```
er. An old Man, of the Capulet family. Romeo, son to Montague. Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Friar Laurence, Franciscan. Friar John, Fran
iscan. Balthasar, servant to Romeo. Abram, servant to Montague. Sampson, servant to Capulet. Oregory, servant to Capulet. Oregory, servant to Capulet. Oregory, servant to Capulet. Oregory, servant to Capulet. Juliet, daugh
er to Capulet. Nurse to Juliet. Citizens of Verona; Gentlemen and Gentle
            nere we lay our scene, From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life; Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows Doth with their death bury the
 parents' strife. The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, And the continuance of their parents' rage, Which, but their children's end, naught could remove, Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; The which if you with patient ears attend, What here shall miss, our toil shall
 ive to mend. [Exit.] ACT I. Scene i. Verona. A public place. Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house of Capulet. Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw. Gre
  Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar. Samp. I strike quickly, being moved. Greg. But thou art moved, the house of Montague moves me. Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st
            A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the wall. Samp. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefor
 will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall. Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. I will be cruel with the men, I will be cruel with the maids- I will cut off their heads. Greg. The
ids of the maids? Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. Take it in what sense thou wilt. Greg. They must take it in sense thou wilt. Greg. They must take it in sense thou wilt. Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if the
u hadst, thou hadst been poor-John. Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of Montagues. Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar]. Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee. Greg. How? turn thy back and run? Samp. Fear me not. Greg. No, marry. I
           mp. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin. Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do bite my
umb, sir. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. [aside to Gregory] Is the law of our side if I say ay? Greg. [aside to Sampson] No. Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir. Greg. Do you quarrel, sir? Ábr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir. Samp. But if you
  sir, am for you. I serve as good a man as you. Abr. No better. Samp. Well, sir. Enter Benvolio. Greg. [aside to Sampson] Say 'better, sir. Abr. You lie. Samp. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.
 ey fight. Ben. Part, fools! [Beats down their swords.] Put up your swords. You know not what you do. Enter Tybalt. Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee Benvolio! look upon thy death. Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, Or manage it to pa
  these men with me. Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans. Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! beat them down! Citizen
  Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife. A crutch! Why call you for a sword? Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come And flourishes his blade in spire.
of me. Enter Old Montague and his Wife. Mon. Thou villain Capulet!- Hold me not, let me go. M. Wife. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe. Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train. Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel- Will they no
hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your weins! On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civi
 rawls, bred of an airy word By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red hate. If every
er you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away. You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case, To old Freetown, our common judgment pla
  Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. Exeunt [all but Montague, his Wife, and Benvolio]. 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 an
 more, and fought on part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part. M. Wife. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray. Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the East, A troubled mind of
ave me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side
                                                                                                                                                                                       ut he was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood. I- measuring his affections by my own, Which
                                                                                                                   , So early walking did I see your son. Towards him I made; b
                                                                                                                                                                                                d from me. Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morn
 then most sought where most might not be found, Being one too many by my weary self- Pursu'
                                                                                                                   my humour, not Pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fle
                                                                                                                                                                                                   m Au rora's bed, Away from light steals home my heavy son And private in his chamber pe
ng's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-c
                                                                                                                g sun Should in the furthest East bean to draw The shady curtains fro
ns himself, Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight And makes himself an artificial n
                                                                                                            Black and portentous must this hum our prove Unless good counsel may the
                                                                                                                                                                                                               se remove. Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? Mon. I neither know it n
or can learn of him Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means? Mon. Both by mys elf a
                                                                                                         nd many other friend: But he, his own a
                                                                                                                                                   ffections' counsellor, is to himself- I will no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  how true- But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and dis
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    We would as willingly give cure as know. Enter Romeo. Ben. See, where he co
overy, As is the bud bit with an envious worm Ere he can spread his sweet leaves
                                                                                                      e air Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Co uld we but learn from whence his sorrows gr
     So please you step aside, I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. Mon. I
                                                                                                   uld thou wert so happy by thy 🛮 stay To hear 👚 true shrift. Co me, madam, let's away, Exeunt [M
                                                                                                                                                                                                              onta gue and Wife]. Ben. Good morrow, cousin. Rom. Is the day so young? Ben.
But new struck nine. Rom. Av me! sad hours seem long. Was that my father tha 📑 t we
                                                                                                 nt hence so fa st? Ben. It was. W
                                                                                                                                                                   hat sadness leng thens Romeo's h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Rom. Not having that which having makes them short. Ben. In love? Ror
                                                                                                                                                                     nnous and ro
                                                                                                                                                                                      ugh in proof! Rom.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s that love, whose view is muffled still. Should without eves see pathway
            Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not,
                                                                                               have heard it all.
