

# ROMEO and Juliet

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# Dramatis Personæ

ESCALUS — Prince of Verona

PARIS — a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince

MONTAGUE & CAPULET — Heads of two Houses at variance with each other  
Uncle to Capulet

ROMEO — son to Montague

MERCUTIO — Kinsman to the Prince, Friend to Romeo

BENVOLIO — Nephew to Montague, Friend to Romeo

TYBALT — Nephew to Lady Capulet

FRIAR LAURENCE — a Franciscan

FRIAR JOHN — of the same Order.

BALTHASAR — Servant to Romeo

SAMPSON, & GREGORY — Servants to Capulet

PETER — Servant to Juliet's Nurse

ABRAHAM — Servant to Montague

An Apothecary

Three Musicians

Page to Mercutio; Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer

LADY MONTAGUE — Wife to Montague

LADY CAPULET — Wife to Capulet

JULIET — Daughter to Capulet

Nurse to Juliet

Citizens of Verona; male and female Kinsfolk to both Houses;  
Masquers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants

Chorus

SCENE — Verona: Once (in the Fifth Act), at Mantua.

## Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. *Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, 4  
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 8  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove, 12  
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. [Exit.*

ROMEO  
*and*  
JULIET

ACT I



Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.  
Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.  
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a 28  
disgrace to them, if they bear it.  
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.  
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
Sam. [Aside to GREGORY.] Is the law of our side if I say ay? 32  
Gre. [Aside to SAMPSON.] No.  
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir;  
but I bite my thumb, sir.  
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?  
Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir. 36  
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.  
Abr. No better.  
Sam. Well, sir.  
Gre. [Aside to SAMPSON.] Say, 'better;' here comes one of my 40  
master's kinsmen.  
Sam. Yes, better, sir.  
Abr. You lie.  
Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.  
[They fight.]

Enter BENVOLIO. 44

Ben. Part, fools!  
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.  
[Beats down their swords.]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? 48  
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.  
Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,  
Or manage it to part these men with me.  
Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, 52  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.  
Have at thee, coward! [They fight.]

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*Enter several persons of both houses, who join the fray;  
then enter Citizens, with clubs and partisans.*

*Citizens.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! 56  
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!  
*Lady Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword? 60  
*Cap.* Mysword, I say! Old Montague is come,  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not; let me go. 64  
*Lady Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE with his Train.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, — 68  
Will they not hear? What ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands 72  
Throw your mis-temper'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, 76  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old, 80  
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: 84  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon  
To know our further pleasure in this case,

	To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.	88
	Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.	
	[ <i>Exeunt all but</i> MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.	
Mon.	Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?	
Ben.	Here were the servants of your adversary And yours close fighting ere I did approach:	92
	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,	96
	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,	100
	Till the prince came, who parted either part.	
Lady Mon.	O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.	
Ben.	Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made; but he was ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood: I, measuring his affections by my own, That most are busied when they're most alone, Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.	104
Mon.	Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs: But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest 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	112
		116
		120
		124



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Unless good counsel may the cause remove.  
*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause? 128  
*Mon.* I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
*Ben.* Have you importund him by any means?  
*Mon.* 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, 132  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know. 136  
*Ben.* See where he comes: so please you, step aside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. 140  
*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. 144  
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE and LADY.]

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.  
*Rom.* Is the day so young?  
*Ben.* But new struck nine. 148  
*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?  
*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?  
*Rom.* Not having that, which having, makes them short. 152  
*Ben.* In love?  
*Rom.* Out —  
*Ben.* Of love?  
*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love. 156  
*Ben.* Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.  
*Rom.* Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will. 160  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate! 164

	O any thing! of nothing first create.	
	O heavy lightness! serious vanity!	
	Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!	
	Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!	168
	Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!	
	This love feel I, that feel no love in this.	
	Dost thou not laugh?	
Ben.	No, coz, I rather weep.	172
Rom.	Good heart, at what?	
Ben.	At thy good heart's oppression.	
Rom.	Why, such is love's transgression.	
	Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,	176
	Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd	
	With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown	
	Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.	
	Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;	180
	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.	184
	Farewell, my coz. [ <i>Going.</i> ]	
Ben.	Soft, I will go along;	
	An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.	
Rom.	Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;	188
	This is not Romeo, he's some other where.	
Ben.	Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.	
Rom.	What! shall I groan and tell thee?	
Ben.	Groan! why, no;	192
	But sadly tell me who.	
Rom.	Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;	
	Ah! word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.	
	In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.	196
Ben.	I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.	
Rom.	A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.	
Ben.	A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.	
Rom.	Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit	200
	With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;	
	And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,	
	From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.	
	She will not stay the siege of loving terms,	204
	Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,	

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Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:  
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor  
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store. 208  
*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?  
*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;  
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity. 212  
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. 216  
*Ben.* Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.  
*Rom.* O! teach me how I should forget to think.  
*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes:  
Examine other beauties. 220  
*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more.  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows  
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair; 224  
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 228  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.  
*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act I. Scene II.

*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

Cap.	But Montague is bound as well as I, In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think, For men so old as we to keep the peace.	4
Par.	Of honourable reckoning are you both; And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long. But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?	8
Cap.	But saying o'er what I have said before: My child is yet a stranger in the world, She hath not seen the change of fourteen years; Let two more summers wither in their pride Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.	12
Par.	Younger than she are happy mothers made.	
Cap.	And too soon marr'd are those so early made. Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she, She is the hopeful lady of my earth: But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, My will to her consent is but a part; An she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice. This night I hold an old accustomed feast, Whereto I have invited many a guest Such as I love; and you, among the store, One more, most welcome, makes my number more. At my poor house look to behold this night Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light: Such comfort as do lusty young men feel When well-appareld 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.	16 20 24 28 32

Come, go with me. [*To Servant, giving him a paper.*] 36  
Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.  
[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]  
Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that 40  
the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with  
his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets;  
but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ,  
and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ.  
I must to the learned. In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

Ben. Tut! man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessend by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning; 44  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.  
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that. 48  
Ben. For what, I pray thee?  
Rom. For your broken shin.  
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?  
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is; 52  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented, and — Good den, good fellow.  
Serv. God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read?  
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 56  
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read  
any thing you see?  
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.  
Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry! [*Offering to go.*]  
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. 60  
*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and  
his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio,  
and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine  
uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia;  
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.  
A fair assembly: whither should they come?*

<i>Serv.</i>	Up.	
<i>Rom.</i>	Whither?	64
<i>Serv.</i>	To supper; to our house.	
<i>Rom.</i>	Whose house?	
<i>Serv.</i>	My master's.	
<i>Rom.</i>	Indeed, I should have asked you that before.	68
<i>Serv.</i>	Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	
<i>Ben.</i>	At this same ancient feast of Capulet's, Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st, With all the admired beauties of Verona: Go thither; and, with unattainted eye Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.	72
<i>Rom.</i>	When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires! And these, who often drown'd could never die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.	76
<i>Ben.</i>	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.	80
<i>Rom.</i>	I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [ <i>Exeunt.</i> ]	84
		88