

William Shakespeare. The Tragedy Of Romeo And Juliet

1595

Dramatis Personae

Chorus.

Escalus, Prince of Verona.

Paris, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince.

Montague, heads of two houses at variance with each other.

Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other.

An old Man, of the Capulet family.

Romeo, son to Montague.

Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.

Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo.

Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo

Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.

Friar Laurence, Franciscan.

Friar John, Franciscan.

Balthasar, servant to Romeo.

Abram, servant to Montague.

Sampson, servant to Capulet.

Gregory, servant to Capulet.

Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

An Officer.

Lady Montague, wife to Montague.

Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet.

Juliet, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of both houses;

Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and
Attendants.

SCENE.--Verona; Mantua.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, 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 I. Scene I.
Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house of Capulet.

Samp. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.
Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.
Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.
Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.
Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.
Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the
wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the
wall.
Samp. '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.
Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
Samp. 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought
with the men, I will be cruel with the maids- I will cut off
their heads.
Greg. The heads of the maids?
Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.
Take it in what sense thou wilt.
Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.
Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I
am a pretty piece of flesh.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been
poor-John. Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of
Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].

Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee.
Greg. How? turn thy back and run?
Samp. Fear me not.
Greg. No, marry. I fear thee!
Samp. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.
Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is

disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Samp. [aside to Gregory] Is the law of our side if I say ay?
Greg. [aside to Sampson] No.
Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my
thumb, sir.
Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.
Samp. But if you do, sir, am for you. I serve as good a man as you.
Abr. No better.
Samp. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. [aside to Sampson] Say 'better.' Here comes one of my
master's kinsmen.
Samp. Yes, better, sir.
Abr. You lie.
Samp. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.
They fight.
Ben. Part, fools! [Beats down their swords.]
Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee Benvolio! look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. 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, and three or four Citizens with clubs or
partisans.

Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! beat them down!
Citizens. Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!
Wife. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?
Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old Montague and his Wife.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!- Hold me not, let me go.
M. Wife. 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 neighbour-stained steel-
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd 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,
Cank' red with peace, to part your cank' red 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 judgment place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt [all but Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio].

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. 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 prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd 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.

M. Wife. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd 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 the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I- measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self-
Pursu'd my humour, not Pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. 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 bean 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
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friend;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
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.

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

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away,
Exeunt [Montague and Wife].

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

Rom. Not having that which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out-

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. 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!

Missshapen 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?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. 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 rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.

What is it else? A madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? Why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

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

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she's rich in beauty; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me: forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think!
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquisite) in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair.
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. Exeunt.

Scene II.

A Street.

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and [Servant] -the Clown.

Cap. 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.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. 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.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part.
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
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 apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. [To Servant, 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].

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here? It is written
that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor
with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with
his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are
here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath
here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. 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.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;

Shut up in Prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and- God-den, good fellow.

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

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book. But I pray, can you
read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, If I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

He reads.

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselmo 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.'

[Gives back the paper.] A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper, to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. 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.

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

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, 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.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
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.

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

Scene III.
Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet's Wife, and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.
Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what ladybird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now? Who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
Wife. This is the matter- Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again;
I have rememb'ed me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
Wife. 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 is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammastide?
Wife. A fortnight and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammass 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 Lammass Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd (I never shall forget it),
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 dovehouse 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 dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years,
 For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by th' rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about;
 For even the day before, she broke her brow;
 And then my husband (God be with his soul!
 'A was a merry man) took up the child.
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand yeas,
 I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he,
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'
 Wife. 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, it bad upon it brow
 A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone;
 A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' It stinted, and said 'Ay.'
 Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
 Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
 An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.
 Wife. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
 I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married?
 Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
 Nurse. An honour? Were not I thine only nurse,
 I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
 Wife. Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers. By my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
 Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
 As all the world- why he's a man of wax.
 Wife. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
 Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith- a very flower.
 Wife. 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 obscur'd in this fair volume lies
 Find written in the margent of his eyes,
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him only lacks a cover.
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
 For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men
Wife. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my
young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and
everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you
follow straight.

Wife. We follow thee.

Exit [Servingman].

Juliet, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.

A street.

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

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

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper;
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.

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

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. 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.

Mer. You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. 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 burthen do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love-
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

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

Mer. 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.

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

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

Mer. 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 stick'st
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

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

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart 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's web;
 Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry 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
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she 'gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on cursies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night
 And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish, hairs,
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.

This is she-
 Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing.
 Mer. 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 wooes
 Even now the frozen bosom of the North
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.
 Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
 Rom. 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, clos'd 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!
 Ben. Strike, drum.
 They march about the stage. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.
 Capulet's house.

Servingsmen come forth with napkins.

1. Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!
2. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands,
and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.
1. Serv. Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cubbert, look
to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane and, as
thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.
Anthony, and Potpan!
2. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.
1. Serv. You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought
for, in the great chamber.
3. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys!
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. Exeunt.

Enter the Maskers, Enter, [with Servants,] Capulet, his Wife,
 Juliet, Tybalt, and all the Guests
 and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
 Unplagu'd with corns will have 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, 'tis gone, 'tis gone!
 You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
 A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
 Music plays, and they dance.
 More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up,
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
 For you and I are past our dancing days.
 How long is't now since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?

2. Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years.

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

2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more! His son is elder, sir;
 His son is thirty.

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

Rom. [to a Servingman] What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear-
 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.

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

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

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

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

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

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

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

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

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

I'll make you quiet; what!- Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall. Exit.

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

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pray'r.

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

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

Rom. Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [Kisses her.]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
 Give me my sin again. [Kisses her.]

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. 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 nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal.
 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
 Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

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

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.
 I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.
 More torches here! [Exeunt Maskers.] Come on then, let's to bed.
 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
 I'll to my rest.

Exeunt [all but Juliet and Nurse].

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

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

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

Jul. 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?

Jul. A rhyme I learnt even now
 Of one I danc'd withal.

One calls within, 'Juliet.'

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

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd 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 anywhere;
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
Exit.

ACT II. Scene I.

A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[Climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. 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 Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid!

He heareth not, he stirreth not, be moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes.

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down.
That were some spite; my invocation
Is fair and honest: in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
Mer. 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, thou a pop'rin pear!
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
'To seek him here that means not to be found.
Exeunt.

Scene II.
Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Enter Juliet above at a window.

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!
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. 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 wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.
 Jul. 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.
 Rom. [aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
 Jul. '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 name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 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.
 Rom. I take thee at thy word.
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
 Jul. What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?
 Rom. 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.
 Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
 Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
 Jul. How cam'st 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.
 Rom. 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 let to me.
 Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
 Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.
 Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
 Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
 And but thou love me, let them find me here.
 My life were better ended by their hate
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
 Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
 Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire.
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.
 Jul. 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 to-night.
 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 thinkest 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 haviour 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.
 Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops-
 Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
 Rom. What shall I swear by?
 Jul. 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.
 Rom. If my heart's dear love-
 Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night.
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, 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 flow'r when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
 Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
 Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
 Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
 Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
 And yet I would it were to give again.
 Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?
 Jul. 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.
 I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
[Nurse] calls within.
 Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.]
 Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Enter Juliet above.

Jul. 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. (within) Madam!
 Jul. I come, anon.- But if thou meanest not well,
 I do beseech thee-

Nurse. (within) Madam!

Jul. By-and-by I come.-

To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul-

Jul. A thousand times good night!

Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books;

But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again, [above].

Jul. 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's name.

Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone-

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,

That 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.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. 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.

[Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,

His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

Exit

Scene III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar, [Laurence] alone, with a basket.

Friar. The grey-ey'd 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.

Non, 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 gave, 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, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays 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.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Friar. 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 old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art uprous'd with some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right-
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true-the sweeter rest was mine.

Friar. God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Friar. That's my good son! But where hast thou been then?

Rom. 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. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. 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 combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When, and where, and how

We met, we woo'd, 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. 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 wash'd 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 sighs 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 wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Friar. Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide not. She whom I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.

The other did not so.

Friar. 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' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.

Friar. Wisely, and slow. They stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's. I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being
dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white
wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love song; the
very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;
and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you. O, he's the
courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing
pricksong-keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his
minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom! the very
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist! a gentleman of

the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverse! the hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes- these new tuners of accent! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mi'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.

Ben. Here comes Romeo! here comes Romeo!

Mer. 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 but a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better love to berhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, This be a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

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

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

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

Rom. Meaning, to cursy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well-flower'd.

Mer. Well said! 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.

Rom. O single-sold jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio! My wits faint.

Rom. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs! or I'll cry a match.

Mer. 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?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

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

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not!

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

Rom. And is it not, then, well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

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

Mer. 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 drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there!

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

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd! 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.
Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and her Man [Peter].

Mer. A sail, a sail!
Ben. Two, two! a shirt and a smock.
Nurse. Peter!
Peter. Anon.
Nurse. My fan, Peter.
Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face of the two.
Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.
Nurse. Is it good-den?
Mer. '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!
Rom. 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?
Rom. 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.
Mer. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith! wisely, wisely.
Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.
Ben. She will endite him to some supper.
Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
Rom. What hast thou found?
Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent
He walks by them and 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.
Rom. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell,
[sings] lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I Pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?
Rom. 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. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an '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 his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. 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. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire 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 behaviour, 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 off'red to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. 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.

Rom. 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 gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to! I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. 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.

Rom. 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?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord! when 'twas 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 properer 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 both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, 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.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.] Peter!

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.

Exeunt.