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# Romeo and Juliet

By Renato Castellani

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;  
Whose 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.  
I strike quickly,  
being moved.  
But thou 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:**

if thou art moved,

thou runn'st away.  
A dog of that house  
shall move me to

**stand:**

the wall of any  
man or maid  
of Montague's.  
That shows  
thee a weak slave;  
for the weakest  
goes to the wall.  
Tis true; and  
therefore women,  
being the weaker  
vessels, are ever  
thrust to the wall:  
Here comes two  
of the house of  
the Montagues.  
Quarrel, quarrel,  
I will  
back thee.  
How! turn  
thy back and run?  
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?  
Come, come,  
come, come.  
Come! RUN!  
Abraham.  
Open there.  
Open, Open.  
Open!  
What, art thou  
drawn among these

heartless hinds?  
Turn thee, Benvolio,  
look upon thy death.  
A servant of the  
Capulets has killed  
Abraham. Abraham  
has benn killed  
at the hands  
of a Capulet!  
What's this?  
Abraham!  
Abraham! Abraham!  
Where's my man?  
Where's my man!  
What noise  
is this?  
Abraham is dead.  
Give me my sword!  
Give me my  
long sword, ho!  
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,  
Three civil brawls,  
bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet,  
and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd  
the quiet of our streets,  
On pain of torture,  
from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd  
weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence  
of your moved prince.  
If ever you disturb

our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the  
forfeit of the peace.  
Good-morrow,  
cousin.  
Is the  
day so young?  
But new  
struck nine.  
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 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!  
Why, then, O  
brawling love!  
O loving hate!  
O any thing, of  
nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness!  
serious vanity!  
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.  
This love that  
thou hast shown  
Doth add more grief to  
too much of mine own.  
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.  
Bid a sick man  
in sadness make his will:  
Ah, word ill urged  
to one that is so ill!  
Juliet!  
How now!  
who calls?  
Your mother.  
Come now, quick, quick!  
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, thou's hear  
our counsel.  
Thou know'st my  
daughter's of  
a pretty age.  
Faith, I  
can tell her age

unto an hour.  
How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?  
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:**

Susan is with God;  
She was too good for

**me:**

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,  
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:**

' quoth he, 'dost thou  
fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward  
when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?'  
and, by my holiday,  
The pretty wretch left

crying and said 'Ay.'  
I warrant, an I should  
live a thousand years,  
I never should forget

**it:**

Jule?' quoth he;  
And, pretty fool, it  
stinted and said 'Ay.'  
And stint thou too,  
I pray thee, nurse,  
say I.  
Peace,  
I have done.  
God mark thee  
to his grace!  
An 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?  
To marry?  
It is an honour  
that I dream not of.  
An honour!  
were not I thine  
only nurse,  
I would say thou  
hadst suck'd wisdom  
from thy teat.  
Well, think of  
marriage now;  
younger than you,  
Here in Verona,  
ladies of esteem, Are  
made already mothers.  
Thus then in brief:  
The valiant Paris seeks  
you for his love.



But saying o'er  
what I have said

**before:**

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, 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.  
But my will to her  
consent is but a part.  
Madam, Juliet.  
Come quickly.  
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;  
I'll look to  
like, if looking

**liking move:**

no more deep will I  
endart mine eye Than  
your consent gives  
strength  
to make it fly.  
At this same  
ancient feast of  
Capulet's Sups the  
fair Rosaline whom  
thou so lovest,  
I aim'd so near,  
when I supposed  
you loved.  
A right fair  
mark, fair coz,  
is soonest hit.  
Good evening  
my lord.  
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,  
O, she is rich in

beauty, only poor,  
That when she dies  
with beauty  
dies her store.  
She is too fair,  
too wise, wisely too  
fair, To merit  
bliss by making me

**despair:**

forsworn to love,  
and in that vow Do I  
live dead that live  
to tell it now.  
Tut, man, one  
fire burns out  
another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd  
by another's  
anguish;  
Turn giddy,  
and be help by  
backward turning;  
One desperate  
grief cures with  
another's languish:  
Take thou some new  
infection to thy  
eye, And the rank  
poison of the  
old will die.  
Be ruled by me, forget  
to think of her.  
O, teach me how  
I should forget  
to think.  
Examine  
other beauties.

