

Romeo and Juliet

THE TRAGEDY ROMEO AND JULIET

by William Shakespeare

CHORUS

ROMEO

MONTAGUE, Romeo's father

LADY MONTAGUE, Romeo's mother

BENVOLIO, Montague's nephew

ABRAHAM, Montague's servingman

BALTHASAR, Romeo's man

JULIET

CAPULET, Juliet's father

LADY CAPULET, Juliet's mother

NURSE to Juliet

TYBALT, Capulet's nephew

SECOND CAPULET, Petruchio

PETER }

SAMPSON } servingmen to the Capulets

GREGORY }

MUSICIANS

SERVINGMEN

PRINCE Escalus of Verona

MERCUTIO } PARIS } his kinsmen PAGE to Paris

Mercutio's Page

FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR JOHN

APOTHECARY

OFFICER

CONSTABLE

WATCHMEN

Romeo and Juliet

PROLOGUE

[Enter Chorus]

CHORUS.

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-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which but their children's end naught 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. *[Exit]*

Act 1 Scene 1

running scene 1

Enter Sampson and Gregory with swords and bucklers, of the House of Capulet

SAMPSON

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

I mean, if we be in choler we'll draw.

GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Romeo and Juliet

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels,
are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men
from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
when I have fought with the men I will be civil with the maids,
and cut off their heads.

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;
take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY

They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:
and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY

Romeo and Juliet

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,
thou hadst been poor-John.--Draw thy tool;
Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abraham and Balthasar]

Sampson draws

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out: quarrel! I will back thee.

GREGORY

How! turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON

Fear me not.

GREGORY

No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GREGORY

I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they
list.

Frowns

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is
disgrace to them if they bear it.

Bites his thumb

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Aside

Romeo and Juliet

No.

Sampson.

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel, sir! No, sir.

SAMPSON

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

ABRAHAM

No better.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio

GREGORY

Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Aside

SAMPSON

Yes, better.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.--Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *They fight*

BENVOLIO

Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do. *Draws and parts them*

Enter Tybalt

Romeo and Juliet

TYBALT

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

Draws

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace: Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

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

Fight

*Enter three or four
Citizens with clubs*

OFFICER

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch!--Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET

My sword, I say!--Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old Montague and his Wife

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!-- Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus with his train

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Romeo and Juliet

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

Exeunt. [Montague, Lady Montague and Benvolio remain]

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?--
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?--

Romeo and Juliet

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,--underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,--
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,--
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Romeo and Juliet

Is to himself,--I will not say how true,--
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo

BENVOLIO

See, where he comes: So please you step aside;
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.--Come, madam, let's away,

Exeunt [Montague and Lady Montague]

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was.--What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

Romeo and Juliet

ROMEO

Out,--

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!--
Where shall we dine?--O me!--What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:--
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!--
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.--
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Romeo and Juliet

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears:
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.--
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness who is that you love?

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan! Why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO

A sick man in sadness makes his will,--
A word ill-urged to one that is so ill!--
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good markman!--And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow,--she hath Dian's wit;

Romeo and Juliet

And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms
Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she's rich in beauty; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;
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 passed that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

Romeo and Juliet

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2]

running scene 2

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Enter Capulet, County Paris and the Clown [a Servingman]

CAPULET

Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,--
She's the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Where to I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night

Romeo and Juliet

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which, one more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.--Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
Paris].

*To Servingman
Gives a list*

Exeunt [Capulet and

SERVINGMAN

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

Enter Benvolio and Romeo

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened 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.

ROMEO

Your plaitain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

Romeo and Juliet

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented and--Good e'en, good fellow.

SERVINGMAN

God gi' —good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVINGMAN

Perhaps you have learned it without book:
but I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

Ay, If I know the letters and the language.

SERVINGMAN

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROMEO

Stay, fellow; I can read.
He reads the letter

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the
lady widow of Utruvio, Signior Placentio and
his lovely nieces, Mercutio and his brother
Valentine, mine uncle Capulet, his wife and
daughters, my fair niece Rosaline, Livia,; Signior
Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the
lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they
come?

SERVINGMAN

Up.

ROMEO

Romeo and Juliet

Whither? To supper?

SERVINGMAN
To our house.

ROMEO
Whose house?

SERVINGMAN
My master's.

ROMEO
Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

SERVINGMAN
Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great
rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues,
I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!.

Exit

BENVOLIO
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

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

BENVOLIO
Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Romeo and Juliet

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt]

[Act 1 Scene 3]

running scene 3

Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead,-- at twelve year old,--
I bade her come.--What, lamb! What ladybird!--
God forbid!--where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet

JULIET

How now? Who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter,--Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret: Nurse, come back again;
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,--and yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,--

Romeo and Juliet

She is not fourteen. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse.

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she,--God rest all Christian souls!--
were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
she was too good for me:--But, as I said,
on Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
that shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
and she was weaned,--I never shall forget it--,
of all the days of the year, upon that day:
for I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:
Nay, I do bear a brain:--but, as I said,
when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
to see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
'Shake', quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
to bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;
for then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood
she could have run and waddled all about;
for even the day before, she broke her brow:
and then my husband,--God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man,--took up the child:

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' And, by my holidam,

the pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay:'

To see now how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it; 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE

Romeo and Juliet

Yes, madam;--yet I cannot choose but laugh,
to think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay.'
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
a bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
a perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
wilt thou not, Jule?' It stinted, and said 'Ay.'

JULIET

And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

NURSE

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of.--Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honour! Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;--
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
as all the world--why he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Romeo and Juliet

NURSE

Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less! Nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

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.

Enter a Servingman

SERVINGMAN

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

Exit

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.--
Juliet, the county stays.

Romeo and Juliet

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 4]

running scene 4

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers;
Torchbearers*

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROMEO

Give me a torch,--I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

Romeo and Juliet

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.--
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! What care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Puts on a mask

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase,--
I'll be a candle-holder and look on,--
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MERCUTIO

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Or -- save your reverence--love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.--Come, we burn daylight, ho.

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO

I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.

Romeo and Juliet

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO

And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, 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 wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o'mind the fairies' coachmakers.

Romeo and Juliet

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,--
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she,--

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves:

Romeo and Juliet

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But he that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my —suit. On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO

Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage and Servingmen come forth with their napkins
Enter [Chief] Servant*

CHIEF SERVINGMAN

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

FIRST SERVINGMAN

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

CHIEF SERVINGMAN

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

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Ay, boy, ready.

CHIEF SERVINGMAN

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

FIRST SERVINGMAN

We cannot be here and there too.--Cheerly, boys;

Romeo and Juliet

be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt [some Servingmen]

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.--
Ah my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She I'll swear hath corns; Am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;--'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!--Come, musicians, play.

Music plays, and they dance

A hall, hall, give room! And foot it, girls.
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.--
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days;
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

SECOND CAPULET

By'r lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

What, man? 'Tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we masked.

SECOND CAPULET

'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

CAPULET

Will you tell me that?

Romeo and Juliet

His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

To a Servingman

SERVINGMAN

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.--
Fetch me my rapier, boy:-- What, dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

[Exit a Servingman]

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo, is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain, Romeo.

Romeo and Juliet

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to!
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?--
This trick may chance to scathe you,--I know what:
You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.--
Well said, my hearts!--You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or--More light, more light!--For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What!--cheerly, my hearts.

*To Dancers/To Tybalt
To Servants/To Tybalt
To Dancers*

TYBALT

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Exit

Romeo and Juliet

ROMEO

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

To Juliet

JULIET

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.

ROMEO

Have not saint's lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.

Kisses her

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

Kisses her again

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Juliet stands aside

ROMEO

Romeo and Juliet

What is her mother?

NURSE

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;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?
O, dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

Aside?

Benvolio.

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Comes forward

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; *The guests indicate that they have to leave*
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.--
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; goodnight.--
More torches here!--Come on then, let's to bed. *To Servingmen*
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. *[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse]*

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JULIET

Romeo and Juliet

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

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name: If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

The Nurse goes

NURSE

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

Returning

JULIET

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

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

One calls within, 'Juliet!'

NURSE

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

Exeunt

Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare believed to have been written in 1595