

ROMEO
AND
JULIET

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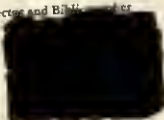
BY F. DICKSEE. A.R.A.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

With Twelve Illustrations

BY

F. DICKSEE, A.R.A.

REPRODUCED IN PHOTOGRAYURE BY MESSRS. GOUPIL & CO.

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Vieni, a veder Montezchi e Capelletti.
COME, SEE THE MONTAGUES AND CAPULETS.
Dante, Parp., Canto VI.

I.

On a day of some year unknown, early in the sixteenth century, Luigi da Porto, a young cavalry officer in the service of the Venetian Republic, was riding, as he tells us, along the lonely road between Gradisca and Udine, in the pleasant country of Friuli. Two of his attendants had been left far behind, but one followed closer, his favourite archer, Peregrino, a man of fifty, bandsome of face, courageous, skilled in the use of his bow, skilled also, like most of his fellow-townsmen of Verona, in use of his tongue, and very learned in tales of love and lovers. The young man, lost in his own thoughts, was musing sadly on the cruelty of fortune, which had given his heart to one who would not give hers in exchange, when the voice of Peregrino sounded in his ears. "Do you wish to live always a wretched life because a beautiful, cruel, and fickle one loves you hut little? In your profession, Master mine, it is very unbecoming to stop long in the prison of Love; so sad are almost all the ends to which Love leads us that to follow him is dangerous. In proof of which, and to shorten the tedium of the way, I will, should it please you, relate a story of what happened in my country, in which you will hear how two noble lovers were led to a very sad and pitiful death."

The story of Romeo and Juliet, which Peregrino, the Veronese archer, told to the jingling of bridle-reins, if not a tradition of real events, is probably a refinement on an older tale found among the *Novelle* of Masuccio Salernitano, printed at Naples in 1476. Masuccio, of whose life little is known, calls God to witness that the tales of his recital are not vain fictions, hut true passages of history. In Siena lived a young man of good family named Mariotto Mignanelli, who loved a citizen's daughter, Giannozza Saraceni, and was loved by her in return. Fate being opposed to them, they cannot avow their love, but are secretly married by an Augustine monk. After some time, Mariotto quarrels with a citizen of note, whom he has the misfortune to kill with the blow of a stick. He is condemned to perpetual exile, and, after a sorrowful parting with his beloved, flies to Alexandria, in which city his uncle is a wealthy merchant. Upon Mariotto's departure the father of Giannozza urges her to accept the hand of a suitor whom he has provided, and she, like Juliet in her distress, turns to the friar, who prepares a powder which, dissolved in water, shall cast her into a three days' slumber resembling death. Having first despatched a messenger to inform her husband, she drinks the draught, and is buried in the church of St. Augustine. At night the friar delivers her from the tomb, and bears her, still unconscious, to his dwelling. Here she comes to herself at the appointed time, and disguised as a monk hastens on board a ship bound for Alexandria. Meanwhile her messenger has been captured by pirates, and tidings of the sudden deaths of Giannozza and of her father (who had really died of grief for his daughter's loss) reach Mariotto. Weary of life, he comes to Siena, disguised as a pilgrim, hurries to the church where he believes that his lady's body lies, and flings himself upon her grave. While endeavouring to open the tomb he is discovered by the sacristan, who takes him for a thief. He is seized, identified as the banished Mariotto,

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embraces me? miserable me! who kisses me?" For a moment she fears it is Friar Lorenzo who has played her false; then the voice of Romeo fills her sense of hearing, and she would also fill with his presence her sense of sight—"pushing him a little from her, and looking him in the face, she recollected him, and, embracing him, kissed him a thousand times, saying, 'What madness has induced you to come here, running into such dangers?'" A dialogue which Shakspeare might have re-created and made as full of lyric beauty as that between the lovers in the moonlit garden, or that between the now husband and new wife on the balcony at break of day, takes place between Romeo, who feels the ice of death in all his limbs, and Julietta, in whom the tide of life has begun again to surge. " 'If ever my love and faith were dear to you, live, if only to think on him who dies for your sake before your eyes.' To which the lady answered, 'Since you die on account of my feigned death, what ought not I to do for your real one?' and having pronounced these words she fell down fainting. Coming afterwards to herself, she miserably received in her beautiful mouth the last sighs of her dear lover, whose death was approaching with great strides." But now the Friar, who has observed with alarm a light within the tomb, hurries in, and discovers with horror what has taken place. With a bitter cry of "Romeo!" he rouses the almost extinguished consciousness of the unhappy youth; once more the languid eyes open, just as dawn is about to touch the world, then close for ever, and "death creeping through all his limbs, he twisted himself all over, and ended his life with a short sigh." Lorenzo turns to Julietta to bring her such comfort as may be; for her the cloister shall be a refuge, wherein she may pray for Romeo and for herself. But love has swifter solace than this for her stricken heart. " 'What can I do,' she cried, 'without thee, my sweet lord? and what else remains for me to perform, but to die and follow thee?' Having said this, and deeply musing on her great misfortune, and the death of her dear lover, resolving to live no longer, she drew in her breath, retained it a great while, and then with a loud scream fell dead upon her lover's body."

The Friar, discovered in the tomb by officers of the podestà, and brought before the Prince, relates, after some evasions, the sorrowful series of events. By order of Della Scala the bodies of Romeo and Julietta are taken from the tomb and placed on two carpets in the church of St. Francis. There over the dead children the weeping kinsfolk forgot their long enmity and embrace. "And the Prince having ordered a fair monument, on which was engraven the cause of their death, the two dead lovers were hurried with very great and solemn funeral pomp, lamented and accompanied by the Prince, their kindred, and all the city."

III.

THE story told by the archer Peregrino to Da Porto now took wing and wandered hither and thither. A Dominican monk, Matteo Bandello, the descendant of a noble Lombard house, on whom a French bishopric was conferred by Henri II., took up the tale, re-handled it, and included it among his somewhat unclerical *Novelle* which appeared at Lucca in 1554. Five years later it passed the Alps—a version of Bandello's *Novella* with variations and additions being given to French readers by Pierre Boaistuau among his "*Histoires Tragiques*."* In 1562, Arthur Brooke produced the English poem, "The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet," on which Shakspeare founded his tragedy. Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage;" no such drama of early Elizabethan days survives; rude indeed must have been the attempt of any playwright in England of 1562. Again five years, and Boaistuau's French paraphrase of Bandello was translated into English prose by William Painter for his "*Palace of Pleasure*;" this also Shakspeare consulted. In Italy before the close of the sixteenth century the legend had been versified in *ottava rima*, professedly by a noble lady of Verona naming herself 'Clitia'—really, it is supposed, by Gherardo Bolderi; it had been dramatised by the blind poet and actor Luigi Groto, with scene and time and names of persons changed; it had been recorded as grave matter of history by De la Corte, who states that he had many times seen the tomb or

* An early French form of the story is found in the dedication to a translation of Boccaccio's *Philosopo* by Adrian Sevin, 1542, with such outlandish names for the personages as Karillo Humdrum, Halquadrüch, Harriaquach, &c.

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sarcophagus of the lovers, then used as a washing-trough, at the well of the Orphanage of St. Francis, "and," says he, "discussing this matter with the Cavalier Gerardo Boldiero, my uncle, he showed me, beside the aforesaid sepulchre, a place in the wall, on that side next the Rev. Capucini Fathers', from whence, as he assured me, he had been given to understand, this sepulchre, containing bones and ashes, had been taken many years before."*

In Bandello's hands the story acquired many resemblances to the Shaksperian form which are wanting in Da Porto. He dwells on Romeo's amorous fancy for a hard-hearted mistress—Shakspeare's Rosaline—to which Da Porto only alludes. An elder friend—Shakspeare's Benvolio—advises the enamoured youth to "examine other beauties," and to subdue his passion. Romeo enters Capulet's mansion disguised, but no longer as a nymph. The Count of Lodrone is now first known as Paris. The ladder of ropes is now first mentioned. The sleeping-potion is taken by Juliet, not in presence of her chamber-maid and aunt, but in solitude. Friar Lorenzo's messenger to Mantua fails to deliver the letter because he is detained in a house suspected of being stricken with plague. In particular we owe to Bandello the figure of the nurse, not Shakspeare's humorous creation, but a friendly old woman, who very willingly plays her part of go-between for the lovers. One more development, and all the materials of Shakspeare's play are in full formation. From Bandello's mention of one Spolentino of Mantua, from whom Romeo procures the poison, Pierre Boaistuau creates the episode of the Apothecary, and it is also to this French refashioner of the story that we must trace the Shaksperian close; with him, Juliet does not wake from her sleep until Romeo has ceased to breathe; and she dies, as in our tragedy, not in a paroxysm of grief, but by her own hand, armed with her husband's dagger.

IV.

Vieni a veder Montecchi e Capelletti—"Come, see the Montagues and Capulets." Will the reader consent to leave Italy, and before we see them in England, view the rival houses and their children as they show themselves in Spain of the seventeenth century, and in France a century later? Some eighteen months before the birth of Shakspeare in his little Warwickshire town, the most prolific of Spanish dramatists, Lope de Vega, was born at Madrid. When the Great Armada hung upon the southern coast of England in 1588, Lope, a disconsolate lover, was aboard one of the tall ships, with his musket by his side, having for wadding a plentiful supply of the verses he had written in his hard-hearted lady's praise. Among Lope's cloak and sword dramas—"Comedias de Capa y Espada"—is one entitled "Castelvines y Monteses," in which the tragic story of the Veronese lovers undergoes a strange transformation.† As with all of its author's productions for the stage, the plot is a bright tangle of incidents, skilfully unravelled and skilfully unraveled; as with all, the characters are subordinate to the incidents, and of course among the characters appear "the *primer galan*, or hero, all love and honour and jealousy; the *dama*, or heroine, no less loving and jealous . . .; the *barba*, or old man and father, ready to cover the stage with blood if the lover has even been seen in the house of the heroine;" and the inevitable *gracioso*, or droll, whose love adventures parody those of his master. Lope's drama, though it keeps upon the mere surface of life as compared with Shakspeare's tragedy, is not without a genuine charm; it never flags for a moment; its movement is bright as well as rapid; the stage is always bustling with animated figures; and there is poetry enough in it to lift the play above mere melodrama or spectacle. Altogether this bright southern flower has a place of its own in the garden of art; not like Shakspeare's red lily, flowering alone upon a grave, but amid its fellows in some gay parterre blown over by a sunlit breeze.

