

ACT III, SCENE I

[A public place.] Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and men.

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

10 Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

And what to?

MERCUTIO

15 Nay, an there were two* such, we should have none shortly,
for one would kill the other. Thou! Why, thou wilt quarrel
with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his
beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou
20 hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out
such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is
full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle
as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man
for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy
25 dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall

ACT 3, SCENE 1

A public place. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and SERVANTS enter.

BENVOLIO

Please Mercutio, let's go.
It's hot, the Capulets are around,
and if we meet them, there'll be a fight.
This hot weather makes tempers flare!

MERCUTIO

You're like one of those fellows who enters a bar, throws his 5
sword on the table, and says, "I pray heaven I'll have no reason
to use you!" Then after he has felt the effect of his second cup, he'll
draw his sword on the waiter who brought his wine, for
no reason at all.

BENVOLIO

Am I like that fellow? 10

MERCUTIO

Come on, you're as hot-tempered when you're angry as any
man in Italy. You're quick to get angry, and when you get
angry, you're quick to be moved to—

BENVOLIO

Moved to do what?

MERCUTIO

Really, if there were two like you, we'd soon have none 15
because one would kill the other. You, why, you would quarrel
with a man who has a hair more or a hair less in his beard
than you have. You'll quarrel with a man for cracking hazelnuts
for no other reason than that you have hazel eyes. What kind
of eye, except one like yours, would see the occasion for a 20
quarrel? Your head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of yolk,
and yet your head has been beaten to a scramble, like an egg,
for quarreling. You've quarreled with a man for coughing in the
street because he woke your dog that was lying asleep in the
sun. Didn't you quarrel with a tailor because he wore his new 25

15 *two* Mercutio is playing on Benvolio's "to."

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 for quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

30 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.

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and others.

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

40 Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consortest* with Romeo,—

MERCUTIO

45 Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou
make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords.
Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance.
'Zounds, consort!

jacket before Easter? And fought with another man for tying
his new shoes with an old lace? And yet you lecture me about
quarreling?

BENVOLIO

If I were as likely to quarrel as you, someone who bought my
life would own it for about an hour and a quarter. 30

MERCUTIO

Own it? Stupid!

TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and others enter.

BENVOLIO

I swear by my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

I swear by my heel, I don't care.

TYBALT (to his servants)

Stay close behind me; I'll speak to them. *(to MERCUTIO and
others)*
Gentlemen, good afternoon. I wish to speak a word with one
of you. 35

MERCUTIO

Just one word with one of us?
Add something else to that; make it a word and a punch in the
mouth.

TYBALT

I'll be ready enough to do that, sir, if you'll give me a reason
to do so.

MERCUTIO

40 Couldn't you take a reason without my giving you one?

TYBALT

Mercutio, you associate with Romeo—

MERCUTIO

Associate? What do you think we are, musicians? If you make
musicians of us, you'll hear nothing but sour notes. Here's my
fiddlestick! *(He draws his sword.)* This will make you dance!
By God, associate! 45

41 *consort* means both associate and a company of musicians

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

Enter ROMEO.

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.*
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
55 Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

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

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
70 *Alla stoccata* carries it away.

BENVOLIO

We are talking here in public.
Let's move to a private place,
or coolly discuss your grievances,
or let's leave. Everyone is staring at us here.

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to look, so let them stare.
I won't budge for anyone.

ROMEO enters.

TYBALT

Peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wears your livery.
If you go to the dueling field, he'll certainly follow you.
In that sense, you may call him your follower.

TYBALT

Romeo, the love that I feel for you can find
no better word than this—you're a peasant!

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have for loving you
helps me overcome the anger I should really feel
at such an insult. I'm not a peasant.
Therefore, good-bye. I see you don't really know me.

TYBALT

Boy, this will not excuse the wrong
you've done to me. Turn around and draw your sword!

ROMEO

I protest, I've never harmed you.
I love you more than you can understand
until you know the reason for my love.
So, good Capulet—a name I value
as dearly as my own—be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

What a calm, dishonorable, disgusting submission to an insult!
Tybalt is getting away with this insult.

52 "my man" often referred to a servant

53 *livery* the uniform of a servant

50

55

60

65

70

[Draws.]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

I am for you.

[drawing]

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

80 Come, sir, your *passado*.

[They fight.]

ROMEO

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

[From under ROMEO'S arm, TYBALT thrusts MERCUTIO and flees.]

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

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

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

90 Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

He draws his sword.

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you cross swords with me?

TYBALT

What do you want of me?

MERCUTIO

75 Good king of the cats, I want nothing of you except one of your nine lives. That life I mean to take, and then, depending on whether you treat me well or badly, I might only thrash your other eight. Will you draw your sword from your scabbard? Hurry, or my sword will beat your ears before yours is out.

TYBALT

I'm ready for you. (*Draws his sword.*)

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put your sword away.

MERCUTIO

Come on, sir, give your forward thrust.

80

They fight.

ROMEO

Draw your sword, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, this is shameful! Stop this!

Tybalt! Mercutio! The prince has specifically forbidden fighting in the streets of Verona.

85 Stop, Tybalt! Please, Mercutio!

ROMEO reaches to stop them. TYBALT sweeps under ROMEO'S arm, stabs MERCUTIO, and runs away with the rest of his followers.

MERCUTIO

I'm wounded!

A curse on both your houses! I'm mortally wounded.

Is he gone and without even a scrape?

BENVOLIO

Are you hurt?

MERCUTIO

It's just a scratch, a scratch, but it's enough.

90

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

[Exit PAGE.]

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

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

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
110 Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BENVOLIO

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

Where's my page? Go, servant, get a doctor.

The PAGE exits.

ROMEO

Be brave, man. The wound cannot be deep.

MERCUTIO

No, it's not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door.
But it's enough, it will serve. Ask for me tomorrow and you'll
find me a grave man. I'm done with this world. A curse on
95 both your houses! By God, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat—he
scratches a man to death! A braggart, a rascal, a villain
who fights according to the manuals. Why the devil did
you come between us? He stabbed me when you tried
to part us.
100

ROMEO

I thought I was doing the right thing.

MERCUTIO

Help me into a house, Benvolio,
or I'll faint. Damn both of your houses!
They have made a corpse of me. I've had it!
Damn your houses!
105

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO exit.

ROMEO

Mercutio, the prince's cousin
and my true friend, has been mortally wounded
defending me—my reputation being slandered
by Tybalt's insults—from Tybalt who's been my
cousin for only an hour. Oh sweet Juliet,
110 your beauty has made me act like a woman
and weakened my courage!

BENVOLIO re-enters.

BENVOLIO

Oh Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
His noble soul has climbed to the clouds.
He was too young to leave the earth.
115

95 *grave* Mercutio is making puns with his last breath. He means "grave" as in "serious", and also ready for a burial grave.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Re-enter TYBALT.

ROMEO

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

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.]

BENVOLIO

130 Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

135 Why dost thou stay?

[Exit ROMEO.]

Enter CITIZENS.

A CITIZEN

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

ROMEO

This day's black fate casts a shadow on the future.
This is only the beginning of the sorrow to come.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

TYBALT re-enters.

ROMEO

So, you're living in victory and Mercutio is dead?
Leave thoughtful mercy to the angels— 120
fiery anger will lead me now.
Now, Tybalt, take back that insult
that you gave me just awhile ago. Mercutio's soul
is hovering just over our heads
waiting for your soul to keep him company. 125
Either you, or I, or both will soon join him.

TYBALT

You wretched boy, you who associated with him here,
will soon be near him again.

ROMEO

This fight will decide that!

They fight, and TYBALT falls.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, run! Get away! 130
People are starting to gather, and Tybalt is dead!
Don't stand there in shock! The prince will sentence you to death
if you're captured. Go on, run!

ROMEO

I'm a victim of fate.

BENVOLIO

Why are you hanging around? 135

ROMEO exits.

CITIZENS enter.

CITIZEN

Which way did the man run who killed Mercutio?
Which way did that murderer Tybalt go?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

A CITIZEN

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

*Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their WIVES,
and all.*

PRINCE ESCALUS

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
145 That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O Prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
150 O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE ESCALUS

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay!
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
155 Your high displeasure; all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
160 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point
And, with a **martial** scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose **dexterity**
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
165 "Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and, swifter than his
tongue,

BENVOLIO

Tybalt is lying there.

CITIZEN

Come with me, sir.
I order you in the name of the Prince to obey. 140

*The PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their wives, and others all
enter.*

PRINCE

Where are the evil people who started this fight?

BENVOLIO

Oh noble Prince, I can reveal
the whole story of this fatal fight.
There lies the man that young Romeo killed.
Tybalt had earlier killed your cousin, Mercutio. 145

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my nephew! My brother's child!
Oh prince! Oh nephew! Husband! The blood
of my dear nephew has been shed. Prince, by your honor,
you must execute the Montague who did this!
My nephew! My nephew! 150

PRINCE

Benvolio, who started this fight?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, who lies here dead, killed by Romeo.
Romeo spoke courteously and urged Tybalt to consider
how trivial their disagreement was, and he told Tybalt
it would rouse your anger. Romeo said all of this 155
with gentleness, calmness, and modesty.
But he could not make peace with hot-tempered
Tybalt, who was deaf to peace. Instead, Tybalt thrusts
his deadly sword at brave Mercutio's breast.
Mercutio, who is just as angry, turns his sword point to 160
meet Tybalt's,
and with fighting scorn, he beats death away with one hand
and with the other hand, he thrusts
back at Tybalt, who skillfully
returns the thrust. Romeo cries out,
"Stop it, friends! Separate!" And faster than he can say it, 165

His agile arm beats down their fatal points
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
170 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
175 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

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

PRINCE ESCALUS

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

MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE ESCALUS

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
190 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;
195 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

he beats down their weapons with his sword.
Romeo rushes to get between them, but Tybalt
maliciously ran his sword under Romeo's arm and stabbed
brave Mercutio. Then Tybalt fled,
but after a while, he returned to Romeo.
Romeo decided he would avenge Mercutio's death,
and as fast as lightning, they were fighting again. Before I
could separate them, brave Tybalt was killed,
and as he fell, Romeo turned and ran.
175 This is the truth, I swear to you on my life.

LADY CAPULET

He is related to the Montagues.
His bias makes him lie—he's not telling the truth.
There were twenty of them fighting in this quarrel,
and all twenty of them could only kill one man.
180 I beg for justice, which you, Prince, must give.
Romeo killed Tybalt; Romeo must not live!

PRINCE

Romeo killed him, but Tybalt killed Mercutio.
Who has to pay the price for Mercutio's death?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Prince. He was Mercutio's friend.
His crime was doing what the law would have done—
185 he killed the murderer Tybalt.

PRINCE

For killing Tybalt,
I immediately exile Romeo.
I have a personal interest in this fight.
My relative Mercutio lies bleeding, thanks to your fight,
190 and I'm going to penalize you with such a heavy fine
that all of you will repent the loss of my cousin.
I'll be deaf to your pleading and excuses.
Neither your tears nor your prayers will buy forgiveness,
so don't even try to use them. Let Romeo leave quickly.
195 Otherwise, if he's found, he'll die within the hour.
Take Tybalt's body and obey my orders.
Mercy only encourages murders when killers are pardoned.
They exit.

ACT III, SCENE II

[*Capulet's orchard.*] Enter JULIET, alone.

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways* eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
10 It best agrees with night. Come, **civil** night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
15 With thy black mantle, till strange love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night.
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
20 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
25 And pay no worship to the **garish** sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival

³ *Phaeton* this character from Greek mythology was the son of Phoebus, the sun god. Phaeton drove his father's chariot of the sun one day. He lost control of the horses and was killed by Zeus in order to prevent the world's destruction.

⁶ *runaways'* The meaning of this word is uncertain. Among the interpretations suggested by scholars are observers, horses (Phoebus' horses), the stars, Phaeton, and Cupid.

ACT 3, SCENE 2

Capulet's orchard. JULIET enters alone.

JULIET

Gallop quickly, you fiery-footed horses,
to the sun god's house below the horizon. A driver
like Phaeton would whip you toward the west,
and bring night immediately.
5 Spread your curtain, love-performing night,
so watchers' eyes may close and Romeo can
leap into my arms where no one can see and talk about us.
Lovers can see to make love
by the light of their own beauty. Or if love is blind,
10 it best matches the night. Come, courteous night,
you gravely-dressed woman all in black,
and teach me how to lose a winning match
in a game played by two virgins.
Hide the wild blood fluttering in my cheeks
15 with your black robe until unfamiliar love grows bold
and believes that enjoying true love is really a modest act.
Come, night! Come, Romeo! You're my light in the night.
You will lie on the wings of night
even whiter than freshly fallen snow on a raven's back.
20 Come, gentle night! Come, loving, black-browed night.
Give me my Romeo. And when he dies,
take him and cut him out in little stars,
and he'll make the face of heaven so fine
that all the world will love the night
and no longer admire the gaudy sun.
25 Oh, I have a handsome husband,
but I have not possessed him yet. Though I am his,
I've not yet been enjoyed. This day is as long
as the night before a holiday

30 To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.

Enter NURSE, with cords.

O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly **eloquence**.
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
35 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

JULIET

Ay me! What news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

Ah, well-a-day! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
40 Alack the day! He's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

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

JULIET

45 What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel "I"* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.*
50 I am not I, if there be such an ay;
Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer ay.
If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no.

48 "I" (Ay) also Elizabethan for "yes"

49 *cockatrice* a mythical serpent that killed with a glance

to an impatient child who has new clothes
but cannot wear them yet. 30

The NURSE enters, with ropes. She sits down and wrings her hands.

Oh, here comes my nurse.
And she brings news! Every tongue that says
just Romeo's name speaks with heavenly eloquence.
Nurse, what's the news? What do you have there? Are those the
ropes
that Romeo told you to get? 35

NURSE

Yes, yes, the ropes.

She throws them down.

JULIET

Dear me! What's the news? Why are you wringing your hands?

NURSE

Alas, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We're ruined, lady, we're ruined!
Alas, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead! 40

JULIET

Can heaven be so jealous of me that she has to take him?

NURSE

Romeo can,
though heaven cannot. Oh Romeo, Romeo!
Who would have ever thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

45 What kind of devil are you that you torment me like this?
This torture should be announced in hell.
Has Romeo killed himself? If you say yes,
just the vowel "aye" will be more deadly
than a serpent's death-killing eye.
50 I'll no longer be an "I" if your answer is yes,
or if Romeo's closed eyes make you answer yes.
If Romeo has been killed, say yes. If he hasn't, say no.

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! Honest gentleman!
65 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE

It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

JULIET

75 O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! Wolvish ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!

69 *dreadful trumpet* a reference to the religious belief that the sound of a trumpet will announce Judgment Day, or the end of the world

One brief word will decide if I'm happy or sad.

NURSE

I saw the wound. I saw it with my eyes—
God forbid—here on his manly breast. (*Points.*)
A pitiful body! A bloody pitiful body!
He was pale, pale as ashes, and all covered in blood—
all in clotted blood. I fainted at the sight.

JULIET

Oh, break my heart! You are bankrupt! Break at once!
Go to prison, eyes; never look upon freedom!
60 My wretched body will return to earth. I'll end my life here
and Romeo and I can share one grave.

NURSE

Oh Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had.
Oh courteous Tybalt! Honest gentleman!
I didn't think I'd ever live to see you dead.

JULIET

What kind of terrible storm is this?
Has Romeo been killed and is Tybalt dead, too?
My dearest cousin and my dearer husband?
Then, dreadful trumpet, announce the end of the world.
Who is living, if these two men are gone?
70

NURSE

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo is banished.
Romeo killed Tybalt, and he is banished.

JULIET

Oh God! Did Romeo kill Tybalt?

NURSE

He did! He did! Alas, he did!

JULIET

Oh, how can he hide such an evil heart with such a
beautiful face?
Did ever an ugly dragon live in such a lovely place?
Beautiful tyrant! Devilish angel!
Dove-feathered raven! Wolf-killing lamb!
Vile creature that looks so beautiful—
75

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

Blister'd be thy tongue
95 For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole **monarch** of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

100 Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JULIET

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

just opposite of what you seem. 80
A damned saint! An honorable villain!
Oh nature, what were you doing in hell
when you admitted the devil
into the sweet paradise of the Garden of Eden?
85 Was there ever such a vulgar book
bound with such a beautiful cover? Oh, that deceit should live
in such a gorgeous body!

NURSE

There's no trust,
no faith, no honesty in men. All men are liars,
all break their word, all are wicked, all are phonies. 90
Where's my servant? Get me a drink.
These griefs, these sorrows, these troubles make me old.
Shame on Romeo!

JULIET

I hope your tongue blisters
for saying such a thing! He was not born to feel shame. 95
Shame is ashamed to sit upon his head.
His head is a throne where honor may be crowned
king of the universe.
Oh, what a beast I was to speak against him.

NURSE

Will you speak well of the man who killed your cousin? 100

JULIET

Shall I speak poorly of the man who is my husband?
Alas, my poor husband, what tongue can clear your name
when I, your wife of three hours, have muddied it?
But why, villain, did you kill my cousin?
105 Because my villainous cousin would have killed my husband!
Get back, foolish tears, back to your native spring.
Tear drops are for sorrows,
which you mistakenly offer when I feel happy.
My husband lives whom Tybalt would have killed.
110 And Tybalt, who would have killed my husband, is dead.
This is comforting—why then am I crying?
There was a word, worse than Tybalt's death,
that murdered me. I wish I could forget it,
but it tries to make me remember

115 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished."
That "banished," that one word "banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
120 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said, "Tybalt's dead,"
"Thy father," or "thy mother," nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
125 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished," to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
130 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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like damning guilty deeds coming to sinners' minds. 115
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished."
"Banished." That one word "banished"
equals the death of ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
was sad enough, if that was the end of the bad news.
Or if misery loves company 120
and must be accompanied by other griefs,
why didn't my nurse tell me after she said "Tybalt's dead"
that my father was dead, or my mother, or even both?
Such news would have brought ordinary grief.
But following news of Tybalt's death 125
came the news "Romeo is banished." To say that
is the same as saying father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, and Juliet
are all killed, all dead! "Romeo is banished!"
There is no end, no limit, no meaning, no boundary
in that word. No words can describe that sorrow. 130
Where are my mother and father, nurse?

NURSE

They are crying and grieving over Tybalt's body.
Will you go to them? I'll take you.

JULIET

Are they washing his wounds with their tears? My tears will
be shed,
when theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment. 135
Take away those ropes. Poor ropes, you are tricked—
both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He wanted you to be a highway to my bed,
but I, a virgin, will die a virgin-widow.
Come, ropes! Come, Nurse! I'll go to my wedding bed. 140
And death, not Romeo, will take my virginity!

NURSE

Hurry to your room! I'll find Romeo
to comfort you. I know where he is.
Listen to me, your Romeo will be here tonight.
I'll go find him. He's hiding at Friar Lawrence's cell. 145

JULIET

Oh, find him! Give this ring to my true knight
and tell him to come to say his last good-bye.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 2 183

ACT III, SCENE III

[*Friar Lawrence's cell.*] Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE,
ROMEO [*following*].

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

10 What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

Ha, banishment! Be merciful, say "death,"
For exile hath more terror in his look,
15 Much more than death. Do not say "banishment."

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
20 Hence "banished" is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then "banished"
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death "banishment,"
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

ACT 3, SCENE 3

Friar Lawrence's cell. Friar Lawrence enters.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come out! Come out, you fearful man!
Pain is in love with you,
and you are married to trouble.

ROMEO *enters.*

ROMEO

What's the news, father? What is the Prince's sentence?
What sorrow am I going to learn about now
that I don't already know? 5

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You are too familiar
with unhappy things, my dear man.
I bring you news of the Prince's sentence.

ROMEO

What except death can the Prince's sentence be? 10

FRIAR LAWRENCE

He gave a more gentle sentence—
you'll not be executed, just banished.

ROMEO

Banishment! Be merciful! Say "death" instead.
Exile is worse than death,
much worse than death. Don't say "banishment!" 15

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You are banished from Verona.
Be patient. The world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There's no world outside Verona!
There's only purgatory, torture, and hell itself!
To be banished from Verona is to be banished from the world, 20
and exile from the world is death! So to be banished
means death, in other words. By saying death is banishment,
you cut off my head with a golden axe, and smile upon my
murder.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

25 O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word "death" to "banishment."
This is dear mercy, and thou sees it not.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

55 I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You're speaking a deadly sin. You're rude and unthankful! 25
For your crime, the lawful punishment is death, but the kind
Prince
sided with you and put aside the law,
turning the black word "death" to "banishment."
He granted you mercy, and you don't see it.

ROMEO

It's torture, not mercy! Heaven is here 30
where Juliet lives. Every cat and dog
and little mouse and every unworthy thing here
lives in heaven if they can look at her.
But Romeo may not. There's more value,
35 more honor, and more courtship
in flies than in Romeo. Flies may sit
on Juliet's white, wondrous hands
and steal heavenly blessings from her lips,
which in pure and virginal modesty
40 always blush because they think it's a sinful kiss when they
press together.
But Romeo may not kiss her lips because he's banished.
Flies may touch her, but I must fly away from her.
Flies are free, but I am banished.
And you still say exile is not death?
45 Don't you have some poison, or a sharp knife,
or some quick means of dying—no matter how crude—
other than the word "banished" to kill me? "Banished"?
Oh friar, the damned use that word in hell;
they howl when it is spoken! How can you have the heart,
50 being a holy man, a confessor,
a sin-forgiver, and my friend,
to tear me apart with that word "banished"?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You foolish madman, listen to me for just a moment.

ROMEO

No. You'll talk again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I'll give you some armor to shield you from that word. 55

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO

Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
60 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it **prevails** not. Talk no more.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

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

[knocking within]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

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

[knocking]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

75 Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while!—Stand up;

[knocking]

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

I'll give you the sweet milk of philosophy
to comfort you, though you are banished.

ROMEO

You say "banished" again? Hang your philosophy—
unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
move Verona, or reverse the Prince's sentence,
60 it won't help, it will be useless. Don't say any more.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, I see, then, that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How can they, when wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me discuss your situation with you—

ROMEO

You can't talk about something you can't feel.
65 If you were as young as I am, Juliet your lover,
married only an hour, Tybalt killed,
as deeply in love as I am, and banished like me,
then you could speak. Then you would tear your hair out!
70 Then you would fall upon the ground, as I do now, and
measure your unmade grave.

There is a knock at the door.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Get up, Romeo! Someone is knocking. Good Romeo, hide.

ROMEO

No, I won't—not unless the breath from my heartsick groans
wraps me in a mist to hide me from searching eyes.

There is another knock.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

75 Listen, they're knocking again. Who's there? Romeo, get up!
You'll be arrested! *(to the knocker)* Just a minute! *(to ROMEO)*
Get up!

Knocking.

Run to my study! *(to the knocker)* I'm coming!

(to ROMEO) Why are you acting so foolishly? *(to the knocker)* I'm
coming, I'm coming!

[knocking]

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

Enter NURSE.

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Welcome, then.

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
90 Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO

Nurse!

NURSE

Ah sir! Ah sir! Death's the end of all.

ROMEO

95 Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
100 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,

Knocking.

Who is knocking so hard? Where did you come from? What do
you want?

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Let me come in and I'll tell you what I want.
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Welcome, then.

NURSE

Oh, holy friar. Tell me, holy friar,
where's my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

He's lying there on the ground, drunk with his own tears.

NURSE

He's just like my mistress—
just like her! What a sorrowful echo of Juliet's grief!
It's a pitiful predicament. She lies just like him,
blubbering and crying, crying and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up! Stand if you're a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into such a fit of grief?

ROMEO (*Rises.*)

Nurse!

NURSE

Alas, sir. Well, death ends everything.

ROMEO

Did you speak of Juliet? How is she?
Does she think I am a hardened murderer
now that I have stained the beginning of our joyful marriage
with the blood of her cousin?
Where is she? How is she? What does my
secretly married wife say about our cancelled marriage?

NURSE

She says nothing, sir. She just cries and cries
and falls on her bed. Then she gets up

And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROMEO

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

[He offers to stab himself, and the Nurse snatches the dagger away.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

 Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
115 The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me! By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
120 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth,* all three do meet
125 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.*
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a **usurer**, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
130 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

124 *birth, and heaven, and earth* Romeo's family background, soul, and body

125 *at once wouldst lose* Since Friar Lawrence is Catholic, he believes that Romeo would lose his soul as well as his earthly life if he committed suicide.

and calls Tybalt, and then she cries for Romeo,
and then she falls on her bed again.

ROMEO

It's just like my name
is a shot from a deadly gun
that murdered her, as my cursed hand
murdered her cousin. Oh, tell me, friar, tell me,
in what horrible part of my body
110 does my name lie? Tell me so I can destroy
that hateful part.

ROMEO tries to stab himself, but the NURSE snatches the dagger out of his hand.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Stop your desperate hand!
Are you a man? Your body says you are,
but your tears are womanish and your wild actions are like
the irrational actions of an animal.
115 You're like an undignified woman in the body of a man—
an odd animal in seeming to be both man and woman.
You amaze me! By my holy order,
I thought you had a more even-tempered disposition.
Have you killed Tybalt? Will you kill yourself? 120
And will you also kill the lady whose life is your life by killing
yourself?
Why are you ranting about your birth, the heavens, and earth?
Birth, heaven, and earth—all three—are joined
in you at the same time. Now you want to desert all of that at 125
once.
For shame! You shame your body, your love, and your
intelligence.
You're like a moneylender who has countless riches
and yet uses none of that wealth properly
to honor your body, love, and intelligence.
Your handsome body is just a wax model
130 without manly virtues.
The love you have sworn is just a lie
and kills the love which you have vowed to cherish.
Your intelligence, that complement to your body and love,

135 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou **dismember'd** with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
140 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.
The law that threat'ned death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.
145 A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
150 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
155 To blaze your marriage, **reconcile** your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, Nurse; commend me to thy lady;
160 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
165 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
[NURSE offers to go in and turns again.]

poorly directs both of those. 135
Your intelligence is like gunpowder in a novice soldier's
powder horn—
lit by your own ignorance
and blowing you apart with your own weapon.
Wake up, man! Your Juliet is alive!
It was for her sake that you wanted to be dead just now. 140
You are fortunate. Tybalt wanted to kill you,
but you killed him. You are fortunate.
The law that threatened your death became your friend
and gave you exile. You are fortunate.
A pack of blessings has fallen on your back. 145
Happiness comes to you in her best clothes
but, like a badly behaved and sullen maid,
you frown at your good fortune and your love.
Listen to me, people like you die miserably.
Go, get to your love as your marriage decrees that you 150
should do.
Climb to her room and comfort her.
But be sure you don't stay until the night guards come on duty,
for then you can't escape to Mantua—
where you will live until we can find a time
to announce your marriage, reconcile your friends, 155
ask the Prince's pardon, and bring you back home
with two million times more joy
than when you left in sorrow.
Go, Nurse. Give my regards to your lady,
and tell her to hurry everyone in the house to bed. 160
Their heavy grief will make them want to go to bed, anyway.
Tell her Romeo is coming.

NURSE

Oh Lord, I could have stayed here all night
to hear such good advice. Oh, learning is wonderful!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you'll come. 165

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet lady to prepare to scold me.
The NURSE starts to leave but turns back.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

[Exit NURSE.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

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

[Exeunt.]

NURSE

Here's a ring she asked me to give you, sir.
Hurry! Make haste, for it's getting very late.

ROMEO

I'm greatly comforted by this ring.

The NURSE exits.

FRIAR LAWRENCE (to NURSE)

Go, good night. (to ROMEO) Here's your situation: 170
you must leave before the guards are posted at the gates,
or leave in a disguise at the break of day.
Stay in Mantua. I'll find your servant,
and he'll tell you from time to time
every good thing that occurs here. 175
Give me your hand. It's late. Farewell; good night.

ROMEO

If a joy to surpass all joys did not call me,
it would be sad to leave you so quickly.
Farewell!

They exit.

ACT III, SCENE IV

[A room in Capulet's house.] Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

CAPULET

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

PARIS

These times of woe afford no times to woo.
Madam, good-night; commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
15 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday next—
But, soft! What day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

20 Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be,—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
25 For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,

ACT 3, SCENE 4

A room in Capulet's house. CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS enter.

CAPULET

Because of recent unhappy events,
we've had no time to talk to our daughter.
You see, she loved her cousin Tybalt dearly,
and so did I. Well, we're all born to die.
It's very late; she won't come down tonight.
I assure you, if you had not been here,
I would have been in bed an hour ago.

5

PARIS

This time of sorrow is not the time to court her.
Madam, good night. Give my regards to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will. And I'll find out what she thinks, tomorrow.
Tonight, she's shut up in her room with her grief.

10

CAPULET

Sir, I'll make a rash offer
of my daughter's love. I think she'll obey me
in everything. No, I don't doubt that she'll listen to me.
Wife, go to her before you go to bed
and tell her of Paris' love.
15 Also tell her—are you listening to me?—that next Wednesday—
Wait! What day is this?

15

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

Monday! (*laughs*) Well, then Wednesday is too soon.
20 Let it be on Thursday! (*to LADY CAPULET*) Tell her that on
Thursday
she shall be married to this noble earl.
(*to PARIS*) Can you be ready? How do these speedy arrangements
strike you?
We won't have a big wedding—just a friend or two.
For really, since Tybalt was killed so recently,
25 it could be thought that we didn't care much for him,

25

Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

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

CAPULET

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

[*Exeunt.*]

one of our relatives, if we celebrated too much.
Therefore, we'll invite just a half a dozen friends,
and that will be all. How is Thursday for you, Paris?

PARIS

My lord, I wish Thursday were tomorrow. 30

CAPULET

Well, go now. It will be on Thursday, then. (*to
his wife*) Go to Juliet before you go to bed.
and prepare her for her wedding day. (*to PARIS*)
Good-bye, my lord. (*to SERVANTS*) Give me a light to my
bedroom.
By heaven, it's so late, 35
we'll soon have to call it early. Good night.

They exit.

ACT III, SCENE V

[*Capulet's orchard.*] Enter ROMEO and JULIET, aloft.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and **jocund** day
10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
30 This doth not so, for she divideth us.

ACT 3, SCENE 5

Capulet's house. ROMEO and JULIET enter on the balcony.

JULIET

Do you have to go? It isn't day yet.
It was the nightingale, not the lark,
that sang in your apprehensive ear.
She sings every night on the pomegranate tree.
5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morning,
not a nightingale. Look, love, see the envious streaks
of light that lace the scattering clouds in the east.
The stars are fading and cheerful day
stands on tiptoe on the foggy mountaintops.
10 If I want to live, I must go. If I stay, I will die.

JULIET

That light is not daylight. I know it.
It's just a meteor from the sun,
which will be your torchbearer
tonight and light your road to Mantua.
15 Therefore, stay awhile; you don't need to go yet.

ROMEO

Let them capture me, let them put me to death.
I'm content if you are satisfied.
I'll say that the grey I see in the sky isn't morning
but just a pale reflection of the moon.
20 It's not the lark I hear singing whose song rises to
the heavens high above our heads.
I have more desire to stay than will to go.
Come, death! Welcome! Juliet wills it.
How are you, my soul? Let's talk; it's not day.
25

JULIET

It is! It is! Hurry, go, away!
It's the lark that sings so out of tune,
emitting harsh, sour notes and unpleasant sharps.
Some people say the lark sings a sweet melody,
but this bird does not because she separates us.
30

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
35 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter NURSE [from the chamber].

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

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

[Exit.]

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

[They kiss, and ROMEO descends.]

JULIET

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

ROMEO

[from below] Farewell!

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

JULIET

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

Some people say the lark and the hated toad exchanged eyes.
I wish they'd exchanged voices, too,
since that voice frightens us out of each other's arms
and chases you from here with the song that awakens hunters.
Oh, go now! It grows lighter and lighter.

35

ROMEO

Lighter and lighter means our sorrow grows darker and darker.

The NURSE enters from the bedroom.

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your mother is coming to your bedroom.
Day is dawning. Be careful; watch out.

40

She exits.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Good-bye, good-bye! One kiss, and I'll descend.

He climbs down.

JULIET

Are you gone? My love, my lord, my husband, and my friend?
I must hear from you every hour of the day,
for just one minute will be like many days.
45 If I count this way, I'll be very old
before I see Romeo again.

45

ROMEO (from below)

Good-bye!
I'll not miss a chance
to send my greetings to you, love.

50

JULIET

Do you think we'll ever meet again?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET

65 Ho, daughter! Are you up?

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

70 Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

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

ROMEO

I'm sure we will. Then all of these sorrows will serve
as sweet conversation in the future.

JULIET

Oh God, I have a feeling of doom!
I think I see you, as you are now, 55
but like a dead person in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight is failing or you look pale.

ROMEO

Trust me, love. In my eyes, you look pale, too.
Our sorrow makes us pale. Good-bye, good-bye!

JULIET

Oh, Fate. Fate! All men call you fickle! 60
If you're fickle, what business can you have with him
who is known for his faith? Be fickle, Fate.
Then you will not keep him long,
and you'll send him back to me.

LADY CAPULET enters.

LADY CAPULET

Daughter, are you up? 65

JULIET

Who's calling? It's my mother.
Is she up late or up early?
What unusual occurrence brings her here?

LADY CAPULET

How are you, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I'm not well. 70

LADY CAPULET

Are you still crying for your cousin's death?
Will your tears wash him out of his grave?
Even if they did, you couldn't make him live.
So quit crying. Some grief reveals deep love,
75 but too much grief reveals a lack of intelligence.

59 *dry sorrow* Sorrow was believed to dry up blood and other body fluids.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET

85 [*aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Indeed, I never* shall be satisfied

97-106 *never* . . . Juliet uses double meanings in this speech. She is seconding her mother's opinion that Romeo should be punished and expressing her devotion to her lover at the same time.

JULIET

Let me cry over such a deeply felt loss.

LADY CAPULET

Then you'll feel the loss,
but not the friend for whom you weep.

JULIET

Since I feel the loss,
I can't help crying for my friend.

80

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, you're really not crying for his death,
but for the fact that the villain who killed him still lives.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

The villain Romeo.

JULIET (*to herself*)

There is a big difference between Romeo and a villain.
(*to LADY CAPULET*) God forgive him! I forgive him with all my
heart.
And yet no man grieves my heart more than Romeo.

85

LADY CAPULET

That's because that traitor and murderer still lives.

JULIET

I wish that only my hands
could avenge my cousin's death.

90

LADY CAPULET

We'll have revenge for his death, don't you fear.
So don't cry anymore. I'll send a message to someone in Mantua
where that banished renegade lives,
and he'll give Romeo so much poison
that he'll soon keep Tybalt company in the grave.
95 Then I hope you'll be satisfied.

95

JULIET

I'll never be satisfied

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

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

115 Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

with Romeo until I see him—dead—
is my poor heart, so upset am I about my cousin's death.
100 Madam, if you could find a man
to take the poison, I would mix it with my own hands so that
as soon as Romeo gets it,
he'll sleep quietly. Oh, how my heart hates
to hear his name and not be able to come to him
to pour the love I bore for Tybalt
105 upon the body of the man who killed him.

LADY CAPULET

You find the poison, and I'll find the poisoner.
But now I'll tell you some joyful news, girl.

JULIET

Joy would be very welcome right now.
What's your news? I beg, your ladyship, tell me. 110

LADY CAPULET

Well, you have a thoughtful father, child.
To help you get over your grief,
he's set a day of joy in the near future
which you did not expect and I did not anticipate.

JULIET

Madam, how fortunate! What day is that? 115

LADY CAPULET

My child, early next Thursday morning,
the brave, young, and noble gentleman,
Count Paris, will make you
a joyful bride at St. Peter's church.

JULIET

By St. Peter's church and St. Peter, too,
120 he won't make me a joyful bride!
I don't understand what's all the rush to force me to marry
my future husband before he even comes to court me.
I beg you, tell my lord and father, madam,
125 that I'll not marry yet. And when I do get married,
it will be to Romeo, whom you know I hate,
rather than to Paris. Now that's a real piece of news!

LADY CAPULET

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

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

CAPULET

130 When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! A conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body
135 Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
140 Without a sudden calm, will upset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

CAPULET

How, how, how, how? Chopped-logic? What is this?
"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not";

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him yourself,
and see how well he'll take this news from you.

CAPULET and NURSE enter.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew, 130
but the sunset for my brother's son,
is downright rainy.
What's going on? Are you a water pipe, girl? Are you still in
tears?
Are you always crying? In your one little body,
you imitate a ship, a sea, and a wind. 135
Your eyes, which I might call a sea,
are always ebbing and flowing with tears. The ship is your
body sailing on this salty flood of tears. The winds are your
sighs,
raging with your tears and your tears raging with those sighs.
If we don't have a sudden calm, the storm will overturn 140
your storm-tossed body. Well, wife?
Have you told her about my decision?