**Farewell:**

canst not teach me  
to forget.  
One fairer  
than my love!

the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match  
since first the  
world begun.  
Juliet, the  
county stays.  
Go, girl, seek  
happy nights to  
happy days.  
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?  
Romeo is here.  
Romeo?  
Yes sir.  
Uncle, this is a  
Montague, our foe,  
A villain that  
is hither come in  
spite, To scorn at our  
solemnity this night  
My fair ladies.  
my noble lords, now  
the musicians of  
center Rome, will  
pay for you the  
beautiful galliard.  
Young  
Romeo is it?  
'Tis he, that  
villain Romeo.  
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:**

I'll not endure him.  
He shall be endured:  
I have seen the  
day That I have worn  
a visor and could  
tell A whispering  
tale in a fair  
lady's ear,  
For shame!  
I'll make you quiet.  
What, cheerly,  
my hearts!  
Put on the mask.  
Leave this  
place at once.  
Go.  
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!  
What lady is that,  
which doth enrich  
the hand Of  
yonder knight?  
I know not, sir.  
The measure done,  
I'll watch her place  
of stand, And,  
touching hers,  
make blessed  
my rude hand.  
Shall we rest?  
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 thou,  
lest faith turn  
to despair.  
Madam, your  
mother craves a word  
with you.  
Who is her mother?  
Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the  
lady of the house,  
Is she a Capulet?  
Where's he gone?  
Where?

**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!  
My life is  
my foe's debt.  
Can I go forward  
when my heart  
is here?  
Where the devil  
should this Romeo be?  
Came he not  
home to-night?  
Ah, that same pale  
hard-hearted wench,  
that Rosaline.  
Torments him so, that  
he will sure run mad.  
Romeo, my cousin Romeo!  
The fool is gone.  
He is mad.  
He is wise; And,  
on my lie, hath  
stol'n him home to bed.  
Call, call, call!  
Call, good Mercutio.  
Call?  
Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours!  
madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the  
likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme,  
and I am satisfied;  
Hey! Come!  
I conjure thee by  
Rosaline's bright  
eyes, By her high  
forehead and her  
scarlet lips, By her  
fine foot, straight

leg and quivering  
thigh And the  
demesnes that  
there adjacent lie,  
And if he hear thee,  
thou wilt anger him.  
This cannot anger

**him:**

Is fair and honest,  
and in his mistress'  
name I conjure only  
but to raise up him.  
Come, shall we go?  
Go, then; for 'tis  
in vain To seek him  
here that means  
not to be found.  
Blind is his love and  
best befits the dark.  
If love be blind,  
love cannot hit  
the mark.  
He jests at scars  
that never felt  
a wound  
But, soft!  
what light through  
yonder window breaks?  
O Romeo, Romeo!  
wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and  
refuse thy name;  
'Tis but thy name  
that is my enemy;  
Thou 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!  
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.  
I take thee at

**thy word:**

love, and I'll be new  
baptized; Henceforth  
I never will be Romeo.  
What man art thou  
By a name I know  
not how to tell thee

**who I am:**

dear saint, is  
hateful to myself,  
Because it is an  
enemy to thee; 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 thou not Romeo  
and a Montague?  
Neither, fair  
saint, if either  
thee dislike.  
How camest thou  
hither, tell me,  
and wherefore?  
The orchard walls  
are high and hard  
to climb,  
With love's  
light wings did I

o'er-perch these  
walls; For stony  
limits cannot hold  
love out, Therefore  
thy kinsmen are  
no let to me.  
If they do see  
thee, they will  
murder thee.  
I have night's  
cloak to hide me from  
their sight; And but  
thou love me, let  
them find me here:  
My life were better  
ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued,  
wanting of thy love.  
By whose direction  
found'st thou out  
this place?  
By love, who first  
did prompt me to  
inquire; He lent me  
counsel and I lent  
him eyes.  
Dost thou love me?  
I know thou wilt say  
'Ay,' And I will take