The curtain rises upon a street in Verona; we see the palace of Antonio, chief of the Castelvines, lit up for revelry. Without stand Roselo (Romeo), his comrade Anselmo, and Roselo's servant Marin, the merry-man or *gracioso*. The love of frolic comes strong upon

* Daniel's Introduction to the New Shakspeare Society's "Originals and Analogues, Part I." It is by no means certain that the story of Romeo and Juliet has not an historical foundation.

† For what follows I have used the reprint of "Los Bandos de Verona," and "Castelvines y Monteses," in one volume (Paris, 1839), and Mr. F. W. Casan's privately-printed translation, 1869. In Furness's edition of "Romeo and Juliet," and in the Introduction to Fr. Victor Hugo's translation of Shakspeare's play, analyses of Lope's comedy will be found.

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Roselo, and even overpowers the prudent counsel of Anselmo; in spite of the danger of entering their enemy's doors, the two youths, masked and cloaked, followed close by their attendant, pass into the hall of feasting and music. The scene changes; it is the garden of Antonio's house, where, escaped from the heat in-doors, masked cavaliers and ladies rest or wander to and fro, while musicians finger their instruments. As Roselo enters, Julia, the daughter of the house, is seated listening to the gallant speeches of her cousin Otavio. Her beauty on the instant transports the new comer, and while standing at gaze he is reckless enough to remove his mask. Julia's father can hardly be restrained from laying violent hands on his uninvited guest, but the lady herself, struck with his noble grace, whispers to her cousin Dorotea—

"If ever Love in masquerade should come,
And so disguise himself and yet peep forth,
Methinks 'twould be with such a form and face."

Presently the youth grows bold, and seats himself by Julia's side. On the other side is Otavio, and to him Julia turns her face, but, skilled in love's cunning, interprets all her encouraging words by a pressure of Roselo's hand, on which she even contrives adroitly to slip her ring. Discovering through her maid Celia, after his departure, that Roselo belongs to the rival house, she grows for a moment prudent, and is about to despatch Celia to retract her assignation for a later hour, and to reclaim her gage of love. But a lover's resolutions are not constant in cruelty, and Celia actually leaves her mistress to summon Roselo to her presence. The fête is over; Julia is in the orchard with only her cousin and her maid. The troublesome cousin is speedily dismissed to lull her father to sleep, and as he disappears, Roselo is seen leaping from the orchard wall, scaled with a ladder of rope. Julia tries for a moment to stem the advancing tide of passion, but her resistance is swept away by her lover's importunities, and with hurried words respecting marriage and Roselo's friend the holy friar, they part upon the sound of approaching footsteps.

The curtain falls, and before it rises again Julia and Roselo have been wedded by the good Friar Aurelio. The scene is the open space outside a church, and there is stir and indignation within and without, for two Monteses have insolently plucked away the chair of the Castelvine damsel, Dorotea. Her father, Teobaldo, incites Otavio, his son, who has accompanied Julia to church, to revenge the insult. Roselo passes by, telling his friend the news of his fortunate love, when a cry is heard from the church, and Roselo knows that it is his father's voice. Immediately parties of the Castelvines and the Monteses issue from the porch, prepared for furious fight, Roselo, the new-wedded husband, intervenes as a peacemaker, but in vain; the furious Otavio tilts at him with his rapier, and in self-defence Roselo strikes him dead. And now the Duke of Verona appears, inquiring into the cause of this bloody fray. All who are present bear witness in favour of Roselo, but the decree goes forth against him — not death, but banishment,* the Duke in the meantime inviting him to his palace as an honoured guest.

Again the scene is Antonio's orchard, where a sorrowful parting takes place between Roselo and Julia. The passionate dialogue of hero and heroine has its comic counterpart in that of man-servant and maid. Roselo offers his breast if Julia choose to strike with the poignard and avenge her cousin's death; the *gracioso*, Marin, in like manner offers his double-quilted doublet for the stroke of Celia. Julia is willing to abandon all things for her husband's love; and how can the waiting-maid care whether her linen washes white, or the glass for bolding preserves be cracked, while her Marin is far away? Before pathos or play has wearied of itself, the voice of old Antonio is heard above the plash of the fountain, and Roselo with his attendant beats a retreat. Her father finds Julia weeping, but she rises to the occasion, asserting that her tears are for the dead Otavio, whom she had looked on as a husband. A husband shall be found for her, thinks Antonio, and that forthwith—there is Count Paris who will gladly accept her as his bride; let a messenger

* Lope de Vega was himself banished from Madrid and separated from his wife, who remained behind, in consequence of a duel in which he wounded his adversary.

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he despatched to overtake him on the way to Ferrara, and assure him that his suit for Julia is granted.

The scene shifts, and we are on the road to Ferrara. Count Paris has fallen in with Roselo, and although a friend to the Castelvines, he offers the banished youth his good-fellowship and protection against the band of assassins hired by his enemies to waylay him. While they converse, Antonio's messenger approaches bearing a missive to the Count, who, knowing nothing of Roselo's sudden wooing and wedding, announces joyously that he is the chosen son-in-law of Julia's father, and must turn back to Verona. Roselo is silent with a trembling lip, and unable to bid adieu, hurries forward to Ferrara, filled with indignation against the perfidious heart of woman. Meanwhile, the faithful Julia is suffering persecution at her father's hands; driven to desperate straits, she resolves on death; sends secretly to the Friar for a draught of poison; then assumes a joyful bearing and gives her consent to be the wife of Paris. But when her maid enters with the phial, she half distrusts the old man's purpose—may it not be some love-philtre that he has brewed? She drinks, and is soon convinced that the drug is poison, for torpor and chill seem to creep through all her veins.

Julia. Oh, sad end to all my love!
And yet I die consoled—we'll meet above.
Celia, write tenderly to my husband when I'm dead;
And—and—
Celia. What says my Julia—mistress dear?
Julia. I know not what I spake. 'Tis sad to die
So young.

To Roselo, in Ferrara, tidings are brought by his friend Anselmo of the supposed death and the burial of his wife; but, happier than Shakspeare's Romeo, Roselo learns at the same time that this seeming death is only a slumber at the heart; his part is to hasten to the tomb and bear his beloved away with him to France or Spain. A new scene discloses the vault beneath the church of Verona. Julia awakes, and after a sense of vague horror, remembers the Friar's draught, and guesses her grim whereabouts. A flicker of light approaches, it is Roselo who enters with his attendant; Julia shrinks aside in sudden alarm, now fearing the unknown living more than the dead. Marin, in mortal fright among the coffin-lids and death's heads, stumbles and extinguishes the light, whereupon ensues a "tedious brief scene of very tragical mirth," the *gracioso* playing clown among the dead men with lively fooling. At length a recognition takes place between wife and husband, and they leave the chamber of death to hide themselves for awhile disguised as peasants upon a farm belonging to Julia's father.

To this same farm comes Julia's father, who, childless and heirless, has resolved to marry his niece Dorotea, and while waiting for a dispensation for this marriage from the Pope, chooses to reside in quiet upon his country estate. Scarcely has he entered the farmhouse when he stands awe-struck to hear the voice of his dead Julia. That quick-witted young lady, hidden in an upper chamber, profits by the opportunity to lecture her father, as if from the spirit-world, on his cruelty, which, she declares, has caused her death; nor does she end until the old man binds himself by a solemn vow to forgive her husband Roselo, and receive him as a son. No sooner is the vow uttered than Roselo, Anselmo, and Marin, still in peasants' attire, are brought in as prisoners by the fierce old Castelvine, Teobaldo, now exulting in the hope of vengeance for his slaughtered Otavio. But the head of the house has pledged his word to his dead daughter to protect and befriend Roselo; he will go farther—he will even resign his intended bride, Dorotea, in Roselo's favour. At this point the spirit-wife can play her ghostly part no longer—she darts in with a cry to her husband—

No, not so; wouldst thou, traitor,
Wed two wives?

Explanation of the mystery of Julia, now alive from the dead, is soon given, and the drama ends with the union of the lovers sanctioned and approved, to perfect the joy of

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which, Roselo's friend, Anselmo, wins Dorotea for his bride, while the serving-man Marin duly pairs off with the waiting-woman Celia.

Antonio. Enough, let's join their hands.
Marin. And I, with all my virtues, where
Shall I find one my cares to share ;
The fright I had upon that awful day
When I dragged forth from death you mortal clay.
Julia. Celia is thine ; n thousand ducats too,
Roselo. Good senators, here, I pray 'tis understood
The Castelvines ends in happiest mood.

Lope, says François-Victor Hugo, has parodied—Shakspeare has dramatised the Italian legend. But this is hardly just to Lope. We feel at least a piquant surprise on seeing how readily the tragic tale, with a few turns from the hands of a skilful playwright, transforms itself to a lively and not ungraceful comedy of the cloak and sword.

V.

THERE is a second Spanish play with the same subject. Francisco de Rojas y Zorrilla succeeded Lope as a writer for the stage. In "Los Bandos de Verona" the writer departs even farther from the Italian original than Lope had cared to stray.* In this new variation on the theme, Romeo has a sister, Elena, the unhappy wife of Count Paris, who since the outbreak of enmity between the houses slights her as a Montague, and desires to obtain a divorce in order that he may be free to wed his wife's friend, Julia. Romeo has first seen his beloved not at ball or banquet, nor in the festal garden of Antonio, but alone in her chamber, to which he had penetrated sword in hand, seeking her father's life with a maniac's fury, only to be abashed, subdued, and stricken to the heart by her beauty shining through tears. The incident of the sleeping-potion is strangely altered. Old Capulet urges his daughter to a marriage with Paris or with his own nephew, Andrés; let her choose which she pleases; but if she rejects these for Romeo's sake, her choice must be between poignard and poison now lying upon the table. Julia, before her father can step between, has rushed forward, seized the phial, and drained its contents. Happily the servant commissioned to procure the poison, fearing that it may be intended for Julia's waiting-woman, who is dear to him, has had it prepared as a simple sleeping-draught. In the escape from the vault, by a series of misadventures and cross-purposes happening in the darkened church, Romeo carries off his sister Elena in place of Julia, while Julia clings to the cloak of her cousin Andrés. Romeo is hunted through a wood by the enraged Capulets, and at dawn in the same wood Rojas's Julia, like Lope's, startles her father as an apparition from the grave. She is immured in a fortress garrisoned by the Capulet faction, which is besieged by Romeo and the Montagues; the *gracioso*, who has done the inevitable fooling throughout the play, valiantly finding his way to the rear:

I'll sheathe my blade,
And leave, to such as like, the cold-steel trade.
It is a selfish world, when all is done ;
I'll stay behind ; take care of number one.

The play concludes with wedding-bells in prospect for the lovers, and with a reconciliation between Count Paris and his wife. The skilful intrigue, the graceful movement, and the bright poetry of Lope's comedy are conspicuous by their absence when we pass from "Castelvines y Monteses" to "Los Bandos de Verona."

VI.

"I SHALL never forget," wrote the French poet Campenon, who died an old man in 1843, "I shall never forget how, one cold day of January, when I went to Versailles to visit Ducis, I found him in his bedroom, mounted on a chair, and intent on arranging with a

* Mr. F. W. Cosens, to whom Shakspeare students are much indebted, has also Englished this drama in a beautiful volume printed for private distribution, 1874.

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certain pomp around the head of the English Æschylas, a huge bunch of hox, which had been brought to him. 'I shall be at your service presently,' he said, as I entered, but without changing his position. Observing that I was a little surprised at the attitude in which I found him, he went on, 'You are not aware that it is the eve of Saint William, patron saint of my Shakspeare.' Then, leaning on my shoulder to get down, and having consulted me as to the effect of his bouquet—the only one, doubtless, which the winter season yielded—'My friend,' added he, with an expression of countenance which I yet remember, 'the ancients crowned with flowers the streams from which they drew.'

Hard words have been spoken by Shaksperian enthusiasts of his eighteenth-century adapter, Ducis, and not altogether without reason; but Ducis was himself a Shaksperian enthusiast. His poetic manner betrays his age, an age before the Romantic movement had attacked the conventions of the old French theatre, and when the words *nature*, *virtue*, and *liberty*, inspired with a kind of supernatural power by Rousseau, were those most certain to call forth the applause of the parterre. But Ducis himself stood apart from his age; there was something rare and original in his nature; a grave majesty in his very countenance. Among philosophers he remained religious; in the neighbourhood of a Court he remained simple and almost austere. "In my poetic scale," he wrote, "are the notes of the flute and of the thunder; how do these go together? I myself do not very well know, but I know that it is so." A soul tragic yet tender; with something in it of the Carthusian—says Sainte-Beuve—and also something gentler and better. To have foiled Bonaparte is Ducis' peculiar distinction; no bribe—not the Senate, not the Cross of the Legion—could seduce him from allegiance to his ideals. "I am," said he, "a Catholic, a poet, a republican, a solitary."

Ducis was thirty-six years old when he adapted *Hamlet* to the French stage. It had a brilliant success. Three years later, in 1772, his *Roméo et Juliette* was represented by the Royal Comedians. A second success was achieved, as brilliant as the first. But the *Hamlet* of Ducis is not Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, and his *Roméo et Juliette* loses the unity of motive which characterises Shakspeare's tragedy; the plot is altered and complicated; old Montague becomes a chief person, as important and interesting as either of the lovers; "the cry of paternal tenderness," as Ducis expresses it, is heard above the cry of the young, passionate hearts; and a moral lesson directed against the spirit of revenge is in new ways illustrated by the story. "I need not enlarge," says Ducis, "on my obligations to Shakspeare and to Dante." With the theme of the English dramatist, whose name Ducis has "adapted" to French ears, he links the ghastly story of Ugolino found in the thirty-third canto of the *Inferno*. His tragic "note of the thunder" overpowers his lyric "note of the flute."

Old Montaigu in Ducis' play has disappeared from Verona for more than twenty years. Retiring from the city to educate his sons in the "virtuous fields," he had been pursued and persecuted by a dreadful uncle of Juliette, now dead, who, by means of hired brigands, robbed Montaigu of his boy Romeo. With four other sons the old man, it is supposed, has taken refuge in some solitude among the Apennines. But what of Romeo? Escaped from his captors, he wandered unknown into Verona, was received into Capulet's house, has grown up from boyhood under the name of Dolvédo by the side of Juliette, who alone knows the secret of his birth; and having given her his love, and won her love in exchange, is returning to Verona, at the moment when the play opens, a famous and victorious leader, bringing with him the standards of the defeated Mantuans.

At the same moment, however, there creeps into Verona an old man, miserable, haggard, desolate, but sustained by one eager hope of revenge. A presentiment of coming evil troubles the joy of Juliette in welcoming home her triumphant Dolvédo. Rumours have reached Capulet of obscure plots and stirrings among the partisans of Montaigu, and not content with strengthening his house by the approaching marriage of his son Thébaldo, he also urges—tenderly yet firmly—an alliance between his daughter Juliette and Count Paris. Juliette, in presence of her lover, opposes her father's will; and Capulet, witless of the struggle in

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his daughter's heart, entrusts the cause of Paris to a strangely-chosen pleader—Dolvédo. Is he doomed to see—O heavens!—"an object full of charms" which he has "acquired by his exploits and merited by his tears," borne away by an odious rival? That Juliette is not indifferent her sobs confess; yet her resolve is made—to immolate herself to the State and to obey her father—

Je m'immole à l'Etat, j'obéis à mon père.

This Juliet is indeed another than the child of Shakspero's imagination.

Tidings are brought to Romeo that his father has entered Verona plotting mischief, and that Paris is now inclining to join the Montaigu faction, and break off his intended marriage with Juliette. Romeo flies to the Duke, entreating his mediation between the heads of the rival houses. Accordingly a meeting in the Duke's presence takes place between Montaigu and Capulet; but the fierce old Montaigu cannot restrain his hatred, and with dark allusion to some hidden horror, breaks into open threats of violence. Away with him, therefore, to prison, where his passion may find time to cool! For our Dolvédo-Romeo the position is an agouising one, divided as he is between his love for Juliette and his loyalty to the old man, so woe-begone, so worn with grief, so solitary. Presently, when Montaigu's retainers rescue their chief from the tower, and are in deadly strife with the Capulets, Romeo's piety as a son carries all before it, and charging the enemy, he plunges his sword into the heart of Thébaldo, Juliette's brother and his own bosom friend.

Once again the Duke intervenes—peace in Verona there must be; above the tombs of their dead the rival chieftains must make a solemn vow of amity. Capulet gladly consents; Montaigu consents in seeming; then, leading Romeo aside, he implores his son not to defeat the one desire of his joyless life—the desire of vengeance. He bears about with him an awful secret; Romeo must know it now. It is the secret of a father whose sons, like Ugolino's, have famished in prison—a father who himself, like Ugolino, has been offered the blood of his children to stay his hunger. Can such an injury as this ever be forgiven? And does Romeo start and shrink back because he is asked to strike a dagger into the breast of Capulet's daughter?

With many entreaties to reconciliation, and some hope that sentiments of honour and magnanimity have subdued the passion for revenge, Romeo leaves the old man. The fifth Act opens at the tombs of the Capulets and Montaignus. Juliette has somehow obtained possession of a written order from old Montaigu to his followers, directing them, at the moment when the false vows of peace are being sworn, to fall upon their enemies, and exterminate them. It seems to Juliette that if she offer herself a voluntary sacrifice to the vengeance of the Montaignus all may be well for those who survive—with her these dismal family feuds may die. She is alone in the dim place lit by funeral lamps; and alone she drains the poisoned cup, and waits for death. Romeo hurries in buoyed up with the deceitful hope that there is to be reconciliation, and joy for him and his beloved springing up in this place of the dead. From Juliette's lips he learns his father's bloody design, and her own fatal deed. She implores him to live, but what is life to Romeo in a world of hate without the one being that made life precious? In a moment the faithful sword is plunged into his side, but before the lovers die upon the brink of the grave they hear from one another's lips the sacred names of "husband" and "wife":

*Arrête, Roméo ! la fortune jalouse
Ne doit point m'empêcher de mourir ton épouse.
Sur les bords du cercueil, puisqu'il dépend de nous,
Laisse-moi te donner le nom sacré d'époux.
Hélas ! j'ai bien acquis, dans ce moment suprême,
Le droit triste et flatteur de me donner moi-même.
Pour amis, pour témoins, adoptons ces tombeaux,
Ce marbre pour autel, ces clartés pour flambeaux.*

In the closing scene it only remains for the implacable Montaigu to use his poignard with swift execution against his rival at the moment of the oath of peace; then to discover the

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body of Juliette and pause an instant to gloat over her dying pangs; in that same instant to perceive his slaughtered Romeo by her side, and to fall lifeless—the ruin of his vindictive passion—upon the body of his son.

The haggard old man driven by extreme love for his offspring into extreme hate, fascinated the imagination of Ducis. With the lovers he concerns himself less. In a preface he offers an apology for presenting suicide upon the stage: "Doubtless it is dangerous to give in the theatre an example of suicide, but I have to depict the consequences of hereditary hatred, and it is on this object alone that I have desired to fix the attention of the spectator." Happily Shakspeare was not troubled by such moral scruples, or rather it is happy that Shakspeare found through his imagination the laws of a profounder morality than any which Ducis could conceive.

VII.

WHEN Shakspeare had attained to about the same age as that of his French adapter, his imagination seized upon the story of an outraged and desolate old man, impotently desiring revenge, and he re-fashioned it with incomparable power. In *King Lear*, Shakspeare's tragedy of the parental passion, no tale of the love of youth and maiden dissipates the awe and pity which gather around its central theme. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, a work of his earlier years, there is but a single motive; it is a young man's tragedy of youth and love and death. Admirable secondary characters there are in the play, but no secondary character is permitted to stand long between us and the persons of the lovers. How Shakspeare must have delighted in his own creation of Mercutio; so brilliant a figure had never before irradiated the English stage; but Mercutio was created to appear only three or four times, and then suddenly to be withdrawn as the drama lightens and darkens towards its close. In the singleness of motive and its ideal treatment dwells the power of the play. What is this, that we should concern ourselves much about it—the love of boy and girl in Verona six centuries ago? Is it not a slender theme for tragedy, which is authorised to deal with "stateliest and most regal argument?" Not so—for Juliet and Romeo come to us in Shakspeare's play as envoys from Love himself, emissaries and ambassadors from a suzerain greater than any king or kaiser—

Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time;
That wrought the whole world without stroke of hand;
Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,
And with the pulse and motion of his breath
Through the great heart of the earth strikes life and death.

An hour of ecstasy, a few tears, the fleeting joy and pain of a boy and girl in old Verona—these take up a small space in the big history of mankind. True; yet in the frail blossom of their joy we discover the flowering—scarcely so perfect once in a century—of powers which stir through all animated nature in its season of most vivid life; in their pain we discern the shadow of that law which rings the whole of human desire and delight, and rounds it with a sleep.

Much has been written about the moral lesson of the play. We are told that if Romeo were a little less impetuous, and Juliet a little more prudent, all might have gone well with them; they might have been ceremoniously married in St. Peter's Church; settlements might have been duly signed and sealed by the relatives; they might have secured a distinguished establishment in Verona. Alas! they were hare-brained and headlong, and so their violent delights had violent ends. All which is admirably true. In Chaucer's poem, when three eagles stand prepared to do battle for the female seated upon Dame Nature's fist, the goose interposes with wise cackle: "My witte is sharp; let two of the combatants go and choose other mates; if she cannot love this one or that, let him love another."

"Lo! here a perfect reason of a goose,"
Quoth the Sparhawk.

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And, in like manner, when we read the wise moralisings of the excellent Gervinus, perhaps it is enough to exclaim, "Lo! here a perfect reason for a commentator." The example of suicide, again, for setting forth which Ducis apologises, what of it? Surely, it is not right for young people to drink phials of poison, which "if you had the strength of twenty men" would "dispatch you straight." Surely a well-regulated understanding would advise a young widow to choose the cloister before the dagger. True, and a very pretty moral. But while acknowledging all this, may we not be permitted to maintain that a deeper moral lies in the mere presentation of the fact, that for a human being to be charged with high passion of any kind is to forfeit the security of our lower life, and yet that such forfeiture may be justly accepted as the condition of an incalculable gain? May we not bear in mind, also, that vindication of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," by Plato, in his *Phædrus*: "The sane man is nowhere at all when he enters into rivalry with the madman. . . . The fourth and last kind of madness is imputed to him who, when he sees the beauty of earth, is transported with the recollection of the true beauty; he would like to fly away, but he cannot; he is like a bird fluttering and looking upward, and careless of the world below; and he is therefore esteemed mad." Not that our passionate young lovers of Verona are in any degree followers of the Platonic philosophy. They are man and maid, with the hot blood "bating in their cheeks;" yet are they "delicate and virgin souls," such as Plato describes, in whom a divine madness, after its kind, "awakens lyrical numbers." And, as to their rash self-slaughter—why does this never offend our moral sense? Why do we never criticise it in the spirit of a serious burgher called to assist upon an inquest, and pondering a verdict of *felo de se*? Why, except that we become aware that the lives of the lovers move in a plane other than the plane of our every-day existence, and that their choice of love together with death rather than of life lapsing back into the loveless round, is a type and emblem of all those heroic sacrifices for an ideal which prove that this earth of ours is not wholly a market or a counting-house.

Less than one little week contains the events from the first meeting of the lovers until their union in the tomb. In Brooke's poem, Shakspeare's original, Romeo stands many times beneath Juliet's window before the confession of love in the moonlit night is made, and weeks glide away, after their secret marriage, before the fatal encounter in which Tybalt falls. With Shakspeare the lovers are from the outset in the rapids above a cataract. He knew that in seasons of high-wrought passion life is not measured by the hour-glass or the shadow that creeps across a dial; a moment may contain the sum of years, or may be pregnant with the destiny of all the future. Therefore let us not wonder if the lovers, having looked in each other's eyes for the first time at Capulet's old-accustomed feast on Sunday evening, after one short summer's night, are united in the Friar's cell next day as husband and wife; and again after one, and only one, bridal night of gladness dashed with sorrow, part in the dawn of Tuesday only to meet in that "palace of dim night" where worms are the tire-maidens of the bride-chamber. Five days are merely five days while we rock at our moorings with a gentle motion; they may be long enough, when the gale is up, for a voyage from the sunlit coasts of life to strange islands in an unknown and silent sea.

The scene is in that country which has not yet wholly ceased to be what it was to the Elizabethan imagination, the land of passion and romance. It is Italy; the moonlit nights have a warmth which seems their own and unborrowed from the embers of the day; the fruit-tree tops are tipped with silver; the nightingale sings in the pomegranate tree; the gates of the palazzo are thrown wide for the masquers; at morning the lover seeks shelter in the grove of sycamore—the lover's tree—or we notice the Franciscan brother gliding along in the shadow with the basket of simples on his arm; in the streets at noon the light glares, the mad blood is stirring in men's veins, and the ruffler's rapier grows impatient of its scabbard; it is the land where a swift solution of the perplexities of hate or of love is found in the poignard or the poison-phial. Let any one read the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*, and he will perceive how truly Shakspeare, who perhaps was never out of England, caught with his imagination the external aspect and the manners of Italy in the Renaissance.

SHAKSPERE'S TREATMENT.

In Goethe's recast of *Romeo and Juliet*,* in which he aimed at giving the play in a concentrated form, the opening scene presents the front of Capulet's house where the servants are singing while they deck the doors with lamps and wreaths; the closing scene is the vault, with Friar Laurence left alone to moralise above the bodies of the lovers. Shakspeare, after his manner, represents his chief figures as standing out from a background. He shows us in the first scene how the lives of Romeo and Juliet have grown upon the hate of the rival houses; and in the last, how their deaths are sacrificial, and serve as an atonement between the sorrowing survivors. Note, before the *mêlée* begins (depicted in Mr. Dicksee's illustration), with what amused interest Shakspeare distinguishes his minor characters. The valiant Sampson brags largely of his quarrelsome ness (a virtue among the Capulets), but Gregory is the leading spirit, and when the two servants of the Montagues appear, Sampson, mindful perhaps of the other's "swashing blow," is very willing to give his fellow the precedence, all his valour having shrunk to the poor dimensions of an incitement to Gregory to quarrel, together with a strictly legal biting of the thumb, quite in a general way, so that it remains for any Montague who may please to appropriate the insult. The position is like that of a pair of terriers, each eying the other and moving round and round into suspicious points of vantage, with certain suppressed snarls. Only on Tybalt's approach does the tactician Gregory decide to assume the offensive, and give his orders to Sampson (who does the talking) to utter the decisive insult: "Say—'better'; here comes one of my muster's kinsmen." A fierce breed of swashbucklers are these Capulets, if Tybalt represent them aright:

What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee;

or old Capulet, who has hurried out of doors in his gown, gesticulating angrily, and crying for his long sword. The Montagues are a milder race; Benvolio, always a peacemaker, provokes Mercutio's brightest railery by his inability to enjoy a brawl (Act III., Sc. i.); and evidently old Montague, though he flourishes his sword, has no heart in the conflict:

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

In the play of *Hamlet*, before the young Prince appears, clad in mourning garb, among the obsequious courtiers, we are interested in him by Horatio's words upon the platform:

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

He is the one, if any, to learn the secret from the ghost. So, in the present play, we hear of Romeo before he is seen in person. The first words tell us that he is a mother's idol—they are words of Lady Montague, trembling with anxiety for him in this city of strife:

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

"O, where is Romeo?" is once again his mother's cry when the sentence of exile is pronounced which sends her son to Mantua, and sends her broken-hearted to the grave. The words which follow Lady Montague's question tell us that Romeo is already the devoutest of lovers. All the amorous rites of disconsolate adorers he duly practises; all phrases of the amorous dialect he utters, when he comes before us, with faultless intonation. Shakspeare adopts, no doubt deliberately, a manner of speech which even Petrarch did not disdain.† Elsewhere in Shakspeare there is excellent mockery of the affectations and melancholy madness of lovers. But here it is not meant that we should smile at the debonair Italian youth wandering in the sycamore grove, stricken with the malady of love, and "augmenting the fresh morning dew" with tears. Shakspeare regards these vague love-longings as growing pains of the heart in adolescence. They are the tremblings of the needle before it settles towards the pole. Romeo loves Rosaline before he loves Juliet. Shakspeare found the

* This will be found in Boas's *Nachträge zu Goethe's Sämmtlichen Werken: zweiter theil.* (Leipzig, 1841.)

† Romeo's unloverlike question, "Where shall we dine?" is of course asked only to turn away Benvolio from pursuing his inquiries after Rosaline.

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incident in Brooke, who contrasts the wise and virtuous Rosaline with Juliet the rash and unfortunate; our poet retains the incident, but spares us the moral. Shall we think Romeo's love of Juliet less whole and single because she displaced a rival? But Shakspeare allows the rival to be merely a shadow; if Romeo had loved not one but a score of Rosalines, it would have meant no more than that he was young, and knew not how to dispose of a waste of wandering desires.

When Capulet's servant, puzzled by the list of persons invited to the banquet, hands the paper which he is unable to read to Romeo—(the reader may see the pair in Mr. Dicksee's drawing)—Romeo reads the names "with listless good nature" until "his eye lights and his tongue lingers on the name of Rosaline." I have quoted the words of a critic of Mr. Irving's acting, but a careful student of the text may perhaps discover a hint which carries with it the authority of Shakspeare for that lingering over Rosaline's name. The invitation, apparently prose, is really written throughout in blank verse:

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;

and so on until we come to a defective line—the only one in the series—

My fair niece Rosaline: Livia.

Why this one irregular line? Because it is broken for the pause which is to follow the name of Romeo's lady-love, and the gap is filled by the lover's brightening glance and the thought, "Here, then, is a chance of beholding her."*

In Brooke's poem Romeo goes to the banquet to cure himself of love, and by seeing many beautiful faces to acquire indifference to all. In Shakspeare's play he goes to rejoice in Rosaline's superiority over rival beauties; but after he once enters Capulet's doors we hear no word of Rosaline; she might as well not be there; the marsh-fire of sentiment has gone out in the dawn of genuine passion. Juliet, in Brooke's poem, enters the hall of festival as any maiden might, with no special thought that her period of virginal freedom is drawing to a close. Shakspeare, in the admirable scene before the banquet which introduces us to the Nurse, rouses Juliet from her careless girlhood, and turns her thoughts to love before she has yet seen Romeo's face. On one side Lady Capulet, skilled in worldly views of marriage, on the other the garrulous Nurse, whose old senses are tickled by the thought of youthful pleasure, much as her gums might mumble some toothsome morsel, set upon Juliet and train her in the way that she should go towards wedlock. After the praise of Paris, sounded on the right by one matron, echoed on the left by the other—and Shakspeare ironically makes the praise put into Lady Capulet's mouth grotesquely fantastical—what less can Juliet answer to the question, "Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?" than

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

But not one word of Paris, any more than of Rosaline, do we hear in all the festival scene. She goes, however, into the lighted room not as a child of fourteen (Shakspeare reduces her age by two years from the sixteen years of Brooke†), but aware that she is already sought in marriage, and with feelings that tremulously anticipate the approach of love. So that an hour ago to her mother's question—

How stands your disposition to be married?

she could make her maidenly reply (almost in Ophelia's manner)—

It is an honour that I dream not of;

and now she can whisper to her own heart while the Nurse moves off to ask for Romeo's name—

If he be married

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

which indeed it proves to be, but with Romeo by her side.

* See Dr. Abbott's Shaksperian Grammar, § 598. "A foot or syllable can be omitted where there is any marked pause arising from emotion." It might be argued that the word *fair* is a dissyllable. Sidney Walker seems to approve of the proposed insertion of *and* before *Livia*.

† "Shakspeare." I have written elsewhere, "loved the years of budding womanhood. Miranda is fifteen years of age; Marina, fourteen." Both, like Juliet, are children of the South. In Da Porto Juliet's age is eighteen.

THE NOTE OF DOOM.

Here notice how Shakspeare ever and anon throughout the tragedy strikes a note of doom ; sounds, as it were, an alarm-bell that vibrates in our hearts, and whose tone grows more and more like that of a passing-bell as the drama draws towards its close. Now it is Romeo's thrill of disquietude—a shadow as of some cloud, before he enters Capulet's mansion, like Hamlet's "gaingiving" before the passage of arms, and dismissed, like his, with an appeal to Providence—

My mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars.
But He, that hath the steering of my course,
Direct my sail!

Now it is Juliet's terror of joy in the first recognition of perfect love—

I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens."

Now it is her vision of Romeo as she looks over her balcony with pallid face and wide, sad eyes, in the grey of dawn—

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Now it is her words of entreaty to Lady Capulet, who has urged on her the hasty marriage with Paris—

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Now it rings more dismally in her words to the Friar before he proposes the expedient which is to restore her to her lover—

Bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
And I will do it without fear or doubt
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

And now this anticipation of doom takes the ghastliest form of all, for the spectre masks itself in the garb of gladness, when Romeo, on the morning of the last and most piteous day, wakes with a radiant sense of youth and hope from a dream of Juliet—

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 breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor—

whereupon instantly enters Balthasar with the news from Verona which changes Romeo to a wild and haggard wretch, steadied only by one desperate resolve.

We should like to know what was Romeo's earlier dream of the night preceding the banquet :

I dreamt a dream to-night ;

but, like the speech of Cassius to the Roman people, we must construct it out of our own imagination, for Shakspeare has left it untold, and chosen to give us instead—nor can we complain—Mercutio's brilliant arabesque of fancies about Queen Mab. Tybalt's interruption of the harmony of the guest-chamber is of Shakspeare's invention, and prepares us for the catastrophe of the next day. Old Capulet will not allow the fiery youngster to wrong his hospitality, but, in preserving peace, he displays the same quick Capulet temper which has led to Tybalt's outbreak. Observe how this part of the scene is concluded with a kind of epilogue in four rhymed lines uttered by Tybalt as he withdraws :

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.

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And now begins the second section of the scene. Tybalt gone, the pilgrim Romeo takes "the white wonder" of Juliet's hand (he thinks of this hand afterwards when abandoned to misery in the friar's cell), and utters himself "in the numbers that Petrarch flowed in." This dialogue between the pilgrim and his saint, as one who looks at Mr. Dicksee's drawing may see, does not pass the bounds of courtly Italian manners, yet there is love pulsing beneath the ceremony, and under Juliet's arch replies there is already a yielding of her heart to passion.

Between the banquet scene and the balcony scene Shakspero interposes a short dialogue of Mercutio and Benvolio, in which the former makes mock of Romeo's malady of love with a licence of tongue which we will not call gross only because it is so nimble and leaps so lightly over all propriety. Before passing from the hall of festival to the moon-lighted garden we need some relief from the ardour and enthusiasm of young love. Mercutio's sallies of a wanton brain with their subacid flavour restore our palate, and serve the purpose of olives before the wine.

And now we pass into the enchanted garden. In the wonderful dialogue of love, to which the nightingale's song is a fit accompaniment, Shakspeare emphasises the contrast between Romeo's romantic sentiment and Juliet's direct and simple passion. For Romeo she is like the "winged messenger of heaven borne upon a cloud," and he himself is winged also with the pinions of love. But Juliet does not ever leave the earth—it is the rivalry of the houses dividing them which first occupies her thoughts—

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?—

and when she discovers him within the orchard her instant fear is that Tybalt or some other Capulet may find him there:

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 his reiterated "fair saint," "dear saint," would renew the manner of speech of the banquet-hall, but Juliet needs plainer words:

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

While Romeo, "in a sort of sweet surprise at the fervid girl-passion which suddenly wraps him round,"* sees all things as if in some blissful dream, to Juliet the realities of life are more vividly real than ever before:

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow.

She never leaves the earth, but this earth has grown of measureless worth through Romeo's presence. Her confession of love has been compared to that of Miranda in *The Tempest*; the soul of each desires to stand naked and unashamed before the one beholder: "Farewell compliment!" "Hence bashful cunning!" But Juliet's passion has to cast aside a heavier brocade of ceremony than was worn on Prospero's island, and it is with a lovely vehemence that she throws off the constraint.

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.

Friar Laurence's cell in the grey and dowy morning is a retreat of delightful quiet after the revelry and transport of the night. This amiable student and spectator of life, standing outside the turmoil, views human beings much as he views the herbs and stones whose qualities he studies, only he regards his fellows with a kindlier sympathy. From the ardent avowals of love we pass to the moralisings over the dank leaves and buds in the friar's osier cage. He is—as Mr. Dicksee conceives him—a centre of repose throughout the play. And yet we may be permitted to doubt whether his well-balanced reflections and well-meant scheming

* Words of Fanny Kemble.

THE NURSE.

contain more of true wisdom than do the native promptings of the lovers' hearts. Such was Goethe's thought apparently when he makes his Lorenzo exclaim at sight of Romeo slain—

Where is my wisdom now, where all my care,
And secret knowledge of each natural power!

Every one defers to the old man's judgment, and yet who blunders and stumbles more than he? In a later scene—chosen by Mr. Dicksee for a drawing—Romeo, on Tybalt's death, takes refuge in the cell, and there gives way to the abandonment of despair, "palpitating with nervous anguish, apprehensive of instantaneous revengeful murder, expectant of inevitable sentence of death, overwhelmed with horror at his own sanguinary deed, because his victim is kinsman to his wife, filled with passionate longing for the possession of that wife." * How does the Friar think to comfort him? By a dose of "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy." "Let me dispute with thee of thy estate," is Brother Laurence's proposal to the distracted man. Well may Romeo complain that "wise men have no eyes," and reply—

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.

The Nurse enters the cell with her foolish "Ah, sir! ah, sir! death is the end of all," but it is upon words of hers, "My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come," that the tide begins to turn from despair to hope, and with a delicious welling up of joy and confidence that Juliet, after all, will not think of him as "an old murderer," Romeo exclaims—

Do so, and bid my love prepare to chide.

Here was a livelier cordial for a young man's fainting spirit than might be had in "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy."

Juliet's nurse, blundering old match-maker and go-between! we cannot but give her a heartfelt sympathy, when trudging in all her pomp through the hot streets in search of Romeo, preceded by Peter the fan-bearer, she has the ill fortune to encounter that hornet Mercutio. So infectious is his mirth, and such fair game appears the Nurse, that even the staid Benvolio is caught into the folly of it. How cruelly the ancient lady's plumes are ruffled by these irreverent youths! How the white table of her vestal mind is sullied by Mercutio's indecorous jests! And how hotly she turns upon her apathetic fan-bearer, who should have been the champion of her insulted dignity! But Romeo knows how to soothe the spirit of an ancient gentlewoman, for when Mercutio has buzzed away, and the Nurse has delivered a virtuous lecture on the "weak dealing" of leading her young lady "into a fool's paradise, as they say," the lover's purse suddenly gapes and something is slipped into the good dame's hand even in the moment when her lips decline the largess: "No truly, sir, not a penny." And then it is that all those touching little secrets come out—how the prating thing her mistress had as lieve see a toad as Paris, and how she has the "prettiest sententious" about the letter of the alphabet which begins Rosemary and Romeo.

We forgive the old lady much, even her copious concern for her own aching bones, for sake of the glad news which she brings to Juliet, calling the scarlet to her cheeks, and making her step, when she trips to the friar's cell, as buoyant as the morning air. All the current of her being has set towards Romeo, and hurries forward to lose itself and find itself again in him. Much idle moralising has been expended on Juliet's bridal soliloquy—

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,

in which she sings, as it were, her own epithalamium in the manner of Elizabethan poetry. It was a bold endeavour of the dramatist to transport himself into the breast of the young Italian bride. "I confess," says Mrs. Jameson, "I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet

* Mrs. Kemble, "Notes on some of Shakspeare's Plays," p. 166.

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more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful 'Hymn to the Night' breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber." The only comment one cares to make is this—that Juliet's purity of heart henceforth lies in a "bounty boundless as the sea" to the one man, stainless himself, who has won her stainless maidenhood, and in the resolution to guard herself as sacred to him from every alien touch, even though it were by flight within the portals of the grave:

Oh! 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.
•
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.

A heart may be pure as ice or pure as flame, and Juliet's is of the latter kind.

The bitter sweet of all partings, "such as press the life from out young hearts," is condensed in that scene of reluctant farewells in the dawn. But when Lady Capulet enters the chamber, though Juliet's tears cannot cease to flow, she meets her mother with a gallant simulation of anger against Tybalt's slayer, at the same time flattering her own soul with the consciousness that her two-edged words, with their double meanings, are secret caresses and not words of hate. And now, parted from her husband, the girl-wife of a single night finds the whole household up in arms against her—another, father, even the gross-minded old woman who should have been a second mother to her—all resolved to bribe or to brow-beat her into a marriage which she abhors. Having pleaded as a child for mercy and found none, Juliet rises a woman, and with one last word of exquisite self-pity—

Alack! alack! that Heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself,

she has done with entreaty and lamentation, and henceforth will take her own resolve and keep her own counsel.

But her persecution is not quite at an end. At the cell-door of Friar Laurence whom must she encounter but Paris. Shakspeare is not as hard to Paris as are some of Shakspeare's critics, who find excellent reasons for his death at the close of the play as a piece of retributive justice for his loveless pursuit of Juliet. But the graceful young Count really loves Juliet in his own fashion, and he dies because he has come to express his sorrow, to utter elegant elegiacs and strew blossoms on her tomb. Nor does Romeo refuse his dying prayer that he may lie near Juliet's corpse. But the noble County assumes a little too readily that a eurl'd darling of Verona, of noble parentage and fair demesnes, accepted by the parents of his lady-love, need not submit to a very arduous course of wooing. On perceiving Juliet, as she sadly but resolutely stands in the doorway, with pale and tear-stained face, he takes for granted, with a charming impertinence, that she is his own already:

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

The face, which she has abused with tears, is his property, and must not be so wronged. Juliet, who feels that she is all Romeo's, or, if not Romeo's, is the bride of Death, never shows a more gallant bearing than when she bandies words with Paris, hiding her agony under a play of repartee. Such high-mettled cunning is the ornament of a woman's chivalry. But when Paris is dismissed, and she turns to her good father confessor, the outbreak comes—

Oh, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me. Past hope, past cure, past help!

Such relief is there in giving way to the paroxysm of grief.

THE LAST SCENES.

Juliet's great soliloquy before she drinks the potion is the triumph or the snare of the actress. She has seen the last of the Nurse—come (as shown in Mr. Dicksee's drawing) to lay out the wedding robes—and the last of her mother. In the hall below all is bustle and confusion, for the eager old Capulet has hurried on his daughter's marriage from Thursday to Wednesday, and forgetful of his pious resolve to sorrow for Tybalt, and invite no more than "a friend or two," he now has a score of cunning cooks at work, and must himself fidget and meddle in their affairs. But in Juliet's chamber all is dimness and silence; she is about to close her eyes on life, and when next they open it must be in the ancient receptacle where Tybalt lies festering in his shroud. Hazlitt speaks with enthusiasm of Miss O'Neill's delivery of Juliet's speech as marking "the fine play and undulation of natural sensibility, rising and falling with the gusts of passion, and at last worked up into an agony of despair, in which her imagination approaches the brink of frenzy." Her scream at the imaginary sight of Tybalt's ghost is censured by the critic, as not preserving the distinction between physical and intellectual horror—a scream which, says Hazlitt, "startled the audience, as it preceded the speech which explained its meaning." Lady Martin has recently told the story of her first rendering, when Helen Fancit and a girl, of this character—the earliest of all her dramatic impersonations, and one interwoven, she says, with her life. "With all the ardour of a novice," she writes, "I took no heed that the phial for the sleeping potion, which Friar Laurence had given me, was of glass, but kept it tightly in my hand, as though it were a real deliverance from a dreaded fate which it was to effect for me, through the long impassioned scene which follows. When the time came to drink the potion there was none; for the phial had been crushed in my hand, the fragments of glass were eating their way into the tender palm, and the blood was trickling down in a little stream over my pretty dress. This had been for some time apparent to the audience, but the Juliet knew nothing of it, until the red stream attracted her attention. Excited as I already was, this was too much for me; and always having a sickening horror of the bare sight or even talk of blood, poor Juliet grew faint, and staggered towards the bed, on which she really fainted. I remember nothing of the end of the play, beyond seeing many kind people in my dressing-room, and wondering what was meant. Our good family doctor from London was among the audience, and bound up the wounded hand. This never occurred again, because they ever afterwards gave me a wooden phial. But oh, my dress!—my first waking thought. I was inconsolable until told that the injured part could be renewed."

The lamentations for Juliet, found at morning cold and stiff upon her bed, have a certain air of unreality thrown over them—a movement in the case of Lady Capulet, her husband, and the bridegroom, of a lyrical kind, in which each speaker sustains a part, alto, tenor, or bass, in the pseudo-requiem (let the reader notice the parallelism of the three speeches) while the Nurse's lamentation—

O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,

accompanied by a desperate resort to the *aqua-vitæ* bottle, is somewhat in the manner of the tragical mirth of Pyramus, "O night, O night, alack, alack, alack," in the "tedious brief scene" of the Athenian craftsmen. It was Shakspeare's intention that for us who know the secret, the passion of the real tragedy should not be forestalled; and perhaps he meant with a touch of irony to expose the worth of that noisy lamentation for the supposed dead girl, uttered by those who had no understanding nor mercy for her while she was in their midst.

The fifth act has a brilliance of romantic terror and pity—like the splendour of funeral torches in the gloom—such as we do not find elsewhere in Shakspeare, though elsewhere we find tragic effects more like appalling convulsions of the elements of nature. The place is pictured with a few strong touches of ghastly suggestiveness; the church-yard ground is "loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves;" the torch "vainly lends its light to grubs and eyeless skulls;" the monument is "the palace of dim Night." And since life and beauty are

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here in the camp of death, death is conceived in no tender elegiac manner, but as a cruel and hungry foe—

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.

No "dark Mother gliding near with soft feet," no "strong Deliveress" is death as Romeo sees death in the tomb, but a pale flag-bearer who triumphs over the beauty of life, or—more hideous—a "lean abhorred monster," amorous of female loveliness, who keeps the fair Juliet in the dark to be his paramour. When Romeo takes his resolve to die, his words are plain and few; as he approaches the vault his purpose fills him with a savage carelessness; and yet it is with gentleness that he chides from his path the unknown youth afterwards discovered to be Paris, whom he would spare if it might be permitted. Once within the vault, and in presence of his beloved, all the poetry of Romeo's imagination, which had made him a seeker for curious fantasies in the days of his shadow-love for Rosalind, which had made him an impassioned dreamer in the moonlit orchard—all this poetry has one last triumphant outbreak. And then comes the end. "I am no pilot," said Romeo in the moonlit garden, conscious that the guiding hand and oar were not his gifts—

I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore waul'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandis.

Now he has ventured to that vast shore, but what a haven is this! And unconsciously he echoes the thought of that night of joy in this night of misery—

Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark!

