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FROM

Mrs. George Pierce
THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SHAKSPERE;
AFTER THE MOST CORRECT STAGE COPIES, AND APPROVED READINGS;
WITH Notes, Glossary, AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
EMBELLISHED WITH FINELY EXECUTED PORTRAITS.

PART VII
ROMEO AND JULIET.

LONDON:
J. PATTIE, BRYDGES STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1839.
TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

Subsequently to the original announcement of this Edition of Shakspere, the Publisher has become anxious to give the works of the poet, in that more worthy and highly approved form in which they are presented by Mr. Macready, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. In hitherto adhering to this plan, the publication has been inevitably subjected to great delay and irregularity, owing to the slow production of the Plays at the above theatre,—a circumstance arising from the long continued favor afforded to Mr. Macready’s enlightened mode of presenting them. Notwithstanding this objection, however, the proprietor, deeply conscious of the superiority and worth of the new style, believing from the high regard paid to it that it will be generally adopted, and there being no other edition of Shakspere in conformity with it, has resolved to adhere to this plan—using every means to present the Plays as soon as possible after their first appearance on the stage.

This edition of Shakspere will also appear in Six elegant Pocket Volumes, each embellished with a finely executed Portrait on steel. Vol. I. is now ready, with a neat Portrait of Shakspere.

* * * The Portraits will be presented gratis to Subscribers for the work in Parts.

Part VII. will be the Play of Macbeth, as last performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
INTRODUCTION.

The play of Romeo and Juliet is founded on a passage of great interest in the History of Verona—a famous city in Austrian Italy. About the commencement of the 14th century, this city was distracted by the violent feuds of the rival houses of the Capulets and Montagues. Romeo was the only son of Montague, and Juliet the heiress of the house of Capulet; and, notwithstanding the civil discords and jealousies which divided their families, a strong and mutual attachment was formed between them. Like real lovers, no considerations of public or outward differences, nor even the present clashing of their family interests, could weaken the bond which united their hearts, or induce them to foster those fondly cherished hopes which they had in each other's love; and with which, no other anticipations would bear comparison. A worthy example to lovers in all ages. They resolved upon a secret marriage, which accordingly took place, and seemed to realise their fond hopes of felicity; when Tybalt, a nephew of Capulet, rouses the indignation of the young bridegroom by the murder of his friend Mercutio, and falls a sacrifice to his resentment in single combat. This outrage subjects Romeo to a sentence of banishment by the prince; while the unsuspecting relatives of Juliet, attributing her grief to the loss of her cousin, resolve to divert her melancholy by an
immediate marriage with Count Paris. Finding her parents inexorable to every entreaty of delay, the unfortunate lady repairs to the cell of Friar Laurence, who had married her; and receives from his hands a powerful soporific, causing a temporary suspension of the vital functions for two and forty hours. On the day appointed for the nuptials, Juliet is discovered stiff and cold, and is conveyed, amidst the tears of her family, to the cemetery of her ancestors. The good friar, in the mean time, despatches a messenger to the residence of Romeo at Mantua, arranging his secret return to his native city before the expiration of Juliet's sleep. But the destiny of the lovers is misfortune: the letter of Friar Laurence never reaches its destination; and the distracted husband, learning from another source the death of his mistress, hastens to Verona; and whilst endeavoring to force an entrance, in the obscurity of night, to the monument of the Capulets, is stayed by Paris, who had been crossed, by Romeo's arrival, in his "obsequies, and true love's rights." The indignation of the Count is aroused, and he refuses to be gone at the request of Romeo, who engages with him in single combat, and terminates his existence: after which, the desperate lover enters the vault, takes poison, and expires. Immediately after, the friar arrives to await the recovery of Juliet from her trance, who, reviving to a sense of her hopeless woe, and seeing the dead body of Romeo stretched before her, finds means to end her career by plunging her husband's dagger into her heart. The rival families now too late bewail their infatuation, and, at the intercession of the prince, bury their animosities in a treaty of peace and alliance.

Shakspeare possessed ample materials for his drama: several novels having previously appeared, founded upon the same facts.

The first edition of Romeo and Juliet was printed in the year 1597; and about two years after, another appeared, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," by the author. On the stage, this tragedy at-
tained great popularity, and has always been a favorite piece.

"This play," says Dr. Johnson, "is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

"Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspere to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspere, that "he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him:"
"yet he thinks him "no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed," without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sense, that more regard is commonly had to the words than to thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated; he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspere to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humor; but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

"The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtility of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

"His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery; a miserable conceit."
**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

*Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.*

1838.

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COSTUME.

PRINCE ESCALUS.—Green and gold vest and trunks—purple and gold mantle—white pantaloons—russet boots, with scarlet tops—round black hat, and white plumes.


MONTAGUE.—Black velvet ancient dress.

CAPULET.—Ibid.

ROMEO.—Light blue vest, richly embroidered—white satin trunks—white silk pantaloons—white shoes and scarlet roses—broad white lace frill round the neck—round black hat, slashed vertically round the crown, and white plumes. Second dress: Black velvet.

MERCUTIO.—Scarlet jacket and pantaloons, embroidered—russet boots—round black hat, and white plumes.

BENVOLIO.—Fawn-colored jacket and pantaloons—russet boots—black hat and white plumes.

TYBALT.—Brown jacket and pantaloons—ibid.

APOTHECARY.—Coarse and ragged serge.

BALTHASAR.—Grey and scarlet livery.

PETER.—Light brown livery.

CHORUS.—White surplices.

FRIARS.—Grey friars’ dresses.


LADY CAPULET.—Black velvet, trimmed with gold-lace.

NURSE.—Flowered cotton gown, trimmed with point lace—scarlet quilted petticoat.

SCENE.—Once, in the fifth act, at Mantua—and in or near Verona during the rest of the play.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street in Verona.

Enter Samson and Gregory s. e. r.

Sam. (c.) Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. (r. c.) No; for then we should be colliers.

Sam. Gregory, I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

Gre. 'Draw thy tool then; for here come two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee: but let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Gre. (c.) I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. (r. c.) Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar l.

Bal. (crossing to r.) Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Bal. (r.) Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

[To Gre.


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

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir? [Going r.

Bal. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

We'll not carry coals—we'll not be imposed upon.
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.
Bal. No better, sir.
Sam. Well, sir.
Gre. (c.) Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Bal. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.—  
[They fight.]

Enter Benvolio s. e. r.

Ben. (Interposing.) Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do.—  
[Beats down their weapons.]

Enter Tybalt l., with a drawn sword.

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. (c.) What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate all Montagues, and thee;
Have at thee, coward.  
[They fight.]

[Capulets l., and Montagues r., without.]

Montagues. Down with the Capulets!
Capulets. Down with the Montagues!

[Bell rings.]

Cap. (Without l.) Give me my sword! Old Montague is come, and flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague and friends r., and Capulet with his friends, all armed l.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet!—  
[All fight.]

Enter the Prince with attendants m. d.

Prince. (c.) Rebellious subjects, enemie to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbor-stained steel,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.—
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By you, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our town:
If ever you affright our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—
For this time all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, (To Cap. L.) shall go along with me.

And, Montague, (To Mon. r.) come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Flourish.—Exeunt all but Montague and Benvenio l.]

Mon. (r. c.) Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. (l. c.) Here were the servants of our adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came.

Mon. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?—

Right glad I am, he was not at this brawl.

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worship'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:

Mistemper'd—angry.
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood;
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they're most alone,—
Pursued my humor, 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;
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless the counsel may the cause remove.

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

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

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Ben. So please you, sir, Mercutio and myself
Are most near to him;—be it that our years,
Births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
Measure the rule of his, I know not; but
Friendship still loves to sort him with his like;
We will attempt upon his privacy:
And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Mon. (Going R.) 'Twill bind us to you: good
Benvolio, go.

Ben. (Going L.) We'll know his grievance, or
be much denied.

[Exeunt Montague L., Benvolio R.]

SCENE II.—Another Street in Verona.

Enter Capulet and Paris R.

Cap. (c.) And 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.
ACT I.                    ROME0 AND JULIET.  11

Par.  (a.) Of honorable reck'ning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.—
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap.  (l. c.) 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 eighteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.
Par.  Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap.  And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her:
But woo her, gentle Paris; get her heart;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent; so woo her, gentle Paris.—
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereinto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love; and you, among the rest.—

[Calls servant, and gives 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 pleasures stay.—
Once more, most welcome, Count: go in with me.

[Exeunt R.

SCENE III.—A Wood near Verona.

ROMEO crosses through the wood, from u. e. l.
to u. e. r.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO l.

Mer.  See, where he steals.—Told I you not, Ben-
volio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence, with his arms
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot?

Re-enter ROMEO r.

Ben.  (c.) Good-morrow, cousin.
Rom. (s. c.) Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah, me! sad hours seem long.
Mer. (l.) Pr’ythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love, meseems!
Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. (a.) Where shall we dine?—O, me!—
Cousin Benvolio,
What was the fray this morning with the Capulets?
Yet tell me not; for I have heard it all.
Here’s much to do with hate but more with love:
Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well seeming forms!
This love feel I; but such my froward fate,
That there I love, where most I ought to hate.
Dost thou not laugh, my friend? O, Juliet, Juliet!
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart’s oppression.
Mer. (Crossing to Rom.) Tell me, in sadness,
who she is you love.
Rom. In sadness, then, I love a woman.
Mer. I aim’d so near, when I supposed you loved.
Rom. A right good marksman!—and she’s fair I love;
But know not of my love; ’twas through my eyes
The shaft empierced my heart; chance gave the wound
Which time can never heal: no star befriended me;
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow;
And still ’tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.
Mer. Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.
Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Take some new infection to thy heart,

In sadness—seriously.
And the rank poison of the old will die:
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 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
Remembring me, who past that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

[*Crosses to c.*

*Mer.* I warrant thee; if thou 'lt but stay to hear.
To-night there is an ancient splendid feast
Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of Verona meet.

*Rom.* At Capulet's?

*Mer. (l. c.)* At Capulet's, my friend;
Go there; and, with an 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 eyes
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,
And burn the heretics! All-seeing Phæbus
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

*Mer. (c.)* Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else
being by,
Herself poised with herself; but let be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other fair,
And she will show scant well.

*Rom. (r.)* I will along, Mercutio.

*Mer.* 'Tis well: look to behold at this high feast
Earth treading stars that make dim heaven's lights:
Hear all, see all, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.

*Rom.* My mind is changed;—
I will not go to-night.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* Ha, ha! a dream? [Running to *Rom*.

O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

[Returning to c.

*Scant*—scarce.
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er doctors' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats;
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon,
Drums in his ears; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. (Goes a.) This is that very Mab—

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

Mer. (Returns to c.) True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Atomies—atoms, or those particles discernible in a stream
of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room.

Smelling out a suit—court solicitation.
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.

    Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-selves,
And we shall come too late. [Croses to c.

    Rom. (c.) I fear, too early; for my mind mis-gives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
From this night’s revels.—I.ead, my gallant friends.

    [Benvolio and Mercutio, in going, pause at  
    r., and laugh at Romeo, then exeuent r.
Let come what may, once more I will behold
My Juliet’s eyes! drink deeper of affliction:
I’ll watch the time; and, mask’d from observation,
Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name.
Though hate and discord ‘twixt our sires increase,
Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

    [Exit r.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet’s House.

Enter Lady Capulet r.—Nurse s. e. l.

    L. Cap. (r. c.) Nurse, where’s my daughter? call her forth to me,

    Nurse. Now, by my faith,
I bade her come. (Crosses to L.) What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—Heaven forbid! where’s this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet l., crossing to Lady Capulet.

    Jul. How now! who calls?

    Nurse. Your mother.

    Jul. (r. c.) Madam, I’m here.

    What is your will?

    L. Cap. (r. c.) This is the matter:—Nurse, give
leave awhile;
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember’d me; thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know’st my daughter’s of a pretty age.

    Nurse. ’Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
L. Cap. She's not eighteen.
Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I've but eight,—
She's not eighteen: how long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
L. Cap. (r. c.) A fortnight and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be eighteen,
That shall she, marry: I remember it well;
'Tis since the earthquake now just fifteen years:
And she was wean'd—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days in the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my breast,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;—
My lord and you were then at Mantua;—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—
Jul. (c.) I pray thee, peace, Nurse.
Nurse. Peace, I have done. Heaven mark thee
to its grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed!
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.
L. Cap. (a.) And that same marriage is the very
theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, (Takes her hand.)
daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honor that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
L. Cap. Well, think of marriage now: younger
than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in 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.

Teen—sorrow.
I do bear a brain—I recollect.
L. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay; he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
L. Cap. What say you? Can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter Peter L.

Pet. Madam, the guests are come, and brave ones,
all in masks. (Juliet goes r.) You are call'd; my young lady ask'd for; the Nurse cursed in the pantry; (Nurse attempts to strike Peter.) supper almost ready to be served up; and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait.
L. Cap. We follow thee. [Exeunt L.

SCENE V. — A Hall in Capulet's House.

The Capulets, with other gentlemen and ladies, masked—Samson and Gregory waiting.—Music.

Enter Juliet L., led in by Paris, who walks across with her to r., where they sit close by each other in chairs;—Prince, Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. (c.) Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their feet
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you!—She that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you now?

Enter Mercutio, Romeo, Benvolio, and Peter, masked, l.

You're welcome, gentlemen.—I've seen the day
That I have worn a vizar; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
—More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
[Exit Peter.
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.  

[Music, dance.

Rom. (L. c.) Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady
Which doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman?
Ben. I do.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
The measure done, I'll wait her to her place,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart!

[They retire back, and more in the c.

Tyb. (a. c.) This, by his voice, should be a Montague,
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity!
Now, by the stock and honor of my race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

[Roméo speaks with Nurse R. c.

Cap. (L.) Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you thus?
Tyb. (L. c.) Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.
Cap. Young Romeo, is 't?
Tyb. That villain Roméo.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz; let him alone;
He bears him like a courtly gentleman,
And, to say the truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
Tyb. It fits when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endured:
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet.  
[Up c.
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Prince, Lady Capulet, and Paris, go up the stage.—Exit Tybalt l.

Dance of Masqueraders, &c.—During the dance Romeo goes and sits by Juliet.

Rom. (Leading Juliet from her chair toward c.) If I profane with my unworthy hand
[To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this.

[Kisses her hand.

Jul. (c.) Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much;
For palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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

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

Rom. Thus, then, dear saint, let lips put up their prayer.
[Salutes her.

Nurse. (c.) Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

[Romeo and Juliet go up the stage.

Mer. (L.) What is her mother?

Nurse. (L.) Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter; heiress to Lord Capulet:
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her,
Shall have the chinks.

Mer. Is she a Capulet? [Romeo comes forward.
Come, Romeo, let's begone; the sport is over.

Rom. (c.) Ay, so I fear: the more is my mishap.
[Going L.

Cap. (a. c.) Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

Palmers—pilgrims.
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e’en so? Why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on; and let’s to supper.


Jul. (r.) Come hither, Nurse.—What is yon gentleman? [Exit Benvolio L.

Nurse. (r.) The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

[Exit Mercutio L.

Nurse. (Going to c.) That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

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

[Exit Romeo, with mask in his hand L.

Nurse. (c.) I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.

[Pushes her.—Exit Nurse L.

If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Re-enter Nurse L.

Nurse. (l. c.) 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!

Nurse. What’s this? what’s this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn’d e’en now

Of one I talk’d withal.

Cap. (Without.) Why, Juliet!

Nurse. Anon, anon;

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

Cap. (Without.) Juliet! [Exeunt R.
ACT II.

SCENE I. — An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio L.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him to bed.

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

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.— [Crosses r.

Why, Romeo! (Calling r.) humors! madam! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir!

I conjure thee, by thy mistress's bright eyes,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

To be consorted with the humorous night!

Mer. Romeo, good night!—I'll to my truckle-bed,

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep;

Come, shall we go? [Crosses l.

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[Exeunt l.

SCENE II. — Capulet's Garden. — Lamps half down.

Enter Romeo r.

Rom. (r.) He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears at the Balcony, and sits down l.
But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses: I will answer it.—
I am too bold.—O, were those eyes in heaven,
They would through the airy region stream so bright,—
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand;
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. (Reclining with her head on her hand in the a. corner of the Balcony.) Ah, me!

Rom. (r. c.) She speaks, she speaks!
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
To the up-turned wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. (c.) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy!—
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 call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title!—Romeo, quit thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. (Runs to the Balcony.) I take thee at thy word!