**thy word:**

swear'st, Thou mayst  
prove false; O  
gentle Romeo, If thou  
dost love, pronounce

**it faithfully:**

truth, fair Montague,  
I am too fond, And  
therefore thou mayst  
think my 'havior

**light:**

gentleman, I'll prove

more true Than  
those that have more  
cunning to  
be strange.  
Do 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 thy love prove  
likewise variable.  
What shall  
I swear by?  
Do not swear at  
all; Or, if thou  
wilt, swear by thy  
gracious self, And  
I'll believe thee.  
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 thy  
heart as that  
within my breast!  
O, wilt thou leave  
me so unsatisfied?  
What satisfaction  
canst thou

have to-night?  
The exchange of  
thy love's faithful  
vow for mine.  
I gave thee mine  
before thou didst

**request it:**

would it were to  
give again.  
Wouldst thou  
withdraw it?  
for what  
purpose, love?  
But to be frank, and  
give it thee again.  
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 honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage,  
send me word  
to-morrow, 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.  
So thrive my soul--  
A thousand  
times good night!  
A thousand times  
the worse, to want  
thy light  
Hist! Romeo, hist!  
O, for a falconer's  
voice, To lure this  
tassel-gentle  
back again!  
Romeo!  
My dear?  
Romeo!  
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,  
And I'll still  
stay, to have thee  
still forget,  
'Tis almost  
morning; I would have

**thee gone:**

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 thy bird.  
Sweet, so would

**I:**

thee with much  
cherishing.  
Good night,  
good night!  
parting is such sweet  
sorrow, That I shall  
say good night  
till it be morrow.  
Goodnight.

The grey-eyed  
morn smiles on the  
frowning night,  
Chequering the  
eastern clouds with  
streaks of light,  
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,  
O, mickle is the  
powerful grace that  
lies In herbs,  
plants, stones, and  
their true qualities:  
Within the infant

rind of this sweet flower  
Within the infant  
rind of this...  
Within the infant  
rind of this sweet  
flower Poison  
hath residence and

**medicine power:**

this, being smelt,  
with that part cheers  
each part; Being  
tasted, slays all  
senses with the heart.  
Good morrow, father.  
Benedicite!

No. no, no.

Young son, it argues  
a distemper'd head So  
soon to bid good  
morrow to thy 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 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.  
That last is true;  
the sweeter rest was mine  
God pardon sin!  
wast thou 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  
thou been, then?  
Where on a sudden  
one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded:  
both our remedies  
Within thy 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  
thy drift;  
Then plainly know  
my heart's dear love  
is set On the fair  
daughter of rich

**Capulet:**

hers, so hers is set  
on mine; And all  
combined, save what  
thou must combine  
By holy marriage:  
but this I pray, That  
thou consent to marry  
us to-day.  
Holy Saint  
Francis, what a  
change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom  
thou 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 thy sallow  
cheeks for Rosaline!  
And art thou changed?  
pronounce this  
sentence then,  
Women may fall,  
when there's no  
strength in men.  
Thou 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 thee, chide  
not; she whom I love  
now Doth grace for  
grace and love for  
love allow; The  
other did not so.  
In one respect  
I'll thy assistant  
be; For this alliance  
may so happy prove,  
To turn your  
households' rancour  
to pure love.  
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.  
love's heralds should

be thoughts, Which  
ten times faster  
glide than the  
sun's beams,  
O God, she comes!  
O, she comes!  
O honey nurse,  
what news?  
Hast thou  
met with him?  
I am a-weary, give