In Otway's strange transformation of the play in which Romeo becomes an ancient Roman, son of Cains Marius, and Juliet becomes his love, Lavinia, there is a dialogue between the pair before the poison quite overerows the spirit of young Marius. Garrick, in his stage version of our tragedy, taking some hints from Otway, varies from Shakspeare, and expands the dialogue with some eighteenth century sentimentalities—

Rom. My powers are blasted,
Twixt death and love I'm torn—I am distracted!
But death's strongest—and must I leave thee, Juliet!
Oh, cursed, cursed fate! in sight of heav'n—
Jul. Thou rav'st—lean on my breast—
Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em.
Nature pleads in vain—children must be wretched.

It were presumptuous to say that had Shakspeare been acquainted with the earlier form of the story—Da Porto's, which agrees in this particular with Garrick's—he would have rejected it in favour of the form found in Brooke; and we can believe that a dialogue of marvellous beauty, pure poetry, and therefore unlike the effective stage nonsense of Garrick, might have been written. But we do not desire any variation from the scene as we have it. No unavailing lamentations are uttered by Juliet—there is but one agonised moment, that in which she perceives that the phial has been emptied, and fears she may not find the means to die. But in another instant the "happy dagger" is in her heart; and it is on Romeo's body that she falls.

And so the event is over; the star-crossed lovers have done with sorrow, and can never more be separated. Over their bodies kinsmen pledge a lasting peace. They shall lie side by side in effigy, all of pure gold, for other lovers to look on. Their lives have been fulfilled; they are made one in all men's memories; it is not wholly ill with them. Dawn widens over the world, not bright, but with a grey tranquillity, as the grieved witnesses move away with hushed speech about the dead—

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.

E. D.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
 PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*
 MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*
 CAPULET, } *each other.*
Uncle to 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 LAUBENCE, *a Franciscan.*
 FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*
 BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*
 SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
 GREGORY, }

PETER, *another Servant to Capulet.*
 ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus.
Boy; Page to Paris; 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 Relations to
both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen,
and Attendants.

SCENE—During the greater part of the Play, in VERONA: once, in
 the Fifth Act, at MANTUA.

PROLOGUE.

Enter 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.



SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

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

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in eboler, we'll draw.

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

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

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

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

Sam. 'T is 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.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

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

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 't is known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

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

Gre. How! turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

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 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. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. 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.

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

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better: here comes ono of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

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

[*They fight.*]

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

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward.

[*They fight.*]



Enter TYBALT, and several persons of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

Enter TYBALT.

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

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

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

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

I Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

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!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and *Lady* MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with his Train.*

Prin. Rehellious 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 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 beseeching 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* PRINCE, and *Attendants*; CAPULET, *Lady*
CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens*, and *Servants*.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. 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 drove me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not
be found,

Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east 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.

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

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

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

Mon. Both by myself, and many other 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.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

Ben. Sec, where he comes: so please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

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

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

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

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

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

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O hawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it 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 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.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

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

Rom. What! shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

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

Rom. A right good 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
With Cupid's arrow,—she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish how she lives un-harm'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.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

Rom. O! teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is 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.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and *Servant.*

Cap. And Montague is hound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.

The earth hath 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 huds 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 writt'n there [*giving a paper*],
and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

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

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperato grief cures with another's lan-
guish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but hound more than a mad-
man is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good den, good
fellow.

Serv. God g' good den.—I pray, sir, can you
read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without
book: but, I pray, can you read anything you
see?

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

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*]

“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?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

Ben. 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.

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



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

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
N'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl!—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
 What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
 We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
 I have remember'd me, thou'st hear our counsel.
 Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. 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?
La. Cap. 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.
 'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I
 trow,
 To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years;
 For then she could stand alone, nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about;
 For even the day before she broke her brow:
 And then my husband—God he 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 holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay."
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"
 quoth he;
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay."
La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
 thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madaun. Yet I cannot choose but
 laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say—
 "Ay:"
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
 A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
 "Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy
 face?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said—
 "Ay."
Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.
Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
 his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.
La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I come to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honour! wero not I thine only
 nurse,
 I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
 teat.
La. Cap. 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
 hrief,—
 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.
La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
 flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
 flower.
La. Cap. 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 several 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 hook of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
 The fish lives in the sea ; and 't is 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.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move ;
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 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.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

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

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
 (Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance :)
 But, let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

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

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

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,

With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
 So staks me to the ground, I cannot move.

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

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
 To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

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

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
 Too rude, too boisterous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love:

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
 Give me a case to put my visage in:

[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.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
 Of this, save reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay.
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
 Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask ;
 But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

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

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

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of lough spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The 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 hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
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 court'sies
straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish-hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune hodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the childreu of an idlo brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more incoustant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being auger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall litterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S HOUSE.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? he shift-a-trencher! ho serape-a-
trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is
a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou,
save me a piece of marchpano; and, as thou
lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone,
and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

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

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.
—Cheerly, boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer
liver take all. [They retire behind.]

*Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the
Maskers.*

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

Al! ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
she,
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you
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; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is
gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days;
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so
much.

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder,
sir;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn
bright.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, teaching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Mon-
tague.—

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.

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

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

Cap. Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

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

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

Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What! Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go
to;—

Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my
soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests.

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy.—Is 't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you;—I know
what.

You must contrary me! marry, 't is time.—

Well said, my hearts!—you are a princeling; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For
shame!

I'll make you quiet. What!—cheerly, my
hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler
meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different
greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. [*To JULIET.*] If I profane with my un-
worthiest 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.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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

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

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what
hands do ;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

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

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

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

[*Kissing her.*]

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

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly
urg'd !

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

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

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

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

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

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

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone :
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so ? Why then, I thank you all ;
I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night :—
More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late ;
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentle-
man ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

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

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

Nurse. I know not.

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

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

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

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

[*One calls within, "Juliet."*]

Nurse. Anon, anon :—

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir :
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would
die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks :

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;

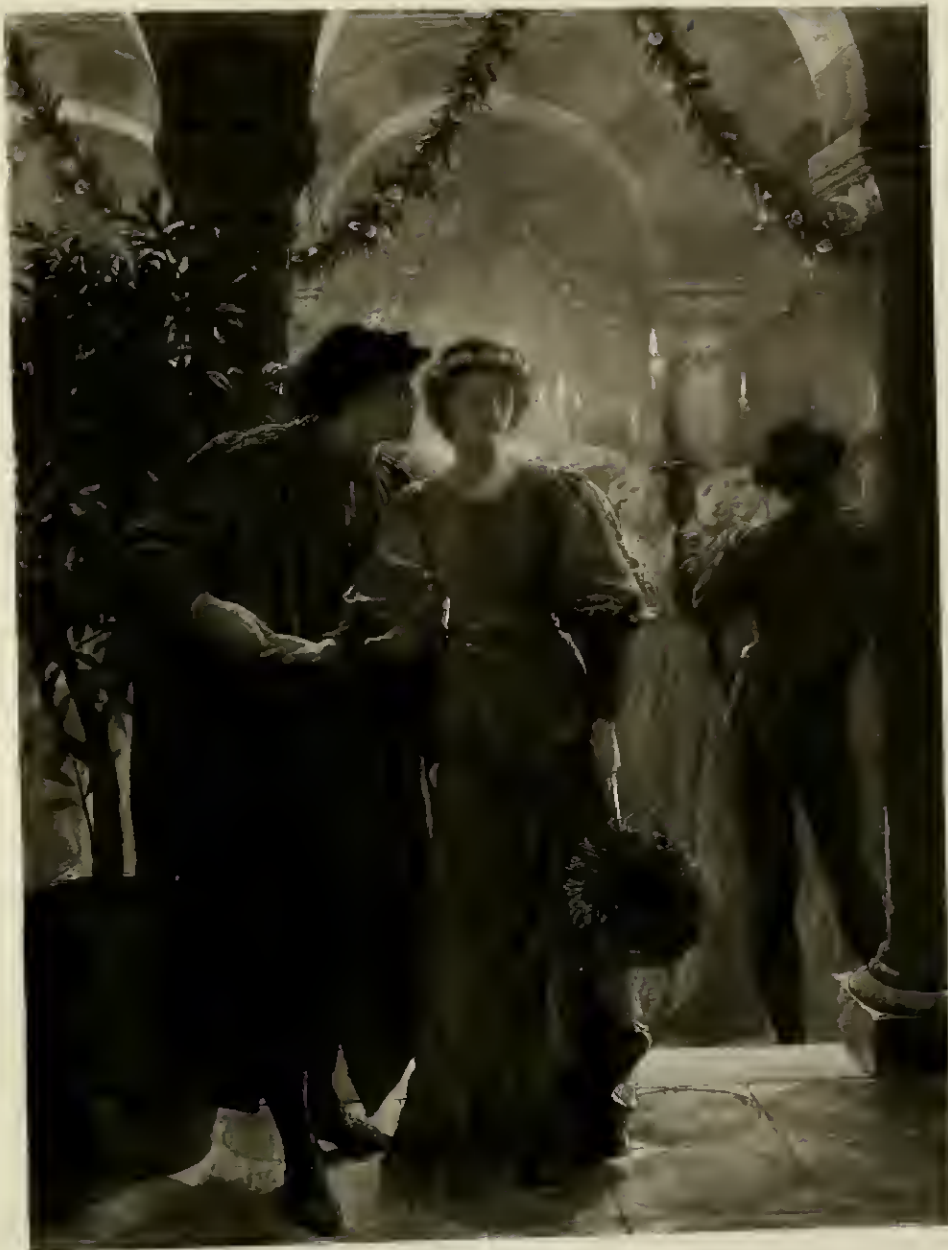
And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved anywhere :

But passion lends them power, time means to
meet,

Tempering extremities with extremes sweet.