[Juliet starts up.]
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
And never more be Romeo.

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

Rom. 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.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk an hundred
words
Of that tongue’s uttering, yet I know the sound!
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam’st thou hither?—tell me—and for
what?
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. (i. c.) With love’s light wings did I o’er-
perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

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

Rom. (c.) 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.

By whose direction found’st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to en-
quire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash’d with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know’st, the mask of night is on my
face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke!—But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Love laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou may'st think my behavior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night has so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's 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 unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night!—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
ACT II.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

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

Rom. Wouldn't thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

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

Nurse. (Within L.) Madam!

Jul. I hear some noise within.—Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true,
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit from Balcony L.

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

Re-enter JULIET, above.

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

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

Nurse. (Within L.) Madam!

Jul. I come, anon!—But, if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. (Within.) Juliet, I say!
Jul. By and by, I come!—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.—
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit L.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light. [Exit R.
Re-enter Juliet L.

Jul. Hist, Romeo, hist!—Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. (Without.) It is my love that calls upon my name!—

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Romeo enters II.

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. (c.) My sweet!

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

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.—
I have forgot why I did call thee back,

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

Rom. And I'll still stay here to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I!
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.—
Good night, good night: Parting is such sweet sor-
row,

Tassel-gentle—the male of the goshawk.
That I shall say—Good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit from Balcony L.]

Rom. (c.) Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast:
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

[Exit r.]

SCENE III.—The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket s. e. r.

Lau. (r.) The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check’ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night’s dank dew to try,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

(r. c.)
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor ought so good, but, strain’d from that fair use,
Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime’s by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs; grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom. (Without L.) Good morrow, father.

Lau. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Enter Romeo l.

Young son, (r. c.) it argues a distemper’d head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy pillow.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never bide;
But where, with unstuff'd brain, unbruised youth
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides.
Therefore, thy earliness assureth me
Thou art up-roused by some distemp'ration.
What is the matter, son?

Rom. (L. c.) I tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where to the heart's core, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lie.

Lau. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly, know, my heart's dear love is set
On Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine:
But when, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I beg,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Lau. Holy saint Francis!
But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,
Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain?
Be heedful, youth, and see thou stop betimes,
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
O'er-leaping duty, and each due regard,
Hurry thee on, thro' short-lived, dear-bought pleasures,
To cureless woes and lasting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not; she whom I love,
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love;
Do thou, with heav'n, smile upon our union;
Do not withhold thy benediction from us,
But make two hearts, by holy marriage one.

Lau. Well, come, my pupil, go along with me:
In one respect I'll give thee my assistance;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household rancor to pure love.

Rom. (Hastily.) O let us hence, love stands on
sudden haste.

Lau. (Stopping him.) Wisely and slow: they
stumble that run fast. [Exeunt R.

SCENE IV.—The Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio R.

Mer. (c.) Where the devil should this Romeo
be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. (c.) Not to his father's; I spoke with his
man.

Mer. (r,) Why, that same pale hard-hearted
wench, that Juliet, torments him so, that he will sure
run mad.

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

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

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

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. (l.) O, he's the courageous captain of com-
pliments: He fights, as you sing prick-song; keeps
time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim
rest—one, two, and the third in your bosom; the
very butcher of a silk button,—a duellist, a duellist;
a gentleman of the very first house—of the first and
second cause; ah, the immortal passado! the puncto
reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Butt-shaft—an arrow.
Sing prick-song—music pricked or written, in contradistinc-
tion to music sung by the ear, or from memory.
The immortal passado! the puncto reverso! the hay!—terms
of a fencing school.
Mer. The plague of such antick, lisping, affected fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—Ma foi, a very good blade!—a very tall man! a very fine wench!—why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardonnez moi's?

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in; Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—

Enter Romeo l.

Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation for you.

Rom. (l.) Good morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy. [Crosses c.—All three go r.

Enter Nurse l.

Ben. (Looking l.) A sail, a sail!

Enter Peter l.

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

Nurse. Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. (r. c.) Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Slip—a counterfeit piece of money.
ACT II. 

ROMEO AND JULIET. 

Nurse. 'Give ye good morrow, gentlemen.
Mer. 'Give ye good den, fair gentlewoman.
Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where
I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. (Meeting Nurse at c.) I am the youngest
of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. (c.) You say well. If you be he, sir, I
desire some confidence with you. [Goes up.

Ben. She will indite him to supper presently.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd!—So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; but a bawd. (Crosses l.)

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

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady.—Peter, my fan.—
Farewell, lady.

[Exeunt Mercutio, mimicking Nurse, and
BENVOLIO L.

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was
this, that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear him-
self talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he
will stand to in a month.

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

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

Nurse. Now, afore heaven, I am so vex'd, that
every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray
you, sir, a word; (To Rom.)—And, as I told you,

Good den—good even.
Saucy merchant—a disrespectful term in contradistinction

of gentleman.
my young lady bid me enquire you out: what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye; if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offer'd to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Command me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

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

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

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

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

[Offers her money.

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

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

[Nurse, looking a contrary way, takes the purse.

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

Rom. And stay, good Nurse; behind the abbey wall,

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

Nurse. (r.) Ay—a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. (l.) Anon?

Nurse. (c.) Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exeunt l.]
SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber.

Juliet discovered L.—Two chairs.

Jul. (c.) The clock struck nine, when I did send the Nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.—
O, heaven! she comes.—

Enter Nurse L.

(Runs to L.)—O, honey, Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met him?
Now, good sweet Nurse—
O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Nurse. I am a-weary; (Juliet runs for a chair.)
let me rest awhile:

[Nurse sits down L. c.

Fie! how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. (r. of the Chair.) Nay, come, I pray thee,
speak;—good, good Nurse, speak.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, is't good, or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man.—What, have you
dined at home?

Jul. No, no;—but
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—where's your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says like an honest gentleman—
Where is your mother?"

Nurse. O, our lady dear!

[Rises in a passion, and pushes the chair away L.]

Are you so hot? Marry, come up! I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

[Sits sulky in the chair again L.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—

[Kneels behind Nurse's chair; then creeping round to the front, she lays her face on Nurse's knee, and looks tenderly in her face.

—Come, what says Romeo?

[Nurse overcome with Juliet's affection, relents and embraces her.

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

Jul. (Rising.) I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell:

There stays a husband to make you a wife;
Hie you to church; I must another way, [Rising.
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.—
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.
[Exeunt Nurse R., Juliet L.

SCENE VI.—The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter Romeo and Friar Laurence s. e. e.

Lau. (r.) So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.
Rom. (l.) Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight;
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;—
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Lau. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore, love moderately. (Romeo runs L.) Here comes the lady. [Exit Romeo L.

O, so light a foot
Will ne’er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, with a white veil on L.

Jul. (c.) Good-even to my ghostly confessor.
Lau. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Rom. (a. c.) Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap’d like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music’s tongue,
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter. (c.)
Jul. (c.) Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Lau. (Comes between them c., and takes a hand of each.) Come, come with me;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt s. e. r.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mercutio and Benvolio l.

Ben. (l.) 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.

Mer. (c.) Thou art like one of those fellows that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his
sword upon the table, and says, heav'n send me no
need of thee: and by the operation of a second cup,
draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no
need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood, as any in Italy; 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 on his head than
thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for crack-
ing nuts, having no other reason, but because thou
hast hazel eyes; 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 old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

Ben. An' I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.—By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt r.

Tyb. (Speaking as he enters.) Be near at hand, I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den. A word with one of you.

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

Tyb. (r. c.) You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion, without giving? [Crosses c.

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort? what, dost thou make us minstrels? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddle-stick, here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!

[Laying his hand upon his sword.

Ben. (l. c.) We talk here in the public haunt of men;

Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coolly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:

I will not budge, for no man's pleasure, I—

Tyb. (r. c.) Well, peace be with you, sirs,—here comes my man. [Crosses l.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery. [Retires up the stage c.

Enter Romeo l.

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

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

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

_Rom._ (r. c.) I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
And so, good Capulet, (which name I tender
As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

_Exit Romeo m. d., Tybalt l._

_Mer._ (Comes forward.) O, calm, dishonorable,
vile submission!

_Ha! la stoccata carries it away—Tybalt!_—(Draws his sword, and calls l.)—you rat-catcher!

_Re-enter Tybalt l._

_Tyb._ (l.) What would'st thou have of me?

_Mer._ Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal. Will
you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
Make haste, lest mine be about your ears, ere it be
out.

_Tyb._ I am for you, sir. [Drawing.

_Re-enter Romeo m. d._

_Rom._ (Interposing.) Gentle Mercutio, put thy ra-
pier up.

_Mer._ Come, sir, your passado.

[Mercutio and Tybalt fight.

_Rom._ Draw, Benvolio;—beat down their wea-
pons!

Gentlemen!—For shame, forbear this outrage;
Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio—

[Exit Tybalt r., having wounded Mer-
cutio.

_Mer._ (c.) I am hurt;—
A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped;
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

_Ben._ What, art thou hurt?

_Mer._ Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough;

—Go, fetch a surgeon.
Rom. (c.) Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door: but 'tis enough; 'twill serve; I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—what! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!—They have made worms-meat of me: I have it, and soundly too.—Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.—A plague o' both your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio, borne by Benvolio l.

Rom. (c.) This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander;—O, sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valor's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio l.

Ben. (l.) O, Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.—Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain?
Away to heav'n, respective lenity, [Crosses to l.
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Enter Tybalt r.

Now, (l.) Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
And thou or I must keep him company.  

[Runs to him c.—They fight:—Tyrant falls, and dies.]

Ben. Romeo, away, begone:
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain—
Stand not amazed; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence, begone, away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

[Exeunt Romeo and Benvolio L]

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet R.

Jul. (r.) Gallop space, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phoebe's mansion: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That the runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen:—
Come, night! (c.)—Come, Romeo! Come, thou
day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Give me my Romeo, night!—and, when he dies,
Take him and cut him out in little stars;
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it. (r.) 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, (Going L.) speaks heavenly elo-
quence.

Enter Nurse L.

Now, Nurse, what news?—
Why dost thou ring thy hands?
Nurse. (l.) 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 kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. (l. c.) Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O, Romeo, Romeo!
Jul. (c.) What devil art thou, that doth torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but—say,
And that bare little word shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous corse!
A pale piteous corse! pale, pale as ashes!
I swooned at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; and, motion, here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O, Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
Jul. (r. c.) Banished! is Romeo banished?
Nurse. Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O, heaven!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did.
Jul. O, nature, what hast thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend,
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. (l. c.) There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish: he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, (a.) what a wretch was I to chide him so!

[Crosses to l.]

Nurse. (a. c.) Will you speak well of him that
kill'd your cousin?

Jul. 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?—
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, whom Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-
band;
All this is comfort. (c.) Wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was far worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished,
That—banished, that one word—banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybals. In that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!—

Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

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

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears; My eyes
shall flow,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. — He shall be here anon;—
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him. Give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt Nurse l., Juliet r]
ACT III.  ROME0 AND JULIET.

SCENE III.—The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE L.

Lau. Romeo, come forth: come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO s. e. E.

Rom. (c.) Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Lau. (l. c.) Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company;
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.
Rom. What less than death can be the Prince's doom?
Lau. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment?—Be merciful; say—
dearth;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: Do not say—banishment;
'Tis death misterm'd; calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

[Crosses to L.

Lau. (Going r.) O, deadly sin! O, rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment;
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. (l. c.) 'Tis torture, and not mercy; heaven
is here,
Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity
In carrion flies, than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of my Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
O, father, hast thou no strong poison mix'd,
No sharp-ground knife, no sudden means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal?

[Crosses to r.]

Lau. (l. c.) Fond madman, hear me speak;
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not! talk no more.

[Crosses to l.]

Lau. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what 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 might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Throws himself on the ground r. c.—One knocks without l.]

Lau. Arise; one knocks:—Good Romeo, hide thyself;

[Knocking again l.]

Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up:
Run to my study.

[Knocking again l.]

By and by.—Heaven's will,
What wilfulness is this?—

[Knocking again l.]

I come, I come.—
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

[Nurse without l.]

Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Lau. Welcome, then. [Opens the door.]
Enter Nurse L.

Nurse. (L.) O, holy father, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Lau. (L.) There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case. O, Juliet, Juliet! (c.)

Rom. (Starts up on his knees.) Speak'st thou of
Juliet? how is it with her,
Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy,
With blood?
Where is she? how does she? what says she?

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

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. O, tell me, (Goes up.) friar, tell
me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Dost my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Lau. (Stays his hand.) Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amazed me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd. (a.)

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee?

What, rouse thee, man! (c.) thy Juliet is alive.
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 thy 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 rest.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. (L. C.) O Lord, I could have staid here
all the night,
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit L.

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Lau. (R. C.) Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify, from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief so soon to part with thee.

[Exeunt Romeo L., Laurence R.

SCENE IV.—Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris L.

Cap. (C.) Things have fall'n 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 to-night.

Par. (L.) These times of grief afford no time to woo.

Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love; I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
But, soft; what day? well, Wednesday is too soon;
On Thursday let it be; you shall be married.
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's an end. But what say you to Thurs-
day?

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

Cap. Well, get you gone; on Thursday be it,
then.

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—

[Exit Lady Capulet r.

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—
Good night.

[Exeunt Capulet r., Paris l.

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.—Lamps down.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, with her arms clinging
round his neck l.

Jul. (c.) 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 yon pomegranate-tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. (c.) It was the lark, the herald of the
morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder cast:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Then stay awhile; thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if 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;
I'll say, 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. (r. c.) It is, it is; hie hence, away, be gone;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.
Farewell, my love;—one kiss, and I'll be gone.

Enter Nurse l.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse?

[Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber;
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit 1.

Jul. Art thou gone so?—Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!

Re-enter Romeo r.

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour;
For in love's hours there are many days.
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. (c.) Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

Jul. (c.) O, think'st thou we shall ever meet a-
again?

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

Jul. O, heaven! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou 'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.—Adieu! Juliet, farewell!

My life!—

Jul. My love!

Rom. My soul, adieu!—

[Exeunt Juliet L., Romeo R.

SCENE VI.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet L.

L. Cap. (Without r.) Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. (L.) Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her thither?

Enter Lady Capulet R.

L. Cap. (r.) Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

L. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death!

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Let-me weep for such a loss as mine.

L. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. (c.) And joy comes well in such a needful time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

L. Cap. (c.) Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The County Paris, at St Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed,
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet. [Crosses R.

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

Enter Capulet and Nurse L., who crosses to Juliet.

Cap. (L.) How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering?—why, how now, wife!
Have you delivered to her our decree?
   L. Cap. (a. c.) Ay, sir; but she will none, she
gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave.
   Cap. How I will she none? doth she not give us
thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
   Jul. (Comes forward.) Proud can I never be of
what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
   Cap. Thank me no thankings;
But settle your fine joints, 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
   Jul. (Kneels l. c.) Good father, I beseech you,
on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
   Cap. (c.) Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch—
I tell thee what—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.—
   [Nurse raises Juliet, and sustains her in her
arms c.

Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That heaven had left us but this only child;
But now, we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
   Nurse. Heaven bless her!—   [Raises Juliet.
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
   Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your
tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
   Nurse. I speak no treason.
   Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl:
For here we need it not.
   L. Cap. You are too hot.
ACT III.  ROMEo AND JULIET.

Cap. (L.) Good wife, it makes me mad; day,
night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Walking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet in her fortune's tender,
To answer—I 'll not wed—I cannot love,
I am too young;—I pray you pardon me:—
But an you will not wed—I look to 't, think on 't—
I do not use to jest;—Thursday is near;
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee.
[Exit L.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
[Lady Capulet crossing to L.

(Kneels.) O, my sweet 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.

L. Cap. Talk not to me; for I 'll not speak a
word;
Do as thou wilt; for I have done with thee.
[Breaks away, and exit L.

Jul. O, heaven!—O, Nurse, how shall this be pre-
vented?

Nurse. Rise; (Rises her.)—'Faith, here it is;
Romeo is banish'd; 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, I think it best
You married with the count.

Jul. (L. c.) Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. (L. c.) From my soul, too;
Or else beshrew them both,

Jul. Amen!  [Crosses to L.

Mammet—puppet.
Nurse. (L.) What? what?

Jul. (C.) Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in, and tell my lady, I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence’ cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.—
I’ll go. [Exit L.

Jul. (R. c.) 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 R.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Monastery.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris s. e. r.

Lau. (L.) On Thursday, sir! the time is very short.

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

Lau. (R. c.) You say you do not know the lady’s mind;
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. (L. c.) Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt’s death,
And therefore have I little talk’d of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
   Lau. (Aside.) I would I knew not why it should be slow'd!
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet L.

Par. (c.) Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife.
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be, shall be.
Par. Come you to make confession to this holy father?
Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now, [crosse to c.
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
   Lau. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. Heaven shield I should disturb devotion.
Juliet, farewell. [Exit L.
   Jul. Go, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.
   Lau. (r.) O, Juliet! I already know thy grief.
   Jul. (s.) Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'st my grief,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this steel I'll help it presently. (r. c.)
   [Draws a dagger.
Heaven join'd my heart and Romeo's; thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt,
Give to another, this shall slay them both;
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time
Give me some present counsel, or behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody dagger
Shall play the umpire.

Lau. (c.) Hold. daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to free thee from this marriage.

Jul. (a. c.) O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam:
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that to hear them told hath made me tremble,
And I will do it, without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Lau. (c.) Hold, Juliet;—hie thee home; get thee to bed;—
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;—
And, when thou art alone, take thou this phial,
And this distill'd liquor drink thou off;
When presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life!
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours;
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.—
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead!
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.—
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo, by my letters, know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua:
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting this.

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

[Laud. Hold;—get you gone; be strong and prosperous
In this resolve; I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength; and strength shall help afford.—
Farewell, dear father.

[Exeunt Friar B. — Juliet L.

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet L., meeting Lady Capulet and Nurse R.

Cap. (L.) What is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. (C.) Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her!
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift.

Enter Juliet L.

Cap. (C.) How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. (L. C.) Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon! (Kneels.)—Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

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

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

Cap. This is as 't should be!
Now, afore heaven, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments

[Crosses to r.

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

L. Cap. (r. c.) No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. (l. c.) Go, Nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse r.

Go thou to Juliet, help her to deck up:
I'll not to bed; but walk myself to Paris,
To appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt Capulet l., and Lady Capulet r.

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse s. e. r.

Jul. (Sitting on a chair in front of her bed.) Ay, those attires are best;—but, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state;
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet r.

L. Cap. What, are you busy? Do you need my help?
Jul. (Rising.) No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

L. Cap. Then, good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Jul. follows Lady Capulet to r., and embraces her.—Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse r.

Jul. (r.) Farewell!—Heaven knows when we shall meet again.—
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life;
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here? (r. c.)
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

[ Sits, and takes out the phial.

Come, phial,—
What if this mixture do not work at all!
Shall I of force be married to the count?
No, no;—this shall forbid it—(Draws a dagger.)—
lie thou there. (c.)
What, if it be a poison which the Friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet methinks it should not;
For he hath still been tried a holy man.—
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in?
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—

Behoveful—needful.
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee.—

[Drinks the contents of the Phial.
O, potent draught, thou hast chill'd me to the heart!—
My head turns round;—my senses fail me.—
O, Romeo! Romeo!—
[Staggers back, and throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse r.

L. Cap. (r. c.) Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, Nurse.

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

Enter Capulet l.

Cap. (l. c.) Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica!
Spare not for cost.

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

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd, ere
now,
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.—
The County will be here with much straight;
For so he said he would. [Music]
I hear him near.—
Go, waken Juliet;
I'll go and chat with Paris;—hie, make haste;
Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt Capulet L.—Lady Capulet R.

SCENE V.—Juliet’s Chamber.

Juliet discovered on the bed, in the background.

Enter Nurse s. e. b.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
Fast, I warrant her;—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—Fie, you slug-a-bed!

[Sits in a chair by the bed.
Why, love, I say!—Madam! sweet-heart!—why bride!—
What, not a word?—Madam, madam, madam!—
Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?—
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!—
I must needs wake you; (Rises from her chair, and shakes her.) Lady, lady, lady!—
Alas, alas!—Help, help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Ho! my lord! my lady!—

Enter Lady Capulet R.

L. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O, lamentable day!
L. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look!—O, heavy day!
L. Cap. O, me! O, me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up; or I will die with thee.
Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet L.

Cap. (l.) For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead—alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas!
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris s. e. r.

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

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O, son, the night before the wedding-day
Death hath embraced thy bride:
O, Juliet! O, my child, my child!

Lau. Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid,—
Now heaven hath all.—
Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corse:
And, as the custom of our country is,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;
Move them not more, by crossing their high will.

[Solemn Music—Curtain slowly descends.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua.—A Street.

Enter Romeo l.

Rom. (l.) If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came, and found me dead;
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah, me! (c.) how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!
Enter Balthasar l.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?—
Dost thou bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. (l.) Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleeps in Capulet’s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her carried to her kindreds’ vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Bal. My lord!

Rom. Thou know’st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses! I will hence to-night.

Bal. (l. c.) Pardon me, sir; I dare not leave you thus:

Your looks are strange and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. (l.) No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone; and hire those horses.

[Exit Balthasar l.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let’s see for means. (l. c.) O, mischief, thou art swift

To enter into the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabout he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter’d weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre where his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff’d, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes: and about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need!
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. [Knocks.
What, ho! Apothecary.

Enter Apothecary from door l. c.

Apo. (At his door.) Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. (Apothecary comes out.)
I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there are forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison: such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all my veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.
Apo. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
[Exit into his shop.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Re-enter Apothecary.

Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

[Exit Apothecary into his shop.

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[Exit L.

SCENE III.—The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter Friar John L.

John. (L.) Holy Franciscan friar! brother! hoa!

Enter Friar Laurence R.

Lau. (C.) This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. (L. C.) Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city, visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
(Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign)
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, here it is again,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune; by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Give me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit L.

Lau. (C.) Now must I to the monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit B.

SCENE IV.—Monument of the Capulets.—Lamps half down.

Enter PARIS and PAGE L., with a torch and basket of Flowers.

Par. (L.) Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. (L.) I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure.

[Exit s. e. l.

Par. Sweet flower! with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.

[Strewing flowers.

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favor at my hands,
Who living honor'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[The Page whistles s. e. l.

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach—
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

[Retires s. e. r.

Enter ROMEO L., and BALTHASAR, with a torch and an iron crow l.

Rom. (c.) Give me the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Put out the torch; and on thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence, from her dead finger,
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, begone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further do intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

_Bal._ (L.) I will begone, sir, and not trouble you.
_Rom._ So shalt thou win my favor. Take thou that.

[ Gives him a ring.

Live and be prosperous; so farewell, good fellow.

_Bal._ For all this same, I'll hide me near this place;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.  [Exit L.

_Rom._ (Looking at the tomb of the Capulets.) Thou maw detestable, (R.) thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Attempting to break open the monument.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

_Re-enter Paris s. e. r.

_Par._ (R.) Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

_Rom._ I must indeed; and therefore came I hither—

Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me.
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I came hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy pity and thy counsel,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee boy. [They fight: PARIS falls S. E. R.

Par. O, I am slain! if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, and lay me with Juliet. [Dies.

Rom. In faith I will. Let me peruse this face—
Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County Paris!
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,

[ Wrests open the monument.

For here lies Juliet—(l. of the tomb.)—O, my love,
my wife,
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
O, Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?—Here, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. (c.)
Come, bitter conduct; come, unsavory guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:
No more—here's to my love!

[ Takes out the poison and drinks.

Eyes look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace: (Going to the tomb.)
and lips, do you
The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss—

[JULIET wakes.

Soft—she breathes, and stirs!

Jul. Where am I? Defend me, powers!

Rom. She speaks, she lives, and we shall still be
bless'd!

My kind, propitious stars, o'erpay me now,
For all my sorrows past. Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,  
There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,  
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love.  
[Raises her, and brings her forward in his arms.  

Jul. (c.) Bless me! how cold it is! Who's there?  

Rom. (c.) Thy husband;  
'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet; raised from despair  
To joys unutterable! Quit, quit this place,  
And let us fly together.  

Jul. Why do you force me so?—I'll ne'er consent—  
My strength may fail me, but my will's unmoved—  
I'll not wed Paris—Romeo is my husband.  

Rom. Romeo is thy husband; I am that Romeo,  
Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man  
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.  

Jul. I know that voice—its magic sweetness wakes  
My tranced soul—I now remember well  
Each circumstance—O, my lord, my husband—  
[Going to embrace him.  

Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? Let me touch  
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—  
You fright me—speak!—O, let me hear some voice  
Besides my own in this drear vault of death,  
Or I shall faint—support me—  

Rom. O, I cannot;  
I have no strength; but want thy feeble aid.—  
Cruel poison!  

Jul. Poison! what means my lord? thy trembling voice,  
Pale lips, and swimming eyes—Death's in thy face.  

Rom. It is, indeed—I struggle with him now;—  
The transports that I felt,  
To hear thee speak, and see thy opening eyes,  
Stopp'd, for a moment, his impetuous course,  
And all my mind was happiness and thee;—  
But now the poison rushes through my veins;—  
I have not time to tell—
Fate brought me to this place, to take a last,
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

Jul. Die!—Was the friar false?

Rom. I know not that.

I thought thee dead; distracted at the sight,
O, fatal speed!—drank poison, kiss'd thy lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave:
But, in that moment—O! [He falls.

Jul. And did I wake for this?

Rom. My powers are blasted;
'Twixt death and love I'm torn, I am distracted;
But death's strongest;—and must I leave thee,
Juliet?

O, cruel, cursed fate! in sight of heaven—

Jul. Thou ravin'st; lean on my breast.

Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em;
Nature pleads in vain;—children must be wretched.

Jul. O, my breaking heart!

Rom. She is my wife—our hearts are twined togeth'r.

Capulet, forbear;—Paris, (Rises again.) loose your hold;—
Pull not our heart-strings thus;—they crack—they break.

O, Juliet! Juliet!

[Falls and dies c.—Juliet faints on Romeo's body.

Enter Friar Laurence's. E. r., with a lantern and an iron crow.

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

Jul. (Lying on the neck of Romeo.) Who's there?

Lau. (c.) Ha! Juliet awake!—and Romeo dead!
And Paris, too!—O, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast;
They shall not tear him from me.

Lau. Patience, lady!

Jul. O, thou cursed friar! Patience!
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me?

Lau. O, fatal error!—Rise, thou fair distress'd,
And fly this scene of death.

Jul. Come thou not near me;
Or this dagger shall quit my Romeo's death.

[Draws a dagger.

Lau. I wonder not thy griefs have made thee
desp'rate.

Voices without. (L.) Follow, follow!


A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, haste away;
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Voices without. (L.) Which way? which way?

Lau. Stay not to question; for the watch is coming;
Come; go, good Juliet.—I dare not longer stay.

[Exit n.

Jul. (Lying on the corpse.) Go, get thee hence;
for I will not away.—

What's here? a phial!—Romeo's timeless end,
O, churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them.

Voices without. (L.) Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Noise again!

Then I'll be brief. O, happy dagger!

[Stabs herself.

This is thy sheath;—there rest—and let me die.

[Dies.
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