If my heart's dear love...
Well, do not swear.
Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
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.
- Wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
What satisfaction
cans't thou have tonight?
The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.
I gave thee mine
before thou didst request it.
And yet I would it were to give again.
Wouldst thou withdraw it?
For what purpose, love?
But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
my love as deep.
The more I give to thee, the more I have,
for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.
Juliet.
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 thy bent of love be honorable,
thy purpose marriage,
send me word tomorrow by one
that I'll procure to come to thee,
where and what time
thou wilt perform the rite.
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
and follow thee, my lord,
throughout the world.

- Madam.

- I come anon.

But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee...

- Madam.

- By and by, I come.

To cease thy suit
and leave me to my grief.

Tomorrow will I send.

So thrive my soul.

A thousand times good night.

A thousand times the worse,
to want thy light.

Romeo. Romeo.

- It is my soul that calls upon my name.

- Romeo.

How silver-sweet
sound lovers' tongues by night,
like softest music to attending ears.

My dear.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

I shall forget,
to have thee still stand there,
remembering how I love thy company.

And I'll still stay, to
have thee still forget,
forgetting any other home but this.

'Tis almost morning.
I would have thee gone,
and yet no further than a wanton's bird,
who lets it hop a little from her hand and
with a silk thread plucks it back again,
- so loving jealous of his liberty.
- I would I were thy bird.
Sweet, so would I.
Yet, I should kill thee
with much cherishing.
Good night. Good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow
that I shall say good night
till it be morrow.
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,
peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleep and peace,
so sweet to rest.
Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home last night?
Not to his father's. I spoke with his men.
Why, that same pale,
hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
torments him so he will sure run mad.
Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
has sent a letter to his father's house.
- A challenge, on my life.
- Romeo will answer it.
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.
Oh, he is the courageous captain
of compliments.
These fashion mongers,
these pardonnez-mois.
Their bons, their bons.
He fights as you sing prick-songs.
Keeps time, distance and proportion,
one, two and the third in your bosom.

The very butcher of a silk button.
A duelist, a duelist, the immortal passado.
The punto reverso. The hay.
Here comes Romeo.
Without his roe, like a dried herring.
O flesh, flesh, how thou art fishified.
Signor Romeo, bonjour.
You gave us
the counterfeit fairly last night.
Good morrow to you both.
What counterfeit did I give you?
- The slip, sir, the slip.
- 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 curtsy.
- Thou hast most kindly hit it.
A most courteous exposition.
Why, is this not better now
than groaning for love?
Now art thou sociable,
now art thou Romeo.
A sail, a sail.
Two, two, a shirt and a smock.
Peter.
- Anon.
- My fan, Peter.
Good Peter, to hide her face.
God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
- God ye good day, fair gentlewoman.
- Is it good day?
'Tis no less, I tell you,
for the bawdy hand of the dial
is even now upon the prick of noon.
Out upon you. What a man are you!
Gentlemen, can any of you tell me
where I may find the young Romeo?
I can tell you.
I'm the youngest of that name,
for want of a worse.
If you be he, sir,

I desire some confidence with you.
The young lady...
The young lady bade me... Get back!
She will invite him to some supper.
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd.
Farewell, ancient lady! Farewell.
Lady, lady, lady!
Marry, farewell. I pray you, sir,
what saucy merchant was this?
A gentleman, nurse,
who loves to hear himself talk.
And to speak anything against me,
I'll take him down
and a' were lustier than he is,
and twenty such Jacks.
And I cannot, I'll find those that shall.
Scurvy knave.
I am none of his flirt-gills.
And thou must stand by, too, and suffer
every knave to use me at his pleasure.
I saw no man use you at his pleasure.
If I had, my weapon should quickly
have been out, I warrant.
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.
As I told you,
my young lady bade me inquire you out.
- Yes.
- What she bade me say,
- I'll keep to myself.
- Oh, no.
But first let me tell you.
If you 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...

I protest. I protest.
Good heart and faith,
I will tell her as much.
Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.
What wilt thou tell her, nurse?
I will tell her, sir, that you do protest
which, as I take it,
is a gentleman-like offer.
Bid her devise some means
to come to shrift this afternoon.
There she shall at Friar Laurence's cell
be shrived and married.
- Here. Here is for thy pains.
- No, truly, sir, not a penny.
Go to, I say you shall.
This afternoon, sir, she shall be there.
- Commend me to thy lady.
- Ay, a thousand times.
- Peter!
- Anon.
Take my fan and go before.
And apace, apace.
The clock struck 9:00
when I did send the nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him.
That's not so.
She is lame.
Love's heralds should be thoughts,
which ten times faster glide
than the sun's beams.