LADY CAPULET

Yes, sir, but she says she won't marry Paris, but thanks you
anyway.
I wish this fool were married to her grave.

CAPULET

Wait a moment! Let me understand you, wife. 145
What do you mean? She won't? Didn't she thank us?
Isn't she proud? Doesn't she count herself lucky,
unworthy as she is, that we've arranged for
so worthy a gentleman to marry her?

JULIET

I'm not very pleased, but I'm thankful. 150
I can never be proud of what I hate,
but I'm thankful even for something hateful that is meant to
be a gift of love.

CAPULET

Are you splitting hairs? What is this?
"Proud"? "I thank you"? "I thank you not"?

155 And yet "not proud." Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle* thither.
160 Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

165 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!
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
170 That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!

175 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

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

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O, God ye god-den.

and "not very pleased"? You spoiled child!
155 Don't thank me with "no thank you" or give me any "not
prouds."

Just prepare your fine self to be ready next Thursday
to marry Paris at St. Peter's church!

If you don't, I'll drag you there on a cart.

160 Get out you, you anemic thing! Out, you minx!

You waxy-faced girl!

LADY CAPULET

Are you crazy?

JULIET

Good father, I beg you on my knees. (*She kneels.*)

Listen to me with patience. Just let me speak one word.

CAPULET

165 Hang you, you minx! You disobedient wretch!

I'll tell you now: Go to the church on Thursday,
or never look on my face again.

Don't speak, don't reply, don't answer me!

My fingers itch (to hit you). Wife, we really did think we had been
blessed

when God gave us just this one child.

170 But now I think this one is too much

and that we have been cursed by having her.

Out with her, the wretch!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!

175 You're to blame for speaking to her so horribly.

CAPULET

What, my Lady Wisdom? Shut your mouth,
Miss Prudence! Go gossip with your old cronies.

NURSE

I'm not speaking treason.

CAPULET

Oh, for God's sake!

159 *hurdle* a sledge or a heavy cart upon which criminals were dragged off to execution

NURSE

180 May not one speak?

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

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

[Exit.]

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

NURSE

Isn't a person allowed to speak?

180

CAPULET

Quiet, you mumbling fool.
Save your wisdom for the gossipers, for we don't need it here.

LADY CAPULET

You're too angry.

CAPULET

By God's sacrament! It makes me so mad!
Day and night, early and late, at work or relaxing,
alone or with others, my one thought has been
to make her a good match. And now I've provided
for you a gentleman from noble parents,
of beautiful estates, youthful and well-trained,
full of honor, and as handsome and well-built
as any girl could wish a man to be.
And then to have a wretched, whining fool,
a crying doll, who when offered good fortune,
says, "I won't marry him. I can't love him."
I'm too young. I beg you to excuse me."
If you don't marry, I'll "excuse" you to find another home.
Go where you want to—you won't live here.
Take care! Think about it! I'm not one to joke.
Thursday isn't far away. Think about it carefully.
If you're my daughter, I'll be giving your hand in marriage
to my friend.
If you don't marry, you can hang, beg, starve, and die in the
streets,
for I swear, I'll never recognize you
as my daughter again.
And I'll never give you anything.
Count on that! Think about it. I won't go back on my word.

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He exits.

JULIET

Is there no pity in heaven
that can understand my grief?
Oh, sweet mother, don't disown me!

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

LADY CAPULET

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

[*Exit.*]

JULIET

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

NURSE

Faith, here it is.

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

JULIET

Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Put off this wedding for a month—a week.
Or if you don't, make my bridal bed
in the tomb where Tybalt lies.

210

LADY CAPULET

Don't talk to me. I won't say a word.
Do as you want to. I'm done with you.

JULIET

Oh God! Nurse, how shall this marriage be prevented?
My husband is on earth. My marriage vow to him was
215 made in heaven.
How can my heavenly vow be broken
unless my husband's death
makes me a widow? Comfort me, advise me.
Oh God, that heaven should use such tricks
on a person as weak as I am.
220 What do you say? Don't you have a word of comfort?
Give me some comfort, Nurse.

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NURSE

Indeed, here it is.

Romeo is banished and I think it's safe to say
225 that he'll never dare to come back and claim you as his wife.
If he does, he'll have to come in secret.
So as the situation now stands,
I think you should marry Count Paris.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo is a dishrag compared with him. An eagle, madam,
230 doesn't have as green, as quick, or as beautiful an eye
as Paris has. Curse my own heart,
but I think you'll be happy marrying Paris,
for he's better than Romeo. Even if Paris weren't as good as
Romeo,
your first husband is dead—it comes to the same thing
235 as Romeo still being among the living and you being
separated from him.

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JULIET

Are you speaking from your heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

240 What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE

245 Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
250 So many thousand times? Go, counselor;
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.]

NURSE

And from my soul, too. Otherwise, may both be damned.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

What? 240

JULIET

Well, you've really comforted me.
Go in and tell my mother I've gone
to Friar Lawrence's cell to confess
and be absolved for having displeased my father.

NURSE

Certainly, I will. Now you're acting wisely. 245

She exits.

JULIET

Damnably old woman! Most wicked devil!
Is it more sinful to wish me to break my vow,
or to condemn my husband with the same tongue
with which she has praised him as above compare
250 so many times? Go, my adviser!
You and my real feelings are separated now forever.
I'll go to the friar and get his advice.
If everything else fails, I'll commit suicide.

She exits.