                                                                                                                                      ch to do wi
                                                                                                                                                   th hate, but
                                                                                                                                                                                    ith love. Why then, O b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ing love! O loving hate! O anything, of nothing first create! O heavy ligh
                                                                                                                                                                         more w
                                                                                                                                                   waking sle ep, th
 ess! serious vanity! Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of le
                                                                                             right smoke, cold fire
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          I I, that feel no love in this. Dost thou not laugh? Ben. No, coz, I rather
                                                                                                                                       s of mine own lie he
                                                                                                                                                                                breast, Which thou wilt prop
    Rom. Good heart, at what? Ben. At thy good heart's oppression. Rom.
                                                                                                                            sion. Grief
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           te, to have it prest With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
                                                                                            such is love's transgres
                                                                                                                                                               avv in my
Ooth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke rais'd with
                                                                                           fume of sighs; Being pu
                                                                                                                                         sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being
                                                                                                                                                                                 vex'd, a sea nourish'd with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            rs' tears. What is it else? A madness most discreet. A choking gall, a
 a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz. Ben. Soft! I will go along. An if yo
                                                                                                                             g. Rom. Tu t! I have lost m
                                                                                                                                                              yself: I am
                                                                                                                                                                                   t here: This is not Romeo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             s some other where. Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
                                                                                         ave me so, you do me w
    What, shall I groan and tell thee? Ben, Groan? Why no: But sadly te
                                                                                        e who. Rom. Bid a sick
                                                                                                                    man in
                                                                                                                                sadne ss make his will. Ah
                                                                                                                                                                         d ill ura
                                                                                                                                                                                     'd to one that is so ill! In s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ess, cousin, I do love a woman. Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd
                                                                                        air mark, fair coz, is so
you lov'd. Rom. A right good markman! And she's fair I love. Ben. A rig
                                                                                                                  onest hit. B
                                                                                                                                                          in that
                                                                                                                                                                         vou miss
                                                                                                                                                                                        She'll not be hit With Cu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              s arrow. She hath Dian's wit, And, in strong proof of chastity well as
                                                                                                                 g terms, Nor bid e t h' e
                                                                                                                                                                    er of assailing
m'd. From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd. She will not s
                                                                                        the siege of lovin
                                                                                                                                                                                           eyes, Nor ope her lap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               saint-seducing gold. O, she's rich in beauty; only poor That, when
                                                                                                                                                           ncount
                                                                                                                                                                                          akes huge waste; For be
she dies, with beauty dies her store. Ben. Then she hath sworn that sh
                                                                                                                     m. She hath, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                y, starv'd with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity. She
                                                                                                                                                                     sparing m
is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me desp air.
                                                                                     She hath forsworn to
                                                                                                                                                                                          hat live to tell it now. Be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e rul'd by me: forget to think of her. Rom. O, teach me how I sho
                                                                                                                                                         vow Do
                                                                                                                                                          uisite) in
                                                                                                                                                                       question more.
uld forget to think! Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes. Examine
                                                                                    r beauties. Rom. 'Tis t
                                                                                                             he way To call he
                                                                                                                                                                                           These happy masks that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    fair ladies' brows, Being black puts us in mind they hide the fa
                                                                                                             e a mistress that tis pa
ir. He that is strucken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of
                                                                                   evesight lost. Show m
                                                                                                                                                                        doth her beauty
                                                                                                                                                                                            serve but as a note Whe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     may read who pass'd that passing fair? Farewell. Thou cans
not teach me to forget. Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in
                                                                                   Exeunt. Scene II. A
                                                                                                            treet. Enter Capu le t. C
                                                                                                                                                                        antl -the Clown.
                                                                                                                                                                                            Cap. But Montague is bou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s well as I, In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think, For me
                                                                                                                                                    Pari s. and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                p. Bu
n so old as we to keep the peace. Par. Of honourable reckoni
                                                                                 re you both, And pity 'ti
                                                                                                            s you liv'd at odd
                                                                                                                                                                But n
                                                                                                                                                                        o w, my lord, w
                                                                                                                                                                                             hat say you to my suit? Ca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         t saying o'er what I have said before: My child is yet a st
anger in the world, She hath not seen the change of fourteen
                                                                               Let two mo
                                                                                                                                                              ither
                                                                                                                                                                                                         eir pride Ere we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          hink her ripe to be a bride. Par. Younger than she are ha
                                                                  vears:
                                                                                                                                                                                             ady of my earth. But woo her, gentle Par
                                                                                                            Il my hopes but
ppy mothers made. Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so ea
                                                                  rly made. The earth ha
                                                                                         th swallowed a
                                                                                                                                                                           t he hopeful
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          is, get her heart; My will to her consent is but a part. An
she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fa
                                                                                                            hold an old a
                                                                            ccording voice. This night I
                                                                                                                                                            m'd feas t.
                                                                                                                                                                             W hereto I h
                                                                                                                                                                                             ave invited many a guest, Suc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          s I love; and you among the store, One more, most welco
                                                                            is night Earth-treading star
me, makes my number more. At my poor house look to behol
                                                                                                           s that make d
                                                                                                                                                           light. S
                                                                                                                                                                            c h comfort
                                                                                                                                                                                              as do lusty young men feel W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   hen
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           well apparell'd April on the heel Of limping Winter tread
                                                                                                                                                                            e m erit most
s, even such delight Among fresh female buds shall you this
                                                                            t Inherit at my house. Hear
                                                                                                                                                           most wh o
                                                                                                                                                                                              shall be: Which, on more vie
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           f many, mine, being one, May stand in number, though in
                                                                                                            all, all see, A n d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   w o
reck'ning none. Come, go with me. [To Servant, giving him a
                                                                            er] Go, sirrah, trudge about
                                                                                                            Throug h f
                                                                                                                                  Vero
                                                                                                                                                       na: find th o
                                                                                                                                                                                            ut Whose names are written th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           and to them say, My house and welcome on their pleasu
                                                                                                                                                                                 ersons o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ere
                                                                                                                                                                            e p
e stay- Exeunt [Capulet and Paris]. Serv. Find them out who
                                                                            ames are written here? It is
                                                                                                                                                                           hou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter w
                                                                                                                                                      e shoemaker
                                                                                                                                                                                            meddle with his vard and the ta
                                                                                                                                                                                               I must to the learned. In goo
th his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names
                                                                             here writ, and can never f
                                                                                                                            n ames the
                                                                                                                                                   riting person h
                                                                                                                                                                          h h
                                                                                                                                                                                ere wri
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          me! Enter Benvolio and Romeo. Ben. Tut, man, one fire b
                                                                                                                                ward turning; One desperate gr
urns out another's burning; One pain is lessoned by another
                                                                            duish: Turn giddy, and be ho
                                                                                                                                                                                es with a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          new infection to thy eye, And the rank poison of the old
                                                                                                                  v bac
                                                                                                                                                                                             other's languish. Take thou so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   me
                                                                                                                                          Why, Romeo, art thou
will die. Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that. Ben. For
                                                                            at. pray thee? Rom. For you
                                                                                                               broken
                                                                                                                                hin. Ben.
                                                                                                                                                                    mad? R
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          an is; Shut up in Prison, kept without my food, Whipp'd
                                                                                                                                                                                           t mad, but bound more than a m
nd tormented and- God-den, good fellow. Serv. God gi' go-de
                                                                            pray, sir, can you read? Rom
                                                                                                               Ay, min
                                                                                                                                                in my misery. S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           I pray, can you read anything you see? Rom. Ay, If I kno
                                                                                                                                 own fortune
                                                                                                                                                                                          ou have learned it without book
w the letters and the language. Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest yo
                                                                                                                                ad s. 'Signi
                                                                                                                                                 or Martino an
                                                                                                                                                                                          daughters: County Anselmo and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior F
                                                                                                                                                                 d his wi
                                                                                                                                hte rs; My
acentio and His lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valen
                                                                             Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and
                                                                                                                    dau
                                                                                                                                                                    osalin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   n T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.' [Gives back the pape
 A fair assembly. Whither should they come? Serv. Up. Rom
                                                                            hither? Serv. To supper, to our h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ask'd you that before. Serv. Now I'll tell you without asl
                                                                                                                                     Rom
                                                                                                                                                   Whose ho
                                                                                                                                                                                      My master's, Rom, Indeed I should h
                                                                                                                    ous
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ave
ng. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of t
                                                                                                                                                   h a cup of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          cient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline whom tho
                                                                            house of Montagues, I pray co
                                                                                                                    me a
                                                                                                                                      crus
                                                                                                                                                                                          vou merry! Exit. Ben. At this same
 so lov'st: With all the admired beauties of Verona. Go thithe
                                                                            nd with unattainted eve Com
                                                                                                                                                  ce with son
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           thy swan a crow. Rom. When the devout religion of min
                                                                                                                    pa
                                                                                                                        re
                                                                                                                                                                   e th
e eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires: And
                                                                                                                    d n
                                                                                                                                                  e, Transpare
                                                                                                                                                                   nt
                                                                                                                                                                                           ics, be burnt for liars! One fairer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n my love? The all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since
                                                                            se, who, often drown'd, coul
                                                                                                                                                                             here
                                                                                                                                                 her eye; But
first the world begun. Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else b
                                                                            g by, Herself pois'd with h er
                                                                                                                                                                            that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Your lady's love against some other maid That I will sho
  vou shining at this feast. And she shall scant show well tha
                                                                                                                                                 such s igh t
                                                                                                                                                                   to
                                                                                                                                                                           be s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   r of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           my own. [Exeunt.] Scene III. Capulet's house. Enter Cap
                                                                            w seems best. Rom. I'll g o
                                                                                                                           ng, n
                                                                                                                                                                                           hown, But to rejoice in splendou
 let's Wife, and Nurse. Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? Ca
                                                                            er forth to me. Nurse. No w.
                                                                                                                                                maid
                                                                                                                                                                                           at t welve year old. I bade her co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   me.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           What, lamb! what ladybird! God forbid! Where's this gi
                                                                                                                     by
                                                                                                                                                                         hea d
                                                                                                                           my
 What, Juliet! Enter Juliet. Jul. How now? Who calls? Nurse.
                                                                            ur mother. Jul. Madam, I
                                                                                                                                                                                          s vo ur will? Wife. This is the ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Nurse, give leave awhile. We must talk in secret, Nurse
                                                                                                                     m h
                                                                                                                           ere.
                                                                                                                                                                                                ty age. Nurse. Faith, I can t
come back again: I have rememb'red me, thou's hear our cou
                                                                            I. Thou knowest my dau
                                                                                                                       ter
                                                                                                                           's o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          her age unto an hour. Wife. She's not fourteen. Nurse.
lay fourteen of my teeth- And yet, to my teen be it spoken. I h
                                                                             but four- She is not fou
                                                                                                                       ee
                                                                                                                          n. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                  is it now To Lammastide?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          fe. A fortnight and odd days. Nurse. Even or odd, of all
avs in the year. Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourt
                                                                             Susan and she (God r
                                                                                                                       st
                                                                                                                                                                                                 n souls!) Were of an age.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Susan is with God; She was too good for me. But, as
said, On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen; That sha
                                                                            he, marry: I remember it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n years; And she was wean'd (I never shall forget it), Of
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ce the earthquake now e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   eve
Il the days of the year, upon that day; For I had then laid wor
                                                                            ood to my dug, Sitting in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           and you were then at Mantua. Nay, I do bear a brain. Bu
as I said. When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of m
                                                                            g and felt it bitter, prett
                                                                                                                                                                                                    it tetchv and fall out with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e dug! Shake, quoth the dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I tro
                                                                                                                         foo
v. To bid me trudge. And since that time it is eleven years. Fo
                                                                           n she could stand hig
                                                                                                                                                                                                    th' rood. She could have
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         n and waddled all about: For even the day before, she b
oke her brow; And then my husband (God be with his soul! 'A
                                                                          merry man) took up the
                                                                                                                                                                                                    th he, 'dost thou fall upon t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: Wil
                                                                            g, and said 'Ay.' To se
hou not, Jule?' and, by my holidam, The pretty wretch left cr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n I should live a thousand veas. I never should forget it
                                                                                                                          no w h
                                                                            d'Ay.' Wife. Enough of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          m. Yet I cannot choose but laugh To think it should leave
Vilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he, And, pretty fool, it stinted, and
                                                                                                                        this. I
                                                                                                                                                                                                     v peace. Nurse. Yes. m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall<sup>'</sup>st upon thy face? Thou w
 rving and say 'Av.' And vet. I warrant, it bad upon it brow A
                                                                                                                                                                                                     nock: and it cried bitte
                                                                            p as big as a young co
                                                                                                                                                                       A peri
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   rly.
 fall backward when thou comest to age; Wilt thou not, Jule
                                                                             stinted, and said 'Ay.
                                                                                                                           Jul. And
                                                                                                                                                                        00.
                                                                                                                                                                                                     y thee, nurse, say I. Nu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   rse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! Thou \
                                                                                                                               wish. Wif e.
ast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd. An I might live to see
                                                                            e married once. I have e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition
                                                                                                                                                                                                     erv theme I came to tal
o be married? Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of, Nurse, A
                                                                            onour? Were not I thi ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ck'd wisdom from thy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   eat.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Wife. Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you, H
e in Verona, ladies of esteem. Are made already mothers, By
                                                                            count. I was your mothe
                                                                                                                                                                                                    aid. Thus then in brief:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           valiant Paris seeks you for his love. Nurse. A man. you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           you? Can you love the gentleman? This night you shall
 lady! lady, such a man As all the world- why he's a man of w
                                                                                                                                          Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in fai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   t sa
                                                                            Wife. Verona's summ e
behold him at our feast. Read o'er the volume of young Paris
                                                                            ce. And find delight w rit t
                                                                                                                              with beauty's pen; Examine every married I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          nother lends content: And what obscur'd in this fair volu
me lies Find written in the margent of his eyes, This precious
                                                                                                                             To beautify him only lacks a cover. The fish
                                                                                                                                                                                           lives in
                                                                            ok of love, this unbou nd lov
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           de For fair without the fair within to hide. That book in r
                                                                                                                                                                                                      the sea, and 'tis much
                                                                            golden story; So sha II
                                                                                                                                                                                                     king yourself no less. N
                                                                                                                              you share all that he doth possess, By ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   urs
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e. No less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men Wife. Spea
 briefly, can you like of Paris' love? Jul. I'll look to like, if loo
                                                                            g liking move; But no m
                                                                                                                                                              will l'e
                                                                                                                                                                                          ndart m
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ine eye Than your con
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          t gives strength to make it fly. Enter Servingman, Serv
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ser
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ng in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you follo
Madam, the quests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, m
                                                                            oung lady ask'd for, t h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ythi
w straight. Wife. We follow thee. Exit [Servingman]. Juliet, the
                                                                            unty stays. Nurse. Go
                                                                                                                                                                                          ghts to h appy days. Exeunt. Scer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           A street. Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or
six other Maskers; Torchbearers. Rom. What, shall this speed
                                                                            e spoke for our excus
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ty. We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf, Bearing
a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crowk
                                                                                                                                              faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance: But, let them measure us
                                                                            er; Nor no without-boo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    by
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           what they will. We'll measure them a measure, and be
one. Rom. Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling. Being b
                                                                            heavy, I will bear the lig
                                                                                                                                       entle Romeo, we must have you dance. Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          oes With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead So stakes i
                                                                                                        You are a lover, Borrow Cupid's winds And soar with them above a common bound
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Rom. I am too sore enpierd
e to the ground I cannot move
ed with his shaft To soar with his li
                                                                                                     feathers; and so bound I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe. Under love's heavy bu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     do I sink. Mer. And, to sink in
, should you burthen love- Too great oppression for a tender thing. Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, Too rude too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn. Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love. Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. Give me a case to pu
my visage in. A visor for a visor! What care I What cu
                                                                       rious 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 h
eart Tickle the senseless rushes w
                                                                                                                     their heels; For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, I'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e a candle-holder and look on:
                                                                                                                        done. Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     word! If thou art Dun. we'll dra
The game was ne'er so fair, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                U
w thee from the mire Of this sir-rev
                                                                                                      en
                                                                                                                                       ce love, wherein thou stick'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     p to the ears. Come, we burn d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     mean, sir, in delay We waste o
aylight, ho! Rom. Nay, that's not so.
ur lights in vain, like lamps by day. Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits Five times in that ere once in our five wits. Rom. And we mean well, in going to this masque; But 'tis no wit to go. Mer. Why, may one ask? Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night. Mer. And so did I. Rom. Well
what was yours? Mer. That dreamer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  s often lie. Rom. In bed asleep, w
hile they do dream things true. Mer. O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate stone On the forefinger of an alderman, Drawn with a team of little atomies Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep; Her wag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             he lash, of film; Her wagoner, a small
on spokes made of long spinners' legs, Th
                                                                   e cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; Her traces, of the smallest spider's web; Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams; Her whip, of cricket's bone; t
grey-coated gnat, Not half so big as a roun
                                                                                                                                                      mpty hazelnut, Made by th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     b. Time out o' m
                                                                   d little worm Prick
                                                                                          'd from the lazy finger of
                                                                                                                        a maid; Her charlot is an e
                                                                                                                                                                                      e joiner squirrel or old gru
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ind the fairies' coachmakers. And in t
                                                                   gh lovers' brains,
                                                                                                                        ove; O'er courtiers' knees
                                                                                                                                                                                      raight; O'er lawyers' finge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             t dream on fees; O'er ladies' lips, who
his state she 'gallops night by night Throu
                                                                                          and then they dream of I
                                                                                                                                                        , that dream on cursies st
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      rs, who straigh
straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because
                                                                                           their breaths with sweet
                                                                                                                        meats tainted are. Someti
                                                                                                                                                       me she gallops o'er a co
                                                                                                                                                                                       urtier's nose, And then d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      reams 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 d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ats, Of breaches
                                                                                          enefice. Sometimes she
                                                                                                                                                        eck, And then dreams h
                                                                                                                                                                                       e of cutting foreign thro
                                                                ams he of another b
                                                                                                                          driveth o'er a soldier's n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             , a mbuscadoes, Spanish blades, Of healths five fad
om deep; and then anon Drums in his ear, at which h
                                                                 starts and wakes,
                                                                                           And being thus frighte
                                                                                                                         d, swears a prayer or tw
                                                                                                                                                         o And sleeps again. Th
                                                                                                                                                                                        is is that very Mab Tha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       t plats the mane
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  f horses in the night And bakes the elflocks in f
                                                                                                                          s lie on their backs, Th
                                                                                                                                                                                        earns them first to be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ar, Making them
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  omen of good carriage. This is she- Rom. Peace
oul sluttish, hairs, Which once untangled much misf
                                                                 tune bodes This
                                                                                           s the hag, when maid
                                                                                                                                                          at presses them and I
                                                                  True, I talk of dre
                                                                                                                                                          n, Begot of nothing
peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing. Mer
                                                                                            ams; Which are the c
                                                                                                                           hildren of an idle brai
                                                                                                                                                                                         but vain fantasy; Wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ich is as thin o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  substance as the air, And more inconstant than
the wind, who wooes Even now the frozen bosom of
                                                                 he North And, be
                                                                                             ing anger'd, puffs a
                                                                                                                           way from thence, Tu
                                                                                                                                                           rning his face to th
                                                                                                                                                                                          e dew-dropping So
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         uth. Ben. This
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nd you talk of blows us from ourselves. Supper
                                                                 ly; for my mind
s done, and we shall come too late. Rom. I fear, too e
                                                                                             misgives Some co
                                                                                                                            nsequence, yet ha
                                                                                                                                                           nging in the stars
                                                                                                                                                                                             hall bitterly beg
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          in his fearful
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   te With this night's revels and expire the term Of
                                                                                              eath. But he tha
a despised life, clos'd in my breast, By some vile for
                                                                 it of untimely d
                                                                                                                             t hath the steera
                                                                                                                                                            ge of my course
                                                                                                                                                                                           Direct my sail! O
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n, lusty gentl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  en! Ben. Strike, drum. They march about the sta
                                                                                                                             v. Where's Potp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   rencher! he scrape a trencher! 2. Serv. When go
ge. [Exeunt.] Scene V. Capulet's house. Servingmen
                                                                 me forth with
                                                                                              napkins. 1. Ser
                                                                                                                                                            an, that he help
                                                                                                                                                                                            not to take aw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          av? He shift
                                                                                               'd too, 'tis a fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   t-cubbert, look to the plate. Good thou, save me
od manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, a
                                                                  they unwash
                                                                                                                             ul thing. 1. Serv
                                                                                                                                                            . Away with th
                                                                                                                                                                                           e join-stools, r
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          emove the co
a piece of marchpane and, as thou loves me, let the
                                                                 orter let in Su
                                                                                              san Grindston
                                                                                                                             e and Nell. Anth
                                                                                                                                                            ony, and Potpa
                                                                                                                                                                                           n! 2. Serv. Ay, b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          oy, ready. 1.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   rv. You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for an
d sought for, in the great chamber. 3. Serv. We cann
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ake all. Exeun
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Enter the Maskers, Enter, [with Servants,] Capul
                                                                  be here and
                                                                                             there too. Chee
                                                                                                                            rly, boys! Be bri
                                                                                                                                                            sk awhile, and t
                                                                                                                                                                                          he longer liver t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ns will have a bout with you. Ah ha, my mistress
et, his Wife, Juliet, Tybalt, and all the Guests and Ge
                                                                 lewomen to t
                                                                                            he Maskers. Cap.
                                                                                                                            Welcome, gentle
                                                                                                                                                           men! Ladies that
                                                                                                                                                                                         have their toes U
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         nplagu'd with c
es! which of you all Will now deny to dance? She tha
                                                                                                                                                                                        gentlemen! I have se
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ave worn a visor and could tell A whispering tal
                                                         t m
                                                                 akes dainty, Sh
                                                                                           e I'll swear hath cor
                                                                                                                         ns. Am I come near
                                                                                                                                                         ye now? Welcome,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       en the day That
e in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please. 'Tis gone
                                                                 is gone, 'tis gone! You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play. A hall, a hall!
                                                                                                                                                           give room! and foot it, girls. Music plays, and they dance. More light, you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   aves! and turn the tables up, And quench the fir
e, the room is grown too hot. Ah, sirrah, this unlook'
                                                                 or sport comes
                                                                                           well. Nay, sit, nay, sit
                                                                                                                          good cousin Capule
                                                                                                                                                           For you and I are p
                                                                                                                                                                                        ast our dancing days
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         How long is't n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    since last yourself and I Were in a mask? 2. Ca
p. By'r Lady, thirty years. Cap. What, man? 'Tis not soom
                                                                 uch, 'tis not so
                                                                                            much! 'Tis since t
                                                                                                                         he nuptial of Lucent
                                                                                                                                                         io, Come Pentecos
                                                                                                                                                                                        t as quickly as it wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       II. Some five-an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  enty years, and then we mask'd. 2. Cap. 'Tis more
                                                                                                                                                                                   What lady's that, which
e, 'tis more! His son is elder, sir; His son is thirty. Ca p. W
                                                                 ill you tell me t
                                                                                        hat? His son was but a
                                                                                                                       ward two years ago. R
                                                                                                                                                     om. [to a Servingman]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   doth enrich the han
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   yonder knight? Serv. I know not, sir. Rom. O, s
he doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she ha
                                                                 ngs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear- Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows As you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   lady o'er her fellows shows. The measure done
                                                                                                                           rt love till now? For
                                                                                              hand. Did my hea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         auty till this ni
I'll watch her place of stand And, touching hers, ma ke b
                                                                 lessed my rude
                                                                                                                                                           swear it, sight! For
                                                                                                                                                                                          I ne'er saw true b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague. I
etch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave Come hith
                                                                 er, cover'd wi
                                                                                              th an antic face
                                                                                                                              To fleer and s
                                                                                                                                                            corn at our sole
                                                                                                                                                                                          mnity? Now, by
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          the stock an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             d ho nour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a
                                                                                                                             Montague, our
sin. Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm yo
                                                                 u so? Tyb. U
                                                                                              ncle, this is a
                                                                                                                                                              foe; A villain
                                                                                                                                                                                            , that is hither
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           come in spi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  o scorn at our solemnity this night. Cap. Young
                                                                                                                                                                                            portly gentle
Romeo is it? Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo. Cap. C
                                                                 ent thee, gen
                                                                                               tle coz, let hi
                                                                                                                             m alone. 'A be
                                                                                                                                                             ars him like a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          man, And, to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   y truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   note of him. It is my will; the which if thou respe
d well-govern'd youth. I would not for the wealth of a
                                                                 his town Her
                                                                                              e in my hous
                                                                                                                              e do him disp
                                                                                                                                                             aragement. T
                                                                                                                                                                                            nerefore be p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           atient, take
ct, Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, A
                                                                 I-beseeming
                                                                                                semblance f
                                                                                                                              or a feast. Tyb
                                                                                                                                                              . It fits when
                                                                                                                                                                                            such a villain
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           is a guest. I'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ot endure him. Cap. He shall be endur'd. What,
goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to! Am I the master
                                                                 re, or you? G
                                                                                              o to! You'll not
                                                                                                                              endure him?
                                                                                                                                                            God shall men
                                                                                                                                                                                            d my soul! You
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           'Il make a m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ny among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop
                                                                 o to, go to! Yo
you'll be the man! Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame. Cap
                                                                                              u are a saucy b
                                                                                                                             oy. Is't so, indee
                                                                                                                                                            d? This trick m
                                                                                                                                                                                          ay chance to sc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          athe you. I kn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  what. You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.- V
ell said, my hearts!- You are a princox- go! Be quiet, o r- M
                                                                 ore light, more
                                                                                              light!- For sham
                                                                                                                            e! İ'll make you qu
                                                                                                                                                            iet; what!- Chee
                                                                                                                                                                                          ly, my hearts! Ty
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         b. Patience pe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             rfor ce with wilful choler meeting Makes my flesh tre
mble in their different greeting. I will withdraw; but this int
                                                                 rusion shall, No
                                                                                            w seeming sweet,
                                                                                                                           convert to bitt'rest
                                                                                                                                                           gall. Exit. Rom. If
                                                                                                                                                                                          profane with my un
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         worthiest hand
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two
blushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touc
                                                                 h with a tender k
                                                                                            iss. Jul. Good pilgri
                                                                                                                          m, you do wrong your
                                                                                                                                                           hand too much, Wh
                                                                                                                                                                                        ich mannerly devotic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        n shows in this
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. Rom. Have not s
                                                                 aints lips, and ho
                                                                                           ly palmers too? Jul. A
                                                                                                                         y, pilgrim, lips that the
                                                                                                                                                        y must use in pray'r. R
                                                                                                                                                                                        om. O. then, dear sair
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       t, let lips do wha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              t hands do! They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to de
                                                                                                                         r's effect I take. Thus fro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Jul. Then have
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              my lips the sin that they have took. Rom. Sin from m
spair. Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' s
                                                                 ake. Rom. Then m
                                                                                          ove not while my praye
                                                                                                                                                       m my lips, by thine my
                                                                                                                                                                                       in is purg'd. [Kisses he
 lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin again. [K
                                                                 isses her.] Jul. Yo
                                                                                         u kiss by th' book. Nurs
                                                                                                                        e. Madam, your mother c
                                                                                                                                                       raves a word with you. R
                                                                                                                                                                                      om. What is her mother
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Nurse. Marry, ba
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               helor, Her mother is the lady of the house. And a go
od lady, and a wise and virtuous. I nurs'd her daughter that
                                                                                                                        old of her Shall have the
                                                                                         tell you, he that can lay h
                                                                                                                                                       chinks. Rom. Is she a Ca
                                                                                                                                                                                      pulet? O dear account! m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     y life is my foe's d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ebt. Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best. Rom.
Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest. Cap. Nay, gentlemen, pre  pare not to be gon
                                                                                         e; We have a trifling fool
                                                                                                                        ish banquet towards. Is i
                                                                                                                                                       t e'en so? Why then, I th
                                                                                                                                                                                      ank you all. I thank you,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      honest gentlemen . Good night. More torches here! [Exeunt Maskers.] Come
                                                                                                                                                                                       man? Nurse. The son a
on then, let's to bed. Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late; I'll to my rest. Exeunt [al
                                                                                           I but Juliet and Nurse].
                                                                                                                          Jul. Come hither, nurs
                                                                                                                                                        e. What is youd gentle
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nd heir of old Tiberio. Jul. What's he that now is going out of door? Nurse.
Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. Jul. What's he that follows there, that w ould not dance? Nur se. 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? Jul. A rhyme I learnt even now Of one I danc'd withal
One calls within, 'Juliet.' Nurse. Anon, anon! Come, let's away; the stranger
                                                                                                 s all are go
                                                                                                                               ne. Exeunt.
                                                                                                                                                              PROLOGUE
                                                                                                                                                                                              Enter Chor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            us. Chor. Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie, And young affectio
n gapes to be his heir; That fair for which love groan'd for and would die, With te
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          is beloy'd, and loves again, Alike bewitched by the charm of looks; But
                                                                                                nder Juliet
                                                                                                                              match'd, is n
                                                                                                                                                              ow not fair.
                                                                                                                                                                                             Now Romeo
o 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
hem power, time means, to meet, Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. Exit. ACT II. Scene I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard. Enter Romeo alone. Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out. [Climbs the wall and leaps down...]
n within it.] Enter Benvolio with Mercutio. Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Mer. He is wise, And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this or chard wall. Call, good Mercutio. Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too. Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lov
er! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh; Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied! Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and heir, Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim When King Cophetua
ov'd the beggar maid! He heareth not, he stirreth not, be moveth not; The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes. By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, And the demesnes that there adjacent I
e, That in thy likeness thou appear to us! Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 'Twould anger him To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle Of some strange nature, letting it there stand Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down. That were some spite; m
y invocation Is fair and honest: in his mistress' name, I conjure only but to raise up him. Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees To be consorted with the humorous night. Blind is his love and best befits the dark. Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. Now will he
sit under a medlar tree And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit As maids call medlars when they laugh alone. O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were, O that she were An open et cetera, thou a pop'rin pear! Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed; This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. Co
me, shall we go? Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain 'To seek him here that means not to be found. Exeunt. Scene II. Capulet's orchard. Enter Juliet above at a window. But soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is th
e 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, since she is envious. Her vestal livery is but sick and green, And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off. It is m
 lady; O, it is my love! O that she knew she were! She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it. I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks. Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their speaks.
heres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright That birds would sing and think it were not night. See how she lear
s her cheek upon her hand! O that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek! Jul. Ay me! Rom. She speaks. O, speak again, bright ange! 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
Capulet. Rom. [aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in
a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo, doff thy name; And for that name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself. Rom. I take thee
at thy word. Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; Henceforth I never will be Romeo. Jul. What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in night, So stumblest on my counsel? Rom. By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am. My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is
an enemy to thee. Had I it written, I would tear the word. Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound. Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike. Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and w
herefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here. Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls; For stony limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do, that dares love attempt
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me. Jul. If they do see thee, they will murther thee. Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity. Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here. Rom. I have
night's cloak to hide me from their sight; And but thou love me, let them find me here. My life were better ended by their hate Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire. He lent m
e counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise. Jul. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face; Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast hear
 me speak to-night. Fain would I dwell on form- fain, fain deny What I have spoke; but farewell compliment! Dost thou love me, I know thou wilt say 'Ay'; And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st, Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries, They say Jove laughs. O gentle Rome
o, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully. Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light; But trust me, gentle
man, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me, And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath
so discovered. Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops- Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Rom. What shall I swear by? Jul. Do not
swear at all; Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee. Rom. If my heart's dear love- Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night. It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden; Too like the lightn
ng, which doth cease to be Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet. Good night! As sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast! Rom. O, wilt
hou leave me so unsatisfied? Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night? Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine. Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again. Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love? Jul.
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