

Act 3

Scene 1

a public place. Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, page and servants.

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl,
For now these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.¹

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO

And what to?

MERCUTIO

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou? Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with an old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

BENVOLIO

And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MERCUTIO

The fee simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance. . . . [C]onsort!

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

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

Enter Romeo.

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.
. . . [G]o before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

TYBALT

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: Thou art a villain.

¹ Mercutio is essentially calling Benvolio a hypocrite for saying that the hot weather will entice others to fight, as he himself is all too willing to now fight, as he responds later.

ROMEO
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

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

ROMEO
I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
[*Draws.*] *Alla stoccata* carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT
What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO
Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean
to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the
rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the
ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

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

ROMEO
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO
Come, sir, your *passado*.

They fight.

ROMEO
Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage,
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

Exeunt Tybalt with his partizans.

MERCUTIO
I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses. I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO
What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. . . . '[T]is enough.
Where is my page? Go villain,² fetch a surgeon.

Exit Page.

ROMEO
Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO
No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis
enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a
grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'
both your houses. . . . [A] dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man
to death. A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of
arithmetic!—Why . . . came you between us? I was hurt under your
arm.

ROMEO
I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO
Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses.
They have made worms' meat of me.
I have it, and soundly too. Your houses!

Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

ROMEO
This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper softened valor's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

BENVOLIO
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

² *villain* in its original sense, the word *villain* was not connotatively bad; the word meant a villein, or a common villager. It is related to the word *village* and *villa*.

ROMEO
This day's black fate on mo days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO
Again in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again
That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

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

ROMEO
This shall determine that.

They fight; Tybalt falls.

BENVOLIO
Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO
O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO
Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo. Enter Citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN
Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO
There lies that Tybalt.

FIRST CITIZEN
Up, sir, go with me.
I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their wives and others.

PRINCE
Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO
O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET
Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin.

PRINCE
Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen³
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,⁴
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

³ *spleen* hostile or belligerent nature

⁴ *newly entertained revenge* who now only thinks of taking revenge

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.

Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio.

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offense

Immediately we do exile him hence.

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.

But I'll amerce⁵ you with so strong a fine

That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.

Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,

Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Scene 2

a room in Capulet's house. Enter Juliet.

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,

Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the west

And bring in cloudy night immediately.⁶

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,

It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,

And learn me how to lose a winning match,

Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.

Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.

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

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.

Come gentle night, come loving black-browed night,

Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine

That all the world will be in love with night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,

But not possessed it; and though I am sold,

Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day

As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes

And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse,

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there?

The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down.

JULIET

Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

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

We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead.

⁵ *amerce* to force another to compensate for a crime committed

⁶ *Phoebus* god of light (Apollo) who brought light by traveling the sky in a chariot. Phaeton was the son of the sun god who drove recklessly and scorched the earth. Julia is wishing that the day would end and night would come.

JULIET
Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE
Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo.
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET
What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but Ay,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.⁷
I am not I if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer Ay.
If he be slain, say Ay; or if not, No.
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore-blood. I swounded⁸ at the sight.

JULIET
O, break, my heart. Poor bankrout⁹, break at once.
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty.
Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

NURSE
O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had.
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead.

JULIET
What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then dreadful trumpet sound the general doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

JULIET
. . . Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE
It did, it did; alas the day, it did.

JULIET
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!¹⁰
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical,
Dove-feathered raven, wolvis-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!¹¹
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

⁷ *cockatrice* an imaginary creature with wings of a bird, the head and legs of a rooster and the tail of a snake. Said to have a deadly look, it was used in heraldry (Babcock, p. 433)

⁸ *swounded* fainted

⁹ *bankrout* bankrupt (Crystal, "bankrout.")

¹⁰ *O serpent heart . . . flowering face* Juliet is commenting on Romeo's actions (killing her cousin Tybalt) which belied his outward appearance. These words are, in a different fashion, repeated by Lady Macbeth in *Macbeth* when she said to her husband to "look like th' innocent flower, / But be the serpent under't"; in other words, she was telling him to disguise his intentions by killing the king.

¹¹ Juliet is using oxymorons as Romeo did in Act 1 ("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.") Her statement has the same effect: to contrast Romeo's expressed love for her and the feud.

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace.

NURSE

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.¹²
Ah, where's my man? Give me some *aqua vitae*.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo.

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three-hours' wife have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
That "banished," that one word "banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished"—to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. Romeo is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.¹³
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears. Mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come cords, come Nurse, I'll to my wedding bed,
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot¹⁴ well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

JULIET

O find him, give this ring to my true knight,

¹² The nurse's statement about the total depravity of men echoes the Apostle Paul's quotation of Psalm 14 in Romans 3:10–18, which states "As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that understands, there is none that seeks after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that does good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: Their feet are swift to shed blood: Destruction and misery are in their ways: And the way of peace have they not known: There is no fear of God before their eyes." Paul uses the question as a proof text showing that the whole of humanity, both Jew and Gentile, are sinners.

¹³ *corse* corpse

¹⁴ *wot* know

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Scene 3

Friar Lawrence's cell. Enter Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamored of thy parts
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO

Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom¹⁵?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than doomsday¹⁶ is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say *death*;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say *banishment*.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death. Then banished
Is death mis-termed. Calling death banished,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,

Taking thy part, hath brushed aside the law,
And turned that black word *death* to *banishment*.
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly.
They are free men but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But banished to kill me? *Banished*?
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell.
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word *banished*?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I'll give thee armor to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO

Yet banished? Hang up philosophy.
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O, then I see that mad men have no ears.

¹⁵ *doom* judgment

¹⁶ *doomsday* Judgment Day, or the end of the world when God will judge

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO
Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Knocking within.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO
Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocking.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up.

Knocking.

Run to my study.—By-and-by. . .
What simpleness is this.—I come, I come.

Knocking.

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

NURSE
[*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE
O holy Friar, O, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

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

NURSE
O, he is even in my mistress' case.
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO
Nurse.

NURSE
Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO
Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our canceled love?

NURSE
O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROMEO
As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Drawing his sword.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?
Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless¹⁷ soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine own defense.
What, rouse thee, man. Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But like a misshapen and sullen wench,
Thou putt'st up thy Fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE
[. . .] I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

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

NURSE
Here sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit.

ROMEO
How well my comfort is revived by this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Go hence, good night, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.

ROMEO
But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee.
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene 4

a room in Capulet's house. Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and Paris.

CAPULET
Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late; she'll not come down tonight.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS
These times of woe afford no tune to woo.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET
I will, and know her mind early tomorrow;
Tonight she's mewed¹⁸ up to her heaviness.

CAPULET
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled

¹⁷ *skillless* ignorant, unaware. (Crystal. "skillless.") Here the friar is comparing Romeo's destructive behavior emanating from his own ignorance of his true situation to a soldier who from not knowing what is contained in his flask (gunpowder), explodes and dismembers himself in merely trying to defend himself.

¹⁸ *mewed* cloistered, or shut in

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next,
But, soft, what day is this?

PARIS
Monday, my lord.

CAPULET
Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
A Thursday let it be; a Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two,
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS
My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET
Well, get you gone. A Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very very late that we
May call it early by and by. Good night.

Exeunt.

Scene 5

*an open gallery to Juliet's chamber, overlooking the garden. Enter
Romeo and Juliet.*

JULIET
Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET
Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO
Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.¹⁹
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome. Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

JULIET
It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away.
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes.
O, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROMEO
More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE
Madam.

JULIET
Nurse?

NURSE
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Exit.

¹⁹ *Cynthia's brow* Romeo is for Juliet's sake agreeing that the morning has not yet come. Cynthia is another name for Diana or Artemis, the virgin goddess of the moon and of the hunt. Romeo's saying, then, that the little light that he sees is just part of the moon's reflexion of the sun's light.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell, one kiss, and I'll descend.

Descends.

JULIET

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay husband, friend,
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

O thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET

O God! I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

Exit below.

JULIET

O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;
For then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain Romeo.

JULIET

Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him. I do, with all my heart.
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

Ay madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death.

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.

LADY CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed.

LADY CAPULET

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

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now? A conduit, girl? What, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind.
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood, the winds, thy sighs,
Who raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave.

CAPULET

Soft. Take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET

How now, how now, chopped logic? What is this?
Proud, and, I thank you, and I thank you not;
And yet not proud. Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church a Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.

Out on her, hilding.²⁰

NURSE

God in heaven bless her.
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O God ye good-en²¹!

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

[. . .] [I]t makes me mad!
Day, night, hour, ride, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched, and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet²², in her fortune's tender,
To answer, 'I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.'
But, and you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

Exit.

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit.

JULIET

[. . .] O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE

[Yes, and] here it is.
Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you.
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman.
Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too,

²⁰ *hilding* good-for-nothing; worthless. Crystal, "hilding."

²¹ *God ye good-en* May God give you good evening

²² *mammet* a doll or puppet. (Crystal, "mammet.")

Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

[. . .] I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit.

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor.

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit.