ROME & JULIET

English - Arabic

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وليم شكسبير

نشأته

ولد الكاتب الإنجليزي وليم شكسبير في قرية ستراتفورد في الثالث والعشرين من نيسان (أبريل) سنة 1564. كانت أمه أمة طيبة قد حصلت على ثروة عن طريق الإرث، أما أبوه فقد كان من طبقة متوسطة، وما كانت تجارته مقتصرة على نوع واحد من البضائع، وإنما كان يتعامل في بيع وشراء مختلف البضائع: الحبوب، الصوف، اللحوم، وكذلك الجلود، فحالته المعيشية جيدة.

عند بلوغ شكسبير الرابعة عشرة من عمره التحق بمدرسة القواعد في ستراتفورد، حيث حصل على تعليم ليس بالكثير جداً في اللغة اللاتينية وعلى أقل منه في اللغة الإنجليزية. ونظراً لقلة هذه الثقافة، فقد كان صديقه المتعلم جيد بن جونسون يعيب عليه ذلك.

إن أفضل الحقول في تعليمه هو تعمقه العجيب وتصرره الأكيد في الطبيعة، وسعة اطلاعه على التراث الشعبي في منطقته. ورما لا شك فيه أنه بدأ منذ عهد الصبا جولات في الغابات، والجداول في بوركشاير، وكان يتوقف للتحدث إلى النساء العجائز حول نارهن في أكواخهن ويصغي إلى أحاديث المزارعين أثناء تناول وجبات الغداء. وعلى بعد مسافة أمثال كانت الصورة الخلابة لمدينة بوركشاير العملاقة تجعله يسحر.
في أعماق الماضي. وضمن جولاته اليومية البسيطة كانت تشهدها قلعة كنيل وورك ومتحف البيضاء الفضيل وأغناه الليستر ومدينة كوفنتري التاريخية التي فيها قد يشاهد الواحد بعض المسرحيات الدينية التي تمثل في بعض الأعياد الخاصة. وكانت مجتمع الممثلين الواقفين إلى ستافورد تأتي إلى أبيه جون شكسبير طالبًا إذن بالتمثيل. ولا شك أن شكسبير كان قد شاهد تمثيلهم، فشبت مشاعر وتقتضى أن أحاسيسه بعالم التمثيل، وابتلاع التأثيرات والأساسيات. وجد أن الغذاء المناسب لعقله وتفكره; ذلك الغذاء الذي كان تابعًا له. لقد احترس في باطن عقله كثرة من الصور الجميلة التي تفرجت بعد ذلك خارجة من مكمنها عندما وجدت الحقل الخصب لإباحتها وإملاحها في مسرح لندن.

زواجها
في حوالي السنة 1578، بدأت ثروة أبيه جون شكسبير بالتناقص، واحتمالاً من هذا أن وليم كان مضطراً لترك المدرسة. وبالرغم من التدهور المادي السريع لعائلة وليم، فقد عقد قراره على الأسئلة انها طبيعية وهو في الثامنة عشرة من عمره. كانت تقال أن من عائلة فلاحية من شوري قرب ستافورد. كان ذلك الزواج على عجل وإن ذلك بين ومحسوس من المتحي العام لحياة شكسبير، إضافة إلى أن بعض القطع القصصية في بعض المسرحيات تحمل لونًا من ألوان حياة الشاعر.

في الفترة الواقعة بين العام 1585 والعام 1587، غادر وليم شكسبير ستافورد بحثًا عن مستقبله في العاصمة.
مقدمة

1. القصة:

بدأ المسرحية باندلاع شجار في أحد شوارع مدينة فرنسا في إيطاليا بين خدم عائلتين نبلتين كاّتا على عداء منذ زمن طويل، وهما عائلة كابيتول وعائلة مونتيغيو، وبقي الشجار محتداً إلى أن وصل الحاكم وأوقفه.

كان السيد والسيدة مونتيغيو قلقين من السلوك الغريب لابنهم روميو، وقد طلبا من ابنهم بنفوسه أن يحاول معرفة سبب كابيتول. أخبر روميو بنفوسه أن يانس لأن روزالين لا تبادله الحب. عندما عرف روميو وابن عمه أن روزالين ستتحضر إلى مأدبة كابيتول قررنا الذهاب إلى هناك متكررين. نسي روميو حب روزالين بعد أن استحوذ على قلبه حبيت جولييت التي بادته الحب، لكنه صعق عندما علم أنها من آل كابيتول. وقعت جولييت في حب روميو أيضاً وعادته مثله عندما علمت أنه من آل مونتيغيو. وفي ساعة متاخرة من الليل، وبعد مغادرة الاحتفال، سلقت روميو حديقة منزل جولييت وسمعها تخلاث نفسها عن جبهها له، كما أنهاكشفت له ذلك. وعدها لإثبات صدق حبه أن يتزوجها. وعند بزوغ النهار ذهب إلى الكاهن لورنس وأقنعه بأن الأدب الإنكليزي، فإن شهيره طبق الآفاق أكثر من أي أديب عاصره، أو سيء، أو جاء بعده، إذ أن أعماله المسرحية بلغت ستة وثلاثين عملاً، هذا غير القصائد الشعرية والمسرحية من قوله. إن أعمال شكسبير في معظمها لم تكن من إبداع فهو إذا كانت أصولها من أعمال آخرين، كان تكون حكايته، أو رواية، أو عملًا مسرحيًا يلمع سابقاً، غير أن موهبه الفائقة تمكن في إعادة تركيب تلك الأعمال بصورة أفضل، فضيف ويجذب حتى يحصل على عمل مسرحي جيد. ويقول النقاد إنه كان يكتب لعصره وقد استعمل في كتباته أكثر من عشرين ألف مفردة مستقلة.

يصنف العاملون في الأدب، وفي المسرح خاصة، أعمال شكسبير إلى مسرحيات تاريخية ومنها مسرحية "بليوس قصير" ومسرحيات حزيلة ومنها "كوميديا الأخطار" ومسرحيات تراجيدية، ومنها "روميو وجولييت". وقد استعمل الشاعر كل الضرروب الأدبية والبلاغية من استعارة وتشبيه وكتابة وجانس وطريق، وأما التلاعب بالكلمات فلا حد له، وهذا دليل على إلمامه وغزارة معرفته بالمعاني الكشيرة للمفردة الواحدة.

وعلى الرغم من كثرة أعمال شكسبير وبلغوها أكثر من ستة وثلاثين مسرحية غير أنه ما كانت هناك اثنتين منها متشابهتين أو ترتكزان الانطباع نفسه فيها، وهذه ميزة تميز بها على معاصره. وهناك الكثير من المميزات في كتباته لا يُمكن سردها في هذا المجال الضيق.
مستقَصة، لكنه كان خائفاً لسماعه أصوات قادمين. من بعيد، وعندما نهضت ورآت روميو ميتاً بجانبها، أصابها اليأس، فأخذته خنجره وتقتل نفسها. تسربت الأخبار إلى المدينة، فاجاه حشد كبير من المواطنيين ومعهم الحاكم. وقد كشف الكاهن لورنس النقاب عن القصة الأُسْتَوَاية لذين الحبيبين. وبعد هذه الحادثة تصلحت الأسرتان.

2. اللغة:
الكلمات المدرجة أدناه إما أن تكون قد تغير معناها الآن، كما كانت عليه في أيام شكسبير، أو أنه اختصرها لضرورة الوزن الشعري، ولا ضرورة لحفظها عن ظهر قلب:

Nay
لا، كلا
Needs
بالضرورة
Ne’er = never
قَط٢
O’=of أو on
وقت
O’er = over
قال
Quoth
نداء يستخدم للخدمة
Sirrah
مَهْلَا
Soft
من ذلك المكان - من ثمً
Thence
إلى ذلك المكان
Thither
أنت - فاعل
Thou

يَزْوِجهما. وافق الكاهن آملًا أن يكون هذا الزواج مقدمة لإنهاء العداء بين العائلتين.

إن ابن عم جولييت، ذو المزاج الحاد، تبليت، عرف روميو برمغة تنتكره في المأدبة، وقد اعترض حضور روميو إلى الحفل بدون دعوة إهانة إلى أسرته. فقرر الانقلاب منه. التقى تبليت روميو بعد زواجه السري من جولييت، لكن روميو أراد أن يكون على علاقة طيبة مع آل كابول، لذلك رفض مبارزته، إلا أن صديقه مركوش هو ما يعرف ما يدور في خلد روميو، وقد ساء ضمير روميو، فأثار تبليت قتيل، غير أن قتل تبليت لم يكفيه، فقد أغرض روميو، فعندما عاد تبليت ثانية، بازره روميو وقتله، ففي روميو من فيرونا إلى ماتوا.

يحاول والد جولييت إجبارها على الزواج من الكونت باريس، لكنها ترفض ذلك، ورامسة تبحث عن حل لدى الكاهن لورنس، فأعطاه عقاراً منهما لمدة اثنتين وأربعين ساعة. وفي صباح اليوم المعد للزواج، وجدت ميتة ظاهريًا، فنقلت إلى مقبرة العائلة. أرسل الكاهن لورنس إلى روميو كي يأتي سراً ويساعد جولييت على الهرب معه، ولكن بسبب الطاعون في المدينة لم يستطع الرسول الوصول إلى روميو.

في الوقت نفسه اعتُقد خادم روميو أن جولييت قد مات، فأسرع إلى ماتوا لإعلام روميو. وبعد اطلاعه، اشترى روميو سماً وأسرع عائداً إلى فيرونا. وفي المقبرة، حاول باريس منع روميو من الدخول، غير أن روميو قتل باريس ودخل المقبرة، وعندما رأى جولييت في ذلك الوضع، شرب السم ونام إلى جانبها، وهنا وصل الكاهن ووجد جولييت.
Whither
Ye = you

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

En إله
إلى أي مكان
نعم

أنت - مفعول به
لك
لك
لأي سبب
تعبر عن الأسف
حالا
نعم
تعبر عن الندم والحزن
أي قريب كان
حتى
مسرور
حقا
تعبير عن الاشتهار
أمام
من هنا، من هذا المكان
أسرع
إلى ذلك المكان
يدلي لي، من يظهر
نعم - حقا
هناك، ذلك

Thy = your
Thine = yours
Where for
Alack
Anon
Ay
Ay em
Coz
E'en = even
E'er = ever
Faith, i' faith, in faith
Fie
Forth
Hence
Hie
Hither
Methinks
Mine
Yea
Yon = yond

 إن ثلا المسرحية مكتوبة شعرا حرا - مفتوح القافية، وليست هناك
قافية متشابهة في كل الأبيات:

مثيرة للتحدي، بتأسس الصيف المضحكة،
قد يعطي زهرة جميلة عندما تنطلق ثانية.

عندما يكتب كاتب المسرحية بالقافية الحرة يجد حرية كافية أكثر مما لو
كتب بالقافية المقيدة، إذا لم يجد ملزما بأن يبحث عن كلمات متشابهة
الخانة، ولهذا يمكنه أن يصل إلى التعبير المقارب لتعبير عامة الناس
ويتجنب المل الحاصل من رتبة القافية.

وفي مسرحياته المبكرة (ومسرحية رومي وجوليوت واحدة منها) عمد
شakespeare إلى استعمال القافية الواحدة في المقدمة:

For nought so vile that on earth doth live
But to the earth special good doth give.

إنه من غير النجدي أن تعيش على الأرض للاشيء
يجب عليك أن تعطيه شيئا وانت عليها.

ومن وقت إلى آخر، يستعمل شكسبير القافية المتذبذبة والكافئة في
أربعة أبيات تتوافق القافية الأولى في الشطر الأول مع قافية السطر الثالث

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تقرير فرنسي لقصة إيطالية مشهورة، فأجرى شكسبير تغييرات عديدة في القصة بما يناسب غرضه المسرحي.

في قصيدة بروك، يعيش الحبيبان مدة أسبوع سوياً، لكن شكسبير معنى ليلة واحدة، وهذا ما يزيد تعاطفنا معهما. إنه يعطي أهمية للشجر بين الأشظة ويريد أن يبين أن أنساب البطل والبطلة نابعة مباشرة من هذا الشر الاجتماعي (الكره القديم) الذي جعل من المحال لليهما أن يسلك المسار الصحيح.

5- التعرف على الشخصيات الروائية

ينصب التركيز في هذه المسرحية على البطل والبطلة أكثر من غيرهما، وقد جعل شكسبير منهما مدعماً للتعاطف معهما ولم يجعل من اختلافهما عملاً كي يقلل أو يغيب ذلك التعاطف.

3- الخيال:

يفضل روميو جمال جوليتت فيقول:

إنه تشع من الليل
مثل جوهزة ثمينة في أذن أنثوية.

إن هذا النوع من الخيال الذي يجعل القارئ مسجحاً بين شينين مختلفين يسمى التشبيه. إن هذه الصورة ذات الخصائص الشعرية جدًا أكثر ولها وقائع أكبر من الصيغة النثرية، فكلمات روميو تركت لدينا انتباعًا أعمق ما لو قال: إنها جميلة جداً.

4- التوليفية:

استناد شكسبير في مسرحيته هذه إلى قصيدة طويلة: التاريخ الأساسي لرومي وجوليتت.
كابيلوت، تزوجت روميو سرا عندما أخبرها أبوها أنها على الزواج بالكونت باريس. وفي خطة للكاهن لورنس كان على جوليات أن تجيب عن الوعي مؤقتاً ومن ثم يساعدها على الهروب مع روميو. نفذت الخطة. وبعد استيقاظها وجدت روميو ميتا بجانبها، فأصابها اليأس وقلت نفسها ينتحر روميو.

الجريئة:
أرملة بسيطة لكنها نشطة، لمبتده دوراً في الوساطة بين روميو وجوليات، وكانت مطلعة على زواجهما السري. كانت تتكلم بما لا يفهم منهم ذلك الضحك.

الكاهن لورنس:
رجل له معرفة بالأعمال والعقاقير، ساعد على زواج روميو وجوليات. ألم أن يحسن هذا الاقتراح العلاقة بين الأسرتين. كابيلوت وموتيغوغ ويزيل البداوة بينهما، كما أنه وضع خطة لتنويم جوليات لمدة اثنتين وأربعين ساعة. وبعد الاستيقاظ يكون روميو قد جاء إلى المبردة ليهرب جوليات إلى مانتوا.

باريس:
إنه كونت من عائلة مخرجة، أحب جوليات حباً صادقاً وأراد الزواج بها، ولم يكن على علم بزواجها من روميو، وقد دل على حبه لها عندما ذهب إلى المبردة ليطيع الورد على قبرها، وبعد أن طعنه روميو طلب منه أن يضعه جالب جوليات.
The 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 ONE
Scene One: A street in Verona

Introduction
Sampson and Gregory, servants of the Capulet family, quarrel with two servants of the Montague household. Benvolio, a Montague, tries to separate them, but is attacked by Tybalt, a Capulet. A fight develops which ends when Prince Escalus, the ruler of Verona, enters with his men. Benvolio, alone with his uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Montague, assures them that he will discover why Romeo, their son, is behaving so moodily. As Romeo approaches, his parents leave, and Romeo reveals to his cousin that Rosaline whom he loves has sworn never to marry. He rejects Benvolio’s advice to forget her by turning his interest to other ladies.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, servants of the Capulet household, armed with swords and bucklers.

SAMPSON
Gregory, on my word, we’ll not carry coals.

GREGORY
No, for then we should be colliers.
SAMPSON
I mean, and we be in choler, we’ll draw.

GREGORY
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

SAMPSON
I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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 run’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
’Tis 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 – I will 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
'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 ABRAHAM and another Servant, both of the Montague household]

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.

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

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
[Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side if I say “Ay”?

GREGORY
[Aside to SAMPSON] No.

SAMPSON
[Replying to ABRAHAM] 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
But 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
[Interrupting SAMPSON as he sees TYBALT approaching]
Say “Better”; here comes one of my master’s kinsmen.

SAMPSON
[To ABRAHAM] Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM
You lie.

SAMPSON
Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

[They fight]

[BENVOLIO draws his sword and tries to separate them.]
BENVOLIO
Part, Fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[Enter TYBALT]

TYBALT
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO
I do but keep the peace. 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!

[They fight]

[Enter an officer with three or four armed citizens.]

OFFICER
Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them
down!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

[Enter old CAPULET in his nightgown with lady CAPULET, 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 Montague and LADY MONTAGUE, his wife.]
MONTAGUE
Thou villain Capulet [To his wife] Hold me not:
Let me go.
LADY MONTAGUE
Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.
[Enter PRINCE ESCALUS with his train.]
PRINCE
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace.
Profaners of this neighbor-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 brawls 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 beseeming 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 farther pleasure in this case.
To old Freetown, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all except MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO]

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 ear,
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?
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 drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city 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’ counselor,
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 sun,
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 the 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
Out—

BENVOLIO
Of love?

ROMEO
Out of her favor 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,
Misshapen 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 prest
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
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;
And 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
Bid a sick man in sadness make his will—
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness cousin, I do love a woman.
BENVOLIO
I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO
A right good mark – man! 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,
And, in strong proof of chastity well – armed,
From love’s weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint – seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

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,
Too 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, put us in mind they hide the fair.
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair:
What doth her beauty serve but a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

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

[Exeunt]
Scene Two: A Street

Introduction

It is evening of the same day, Sunday. Capulet and Montague have been ordered to keep the peace. Count Paris asks Capulet for the hand of his daughter Juliet in marriage, but Capulet insists that Paris must first gain Juliet’s approval. He invites Paris to a feast he is giving that night, and they leave after Capulet has given his servant, the Clown, a list of the guests to invite. When Romeo and Benvolio enter, the Clown, who cannot read, gives Romeo the list to read for him. From it Romeo learns that Rosaline will be at the feast, and he and Benvolio decide to go to it although they have not been invited.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and The CLOWN, Capulet’s servant

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

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.
And she agreed within her scope of choice
Lies my constant and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night.
Earth – treading stars that make dark heaven light. 
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel 
When well – appareled April on the heel 
Of limping winter treads, even such delight 
Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night 
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see, 
And like her most whose merit most shall be: 
Which, on more view of many, mine being one, 
May stand in number, though in reckoning none. 
Come, go with me.

[To the CLOWN giving him a paper]
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.

[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.]

CLOWN
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. [He sees BENVOLIO and ROMEO approaching]
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 holp 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 plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO
For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO
For your broken shin.

