

William Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

the complete play — original text and a plain modern English translation, side by side

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Prologue

PROLOGUE

The play opens with a direct address to the audience explaining what's about to happen. Two noble Verona families are locked in an old feud, and their conflict will destroy their own children before it ends.

Original

Translation

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-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, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

Two families of equal social standing live in the
beautiful city of Verona, where our story takes
place.

An old grudge between them erupts into fresh
violence, and the blood of ordinary citizens
stains the hands of ordinary citizens.

From the doomed wombs of these two feuding
families come a pair of star-crossed lovers,
whose tragic, ill-fated deaths finally put an end
to their parents' hatred.

The frightening course of their death-marked
love, and the way it stubbornly carries on their
parents' rage — a rage that nothing but the
children's deaths could ever stop — is what we
perform for you in the two hours upon this
stage.

The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

If you listen patiently, we'll do our best to make
up for anything this telling leaves out.

Act 1, Scene 1

A PUBLIC PLACE

The play opens on the streets of Verona, where servants of the feuding Capulet and Montague families brawl, drawing in Tybalt, the citizens, and both family patriarchs before the Prince intervenes and threatens death to anyone who fights again. Afterward, Benvolio learns from Romeo that his gloomy moping is love-sickness over Rosaline, a woman who has sworn never to love anyone.

Original

Translation

Enter Sampson and Gregory armed with swords and bucklers

SAMPSON

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

Gregory, I swear, we won't put up with
disrespect from them.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

No, because then we'd be the ones taking the
coal — that'd make us the coal-haulers, not
them.

SAMPSON

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

I mean, if we're angered, we'll draw our swords.

GREGORY

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

Sure — just make sure you don't get your neck
caught before you can pull it out of the noose.

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

I strike fast once I'm provoked.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

But you're not provoked fast.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:

therefore, if thou

art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand.

I will take the wall of any man or maid of
Montague's.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

True, and therefore women, being the weaker
vessels, are ever thrust to
the wall:

therefore I will push Montague's men
from the wall, and
thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their
men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:

Any dog from the Montague house provokes me.

To be provoked is to move — and to be brave is
to stand your ground.

So if you're provoked, that just means you run
away.

A dog from that house will provoke me to stand
my ground.

I'll take the inside of the sidewalk from any man
or woman of Montague's.

That just proves you're the weak one — the
weakest always gets pushed to the wall.

True — and that's why women, being the weaker
sex, always get pushed against the wall.

So I'll shove Montague's men off the wall, and
push his women against it.

The feud is between our masters and each other
— not between us servants.

Doesn't matter to me — I'll act like 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 of the house of
Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out:

Once I've fought the men, I'll be "gentle" with
the women — I'll take their heads.

The heads of the women?

Yes — their heads, or their virginity.

Take it however you like.

Whoever feels it will be the one to decide what it
means.

They'll feel me, all right, as long as I'm still
standing —

and everyone knows I'm a fine specimen of a
man.

Good thing you're not a fish — if you were,
you'd be a scrawny, dried-up one.

Draw your weapon — here come some of the
Montagues.

My sword's already out and ready.

quarrel, I will back

Start something — I'll back you up.

thee.

GREGORY

How? Turn thy back and run?

What, you'll turn your back and run?

SAMPSON

Fear me not.

Don't worry about me.

GREGORY

No, marry; I fear thee!

No, I really am worried — about you!

SAMPSON

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

Let's stay within the law — let them start it.

GREGORY

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

I'll scowl as I walk past them, and let them take
that however they want.

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare.

No — however they dare.

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

I'll bite my thumb at them — that's an insult,
and it's on them if they let it stand.

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Are you biting your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

I am biting my thumb, sir.

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Are you biting your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

(to Gregory) Is the law on our side if I say yes?

GREGORY

No.

No.

SAMPSON

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

No, sir, I'm not biting my thumb at you, sir — but I am biting my thumb, sir.

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

Are you looking for a fight, sir?

ABRAM

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

A fight, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON

But if you do, sir, I am for you.

But if you are, sir, I'm ready for you.

I serve as good a
man as you.

I serve a master as good as yours.

ABRAM

No better.

Not better.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio

GREGORY

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

Say "better" — here comes one of my master's relatives.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

You're lying.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.

Draw your swords, if you're men.

Gregory, remember thy
washing blow.

Gregory, remember that hard swing of yours.

They fight.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools! put up your swords, you know not
what you do.

Stop fighting, you fools! Put your swords away
— you don't know what you're doing.

Beats down their swords.

Enter Tybalt

TYBALT

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

What — drawing your sword against these
cowardly servants?
Turn around, Benvolio, and face your death.

BENVOLIO

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

I'm only keeping the peace. Put your sword
away, or use it to help me break up this fight.

TYBALT

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

What — sword drawn, and talking about peace?
I hate that word the way I hate hell, and all
Montagues, and you.
Take this, coward!

They fight.

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs

FIRST CITIZEN

Clubs, bills and partisans!

Clubs and pikes and spears!

Strike! Beat them
down!

Attack! Beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the
Montagues!

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet

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 his Lady Montague

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!

Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with Attendants

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear?

What, ho!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the
Montagues!

What's all this noise?

Bring me my long sword!

A crutch is more like it!

Why do you need a sword?

My sword, I said!

Old Montague is here, and he's waving his blade
just to spite me.

You villain, Capulet!

Let go of me — let me at him!

You will not take one step toward that fight.

You rebellious subjects, enemies of peace, you
who stain this steel with the blood of your
neighbors —
will they not listen?

Stop, I say!

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 mistemper'd weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd 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 Free-town, our common judgement-
place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt,
Citizens and Servants.*

MONTAGUE

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

You men — you animals, who put out the fire of
your destructive rage with fountains of blood
pouring from your own veins — on pain of
torture, drop those savage weapons from your
bloody hands and hear the judgment of your
angry prince.

Three street brawls, bred out of some careless
word from you, old Capulet, and from you,
Montague, have three times now shattered the
peace of our streets, forcing Verona's own
respected elders to cast off the dignified
clothing that suits their age and instead take up
old pikes in hands grown just as old — weapons
long rusted with disuse — just to pry apart your
rusted, festering hatred.

If you ever disturb our streets again, your lives
will pay the price for breaking the peace.
For now, everyone else may leave.
You, Capulet, will come with me; and Montague,
you will come this afternoon to Free-town, our
usual courthouse, to learn what further
judgment I have in this matter.

Once more — on pain of death — everyone
disperse.

Who started this old feud all over again?
Speak up, nephew — were you here 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 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.

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 worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from 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,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

The servants of your enemy and your own
servants were already fighting hard by the time I
arrived.

I drew my sword to separate them, and just
then, the hot-tempered Tybalt showed up,
sword already drawn, and while he was shouting
insults at me, he swung it around his head and
slashed at the air — which, unhurt, only hissed
back at him in mockery.

While we were trading thrusts and blows, more
men kept arriving on both sides and joined the
fight, until the Prince came and pulled everyone
apart.

Oh, where is Romeo? Have you seen him today?
I'm very glad he wasn't caught up in this fight.

Madam, an hour before the sun first peeked
over the golden edge of the eastern sky, my
restless mind drove me to go out walking.
There, beneath the grove of sycamore trees that
grows west of the city, I saw your son out early
as well.
I walked toward him, but he noticed me and
slipped away into the cover of the woods.
Since I judged his feelings by my own — wanting
most to be where no one else was — I followed
my own mood instead of chasing him, and
gladly avoided someone who clearly wanted to
avoid 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 importun'd him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends;
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.

He's been seen there many a morning, adding
his tears to the morning dew and piling up more
clouds with his heavy sighs.

But as soon as the sun — which cheers everyone
else — begins to draw back the shadowy
curtains from the east at dawn, my gloomy son
steals away from the light, home to his room,
shuts himself in privately, closes his windows,
blocks out the beautiful daylight, and makes his
own artificial night.

This mood of his is bound to turn dark and
dangerous, unless someone can talk him out of
whatever's causing it.

My good uncle, do you know the cause?

I don't know it, and I can't get him to tell me.

Have you tried pressing him about it?

Both I myself and many friends have tried.
But he keeps his own feelings locked up in
himself — I won't say how honestly — but he's
so secretive and closed off, so far from opening
up or being understood, that he's like a flower
bud bitten by an envious worm before it can
ever spread its petals to the air or show its
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 thy stay
To hear true shrift.

Come, madam, let's away,

Exeunt Montague and Lady Montague.

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was.

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them
short.

If only we could learn where his sorrow comes
from, we'd be just as eager to cure it as to
understand it.

Look — here he comes.

Please step aside; I'll find out what's troubling
him, or be flatly refused.

I only wish you'd have the luck to hear him truly
confide in you.

Come, my lady, let's go.

Good morning, cousin.

Is it still so early in the day?

It just struck nine.

Ah, sad hours feel so long.

Was that my father who just hurried off?

It was.

What sadness is stretching out Romeo's hours?

Not having the thing that, if I had it, would make
them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

You're in love?

ROMEO

Out.

Out.

BENVOLIO

Of love?

Out of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour where I am in love.

Out of favor with the woman I love.

BENVOLIO

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

It's a shame that love, which looks so gentle,
turns out to be so cruel and rough once you're
actually in it.

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

It's a shame that love — blindfolded as he is —
can still find his way to exactly what he wants
without needing eyes!

Where shall we dine?

Where should we eat?

O me! What fray was here?

Oh — what happened here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

No, don't tell me, I already heard the whole
thing.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love:

There's plenty of hate in this, but even more
love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

So — oh, quarrelsome love! Loving hate! Oh,

O anything, of nothing first create!

everything born out of nothing! Oh heavy

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

lightness, serious foolishness! A shapeless

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

jumble of things that look orderly! Feathers

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!

made of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

health! A sleep that never stops being awake,
that isn't what it seems!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

This is the love I feel, and yet I feel no love in any
of it.

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 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.

Going.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along:

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

Doesn't that make you laugh?

No, cousin — it makes me want to cry.

Kind soul — but why?

Because your kind heart is so weighed down.

Well, that's just what love does to a person.

My own griefs already sit heavy in my chest, and
by sharing your sympathy you're only going to
press them down harder with more grief of your
own.

This love you've shown me only adds more
sorrow to the sorrow I already carry.

Love is a kind of smoke made from the fumes of
sighs.

Once it clears, it's a fire that sparkles in lovers'
eyes.

When it's troubled, it's a sea fed by lovers' tears.

What else is it?

A very rational kind of madness, a bitter,
choking substance, and a sweet one that
somehow preserves you.

Farewell, cousin.

Wait — I'll come with you.

It would be wrong of you to leave me like this.

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,

A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A right good markman, and she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss:

she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives

uncharm'd.

Tut — I've lost myself; I'm not even here.

This isn't Romeo — he's off somewhere else.

Tell me seriously — who is it you love?

What, should I groan it out for you?

Groan? No — just tell me seriously, who.

Ask a sick man to seriously write his will —

that's a poor request to make of someone so ill.

Seriously, cousin, I'm in love with a woman.

I guessed pretty close when I figured you were in love.

A fine marksman — and yes, she's beautiful, the woman I love.

A fair target, dear cousin, is the easiest one to hit.

Well, there you're wrong —

she won't be hit. She has Diana's wit and won't be struck by Cupid's arrow at all.

She's well protected by a strong commitment to purity, and lives entirely untouched by love's feeble, childish bow.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O she's rich in beauty, only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live
chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty 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.

BENVOLIO

Be rul'd 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

She won't put up with romantic pursuit, or
endure being stared at with longing, or even
open her lap to gold, which can seduce even
saints.

Oh, she's rich in beauty — but poor in this one
way: that when she dies, all that beauty dies
with her, unused.

So she's sworn to stay a virgin forever?

She has — and by holding back like that, she
wastes so much.

Because beauty starved by her own strict self-
denial cuts off that beauty from ever being
passed on.

She's too beautiful, too wise — wise enough to
know her beauty is what makes me despair, and
never grants herself the reward of it.

She's sworn off love entirely, and because of
that vow, I'm living a kind of death, alive only to
tell you about it now.

Take my advice — stop thinking about her.

Oh, teach me how to stop thinking, then.

By letting your eyes wander freely — go look at
other beautiful women.

'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.

BENVOLIO

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

Exeunt.

That would only make me think of hers, the
finest of all, even more.

Those pretty masks that brush against beautiful
women's foreheads — being black, they only
remind us there's beauty hidden underneath.

A man struck blind can never forget the precious
sight he's lost.

Show me the most stunningly beautiful woman
there is — what good is her beauty except as a
reminder of the woman who surpassed even
her?

Farewell — you can't teach me to forget.

I'll prove that teaching right, or die trying.

Act 1, Scene 2

A STREET

Paris asks Capulet for permission to marry his daughter Juliet, and Capulet, though hesitant because she is not yet fourteen, invites Paris to a feast that night to win her over; a servant sent to deliver the guest list, unable to read, runs into Romeo and Benvolio, who learn that Rosaline will be at the party and decide to crash it uninvited.

Original

Translation

Enter Capulet, Paris and 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.

But Montague is bound by the same penalty as I
am, and it isn't hard, I'd think, for men as old as
us to keep the peace.

PARIS

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?

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 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;
And 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:

You're both men of honorable reputation, and
it's a shame you've been at odds for so long.
But now, my lord, what do you say to my
proposal?

I can only repeat what I've already said.
My daughter is still new to the world — she
hasn't even turned fourteen yet.
Let two more summers pass before we consider
her ready to be a bride.

Girls younger than her have happily become
mothers.

And those married off too young are ruined too
soon.

The earth has swallowed all my other children —
she's the only hope I have left.
But go ahead and court her, gentle Paris, win
her heart — my approval is only part of it.
If she agrees, then within the choice that's hers
to make, you'll have my consent and my blessing
as well.

Tonight I'm holding my usual feast, and I've
invited many guests I care for — you'll be one
more welcome face among them.

At my humble house tonight, you'll see beautiful
young women who light up the dark sky like
stars underfoot.

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 reckoning
none.

Come, go with me.

Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, [_gives a
paper_] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

SERVANT

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.

You'll feel the same delight among these fresh
young beauties that young men feel when well-
dressed April follows on the heels of limping
winter.

Listen to them all, look at them all, and favor
whichever one deserves it most.

My own daughter may be among them for you to
consider, one among many, though to me she
outshines them all.

Come along with me.

— Go on, fellow, hurry through fair Verona; find
the people whose names are written here, and
tell them my house and my welcome await
them.

Find the people whose names are written here!

It's said the shoemaker should stick to his
measuring stick and the tailor to his shoe form,
the fisherman to his brush and the painter to his
nets — but here I am, sent to find people by
name when I can't even make out what names
this writer has written.

I need to find someone educated.

In good
time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's
anguish:
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,
Whipp'd and tormented and—

God-den, good
fellow.

SERVANT

God gi' go-den.

Ah, good timing!

Come on, man — one fire burns out another's
flame; one pain is eased by another's suffering.
If you're dizzy, spin the other way to cure it.
One desperate grief is cured by another's
anguish.
Catch some new infection in your eye, and the
lingering poison of the old one will die off.

Your plantain leaf is great for that.

For what, may I ask?

For your scraped shin.

Why, Romeo, are you out of your mind?

Not mad — but bound up tighter than a
madman is: locked in a prison, denied food,
whipped and tormented, and —

good evening, good fellow.

Good evening to you too.

I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT

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.

SERVANT

Ye say honestly, rest you merry!

ROMEO

Stay, fellow; I can read.

He reads the letter.

ROMEO

_Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Utruvio;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena. _
A fair assembly. [_Gives back the paper_]

Whither should they come?

Tell me, sir, can you read?

Yes — my own fortune, in my misery.

Maybe you learned that without needing to read it.

But tell me, can you read anything put in front of you?

Yes, if I know the letters and the language.

Well said — good day to you!

Wait, fellow — I can read.

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
Count Anselmo and his lovely sisters;
the widow of Utruvio;
Signior Placentio and his charming nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
my uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
my fair niece Rosaline and Livia;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and lively Helena.
— A fine group of guests.

Where are they supposed to come?

SERVANT

Up.

Up to the house.

ROMEO

Whither to supper?

Up to supper?

SERVANT

To our house.

To our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

Whose house?

SERVANT

My master's.

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

I really should have asked that before.

SERVANT

Now I'll tell you without asking.

I'll tell you without you even 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.

My master is the great, wealthy Capulet — and if
you're not from the house of Montague, please
come and share a cup of wine with us.

Rest you merry.

Good day to you.

Exit.

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.

At this same long-standing Capulet feast, the
beautiful Rosaline you love so much will be
dining, along with all the most admired beauties
of Verona.

Go thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fire;
And these who, often 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.

BENVOLIO

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 shows
best.

ROMEO

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

Exeunt.

Go there, and with an unbiased eye, compare
her face to a few others I'll point out, and I'll
have you thinking your swan is really just a crow.

If my eyes — which worship her with religious
devotion — could ever be shown to be lying like
that, then let my tears turn to fire, and let these
eyes, which have drowned so often in tears
without ever dying, be burned alive as obvious
liars.

A woman more beautiful than my love?
The all-seeing sun has never seen her equal since
the world began.

Come on — you only thought she was beautiful
because there was no one else there to compare
her to, weighing her only against herself in each
eye.

But put her in the same scale as another woman
I'll show you at this feast, someone truly
dazzling, and your love will barely hold up — the
one who seems best now will hardly seem to
shine at all.

I'll come along — not to see any such rival
beauty, but just to enjoy the brilliance of my
own love.

Act 1, Scene 3

ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

In the Capulet household, Lady Capulet and the Nurse call for Juliet to discuss Paris's marriage proposal; after the Nurse's long, rambling story about Juliet as a toddler, Lady Capulet urges Juliet to consider Paris at tonight's feast, and Juliet cautiously agrees only to look, not to commit her heart.

Original

Translation

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter?

Nurse, where's my daughter?

Call her forth to

Call her to me.

me.

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come.

I swear on my virginity, back when I was twelve
— I already told her to come.

What, lamb! What ladybird!

What, lamb! What ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl?

God forbid — where is this girl?

What, Juliet!

Juliet!

Enter Juliet

JULIET

How now, who calls?

Yes, who's calling?

NURSE

Your mother.

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here.

Mother, I'm here.

What is your will?

What do you need?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.

Here's the matter.

Nurse, give leave awhile,

Nurse, leave us alone for a moment — we need
to talk privately.

We must talk in secret.

Nurse, come back again,
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,
She is not fourteen.

How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be
fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.

Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me.

But as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

Actually, Nurse, come back — I remember now,
you should hear this too.

You know my daughter's about the right age.

Honestly, I could tell you her age down to the
hour.

She's not fourteen yet.

I'd bet fourteen of my teeth on it — though,
sadly, I've only got four left — that she's not
fourteen.

How long until Lammastide?

About two weeks and a few days.

Whether it's even or odd days, out of all the days
of the year, she'll turn fourteen on Lammas Eve
night.

Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls —
were the same age.

Well, Susan's with God now; she was too good
for this world, honestly.

But as I said, on Lammas Eve night she'll be
fourteen — that she will, I swear it, I remember
it well.

It's been eleven years now since the earthquake,
and that was the very day she was weaned — I'll
never forget it, of all the days of the year.

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
throw,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; 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 holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay'.
To see now how a jest shall come about.
I warrant, and I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it.

'Wilt thou not, Jule?'

quoth he;

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

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

I'd put bitter wormwood on my nipple that day,
sitting in the sun by the dovehouse wall — you
and my lord were away in Mantua at the time.
Oh, I remember things well!

But as I was saying, when she tasted that bitter
wormwood on my nipple and felt how nasty it
was, the pretty little fool got so cross and pulled
away from the breast!

Right then the dovehouse shook — believe me, I
didn't need any better sign to get moving.

And it's been eleven years since then, because
by that point she could stand on her own — she
could even run and toddle all around, I swear.

In fact the very day before that, she'd fallen and
cut her forehead, and my husband — God rest
his soul, he was such a funny man — picked her
up

and said, 'What, falling on your face? You'll learn
to fall backward once you're older and wiser —
won't you, Jule?' And I swear, the sweet little
thing stopped crying and said 'Yes.'

It's funny to see how a joke actually comes true.
I promise you, if I live a thousand years, I'll never
forget it.

'Won't you, Jule?' he said, and the sweet little
thing stopped crying and said 'Yes.'

That's enough of that — please, be quiet now.

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

Peace, I have done.

God mark thee to his grace
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
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 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.

Yes, madam, but I can't help laughing to think
of her stopping her crying to say 'Yes.'
And yet I swear she had a bump on her forehead
as big as a young rooster's testicle — a nasty
knock, and she cried hard over it.
'Yes,' my husband said, 'falling on your face?
You'll learn to fall backward once you're grown
— won't you, Jule?' And she stopped crying and
said 'Yes.'

And you can stop too, please, Nurse — that's
what I say.

All right, I'm done.

God bless you with his grace — you were the
prettiest baby I ever raised.
If I live to see you married one day, I'll have
gotten my wish.

Well — marriage is exactly the subject I came to
discuss.

Tell me, daughter Juliet, how do you feel about
getting married?

It's an honor I haven't even thought about.

An honor!

If I weren't your only nurse, I'd say you'd sucked
wisdom straight from my breast.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers.

By my count

I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid.

Thus, then, in brief;

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady!

Lady, such a man

As all the world—why he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

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 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:

Well, think about marriage now — girls younger
than you, right here in Verona, women of good
standing, are already mothers.

As I recall, I was your mother at about the age
you are now, still unmarried.

So, to put it simply: the noble Paris wants your
love.

A man, young lady!

Such a man as — well, he's practically a wax
figure of perfection.

Verona's whole summer doesn't have a finer
flower than him.

He truly is a flower — a real flower, honestly.

What do you say — could you love this
gentleman?

You'll see him tonight at our feast.

Study young Paris's face like a book, and find
delight written there by beauty's own pen.
Examine every one of his features, and see how
well they all complement each other, and
whatever seems unclear in that handsome face,
you'll find explained in his eyes.
This fine, unbound book of a man only lacks a
cover to make him complete.

The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less, nay bigger.

Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant

SERVANT

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.

Exit Servant.

LADY CAPULET

Juliet, the County stays.

Fish live in the sea, and it's a point of pride when
outward beauty matches the beauty within.
That book earns praise from many eyes when its
golden clasps lock in an equally golden story —
and so, by marrying him, you'll share in
everything he has, without losing anything of
your own.

No less — bigger, if anything.

Women grow through men.

In short — can you imagine loving Paris?

I'll consider liking him, if merely looking can
lead to liking.

But I won't let my eyes go any further than what
you approve of.

Madam, the guests have arrived, supper's
served, you're being called for, my young lady's
being asked after, the Nurse is being cursed at in
the pantry, and everything's in an uproar.
I have to go help — please, follow right away.

We're coming.

Juliet, the Count is waiting.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Go on, girl — go find happy nights to match
your happy days.

Exeunt.

Act 1, Scene 4

A STREET

Romeo, Benvolio, and Mercutio, along with other masked party-crashers, arrive at the Capulet feast; Romeo is gloomy over Rosaline and reluctant to dance, and Mercutio teases him with the wild, rambling Queen Mab speech about the fairy who delivers dreams, before Romeo confesses an ominous feeling that tonight will set something fatal in motion.

Original

Translation

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

Torch-bearers and others

ROMEO

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

So, should we give this speech we prepared to
explain ourselves?

Or shall we on without apology?

Or should we just walk in without any apology?

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity:

That kind of long-winded formality is out of
fashion now.

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd 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.

We won't need a blindfolded Cupid carrying a
painted wooden bow like a Tartar's, scaring the
ladies like some scarecrow, or a memorized
prologue mumbled weakly after a prompter
feeds us the lines just to make our entrance.

Let them size us up however they want — we'll
dance one dance with them and be on our way.

ROMEO

Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me, you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
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 pricks like
thorn.

MERCUTIO

Give me a torch — I'm not up for all that light-
footed dancing.

Since I'm heavy-hearted, I'll just carry the light
instead.

No, good Romeo, we need you to dance.

Not me, believe me. You all have dancing shoes
with nimble soles — I have a soul made of lead
that pins me to the ground so I can't move.

You're a lover — borrow Cupid's wings and soar
with them higher than the rest of us can
manage.

I'm too badly wounded by his arrow to soar on
light wings like that, and so weighed down that I
can't rise a single inch above my heavy sadness.
I'm sinking under the crushing weight of love.

And if you sink into it, you'll only weigh love
down in turn — too much pressure for such a
delicate thing.

Is love a delicate thing?

It's much too rough, too harsh, too violent —
and it stings like a thorn.

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: [_Putting on
a mask._]

A visor for a visor.

What care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A torch for me:

let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am 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.

MERCUTIO

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Or save your reverence love, wherein thou
stickest
Up to the ears.

Come, we burn daylight, ho.

ROMEO

If love is rough with you, be just as rough back.
Prick it for pricking you, and you'll beat it down.
Give me something to cover my face with.
(putting on a mask)

A mask for my mask.

What do I care what critical eye notices any
flaws?

These bushy eyebrows can do the blushing for
me.

Come on, let's knock and go in — and the
second we're inside, everyone hit the dance
floor.

I'll carry a torch.

Let the carefree partiers tickle the rushes on the
floor with their heels —
as for me, there's an old saying that fits: I'll be
the one holding the candle and watching.
The game was never so fun once I'm done
playing it.

Tut, 'dun's the mouse' — that's the watchman's
old saying.

If you're stuck being dull, we'll pull you out of
the mud — or out of that swamp of love you're
sunk in up to your ears.

Come on, we're burning daylight, wasting
torches in broad day.

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO

I mean sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO

And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

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

No, that's not it.

I mean, sir, that by delaying we're wasting our torchlight for nothing, like lighting candles in daytime.

Take our meaning the right way — our good sense matters five times more than our showing off.

And we mean well going to this masquerade — but it isn't exactly wise to go.

Why, may I ask?

I had a dream last night.

So did I.

Well, what was yours?

That dreamers often lie.

In bed asleep, while what they dream turns out true.

Oh, then I see Queen Mab has visited you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small 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 curtsies
straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

She's the midwife of the fairies, and she comes
in a shape no bigger than an agate stone set on
an alderman's ring finger, pulled along by a team
of tiny creatures over the noses of men as they
sleep.

Her wagon's spokes are made of long spider
legs; the wagon's cover, of grasshopper wings;
her harness straps, of the finest spider web; her
collars, of moonlight's watery beams; her whip
made from a cricket's bone, the lash from a
spider's thread; her coachman, a tiny gray-
coated gnat, not even half the size of a little
round worm plucked from a lazy servant girl's
finger.

Her carriage is an empty hazelnut shell, built by
the squirrel carpenter or an old grub — fairy
coachmakers since time out of mind.
And in this getup she rides night after night
through lovers' brains — and then they dream of
love; over courtiers' knees, who then dream of
bowing and scraping; over lawyers' fingers, who
instantly dream of their fees; over ladies' lips,
who instantly dream of kisses — though angry
Mab often punishes those lips with blisters,
since their breath is tainted with too many
sweets.

Sometimes she gallops over a courtier's nose,
and then he dreams of sniffing out some favor
to request;

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:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscados, 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 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 anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

and sometimes she comes with a tithe-pig's tail,
tickling a sleeping parson's nose, and he dreams
of a bigger church assignment.

Sometimes she rides over a soldier's neck, and
then he dreams of slitting enemy throats, of
ambushes, of Spanish blades, of drinks five
fathoms deep — and then suddenly drums
pound in his ear, and he startles awake, and,
badly frightened, mutters a prayer or two and
falls back asleep.

This is the same Mab who braids the manes of
horses in the night and tangles hair into filthy
matted knots, which, once undone, are said to
bring bad luck.

This is the hag who, when girls lie on their
backs, presses down on them and teaches them
to bear weight, turning them into women who
can carry a man well.

This is she —

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.

You're talking about nothing.

True — I'm talking about dreams, which are the
children of an idle mind, born from nothing but
empty fantasy — as thin and insubstantial as air,
and even more changeable than the wind, which
one moment courts the frozen north, and then,
angered, blows away from it entirely, turning
instead toward 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, clos'd in my breast

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But he that hath the steerage of my course

Direct my suit.

On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO

Strike, drum.

Exeunt.

This wind you're talking about is blowing us off course.

Supper's over, and we're going to be late.

I'm afraid we're too early instead — my mind senses some consequence still hanging among the stars, ready to begin its terrible course with tonight's festivities, and to end, somewhere in my chest, a life I've grown to despise, through some awful, untimely death.

But whoever steers the course of my life, guide my ship.

Onward, my merry friends!

Strike up the drum.

Act 1, Scene 5

A HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

At the Capulet ball, Romeo spots Juliet across the room and is instantly smitten, while Tybalt recognizes his voice and is only barely talked out of attacking him by Capulet, who insists Romeo be left in peace as a guest; Romeo and Juliet meet, share a flirtatious sonnet and a kiss, then each separately learns from the Nurse that the other belongs to the enemy family.

Original

Translation

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants

FIRST SERVANT

Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?

Where's Potpan? Why isn't he helping clear the tables?

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
unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

FIRST SERVANT

Away with the join-stools, remove the court-
cupboard, 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.

Antony and Potpan!

SECOND SERVANT

Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVANT

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

SECOND SERVANT

We cannot be here and there too.

Cheerly, boys.
Be brisk awhile, and
the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

He's supposed to be moving platters, scraping
plates!

When all the manners of the house end up in
the hands of just one or two men, and
unwashed ones at that, it's disgusting.

Get rid of the folding stools, move the cupboard,
watch the silverware.

Hey, do me a favor and save me a piece of
marzipan, and if you care about me, tell the
doorman to let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.

Antony! Potpan!

Yeah, here, ready.

They're looking for you and calling for you,
asking for you and searching for you, in the
great hall.

We can't be in two places at once.

Come on, boys, look lively — whoever outlasts
the rest gets the leftovers.

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen, ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance?

She that makes dainty,
She I'll swear hath corns.

Am I come near ye
now?

Welcome, gentlemen!

I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis
gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen!

Come, musicians,
play.
A hall, a hall, give room!
And foot it, girls.

Music plays, and they dance.

CAPULET

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;

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies whose feet aren't
plagued with corns will get a turn dancing with
you.

Ha, my ladies, which of you will refuse to dance
now?

Whoever acts shy, I'd bet she has corns.

Am I getting close to the truth?

Welcome, gentlemen!

I remember the days when I wore a mask myself
and could whisper a pleasing little story into a
pretty lady's ear — but that's long gone, long
gone, long gone.

You're welcome here, gentlemen!

Come on, musicians, play!

Make room, make room!
And dance, girls.

More light, you lazy servants — and fold up the
tables, and put out the fire, the room's grown
too hot.

Ah, this unexpected fun comes at a good time.
No, sit, sit, good cousin Capulet, since you and I
are past our dancing days.

How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

CAPULET'S COUSIN

By'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we
mask'd.

CAPULET'S 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.

ROMEO

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

SERVANT

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

How long has it been since the two of us last
wore masks at a party?

Good lord, thirty years.

What, man, it hasn't been that long, it hasn't
been that long!

It's been since Lucentio's wedding — however
soon Pentecost comes around, it'll be about
twenty-five years, and that's when we last wore
masks.

It's been longer — it's been longer, sir! His son is
older than that — his son is thirty.

Are you going to tell me that?

His son was still a minor two years ago.

Who is that woman, the one gracing that
gentleman's hand over there?

I don't know, sir.

Oh, she teaches the torches how to burn bright!
She seems to hang upon the cheek of night like
a rich jewel in an African's ear — too precious
for everyday use, too fine for this world.
She stands out among her friends like a snow-
white dove among crows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now?

Forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy.

What, dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To flee and scorn at our solemnity?

Now by the stock and honour 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,

A bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

Once this dance ends, I'll watch where she
stands, and by touching her hand, bless my own
rough one.

Did my heart ever truly love before now?

My eyes, deny it — I never saw real beauty until
tonight.

By his voice, this should be a Montague.

Bring me my sword, boy.

What — does this lowlife dare come here,

hidden behind some ridiculous mask, to mock

and sneer at our celebration?

Now, by the honor of my family, I don't think it

would be any sin to strike him dead.

Why, what's this, nephew!

Why are you so worked up?

Uncle, this is a Montague, our enemy — a villain

who's come here out of spite, to mock our

celebration tonight.

Is it young Romeo?

That's him — that villain Romeo.

Calm down, gentle cousin, leave him be.

He carries himself like a proper gentleman, and

honestly, all Verona speaks well of him as a

virtuous and well-behaved young man.

I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will;
the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

He shall be 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!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to!

You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know
what.

You must contrary me!

Marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts!

I wouldn't insult him in my own house for all
the wealth in this town.

So be patient, pay him no mind — that's my
wish.

If you respect it, put on a pleasant face and drop
that scowl, which doesn't belong at a party like
this.

It belongs here when a villain like him is a guest
— I won't put up with him.

You will put up with him.

What, you little upstart — I said you will, that
settles it.

Am I the master here, or are you?

That settles it.

You won't put up with him!

God help my soul, you'll start a riot among my
guests!

You'll stir up trouble, act like you're in charge!

But, uncle, it's a disgrace.

Enough, enough!

You're a cheeky boy — is that how it is, really?

This little stunt might come back to bite you,
mark my words.

You will not defy me!

Well, it's about time someone put you in your
place.

Well said, my friends!

—You are a princex; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For
shame!

I'll make you quiet.

What, cheerly, my hearts.

TYBALT

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 bitter gall.

Exit.

To Juliet.

ROMEO

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.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

— You're an arrogant pup, go on.

Behave, or — more light, more light! — for
shame!

I'll make you behave.

Come on, cheer up, everyone!

Being forced to hold my temper while my anger
wants to explode makes my whole body shake
with the conflict.

I'll leave for now — but this intrusion, which
seems so sweet to them right now, will turn into
bitter poison later.

If my hand is too unworthy to touch this holy
shrine, then the gentle sin here is just this: my
lips, like two blushing pilgrims, are ready to
soothe that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Good pilgrim, you're too hard on your own
hand, which only shows proper devotion here —

since saints have hands too, and pilgrims may
touch them, and palm pressed to palm is a
pilgrim's way of kissing.

Don't saints have lips too, just like pilgrims do?

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Kissing her.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips?
O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

Yes, pilgrim — lips that they're meant to use only
for praying.

Oh, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do
— they're praying to you now too, so grant their
wish, or my faith turns to despair.

Saints don't move, even when they grant a
prayer.

Then don't move, while I collect the answer to
my prayer.
(He kisses her.) So now, by my lips, my sin is
cleared away.

Then my lips are left holding the sin they just
took from you.

Sin, from my lips?
What a sweetly charming accusation!
Give me my sin back, then.

You kiss like you've studied the technique.

Ma'am, your mother would like a word with you.

Who 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.

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.
Is it e'en so?

Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here!

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.

JULIET

Come hither, Nurse.

Well, young bachelor, her mother is the lady of
this house — a good lady, and a wise and
virtuous one.

I raised the daughter you were just talking to.
I'll tell you this — whoever manages to win her
will come into quite a fortune.

Is she a Capulet?

Oh, what a cost — my life is now in debt to my
enemy.

Come on, let's go — the party's at its peak, it's
the perfect time to leave.

Yes, I'm afraid you're right — that only makes
me more uneasy.

No, gentlemen, don't get ready to leave yet, we
have a little snack still coming.

Is that how it is, though?

Well then, I thank you all — thank you, good
gentlemen, good night.

More torches here!

Come on then, let's get to bed.

Ah, it's getting late, I swear — I'll head to rest
myself.

Come here, Nurse.

What is yond gentleman?

Who's that gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

He's the son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

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

Who's that one, heading out the door now?

NURSE

Marry, that I think be young Petruchio.

I believe that's young Petruchio.

JULIET

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

Who's that one following behind, the one who
wouldn't dance?

NURSE

I know not.

I don't know.

JULIET

Go ask his name.

Go find out his name.

If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

If he's already married, my grave is likely to
become my wedding bed.

NURSE

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

His name is Romeo — he's a Montague, the only
son of your family's biggest enemy.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

My only love, born from the only family I hate!
I saw him too soon without knowing him, and
now I know him too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

What a monstrous beginning for love, that I
have to love a man I'm supposed to despise.

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

What's that? What did you say?

JULIET

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

Just a little rhyme I learned just now from
someone I danced with.

One calls within, 'Juliet'.

NURSE

Anon, anon!

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Coming, coming!

Let's go — all the guests have left.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus

Exit.

Act 2 Prologue

PROLOGUE

Romeo has just fallen for Juliet at the Capulet party, dropping his old obsession with Rosaline instantly. The Chorus steps in to explain that both young lovers are now smitten but trapped by their feuding families, unable to court each other openly.

Original

Translation

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

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:

Romeo's old crush is dying out, and his new love
for Juliet is elbowing in to replace it.
Rosaline, the girl he used to sigh and nearly die
over, doesn't seem so beautiful anymore now
that she's up against Juliet.
Romeo is in love again, and this time it's mutual
— they're both struck by each other's looks.
But there's a catch: Romeo has to go courting
the daughter of the family that's supposed to be
his sworn enemy, and Juliet has to steal
moments of love away from a house that would
be terrified to allow it.

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,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

Because he's seen as an enemy, Romeo can't
just walk up and swear his love the normal way.
And Juliet is just as in love as he is, but has even
fewer chances to meet her new boyfriend
anywhere.

Still, their passion gives them the drive, and time
gives them the opportunity, to find each other
— mixing the danger of their situation with
intense sweetness.

Act 2, Scene 1

AN OPEN PLACE ADJOINING CAPULET'S GARDEN

Straight after leaving the Capulet party, Romeo can't bear to walk away from Juliet, so he doubles back and vaults the orchard wall into her family's garden. His friends Benvolio and Mercutio show up looking for him, unaware he's fallen for a new girl, and Mercutio mocks his old lovesickness for Rosaline before giving up the search.

Original

Translation

Enter Romeo

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

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

How can I keep walking away when my heart is
staying right here?

Turn around, my heavy body, and go find what
you're really drawn to.

Romeo! Cousin Romeo! Romeo!

He's got sense — I'd bet my life he's already
snuck home and gone to bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way, and leap'd 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 'Ah 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 trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

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

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering
thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him.

He ran this way and jumped this garden wall.
Call out for him, Mercutio.

No, I'll do him one better — I'll summon him
like a spirit.

Romeo! Moods! Madman! Passion! Lover-boy!
Show yourself, even just as a sigh in the air —
give me one rhyming couplet and I'll be happy.
Just cry "oh me!" — just say "love" and rhyme it
with "dove."

Say one nice word to my old friend Venus,
goddess of love, or come up with a good
nickname for her half-blind son Cupid, the one
who shot his arrow so perfectly when the
legendary King Cophetua fell for a beggar girl.
He's not listening, he's not stirring, he's not
moving an inch.

The little trickster's playing dead, so I've got to
properly summon him.

Romeo, I conjure you by Rosaline's bright eyes,
by her high forehead and her red lips, by her
pretty foot, her straight leg, her trembling thigh,
and everything nearby to all of that — show
yourself to us looking just like you always do.

If he hears you talking like that, you're going to
make him angry.

This won't make him angry.

'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, and, 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-arse 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.

What WOULD make him angry is if I summoned
some strange spirit into his girlfriend's, ahem,
"circle," and just left it standing there until she
had to deal with it and send it away herself —
now that would be crossing a line.

My little spell here is perfectly innocent — I'm
only using his mistress's name to try to raise
him up, nothing more.

Come on, he's hidden himself among these
trees to keep company with the moody night.
His love for her is blind, and blindness suits the
dark best.

If love is blind, it can't hit its target.

He's probably sitting under some fruit tree right
now, wishing his girl were the kind of fruit that
women joke about behind closed doors —
something crude, shaped a certain way.

Oh Romeo, I wish she were exactly that, and you
were the perfectly-matched fruit to go with her!
Romeo, good night — I'm off to my own bed.
This grass out here is too cold for me to sleep
on.

Come on, shall we go?

Let's go then — there's no point searching for
someone here who clearly doesn't want to be
found.

Act 2, Scene 2

CAPULET'S GARDEN

Romeo has just hopped the wall into Juliet's garden and overhears her at her window, unknowingly confessing her love for him aloud. He reveals himself, and the two spend the night declaring their feelings and, before dawn, agreeing to marry the very next day.

Original

Translation

Enter Romeo

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

It's easy to joke about scars when you've never actually been wounded.

Juliet appears above at a window

ROMEO

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

Wait, quiet — what light is that breaking through that window over there?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

That's the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon,

Rise up, beautiful sun, and outshine the jealous

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

moon, who's already sick and pale with envy

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

because you, her servant, are so much more beautiful than she is.

Be not her maid since she is envious;

Don't be her servant, since she's jealous of you

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

— her pale, sickly-green uniform is only worn by

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

fools anyway; throw it off.

It is my lady, O it is my love!

That's my lady — oh, that's the girl I love!

O, that she knew she were!

If only she knew it.

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

She's moving her lips, but I can't hear anything — so what?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

Her eyes are saying plenty, and I'll answer them.

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

I'm getting ahead of myself, though — she's not actually talking to me.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

It's as if two of the brightest stars in the whole

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

sky had somewhere else to be, and asked her

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

eyes to shine in their place until they got back.

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-puffing 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.

Aside.

ROMEO

What if her eyes really were up there, and the stars were in her face instead?

Her glowing cheeks would outshine those stars the way daylight outshines a candle.

Her eyes, if they were in the sky, would blaze so brightly across the heavens that birds would start singing, thinking night was over.

Look how she rests her cheek on her hand.

Oh, if only I were a glove on that hand, so I could touch that cheek.

Oh, poor me.

She's speaking!

Oh, speak again, radiant angel — because up there above me tonight, you light up the

darkness the way a winged angel would light up the sky for amazed mortals below, who tip their heads back and stare in wonder as the angel rides the slow-drifting clouds, sailing across the open air.

Oh Romeo, Romeo, why do you have to be Romeo?

Reject your father and give up your last name.

Or if you won't do that, just promise to love me, and I'll stop being a Capulet.

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

'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 thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in
night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:

Should I keep listening, or should I say
something now?

It's only your name that's my enemy.
You'd still be you even if you weren't a
Montague.

What even is a "Montague"?

It isn't a hand, or a foot, or an arm, or a face, or
any part at all that belongs to a person.

Couldn't you just have some other name?

What's in a name, anyway?

A rose would smell just as sweet no matter what
we called it.
In the same way, Romeo would still have all the
wonderful qualities he has even if he weren't
called "Romeo."

Romeo, give up your name — and since your
name isn't really even part of you, take my whole
self in exchange for it.

I'll hold you to that.

Just call me "love," and I'll consider myself given
a whole new name
from now on I'll never be Romeo again.

Who are you, hiding there in the dark, who just
happened to overhear my private thoughts?

I don't even know how to tell you who I am by
name

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 utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

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.

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.

my name, dear saint, has become hateful to me,
because it's your enemy.
If I had it written down anywhere, I'd tear the
word to pieces.

I haven't even heard you say a hundred words,
and yet I already recognize your voice.
Aren't you Romeo, and a Montague?

Neither one, beautiful girl, if you dislike either of
those things.

How did you get in here, tell me, and why?
The garden walls are high and hard to climb, and
given who you are, this place means death if any
of my relatives find you here.

Love gave me light wings to fly over these walls,
because stone barriers can't keep love out —
and whatever love is capable of doing, love is
bold enough to attempt.
So your relatives can't stop me.

If they see you, they'll kill you.

There's more danger in your eyes than in 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 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 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.

Just look at me kindly, and I'll be protected
against all their hatred.

I wouldn't want them to find you here for
anything in the world.

I have the cloak of night to hide me from their
sight, and honestly, unless you love me, they
might as well find me here.

I'd rather have my life ended by their hatred
than have my death only postponed by living
without your love.

Who told you how to find this place?

Love did — love was what first made me go
looking.

It gave me the advice, and I gave it my eyes to
see with.

I'm no sailor, but even if you were somewhere
on the farthest shore washed by the most
distant sea, I would sail out to find treasure as
precious as you.

You know night is hiding my face like a mask, or
else you'd see a blush color my cheeks over what
you heard me admit 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 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.

ROMEO

I'd love to be more proper about this, to take
back what I said — but forget playing games.

Do you love me?

I know you'll say yes, and I'll believe you.

But even if you swear it, you might turn out to
be lying

they say Jove himself just laughs at lovers who
break their promises.

Oh, sweet Romeo, if you really do love me, say it
honestly.

Or if you think I gave in too easily, I could frown
and act difficult and tell you no, just to make
you work for it

but otherwise, I wouldn't play hard to get for
anything in the world.

Honestly, handsome Montague, I like you too
much, so you might think I'm being reckless.

But trust me, I'll turn out to be more faithful
than girls who are skilled enough to play it cool.

I probably should have played harder to get, I
admit — except that you overheard my genuine
feelings before I even realized you were there.

So forgive me, and don't mistake this openness
for a lack of seriousness, just because the dark
night happened to reveal it.

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

JULIET

O swear not by the moon, th'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 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 flower when next we
meet.

My lady, I swear by that blessed moon up there,
the one silvering the tops of all these fruit trees
—

Oh, don't swear by the moon — the moon
changes shape every month, so don't swear by
something so unreliable, or your love might turn
out to be just as changeable.

What should I swear by, then?

Don't swear at all.
Or if you insist, swear by your own wonderful
self, since you're the one I practically worship,
and I'll believe you.

If the deep love in my heart—

Well, don't bother swearing at all.
Even though being with you makes me happy,
I'm not happy about this promise we're making
tonight

it's too rushed, too reckless, too sudden.
It's too much like lightning, which disappears
before you can even say "there's lightning."
Sweetheart, good night.

This little bud of love, given time to grow like a
flower in summer, might bloom into something
beautiful by the next time 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 tonight?

ROMEO

Th'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.
I hear some noise within.

Dear love, adieu.

Good night, good night.

I hope you get sleep as peaceful and sweet as
the peace I feel in my own heart right now.

Oh, are you really going to leave me hanging like
this?

What could possibly satisfy you tonight?

Trading your sincere promise of love for mine.

I gave you my promise before you even asked for
it — though I almost wish I still had it to give.

Would you take it back?

Why would you want to, love?

Only so I could generously give it to you all over
again.

Even though I already have exactly what I want.
My generosity is as endless as the sea, and my
love is just as deep
the more I give you, the more I have left,
because both are limitless.
I hear someone inside.

My love, goodbye for now.

Nurse calls within.

JULIET

Anon, good Nurse!

—Sweet Montague be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Within.] Madam

JULIET

I come, anon.

— But if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee,—

Within.] Madam

JULIET

By and by I come—

Coming, Nurse!

— Sweet Montague, stay faithful to me.

Wait just a little while, I'll come back.

Oh, blessed, blessed night.

I'm almost afraid that, since it's happening at
night, this is all just a dream — too flatteringly
perfect to actually be real.

Three more words, dear Romeo, and then I really
will say good night.

If your intentions toward me are honorable and
marriage is what you're aiming for, send me
word tomorrow — I'll arrange for someone to
come to you — telling me where and what time
you'll do the ceremony, and I'll lay all my fortune
at your feet and follow you as my husband
anywhere in the world.

I'm coming, right away!

— But if your intentions aren't good, I beg you—

I'm coming in just a moment!

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.

Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul,—

JULIET

A thousand times good night.

Exit.

ROMEO

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.

Retiring slowly.

Re-enter Juliet, above

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's name.

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name.

— please stop your pursuit and leave me to my
sorrow.

I'll send word tomorrow.

As I hope for my soul's happiness—

A thousand times, good night.

A thousand times worse for me, having to go
without your light.

Lovers hurry toward each other the way
schoolboys race away from their books, but
leaving a lover feels like trudging back to school
with a heavy heart.

Psst! Romeo, psst!

Oh, if only I had a falconer's call to lure this fine
hawk back to me.

Being kept indoors like this means I can't shout
out loud, or else I'd tear open the cave where the
echo lives and make it hoarser than my own
voice from repeating my Romeo's name over and
over.

That's my soul calling my name.

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

JULIET
Romeo.

ROMEO
My dear?

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

How sweet and clear lovers' voices sound at
night, like the gentlest music to ears that are
listening for them.

Romeo.

Yes, my dear?

What time tomorrow should I send someone to
you?

By nine o'clock.

I won't forget.
It feels like twenty years until then.
I've already forgotten why I called you back.

Then let me just stand here until you remember.

I'll keep forgetting on purpose, just to keep you
standing there, since I love your company so
much.

And I'll keep staying, so you'll keep forgetting —
forgetting that I have any home other than right
here.

'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.

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.

Exit.

ROMEO

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 Sire's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

Exit.

It's almost morning — I want you to go, but not
any farther than a pet bird kept on a string, the
kind a girl lets hop a little way from her hand like
a prisoner in loose chains, only to gently pull it
back again with a silk thread, loving it too much
to fully let it go free.

I wish I were that bird of yours.

Sweetheart, so would I — though I'd probably
love you to death with how much I'd fuss over
you.

Good night, good night.

Saying goodbye is such sweet sorrow that I
could keep saying good night until it's morning.

May sleep rest on your eyes, and peace in your
heart.

I wish I myself were sleep and peace, so I could
rest so sweetly with you.

Now I'll head off to my spiritual father's cell, to
ask for his help and tell him about my wonderful
luck.

Act 2, Scene 3

FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL

At dawn, Friar Lawrence is out gathering herbs and reflecting on how the same plants can heal or poison depending on how they're used. Romeo arrives, still glowing from the balcony scene, and stuns the Friar by asking him to marry him to Juliet that very day — after having sworn undying love for Rosaline only yesterday.

Original

Translation

Enter Friar Lawrence with a basket

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by 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 upfill 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.

The grey-eyed dawn is smiling on the scowling
night, streaking the eastern clouds with light;
and the mottled darkness staggers off like a
drunk, clearing out of the sun's path as it rises.

Now, before the sun lifts its burning eye to
warm the day and dry up the night's damp dew,
I need to fill this woven basket of ours with
harmful weeds and flowers rich with valuable
juice.

The earth, which is nature's mother, is also
nature's grave — what serves as her burial
ground also serves as her womb.
And out of that womb come all sorts of different
children, which we find nursing at her natural
breast.
Many plants are excellent for many different
healing purposes; none are good for nothing,
and yet every single one is different.
Oh, there's tremendous power hidden in plants,
herbs, stones, and their true properties.

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.

Enter Romeo

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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, 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.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

There's nothing on this earth so lowly that it
doesn't offer the earth some special benefit —
and nothing so beneficial that, misused, it can't
turn harmful and stray from its proper purpose
into abuse.

Good qualities themselves can become vices
when misapplied, and sometimes vice is
dignified by how it's used.

Inside the young skin of this fragile flower lives
both poison and healing power.

Smelled, it lifts every part of the body with its
scent; tasted, it stops the heart and kills every
sense.

This same conflict — two opposing forces
camped together — exists in people just as it
does in plants: goodness and destructive
impulse.

And wherever the worse of the two gains the
upper hand, the rot of death soon consumes
that living thing.

Good morning, Father.

Bless you!

Who's greeting me so kindly this early?
Young man, it must mean something's troubling
your mind, to be up and saying good morning
before you've even gone to 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 distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

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.

Worry keeps watch in every old man's eyes, and
wherever worry lives, sleep never settles.

But where untroubled youth with an
uncluttered mind lays its body down, peaceful
sleep rules.

So your being up this early tells me you've been
roused by some kind of trouble — or, if that's
not it, then I've guessed right: our Romeo hasn't
been to bed at all tonight.

That last guess is right — but I had something
sweeter than rest.

God forgive whatever sin that means.

Were you with Rosaline?

With Rosaline, Father? No.

I've forgotten that name, and all the misery that
came with it.

That's my good boy.

But where have you been, then?

I'll tell you before you have to ask twice.

I've been feasting with my enemy's family,
where suddenly someone wounded me — and I
wounded her right back, the same way.

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 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 today.

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 wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

The cure for both of our wounds depends on
your help and your holy authority.

I hold no hatred, holy man — in fact, my plea
will help my so-called enemy just as much as it
helps me.

Speak plainly and simply about what you mean,
my son.

A confession full of riddles only gets a riddling
absolution in return.

Then plainly: my heart's deepest love now
belongs to the beautiful daughter of wealthy
Capulet.

And just as my heart belongs to her, her heart
belongs to me — everything between us is
already settled, except for the one thing only you
can settle: joining us in holy marriage.

When, where, and how we met, courted, and
exchanged our vows, I'll tell you as we walk.

But here's what I'm asking: please agree to
marry us today.

Holy Saint Francis, what a turnaround!

Have you really given up on Rosaline already, the
girl you loved so dearly?

Then young men's love must live not in their
hearts at all, but only in their eyes.

Good heavens, how many tears soaked your pale
cheeks over 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 yet ring 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 ere 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.

ROMEO

Thou chidd'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.

And all that salt water wasted, seasoning a love
you never even got to taste.

The sun hasn't even finished clearing your old
sighs from the sky yet, and your old groans are
still ringing in my old ears.

Look — right here on your cheek is the stain of
an old tear that hasn't even dried yet.

If you were ever truly yourself, and those
sorrows were genuinely yours, then you and
your grief belonged entirely to Rosaline.

And now you've simply changed?

Then let this be the verdict: women can hardly
be blamed for being fickle, when men have no
more strength of resolve than this.

You scolded me plenty of times for loving
Rosaline.

For obsessing over her, not for loving her, my
student.

And you told me to bury my love.

Not to bury one love in order to dig up another
to take its place.

Please don't scold me — the girl I love now
returns kindness for kindness and love for love.

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' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO

O let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

The other one never did that.

Oh, she knew perfectly well that your love was all recited from memory, without any real understanding behind it.

But come now, you inconsistent young man, come with me — for one specific reason, I'll help you with this.

This marriage might turn out to be a happy thing, one that could turn the bitter feud between your two families into genuine love.

Oh, let's go — I'm in a sudden hurry.

Wisely, and slowly — those who run too fast trip and fall.

Act 2, Scene 4

A STREET

The morning after the balcony scene, Benvolio and Mercutio wonder where Romeo has been all night, not knowing about Juliet, while also worrying that Tybalt has sent Romeo a formal duel challenge over the party crashing. Romeo shows up newly lovestruck and trades rapid-fire jokes with Mercutio, then Juliet's Nurse arrives to arrange the secret wedding at Friar Lawrence's cell that afternoon.

Original

Translation

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Where the hell could this Romeo be?

Came he
not home tonight?

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

Didn't he come home last night?

Not to his father's house — I talked to his
servant.

It's that same pale, cold-hearted girl, Rosaline —
she's tormenting him so badly he's bound to go
crazy.

Tybalt, old Capulet's relative, has sent a letter to
Romeo's father's house.

A duel challenge, I'd bet my life on it.

Romeo will answer it.

Anyone who can write can answer a letter.

No, I mean he'll answer the man who sent it —
showing he's bold enough to accept the
challenge.

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.

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 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, poor Romeo — he's already dead, stabbed
through by some pale girl's dark eyes, shot
through the ear by a love song, with the very
bullseye of his heart split down the middle by
blind little Cupid's arrow.

Is that really a man fit to face off against Tybalt?

Why, what's so special about Tybalt?

He's more than just a swordfighting champion
— oh, he's a bold master of formal fencing
etiquette.

He fights the way you'd sing sheet music,
keeping perfect time, distance, and proportion.

He pauses on the beat, then — one, two — and
the third thrust lands right in your chest.

A true perfectionist who can duel over the
tiniest detail, like which silk button on your coat
he's going to slice off; a real fencer's fencer,
from the finest school of formal dueling, who
can cite you the exact technical justification for
any duel down to the fine print.

Ah,
the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the
hay.

BENVOLIO
The what?

MERCUTIO
The pox of such antic lispings, affecting
phantasies; 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,
grandsire, 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!

MERCUTIO
Without his roe, like a dried herring.

Oh, he's got all the fancy Italian fencing moves
down — the lunge, the backhand strike, the
killing thrust.

The what?

To hell with these ridiculous, affected show-offs
with their put-on accents and trendy jargon.

"By God, what a fine blade, what a tall fellow,
what a fine woman" — that's all they can say.

Isn't it pathetic, old man, that we're stuck
putting up with these strange little show-off
types, these fashion-obsessed "pardon me"-
saying dandies, who care so much about the
latest style that they can't even sit comfortably
on old-fashioned furniture anymore?

God, these people, I can't stand them!

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

Without his "Ro," like a dried-out fish with no
eggs left — just "meo," moaning and groaning.

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; 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?

MERCUTIO

Oh, look how lovesick has withered him down to
nothing!

Now he's ready to write sonnets like the poet
Petrarch.

Compared to his girl, Petrarch's beloved Laura is
just a kitchen maid — though admittedly Laura
had a better poet writing about her.

Next to Romeo's girl, legendary beauties like
Dido would look plain, Cleopatra like a common
gypsy, Helen and Hero like disgraced tramps,
and Thisbe barely worth a mention.

Signor Romeo, bonjour!

There's a fancy French greeting for your fancy
French trousers.

You gave us the slip quite nicely last night.

Good morning to you both.

What do you mean, I gave you the slip?

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.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Meaning, to curtsy.

MERCUTIO

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 flowered.

MERCUTIO

I mean you slipped away, sir — you gave us the
slip.

Can't you follow?

