



# ROMEO AND JULIET

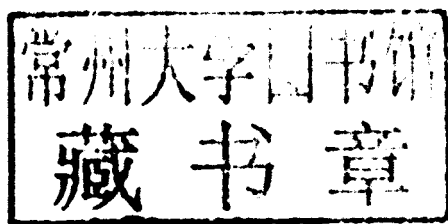
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

William Shakespeare



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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ESCALUS	Prince of Verona.
PARIS	a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE	} Heads of two Houses at variance with each other.
CAPULET	
ROMEO	son to Montague.
MERCUTIO	Kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO	Nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT	Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE	a Franciscans.
FRIAR JOHN	of the same order.
BALTHASAR	Servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON	} Servants to Capulet.
GREGOR	
PETER	Servant to Juliet's nurse.
ABRAHAM	Servant to Montague.
An Apothecary	
Three Musicians	
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.

## SCENE

Veron; Once (in the Fifth Act), at Mantua.



## PROLOGUE

*Enter Chorus.*

CHORUS . Two households, both alike in dignity,

    In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,

    Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

    A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;

Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows

    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,

    Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

*Exit.*

## ACT I

### SCENE I. Verona. A Public Place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.*

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

GREGORY. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON. I mean, as we be in choler, we'll draw.

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

SAMPSON. I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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 runnest away.

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

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

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

GREGORY. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

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

GREGORY. The heads of the maids?



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

GREGORY. They must take it in sense that feel it.

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

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

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.*

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

GREGORY. How! turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON. Fear me not.

GREGORY. No, marry; I fear thee!

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

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

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

ABRAHAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. [*Aside to GREGORY.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

GREGORY. [*Aside to SAMPSON.*] No.

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

GREGORY. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM. Quarrel sir! no, sir.

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

ABRAHAM. No better.

SAMPSON. Well, sir.

GREGORY. [*Aside to SAMPSON.*] Say 'better,' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON. Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM. You lie.

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

*They fight.*

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

BENVOLIO. Part, fools!

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

*Beats down their swords.*

*Enter TYBALT.*

TYBALT. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT. What! drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

*They fight.*

*Enter 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!

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 LADY MONTAGUE.*

MONTAGUE. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE with Attendants.*

PRINCE. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear? What ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your 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,  
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 further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.  
*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and*  
*BENVOLIO.*

MONTAGUE. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO. Here were the servants of your adversary

And yours close fighting ere I did approach:

I drew to part them; in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword 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 to-day?  
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 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.

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 furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from the 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.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

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.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

BENVOLIO. Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO. Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO. But new struck nine.

ROMEO. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

ROMEO. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO. In love?

ROMEO. Out—

BENVOLIO. Of love?

ROMEO. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO. Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO. Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will.

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love,  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O 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!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO. Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate to have it 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;  
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;

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

ROMEO. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

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

BENVOLIO. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO. What! shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;

Ah! word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

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

ROMEO. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

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

ROMEO. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

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

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O! she is rich in beauty, only poor,

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, 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. 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;

He, that is 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.*

## SCENE II. The Same. A Street.

*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.

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 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 accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
Which on more view, of many mine being one  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none,  
Come, go with me.

*To Servant, giving him a paper.*

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

*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*

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. 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 languish: