THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET by William Shakespeare Dramatis Personae Chorus. Escalus, Prince of Verona. Paris, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince. Montague, heads of two houses at variance with each other. Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other. 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. Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Friar Laurence, Franciscan. Friar John, Franciscan. Balthasar, servant to Romeo. Abram, servant to Montague. Sampson, servant to Capulet. Gregory, servant to Capulet. Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse. An Apothecary. Three Musicians. An Officer. Lady Montague, wife to Montague. Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet. Juliet, daughter to Capulet. Nurse to Juliet. Citizens of Verona; Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of both houses; Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and Attendants. SCENE.--Verona; Mantua. THE PROLOGUE Enter Chorus. Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity, In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life; Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows Doth with their death bury their parents' strife. The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, And the continuance of their parents' rage, Which, but their children's end, 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 strive 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. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals. Greg. No, for then we should be colliers. Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw. Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar. Samp. I strike quickly, being moved. Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike. Samp. A dog of 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 away. Samp. 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 weakest goes to the wall. Samp. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall. Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. Samp. 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids- I will cut off their heads. Greg. The heads 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 that feel it. Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou 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 fear thee! Samp. 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 thumb, 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? Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir. Samp. But if you do, 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.' Here comes one of my master's kinsmen. Samp. Yes, better, sir. Abr. You lie. Samp. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. They 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 part these men with me. Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward! They fight. Enter an officer, and three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans. Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! beat them down! Citizens. Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife. Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! Wife. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword? Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come And flourishes his blade in spite of me. Enter 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 not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins! On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red hate. If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away. You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case, To old Freetown, our common judgment place. 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 your s, close fighting ere I did approach. I drew to part them. In the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd; Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part. 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 drave me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son. Towards him I made; but he was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood. I- measuring his affections by my own, Which then most sought where most might not be found, Being one too many by my weary self- Pursu'd my humour, not Pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me. Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest East bean to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from light steals home my heavy son And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight And makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this humour prove Unless good counsel may the cause remove. Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means? Mon. Both by myself and many other friend; But he, his own affections' counsellor, Is to himself- I will not say how true- But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery, As is the bud bit with an envious worm Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, We would as willingly give cure as know. Enter Romeo. Ben. See, where he comes. So please you step aside, I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away, Exeunt [Montague and Wife]. Ben. Good morrow, cousin. Rom. Is the day so young? Ben. But new struck nine. Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long. Was that my father that went hence so fast? Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours? Rom. Not having that which having makes them short. Ben. In love? Rom. Out- Ben. Of love? Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love. Ben. Alas that love, so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still, Should without eyes see pathways to his will! Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate! O anything, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness! serious vanity! Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health! Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is This love feel I, that feel no love in this. Dost thou not laugh? Ben. No, coz, I rather weep. Rom. Good heart, at what? Ben. At thy good heart's oppression. Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs; Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears. What is it else? A madness most discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz. Ben. Soft! I will go along. An if you leave me so, you do me wrong. Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here: This is not Romeo, he's some other where. Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love? Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee? Ben. Groan? Why, no; But sadly tell me who. Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will. Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd. Rom. A right good markman! And she's fair I love. Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. Rom. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit, And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. O, she's rich in beauty; only poor That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store. Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste; For beauty, starv'd with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity. She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair. She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead that live to tell it now. Ben. Be rul'd by me: forget to think of her. Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think! Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes. Examine other beauties. Rom. 'Tis the way To call hers (exquisite) in question more. These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair. He that is strucken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve but as a note Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair? Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget. Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. Exeunt. Scene II. A Street. Enter Capulet, County Paris, and [a Servant] -the Clown. Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I, In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think, For men so old as we to keep the peace. Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both, And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long. But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before: My child is yet a stranger in the world, She hath not seen the change of fourteen years; Let two more summers wither in their pride Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made. Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made. The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she; She is the hopeful lady of my earth. But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart; My will to her consent is but a part. An she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice. This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, Whereto I have invited many a guest, Such as I love; and you among the store, One more, most welcome, makes my number more. At my poor house look to behold this night Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light. Such comfort as do lusty young men feel When well apparell'd April on the heel Of limping Winter treads, even such delight Among fresh female buds shall you this night Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see, And like her most whose merit most shall be: Which, on more view of many, mine, being one, May stand in number, though in reck'ning none. Come, go with me. [To Servant, giving him a paper] Go, sirrah, trudge about Through fair Verona; find those persons out Whose names are written there, and to them say, My house and welcome on their pleasure stay- Exeunt [Capulet and Paris]. Serv. Find them out whose names are written here? It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time! Enter Benvolio and Romeo. Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning; One pain is lessoned by another's anguish; Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning; One desperate grief cures with another's languish. Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the rank poison of the old will die. Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that. Ben. For what, I pray thee? Rom. For your broken shin. Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad? Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is; Shut up in Prison, kept without my food, Whipp'd and tormented and- God-den, good fellow. Serv. God gi' go-den. I pray, sir, can you read? Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book. But I pray, can you read anything you see? Rom. Ay, If I know the letters and the language. Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry! Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. He reads. 'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and His lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline and Livia; Signior Valentio and His cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.' [Gives back the paper.] A fair assembly. Whither should they come? Serv. Up. Rom. Whither? Serv. To supper, to our house. Rom. Whose house? Serv. My master's. Rom. Indeed I should have ask'd you that before. Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! Exit. Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st; With all the admired beauties of Verona. Go thither, and with unattainted eye Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow. Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires; And these, who, often drown'd, could never die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun. Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by, Herself pois'd with herself in either eye: But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you shining at this feast, And she shall scant show well that now seems best. Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in splendour of my own. [Exeunt.] Scene III. Capulet's house. Enter Capulet's Wife, and Nurse. Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me. Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, I bade her come. What, lamb! what ladybird! God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet! Enter Juliet. Jul. How now? Who calls? Nurse. Your mother. Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will? Wife. This is the matter- Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again; I have rememb'red me, thou's hear our counsel. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. Wife. She's not fourteen. Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth- And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four- She is not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammas-tide? Wife. A fortnight and odd days. Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!) Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me. But, as I said, On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd (I never shall forget it), Of all the days of the year, upon that day; For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall. My lord and you were then at Mantua. Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug! Shake, quoth the dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I trow, To bid me trudge. And since that time it is eleven years, For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by th' rood, She could have run and waddle all about; For even the day before, she broke her brow; And then my husband (God be with his soul! 'A was a merry man) took up the child. 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidam, The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.' To see now how a jest shall come about! I warrant, an I should live a thousand yeas, I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he, And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.' Wife. Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace. Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.' And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone; A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly. 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; Wilt thou not, Jule?' It stinted, and said 'Ay.' Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I. Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd. An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish. Wife. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married? Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of. Nurse. An honour? Were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat. Wife. Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you, Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, Are made already mothers. By my count, I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief: The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man As all the world- why he's a man of wax. Wife. Verona's summer hath not such a flower. Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith- a very flower. Wife. What say you? Can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast. Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen; Examine every married lineament, And see how one another lends content; And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies Find written in the margent of his eyes, The goldsmith lovers, Therefore, find love, and love, love, love,