**me leave awhile:**

how my bones ache!  
what a jaunt have I had!  
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 art 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; Say  
either, and I'll stay  
the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied,  
is't good or bad?  
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?'  
O God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot?  
marry, come up, I  
trow; Henceforward  
do your messages yourself.  
Oh. Here's such a coil!  
come, what says Romeo?  
Have you got  
leave to go to  
church to-morrow?  
I have.  
For nought so vile  
that on the earth  
doth live But to the  
earth some special  
good doth give, Nor  
ought so good but  
strain'd from that  
fair use Revolts from  
true birth, stumbling

**on abuse:**

itself turns vice,  
being misapplied;  
Two such opposed foes  
encamp them still In  
man as well as herbs,  
grace and rude will  
And where the worser  
is predominant  
It is she.  
And where the worser  
is predominant,  
Let's go father.  
And where  
the worser is  
predominant, Full  
soon the canker death  
eats up that plant.

Too swift arrives  
as tardy as too slow.  
So smile the heavens  
upon this holy act,  
That after hours with  
sorrow chide us not!  
Do thou but close  
our hands with  
holy words, Then  
love-devouring death  
do what he dare;  
(Speaking in Latin)  
Amen!

Amen.

Thank you sir.

oh, gold, come  
quick, look.

Romeo, the hate 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;  
Boy, this shall  
not excuse the  
injuries That 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  
shalt know the reason

**of my love:**

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  
thou have with me?  
Good king of cats,  
Mercutio!  
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 thy rapier up.  
Come, sir, your passado.  
Draw, Benvolio;  
beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame  
Hold, Tybalt!  
good Mercutio!  
Good Mercutio!  
Why the devil  
came you between us?  
I was hurt  
under your arm.  
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 on both  
your houses!  
O Romeo, Romeo,  
brave Mercutio's dead!  
Away to heaven,  
respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury  
be my conduct now!  
Now Tybalt, take the  
villain back again,  
That late thou gavest  
me; for Mercutio's  
soul Is but a little  
way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to  
keep him company:  
Either thou,  
or I, or both,  
must go with him.  
Thou, wretched boy,  
that didst consort  
him here,  
Shalt with him hence.  
Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up,  
and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed: the  
prince will doom thee  
death, If thou art

**taken:**

be gone!  
O, I am fortune's fool.  
Where are the  
vile beginners of

this fray?  
I can discover all  
Tybalt, my cousin!  
O my brother's child!  
For blood of ours,  
shed blood of Montague.  
Oh bloody fill  
of my dear kin.  
Romeo slew Tybalt,  
Romeo must not live.  
Can heaven  
be so envious?  
Romeo can, Though

**heaven cannot:**

O Romeo, Romeo!  
Who ever would  
have thought it?  
Romeo!  
Can heaven  
be so envious?  
Romeo can  
Oh 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!  
Despised substance  
of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what  
thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an  
honourable villain!  
O nature, what hadst  
thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower  
the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of  
such sweet flesh?  
There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty  
in men; all perjured,

All forsworn, all  
naught, all  
dissemblers.  
Shame come to Romeo!  
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 thy name,  
When I,  
thy three-hours wife,  
have mangled it?  
But, wherefore,  
villain, didst thou  
kill my cousin?  
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, 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,  
He is a kinsman  
to the Montague;  
Affection makes him  
false; he speaks not

**true:**

them fought in this  
black strife, And all  
those twenty could  
but kill one life.

I beg for justice,  
which thou, prince,  
must give; Romeo slew  
Tybalt, Romeo must  
not live.

Romeo slew him, he  
slew Mercutio; Who  
then 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.  
Mercy but murders,  
pardoning those  
that kill.

I bring thee  
tidings of the  
prince's doom.

A gentler judgment  
vanish'd from his  
lips, Not body's  
death, but body's  
banishment.

Banishment!

Ha, banishment!  
be merciful, say  
'death;' For exile  
hath more terror in  
his look, Much more

**than death:**

say 'banishment.'  
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.  
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:**

**banished:**

no poison mix'd, no  
sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of  
death, though  
ne'er so mean,  
But 'banished' to kill me?  
--'banished'?  
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 mightst thou speak,  
Juliet's nurse.  
Shh, shhh, shh.  
Leave us.  
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  
Spakest  
thou 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.

Stand up, stand up;  
stand, and you be a

**man:**

sake, for her sake,  
rise and stand; Why  
should you fall into  
so deep an O?  
Art thou a man?  
thy form cries out

**thou art:**

are womanish;  
Go, get thee to thy  
love, as was decreed,  
But look thou stay  
not till the watch be  
set, For then thou  
canst not pass to  
Mantua; Where 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.  
Make haste.  
Balthasar.  
Thank you my lord.  
Romeo!  
She's there.  
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:**

comfort; wherefore  
weep I then?  
Wilt thou be gone?  
it is not yet near

**day:**

nightingale, and  
not the lark, That  
pierced the fearful  
hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on  
yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it  
was the nightingale.  
It was the lark,  
the herald of the morn,  
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:**

yet; thou need'st not  
to be gone.  
Let me stay here, let  
me be ta'en and die;  
I am content, so thou  
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:**

and welcome!  
Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul?  
let's talk;  
it is not day.

**It is, it is:**

hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that  
sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh  
discords and  
unpleasing sharps.  
O, now be gone;  
more light and  
light it grows.  
More light and  
light, more dark  
and dark it grows  
Madam!  
Nurse?  
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.  
I must hear from  
thee every day in the  
hour, For in a minute  
there are many days:  
I will omit  
no opportunity

O 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!  
thou look'st pale.'  
And trust me,  
love, in my eye so

**do you:**

drinks our blood.  
Adieu, adieu!  
It is late, my lord.  
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:**

born to die.  
These times of woe  
afford no time to woo  
But, soft!  
what day is this?  
Monday, my lord,  
Monday!  
Well, Wednesday is  
too soon, O' Thursday

**let it be:**

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:**

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.

Senior Paris.

I think she will be  
ruled In all respects  
by me; nay, more,  
I doubt it not.

Why, how now, Juliet!  
Madam, I am not well.  
Evermore weeping for  
your cousin's death?  
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.

Well, girl, thou  
weep'st not so much  
for his death, As  
that the villain  
lives which  
slaughter'd him.

What villain madam?

That same villain, Romeo.

God Pardon him!

I do, with all my



heart; And yet no  
man like he doth  
grieve my heart.  
O, how my heart  
abhors To hear him  
named, and cannot  
come to him.  
To wreak the love  
I bore my cousin,  
Tybolt, Upon his body  
that slaughter'd him!  
We will have  
vengeance for it,

**fear thou not:**

Then weep no more.  
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?  
Well, well, thou  
hast a careful  
father, child; One  
who, to put thee from  
thy heaviness, Hath  
sorted out a sudden  
day of joy, That thou  
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,  
rich and noble  
gentleman, The County  
Paris, at Saint  
Peter's Church, Shall  
happily make thee  
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.  
Tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will  
take it at your hands.  
Do as you will.  
For it have done well.  
How now, wife!  
Have you not told  
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:**

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 thee on  
a hurdle thither.  
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 thee,  
young baggage!  
disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what: get  
thee to church o'  
Thursday, Or never  
after look me in the

**face:**

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?  
You are too hot  
God's bread!

**it makes me mad:**

night, late, early,  
at home, abroud.  
Alone, in company,  
waking and sleeping.  
still my care hath  
been To have her

**match'd:**

now provided A  
gentleman of princely  
parentage, Of fair  
demesnes, rich,  
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:  
Look to't, think  
on't, I do not use  
to jest.

Thursday is near;  
lay hand on heart,

**advise:**

O, 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:**

O God!  
--O nurse, how shall  
this be prevented?  
My husband is on  
earth, my faith  
in heaven;  
Alack, alack, that  
heaven should  
practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a  
subject as myself!  
What say'st thou?  
hast thou 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.  
Speakest thou  
from thy heart?  
And from my soul too;  
O, he's a lovely  
gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout

**to him:**

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:  
Well, thou  
hast comforted me  
marvellous much.  
Good father pardon,  
I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am  
ever ruled by you.  
But now let me go,  
having displeased  
you, to Laurence'  
cell, To make  
confession and  
to be absolved.  
This is  
wisely done.  
Where is  
Friar Laurence?  
There.  
(Speaking in Latin)  
O shut the door!  
and when thou hast

done so, Come weep  
with me; past hope,  
past cure, past help!  
(Speaking in Latin)  
God join'd my  
heart and Romeo's,  
thou our hands; And  
ere this hand, by  
thee 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:  
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,  
Thou hast the  
strength of will  
to slay thyself,  
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,  
Hold, then;  
To-morrow night look  
that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie

**in thy chamber:**

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:**

no breath, shall  
testify thou livest;  
Each part, deprived  
of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and  
stark and cold,  
appear like death:  
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:**

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.  
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.  
In the mean time,  
against thou shalt  
awake, Shall Romeo  
by my letter  
know our drift,  
Then I will watch  
thou waking, and  
secretely hither to  
bring the to this  
cell until the  
chapter day.  
Which we in Mantua  
each year do hold  
at Easter time.  
Wtih all the friars  
confused I'll have  
its wearing, I'll  
bear the hense,  
to Romeo.  
But tell me, wilt  
thou not fear thy  
newly entombed  
cousin Tybalt?  
Give me, give me!  
O, tell  
not me of fear!  
Love give me  
strength!  
and strength shall  
help afford.  
Farewell, dear  
father!  
See where she  
comes from shrift  
with merry look.  
Come.  
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:**

Why, I am glad  
on't; this is well:

**stand up:**

Now, afore God!  
this reverend holy  
friar, Our whole city  
is much bound to him.  
To Mantua?  
(Speaking in Latin)  
Hello there,  
this way to Mantua?  
Yes father.  
There.  
Come.  
The wedding dress.  
Is it not beautiful?  
Hie, indeed.  
Poor soul, thy  
face is much abused  
with tears.  
The tears have  
got small victory by  
that; For it was  
bad enough before  
their spite.  
Thou wrong'st it,  
more than tears, with  
that report.  
That is no  
slander, sir,  
which is a truth;  
Hie, father.  
This will help

you father.  
Holy father,  
come quickly.  
The man's dying.  
The man's dying and  
wishes to confess.  
Hold my  
brother's donkey.  
OOH, my letter.  
Come, come  
What is it  
my good man?  
Five days he  
lies in bed, with a  
strange sickness.  
His body is  
racked with pain.  
I fear he dies!  
He wants a father  
confessor for  
his sins.  
But will not have  
a doctor for ail.  
He fears death,  
but he fears the  
doctor more.  
Charge will the  
soul he may unburden  
to one who also  
knows of medicine  
and be it so.  
For body ailments  
often mirrors a  
sickness of the soul.  
But this is plague!  
Water, water.  
Water.  
Hold, hold  
the door.  
My letter, my letter,  
open up here.  
My letter for Romeo!  
Nay, nay!  
I pray thee,

leave me to my self  
to-night, For I have  
need of many orisons  
To move the heavens  
to smile upon my  
state, Which, well  
thou 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:**

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:**

thee to bed, and  
rest; for thou  
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:**

them back again to

**comfort me:**

My dismal scene I  
needs must act alone  
What if this mixture  
do not work at all?  
Shall I be  
married then  
to-morrow morning?  
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?  
How if, when I am  
laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the  
time the holy  
friar come to  
redeem me?  
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,-- As in a  
vault, an ancient  
receptacle, Where,  
for these many  
hundred years, the  
bones Of all my  
buried ancestors are

**packed:**

Tybalt, yet but  
green in earth, Lies

festering in his  
shroud; O, look!  
methinks I see my  
cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo,  
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.  
What, ho!  
What, nurse, I say!  
Go waken Juliet, go  
and trim her up;  
Mistress!  
why, mistress!  
Juliet!  
fast, I warrant her,

**she:**

why, lady! fie,  
you slug-a-bed!  
What, not a word  
She's dead, She's  
dead, She's dead!  
If I may trust the  
flattering truth of  
sleep, My dreams  
presage some joyful

**news at hand:**

bosom's lord sits  
lightly on 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!

Welcome Balthasar.

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:**

O, pardon me for  
bringing these ill  
news, Since you did  
leave it for my  
office, sir.

Ill news I sense?

Her body sleeps in  
Capel's monument, And  
her immortal part  
with angels lips.

I saw this and  
presently took post

**to tell it you:**

I do beseech you,  
sir, have patience:  
Your looks are pale  
and wild,  
and do import Some  
misadventure.  
Tush, thou

**art deceived:**

Hast thou no letters  
to me from the friar?  
No, my good lord.

**No matter:**

get thee gone,  
then I defy  
you, stars!  
My lord.  
No, no my  
good lord!  
Well, Juliet,  
I will lie with  
thee to-night.  
Friar Laurence?  
But he is morning  
at a funeral.  
where?  
At the main church.  
Death lies on her  
like an untimely  
frost Upon the  
sweetest flower of  
all the field.  
O lamentable day!  
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!  
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:**

Sir, go you in; and,  
madam, go with him;  
The heavens do lour  
upon you for some  
ill; Move them no  
more by crossing  
their high will.

Nurse.

Holy

Franciscan friar!

brother, ho!

Welcome from Mantua:

what says Romeo?

I could

not find him.

The searchers of  
the town, suspecting  
that I was 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

thee, 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.  
Stop thy  
unhallow'd 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.  
Good gentle youth,  
tempt not a  
desperate man;  
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 felon here.  
If thou be  
merciful,  
Open the tomb,  
lay me with Juliet.

In faith, I will.  
What said my man,  
when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him  
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 thy hand,  
One writ with me  
in sour  
misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a  
triumphant grave;  
How oft when men are  
at the point of death  
Have they been merry!  
which their keepers  
call A lightning

**before death:**

how may I Call  
this a lightning?  
O 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  
conquer'd; beauty's  
ensign yet Is crimson  
in thy lips and in  
thy cheeks, And  
death's pale flag is  
not advanced there.  
Tybalt, liest thou

there in thy  
bloody sheet?  
O, what more favour  
can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand  
that cut thy youth in  
twain To sunder his  
that was thine 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 Thee  
here in dark to be  
his paramour?  
For fear of that, I  
still will stay with  
thee; And never from  
this palace of dim  
night depart again:  
here, here  
will I remain  
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!  
Thou desperate pilot,  
now at once run on

the dashing rocks thy  
sea-sick weary bark!

Oh.

Romeo,

Romeo!

ROMEO!

Romeo

O, pale

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:**

Come, come.

A greater power than

we can contradict

hath thwarted

our intents.

Come, come away.

Come, go,

good Juliet,

I dare no

longer stay.

Thy lips are warm.

This is thy sheath;

there rust,

and let me die.

O me!

this sight of death

is as a bell, that

warns my old age

to a sepulchre.

O thou untaught!

what manners

is in this?

To press before thy

father to a grave?

Capulet!

Montague!

See, what a scourge  
is laid upon your  
hate, That heaven  
finds means to kill  
your joys with love.

O brother Montague,  
give me thy hand.

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.