From 9:

And yet she is not come.
Had she affections
and warm youthful blood,
she'd be as swift in motion as a ball.
My words would bandy her
to my sweet love, and his to me.
O God, she comes.
O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him?
- Send thy man away.
- Peter, stay at the gate.

- Anon.
- Now, good, sweet nurse.
- O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
- I am aweary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache.
What a jaunt have I had.
I would thou hadst my bones
and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak.
Good, good nurse, speak.
Jesu. What haste?
Can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
How are thou out of breath,
when thou hast breath to say to me
that thou art out of breath?
Is thy news good or bad?
Answer to that.
Let me be satisfied, is it good or bad?
Well, you have made a simple choice.
You know not how to choose a man.
Go thy ways, wench, serve God.
- What, have you dined at home?
- No, no.
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.
Oh, my back.
The other side.
Beshrew your heart
for sending me about to catch my death
with jaunting up and down.
In faith, I am sorry
that thou art not well.
O 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 thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
where is your mother?"
Oh, 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!
Come, what says Romeo?
- Have you got leave to go to shrift today?
- I have.
Then hie you hence
to Friar Laurence's cell,
there stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood
up in your cheeks.
They'll be scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church, go. I'll to dinner.
Hie you to the cell!
Hie to high fortune.
Honest nurse, farewell.
- Good den, Father.
- Benedicite.
God mark thee to His grace, young son.
I love thy company.
- Where hast thou been?
- I have been feasting with mine enemy,
where on a sudden one hath wounded me
that's by me wounded.
Both our remedies within thy help
and holy physic lies.
Be plain, good son.
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 this I pray that thou consent
to marry us this day.
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here.
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
so soon forsaken?
I pray thee, chide me not.
Amen. Amen.
So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
that after hours with sorrow chide us not.

But come what sorrow can,
it cannot countervail the exchange of joy
that one short minute gives me
in her sight.
These violent delights have violent ends
and in their triumph die,
like fire and powder,
which as they kiss, consume.
Do thou but close our hands
with holy words,
then love-devouring death do what it dare.
It is enough I may but call her mine.
And this alliance may so happy prove,
to turn your household's rancor
to pure love.
Here comes the lady.
Oh, so light a foot will ne'er wear out
the everlasting flint.
Juliet.
Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Romeo shall thank thee,
daughter, for us both.
Ah, Juliet.
If the measure of thy joy
be heaped like mine,
and that thy skill be more to blazon it,
then sweeten with thy breath
this neighbor air,
and let rich music's tongue unfold
the imagined happiness
that both receive in either
by this dear encounter.
My true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up 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 thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.
And if we meet,
we shall not escape a brawl.
Thou art like one of those fellows that,

when he enters the confines of a tavern,
claps me a sword upon the table and says,
"God send me no need of thee."

Am I like such a fellow?

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack
in thy mood as any man in Italy.

If there were two such, we'd have none
shortly, for one would kill the other.

Thou. Thou wilt quarrel with a man
who hath a hair more
or a hair less in his beard than thou hast.

Thou wilt quarrel with a man
for cracking nuts,
having no other reason
than because thou hast hazel eyes.

Thou hast quarreled with a man
for coughing in the street
because he has awakened thy dog
that has lain asleep in the sun.
And yet you will tutor me from quarreling.

And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art.

- By my head, here come the Capulets.

- By my heel, I care not.

Follow me close,
for I will speak with 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,
and you will give me occasion.

Could you not take some occasion
without giving?

- Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

- Consort!

What dost thou make us, minstrels?

Art thou make minstrels of us,
look to hear nothing but discords.

Here's my fiddlestick.

Here's that'll make you dance.

Zounds, consort.

Well, peace be with you, sir.

Here comes my man.

Romeo!

The love I bear thee
can afford no better term than this.
Thou art a villain.

Tybalt,
the reason that I have to love thee
doth much excuse the appertaining rage
to such a greeting.

Villain am I none,
therefore farewell.

I see thou know'st me not.
Boy, this shall not excuse
the injuries thou hast done me.

Therefore, turn and draw.

I do protest, I never injured thee,
but love thee

better than thou canst devise,
till thou shall know the reason of my love.

And so, good Capulet, which name
I tender as dearly as mine own,
be satisfied.

Mercutio.

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission.

Alla stoccata carries it away.

Tybalt!

- You rat catcher. Will you walk?

- What wouldst thou have with me?

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

- I am for you.

- Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Come, sir, your passado.

Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame,
forbear this outrage.

Well, I'm hurt.

A plague on both your houses.

I am sped.

- What, is he gone and hath nothing?

- What, art thou hurt?

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. It will serve.
Ask for me tomorrow
and you shall find me a grave man.
I'm peppered, I warrant, for this world.
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 on both your houses.
They've made worms' meat of me.
I have it and soundly, too.
Your houses.
Your...
Brave Mercutio's dead.
Ah, sweet Juliet.
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate.
And in my temper softened valor's steel.
Tybalt!
Now, Tybalt,
take the villain back again
that late thou gavest me.
For Mercutio's soul
is but a little way above our heads,
waiting for thine to keep him company.
Either thou or I or both must go with him.
This shall determine that!
Romeo, away! Be gone!
Stand not amazed.
The prince will doom thee death
if thou are taken!
Hence, be gone! Away!
I am fortune's fool.
Why dost thou stay?
Benvolio!
Who began this bloody fray?
O noble prince, an envious thrust
from Tybalt hit the life of stout Mercutio,

then Tybalt fled,
but by and by comes Romeo,
and to it they go like lightning.
Ere I could draw to part them,
was stout Tybalt slain,
and, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
And for that offense,
immediately do we exile him hence.
I will be deaf to pleadings and excuses,
therefore use none.
But Romeo hence in haste,
else when he's found that hour is his last.
Romeo, come forth.
Father, what news?
What...
What is the Prince's doom?
Hence from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient,
for the world is broad and wide.
There is no world without Verona walls,
but purgatory, torture, hell itself.
- This is dear mercy, and thou 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.
Hadst thou no poison mixed,
no sharp-ground knife, no sudden mean
of death, though ne'er so mean,
but banished to kill me?
How hast thou the heart,
being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
a sin absolver and my friend professed,
to mangle me with that word "banished"?
Thou fond madman,
hear me but speak a word.
Thou canst not speak of that
thou dost not feel!
Wert thou as young as I,
Juliet thy love, an hour but married,
Tybalt murdered, doting like me,
and, like me, banished,

then might'st thou speak.
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.
Spread thy close curtain,
love-performing night,
that runaway's eyes may wink,
and Romeo leap to these arms,
untalked of and unseen.
Come, gentle night.
Come, loving, black-browed 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.
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
but not possessed it.
Now, nurse, what news? What news?
Why dost thou wring thy hands?
He's dead, he's dead, he's dead.
We are undone, lady, we are undone.
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished.
Romeo that killed 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.
Beautiful tyrant.
Fiend angelical.
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
There's no trust, no faith,
no honesty in men.
Shame come to Romeo.
Blistered be thy tongue for such a wish.
He was not born to shame.
Oh, and what a beast was I
to chide at him.

Will you speak well of him
that killed your cousin?
Shall I speak ill of him
that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord,
what tongue shall smooth thy name
when I, thy three hours wife,
have mangled it?
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?
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished.
That "banished,"
that one word "banished"
hath slain ten thousand Tybalts!
"Romeo is banished!"
Oh, to speak that word is father, mother,
Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
all slain, all dead.
I'll find Romeo to comfort you.
I wot well where he is. Hark ye,
your Romeo will be here at night.
He's hid in Laurence's cell.
Oh, find him.
Give this ring to my true knight
and bid him come to take his last farewell.
Whence come you? What's your will?
I come from Lady Juliet.
Welcome, then.
Nurse.
Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Oh, 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.
As if that name, shot from the deadly level
of a gun, did murder her.
As that name's cursed hand
murdered her kinsman.
Oh, 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 thy desperate hand. Art thou a man?
Thy wild acts denote
the unreasonable fury of a beast.
Hast thou slain Tybalt?
Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
by doing damned hate upon thyself?
Rouse thee, man.
Thy Juliet is alive.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
ascend her chamber,
hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not
till the watch be set,
for then thou canst not pass to Mantua.
There thou shalt live till we can find
a time to blaze your marriage,
reconcile your friends, beg pardon
of the Prince, and call thee back
with twenty hundred thousand times more
joy than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale and not the lark that
pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings
on yon pomegranate tree.
And believe me, love,
it was the nightingale.
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
no nightingale.
Look.
Look.
What envious streaks do lace
the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burned 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 daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
to be to thee this night a torchbearer,

and light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet,
thou need'st not to be gone.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye.
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.
How is it, 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.
Oh, now be gone.
More light and light it grows.
Nurse.
Your lady mother is coming
to your chamber.
Day is broke. Be wary, look about.
Then, window, let day in,
and let life out.
Farewell.
Farewell.
Art thou gone so?
My lord, my love, my friend.
Oh, think'st thou
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 thee, now thou art below,
as one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.
Adieu.
Adieu.
Why, how now, Juliet?
Evermore weeping
for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him

from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst,
thou couldst not make him live.
Therefore, have done.
But now
I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
My child, early tomorrow morn
the gallant, young and noble gentleman,
the County Paris, at St. Peter's church,
shall happily make thee there
a joyful bride.
No!
By St. 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.
Here comes your father.
Tell him so yourself,
and see how he will take it at your hands.
How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
Ay, sir, but she will none,
she gives you thanks.
Is she not proud?
Doth she not count her blessed,
unworthy as she is,
that we have wrought so worthy
a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Proud can I never be of what I hate.
Proud me no prouds,
but go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
hear me with patience
but to speak a word.
Hang thee, young baggage.
Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church,
or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
God in heaven, bless her.
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
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
to have a wretched puling fool
to answer, "I'll not wed. I cannot love.
I am too young. I pray you, pardon me."
Look to it, think on it.
I do not use to jest.
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.
If you be not, hang, beg,
starve, die in the street.
For, by my soul,
I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
that sees into the bottom of my grief?
Sweet my mother, cast me not away.
Delay this marriage for a month, a week.
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee!
O God!
O nurse.
How shall this be prevented?
What say'st thou?
Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Faith.
Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banished.
And all the world to nothing that he dares
ne'er come back to challenge you.
I think it best
you married with the county.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman.
Romeo is a dish-clout to him.
Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy
in this second match,
for it excels your first.
Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Ay, and from my soul, too,
or else beshrew them both.

- Amen.

- What?

Thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in and tell my lady I am gone,
having displeased my father,
to Laurence's cell,
to make confession and to be absolved.
Marry, I will. And this is wisely done.
Ancient damnation!
O most wicked fiend!
Go, counselor.

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.
Sir Paris, 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.
Her father counts it dangerous that
she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
and in his wisdom hastes our marriage.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Happily met, my lady and my wife.
Come you to make confession
to this father?

Do not deny to him that you love me.
I will confess to you that I love him.
So will you, 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.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now?
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
God shield, I should disturb devotion.
Juliet, tomorrow early will I rouse you.
Till then, adieu.
And keep this holy kiss.
Oh, shut the door.

Come weep with me.
Past hope, past cure, past help.
Now, Juliet, I already know thy grief.
Tell me not, Friar, that
thou hear'st of this,
unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
God joined my heart and Romeo's,
thou our hands.
And ere this hand,
by thee to Romeo's sealed,
shall be the label to another deed,
or my true heart with treacherous revolt
turn to another,
this shall slay them both.
Hold, daughter.
I do spy a kind of hope.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
thou hast the strength of will
to slay thyself,
then is it likely
thou wilt undertake a thing like death?
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.
Tonight look that thou lie alone.
Let not thy nurse lie with thee
in thy chamber.
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 humor,
for no pulse, no warmth, no breath,
shall testify thou livest.
And in this borrow'd likeness
of shrunk death
thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning
comes to rouse thee from thy bed,
there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
in thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
thou shalt be borne
to that same ancient vault

where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time,
shall Romeo by my letters 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.
Oh, give me, give me. Tell me not 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 thy lord.
Love give me strength.
Farewell, dear father.
Hence to Mantua.
Early in the morning, see thou deliver it.
Holy Reverend Friar, come, come with me.
- The infectious pestilence.
- Pestilence.
Pestilence.
- Pestilence!
- Pestilence!
Take heed! Take heed! Hold me not!
Take heed!
Ay, those attires are best,
but, gentle nurse, I pray thee,
leave me to myself tonight.
Need you my help?
No, madam.
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 thee to bed and rest,
for thou hast need.
Farewell.
God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear
thrill through my veins,
that almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back, to comfort me. Nurse!
What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then
tomorrow morning?
No, no.
This shall forbid it.
Lie thou 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 dishonor'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 is a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault
to whose foul mouth
no healthsome air breathes in?
Or, if I live,
is it not very like the horrible conceit
of death and night
together with the terror of the place
where, for these many hundred years,
the bones of all my buried ancestors
are pack'd,
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 forefathers' 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 thee.
Hold.
Take these keys
and fetch more spices, nurse.
They call for dates and quinces
in the pastry.
Nurse! Wife!
What ho! What, nurse, I say.
Go waken Juliet!
Hie, make haste, make haste.
The bridegroom, he is come already.
Mistress! What, Mistress!
Juliet.
Fast, I warrant her, she.
Why, lamb.
Why, lady.
Fie, you slug-a-bed.
What, not a word?
Marry and amen, how sound she is asleep.
I needs must wake her.
Madam,
madam,
madam.
My lord!
My lady!
What noise is here?
What is the matter?
O me.
My child, my only life.
Help, help!
Help!
For shame, bring Juliet forth.
Her lord is come!
Alack the day.
She's dead.

She's dead.
She's dead.
Let me see her.
Death lies on her
like an untimely frost
upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Hence, in haste. Farewell.
Help! Call help!
If I may trust the
flattering truth of sleep,
my dreams presage
some joyful news at hand.
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 possessed.
When but love's shadows
are so rich in joy.
News from Verona.
How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou 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 Capels' monument,
and her immortal part with angels lives.
Oh, pardon me for bringing these ill news.
Is it even so?
Then I defy you, stars.
Hire me post-horses. I will hence tonight.
I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild
and do import some misadventure.
Thou art deceived.
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

- Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

- No, my good lord.

No matter.

Get thee gone, hire those horses.

I'll be with thee straight.

Well, Juliet,

I will lie with thee tonight.

Apothecary.

Come hither, man.

I see that thou art poor.

Here is 40 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.

Such mortal drugs I have,
but Mantua's law is death
to any he that utters them.

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness
and fear'st to die?

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

The world affords no law
to make thee rich.

Then be not poor, but break it. Take this.

My poverty but not my will consent.

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Put this in any liquid thing you will
and drink it off.

And if you had the strength of 20 men,
it would dispatch you straight.

Here is thy gold,
worse poison to men's souls,
doing more murder
in this loathsome world
than these poor compounds
that thou may'st not sell.

I sell thee poison,
thou hast sold me none.

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

I could not send it,
nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
so fearful were they of infection.

Unhappy fortune.

By my brotherhood, that letter,
the neglecting of it may do much danger.
Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours
will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
hath had no notice of these accidents.
Sweet flower,
with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stone.
Give me the light.
Upon thy life I charge thee,
whate'er thou hear'st or see'st,
stand all aloof,
and do not interrupt me in my course.
I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
So shalt thou show me friendship.
Take thou that.
Live and be prosperous.
And farewell, good fellow.
Thou detestable maw,
thou womb of death,
gorged with the dearest morsel
of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
and, in despite,
I'll cram thee with more food.
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued
further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee!
Obey and go with me, for thou must die!
I must, indeed,
and therefore came I hither.
I beseech thee, youth, put not another sin
upon my head by urging me to fury.
Stay not, be gone. Live!
And hereafter say a madman's mercy
bade thee run away.
I do defy thy conjurations
and apprehend thee for a villain here!
Give me thy hand,
one writ with me
in sour misfortune's book.

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave?
Oh, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
for here lies Juliet,
and her beauty makes this vault
a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there,
by a dead man interred.
Oh, my love, my wife.
Death that hath suck'd the honey
of thy breath
hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered.
Beauty's ensign yet
is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
and death's pale flag
is not advanced there.
Ah, dear Juliet, I still
will stay with thee
and never from this palace of dim night
depart again.
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, unsavory guide.
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
the dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
Here's to my love.
Oh, true Apothecary, thy drugs are quick.
Thus with a kiss
I die.
Romeo.
Alack, alack, what blood is this?
What mean these masterless
and gory swords
to lie discolor'd by this place of peace?
Oh, what an unkind hour
is guilty of this lamentable chance?

O comfortable friar,
where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
and there I am.
Where is my Romeo?
Lady,
come from that nest of death,
contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
hath thwarted our intents.
Come, come away.
Thy husband there lies dead.
Stay not to question,
for the watch is coming.
Come, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.
Go, get thee hence,
for I will not away.
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.
Thy lips are warm.
Lead, boy. Which way?
Yea, noise?
Then I'll be brief.
Oh, happy dagger.
This is thy sheath.
There rust,
and let me die.
Go tell the Prince.
Run to the Capulets!
Raise up the Montagues.
Capulet. Montague.
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
that heaven finds means
to kill your joys with love.
And I, for winking at your discords, too,
have lost a brace of kinsmen.
All are punished.
O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure,
for no more can I demand.
But I can give thee 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 by his lady lie,
poor sacrifices of our enmity.
A glooming peace this morning
with it brings.
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
For never was a story of more woe
than this of Juliet and her Romeo.