Pardon me, good Mercutio, but my business was
urgent, and in a situation like mine a man can be
forgiven for bending the rules of politeness.

Which is another way of saying that a situation
like yours forces a man to bend at the knees —
that is, to bow low.

You mean, to curtsy.

You've hit the nail right on the head.

A very polite way of putting it.

Well, I am the very peak of politeness itself.

"Pink," as in the flower, you mean.

Exactly.

Well then, my shoe must be nicely decorated
with flowers too.

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-soled jest, solely singular for the
singleness!

MERCUTIO

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, if thy 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.

Clever — now keep this joke going with me until
you've worn a hole clean through your shoe, so
that once the sole's completely gone, the joke
will still be the one thing left standing, all by
itself.

Oh, what a thin, worn-out joke — remarkable
only for being so utterly threadbare!

Step in between us, Benvolio — I'm running out
of wit.

Whip and spurs, whip and spurs — keep going,
or I'll declare myself the winner.

No, if you want to turn this into a wild-goose
chase of wit, I'm out
— because you've got more "goose" in just one
of your quips than I've got in all five of my
senses put together.

Did I get you good with that "goose" line?

You were never really with me on anything,
except when you were chasing that goose joke.

I'll bite your ear for that one.

ROMEO

Nay, good goose, bite not.

No, no, good goose — don't bite.

MERCUTIO

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

Your wit is like a bitter little apple — a real sharp sauce.

ROMEO

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

And isn't a sharp sauce exactly the right thing to serve with a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO

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

Oh, now here's wit as stretchy as soft kid leather — it goes from an inch wide to a mile wide.

ROMEO

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

I'll stretch it out further, just for that word "broad" — which, added to "goose," proves you're a broad goose through and through.

MERCUTIO

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?

Now isn't this better than moping around over love?

Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature.

Now you're good company, now you're the real Romeo, now you're yourself again — by wit as much 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.

That slobbering kind of love makes a man act like a total fool, running around with his tongue hanging out, desperate to stick his little toy in some hole.

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO

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 Peter

ROMEO

Here's goodly gear!
A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE

Peter!

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO

Stop right there, stop there.

You want me to cut my story off right when it was getting good — that goes against the grain.

Otherwise you'd have dragged that story out forever.

Oh, you're wrong there — I was going to keep it short. I'd already reached the whole point of my story and didn't intend to go on about it any longer anyway.

Now here's quite a sight!

A ship, a ship on the horizon!

Two ships, in fact — a man's shirt and a woman's slip.

Peter!

Coming.

Hand me my fan, Peter.

Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

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

Good idea, Peter — hide her face with it, since the fan is the prettier of the two.

God give you good morning, gentlemen.

God give you good afternoon, fair lady.

Is it already afternoon?

It's no earlier than that, I promise you — the naughty little hand of the sundial is right on the stroke of noon.

Shame on you!

What kind of man are you?

A man, madam, whom God made only to ruin himself.

Well said, honestly — "to ruin himself," he says?

Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I might find young 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 thou found?

MERCUTIO

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

I can tell you — but young Romeo will be a little
older by the time you've found him than he was
when you started looking.

I'm the youngest one with that name, seeing as
there isn't a worse option.

Well said.

Oh, is the worst option "well said"?

Nicely taken, honestly — very clever, very clever.

If you're the one, sir, I'd like a private word with
you.

She's going to invite him to some dinner.

A madam, a madam, a madam!

Tally-ho!

What have you found?

No game worth chasing, sir — unless you count
a stale, moldy old rabbit fit only for a fasting-
season pie, gone gray and past its prime before
it's even served.

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

MERCUTIO

Romeo, will you come to your father's?

We'll to
dinner thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

NURSE

I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this
that was so full of his
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

Romeo, will you come to your father's house?

We're heading there for dinner.

I'll follow along.

Farewell, old lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

Tell me, sir, who was that impudent fellow, so
full of his crude jokes?

A gentleman, Nurse, who loves the sound of his
own voice, and will say more in a single minute
than he'd actually stand behind in a whole
month.

And a speak 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 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

If he says anything against me, I'll put him in his
place, even if he were twice as tough as he is,
and twenty more like him.

And if I can't manage it myself, I'll find someone
who can.

Rotten scoundrel!

I am not one of his little floozies;

I am not one of his lowlife companions.

— And you just stood there and let every rascal
treat me however he pleased!

I didn't see any man treating you however he
pleased.

If I had, my weapon would have been out in a
flash.

I promise you, I'll draw my sword as fast as any
man, if I see good reason and the law's on my
side.

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 bade me say, I will keep to myself.

But first

let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in 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 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.

Now, honestly, I'm so upset that I'm shaking all over.

Rotten scoundrel.

Please, sir, a word with you: as I mentioned, my young lady sent me to find you; what exactly she told me to say, I'll keep to myself for now.

But first let me tell you — if you're planning to lead her on with false hopes, as people say, that would be a truly shameful thing to do, since the young lady is so young.

So if you were to be dishonest with her, that would be a terrible thing to do to any young woman, and very poor conduct indeed.

Nurse, give my regards to your lady and mistress. I swear to you—

Bless your heart, and I promise I'll tell her exactly that.

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
gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO

Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd and married.

Here is for thy pains.

NURSE

No truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO

Go to; I say you shall.

NURSE

This afternoon, sir?

Well, she shall be there.

ROMEO

And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey wall.

Lord, Lord, she'll be overjoyed.

What will you tell her, Nurse?

You're not even listening to me.

I'll tell her, sir, that you're making promises,
which I understand to be a very gentlemanly
offer.

Tell her to find some way to come to confession
this afternoon, and there, at Friar Lawrence's
cell, she'll be given confession and married.

Here's something for your trouble.

No, truly, sir — not a penny.

Come now, I insist you take it.

This afternoon, sir?

Well, she'll be there.

And wait, 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 'twas a
little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in
town, one Paris, that
would fain lay knife aboard;

Within the hour, my servant will meet you there
and bring you a rope ladder, which will carry me
up to the peak of my happiness tonight, under
cover of secrecy.

Farewell — be trustworthy, and I'll reward your
trouble.

Farewell; give my regards to your mistress.

Now, God in heaven bless you.

Listen, sir.

What is it, my dear Nurse?

Can your servant keep a secret?

Haven't you heard the saying — two people can
keep a secret, if you get rid of one of them?

I promise you, my servant is as trustworthy as
steel.

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady in the
world.

Lord, Lord!

When she was just a little chatterbox — oh,
there's a nobleman in town, a certain Paris,
who'd love to stake his claim on her.

but she, good soul,
had as lief 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?

ROMEO

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.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

But she, sweet girl, would rather look at a toad,
a genuine toad, than look at him.

I tease her sometimes and tell her Paris is the
more handsome man, but I promise you,
whenever I say that, she turns as pale as a rag in
the whole wide world.

Don't rosemary and Romeo both start with the
same letter?

Yes, Nurse, so what?

They both start with an R.

Oh, you're teasing me!

That's the letter that sounds like a dog growling.

R is for — no wait, I know it starts with some
other letter — and she's got the loveliest little
saying about you and rosemary together, it
would do your heart good to hear it.

Give my regards to your lady.

Yes, a thousand times over.

Peter!

Peter!

Exit Romeo.

PETER

Anon.

Coming.

NURSE

Before and apace.

Go on ahead, quickly.

Exeunt.

Act 2, Scene 5

CAPULET'S GARDEN

Juliet waits anxiously in the garden for the Nurse to return with news from Romeo about the wedding plans. When the Nurse finally arrives, she teases and stalls, complaining about her aches and pains before finally revealing that Romeo wants Juliet to meet him at Friar Lawrence's cell that afternoon to be married.

Original

Translation

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.

The clock struck nine when I sent the Nurse off;
she promised to be back in half an hour.

Maybe she couldn't find him

— no, that's not it.

Oh, she's just slow.

Love's heralds should be
thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's
beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Messages of love should travel like thoughts,
which move ten times faster than sunlight,
chasing shadows back over the hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd 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 till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and Peter

JULIET

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 look'st
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

That's why gentle doves pull Cupid's chariot,
and why Cupid himself has wings as fast as the
wind.

Right now the sun is at the very top of its daily
climb, and from nine to noon is three long hours
— yet still she hasn't come.

If she had any real feeling and young, warm
blood in her, she'd move as quickly as a tossed
ball — my words would send her flying straight
to my sweetheart, and his words flying straight
back to me.

But old people, so many of them, might as well
be dead already: slow, clumsy, heavy, and pale as
lead.

Oh thank God, here she comes.

Oh sweet Nurse, what's the news?

Did you find him?

Send your servant away first.

Peter, wait by the gate.

Now, good sweet Nurse — oh, Lord, why do you
look so upset?

Even if the news is bad, tell it to me cheerfully.
And if it's good news, you're ruining the
sweetness of it by delivering it with such a sour
face.

I am aweary, give me leave awhile;
Fie, how my bones ache!

What a jaunt have I
had!

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, is't good or bad?

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice;

I'm exhausted, give me a moment to rest.

Ugh, my bones ache!

What a trip I just had!

I wish you had my youthful bones and I had
your news right now.

Come on, please, speak — good, good Nurse,
speak.

Good heavens, what's the rush?

Can't you wait a moment?

Can't you see I'm out of breath?

How can you be out of breath, when you have
enough breath to tell me you're out of breath?

The excuse you're making for stalling is taking
longer than the actual news would.

Is your news good or bad?

Just answer that — say one word either way, and
I'll wait patiently for the rest of the details.

Just satisfy me on this: is it good or bad?

Well, you've made a foolish choice

you know

— you have no idea how to pick a man.

not how to choose a man.

Romeo?

Romeo?

No, not he.

Him?

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.

Well, even though his face is more handsome
than any other man's, and his legs beat everyone
else's, and as for his hands and feet and body —
though it's not really proper to discuss —
they're beyond comparison.

He is not the
flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle
as a lamb.

He's not exactly the very model of good
manners, but I'll swear he's as gentle as a lamb.

Go thy
ways, wench, serve God.

Go on about your business, girl, and say your
prayers.

What, have you dined
at home?

By the way, have you had lunch at home yet?

JULIET
No, no.

No, no.

But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage?

But I already knew all of that.
What does he say about our marriage?

What of that?

What about that?

NURSE
Lord, how my head aches!

Lord, how my head aches!

What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

What a headache I have!
It's pounding like it's about to split into twenty
pieces.

My back o' t'other side,—O 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?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

And my back, over on this side — oh, my back,
my back!

Curse you for sending me running all around
like this — I'll catch my death from all this
rushing back and forth.

Honestly, I'm sorry you're not feeling well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me — what does
my love say?

Your love speaks like an honest gentleman, and
a polite one, and a kind one, and a handsome
one, and — I'd swear — a virtuous one too.

Where is your mother?

Where's my mother?
Why, she's inside — where else would she be?

What a strange thing to answer with.
"Your love speaks like an honest gentleman...
where is your mother?"

Oh, good heavens, are you really so worked up?

Well, listen to you!
Is this the thanks I get for my aching bones — a
scolding?
From now on, run your own errands.

JULIET

Here's such a coil.

Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

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 the 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.

What a fuss over nothing.

Come on, what does Romeo say?

Have you gotten permission to go to confession today?

I have.

Then hurry off to Friar Lawrence's cell — there waits a husband ready to make you a wife.

Look at the color rushing to your cheeks now — they'll turn scarlet the moment there's any news at all.

Hurry off to church.

I have to go another way, to fetch a rope ladder that your love will use to climb up to your "bird's nest" once it's dark.

I'm the one doing all the grunt work, laboring away for your pleasure — but tonight, you're the one who'll be carrying the real weight.

Go on.

I'm off to dinner; hurry to the cell.

Off to my great fortune!

Farewell, honest Nurse.

Exeunt.

Act 2, Scene 6

FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL

Romeo waits at Friar Lawrence's cell for Juliet to arrive so they can be secretly married. The Friar warns Romeo against loving too intensely and too fast, right before Juliet enters and the two lovers exchange rapturous vows, and the Friar leads them off to perform the wedding ceremony immediately.

Original

Translation

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

May the heavens smile so kindly on this sacred
act that we're never punished with sorrow for it
later.

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.

Amen, amen — but whatever sorrow might
come, it could never outweigh the joy I feel in
just one short minute of looking at her.
Just join our hands with your holy words, and
then let death, devourer of love, do whatever it
dares — it's enough for me that I get to 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.

Intense pleasures like this tend to come to
violent ends — they burn themselves out at their
very peak, like fire meeting gunpowder,
consumed the instant they touch.

The sweetest
honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;

Even the sweetest honey becomes sickening in
its own richness, and ruins your appetite for
more the moment you taste it.

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

So love in moderation — that's how lasting love
works.

Love that rushes in too fast arrives just as poorly
as love that's too slow.

Enter Juliet

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd 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 imagin'd happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

Conceit more rich in matter than in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.

They are but beggars that can count their worth;

Here comes the lady now.

Oh, such a light step will never wear down solid stone.

A person in love could practically walk on spider-

silk drifting lazily in the summer air and never

fall — that's how weightless infatuation is.

Good evening to my spiritual confessor.

Romeo will thank you, my daughter, on behalf of us both.

The same greeting back to him, or else his

thanks would be too generous a trade.

Ah, Juliet, if your joy is piled as high as mine, and

if you're better than I am at putting it into

words, then let your voice sweeten the air

around us, and let beautiful, musical language

describe the happiness we're both imagining

that we'll receive from each other through this

precious meeting.

A feeling that's richer in substance than in fancy

words shows off what it actually contains, not

just decoration.

Only beggars can count up exactly what they're 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.

— but my true love has grown so immense that I
can't even add up half of how much I have.

Come, come with me, and we'll get this done
quickly — because, if you'll excuse me, I won't
leave you two alone together until the church
has officially made you one.

Act 3, Scene 1

A PUBLIC PLACE

Romeo has just secretly married Juliet, which makes hot-tempered Tybalt — Juliet's cousin — his kinsman, though nobody in the street knows it. Tybalt has been looking to challenge Romeo for crashing the Capulets' party, and on this blazing afternoon Benvolio is nervous about a fight.

Original

Translation

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page and Servants

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl,

For now these hot days, is the mad blood
stirring.

MERCUTIO

Please, good Mercutio, let's go home.

The day is hot, the Capulets are out in the
streets, and if we run into them we won't escape
a fight.

On hot days like these, the mad blood starts
boiling.

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, an 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.

You're like one of those fellows who walks into a tavern, slaps his sword down on the table, and says, 'God grant I never need you!' — and by the time the second cup of wine kicks in, he's drawing it on the waiter for no reason at all.

Am I really like that?

Come on, come on — when you're in a mood, you've got as hot a temper as any man in Italy: as quickly provoked into a bad mood, and in a bad mood as quick to be provoked.

Provoked to what?

Well, if there were two like you, we'd soon have neither, because one would kill the other.

You?

Why, you'd pick a fight with a man for having one hair more or one hair less in his beard than you have.

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 an old
riband?

And yet thou wilt
tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

You'd quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, for
no reason except that you have hazel eyes.

What eye but yours would spot a quarrel in that?

Your head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
yolk, and yet it's been beaten as scrambled as an
egg from all your quarreling.

You picked a fight with a man for coughing in
the street because he woke your dog that was
sleeping in the sun.

Didn't you fall out with a tailor for wearing his
new jacket before Easter?

And with another man for tying his new shoes
with old laces?

And you're going to lecture me about quarreling!

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.

MERCUTIO

The fee simple!

O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good-den: 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

If I were as quick to quarrel as you are, anybody
could buy the complete rights to my life for the
price of an hour and a quarter of it — that's how
short it would be.

'The complete rights'!

Oh, what a simpleton!

I swear on my head, here come the Capulets.

I swear on my heel, I don't care.

Stay close behind me — I'm going to speak to
them.

Gentlemen, good evening. A word with one of
you.

Only one word with one of us?

Pair it with something else — make it a word and
a blow.

You'll find me ready enough for that, sir, if you
give me a reason.

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.

Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place,
And 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

Couldn't you find a reason yourself, without being given one?

Mercutio, you consort with Romeo.

'Consort'?

What, do you take us for a band of minstrels?

If you're going to make musicians of us, expect to hear nothing but harsh notes.

Here's my fiddle-bow — my sword — and it'll make you dance.

By God — 'consort'!

We're talking here in a public place, in front of everyone.

Either withdraw somewhere private and discuss your grievances calmly, or else leave.

Out here, all eyes are on us.

Men's eyes were made to look, so let them stare.

I won't budge to please any man, not I.

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.

Villain 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 injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst 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.

Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

I'll be hanged, sir, if he wears your servant's uniform.

But walk ahead of him to the dueling field and he'll 'follow' you, all right — in that sense your worship can call him your 'man.'

Romeo, the love I bear you can supply no better term than this: you are a villain.

Tybalt, the reason I have to love you excuses most of the rage that would normally answer a greeting like that.

I am no villain — so, farewell.

I can see you don't know who I am.

Boy, that doesn't excuse the injuries you've done me.

So turn around and draw your sword.

I swear I never injured you.

In fact I love you more than you can imagine, until you learn the reason for my love.

And so, good Capulet — a name I hold as dear as my own — be satisfied with that.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Oh, this calm, dishonorable, disgraceful
surrender!

Draws.

MERCUTIO

Alla stoccata carries it away

So a fancy Italian sword-thrust wins the day,
does it?

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you step aside with
me?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

What do you want with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives;

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives.

that I mean to
make bold withal, and, as you shall use me
hereafter, dry-beat the rest
of the eight.

I mean to help myself to that one, and
depending on how you treat me afterwards, beat
the other eight out of you too.

Will you pluck your sword out of
his pilcher by the ears?
Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it
be out.

Will you grab your sword by the ears and pull it
out of its scabbard?
Hurry, or mine will be about your ears before
yours is even out.

Drawing.] I am for you

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Gentle Mercutio, put your rapier away.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

Come on, sir — let's see that passado, your
fancy fencing thrust.

They 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!

Exeunt Tybalt with his Partizans.

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, 'tis enough.

Where is my page?

Go villain, fetch a surgeon.

Exit Page.

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church door, but 'tis
enough, 'twill serve.

Draw, Benvolio — let's beat down their
weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, stop this outrage!
Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince has expressly
forbidden this brawling in the streets of Verona.

Stop, Tybalt!

Good Mercutio!

I'm hurt.

A plague on both your houses.

I'm done for.

Is he gone — without taking a scratch?

What, are you hurt?

Yes, yes, a scratch, a scratch.

But believe me, it's enough.

Where's my page?

Go, boy, fetch a surgeon.

Courage, man. The wound can't be that bad.

No, it's not as deep as a well or as wide as a
church door, but it's enough — it'll do the job.

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.

Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a
cat, to scratch a man to
death.

A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights
by the book of
arithmetic!

—Why the devil came you between
us?

I was hurt under your
arm.

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!

Ask for me tomorrow, and you'll find me a grave
man.

I'm finished in this world, I guarantee it.

A plague on both your houses!

By God — that a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat could
scratch a man to death!

A braggart, a rogue, a villain who fights by the
arithmetic textbook!

Why the devil did you come between us?

I was stabbed under your arm.

I thought it was for the best.

Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I'll faint.

A plague on both your houses!
They've made worms' food of me.
I've got it, and got it good.
Your houses!

Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
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 soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This day's black fate on mo days doth depend;

This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Again in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.

This gentleman, the Prince's close kinsman, my
true friend, has taken his death-wound
defending me — and my reputation is stained by
Tybalt's insult; Tybalt, who has been my cousin
for all of an hour.

O sweet Juliet, your beauty has made me soft,
and melted the steel of my courage.

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit has soared up to the clouds,
scorning the earth far too soon.

This day's black fate hangs over the days still to
come.

This only begins the sorrow that other days must
end.

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Back in triumph, with Mercutio slain?
Then off to heaven with restraint and mercy —
let fire-eyed fury guide me now!
Now, Tybalt, take back that 'villain' you called
me just now, because Mercutio's soul is
hovering only a little way above our heads,
waiting for yours to keep him company.

Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight; Tybalt falls.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd.

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 Citizens

FIRST CITIZEN

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

Either you or I — or both of us — must go with him.

You wretched boy — you kept his company here,
and you'll keep it in the next world.

This will decide that.

Romeo, run, get out of here!
The citizens are up in arms and Tybalt's dead.
Don't stand there stunned.

The Prince will sentence you to death if you're
caught.

Go, get out of here, away!

Oh, I am fortune's fool!

Why are you still standing here?

Which way did he run — the man who killed
Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer — which way did he go?

That's Tybalt lying there.

FIRST CITIZEN

Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives and others

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 husband!

O, the blood is spill'd

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 urg'd withal

Your high displeasure.

Get up, sir, and come with me.

In the Prince's name, I order you to obey.

Where are the vile men who began this fight?

Noble Prince, I can reveal the whole unlucky
course of this fatal brawl.

There lies the man, killed by young Romeo, who
had killed your kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Tybalt, my nephew!

Oh, my brother's child!

O Prince!

O husband!

Oh, the blood of my dear kinsman is spilled!

Prince, if you are true to your word, then for
blood of ours, shed the blood of a Montague.

O nephew, nephew!

Benvolio, who began this bloody fight?

Tybalt, lying here dead, whom Romeo's hand
killed.

Romeo spoke to him courteously, asked him to
consider how trivial the quarrel was, and
reminded him besides how much it would
displease you.

All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt,
 deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
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 entertain'd 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 a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.

All of this — said gently, with a calm look and
knees humbly bowed — could not buy a truce
from Tybalt's ungovernable temper.

Deaf to peace, he lunged with his piercing blade
at brave Mercutio's chest.

Mercutio, just as hot, turned deadly point
against point and, with a soldier's contempt,
beat cold death aside with one hand and with
the other sent it back at Tybalt, whose skill
parried it.

Romeo shouted, 'Stop, friends! Friends, break it
up!' — and quicker than his tongue, his agile
arm knocked down their deadly blades and
rushed between them.

Under that arm, a spiteful thrust from Tybalt
took the life of bold Mercutio.

Then Tybalt fled — but before long he came back
to Romeo, who had only just conceived of
revenge, and they went at it like lightning.

Before I could draw my sword to part them,
strong Tybalt was killed,
and as he fell, Romeo turned and ran.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

He's a relative of the Montagues; affection
makes him lie — he isn't telling the truth.

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 friend;
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 proceeding,
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.

Some twenty of them fought in this black feud,
and all twenty together could only manage to kill
one man.

I demand justice, Prince, and you must give it.
Romeo killed Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

Romeo killed him, but he killed Mercutio.
So who now owes the price of Mercutio's dear
blood?

Not Romeo, Prince — he was Mercutio's friend.
His fault only finished what the law would have
ended anyway: the life of Tybalt.

And for that offense, we immediately exile him
from Verona.

I have a stake in your feuding now: my own
blood lies bleeding because of your crude
brawls.

But I'll punish you with so heavy a fine that you
will all regret the loss of my kinsman.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses; neither
tears nor prayers will buy off these offenses, so
don't bother with either.

Let Romeo leave at once, for if he is found here,
that hour will be his last.

Carry away this body, and await my decision.
Mercy only murders when it pardons those who
kill.

Act 3, Scene 2

A ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Juliet waits eagerly for nightfall and her wedding night with Romeo, but the Nurse arrives with news that Tybalt is dead and Romeo has killed him. Juliet swings between fury at Romeo and fierce loyalty to her new husband before learning the Prince has banished him rather than executed him.

Original

Translation

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 thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd 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,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow
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.

Gallop fast, you fiery-footed horses, toward the
sun's home in the west.

A driver like Phaethon would whip you there and
bring on cloudy night right away.

Spread your close curtain, night that makes love
possible, so that Romeo's watchers may shut
their eyes, and Romeo can leap into these arms
unnoticed and unspoken of.

Lovers can see well enough to perform their acts
of love by their own beauty — or, if love is blind,
it goes best with night.

Come, decorous night, you sober, black-robed
matron, and teach me how to lose a winning
game played for a pair of untouched virginities.

Cover the wild blood pounding in my cheeks
with your black cloak, until my unfamiliar
passion grows bold enough to think that true
love is simply modest behavior.

Come, night; come, Romeo — you are my
daylight within the night, for you will lie upon
night's wings whiter than fresh snow on a
raven's back.

Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd
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 possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd.

So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.

O, here comes my
Nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that
speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

JULIET

Now, Nurse, what news?

What hast thou there?
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down.

JULIET

Ay me, what news?

Come, gentle night, come loving, dark-browed
night, give me my Romeo; and when I die, take
him and cut him into little stars, and he'll make
the face of heaven so beautiful that the whole
world will fall in love with night and stop
worshipping the harsh sun.

Oh, I've bought the house of love but haven't
moved in yet; and though I am promised, I
haven't yet been enjoyed.

This day is as endless as the night before some
festival is to an impatient child who has new
clothes and isn't allowed to wear them yet.

Oh, here comes my Nurse, and she brings news
— and every tongue that speaks anything but
Romeo's name speaks the language of heaven.

Now, Nurse, what news?

What's that you're carrying — the ropes Romeo
told you to fetch?

Yes, yes, the ropes.

Oh no, 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 kill'd, he's dead.

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot.

O Romeo, Romeo.

Who ever would have thought it?

Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself?

Say thou but Ay,

And that bare vowel I shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not I if there be such an I;

Or those eyes shut that make thee answer Ay.

If he be slain, say Ay; or if not, No.

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

Why are you wringing your hands?

Oh, what a terrible day — he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We're ruined, my lady, we're ruined.

Alas the day, he's gone, he's been killed, he's
dead.

Can heaven really be so cruel?

Romeo can be, even if heaven can't.

Oh, Romeo, Romeo — who would ever have
thought it?

Romeo!

What devil are you, torturing me like this?

This kind of torture belongs howled in hell itself.

Has Romeo killed himself?

Just say 'yes,' and that one syllable will poison
me faster than the deadly stare of a mythical
serpent.

I stop being myself if there's such a 'yes' — or if
those eyes that would make you say it are shut
forever.

If he's dead, say yes; if not, say no.

A single word decides my happiness or my ruin.

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 bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood.

I swooned at the sight.

JULIET

O, break, my heart.

Poor bankrupt, 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 slaughter'd 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

I saw the wound — I saw it with my own eyes,
God have mercy — right here on his manly
chest.

A pitiful corpse, a bloody, pitiful corpse — pale,
pale as ashes, all smeared with blood, covered in
gore.

I fainted at the sight.

Oh, break, my heart

— you poor bankrupt thing, break all at once.

Eyes, go to prison; never look on freedom again.
Let this vile body return to the vile earth; let all
motion stop here, so you and Romeo can share
one heavy coffin.

Oh, Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

Oh, courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman — that
I should live to see you dead!

What storm is this, blowing from every direction
at once?

Is Romeo killed, and is Tybalt dead too?
My dearest cousin, and my even dearer
husband?

Then let the dreadful trumpet announce the end
of the world, for who is left living if those two
are gone?

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kill'd 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-feather'd raven, wolfish-ravens 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 perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man?
Give me some aqua vitae.

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo is banished —
Romeo, who killed him, has been banished.

Oh God!

Did Romeo's hand really spill Tybalt's blood?

It did, it did — alas the day, it did.

Oh, a serpent's heart hidden behind a flowering
face!

Did any dragon ever live in so beautiful a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, angel-faced fiend, dove-
feathered raven, wolf that preys like a starving
lamb!

The vile truth beneath the most heavenly
appearance!

The exact opposite of what you rightly seem to
be — a damned saint, an honorable villain!

Oh, nature, what were you doing in hell when
you housed a devil's spirit in the mortal paradise
of such sweet flesh?

Was any book containing such vile contents ever
so beautifully bound?

Oh, that deceit should live in such a magnificent
palace.

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men —
all liars, all oath-breakers, all worthless, all
frauds.

Ah, where's my servant?
Get me some brandy.

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make
me old.

Shame come to Romeo.

JULIET

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish!

He was not born to shame.

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that kill'd 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?

That villain cousin would have kill'd 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?

These griefs, these sorrows, these troubles are
making me old before my time.

Shame on Romeo.

Let your tongue blister for wishing such a thing!

He wasn't born for shame — shame is ashamed
to sit on his forehead, because that forehead is a
throne where honor could be crowned sole ruler
of the whole world.

Oh, what a beast I was to scold him!

Will you really speak well of the man who killed
your cousin?

Should I speak badly of the man who is my
husband?

Ah, my poor husband, whose tongue will speak
kindly of your name now that I, your wife of
three hours, have torn it to pieces?

But why, you villain, did you kill my cousin?

Because that villain cousin would have killed my
husband.

Go back, foolish tears, back to where you came
from — your sorrowful drops belong to grief,
and you're mistakenly offering them up to joy
instead.

My husband lives, the one Tybalt would have
killed, and Tybalt is dead, the one who would
have killed my husband.

All of this is comfort — so why am I crying?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's
death,
That murder'd 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 needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But with a rear-ward 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

Some word was spoken, worse than Tybalt's
death, that struck me down.

I'd like to forget it, but oh, it presses into my
memory the way guilty deeds press on a sinner's
mind.

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo is banished.
That word 'banished' — that one word
'banished' — has killed ten thousand Tybalts.

Tybalt's death alone would have been grief
enough, if it had ended there.

Or if bitter grief needs company and insists on
being ranked alongside other sorrows, why
didn't it follow, when she said Tybalt was dead,
that your father or your mother — or both —
had died too, which would have caused the
ordinary kind of mourning?

But trailing right behind Tybalt's death comes
'Romeo is banished' — to say that word is to kill
father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, and Juliet, all at
once, all dead.

'Romeo is banished' — there is no end, no limit,
no measure, no boundary to the death in that
word; no words can express that grief.

Where are my father and mother, Nurse?

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's body.

Do you want to go to them?

I'll take you there.

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
beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd.
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.

Let their tears wash his wounds.

Mine will still be falling long after theirs have
dried, weeping for Romeo's banishment.
Pick up those ropes.

Poor ropes, you've been cheated — both you
and I — because Romeo is exiled.

He meant you to be a road leading to my bed,
but instead I'll die a widowed virgin.
Come, ropes; come, Nurse — I'm going to my
wedding bed, and death, not Romeo, will take
my virginity.

Hurry to your room.
I'll find Romeo to comfort you

— I know exactly where he is.
Listen: your Romeo will be here tonight.
I'll go to him — he's hiding at Friar Lawrence's
cell.

Oh, find him — give this ring to my true knight,
and tell him to come and take his final farewell.

Act 3, Scene 3

FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL

Friar Lawrence tells Romeo that the Prince has banished him rather than executed him for killing Tybalt, but Romeo considers exile from Verona — and from Juliet — worse than death and nearly kills himself in despair. The Nurse arrives with news that Juliet is equally distraught, and the Friar sends Romeo to spend the night with Juliet before fleeing to Mantua at dawn.

Original

Translation

Enter Friar Lawrence

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.

Affliction is enanmour'd of thy parts
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo

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

ROMEO

Ha, banishment?

Romeo, come out. Come out, you frightened man.

Trouble has fallen in love with your good qualities, and you're married to disaster.

Father, what news?

What has the Prince decided?

What new sorrow is waiting to meet me that I don't know about yet?

My dear son is far too familiar with such bitter company.

I bring you news of the Prince's ruling.

What could the Prince's ruling be, short of the end of the world?

A gentler judgment came from his lips than that — not death of the body, but banishment of the body.

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 banish'd from the world,

And world's exile is death.

Then banished

Is death misterm'd.

Calling death banished,

Thou cutt'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 brush'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to

banishment.

This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy.

Be merciful — say death instead.

Exile looks far more terrifying than death, much more.

Don't say banishment.

You're banished from Verona from now on.

Be patient — the world is wide and open.

There's no world outside Verona's walls, only purgatory, torture, hell itself.

To be banished from here is to be banished from the world, and exile from the world is death.

So 'banished' is just death by another name.

By calling death 'banishment,' you're cutting off my head with a golden axe and smiling at the blow that kills me.

Oh, what a deadly sin, what rude ingratitude!

Our law calls your crime death, but the kind

Prince, taking your side, brushed the law aside

and turned that grim word 'death' into

'banishment.'

This is genuine mercy, and you don't even see it.

It's torture, 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.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly.

They are free men but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, 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 profess'd,
To mangle me with that word banished?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Heaven is here, wherever Juliet lives, and every
cat and dog and little mouse, every worthless
creature, lives here in heaven and gets to look at
her — but Romeo may not.

Carrion flies have more worth, more honor,
more standing than Romeo does.

They can land on the pure wonder of dear
Juliet's hand and steal an immortal blessing
from her lips — lips that, even in pure, virgin
modesty, still blush as though thinking their
own kisses were sinful.
But Romeo may not; he's banished.
Flies are allowed to do this while I must flee
from it.

They are free, but I am banished.
And you still say that exile isn't death?
Didn't you have some poison mixed, some sharp
knife, some quick means of death, however low,
rather than killing me with 'banished'?

Banished?
Oh, Friar, the damned use that word in hell —
it's followed by howling.
How can you have the heart, being a man of
God, a spiritual confessor, one who absolves
sins, and my professed friend, to tear me apart
with that word 'banished'?

Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,

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.

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.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O, then I see that mad men have no ears.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

You foolish, distraught man — listen to me for a
moment.

Oh, you're going to talk about banishment
again.

I'll give you armor to defend against that word
— philosophy, the sweet nourishment that
comes from hardship — to comfort you even
though you're banished.

Still banished?

Forget philosophy.

Unless philosophy can conjure up a Juliet, move
a whole town, or reverse a Prince's ruling, it's
useless — it accomplishes nothing. Say no
more.

Oh, now I see that madmen have no ears.

How could they, when wise men have no eyes?

Let me reason with you about your situation.

You can't speak about something you don't 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.

Knocking within.

FRIAR 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.

Knocking.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hark, how they knock!

—Who's there?

—Romeo,

arise,

Thou wilt be taken.

—Stay awhile.

—Stand up.

Knocking.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Run to my study.

—By-and-by.

If you were as young as I am, with Juliet as your
love, married only an hour, having just killed
Tybalt, in love the way I am, and banished the
way I am, then you might be able to speak —
then you might tear your hair out and fall to the
ground the way I'm doing now, measuring out
the length of your own unmade grave.

Get up, someone's knocking.

Good Romeo, hide yourself.

Not I — unless the breath of my heartsick
groans wraps me in mist and hides me from
anyone's eyes.

Listen how hard they're knocking!

Who's there?

Romeo, get up, you'll be caught.

Wait a moment.

Stand up.

Run to my study.

Just a moment!

—God's will,

Good Lord, what foolishness is this.

What simpleness is this.

—I come, I come.

I'm coming, I'm coming.

Knocking.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who knocks so hard?

Who's knocking so hard?

Whence come you, what's
your will?

Where have you come from, and what do you
want?

Within.

NURSE

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand
I come from Lady Juliet.

Let me in, and you'll hear my errand.
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Welcome then.

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse

NURSE

O holy Friar, O, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Oh holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar, where is my
lady's husband? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

There on the ground, drunk on his own tears.

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case.
Just in her case!

Oh, he's in exactly the same state as my mistress
— exactly the same!

O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament.

Oh, what a sad match of feeling!
A pitiful situation.

Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and
blubbering.
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

Nurse.

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet?

How is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she?

And how doth she?

And what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd 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

She lies just the same, sobbing and weeping,
weeping and sobbing.

Stand up, stand up — stand, if you're a man!
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you collapse into such deep
despair?

Nurse.

Ah, sir, ah sir — death comes to us all in the end.

Were you speaking of Juliet?

How is she?

Doesn't she think me a hardened murderer now,
having stained the innocence of our joy with
blood that's barely different from her own?

Where is she?

How is she doing?

And what does my secret wife say about our
ruined love?

Oh, she says nothing, sir, just weeps and weeps.
Then she falls on her bed, then jumps up again,
cries out for Tybalt, then cries out for Romeo,
and then falls down again.

As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd 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.

Drawing his sword.

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 amaz'd me.

By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
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 wouldst
lose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy
wit,

As if that name, fired from the deadly barrel of a
gun, murdered her — the same way that name's
cursed hand murdered her kinsman.

Oh, tell me, Friar, tell me, in what vile part of
this body does my name live?

Tell me, so I can tear out that hateful place.

Stop that reckless hand.

Are you a man? Your shape says you are, but
your tears are womanish, and your wild behavior
shows the senseless fury of an animal.

An unbecoming woman in the shape of a man,
and an ugly beast wearing the form of both!
You've astonished me.

By my holy vows, I thought your character was
better balanced than this.

Have you killed Tybalt?

Now will you kill yourself, and kill your wife too
— who lives only through you — by committing
this damned violence against yourself?

Why do you curse your birth, and heaven, and
earth, when birth and heaven and earth all meet
together in you at once, and you'd throw all
three away at once?

Shame, shame — you disgrace your good looks,
your love, and your intelligence.

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 valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd 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 afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

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 slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy.
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy
friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But like a misshapen and sullen wench,
Thou putt'st up 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.

Like a miser, you have plenty of all three, yet you
use none of them for their true purpose, the
purpose that should decorate your looks, your
love, your intelligence.

Your fine appearance is nothing but a wax figure
if it lacks a man's courage.

Your deeply sworn love is nothing but hollow
perjury if it kills the very love you vowed to
cherish.

Your intelligence, which should adorn both your
looks and your love, is twisted in how you use it
— like gunpowder in a careless soldier's flask,
set off by his own carelessness, and you're
blown apart by the very weapon meant to
defend you.

Come now, snap out of it, man.

Your Juliet is alive — the very woman for whose
sake you were ready to die just moments ago.
There you are lucky.

Tybalt would have killed you, but you killed
Tybalt instead — there you are lucky.

The law that threatened you with death has
become your friend and turned that sentence
into exile — there you are lucky.

A whole stack of blessings has landed on your
shoulders; happiness is courting you in her
finest clothes.

But like a spoiled, sullen girl, you're turning
away your own good fortune and your love.

Be careful, be careful — people who do that die
miserable.

Go, get to your love as was planned.

Climb up to her room, go comfort her.

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go before, Nurse.

Commend 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 stay'd here 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.

Exit.

ROMEO

How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

But make sure you don't linger until the night
watch is set, because then you won't be able to
get through to Mantua, where you'll live until we
can find the right time to announce your
marriage, reconcile your families, beg the
Prince's pardon, and call you back with twenty
hundred thousand times more joy than you left
with in grief.

Go ahead, Nurse.

Give my regards to your lady, and tell her to
hurry the whole household to bed, which their
heavy sorrow makes them ready to do anyway.
Romeo is coming.

Oh Lord, I could have stayed here all night
listening to such good advice.

Oh, what a wonderful thing wisdom is!

My lord, I'll tell my lady that you're coming.

Do that, and tell my love to get ready to scold
me.

Here, sir — a ring she asked me to give you, sir.
Hurry, make haste, it's getting very late.

How much better I feel now, thanks to this.

Go hence, good night, and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd 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.

Go on now, good night — and here is your whole situation in short: either leave before the night watch is set, or slip away in disguise at dawn.

Stay in Mantua.

I'll find your servant, and he'll keep you

informed from time to time of every good thing that happens here.

Give me your hand — it's late. Farewell, good night.

If a joy greater than any other weren't calling me away, it would grieve me terribly to leave you so quickly.

Farewell.

Act 3, Scene 4

A ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Capulet, grieving over Tybalt and unaware his daughter is secretly already married to Romeo, decides on the spot to marry Juliet to Paris and rushes the wedding to Thursday, just days away. This impulsive decision, made without consulting Juliet, sets up the crisis that will force her to fake her death.

Original

Translation

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and Paris

CAPULET

Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I.

Things have turned out so unluckily, sir, that we
haven't had time to speak with our daughter
about your proposal.

Look, she loved her cousin Tybalt dearly, and so
did I.

Well, we were born to die.

'Tis very late; she'll not come down tonight.

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no tune to woo.

Madam, good night.

Commend me to your
daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow;

Tonight she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love.

I think she will be rul'd

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,

Acquaint 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! Ha, ha!

Well, we were all born to die eventually.

It's very late — she won't come down tonight.

I promise you, if it weren't for your company, I

would have gone to bed an hour ago.

These sorrowful times don't leave room for
courting.

Madam, good night

— give my regards to your daughter.

I will, and I'll learn her feelings first thing
tomorrow morning.

Tonight she's shut herself away with her grief.

Sir Paris, I'll take a bold risk on my daughter's
behalf.

I think she'll do as I say in every respect — in
fact, I'm sure of it.

Wife, go to her before you go to bed.

Tell her about my son Paris's love,

and tell her, listen carefully, that next

Wednesday

— wait, what day is it today?

Monday, my lord.

Monday! Ha, ha!

Well, Wednesday is too soon,
A Thursday let it be;

a 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.

But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well, get you gone.

A Thursday be it then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord.

—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me, it is so very very late that we
May call it early by and by.

Good night.

Exeunt.

Well, Wednesday's too soon — let's make it
Thursday.

Tell her she'll be married to this noble earl on
Thursday.

Will you be ready?

Do you like this speed?

We won't make a big fuss about it — just a
friend or two, because, listen, since Tybalt was
killed so recently, people might think we didn't
care much about him, being our relative, if we
celebrated too much.

So we'll have about half a dozen friends, and
that will be that.

But what do you say to Thursday?

My lord, I wish Thursday were tomorrow.

Well, off you go then.

Thursday it is.

Go to Juliet before you go to bed, wife, and
prepare her for this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord.

Someone light my way to my room!

It's gotten so very, very late that we might as
well call it early morning already.

Good night.

Act 3, Scene 5

AN OPEN GALLERY TO JULIET'S CHAMBER, OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN

At dawn after their wedding night, Romeo and Juliet reluctantly part as he flees to Mantua to avoid execution for killing Tybalt. Juliet's mother then reveals that her father has arranged for her to marry Paris on Thursday, and when Juliet refuses, both parents turn on her in fury, leaving her to plot with the Nurse's cold advice to simply marry Paris instead.

Original

Translation

Enter Romeo and Juliet

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone?

It is not yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd 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

Will you leave already?

It's not close to daylight yet.

That was the nightingale you heard, not the lark,
piercing the fearful hollow of your ear.
She sings every night on that pomegranate tree
over there.

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

It was the lark, the herald of morning — not the
nightingale.

Look, love, at those hostile streaks of light lacing
the parting clouds in the east there.
Night's candles have burned out, and cheerful
day is standing on tiptoe on the misty
mountaintops.

I must leave and live, or stay and die.

That light isn't daylight, I know it, I do.

It's some meteor that the sun sends out to be
your torchbearer tonight and light your way to
Mantua.
So stay a while longer — you don't need to go
yet.

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
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 chang'd 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

NURSE

Madam.

Let me be caught, then, let me be put to death
— I'm content with that, if it's what you want.
I'll say that gray light isn't the morning's eye, it's
only the pale reflection of the moon's face.
And that isn't the lark whose notes echo so high
above our heads in the vaulted sky.
I want to stay far more than I want to go.
Come, death, and welcome —

Juliet wants it so.

How is it, my soul?

Let's talk.

It isn't day yet.

It is, it is!

Hurry, get away, go!

It's the lark singing so off-key, straining out
harsh, unpleasant notes.
Some say the lark sings beautiful melodies —
this one doesn't, since it's tearing us apart.
Some say the lark and the hateful toad traded
eyes.

Oh, now I wish they'd traded voices too, since
that voice is scaring us out of each other's arms,
hunting you away with a morning call to the day.
Oh, go now — it's getting lighter and lighter.

Lighter and lighter outside, darker and darker
our troubles.

My lady.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Exit.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell, one kiss, and I'll descend.

Descends.

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

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

O thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

Nurse?

Your mother is on her way to your room.

Day has broken — be careful, watch out.

Then, window, let the day in, and let my life go out.

Farewell, farewell — one kiss, and I'll climb down.

Are you really leaving so soon?

My love, my lord, my husband, my friend — I must hear from you every hour of every day, because in a single minute there are so many days' worth of longing.

Oh, by that count I'll be ancient before I see my Romeo again.

Farewell!

I won't miss any chance to send my love to you.

Oh, do you think we'll ever see each other again?

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 below.

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

Within.

LADY CAPULET
Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET
Who is't that calls?
Is it my lady mother?

I have no doubt of it — and all these troubles
will become sweet stories for us to tell in the
years to come.

Oh God!
I have a soul that senses disaster!
Now that you're down there, it seems to me I
see you as if you were dead at the bottom of a
tomb.
Either my eyes are failing me, or you look pale.

And believe me, love, you look the same to my
eyes.
Grief is draining the life from both of us.
Goodbye, goodbye.

Oh Fortune, Fortune!
Everyone calls you fickle.
If you really are fickle, what business do you
have with him, a man famous for faithfulness?
Be fickle, then, Fortune — because then, I hope,
you won't keep him long, but will send him back
to me.

Hello, daughter — are you awake?

Who's calling?
Is it my mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd 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 couldst, thou couldst 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 slaughter'd him.

Is she still up this late, or awake this early?
What unusual reason brings her here?

Well now, Juliet, what is it?

Madam, I'm not well.

Still weeping over your cousin's death?
What, will you wash him out of his grave with
tears?
And even if you could, you couldn't bring him
back to life.
So stop this — some grief shows how much you
loved him, but too much grief shows a lack of
good sense.

Let me still weep, though, for such a painful
loss.

That way you'll feel the loss all the more, but you
still won't have the friend you're weeping for.

Feeling the loss so deeply, I can't help but keep
weeping for my friend.

Well, girl, you're not crying so much over his
death as over the fact that the villain who killed
him is still alive.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain Romeo.

JULIET

Villain and he be many miles asunder.

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 banish'd runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

That same villain, Romeo.

That villain and 'he' are worlds apart to me.

God forgive him —

I do, with all my heart.

And yet no one grieves my heart the way he does.

That's because that murdering traitor is still alive.

Yes, madam — alive, and out of reach of these hands of mine.

I wish only I could avenge my cousin's death myself.

We'll get vengeance for it, don't worry.

So stop crying.

I'll send word to someone in Mantua, where that banished fugitive is living now, who will give him such an unusual dose of poison that he'll soon be keeping Tybalt company in the grave.

And then I hope you'll be satisfied.

Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
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 nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd 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, I 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 look'd not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

I truly will never be satisfied with Romeo until I
see him — dead — is how much my poor heart
grieves for a cousin.

Madam, if you could just find a man to carry a
poison, I would prepare it myself, so that
Romeo, upon receiving it, would soon fall into a
quiet sleep.

Oh, how my heart hates hearing his name
spoken and not being able to reach him, to take
out on his body the love I bore for my cousin, on
the man who killed him.

You find the means, and I'll find the man.

But now let me tell you some happy news, girl.

And joy is certainly welcome in such a difficult
time.

What is it, if I may ask?

Well, well — you have a devoted father, child,
one who, to lift you out of your sadness, has
arranged a sudden day of celebration that you
weren't expecting, and neither was I.

Madam, what a good time for it — what day is
that?

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 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 air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now?

A conduit, girl?

What, still in tears?

Evermore showering?

Well, my child, early next Thursday morning, the
gallant, young, noble gentleman Count Paris will
happily make you a joyful bride at Saint Peter's
Church.

By Saint Peter's Church, and by Saint Peter
himself, he will not make me a joyful bride there.
I'm amazed at this rush — that I'm expected to
marry before the man who's supposed to be my
husband has even come to court me.

Please tell my lord and father, madam, that I
won't marry yet — and when I do, I swear it will
be Romeo, whom you know I'm supposed to
hate, rather than Paris.

This is quite the news indeed.

Here comes your father — tell him yourself, and
see how he takes it from you.

When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew, but
when my brother's son 'set,' it poured down
rain outright.

How now —

a fountain, girl?

Still in tears?

Endlessly showering?

In one little body
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind.
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood, the winds, thy sighs,
Who raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.

How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave.

CAPULET

Soft.

Take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none?

Doth she not give us
thanks?
Is she not proud?
Doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.

In one small body you're imitating a ship, a sea,
and a storm all at once — your eyes, which I
might call the sea, keep rising and falling with
tears; your body is the ship sailing on this salty
flood; your sighs are the winds; and unless
there's a sudden calm, the raging of your tears
and sighs together will capsize your storm-
tossed little body.

How now, wife?
Have you told her our decision?

Yes, sir — but she wants none of it, she says,
with thanks.

I wish the fool were married to her own grave
instead.

Wait.

Explain that to me, explain that to me, wife.
What, she wants none of it?

Doesn't she thank us?

Isn't she proud,
doesn't she consider herself blessed, unworthy
as she is, that we've arranged for her to marry so
worthy a gentleman?

Not proud that you've done it, but thankful that
you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET

How now, how now, chopp'd logic?

What is
this?

Proud, and, I thank you, and I thank you not;
And yet not proud.

Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion!

Out, you
baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

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 a Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

I can never be proud of something I hate, but I
can be thankful even for hatred that was meant
as love.

Now, now, clever wordplay?

What's this — 'proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I
don't thank you,' and yet 'not proud'?

Listen here, my fine little madam: don't thank
me your thankings, and don't proud me your
prouds, but get your pretty joints ready for
Thursday to go with Paris to Saint Peter's
Church, or I'll drag you there myself on a hurdle.

Get out, you sickly little wretch!

Get out, you baggage!

You pale-faced thing!

For shame!

Have you lost your mind?

Good father, I beg you on my knees, hear me out
patiently, just for a moment.

Hang yourself, you disobedient little wretch!
I'll tell you what — get yourself to church on
Thursday, or never look me in the face again.

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, hilding.

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 ye good-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.

Don't speak, don't answer, don't say a word
back to me.

My hands are itching to strike you.

Wife, we hardly thought ourselves blessed that
God gave us only this one child — but now I see
this one is one too many, and that having her is
a curse.

Get away from her, you worthless girl.

God in heaven bless her.

You're wrong, my lord, to scold her like this.

And why is that, my lady wise-one?

Hold your tongue, good Mrs. Prudence — go
gossip with your friends.

I'm not saying anything treasonous.

Oh, good evening to you too!

Can't a person even speak?

Quiet, you babbling fool!

Save your wisdom for a gossip session over
drinks, because we don't need it here.

You're being too harsh.

CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad!
Day, night, hour, ride, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd, and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a
man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, 'I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.'
But, 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.

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

God's blood, this is driving me mad!

Day, night, hour, ride, work, play — alone or in
company — my constant concern has always
been to see her married well. And now, having
found a gentleman of noble birth, with fine
estates, young, well-connected, stuffed, as they
say, with honorable qualities, shaped exactly as
anyone would wish a man to be — and then to
have a pathetic, whining fool, a sniveling baby
doll, when her fortune is being handed to her,
answer 'I won't marry, I can't love, I'm too
young, please forgive me' — well, if you won't
marry, I'll forgive you, all right: go graze
wherever you like, you won't live under my roof.

Think about it, consider it carefully — I don't
make idle threats.

Thursday is close; put your hand on your heart
and think it over.

If you're my daughter, I'll give you to my friend
Paris. If you're not, then go hang, beg, starve,
die in the streets, for I swear on my soul I'll
never acknowledge you again, and nothing of
mine will ever do you any good.

Trust me on that, think it over — I won't go back
on my word.

Is there no pity sitting up in the clouds that can
see all the way down into the depths 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.

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.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise
stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself.

What say'st thou?

Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, Nurse.

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.

Oh, my sweet mother, don't cast me aside —
delay this marriage for a month, a week, or if you
won't, then make my wedding bed in that dark
tomb where Tybalt lies.

Don't speak to me — I won't say another word.

Do as you like, because I'm done with you.

Oh God!

Oh, Nurse, how can this be stopped?
My husband is alive on earth, and my marriage
vow is registered in heaven.

How can that vow return to earth unless my
husband sends it back to me from heaven by
leaving the earth himself?

Comfort me, give me advice.

Oh, how terrible that heaven should play such
tricks on someone as helpless as me.

What do you say?

Don't you have even one word of comfort?

Some comfort, Nurse.

Well, here it is: Romeo is banished, and it's a
safe bet that he'll never dare come back to
challenge anyone for you.

And if he does, it will have to be in secret.

So, given how things stand now, I think it's best
you marry the Count.

Oh, 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 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too,

Or 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 displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit.

JULIET

Ancient damnation!

O most wicked fiend!

Romeo's a dishrag next to him.

An eagle, madam, doesn't have as bright, as

sharp, as beautiful an eye as Paris has.

Curse my own heart, but I think you're lucky in

this second match, because it's better than your

first — or even if it weren't, your first husband is

as good as dead, since he's living far away and

you get no use out of him at all.

Are you speaking from your heart?

And from my soul too — or may they both be
cursed.

Amen.

What?

Well, you've comforted me tremendously.

Go inside, and tell my mother that, having upset

my father, I've gone to Friar Lawrence's cell to

make confession and be absolved.

Yes, I'll go — and this is a wise thing to do.

You wicked old fiend!

You wretched devil!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd 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.

Which is the greater sin — wishing me to break
my marriage vow this way, or slandering my
husband with the same tongue that has praised
him beyond comparison so many thousands of
times?

Get away from me, adviser.

From now on, you and my heart are separate.
I'll go to the Friar to find out what he can do.
If everything else fails, I still have the power to
end my own life.

Act 4, Scene 1

FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL

Romeo has been banished for killing Tybalt, and Juliet's parents — who don't know she is already secretly married to Romeo — have arranged for her to marry Count Paris on Thursday. Juliet comes to Friar Lawrence's cell desperate for a way out, and runs into Paris there making the wedding arrangements.

Original

Translation

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.

On Thursday, sir?

That's very little time.

Lord Capulet, who will be my father-in-law,

wants it that way, and I'm not inclined to slow
him down when he's in a hurry.

You say you don't know how the lady feels about
it.

Uneven is the course; I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd 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.

Aside.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

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.

That's an irregular way to proceed — I don't like it.

She's been weeping uncontrollably over Tybalt's death, so I've had little chance to talk to her about love — Venus doesn't smile in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father thinks it's dangerous to let her grief take such a hold on her, and in his wisdom he's rushing our marriage forward to stop this flood of tears.

Sorrow she broods on alone may be driven away by company.

Now you know the reason for the hurry.

(To himself) I wish I didn't know the reason it ought to be slowed down.

— Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

What a happy meeting, my lady — and my wife!

That may be true, sir, once I can actually be a wife.

That "may be" must be, my love, this coming Thursday.

Whatever must be, will be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That's a certain text.

That's one saying that's certainly true.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

Have you come to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

If I answered that, I'd be making my confession to you.

PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love me.

Don't deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

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

And you'll confess to him, I'm 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.

If I do, it will be worth more said behind your back than to your face.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Poor soul, your face has been badly ravaged by tears.

JULIET

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

The tears haven't won much of a victory there —
my face was plain enough before they attacked it.

PARIS

Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

You wrong your face worse with those words than the tears ever did.

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 slander'd 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 ye,

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

Exit.

JULIET

O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me,

past hope, past cure, 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.

It isn't slander, sir, if it's the truth — and what I
said, I said to my own face.

Your face is mine, and you have slandered it.

That may well be, since it doesn't belong to me.
— Holy father, are you free now, or should I
come back to you at evening mass?

I have time now, my troubled daughter.

— My lord, we must ask to have this time alone.

God forbid I should disturb your devotions!

Juliet, on Thursday morning I'll come early to
wake you.

Until then, goodbye — and keep this holy kiss.

Oh, shut the door — and once you have, come
weep with me.

This is past hope, past cure, past help!

Oh, Juliet, I already know your trouble — it
strains my mind past the limits of my wits.

I hear that on Thursday you must be married to
this Count, and that nothing can postpone it.

JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st 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 join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
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-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the empire, 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 dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Don't tell me you've heard about it, Friar, unless
you can also tell me how to prevent it.

If with all your wisdom you can offer no help,
then just call my decision a wise one, and with
this knife I'll take care of everything right now.
God joined my heart and Romeo's; you joined
our hands.

And before this hand, which you sealed to
Romeo's, becomes the signature on some other
contract, or my faithful heart treacherously
turns to another man, this knife will kill them
both.

So, out of your long years of experience, give me
some advice this moment — or watch: between
me and my desperate situation, this bloody
knife will sit as judge, settling the case that all
your age and skill couldn't bring to any
honorable resolution.

Don't take so long to speak.

I long for death, if what you have to say offers
no remedy.

Stop, daughter.

I see a kind of hope — but it demands an action
as desperate as the situation we're trying to
prevent.

If, rather than marry Count Paris, you truly have
the strength of will to kill yourself, then you'll
probably be willing to undergo something like
death to drive off this disgrace — since you're
prepared to face death itself to escape it.
And if you dare, I'll give you the remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are.

Chain me with roaring
bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd 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 unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold then.
Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris.

Wednesday is tomorrow;
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.

Oh, rather than marry Paris, tell me to leap from
the battlements of that tower over there, or to
walk down streets where thieves wait, or to hide
where snakes live.

Chain me up with roaring bears, or shut me at
night inside a charnel house, buried completely
under dead men's rattling bones, under stinking
shin-bones and yellow jawless skulls.

Or tell me to climb into a freshly dug grave and
hide with a dead man inside his burial shroud —
things that made me tremble just to hear
described — and I will do it without fear or
hesitation, to remain an unstained wife to my
sweet love.

Hold on, then.

Go home, act cheerful, and agree to marry Paris.

Tomorrow is Wednesday.
Tomorrow night, make sure you sleep alone —
don't let the Nurse stay with you in your room.
When you're in bed, take this vial and drink
down the distilled liquid inside it.
At once a cold, drowsy fluid will run through all
your veins; your pulse will stop its natural
rhythm and go still.

No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest,
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.

Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff and stark and cold appear like death.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
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 thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the 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;

No warmth, no breath will show that you're
alive. The roses in your lips and cheeks will fade
to pale ash, and the windows of your eyes will
fall shut, the way death closes out the daylight
of life.

Every part of your body, robbed of its power to
move, will turn stiff, rigid, and cold — exactly
like death.

You'll remain in this borrowed likeness of
shriveled death for forty-two hours, and then
wake up as if from a pleasant sleep.
Now — when the bridegroom comes in the
morning to rouse you from your bed, there you'll
be: dead.

Then, as the custom of our country is, you'll be
carried in your best clothes, uncovered on the
funeral bier, to the same ancient vault where all
the Capulet dead lie.

In the meantime, before you wake, my letters
will let Romeo know our plan.

He'll come here, and he and I will keep watch for
your waking, and that very night Romeo will
carry you away to Mantua.

That will free you from this looming disgrace —
as long as no fickle mood-swing or womanish
fear weakens your courage when it's time to act.

Give it to me, give it to me!

Oh, don't talk to me about fear!

Here, take it.

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.

Now off you go — be strong and successful in
this decision.

I'll send a friar quickly to Mantua with my letters
to your husband.

Love will give me strength, and strength will see
me through.

Farewell, dear father.

Act 4, Scene 2

HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Juliet now has Friar Lawrence's plan: pretend to consent, then fake her own death with a sleeping potion the night before the wedding. Here she returns home and acts the obedient daughter — and her delighted father moves the wedding up from Thursday to the very next morning, cutting the plan's timing dangerously short.

Original

Translation

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse and Servants

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.

Exit first Servant.

CAPULET

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SECOND SERVANT

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

CAPULET

Go invite every guest whose name is written on
this list.

And you — go hire me twenty skilled cooks.

You won't get any bad ones, sir, because I'll test
whether they can lick their fingers.

How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVANT

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers;

therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET

Go, begone.

Exit second Servant.

CAPULET

We shall be much unfurnish'd 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-will'd 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

How is that a test?

Well, sir, it's a bad cook who won't lick his own fingers.

So any cook who can't lick his fingers doesn't come home with me.

Go on, get moving.

We're going to be badly under-supplied for this occasion.

— What, has my daughter gone to see Friar Lawrence?

Yes, indeed she has.

Well, maybe he can do her some good.

She's a sulky, stubborn, self-willed little minx.

Look — here she comes back from confession, and she's smiling.

Well now, my headstrong girl. Where have you been gadding about?

Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests;

and am enjoin'd

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon.

Pardon, I beseech you.

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAPULET

Send for the County, go tell him of this.

I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET

I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell,
And gave him what becomed 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 tomorrow?

Somewhere I learned to repent the sin of
disobediently opposing you and your
commands.

Holy Friar Lawrence has directed me to kneel
down here and beg your pardon.

Forgive me, I beg you!

From now on, I will always let you rule me.

Send for the Count — go tell him about this.

I'll have this knot tied up tomorrow morning.

I met the young lord at Friar Lawrence's cell, and
I showed him as much affection as I properly
could without overstepping the bounds of
modesty.

Why, I'm glad to hear it.

This is good.

Stand up.

This is how things should be.

Let me see the Count — yes, exactly.

Go on, I say, and bring him here.

Before God, our whole city owes a great debt to
this reverend holy friar.

Nurse, will you come with me to my room and
help me choose the clothes and accessories you
think I'll need to be dressed in tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday.

There is time enough.

No — not until Thursday.

There's plenty of time.

CAPULET

Go, Nurse, go with her.

Go, Nurse, go with her.

We'll to church

tomorrow.

We're going to church tomorrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET

We shall be short in our provision,

'Tis now near night.

We'll run short on food and supplies — it's

nearly night already.

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 tonight, let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once.

Nonsense! I'll bustle around, and everything will

turn out fine, I promise you, wife.

You go to Juliet and help her get dressed up.

I won't go to bed tonight. Leave it to me

— for once I'll play the housewife.

What, ho!

— Hello there!

They are all forth:

well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against tomorrow.

— They've all gone out.

Well then, I'll walk over to Count Paris myself

and get him ready for tomorrow.

My heart is wondrous light

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

My heart feels wonderfully light now that my

wayward girl has come around.

Exeunt.

Act 4, Scene 3

JULIET'S CHAMBER

It is the night before the wedding to Paris, which has been moved up to tomorrow morning. Alone in her room with Friar Lawrence's potion, Juliet must actually drink it — knowing that if anything goes wrong she will either be married in the morning or wake up alone in the family tomb.

Original

Translation

Enter Juliet and Nurse

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best.

But, gentle Nurse,

I pray thee leave me to myself tonight;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Yes, those clothes are the best ones.

But, gentle Nurse, please leave me to myself

tonight, because I need many prayers to

persuade heaven to smile on my situation —

which, as you well know, is troubled and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho?

Need you my help?

Are you busy in here?

Do you need my help?

JULIET

No, madam;

we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.

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.

No, madam.

We've picked out everything we'll need for the ceremony tomorrow.

So please, let me be left alone now, and have the

Nurse sit up with you tonight, because I'm sure

your hands are completely full with all this

rushed business.

LADY CAPULET

Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Good night.

Get to bed and rest — you need it.

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 tomorrow morning?

No, No!

This shall forbid it.

Lie thou there.

Laying down her dagger.

JULIET

What if it be a poison, which the Friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

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!

Farewell!

God knows when we'll meet again.

There's a faint, cold fear tingling through my
veins that almost freezes the warmth of life out
of me.

I'll call them back to comfort me.

Nurse!

— No. What would she do here?

I have to act out my grim scene alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture doesn't work at all?

Would I be married tomorrow morning, then?

No, no

— this will prevent that.

Lie there.

But what if it's a poison the Friar has slyly given
me to make sure I die — in case this marriage
would dishonor him, since he already married
me to Romeo?

I'm afraid it might be.

And yet — no, surely not, because he has always
proved himself a holy man.

But what if, once I'm laid in the tomb, I wake up
before the time when Romeo comes to rescue
me?

That's a terrifying thought!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul 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 pack'd,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festered in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the
earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.

Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink!

I drink to

thee.

Won't I suffocate in the vault — that foul mouth
no wholesome air ever breathes into — and die
strangled there before my Romeo comes?

Or, if I do live, isn't it very likely that the horrible
idea of death and night, together with the terror
of the place — a vault, an ancient burial
chamber where the bones of all my dead
ancestors have been packed away for hundreds
of years; where bloody Tybalt, still fresh in the
ground, lies rotting in his shroud; where, people
say, at certain hours of the night the spirits
gather — oh no, isn't it likely that I, waking too
early, surrounded by disgusting smells and by
shrieks like the screams of mandrakes torn out
of the earth — sounds that drive living people
mad when they hear them —

Oh, if I wake, won't I lose my mind, hemmed in
by all these hideous terrors, and madly play with
my ancestors' bones, and tear the mangled
Tybalt out of his shroud?

And in that frenzy, won't I grab some great
ancestor's bone and, using it like a club, smash
out my own desperate brains?

Oh, look! I think I see my cousin's ghost,
hunting for Romeo — Romeo, who ran his body
through on the point of a rapier.

Stop, Tybalt, stop!

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo — here's the drink.

I drink to you.

Throws herself on the bed.

Act 4, Scene 4

HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

It is three in the morning on the wedding day, and the Capulet household has been up all night preparing the feast — no one knows that Juliet lies drugged upstairs. Paris is about to arrive with his musicians, so Capulet sends the Nurse to wake the bride.

Original

Translation

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices,
Nurse.

Here — take these keys, and go fetch more
spices, Nurse.

NURSE

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

In the pastry kitchen they're calling for dates
and quinces.

Enter Capulet

CAPULET

Come, stir, stir, stir!

Come on — move, move, move!

The second cock hath
crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;
Spare not for cost.

The rooster has crowed for the second time, the
curfew bell has rung: it's three o'clock.

NURSE

Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed;
faith, you'll be sick tomorrow
For this night's watching.

Go on, go, you meddling kitchen-husband — get
yourself to bed!
Honestly, you'll be sick tomorrow for staying up
all night.

CAPULET

No, not a whit.

What! I have watch'd 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

CAPULET

Now, fellow, what's there?

FIRST SERVANT

Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste.

Exit First Servant.

CAPULET

—Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

SECOND SERVANT

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

Exit.

No, not a bit.

Ha! I've stayed up all night before now for
smaller reasons, and never got sick.

Oh yes, you did your share of chasing women in
your day.

But I'll be watching to keep you from that kind
of night-watching now.

A jealous wife! A jealous wife!

Now, my man — what have you got there?

Things for the cook, sir — but what they are, I
don't know.

Hurry up, hurry up.

You there — fetch drier logs.

Call Peter; he'll show you where they are.

I've got a head on my shoulders that can hunt
down logs, sir, without ever troubling Peter
about it.

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.

I hear him near.

Play music.

CAPULET

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, Nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

CAPULET

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.

By the Mass, well said! A cheeky rascal, ha!
We'll make you the "logger-head."

— Good grief, it's daylight.

The Count will be here any moment with
musicians — that's what he said he'd do.

I can hear him coming already.

Nurse! Wife! Hello there! Nurse, I'm calling you!

Go wake Juliet — go get her dressed and looking
her best.

I'll go and chat with Paris.

Hurry now, move quickly, move quickly — the
bridegroom is already here.

Move quickly, I tell you.

Act 4, Scene 5

JULIET'S CHAMBER; JULIET ON THE BED

On the wedding morning, the Nurse comes to wake Juliet and finds her apparently dead — though the audience knows she has only drunk Friar Lawrence's sleeping potion. The wedding collapses into a funeral, and Friar Lawrence, the one person who knows the truth, steers the family toward laying her in the tomb, exactly as his plan requires.

Original

Translation

Enter Nurse

NURSE

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!

her, she.

Why, lamb, why, lady, fie, you slug-abed!

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?
What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down
again?
I must needs wake you.

Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas, alas!

Help, help!

My lady's dead!

Mistress! Hey, mistress! Juliet!

Fast asleep, I'll bet.

Come on, lamb! Come on, my lady! Shame on
you, you lazybones!

Come on, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Come
on, bride!

What — not a word?

Getting your money's worth of sleep now, are
you?

Then sleep for a whole week — because
tomorrow night, I promise you, Count Paris has
made up his mind that you won't be getting
much rest.

God forgive me — mercy on us, amen!

How soundly she's sleeping!
I really do have to wake her.

Madam, madam, madam!

Fine — let the Count catch you still in your bed;
he'll get you up in a hurry, believe me.

Won't you wake up?
What — dressed? In all your clothes? And lying
back down again?
I have to wake you.

Lady! Lady! Lady!
— Oh, no. Oh, no!

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, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Oh, curse the day that I was ever born!

Bring some brandy, quick!

My lord! My lady!

What's all this noise?

Oh, what a heartbreaking day!

What's the matter?

Look, look!

Oh, terrible day!

Oh no, oh no!

My child, my only life!

Wake up, look up, or I will die with you!

Help, help!

Call for help!

For shame — bring Juliet out here.

Her husband has arrived.

She's dead, deceased. She's dead — curse this day!

Curse this 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 woful 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 with Musicians

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 bride.

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

What!

Let me see her.

Oh, no — she's cold. Her blood has stopped
moving and her joints are stiff.

Life parted from these lips a long while ago.

Death lies on her like an out-of-season frost on
the sweetest flower in the whole field.

Oh, what a heartbreaking day!

Oh, what a time of grief!

Death, which took her away from me to make
me wail, now ties up my tongue and won't let
me speak.

Come — is the bride ready to go to church?

Ready to go, but never to come back.

— Oh, my son, on the night before your wedding
day, Death slept with your bride.

There she lies — a flower, just as she was,
deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law now; Death is my heir.

My daughter has married him.

I will die and leave him everything: life, property
— everything belongs to Death.

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

LADY CAPULET

Accurs'd, 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 catch'd 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

Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain.
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown.
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

CAPULET

Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd.
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child!
My soul, and not my child,
Dead art thou.

Have I longed so much to see this morning's
face, only for it to show me a sight like this?

Cursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
The most miserable hour that time ever
witnessed in the whole long labor of its
pilgrimage!

Just one — one poor, one loving child, just one
thing to rejoice in and take comfort from — and
cruel death has snatched her out of my sight.

Oh, misery!

Oh sorrowful, sorrowful, sorrowful day!
The most heartbreaking day, the most sorrowful
day that I ever, ever saw in my life!
Oh day, oh day, oh day — oh hateful day!
There was never so black a day as this one.
Oh sorrowful day, oh sorrowful day!

Cheated, divorced, wronged, spited, murdered!
Detestable Death, you have cheated me — cruel,
cruel Death, you have completely destroyed me!
O my love! O my life! Not my life anymore — my
love, in death!

Despised, tormented, hated, martyred, killed!
Merciless hour, why did you have to come now,
to murder — murder! — our celebration?
O child, O child!
My soul, and not just my child! You are dead

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 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd,

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
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,
And in 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:

— oh no, my child is dead, and with my child all
my joys lie buried.

Quiet, all of you — for shame!

The cure for this disaster does not lie in these
hysterics.

Heaven and you shared this lovely girl between
you; now heaven has all of her, and the girl is the
better for it.

You couldn't keep your part of her from death,
but heaven keeps its part alive eternally.

The most you ever wanted for her was to see her
raised up in the world — her advancement was
your idea of heaven.

So are you weeping now, when she has been
raised above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

Oh, with this kind of love you love your child so
badly that you go mad at seeing she is well off.

The woman who stays married a long time is not
the one who's married well; the best-married
woman is the one who dies married young.

Dry your tears, and pin your rosemary on this
beautiful body, and, as custom requires, carry
her to church in her finest clothes.

Tender human nature makes us all grieve, but
nature's tears are something reason smiles at.

Everything we prepared for a festival now
changes its purpose and serves a 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.

Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris and Friar.

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.'

our instruments become melancholy bells; our
wedding banquet becomes a sad burial feast;
our solemn hymns change into gloomy dirges;
our bridal flowers now decorate a buried corpse;
and everything is turned into its opposite.

Sir, go inside — and madam, go with him. You too, Sir Paris.

Everyone, prepare to follow this fair body to her grave.

The heavens are frowning down on you for some sin; don't provoke them further by crossing their supreme will.

Honestly, we might as well pack up our pipes and go.

Ah, good honest fellows, pack up, pack up — you can see for yourselves what a pitiful case this is.

Yes, by my word — and the case could certainly use some mending.

Musicians, oh, musicians! "Heart's Ease,"
"Heart's Ease" — oh, if you want me to go on
living, 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,

'tis 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 glee!

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.

Why "Heart's Ease"?

O musicians, because my own heart is playing

"My Heart Is Full of Woe."

Oh, play me some merry sad-song to comfort
me.

No sad songs from us.

This is no time to be playing.

You won't, then?

No.

Then I'll give it to you soundly.

What will you give us?

Not money, I promise you — a taunt.

I'll call you street minstrels.

Then I'll call you a serving-creature.

Then I'll lay the serving-creature's dagger across
your skull.

I won't put up with any of your quarter-notes

I will

carry no crotchets.

I'll re you, I'll fa you.

— I'll "re" you, I'll "fa" you.

Do you

Do you note what I'm saying?

note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN

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

If you "re" us and "fa" us, you're the one turning us into notes.

SECOND MUSICIAN

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

Please, put away your dagger and bring out your wit instead.

PETER

Then have at you with my wit.

Then have at you with my wit!

I will dry-beat you

with an iron wit, and
put up my iron dagger.

I'll thrash you black and blue with an iron wit,
and put away my iron dagger.

Answer me like men.

Answer me like men.

'When griping griefs the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound'—

PETER

Why 'silver sound'?

Why "silver sound"?

Why 'music with her silver

sound'?

Why "music with her silver sound"?

What do you say, Simon Catling?

What say you,

Simon Catling?

FIRST MUSICIAN

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Well, sir — because silver has a sweet sound.

PETER

Prates.

Nicely prattled!

What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

What do you say, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN

I say 'silver sound' because musicians sound for silver.

I say "silver sound" because musicians play their sounds for silver.

PETER

Prates too!

Prattled again!

What say you, James Soundpost?

What do you say, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN

Faith, I know not what to say.

Honestly, I don't know what to say.

PETER

O, I cry you mercy, you are the singer.

Oh, I beg your pardon — you're the singer.

I will say

I'll answer for you, then.

for you.

It is

'music with her silver sound' because musicians have no gold for sounding.

It's "music with her silver sound" because musicians never get gold for their playing.

'Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.'

Exit.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What a pestilent knave is this same!

What a pestilent rascal that fellow is!

SECOND MUSICIAN

Hang him, Jack.

Hang him, the joker.

Come, we'll in here, tarry for
the mourners, and stay
dinner.

Come on — we'll go in here, wait for the
mourners, and stay for dinner.

Exeunt.

Act 5, Scene 1

MANTUA. A STREET

Romeo is in exile in Mantua, cut off from Verona and waiting for word from Friar Lawrence. He doesn't know that Juliet has taken the Friar's sleeping potion and is only pretending to be dead — and the letter explaining the plan has never reached him.

Original

Translation

Enter Romeo

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think!—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

If I can trust the flattering promises of sleep, my
dreams predict that joyful news is on its way.
Love, the lord of my heart, sits lightly on his
throne, and all day long an unfamiliar spirit has
been lifting me off the ground with cheerful
thoughts.

I dreamed my lady came and found me dead — a
strange dream, that lets a dead man think! —
and she breathed such life into my lips with
kisses that I revived and became an emperor.

Ah me, how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

Enter Balthasar

ROMEO

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

Is it even so?

Then I defy you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging.

Get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses.

I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you sir, have patience.

Ah, how sweet must love itself be when I
actually have it, if just the shadows of love are
this rich with joy.

News from Verona!

What is it, Balthasar?

Aren't you bringing me letters from the Friar?

How is my lady?

Is my father well?

How is my Juliet?

I'll ask that one again — because nothing can be
wrong if she is well.

Then she is well, and nothing is wrong.

Her body sleeps in the Capulets' monument,

and her immortal soul lives with the angels.

I saw her laid to rest in her family's vault and
immediately rode here to tell you.

Oh, forgive me for bringing this terrible news —
but you yourself gave me the job of reporting to
you, sir.

Is it really true?

Then I defy you, stars!

You know where I'm staying.

Get me ink and paper, and hire post-horses.

I'm leaving here tonight.

I beg you, sir, be patient.

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceiv'd.

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.

ROMEO

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

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 he dwells,—which late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples,

meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;

You look pale and wild — like a man about to do
something reckless.

Nonsense — you're mistaken.

Leave me, and do what I told you to do.

You have no letters for me from the Friar?

No, my good lord.

It doesn't matter.

Get going, and hire those horses.

I'll be with you right away.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with you tonight.

Now — how to do it.

Oh, how quickly mischief slips into the thoughts
of desperate men!

I remember an apothecary — he lives

somewhere around here — whom I noticed

recently in ragged clothes, with heavy,

overhanging brows, sorting through medicinal
herbs.

He looked starved; grinding misery had worn

him down to the bone.

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, 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 scatter'd, 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.

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 discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY

In his shabby shop hung a tortoise shell, a
stuffed alligator, and other skins of ugly fishes;
and along his shelves a pathetic collection of
empty boxes, green clay pots, animal bladders,
musty seeds, leftover bits of twine, and stale
pressed rose petals lay thinly scattered, just to
make the place look stocked.
Seeing that poverty, I said to myself: if a man
ever needed poison — even though selling it in
Mantua means instant death — here lives one
miserable wretch who would sell it to him.
Oh, that thought ran ahead of my need, and
now this same needy man must sell it to me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
It's a holiday, so the beggar's shop is shut.
Hey there! Apothecary!

Who's calling so loudly?

Come here, man.

I can see you're poor.

Look — here are forty ducats.

Give me a dose of poison, fast-working stuff
that will spread itself through every vein, so that
the life-weary drinker drops dead, and the
breath is driven out of his body as violently as
ignited gunpowder bursts from the barrel of a
deadly cannon.

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 thine 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

My poverty, but not my will consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

APOTHECARY

Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off;
and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch 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 mayst
not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

I have deadly drugs like that, but Mantua's law is
death for any man who sells them.

You're this bare, this soaked in misery, and
you're still afraid to die?
Famine is in your cheeks; need and hardship are
starving in your eyes; contempt and beggary
hang off your back.
The world is not your friend, and neither is the
world's law.
The world offers no law that will make you rich
— so don't stay poor. Break the law, and take
this money.

My poverty consents, but my will does not.

I'm paying your poverty, not your will.

Put this in any liquid you like and drink it down.
Even if you had the strength of twenty men, it
would finish you instantly.

There's your gold — a worse poison to men's
souls, committing more murders in this
loathsome world than these poor mixtures
you're forbidden to sell.
It's I who am selling you poison; you've sold me
none.

Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

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

Exeunt.

Farewell. Buy food, and put some flesh on your
bones.

Come, medicine — not poison — come with me
to Juliet's grave, because that's where I must
use you.

Act 5, Scene 2

FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL

Friar Lawrence had sent Friar John to Mantua carrying the crucial letter that tells Romeo Juliet's death is fake — she has only taken a sleeping potion. Meanwhile Romeo, hearing only that Juliet is dead, has already bought poison and is riding for her tomb.

Original

Translation

Enter Friar John

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan Friar!

Brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence

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,

Holy Franciscan friar!

Brother, hello!

That must be Friar John's voice.

Welcome back from Mantua!

What does Romeo say?

Or, if he put his thoughts in writing, give me his
letter.

I went to find a barefoot brother of our order to
travel with me — he was here in the 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,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor 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.

Exit.

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 when I found him, the town's health
inspectors, suspecting we had both been in a
house where the infectious plague was raging,
sealed up the doors and wouldn't let us out.
So my journey to Mantua was stopped right
there.

Then who carried my letter to Romeo?

I couldn't send it — here it is, back again — and
I couldn't even find a messenger to return it to
you, they were so terrified of infection.

What miserable luck!

I swear by my holy order, that letter was no
trivial note — it carried instructions of vital
importance, and neglecting it may cause terrible
harm.

Friar John, go now: get me an iron crowbar and
bring it straight to my cell.

Brother, I'll go and bring it to you.

Now I must go to the monument alone.

Within three hours the fair Juliet will wake.
She will curse me bitterly that Romeo was never
told what has happened.

But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb.

But I'll write again to Mantua, and keep her here
at my cell until Romeo comes.
Poor living corpse — shut up in a dead man's
tomb!

Exit.

Act 5, Scene 3

A CHURCHYARD; IN IT A MONUMENT BELONGING TO THE CAPULETS

Everything has gone wrong: Romeo believes Juliet is truly dead and has arrived from Mantua with poison, since Friar Lawrence's letter explaining the faked death never reached him. Juliet lies drugged in the Capulet tomb and is due to wake at any moment — while Paris, her intended husband, has come to the churchyard to mourn her.

Original

Translation

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch

PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy.
Hence and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew tree 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 something approach.
Give me those flowers.
Do as I bid thee, go.

Aside.

PAGE

I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

Give me your torch, boy.
Go off and keep your distance.
No — put it out; I don't want to be seen.
Lie down flat under that yew tree over there and
press your ear to the hollow ground.
The soil in this churchyard is loose and soft from
all the grave-digging, so no foot can step here
without you hearing it.
When you do hear something coming, whistle to
me as a signal.
Give me those flowers.
Do as I tell you — go.

I'm almost afraid to stand here alone in the
churchyard — but I'll risk it.

Retires.

PARIS

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 distill'd by moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

The Page whistles.

PARIS

The boy gives warning something doth
approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way tonight,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

What, with a torch!
Muffle me, night, awhile.

Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch, mattock, &c

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 thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Sweet flower, I scatter flowers over your bridal
bed.

Oh, grief — your canopy is nothing but dust and
stones. Every night I'll water it with sweet
perfumed water or, if I have none, with tears
distilled from my moans.

The funeral rites I will keep for you are these:
every night I'll strew your grave with flowers,
and weep.

The boy is warning me — something's coming.

Whose cursed foot wanders this way tonight,
interrupting my mourning and the rites of true
love?

What — he's carrying a torch!
Night, hide me for a while.

Give me that pickaxe and the crowbar.

Here, take this letter — early tomorrow morning,
make sure you deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light.

On your life, I command you: whatever you hear
or see, stay well back and don't interrupt me in
what I'm doing.

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 further 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 you.

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship.

Take thou

that.

Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good
fellow.

BALTHASAR

For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

Retires

ROMEO

I'm climbing down into this bed of death partly
to look at my lady's face, but mainly to take a
precious ring from her dead finger — a ring I
need for an important purpose.

So go on, get out of here.

But if you get curious and come back to spy on
what else I intend to do, I swear by heaven I'll
tear you apart joint by joint and scatter this
hungry churchyard with your limbs.

This hour, and what I intend, are savage and
wild — fiercer and far more relentless than
starving tigers or the roaring sea.

I'll go, sir, and I won't trouble you.

That's how you'll show me friendship.

Here, take this money.

Live, and be prosperous — and farewell, good
fellow.

All the same, I'll hide somewhere near here.

His face frightens me, and I don't trust what he
means to do.

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

Breaking open the door of the monument.

ROMEO

And in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

PARIS

This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd 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.

Advances.

PARIS

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd 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.

You detestable gut, you womb of death, gorged
with the dearest morsel on earth — like this I
force your rotten jaws open,

and to spite you, I'll cram you with one more
body.

This is that banished, arrogant Montague — the
man who murdered my love's cousin, the grief
that supposedly killed the beautiful girl.

And now he's come here to commit some vile
outrage on the dead bodies.
I'll arrest him.

Stop your unholy work, vile Montague!

Can revenge be chased beyond death itself?
Condemned criminal, I'm placing you under
arrest.

Obey me and come along — because you must
die.

I must indeed — that's exactly why I came here.
Good, gentle young man, don't tempt a
desperate one.

Run away and leave me.

Think about these dead bodies — let them scare
you off.

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 arm'd against myself.

Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy conjuration,
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.

PARIS

O, I am slain! [_ Falls._]
If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Dies.

ROMEO

In faith, I will.
Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

I'm begging you, young man: don't put another
sin on my head by driving me to fury.

Oh, just go!
I swear by heaven I care more about you than
about myself, because I came here armed
against myself.

Don't stay — go, live — and afterward you can
say that a madman's mercy told you to run away.

I reject your warnings, and I'm arresting you
right here as a felon.

So you'll provoke me?
Then take this, boy!

Oh Lord, they're fighting!
I'll go call the watch.

Oh, I'm killed!
If you have any mercy, open the tomb and lay me
beside Juliet.

I honestly will.
Let me look at this face.
Mercutio's kinsman — the noble Count 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 lantern, slaught' red 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 interr'd.

Laying Paris in the monument.

ROMEO

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 suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.

Thou art not conquer'd.

What was it my servant said as we rode, when
my churning mind wasn't listening?

I think he told me Paris was supposed to marry
Juliet.

Didn't he say that?

Or did I dream it?

Or am I mad — hearing him speak of Juliet —
and only imagining he said it?

Oh, give me your hand, you whose name is
written next to mine in bitter misfortune's
book.

I'll bury you in a triumphant grave.

A grave?

Oh no — a lantern, slaughtered youth, a
chamber full of light: because Juliet lies here,
and her beauty turns this vault into a royal
banquet hall, glowing bright.

Dead man, lie there — laid to rest by a dead
man.

How often men are cheerful at the very point of
death!

The ones who nurse them call it the lightning
before death.

Oh, how can I call this a lightning?

My love! My wife! Death, which has sucked the
honey from your breath, has had no power yet
over your beauty.

You are 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 palace of dim night
Depart again.

Here, here will I remain
With worms that are 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.

Beauty's flag is still crimson in your lips and
your cheeks; death's pale flag has not advanced
there.

Tybalt — is that you lying there in your bloody
shroud?

Oh, what better favor can I do you than to use
the same hand that cut your youth in two to cut
down the man who was your enemy?
Forgive me, cousin.

Ah, dear Juliet, why are you still so beautiful?

Should I believe that bodiless Death is in love
with you — that the lean, hated monster keeps
you here in the dark to be his mistress?

For fear of exactly that, I'll stay with you forever,
and never again leave this palace of dim night.

Here — here I'll remain, with the worms that are
your chambermaids.

Oh, here I'll set up my everlasting rest, and
shake the yoke of hostile stars off this world-
weary flesh.

Eyes, look your last.

Arms, take your last embrace.

And lips — you doors of breath — seal with a
righteous kiss an eternal bargain with Death,
who takes everything.
Come, bitter guide; come, foul-tasting escort.

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
Here's to my love! [_Drinks._]

O true
apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.

Thus with a kiss I die.

Dies.

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar Lawrence, with a
lantern, crow, and spade*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Saint Francis be my speed.

How oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?

Who's
there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

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

You desperate pilot, run this seasick, weary ship
onto the crushing rocks at last.
Here's to my love!

Oh, honest apothecary — your drugs are fast.

And so, with a kiss, I die.

Saint Francis, speed me on my way.

How many times tonight have my old feet
stumbled over graves?

Who's there?

Who keeps company with the dead this late?

A friend, sir — and one who knows you well.

Bliss be upon you.

Tell me, my good friend, what torch is that over
there, wasting its light on grubs and eyeless
skulls?

As far as I can make out, it's burning inside the
Capulets' monument.

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 unlucky 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! [_Advances._]

It is, holy sir — and my master is in there,
someone you love.

Who is it?

Romeo.

How long has he been there?

A full half hour.

Come with me to the vault.

I don't dare, sir.

My master thinks I've gone away, and he

threatened me terribly — with death — if I

stayed to watch what he was doing.

Stay here, then — I'll go alone.

Fear is creeping over me.

Oh, I'm very afraid some evil, unlucky thing has
happened.

While I was sleeping under this yew tree here, I

dreamed that my master fought with another

man, and that my master killed him.

Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Enters the monument.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo!

O, pale!

Who else?

What, Paris too?

And steep'd in blood?

Ah what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

The lady stirs.

Juliet wakes and 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?

Noise within.

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.

Oh, no — what blood is this, staining the stone
entrance of this tomb?

Whose are these abandoned, bloody swords,
lying discolored in this place of peace?

Romeo!

Oh — so pale!

Who else?

What, Paris too?

And soaked in blood?

Ah, what a cruel hour is guilty of this
heartbreaking disaster!

— The lady is stirring.

Oh, comforting Friar! Where is my lord?

I remember perfectly well where I'm supposed
to be, and here I am.

Where is my Romeo?

I hear noise.

Lady, come out of that nest of death, contagion,
and unnatural sleep.

A power too great for us to oppose has wrecked
our plans.

Come — come away.

Your husband lies there dead against your
breast, 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.

JULIET

What's here?

A cup clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl.

Drink 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.

JULIET

Thy lips are warm!

Within.

FIRST WATCH

Lead, boy.

Which way?

JULIET

Come, I'll find you a place among a sisterhood of
holy nuns.

Don't stop to ask questions — the watch is
coming.

Come, go, good Juliet.
I don't dare stay any longer.

Go — get out of here, because I am not leaving.

What's this?

A cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, has ended his life before its time.
Oh, you miser!

You drank it all, and didn't leave one friendly
drop to help me follow you?

I'll kiss your lips.
Maybe some poison still clings to them —
enough to let me die by a medicine that restores
me to you.

Your lips are warm!

Lead on, boy.

Which way?

Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief.

O happy dagger.

Snatching Romeo's dagger.

JULIET

This is thy sheath. [_stabs herself_]

and let me die.

Falls on Romeo's body and dies.

Enter Watch with the Page of Paris

PAGE

This is the place.

There, where the torch doth
burn.

FIRST WATCH

The ground is bloody.

Search about the
churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Exeunt some of the Watch.

FIRST WATCH

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.

What — a noise?

Then I'll be quick.

Oh, happy dagger!

This is your sheath.

Rest there, and let me die.

This is the place

— there, where the torch is burning.

The ground is covered in blood.

Search all around the churchyard.

Some of you go — and arrest anyone you find.

What a pitiful sight!

Here lies the Count, murdered, and Juliet
bleeding — warm, and newly dead — though she
was buried here two days ago.
Go tell the Prince.
Run to the Capulets.

Raise up the Montagues,
some others search.

Exeunt others of the Watch.

FIRST WATCH

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 WATCH

Here's Romeo's man.

We found him in the
churchyard.

FIRST WATCH

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch with Friar Lawrence

THIRD WATCH

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 side.

FIRST WATCH

A great suspicion.

Stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and others

CAPULET

Wake up the Montagues.
The rest of you, keep searching.

We can see the ground where all these sorrows
lie, but the true ground of them — the real cause
— we can't discover without more evidence.

Here's Romeo's servant.

We found him in the churchyard.

Keep him under guard until the Prince arrives.

Here is a friar who trembles, sighs, and weeps.
We took this pickaxe and this spade from him as
he was coming from this side of the churchyard.

Very suspicious.

Hold the friar too.

What disaster is up so early that it calls me away
from my morning's rest?

What should it be that they so shriek 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 our ears?

FIRST WATCH

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

FIRST WATCH

Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd 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 hath mista'en, for lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it 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.

What can have happened, that people are
shrieking about it all over town?

Oh — the people in the street are crying
'Romeo,' some 'Juliet,' some 'Paris,' and they're
all running, shouting, toward our monument.

What is this fear that startles our ears?

Sovereign, here lies Count Paris, murdered; and
Romeo, dead; and Juliet — dead before — warm,
and newly killed.

Search, seek, and find out how this foul murder
came about.

Here is a friar, and dead Romeo's servant,
carrying tools fit for opening these dead men's
tombs.

Oh, heaven!

Oh, wife — look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger went astray — look, its sheath hangs
empty on Montague's back, and the blade has
sheathed itself, by terrible mistake, in my
daughter's breast.

Oh, this sight of death is like a bell, tolling my
old age toward the grave.

Enter Montague and others

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 tonight.
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

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 suspicion.

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.

Come, Montague. You are up early — to see your
son and heir brought down even earlier.

Alas, my liege, my wife died tonight — grief over
my son's exile stopped her breath.
What further sorrow is conspiring against my
old age?

Look, and you will see.

Oh, you ill-mannered boy!
What kind of manners is this — pushing ahead
of your father into the grave?

Seal up your cries of outrage for a while, until we
can clear up these mysteries and learn their
source, their origin, how all this truly came
about.

Then I myself will lead you in your grief, even if it
leads to death.

Until then, hold back, and let misfortune be the
slave of patience.

Bring forward the suspects.

I am the chief suspect — the least capable of
such a thing, yet the most suspected, since the
time and the place point against me in this
dreadful murder.

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

PRINCE

Then 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 stol'n marriage day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County Paris.

Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks, bid me devise some means
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.

And here I stand, both to accuse myself and to
clear myself — condemned by my own account,
and excused by it.

Then tell us at once what you know about this.

I will be brief, for what little breath I have left
won't last as long as a tedious story.
Romeo, lying dead there, was husband to that
Juliet, and she, lying dead there, was Romeo's
faithful wife.

I married them.
Their secret wedding day was the day Tybalt died
— and Tybalt's untimely death banished the
brand-new bridegroom from this city.

It was for Romeo, not for Tybalt, that Juliet
pined.

You, trying to lift that siege of grief from her,
engaged her to Count Paris and would have
married her to him by force.

Then she came to me, and with a wild look
begged me to devise some way to save her from
this second marriage — otherwise she would kill
herself right there in my cell.

So, guided by my training, I gave her a sleeping
potion, which worked exactly as I intended: it
gave her the appearance of death.

Meantime I writ to Romeo

That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd 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 ought in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, 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

Meanwhile I wrote to Romeo, telling him to
come here on this terrible night to help take her
out of her borrowed grave, since that was when
the potion's effect would wear off.

But the man carrying my letter, Friar John, was
held up by accident, and last night he returned
the letter to me.

So, all alone, at the exact hour she was due to
wake, I came to take her out of her family's
vault, meaning to hide her at my cell until I
could get word to Romeo.

But when I arrived, a few minutes before she
woke, here lay the noble Paris and the true
Romeo, dead before their time.

She woke, and I begged her to come out and
bear this act of heaven with patience.
But then a noise scared me out of the tomb, and
she, too desperate, refused to come with me —
and, it appears, did violence to herself.

That is everything I know.

Her Nurse was in on the marriage.

And if any part of this went wrong through my
fault, let my old life be sacrificed, a few hours
before its natural end, to the full harshness of
the law.

We have always known you to be a holy man.
Where's Romeo's servant?

What can he add to this?

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 threaten'd 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 rais'd the
watch?
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 lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies?

I brought my master the news of Juliet's death,
and he immediately rode at full speed from
Mantua to this very place, this very monument.
He ordered me to give this letter to his father
early in the morning, and as he went into the
vault he threatened me with death if I didn't
leave him there alone.

Give me the letter — I'll look at it.

Where is the Count's page, the one who called
the watch?
You, boy — what was your master doing in this
place?

He came with flowers to scatter over his lady's
grave, and he told me to keep my distance, so I
did.

Soon someone came with a light to open the
tomb, and before long my master drew his
sword on him — and then I ran away to call the
watch.

This letter confirms the Friar's account — the
course of their love, and the news of her death.
And here he writes that he bought poison from a
poor apothecary and came with it to this vault,
to die and lie with Juliet.
Where are 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 punish'd.

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 pardon'd, and some punished,
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt.

Capulet! Montague! See what a scourge has
been laid upon your hatred: heaven has found a
way to kill the things you loved most — using
love itself.

And I, for closing my eyes to your feuding, have
lost two kinsmen of my own.
Everyone is punished.

Oh, brother Montague, give me your hand.
This handclasp is my daughter's marriage
settlement — I can ask for nothing more.

But I can give you more.
I will raise a statue of her in pure gold, so that as
long as Verona is known by that name, no figure
will be valued as highly as that of true and
faithful Juliet.

Romeo's statue will lie just as richly beside his
lady's — the two of them, poor sacrifices to our
feud.

This morning brings a dark peace with it; the
sun, in sorrow, will not show his head.
Go now, to talk further about these sad events.
Some will be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe than this of
Juliet and her Romeo.

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