[*Exit.*]





*SCENE I.—An Open Place, adjoining
CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. 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.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

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

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard
wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and
dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the heggar-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.

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

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger
him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and 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.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best hefits the dark.

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

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter ROMEO.

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

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]
But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
 It is my lady; O! it is my love:
 O, that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of
 that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,

As daylight doth a lamp: her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not
 night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

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

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

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

Jul. 'T is but thy name, that is mine enemy:
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other word would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo 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!

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

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

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee:
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
 words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
 wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er perch
 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.

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

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but
 sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

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

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
 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.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
 place?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to
 inquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
 face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
 And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think'st 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 may'st 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's passion: therefore, pardon me;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night:
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good night!
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we
 meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
 for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
 purpose, love?

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

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

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

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
 indeed.

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

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not
 well,

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. By-and-by; I come.—
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

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

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
 books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
 looks. [*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's
 voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more boarse than
 mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

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

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

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

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

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

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

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her woub;

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! wickle is the powerful graco that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair
use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this 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.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young sou, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign.

Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rousd by some distemperuro:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou
been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one bath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and boly physie lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise stands my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is
here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies



Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence,
then,—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

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

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

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

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

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: her I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O! she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O! let us hence; I stand on sudden hasty.

Fri. Wisely, and slow: they stumble that run
fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

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

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

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

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

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

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

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

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

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
O! he is the courageous captain of complements.
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,
distance, and proportion; rests me his minim

rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the
very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;
a gentleman of the very first house, of the first
and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado!
the punto reverse! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispig, affecting
fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By
Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a
very good whore!"—Why, is not this a lament-
able thing, grandsire, that we should be thus
afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-
mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who staud so much
on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on
the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for
the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to
his lady, was a kitchen-wench; marry, she had
a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy;
Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings
and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to
the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a
French salutation to your French slop. You
gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What coun-
terfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: can you not con-
ceive?

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

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

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

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

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

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

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

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit fain'ts.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

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

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

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

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

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

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

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

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

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

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art 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.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

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

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good deu, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a mau are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

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

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, 'r' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A hawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

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

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in Lent:

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

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

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

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

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—

Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her 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.

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

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

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

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

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

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

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee.
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

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

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

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

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—O!—There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; 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?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

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

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

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

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
Oh! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore bath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highest 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.

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.*]

Jul. 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. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. 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 awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. 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; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It bents as it would fall in 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 jaunting up and down!

Jul. P' 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?

Jul. 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 poulitico for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Hero's such a coil;—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's 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.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

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

Rom. 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.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

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

Rom. 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

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.



one on with me and we will make short work

Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;

Fri. 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.*]



SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. 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 stir-
ring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those 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 it on the drawer, when,
indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. 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.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. 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. 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 quar-
relled with a man for coughing in the street,
because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain
asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a
tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?
with another, for tying his new shoes with old
riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrel-
ling!

Ben. An 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.

Mer. Tho fee-simple? O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

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

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir,
an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us min-
strels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to
hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick;
here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, con-
sort!

Ben. 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.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

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

Mer. 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.

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

Rom. 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.

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

Rom. 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.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away! [*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

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

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their
weapons.—

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!—
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.—
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*]

Mer. I am hurt.—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is
enough.—

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve:
ask for me to-morrow, 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.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. 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!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this 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.*]

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

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

[*Re-enter TYBALT.*]

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back
again.

Rom. Alive! 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:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

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

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. 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!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir:—go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

O prince! O cousin! 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!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?



*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. 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.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay:

Romco, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,

Could not take trace 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.

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

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

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. 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's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S HOUSE.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaways' 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, grown
bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.

Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he 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.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so covious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though Heaven cannot.—O, Romeo, Romeo—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo—

Jul. 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 *I*,
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, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not,—no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrout, break
at once!

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I
had:

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. 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. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did: alas the day! it did.

Jul. 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 ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua
viva*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be 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?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-
band?

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 hus-
band:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaken, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband.

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse 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 rearward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished!"—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead :—"Romeo is banished!"

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. 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 be-
guil'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 Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—
death;

For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. 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 mis-term'd. Calling death—"banished,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind
prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy; heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this 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?"

Fri. Thou fond mad man, bear me a little
speak.

Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. 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.

Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.



the friar is seated on the left, looking towards the right. In the center, a figure lies on the ground, seemingly unconscious or dead. The setting is a dark, arched interior, possibly a study or a chamber, with a desk and a chair visible in the background.

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

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear
thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Knocking within.]

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide
thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up;
[Knocking.]

Run to my study.—By-and-by.—God's will!
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come.

[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. *[Within.]* Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,

Just in her case. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ing.—

Stand up, stand up; stand, au you he a mau:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end
of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with
her?

Doth she not 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.

Rom. 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 seek
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperato 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 bate 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;

Which, like an 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 a-fire 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
too:

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 misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou 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.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you,
sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. 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.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n 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:—well, we were horn to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to
woo.—
Madam, good night: commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. 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?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is
too soon;

O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado:—a friend, or two;—
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-
day?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were
to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday he 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 late, that we
May call it early hy-and-by.—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. 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 yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. 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 joeund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, you grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so 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.

Jul. It is, it is; lie 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 hunts-up to the day.
O! now he gone: more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light: more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*]

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

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*Descends.*]

Jul. 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.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity that may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O! think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. 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.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit.*]

Jul. 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.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. 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.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. 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.

Jul. 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 Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. 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 expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. 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.

Jul. 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!

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

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth 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? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a hark, 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?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. 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 bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-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 bag-
gage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

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

Cap. Hang thee, young haggard! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
bless'd,

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.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O! God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd; and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

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, an 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.

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledgo thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Erit.*

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

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak
a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Erit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-
vented?

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 strata-
gems

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;
Romeo's a dishelout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

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

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

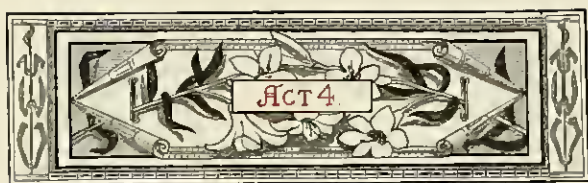
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Erit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
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.

[*Erit.*





SCENE I.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

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

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's
mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. 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 doth 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.

Fri. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should
be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

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

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

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

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

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with
tears.

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

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd
it.

Jul. 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?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O! shut the door; and when thou hast
done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past
help!

Fri. Ah, 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.

Jul. 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 me 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 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 experience'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. 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,
Thou cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. 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 rearing bears;
Or shut 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.

Fri. Hold, then: go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not 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:
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 unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O! tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and pros-
perous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and
Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot
lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. 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.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your hehests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. 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.

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

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow. [Exit JULIET and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'T is now near night.

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

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exit Lady CAPULET and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.]

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!
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 hurried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring 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, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Rouco, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]



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 desperato brains?

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed: 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

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

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What 's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. *[Exit 1 Serv.]*—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.]*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith! 't is day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would.—*[Music within.]* I hear
him near.—

Nurse!—Wife!—What, ho!—What, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say.

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!
What! not a word?—you take your penny-
worths 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!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua vitae*, ho!—my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.

Nurse. She 's dead, deceas'd, she 's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she 's dead, she 's
dead, she 's dead.

Cap. 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!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—

O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife.—There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. 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 woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day, most woful 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 woful day, O woful day!

Par. 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!

Cap. 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!—alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 't was your heaven, she should be 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,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in;—and, madam, go with
him;—

And go, Sir Paris:—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS,
and *Friar.*

1 Mus. '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. [*Exit.*

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease,
Heart's ease:" O! an you will have me live,
play "Heart's case."

1 Mus. Why "Heart's case?"

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself
plays—"My heart is full of woe." O! play me
some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we: 't is no time to play
now.

Peter. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

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

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

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

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit. I will
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—*



*Madame de M...
Madame de M...
Madame de M...*

Why "silver sound?" why "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—"silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too!—what say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O! I ery you merey; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—"music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress. [*Exit.*]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presago 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.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?

How doth my lady Juliet? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' 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.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I deny you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.—

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd 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—
An 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.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. 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-wearied taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharge'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang 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.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. 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.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. 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.

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

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. 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.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — A Churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the CAPULETS.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

(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 Boy whistles.
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,



M. poverty but not my ...

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine 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.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed
I strew,

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.*

Rom. 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.
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.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take
thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good
fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires.*]

Rom. 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.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. 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.

[*Advancing.*]

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.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!

By Heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy had thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at
thee, boy. [They fight.]

Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the
watch. [Exit.]

Par. O! I am slain. [Falls.]—If thou be
merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this
face:—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!—

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—

A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd 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.*]

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; 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,



1894. Each year, late
April, this group will be
seen.

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy 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
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! bow oft
to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's
there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. 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.

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

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. 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.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes
upon me;

O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

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

Fri. Romeo!—[*Advancing.*]
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 tomb.*]

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.*]

Jul. 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.*]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare
no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
[*Exit Friar LAURENCE.*]

What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! [*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself*] there rust, and
let me die.
[*Dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

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

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody: search about
the churchyard.

Go, some of you; who'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

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

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him
in the churchyard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *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.

1 *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.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. 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?

1 *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.

1 *Watch*. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open These dead men's tombs.

Cap. 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 is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

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

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath. What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile, 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.

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

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale. Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet; And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife: I married them; and their stolen marriage-day Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death 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 tutor'd by my art)

A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form 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 awakening), here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,

And bear this work of Heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But (as it seems) did violence on herself.

All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be 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?

Bal. 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? 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.

Cap. O brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady 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.