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 – God-den, good fellow.
CLOWN
God gi’ god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO
Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

CLOWN
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.

CLOWN
Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.

[He moves off]

ROMEO
Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the list]
“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselm and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena”.
A fair assembly. Whither should they come?”
CLOWN
Up-

ROMEO
Whither? To supper?

CLOWN
To our house.

ROMEO
Whose house?

CLOWN
My master’s.

ROMEO
Indeed, I should have asked thee that before.

CLOWN
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 CLOWN]

BENVOLIO
At this same ancient feast of Capulet’s
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattained 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 of fires;
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 seems best.

ROMEO
I’ll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

[Exeunt]
Scene Three: A Room in Capulet’s House

Introduction
Lady Capulet comes to tell Juliet that Count Paris wishes to marry her, and instructs her to observe him closely at the feast that night. Juliet dutifully replies that she will try to like him.

Enter LADY CAPULET 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, lady – bird!
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 a while;
We must talk in secret.

[NURSE begins to leave]
Nurse, come back again;
I have remembered me, thou’s hear our counsel.
Thou know’st 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 – she’s 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. ’T was no need, I
I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand high- lone; 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 holidame,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said “Ay”.  
To see now how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, and I should linc a thousand years,  
I never should forget it. “Wilt thou not, Jule?”  
quoth he;  
And, pretty fool, it stincted and said “Ay”.  

LADY CAPULET  
Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace  

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

JULIET  
And stinct 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.  
And 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 honor that I dream not of.

NURSE
An honor? 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. But 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.

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 margin 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**


**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 my eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

[Enter CLOWN]
CLOWN
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.

LADY CAPULET
We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE
Go, girl; seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt]

Scene Four: Outside Capulet's house

Introduction
Romeo and his friends, disguised in masks except for Mercutio, arrive outside Capulet's house. Romeo says he is too heavy-hearted to dance, and Mercutio tries unsuccessfully to argue him into a happier mood. Benvolio points out that they will be too late for the feast if they go on talking, and this puts an end to the discussion.

Enter torchbearers, followed by ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and five or six other maskers.
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;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We’ll measure them a measure and be gone.

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 Cupied’s wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
ROMEO
I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
Under love’s heavy burden do I sink.

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 boisterous, and it bricks 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.

[he puts on a mask]

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

ROMEO
A torch for me! Let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverbed 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,
Of this sir—reverence, love, wherein thou stickest
Upon 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, like lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five-wits.

**ROMEO**
And we mean well in going to this masque,
But 'tis no wit to go.

**MERCUTIO**
Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**
I dreamt a dream tonight.
MERCU'TIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCU'TIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCU'TIO

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

BENVOLIO

Queen Mab? What's she?

MERCU'TIO

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,
Her traces, of the smallest spider-web,
Her 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.
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.
Some times she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambushadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted, 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 elf-locks 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:
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 sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO
Strike, drum.

[Exeunt]
Scene Five: The hall in Capulet’s house

Introduction
Capulet welcomes the disguised Romeo and his friends to the feast, and dancing begins. Tybalt recognizes Romeo and is eager to punish what he considers this insult to his family. Capulet refuses to allow this and Tybalt angrily leaves the room. Romeo, captivated by the beauty of Juliet, talks with her and kisses her. After she has left him he learns to his grief that she is a Capulet. He then leaves, and Juliet, finding out his name, is equally shocked to discover that she has fallen in love with a Montague.

Enter ROMEO and the other Maskers and stand at one side of the stage. Enter two Servants.

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

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

 المشهد الخامس: القاعة في منزل كابيولت

مقدمة
يرحب السيد كابيولت بالمقتهن روميو وأصدقائه إلى الأدية، ويبدأ الرقص. يثير تيتل على روميو ويرغب في أن يشاجره معتبراً عجبه إلى الأمادة إهانة لعائلته. يرفض كابيولت السماح بذلك، فغادر تيتل الغرفة غاضباً. إن روميو، الذي يأسره جمال جوليت، يتحدث إليها ويقبلها. وبعد أن تركه، يدرك خزمه الشديد أنها من آل كابيولت. 
وعندما تعفر جوليت اسمه، تصاب بصدمة مماثلة إذ تكتشف أنها وقعت في حب شاب من آل مونتيغيو.

يدخل روميو والمقتهن الآخرون ويقفون في جانب من المسرح.

الخادم الأول
أين بوتين، الذي لا يساعد في رفع الألواني؟ ألم ينقل صينية من الخشب؟ ألم ينظف صينية؟

الخادم الثاني
عندما تكون الأمور جميعاً في يدي رجل أو رجولين وهم متستخنان، فإن ذلك شيء سيئ.
FIRST SERVANT
Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of march-pane, and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. [He calls] Antony and Potpan!
[Enter the servants, ANTONY and POTPAN]

ANTONY
Ay, boy, ready.

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

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

[Exeunt Servants]

[Enter LORD and LADY CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT, NURSE, the Guests and Musicians at one side of the stage, meeting the Maskers who are at the other side]

CAPULET
Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you. Ah ha, my mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I’ll swear, hath corns. Am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor! And could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady’s ear
Such as would please; ’tis gone, ’t is gone, ’t is gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play!

[Music plays and they dance]
A hall, a hall! Give room, and foot it, girls.

[To the Servants]
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

[To himself]
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked- for sport comes well.

[To his cousin]
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?

Cousin
By’r Lady, thirty years.

Capulet
What man? ’Tis not so much, ’t is not so much:
’Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio –

أقسم، أن لديها مسامير في القدم. هل أنا مصيب فيما أقول؟
مرحبا أيتها السادة، لقد شهدت اليوم
الذي كنت أسني فيه القناة وأسرد هاسما حكاية في آذن سيدة
جميلة مثل ما تخبون الآن، لكنه مضيء، مضيء، مضيء.
مرحبا بكم أيتها السادة، هيا، أيها الموسيقيون، اعترفوا!
[تعزف الموسيقى فيرقصون]
اخلو القاعة من الشواغل، افتحوا المجال، ارقصن أيتها الفتيات
[إلى الخدم]
أكروا من الألوان وأطووا الموائد أيها الخدم;
اطفؤوا النار لقد أصبحت القاعة دافئة جدا.
[إلى نفسه]
أه، هذا اللهو غير المتوقع لبر جيد جدا
[إلى ابن عمه]
لا، اجلس، لا، اجلس، يا ابن العم كابيولت الطيب،
بالنسبة إليك وفيل قد ولت أيام الرقص.
كم مضيء إلى الآن منذ أن كنا أنت وأنا تلمس القناع؟
ابن العم
أقسم بسيدنا، ثلاثين عاما.
كابيولت
ماذا، يا رجل! أنه ليس بهذا القدر، ليس بهذا القدر;
إنه منذ زواج لوسيتيو.
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will—
Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.

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

Capulet
Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

[Observing the dancer]
Good youths I' faith. O, youth's a jolly thing.

Romeo
[To a servant]
What lady's that which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight?

Servant
I know not, sir.

Romeo
[To himself]
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. [Exit page]
What Dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

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.

CAPULET
Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;

CAPULET
عندما أمس يديها، ستبارك يدي الحشنة.
هل أحب قلبي حتى الآن؟ أقسم أنه شيء جديد بالمرأة،
إذا لم أشاهد جمالاً حقيقياً حتى هذه الليلة.

CAPULET
إن هذا، من صوته، قد يكون من آل مونتيفيو.
اجل لي سقي يا ولد، [خرج الخادم] كيف يخرج العبد
أن يأتي إلى هنا، متفخياً بقانع بشع،
ليسخ ويهز من حفنة؟
والآن أقسم بشرف عائلتي العريقة،
سأضربه ضربة عنيفة ولن أعد ذلك إثما.

CAPULET
لماء، يا الغريب! لماذا تتمز غضباً هكذا؟

CAPULET
هذا من آل مونتيفيو، أيها الغريب، عدونا؛
نذاز أتي إلى هنا لإثارة الغاظ;
ليهزاً من احتفالنا الليلي هذه الليلة.

CAPULET
أهيو الشاب روميو؟

CAPULET
إنه هو، ذلك الولد روميو.

CAPULET
هذئب من روحك، يا ابن العمة الطيب، دعه وشأنه.
'A 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 - beseeing 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, good man 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'll 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 –
[To the dancers] Well said, my hearts!
[To Tybalt] you are a princox; go
Be quite, or – [To the servants] more light, more light, for shame!
[To TYBALT] I’ll make you quite. – [To the dancers]
What, cheerly, my hearts!
[He leaves TYBALT and moves among the guests]

TYBALT
[To himself]
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 bitterest gall.

ROMEO
[Taking JULIET’s hand]
If I profane with my unworthiest 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.
[He 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.
[He kisses her again.]

JULIET
You kiss by the book.

[NURSE comes to JULIET from the side of the stage.]

NURSE
Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
[JULIET joins her mother at the side of the stage.]

ROMEO
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.
BENVOLIO
Away, be gone! The sport is at the best.

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

CAPULET
Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone: We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

[The maskers whisper their excuses to him]
Is it e’en so? Why, then I thank you all. I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.

[To the servants] more torches here! Come on, then let’s to bed.

[Torchbearers show the maskers out]
[To himself] Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late. I’ll to my rest.

[Exeunt all except 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
What’s he that follows there, that would not dance?
NURSE
I know not.

JULIET
Go ask his name [Exit NURSE] If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE
[Returning] His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET
[To herself] 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 learnt even now
Of one I danced withal.

JULIET’s mother calls her from another room]

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

[Exeunt]
ACT TWO

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair for which love groaned for and would die.

With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love’s sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit]
Scene One: A street beside the wall of Capulet’s garden

Introduction

Romeo’s love for Rosaline has been replaced by his new love for Juliet, beside whom Rosaline no longer appears beautiful. Romeo and Juliet, charmed by each other’s looks, are in love, but because of the family enmity they have to meet secretly. Their passion overcomes this difficulty, and the joy of their meetings makes the hardship easier to bear.

Later that night Romeo climbs over the wall of the Capulets’ garden, just before Mercutio and Benvolio arrive looking for him. He does not answer their calls and they give up the search. Juliet appears at her window, and Romeo overhears her talking to herself and revealing her love for him. He speaks to her, telling her of his love for her and promising marriage. She arranges to send a messenger to him the following morning to learn the time and place of the marriage.

Enter ROMEO walking away from CAPULET’s house
ROMEO
Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[He climbs over the wall into the garden]
Enter Mercutio and Benvolio in the street.
Romeo listens from inside the garden

BENVOLIO
Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO
He is wise.
And, on my life, hath stolen him to bed.

BENVOLIO
He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO
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;
Cry but "Ay me", pronounce but "love" and "dove";
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

[Addressing Romeo] I conjure thee by Rosaline’s bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO
And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO
This cannot anger him. I would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress’ circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest: in his mistress name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO
Come; he hath hid himself among these trees
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree?
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were! O that she were
An open – et cetera and thou a Poperin pear!
Romeo, good night. I’ll to my truckle bed:
This field bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO
Go then, for ’tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

ROMEO
[From inside the garden]
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[He sees Juliet]
But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green.
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses: I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright?

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand,

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks

O speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white – upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-paffing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

**JULIET**
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.

**ROMEO**
[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**
'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!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he 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.

ROMEO
[To JULIET] I take thee at thy word.
Call me but “love”, and I’ll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET
What man art thou, that thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO
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.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET
My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue’s uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO
Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
JULIET
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.

ROMEO
With love’s light wings did I o’erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO
Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET
I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO
I have night’s cloak to hide me from their eyes.
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.
JULIET
By whose direction found’st thou out this place?

ROMEO
By love, 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 with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET
Thou knowest 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 I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my behavior light.
But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard’st, ere I was ware,
My true-love passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love.
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO
Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.

JULIET
O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO
What shall I swear by?

JULIET
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.
ROMEO
If my heart’s dear love —

JULIET
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.
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.

ROMEO
O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET
What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO
The exchange of thy love’s faithful vow for mine.

JULIET
I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
ROMEO
Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET
But to be frank and give it thee again:
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[The NURSE calls]
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.
[To the NURSE] Anon, good Nurse! [To
ROMEO] Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little; I will come again.

[JULIET leaves the window and goes in]

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

[JULIET returns to the window]

JULIET
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.

NURSE
[From inside the house] Madam!

JULIET
[To the NURSE] I come, anon. [To ROMEO] but
if thou mean’st not well,
I do beseech thee –

NURSE
[Calling again from within] Madam!

JULIET
By and by, I come –
[Continuing, to ROMEO] To cease thy suit, and
leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO
So thrive my soul, -

JULIET
A thousand times good night!
[JULIET goes in]

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

[ROMEO is walking away as JULIET returns]

JULIET
Hist, Romeo, hist! O for a falconer’s voice, 
To lure this tassel-gentle back again. 
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud, 
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies, 
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine 
With repetition of my “Romeo”!

ROMEO
It is my soul that calls upon my name. 
How silver-sweet sound lovers’ tongues by night, 
Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET
Romeo!

ROMEO
Madam?

JULIET
What o’clock tomorrow 
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO
By the hour of nine.
JULIET
I will not fail. ’Tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

ROMEO
And I’ll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET
’Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther 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.

ROMEO
I would I were thy bird.

JULIET
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.

ROMEO
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast. 
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.

[JULIET goes in]
Hence will I to my ghostly sire’s close cell, 
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[Exeunt]

Scene Two: Friar Lawrence’s cell

Introduction
As day breaks Romeo hurries to Friar Lawrence’s cell. He tells him of his love for Juliet and begs him to marry them later that day. Although he thinks Romeo rash and wavering, Friar Lawrence agrees to marry them, hoping that this will end the quarrel between the two families.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a basket.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check' ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious - juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb:
What is her burying grave, that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
[Enter ROMEO, unseen by the Friar]

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant.
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

Care keeps his watch in every man’s eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art uproused with some distemper;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to night.

ROMEO
That last is true: the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO
With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
I have forgot that name, and that name’s woe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
That’s my good son. But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO
I’ll tell thee ere thou ask it me again:
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me
That’s by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
ROMEO
Then plainly know, my heart’s dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I’ll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline that 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 washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy signs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e’er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall, when there’s no strength in men.

ROMEO
Thou chid’st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO
And bad’st me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO
I pray thee chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
O she knew well
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me;
In one respect I’ll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households’ rancor to pure love.

ROMEO
O let us hence. I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt]

Scene Three: A Street

Introduction
It is later that same Monday morning. Benvolio tells Mercutio that Tybalt has sent a letter demanding a fight with Romeo. Mercutio is making fun of Tybalt’s affected manners when Romeo enters, and Mercutio tries to make him forget his love affair by engaging him in a battle of wits. The Nurse, sent as arranged, by Juliet, comes looking for Romeo, and Mercutio and Benvolio leave. Romeo instructs the Nurse to get Juliet to come that afternoon to Friar Lawrence’s cell, as if to confession, but really in order to be married. He arranges to send the Nurse a rope ladder, to be let down that night from Juliet’s window, so that he can enter unseen by the Capulet.

Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.
MERCUTIO
Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

BENVOLIO
Not to his father’s; I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO
Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline, torments him so that he will sure run
mad.

BENVOLIO
Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a
letter to his father’s house.

MERCUTIO
A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO
Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO
Any man that can write may answer a letter.

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

MERCUTIO
Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead – stabbed
with a white wench’s black eye, run 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?
BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than Prince of Cats. O, he’s the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song - keeps time, distance, and proportion: he rests me his minim rests - one, two, and the third in your bosom!
The very butcher of a silk button, a duelist, a duelist. A gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! The punto reverso! The hay!

BENVOLIO

The what?

MERCUTIO

The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuner’s of accent! “By Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore!” Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand sir, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these “pardon - me’s” who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

[Enter ROMEO]

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo! Here comes Romeo!
MERCUITO
Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen wench. Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bonjour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO
Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUITO
The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?

ROMEO
Pardon, good Mercutio. My business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MERCUITO
That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO
Meaning, to curtesy?

MERCUITO
Thou hast most kindly hit it.
ROMEO
A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO
Pink for flower?

MERCUTIO
Right.

ROMEO
Why, then is my pump well-favoured.

MERCUTIO
Sure wit, Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

ROMEO
O single-solid jest, solely singular for the singleness!

MERCUTIO
Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faints.

ROMEO
Swits and spurs, swits and spurs! Or I’ll cry a match.

MERCUTIO
Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?
ROMEO
Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO
I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO
Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO
Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO
And is it not, well served in to a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO
O here’s a wit of cheveril that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROMEO
I stretch it out for that word “broad”, which added to the “goose”, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MERCUTIO
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable; now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivel of love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.
BENVOLIO
Stop there, stop there.

MERCUPIO
Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO
Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUPIO
O thou art deceived! I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter NURSE and her man PETER

ROMEO
Here’s goodly gear! A sail! A sail!

MERCUPIO
Two, two! A shirt and a smock.

NURSE
Peter!

PETER
Anon.

NURSE
My fan, Peter.

MERCUPIO
Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan’s the fairer face.

NURSE
God ye good morrow, gentlewomen.
MERCUTIO
God ye good-den, fair gentlewomen.

NURSE
Is it good-den?

MERCUTIO
‘Tis no less, I tell ye, for the bawdy hand of the
dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE
Out upon you! What a man are you?

ROMEO
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for
himself to mar.

NURSE
By my troth, it is well said” .For himself to mar,”
quoth ’a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me
where I may find the young Romeo?

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

NURSE
You say well.

MERCUTIO
Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i’ faith!
wisely, wisely.
NURSE
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BENVOLIO
She will endite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROMEO
What, hast so found?

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

[He sings]
An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score.
When it hoars ere it be spent.
Romeo, will you come to your father’s? We’ll to dinner thither.

ROMEO
I will follow you.

MERCUTIO
Farewell, ancient lady; farwell, lady, lady.
[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

NURSE
I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of this ropery?

ROMEO
A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE
And a stand to anything against me, I’ll take him down and ’a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I’ll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of this flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. [To Peter] And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PETER
I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE
Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. [Referring to MERCUTIO] Scurvy knave! [To ROMEO] Pray you sir, a word.
And, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool’s paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO
Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

NURSE
Good heart! And i’ faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman!

ROMEO
What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

NURSE
I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentleman like offer.

ROMEO
Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall, at Friar Lawrence’s cell,
Be shrived and married. [He offers her money]
Here is for thy pains.
NURSE
No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO
Go to, I say you shall.

NURSE
[Taking the money] This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

ROMEO
And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high topgallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell. Be trusty, and I’ll quit thy pains.
Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE
Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROMEO
What say’st thou, my dear Nurse?

NURSE
Is your man secret? Did you ne’er hear say, "Two may keep counsel, putting one away"?

ROMEO
I warrant thee my man’s as true as steel.
NURSE
Well, sir. My mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord! When’ t was a little prating thing — O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard, but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad; as see him. I anger her, sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the proper man, but I’ll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin with a letter?

ROMEO
Aye, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

NURSE
Ah, mocker! That’s the dog’s name. R is for the— no; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO
Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE
Ay, a thousand times . Peter!

PETER
Anon.

NURSE
Before and apace. [Exeunt]
Scence Four: The Capulets’ garden

Introduction

Juliet is waiting impatiently at home for the Nurse to return with Romeo’s message. When at last the Nurse arrives she increases Juliet’s impatience and anxiety by pretending that she is breathless and unwell as a result of her journey, and by making pointless and conflicting remarks about Romeo, and house holding back the news which Juliet is so anxious to hear. At last she gives her Romeo’s message to meet for the marriage at Friar Lawrence’s cell, and Juliet joyfully hurries away.

Enter JULIET

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse; In half an hour she promised to return. Perchance she cannot meet him – that’s not so. O, she is lame! Love’s heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glides than the sun’s beams Driving back shadows over low’ring hills. Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine to twelve
Is three long hours, yet is she not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball:
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks - many feign as they were dead-
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

[Enter PETER followed by NURSE]
O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE
Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit PETER]
JULIET
Now, good sweet Nurse - O Lord, why lookest
thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE
I am aweary; give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I!

JULIET
I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. Good, good Nurse, speak.

NURSE
Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET
How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.
Say either, and I’ll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied; isn’t good or bad?

NURSE
Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though his face be better than any man’s, yet his leg excels all men’s; and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I’ll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?
JULIET
No, no. But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE
Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a’ t’ other side; ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jauncing up and down.

JULIET
I’ faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me,
what says my love?

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

JULIET
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?"

NURSE
O God’s lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow.
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforth do your messages yourself.

**JULIET**
Here’s such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

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

**JULIET**
I have.

**NURSE**
Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence’ cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks:
They’ll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by which your love
Must climb a bird’s nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go. I’ll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

**JULIET**
Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt]
Scence Five: Friar Lawrence’s cell

Introduction
The lovers are happily re-united at Friar Lawrence’s cell, and leave with him for their secret marriage.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAWRENCE
So smile the heavens upon this holy act.
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

ROMEO
Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey...
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately; long life doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

[Enter JULIET]
Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne’er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

JULIET
Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

[ROMEO kisses her]

JULIET
As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

[She returns his kiss]

ROMEO
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 neighbour air, and let rich music’s tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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.

[Exeunt]
ACT THREE
Scene One: A Street

Introduction

Mercutio and Benvolio are talking in the street when Tybalt enters looking for Romeo, and a quarrel develops between Tybalt and Mercutio. At this moment Romeo enters and is insulted by Tybalt, but having just been secretly married to Juliet, he is unwilling to quarrel with any member of her family, and so declines to fight Tybalt. Mercutio, who is ignorant of any relationship between Romeo and Juliet, and is annoyed by what seems to him Romeo’s cowardice, fights Tybalt himself. Romeo tries to separate them, and keep the peace, but Tybalt wounds Mercutio with a cowardly blow under Romeo’s arm, and runs away. Benvolio helps Mercutio to a neighbouring house, but soon returns to report that Mercutio is dead. Romeo is so angered by this slaying of the friend who had fought on his behalf, that when Tybalt reappears, he fights and kills him. He escapes just before the Prince and the city authorities arrive on the scene. Benvolio tells them all that has happened. The Prince banishes Romeo from the city and declares that he will be put to death if he returns.
He also imposes a heavy fine upon the two families whose enmity has been the cause of the bloodshed.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and Servants.

BENVOLIO
I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad,
And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO
Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says, "God send me no need of thee"; and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO
Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO
Come, come; thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO
And what to?

MERCUTIO
Nay, and there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou? Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that 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 but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With another for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MERCUITIO

The fee – simple? O, simple!

[Enter TYBALT and his followers]

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets!

MERCUITIO

By my heel, I care not.
TYBALT
[To his followers] Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
[To MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO] Gentlemen, good e’en; a word with one of you.

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

TYBALT
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO
Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT
Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo—

MERCUTIO
Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here’s my fiddlestick; here’s that shall make you dance.

BENVOLIO
We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here, all eyes gaze on us.
MERCUTIO
Men’s eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.  
I will not budge for no man’s pleasure, I.

[Enter Romeo]

TYBALT
[To MERCUTIO] well, peace be with you, sir;  
here comes my man.

MERCUTIO
But I’ll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.  
Marry, go before to field, he’ll be your follower:  
Your worship in that sense may call him “man”.

TYBALT
Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting. Villian am I none;  
Therefore, farewell; I see thou know’st me not.

TYBALT
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO
I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou can’st devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO
O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
"Alla stoccata" carries it away.
[He draws his sword] Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT
What woul’dst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO
Good kings of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you
shall use me hereafter, dry – beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the
ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it
be out.

TYBALT
I am for you. [Draws]

ROMEO
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO
Come, sir, your passado!
[MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight]
ROMEO
Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!
[ROMEO comes between them. TYBALT wounds
MERCUTIO from behind ROMEO, then runs
away, followed by his men.]

MERCUTIO
I am hurt.
A plague o’ both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO
What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry. ’t is enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page]

ROMEO
Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO
No, ’t is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church
doors, but ’t is enough, ’t will serve. Ask for me
tomorrow and you shall find me a grave man. I am
peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o’
both your houses! 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.

ROMEO
I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO
Help me into some house, Benvolio.
Or I shall faint. A plague o’ both your houses!
They have made worms’ meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses!

[BENVOLIO helps him out]

ROMEO
This gentleman, the Prince’s near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf, me reputation stained
With Tybalt’s slander – Tybalt that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour’s steel.

[BENVOLIO returns]
BENVOLIO
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead.
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO
This day’s black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

[TYBALT returns]

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO
Alive, in triumph! And Mercutio slain!
A way 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.

TYBALT
Thou, wretched boy, that did consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO
[Drawing his sword] This shall determine that.
[They fight, and ROMEO kills TYBALT]

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool.

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

[Exit ROMEO]

[Enter an Officer and Citizens]

OFFICER

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

OFFICER

Up, sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

[Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their wives and servants]

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
BENVOLIO
O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET
Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother’s child!
O Prince! O cousin! husband! O the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE
Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo’s hand did slay.
Romeo, that spoke him fair bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts.
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio’s breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo — he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! Friends part "and, swifter than his
tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And' twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET
He is kinsman to the Montague:
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

PRINCE
Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE
Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio’s friends.
His fault concludes but what the law should end—the life of Tybalt.

PRINCE
And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hate’s proceedings:
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.
But I’ll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt]
Scene Two: Juliet’s room

Introduction

Juliet begs night to come quickly so that Romeo may join her unseen. The Nurse enters, lamenting the death of Tybalt, but without naming him, so that at first Juliet thinks it is Romeo who has been killed. When she learns that Romeo has killed Tybalt she angrily blames him, torn by conflicting feelings of loyalty to her husband and to her family. As she rows calmer she realizes that Romeo must have had good reason for his action, and that her first loyalty is to him. She is grieved at the thought that she will never see him again, but the Nurse promises to find him and bring him to her for a last farewell.

Enter JULIET.

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds.
Towards Phoebus’ lodging! Such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west.
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread the close curtain, love-performing night;

That runaway’s eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalked of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match.
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow upon a raven’s back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black–browed night.
Give me my Romeo; and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tidious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O here comes my Nurse,

[Enter NURSE with the rope ladder.]
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo’s name, speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE
Ay, ay, the cords.

JULIET
Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE
Ah, well-a-day! He’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.
Alack the day, he’s gone, he’s killed, he’s dead!

JULIET
What devil art thou dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roared in decimal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "Ay",
And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cocatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an "I",
Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer "Ay".
If he be slain, say "Ay", or not, "No".
Brief sound determine my weal or woe.

NURSE
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark! – here on his manly breast;
A piteous corse, a bloody, piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore blood; I swounded at the sight.

JULIET
O break, my heart! Poor bankrout, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne’er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

NURSE
O Tybalt,Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
JULIET
What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,
For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE
Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished;
Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

JULIET
O God! Did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s blood?

NURSE
It did, it did! Alas the day, it did!

JULIET
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical,
Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb,
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?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE
There’s no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forswn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where’s my man? Give me some aqua-vitae.
These grieves, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET
Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
For ’t is a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE
Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET
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?
The villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt’s dead that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt’s death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners’ minds:
“Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.”

That “banished”, that one word “banished,”
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt’s death
Was woe enough if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needily will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said” , Tybalt’s dead”
“Thy father” or “thy mother”, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt’s death,
"Romeo is banished"! To speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet.
All slain, all dead" , Romeo is banished".
There is no end, no limit, measure , bound.
In that word’s death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE
Weeping and wailing over Tybalt’s corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET
Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for Romeo’s banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come Nurse; I’ll to my wedding bed,
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

NURSE
Hie to your chamber. I’ll find Romeo
To comfort you; I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I’ll to him; he is hid at Lawrence’ cell.
JULIET
O find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt]

Scene Three: Friar Lawrence’s cell

Introduction
Friar Lawrence returns to his cell, where Romeo is hiding after the killing of Tybalt, with the news that the Prince has banished him. Romeo argues that banishment from Juliet is worse than death. His despair increases when the Nurse arrives and tells him of Juliet’s misery; he attempts to kill himself, but is prevented from doing so by the Nurse, who seizes the knife. The Friar calms him by pointing out that their situation is far from hopeless. He advises Romeo to go to Juliet, but to leave early in the morning for Mantua where he must stay until pardon is obtained from the Prince. The Nurse is sent to prepare Juliet for Romeo’s arrival, and the Friar tells Romeo he will send message to him in Mantua through Romeo’s servant, Balthasar. Romeo then leaves to join Juliet.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.
FRIAR LAWRENCE
Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

[ROMEO comes forward from the inner room]

ROMEO
Father, what news? What is the Prince’s doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company;
I bring thee tidings of the Prince’s doom.

ROMEO
What less than doomsday is the Prince’s doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
A gentler judgement vanished from his lips:
Not body’s death, but body’s banishment.

ROMEO
Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say “death”,
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more, than death; do not say “banishment”.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hence from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
ROMEO
There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence “banished” is banished from the world,
And word’s exile is death. Then “banished”
Is death mis-termed. Calling death “banished”,
Thou cut’st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word “death” to “banishment”.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO
’T is torture and not mercy. Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship, lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin,
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this may fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banished" to kill me? "Banished"!
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it. 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"?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Thou fond madman, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO
O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

ويسرقون سعادة خالدة من شفتيها،
التقيتين البسيطتين المتواضعتين،
فتحر خجلا معترة ببلا مانهم أدا،
أما روميو فلا: إنه منفي.
قد يفعل الذباب ذلك، أما أنا فعلي الابتعاد؛
إنهم رجال أحرار؛ أما أنا فمنفي.
وأنت تقول إن النفي ليس موتا؟
أما للكم سم حاضر، أما للكم سيكن مسومة؟
أما للكم وسيلة سريعة للموت؛ مهما كانت تلك الوسيلة حقيبة،
لكن "النفي" لقتلي؟ "النفي"!
أيها الرميم، الملاعين يستخدمون تلك الكلمة في الجحيم;
والعويل يلازمها. كيف يكون لك القلب،
كونك قدسي، رحيا، ومعترفا لك،
خلصا من الذنب وصديقي المعروف
أن تزققي بكل تلك الكلمة "منفي"؟
الراهب لورنس
إنك مجنون أحمق، اسعنني لأقول كلاما قليلا.
رومويو
ستكلم عن النفي مرة ثانية.
الراهب لورنس
سأعطلك درعا يبقك من تلك الكلمة:
لن الخنة اللذيذ، الفلسفة،
لترتاح برغم كونك منفي.
ROMEO
Yet “banished”? hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince’s doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

RIARI LAWRENCE
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO
How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

RIARI LAWRENCE
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO
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, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
ROMEO flings himself on the floor. There is nocking at the door]

RIARI LAWRENCE
Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.
ROMEO
Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans
Mist - like infold me from the search of eyes.

[More knocking]

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hark, how they knock! - who’s there? - Romeo,
arise;
Thou wilt be taken. - [He calls] stay a while! -
[To ROMEO] Stand up!
Run to my study. - [He calls] By and by!
[To ROMEO] God’s will,
What simplesness is this? - [He calls] I come, I come!

[Louder knocking]
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What’s your will?

NURSE
[From outside] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
[Opening the door] Welcome then.

NURSE
[Entering] O holy Friar, O tell me, holy Friar,
where’s my lady’s lord? Where’s Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
NURSE
O he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
[To ROMEO] Stand up, stand up! Stand and you be a man!
For Juliet's sake; for her sake rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO
[Rising] Nurse!

NURSE
Ah sir! Ah sir! Death's the end of all.

ROMEO
Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

NURSE
O she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
ROMEO
As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her as that name’s cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. O tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

[He draws his dagger to kill himself, but the Nurse
snatches it from him]

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives?
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail’st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth all three, do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose?
Fie, fie! Thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a usurer abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine own defense.
What? Rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slewest Tybalt; there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy too.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;

 فالإصل والروح والجسد، هذه الثلاثة
tلتقي فيك مجتمعة وأنت تريد أن تفقدها حالياً?
تبا تبا، أنت تجلب العار إلى شكلك وجهك وحكمتك.
مثل المراحي الذي يزخر بالكثير.
ولا تستخدم شيئا في موضعه الصحيح.
لتزين شكلك وجهك وحكمتك.
إن شكلك النبيل ليس إلا قالبا من شمع.
بعيدا عن شجاعة الرجل،
وقسم حبك العزيز ليس إلا قاما أحوف كاذبة.
بقتل ذلك الحب الذي أقسمت أن تجله.
حكمتك، تلك الزينة التي يجب أن تصلقها وتحدها،
مثل البارود في حاوية جندي غير ذي خبرة.
يشتعل بسبب جهلك،
وتقطع إلى أوراق بخصوصك.
ماذا؟ أنت بشجاعة رجل، إن جولييت حية،
أين أجيلى خاطرها العزيز تريد أن تموت؟
إنك سعيد الحظ، أراد تبنت ذلك، ولكن أنت الذي قتلهم، لذلك.
عليك أن تكون سعيداً.
إن القانون الذي يهدد بالموت أصبح لك خلا،
وقد حول الموت إلى نفي؛ لذلك عليك أن تسعد أيضاً.
لئضف حفنة من البركات ظهرك.
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehaved and sullen wench
Thou frown’st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
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 can’st 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.
Go before, Nurse. Command me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE
O’ Lord, I could have stayed all the night
To hear good counsel. O what learning is!
My lord, I’ll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO
Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
NURSE
Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

ROMEO
How well my comfort is revived by this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Go hence; good night.

[Exit NURSE]
And here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence,
Sojourn in Mantua. I’ll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand. ’Tis late; farewell, good night.

ROMEO
But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee.
Farewell.

[Exeunt]
Scene Four: Capulet’s house

Introduction
Capulet, without consulting Juliet, assures Paris that Juliet will agree to marry him. He fixes Thursday as the wedding day.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

LADY CAPULET
Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
’T is very late; she will not come down tonight.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PARIS
These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET
I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she’s mewed to her heaviness.
[CAPULET calls back PARIS who is leaving]

CAPULET
Sir Paris! I will make a desperate tender
Of my child’s love. I think she’ll be ruled
In all respects by me: nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Aquaint her here of my son Paris’ love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next –
But soft, what day is this?

PARIS
Monday, my lord.

CAPULET
Monday, ah ha; well, Wednesday is too soon;
O’ Thursday let it be. O’ Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We’ll keep no great ado; a friend or two;
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we’ll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. [To PARIS] but what say you to
Thursday?
PARIS
My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAPULET
Well, get you gone; o’ Thursday be it then.
[To his wife] Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord. [To his Servant] Light to my
chamber, ho!
A fore me, ’tis so very late that we
May call it early by and by. Good night.

[Exeunt]

Scene Five: Juliet’s bedroom

Introduction
Juliet tries to persuade Romeo that morning has
not yet arrived, but when she realises how dangerous
it is for him to stay, she insists that he should leave.
When they learn from the Nurse that Lady Capulet is
coming, Romeo descends the ladder and bids farewell
to Juliet. Lady Capulet, who imagines that Juliet is
grieving for Tybalt, thinks she will be made happy by
the news of Paris’s proposal of marriage, but this only
increases Juliet’s suffering, and she rejects the offer.
In his fury at her refusal Juliet’s father threatens to
drive her from the house unless she marries Paris that Thursday. After he has left, Juliet appeals to her mother for help, but in vain. She then seeks comfort from her Nurse who urges her to marry Paris. Juliet is shocking to discover that she can no longer trust the Nurse. She is now cut off from everyone except Friar Lawrence, whose advice she determines to seek.

*ROMEO and JULIET* stand at the window.

**JULIET**

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 yond pomegranate tree.  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

**ROMEO**

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

Yond 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.

ROMEO
Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say you 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 light above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET
It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division:
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt ’s-up to the day.
O now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO
More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.
[Enter NURSE in a hurry]

NURSE
Madam!

JULIET
Nurse?

NURSE
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[Exit NURSE]

JULIET
Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO
Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I’ll descend.
[He descends the ladder]

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

ROMEO
[From the garden below] Farewell. I will omit no
opportunity
that may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET
O, think’st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO
I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET
O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look’st pale.

ROMEO
And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[Exit ROMEO]

JULIET
O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET  
[Outside Juliet’s door] Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET  
Who is’t that calls? It is my lady mother.  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

LADY CAPULET  
Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET  
Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET  
Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
And if thou could’st, thou could’st not make him live;  
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET  
Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET  
So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
Which you weep for.
JULIET
Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET
Well, girl, thou weep’st not so much for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET
What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET
That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET
[Aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder. —
[To her mother] God pardon him; I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET
That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET
Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death!

LADY CAPULET
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

**JULIET**
Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him – dead –
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To hear him named and cannot come to him
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.

**LADY CAPULET**
Find thou the means, and I’ll find such a man.
But now I’ll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

**JULIET**
And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

**LADY CAPULET**
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 expects not, nor I looked not for.
JULIET
Madam, in happy time! What day is it?

LADY CAPULET
Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET
Now, by Saint Peter’s Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be my husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

[Enter CAPULET and NURSE]

CAPULET
When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother’s son
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.

BENVOLIO
Queen Mab? What’s she?

MERCUTIO
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,
Her traces, of the smallest spider-web,
Her collars, of the moonshine’s watery beams,
Her whip, of cricket’s bone, the lash, of film,
CAPULET

How, how! How, how, chopped-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 settle your fine joints aginst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face.

LADY CAPULET

[To her husband] Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET

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

NURSE
God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET
And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE
I speak no treason.

CAPULET
O God gi’ good e’en!

NURSE
May not one speak?

CAPULET
Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl,
For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET
You are too hot.

CAPULET
God’s bread! It makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one’s thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched pulling 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, and you will not wed, I’ll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to ’t, think on ’t; I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
And you be mine, I’ll give you to my friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I’ll ne’er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to ’t, bethink you; I’ll not be forsworn.

[Exit CAPULET]
JULIET
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET
Talk not to me, for I’ll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit LADY CAPULET]

JULIET
O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.
What say’st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort thou, Nurse.

NURSE
Faith, here it is: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne’er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the County.  
O, he’s a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo’s a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first ; or if it did not,  
Your first is dead, or ’t were as good he were,  
As living here, and you no use of him.

JULIET  
Speak’st thou from your heart?

NURSE  
And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

JULIET  
Amen!

NURSE  
What?

JULIET  
Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeased my father, to Lawrence’ cell.
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit NURSE]

JULIET

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

[Exit JULIET]
ACT FOUR

Scene One: Friar Lawrence’s Cell

Introduction

Paris has come to Friar Lawrence’s cell to arrange for his marriage to Juliet. Juliet enters, and Paris, believing that she has come for confession, leaves them. Juliet tells the Friar that unless he can help her she will kill herself. He gives her a drug which will produce all the appearances of death for forty-two hours. If she takes this drug on Wednesday night she will be found as if dead on Thursday morning, the day fixed for her marriage to Paris, and will be laid in the family tomb of the Capulets. The Friar explains that he will help her to escape to Mantua.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you do not know the lady’s mind?

301
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

PARIS
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt’s death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
[Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

[Enter JULIET]
PARIS
Happily met, my lady and my wife!

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

PARIS
That” may be” must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET
What must be shall be.
FRIAR LAWRENCE
That’s a certain text.

PARIS
Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET
To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS
Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET
I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS
So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET
If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS
Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET
The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS
Thou wrong’st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET
That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
PARIS
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET
It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS
God shield I should disturb devotion.
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse yet;
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.
[He kisses her and leaves]

JULIET
O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.
JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I’ll help it presently.
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.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time.
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
’T wixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die
If what thou speak’st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop’st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I’ll give thee remedy.

JULIET
O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
O’ercovered quite with dead men’s rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble—
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone:
Let not the 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 humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest:
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To wanny ashes, thy eyes’ windows fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death,
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
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 the best robes, uncovered on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake.
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.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JULIET
Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear!

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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.

JULIET
Love give me strength! And strength shall help
afford.
Farewell, dear Father.

[Exeunt]
Scene Two: Capulet’s house

Introduction
Juliet enters while her father is making preparations for the wedding, and says that she is sorry for her disobedience and begs his pardon. He decides to have the wedding the following day, Wednesday, instead of Thursday, and leaves to tell Paris of his change of plan.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE and Servants

CAPULET
[Giving a paper to a Servant] So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit Servant]
[To another Servant] Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SERVANT
You shall have none ill, sir, for I’ll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET
How canst thou try them so?
SERVANT
Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. Therefore he that cannot lick his own fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET
Go, be gone.

[Exit Servant]
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE
Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET
Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
A peevish, self-willed harlotry it is.

[Enter JULIET]
NURSE
See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET
How now, my headstrong? Where have you been gadding?

JULIET
Where I have learnt me to repent a sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoined
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here
To beg your pardon. [She kneels] Pardon, I beseech you.
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET
Send for the County; go, tell him of this.
I’ll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JULIET
I met the youthful lord at Lawrence’ cell,
And gave him what became love I might,
Not stepping o’er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET
Why, I am glad on’ t; this is well. Stand up.
This is as’ t should be. Let me see the County:
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar-
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LADY CAPULET
No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAPULET
Go, Nurse, go with her. We’ll to church to-morrow.
[Exeunt JULIET and NURSE]

LADY CAPULET
We shall be short in our provision:
’T is now near night.

CAPULET
Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet: help to deck up her.
I’ll not to bed to-night. Let me alone;
I’ll play the housewife for this once. [He calls the Servants]
What ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare up him
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

[Exeunt CAPULET and LADY CAPULET]

Scene Three Juliet’s bedroom

Introduction
Having pretended to choose her clothes for the wedding to Paris the next day, Juliet dismisses the Nurse and says good-bye to her mother. Alone, she begins to be afraid, and turns over in her mind all the
terrors and difficulties of Friar Lawrence’s plan. She has a vision of Tybalt’s ghost which seems to be threatening Romeo in the tomb. Anxious to join Romeo and protect him, she swallows the drink.

Enter JULIET and NURSE

JULIET
Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle Nurse, I pray thee leave me to myself to-night.
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou knowest is cross and full of sin.

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

LADY CAPULET
What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET
No, madam; we have culled such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone.
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.
LADY CAPULET
Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE]
JULIET
Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I’ll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse – ! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no. This shall forbid it. [She lays down her knife]
Lie thou there.
What if it be a poison which the Friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault.
To whose fool mouth no healthsome air breathes in.
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirit 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 walk, 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.

[She falls on her bed]

Scene Four: The hall in Capulet’s house

Introduction
Busy preparations for the wedding feast have been going on all night at the Capulets’ house. It is now early morning, as Paris is heard approaching, and Capulet orders the Nurse to waken Juliet.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE who carries herbs.

LADY CAPULET
Hold, take these keys and fetch more spice, Nurse.

NURSE
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

[Enter CAPULET]
CAPULET
Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock has crowed.
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica;
Spare not for cost.

NURSE
Go, yet cot—quean, go.
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET
No, not a whit. What! I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET
Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE]

CAPULET
A jealous hood, a jealous hood!
[Enter Servants with spits, logs, and baskets]
Now, fellow, what is there?

SERVANT
Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.
CAPULET
Make haste, make haste, sirrah. Fetch drier logs.
Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.

SERVANT
I have a head, sir, that will find out logs.
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET
Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead - Good faith, 'tis day!
The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. [Music sounds] I hear
him near.
Nurse! Wife! What ho! What, Nurse, I say!

[Enter NURSE]
Go waken Juliet; go, and trim her up.
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste! The bridegroom he is come already.
Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt all except NURSE]
Scene Five: Juliet's bedroom

Introduction

The Nurse tries in vain to wake Juliet, and at last discovers that she is, as she supposes, dead. Her cries attract Lady Capulet, and soon Capulet and Paris arrive and join in the lamentation. Friar Lawrence calms them, and tells them to prepare Juliet's body for burial.

NURSE

[Calling outside the bed-curtains] Mistress! What, Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she. Why, lamb! Why! Fie, you slug-a-bed! Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride! What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now; Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, The County Paris hath set up his rest That you shall rest but little. God forgive me! Marry and amen! How sound is she asleep! I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the County take you in your bed; He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[She opens the bed-curtains]

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

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

O me, O me! My child, my only life.
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help!

[Enter Capulet]

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

NURSE

She’s dead, deceased; she is dead, alack the day!
LADY CAPULET
Alack the day, she’s dead, she’s dead, she’s dead!

CAPULET
Ha, let me see her. Out, alas! She’s cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE
O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET
O woeful time!

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

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS]

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET
Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death’s.

PARIS
Have I thought long to see this morning’s face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET
Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e’er Time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.
But one poor one, one poor and loving child;
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catched it from my sight.

NURSE
O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woeful day, O woeful day!

PARIS
Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled;
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!
CAPULET
Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable Time, why canst thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child! My soul not my child!
Dead art thou. Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion’s cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid: now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from Death,
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For’t was your heaven she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She’s not well married that lives married long,
But she’s best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church,
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET
All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill:
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[They place rosemary on JULIET's body and close the bed-curtain. Exeunt all except NURSE.

[Enter Musicians]
FIRST MUSICIAN
Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.
NURSE
Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

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

[Exit NURSE]
[Enter PETER]
PETER
Musicians, O musicians", Heart’s ease”,
“Heart’s ease”! O, and you will have me live, play
“Heart’s ease.”

FIRST MUSICIAN
Why” Heart’s ease”? 

PETER
O musicians, because my heart itself plays” My
heart is full”.
O play me some merry dump to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Not a dump, we! T is no time to play now.

PETER
You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN
No.

PETER
I will then give it you soundly.
FIRST MUSICIAN
What will you give us?

PETER
No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PETER
Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger on your pate.
I will carry no crotchets. I’ll re you, I’ll fa you.
Do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN
And you re us and fa us, you note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN
Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PETER
Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.
Answer me like men:
When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps and mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—
Why “silver sound”? why “music with her silver sound”?
What say you, Simon Catling?
FIRST MUSICIAN
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER
Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN
I say "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver.

PETER
Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN
Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER
O, I cry you mercy! You are the singer. I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound" because musicians have no gold for sounding.
Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit PETER]

FIRST MUSICIAN
What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN
Hang him, Jack! Come we’ll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt]
ACT FIVE

Scene One: A street in Mantua

Introduction

Balthasar, Romeo’s servant, reaches him in Mantua and tells him that Juliet’s dead. Romeo sends him to hire horses for their journey back to Verona that night, and buys poison from an apothecary, intending to take it when he has joined Juliet in the tomb.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand; My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne, And all this day an unaccustomed 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 And death’s pale flag is not

الفصل الخامس
المشهد الأول: شارع في مانتوا

مقدمة

يصل بلثasar، خادم روميو، إلى مانتوا ويخبره بموت جوليت. يرسل روميو ليستأجر له حصانين من أجل العودة إلى فيرونا تلك الليلة، ويشتري سما من أحد العطارين ليتناوله عندما يوافق جسد جوليت في المقبرة.

يدخل روميو.

روميي

لو أني أثق بحقيقة النوم الزائف، فإن حالمي يبشر بأخبار سارة قريبة؛ إن مالك فوادي يتربع على عرشه مغفلة. وطوال هذا اليوم، ستكون هناك روح غريبة ترفعني فوق الأرض بأفكار بهجة. حلمت بأن سيدتي جاءت ووجدتني ميتاً. حلم غريب، ذلك أنه يعطي اليت فرصة للتفكير! وقد نفخت الحياة بالقبلات فوق شفتي فقدت إلى الحياة وصرت إمبراطوراً.
Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter 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.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO

It is e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
ROMEO
Tush, thou art deceived.
Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR
No, my good lord.

ROMEO
No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses. I’ll be with thee straight.

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

[Enter APOTHECARY]

APOTHECARY
Who calls so loud?

ROMEO
Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor. [He shows him a bag of money] Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear As will disperse itself through all the veins, That the life-weary taker may fall dead, And that the trunk may be discharged of breath As violently as hasty powder fired Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s womb.
APOTHECARY
Such mortal drugs I have. But Mantua’s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO
Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear’st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
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 and take this.

APOTHECARY
[Taking the money] My poverty, but not my will,
consents.

ROMEO
I pay the poverty and not the will.

APOTHECARY
[Giving him the poison] Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO
There 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.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

[Exit APOTHECARY]

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet’s grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exit]

Scene Two: Friar Lawrence’s cell

Introduction

Friar John, whom Friar Lawrence had sent to Mantua to tell Romeo of the plans for Juliet’s escape, comes to report that, because of a plague in the city, he has not been able to leave Verona to deliver his message. Friar Lawrence plans to release Juliet from the tomb and hide her in his cell until the arrival of Romeo, to whom he will send another letter.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan! Friar! Brother, ho!

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE from his inner room]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN
Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN
I could not send it – here it is again –
Not get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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.
FRIAR JOHN
Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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.
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come—
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

Scene Three: The Capulet's vault

Introduction
Paris comes to visit Juliet's tomb. His page, hiding in the churchyard, whistles to warn him of the approach of Romeo and Balthasar, and he too, hides. Romeo gives Balthasar a letter to deliver to his father, and tells him to go right away from the vault, but Balthasar suspects Romeo's intentions and hides in the churchyard to see what happens. As Romeo breaks open the gate of the vault, Paris comes forward
and tries to arrest him, ignoring Romeo’s appeals that he should go away. They fight and Paris is killed, and at his request, Romeo lays him beside Juliet’s tomb. Romeo kisses Juliet for the last time, drinks the poison, and dies, just before Friar Lawrence reaches the vault. He enters just as Juliet wakes and discovers the bodies of Romeo and Paris. They hear the voices of the watch, who have been summoned from the city by the page, but Juliet refuses to leave, and Friar Lawrence hurries away alone. Juliet kisses Romeo, hoping that the poison on his lips will kill her, but as the voices come near she stabs herself with Romeo’s dagger, and dies beside him. The watch arrive, search the churchyard, and arrest the Friar and Balthasar. The Prince enters the vault, closely followed by the Capulets and Montagues. Friar Lawrence tells the story of the lovers, and the truth of his account is proved by Romeo’s letter. The Prince traces the source of these tragic events to the hatred between the two families, and at last the Montagues and Capulets are reconciled, and determine to build golden statues to the memory of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter PARIS and his Page at the entrance.

PARIS
Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground.
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me.
As signal that thou hear’st some thing approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE
[Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure.
[He hides behind the trees]

PARIS
[To JULIET] Sweet flower, with flowers thy
bridal bed I strew-
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones –
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Page whistles]
The boy gives warning; something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love’s a rite?
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, a while.
[He hides in the churchyard.]
Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock and crowbar]

ROMEO

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

ROMEO
So shalt thou show me friendship. [Gives him money]
Take thou that.
Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR
[Aside] For all this same, I’ll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[He withdraws and hides in the churchyard]

ROMEO
[He smashes at the gate with the crowbar] 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.

PARIS
This is that banished haughty Montague
That murdered my love’s cousin, with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.
[He comes forward]
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.

**ROMEO**
I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury. O be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself.
For I come hither armed against myself.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say
A madman’s mercy bid thee run away.

**PARIS**
I do defy the conjugations
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

**ROMEO**
Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!
[they fight]

**PAGE**
O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
[Exit PAGE]
PARIS
[Falling] O I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.

ROMEO
In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book.
I’ll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave? O no, a lanthorn, slaughtered 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.

[He lays PARIS beside JULIET’s tomb]
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death! O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath sucked 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.
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 pallet of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain,
With worms that thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last;
Arms take your last embrace; and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss.
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death.
Come, bitter conduct; come, unsavoury guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark.
Here’s to my love. [Drinks the poison] O true
apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
[He dies]
[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE at the gate of the vault,
with a lantern, crowbar and spade]

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Saint Francis be my speed! How oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who’s
there?

BALTHASAR
Here’s one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern
It burneth in the Capels’ monument.

BALTHASAR
It doth so, holy sir; and there’s my master,
One that you love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Who is it?
BALTHasar
Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
How long hath he been there?

BALTHasar
Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Go with me to the vault.

BALTHasar
I dare not, sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Stay then; I’ll go alone. Fear comes upon me.
O much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

BALTHasar
As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?

[He enters the vault]
Romeo! O pale! Who else? What, Paris, too?
And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

[JULIET wakes]
The lady stirs.

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

[Approaching voices are heard]

FRIAR LAWRENCE
I hear some noise, lady. Come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too. Come, I’ll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.
JULIET
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

[Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE]
what's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips:
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative
[Kisses him] Thy lips are warm.

[The PAGE and the Watch approach the vault]

FIRST WATCHMAN
Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET
Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. [She takes
ROMEO's dagger]
O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.
[She stabs herself, falls on ROMEO's body and dies.
The Page and the Watch enter the vault]

PAGE
This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

FIRST WATCHMAN
The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you: whoe'er you find, attach.
[Some Watchmen go out]

Pitiful sight! Here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,
Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.

[More Watchmen go out]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

[Re-enter some of the Watch with BALTHASAR]

SECOND WATCHMAN

Here’s Romeo’s man; we found him in the churchyard.

FIRST WATCHMAN

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

[Re-enter another Watchmen with FRIAR LAWRENCE]

THIRD WATCHMAN

Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard’s side.

FIRST WATCHMAN

A great suspicious! Stay the Friar too.

[Enter PRINCE ESCALUS and Attendants]
PRINCE
What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?
[Enter CAPULET and LADY CAPULET]
CAPULET
What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?
LADY CAPULET
O, the people in the street cry “Romeo”,
Some “Juliet”, and some “Paris”, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.
PRINCE
What fear is this which startles in your ears?
FIRST WATCHMAN
Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.
PRINCE
Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.
FIRST WATCHMAN
Here is a Friar, and slaughtered Romeo’s man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men’s tombs.
CAPULET
O heaven! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger has mista’en, for love, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter’s bosom.

**LADY CAPULET**
O me! This sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

[Enter MONTAGUE]

**PRINCE**
Come, Montague; for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir more early down.

**MONTAGUE**
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son’s exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

**PRINCE**
Look, and thou shalt see.

**MONTAGUE**
[Seeing ROMEO] O thou untaught! What manners
is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

**PRINCE**
Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicious.
[FRIAR LAWRENCE and BALTHASAR are brought forward]

FRIAR LAWRENCE
I am the greatest; able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge,
Myself condemned and myself excused.

PRINCE
Thou say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo’s faithful wife.
I married them; and their stolen marriage day
Was Tybalt’s doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime I wrote to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion’s force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred’s vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And bear this work of heaven with patience;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her Nurse is privy, and if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE
We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where’s Romeo’s man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR
I brought my master news of Juliet’s death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE
Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the County’s page that raised the watch?

[Page comes forward]
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE
He came with flowers to strew his lady’s grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE
This letter doth make good the Friar’s words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor ’pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault, to die and to lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies, Capulet, Montague?
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.

CAPULET
O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter’s jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE
But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
CAPULET
As rich shall Romeo’s by his lady’s lie –
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRINCE
A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished;
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt]