

「ACT I」

「Scene 1」

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers,
of the house of Capulet.*

FTLN 0015	SAMPSON	Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals.	
FTLN 0016	GREGORY	No, for then we should be colliers.	
FTLN 0017	SAMPSON	I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.	
FTLN 0018	GREGORY	Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of	
FTLN 0019		collar.	5
FTLN 0020	SAMPSON	I strike quickly, being moved.	
FTLN 0021	GREGORY	But thou art not quickly moved to strike.	
FTLN 0022	SAMPSON	A dog of the house of Montague moves me.	
FTLN 0023	GREGORY	To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to	
FTLN 0024		stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st	10
FTLN 0025		away.	
FTLN 0026	SAMPSON	A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I	
FTLN 0027		will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.	
FTLN 0028	GREGORY	That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest	
FTLN 0029		goes to the wall.	15
FTLN 0030	SAMPSON	'Tis true, and therefore women, being the	
FTLN 0031		weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore	
FTLN 0032		I will push Montague's men from the wall and	
FTLN 0033		thrust his maids to the wall.	
FTLN 0034	GREGORY	The quarrel is between our masters and us	20
FTLN 0035		their men.	
FTLN 0036	SAMPSON	'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant.	
FTLN 0037		When I have fought with the men, I will be civil	
FTLN 0038		with the maids; I will cut off their heads.	

FTLN 0039	GREGORY	The heads of the maids?	25
FTLN 0040	SAMPSON	Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.	
FTLN 0041		Take it in what sense thou wilt.	
FTLN 0042	GREGORY	They must take it <i>in</i> sense that feel it.	
FTLN 0043	SAMPSON	Me they shall feel while I am able to stand,	
FTLN 0044		and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.	30
FTLN 0045	GREGORY	'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou	
FTLN 0046		hadst been poor-john. Draw thy tool. Here comes	
FTLN 0047		of the house of Montagues.	
<i>Enter Abram with another Servingman.</i>			
FTLN 0048	SAMPSON	My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back	
FTLN 0049		thee.	35
FTLN 0050	GREGORY	How? Turn thy back and run?	
FTLN 0051	SAMPSON	Fear me not.	
FTLN 0052	GREGORY	No, marry. I fear thee!	
FTLN 0053	SAMPSON	Let us take the law of our sides; let them	
FTLN 0054		begin.	40
FTLN 0055	GREGORY	I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it	
FTLN 0056		as they list.	
FTLN 0057	SAMPSON	Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at	
FTLN 0058		them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.	
		<i>He bites his thumb.</i>	
FTLN 0059	ABRAM	Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?	45
FTLN 0060	SAMPSON	I do bite my thumb, sir.	
FTLN 0061	ABRAM	Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?	
FTLN 0062	SAMPSON, <i>aside to Gregory</i>	Is the law of our side if I	
FTLN 0063		say "Ay"?	
FTLN 0064	GREGORY, <i>aside to Sampson</i>	No.	50
FTLN 0065	SAMPSON	No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir,	
FTLN 0066		but I bite my thumb, sir.	
FTLN 0067	GREGORY	Do you quarrel, sir?	
FTLN 0068	ABRAM	Quarrel, sir? No, sir.	
FTLN 0069	SAMPSON	But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as	55
FTLN 0070		good a man as you.	
FTLN 0071	ABRAM	No better.	

FTLN 0072 SAMPSON Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

FTLN 0073 GREGORY, 「*aside to Sampson*」 Say “better”; here comes
FTLN 0074 one of my master’s kinsmen. 60

FTLN 0075 SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

FTLN 0076 ABRAM You lie.

FTLN 0077 SAMPSON Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember
FTLN 0078 thy washing blow. *They fight.*

FTLN 0079 BENVOLIO Part, fools! 「*Drawing his sword.*」 65

FTLN 0080 Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt, 「drawing his sword.」

TYBALT

FTLN 0081 What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

FTLN 0082 Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0083 I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,

FTLN 0084 Or manage it to part these men with me. 70

TYBALT

FTLN 0085 What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word

FTLN 0086 As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

FTLN 0087 Have at thee, coward! 「*They fight.*」

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

「CITIZENS」

FTLN 0088 Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

FTLN 0089 Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! 75

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.

CAPULET

FTLN 0090 What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0091 A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a

FTLN 0092 sword?

Enter old Montague and his Wife.

CAPULET

FTLN 0093 My sword, I say. Old Montague is come
 FTLN 0094 And flourishes his blade in spite of me. 80

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0095 Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

FTLN 0096 Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus with his train.

PRINCE

FTLN 0097 Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 FTLN 0098 Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel—
 FTLN 0099 Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts, 85
 FTLN 0100 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 FTLN 0101 With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
 FTLN 0102 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 FTLN 0103 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
 FTLN 0104 And hear the sentence of your movèd prince. 90
 FTLN 0105 Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
 FTLN 0106 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 FTLN 0107 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
 FTLN 0108 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 FTLN 0109 Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments 95
 FTLN 0110 To wield old partisans in hands as old,
 FTLN 0111 Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
 FTLN 0112 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 FTLN 0113 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 FTLN 0114 For this time all the rest depart away. 100
 FTLN 0115 You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
 FTLN 0116 And, Montague, come you this afternoon
 FTLN 0117 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 FTLN 0118 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 FTLN 0119 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 105

*「All but Montague, Lady Montague,
 and Benvolio」 exit.*

MONTAGUE, *['to Benvolio']*

FTLN 0120 Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
FTLN 0121 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0122 Here were the servants of your adversary,
FTLN 0123 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
FTLN 0124 I drew to part them. In the instant came 110
FTLN 0125 The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared,
FTLN 0126 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
FTLN 0127 He swung about his head and cut the winds,
FTLN 0128 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
FTLN 0129 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows 115
FTLN 0130 Came more and more and fought on part and part,
FTLN 0131 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

FTLN 0132 O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
FTLN 0133 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0134 Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun 120
FTLN 0135 Peered forth the golden window of the east,
FTLN 0136 A troubled mind *['drove']* me to walk abroad,
FTLN 0137 Where underneath the grove of sycamore
FTLN 0138 That westward rooteth from this city side,
FTLN 0139 So early walking did I see your son. 125
FTLN 0140 Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me
FTLN 0141 And stole into the covert of the wood.
FTLN 0142 I, measuring his affections by my own
FTLN 0143 (Which then most sought where most might not be
FTLN 0144 found, 130
FTLN 0145 Being one too many by my weary self),
FTLN 0146 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
FTLN 0147 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0148 Many a morning hath he there been seen,
FTLN 0149 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 135
FTLN 0150 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

FTLN 0151 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 FTLN 0152 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 FTLN 0153 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 FTLN 0154 Away from light steals home my heavy son 140
 FTLN 0155 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 FTLN 0156 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 FTLN 0157 And makes himself an artificial night.
 FTLN 0158 Black and portentous must this humor prove,
 FTLN 0159 Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 145

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0160 My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0161 I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0162 Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0163 Both by myself and many other friends.
 FTLN 0164 But he, 'his' own affections' counselor, 150
 FTLN 0165 Is to himself—I will not say how true,
 FTLN 0166 But to himself so secret and so close,
 FTLN 0167 So far from sounding and discovery,
 FTLN 0168 As is the bud bit with an envious worm
 FTLN 0169 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air 155
 FTLN 0170 Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
 FTLN 0171 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 FTLN 0172 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0173 See where he comes. So please you, step aside.
 FTLN 0174 I'll know his grievance or be much denied. 160

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0175 I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
 FTLN 0176 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
 'Montague and Lady Montague' exit.

	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0177	Good morrow, cousin.	
FTLN 0178	ROMEO Is the day so young?	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0179	But new struck nine.	165
FTLN 0180	ROMEO Ay me, sad hours seem long.	
FTLN 0181	Was that my father that went hence so fast?	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0182	It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0183	Not having that which, having, makes them short.	
FTLN 0184	BENVOLIO In love?	170
FTLN 0185	ROMEO Out—	
FTLN 0186	BENVOLIO Of love?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0187	Out of her favor where I am in love.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0188	Alas that love, so gentle in his view,	
FTLN 0189	Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!	175
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0190	Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,	
FTLN 0191	Should without eyes see pathways to his will!	
FTLN 0192	Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here?	
FTLN 0193	Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.	
FTLN 0194	Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.	180
FTLN 0195	Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,	
FTLN 0196	O anything of nothing first 「create!」	
FTLN 0197	O heavy lightness, serious vanity,	
FTLN 0198	Misshapen chaos of 「well-seeming」 forms,	
FTLN 0199	Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,	185
FTLN 0200	Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!	
FTLN 0201	This love feel I, that feel no love in this.	
FTLN 0202	Dost thou not laugh?	
FTLN 0203	BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0204	Good heart, at what?	190

FTLN 0205	BENVOLIO	At thy good heart's oppression.	
FTLN 0206	ROMEO	Why, such is love's transgression.	
FTLN 0207		Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,	
FTLN 0208		Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed	
FTLN 0209		With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown	195
FTLN 0210		Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.	
FTLN 0211		Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;	
FTLN 0212		Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;	
FTLN 0213		Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.	
FTLN 0214		What is it else? A madness most discreet,	200
FTLN 0215		A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.	
FTLN 0216		Farewell, my coz.	
FTLN 0217	BENVOLIO	Soft, I will go along.	
FTLN 0218		An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 0219		Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.	205
FTLN 0220		This is not Romeo. He's some other where.	
	BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0221		Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?	
FTLN 0222	ROMEO	What, shall I groan and tell thee?	
	BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0223		Groan? Why, no. But sadly tell me who.	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 0224		A sick man in sadness makes his will—	210
FTLN 0225		A word ill urged to one that is so ill.	
FTLN 0226		In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.	
	BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0227		I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.	
	ROMEO		
FTLN 0228		A right good markman! And she's fair I love.	
	BENVOLIO		
FTLN 0229		A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.	215
	ROMEO		
FTLN 0230		Well in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit	
FTLN 0231		With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,	
FTLN 0232		And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,	

FTLN 0233	From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.	
FTLN 0234	She will not stay the siege of loving terms,	220
FTLN 0235	Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,	
FTLN 0236	Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.	
FTLN 0237	O, she is rich in beauty, only poor	
FTLN 0238	That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0239	Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?	225
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0240	She hath, and in that sparing 'makes' huge waste;	
FTLN 0241	For beauty, starved with her severity,	
FTLN 0242	Cuts beauty off from all posterity.	
FTLN 0243	She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,	
FTLN 0244	To merit bliss by making me despair.	230
FTLN 0245	She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow	
FTLN 0246	Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0247	Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0248	O, teach me how I should forget to think!	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0249	By giving liberty unto thine eyes.	235
FTLN 0250	Examine other beauties.	
FTLN 0251	ROMEO 'Tis the way	
FTLN 0252	To call hers, exquisite, in question more.	
FTLN 0253	These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,	
FTLN 0254	Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.	240
FTLN 0255	He that is stricken blind cannot forget	
FTLN 0256	The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.	
FTLN 0257	Show me a mistress that is passing fair;	
FTLN 0258	What doth her beauty serve but as a note	
FTLN 0259	Where I may read who passed that passing fair?	245
FTLN 0260	Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0261	I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt.	

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and 「a Servingman.»

CAPULET

FTLN 0262 But Montague is bound as well as I,
FTLN 0263 In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,
FTLN 0264 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

FTLN 0265 Of honorable reckoning are you both,
FTLN 0266 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. 5
FTLN 0267 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

FTLN 0268 But saying o'er what I have said before.
FTLN 0269 My child is yet a stranger in the world.
FTLN 0270 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
FTLN 0271 Let two more summers wither in their pride 10
FTLN 0272 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

FTLN 0273 Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

FTLN 0274 And too soon marred are those so early made.
FTLN 0275 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
FTLN 0276 She's the hopeful lady of my earth. 15
FTLN 0277 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
FTLN 0278 My will to her consent is but a part.
FTLN 0279 And, she agreed, within her scope of choice
FTLN 0280 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
FTLN 0281 This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 20
FTLN 0282 Whereto I have invited many a guest
FTLN 0283 Such as I love; and you among the store,
FTLN 0284 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
FTLN 0285 At my poor house look to behold this night
FTLN 0286 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light. 25
FTLN 0287 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
FTLN 0288 When well-appareled April on the heel
FTLN 0289 Of limping winter treads, even such delight

FTLN 0290	Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night	
FTLN 0291	Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,	30
FTLN 0292	And like her most whose merit most shall be;	
FTLN 0293	Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,	
FTLN 0294	May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.	
FTLN 0295	Come go with me. <i>['To Servingman, giving him a list.']</i>	
FTLN 0296	Go, sirrah, trudge about	35
FTLN 0297	Through fair Verona, find those persons out	
FTLN 0298	Whose names are written there, and to them say	
FTLN 0299	My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.	
	<i>['Capulet and Paris'] exit.</i>	
FTLN 0300	SERVINGMAN Find them out whose names are written	
FTLN 0301	here! It is written that the shoemaker should	40
FTLN 0302	meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the	
FTLN 0303	fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets.	
FTLN 0304	But I am sent to find those persons whose names	
FTLN 0305	are here writ, and can never find what names the	
FTLN 0306	writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.	45
FTLN 0307	In good time!	
	<i>Enter Benvolio and Romeo.</i>	
	BENVOLIO, <i>['to Romeo']</i>	
FTLN 0308	Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;	
FTLN 0309	One pain is lessened by another's anguish.	
FTLN 0310	Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning.	
FTLN 0311	One desperate grief cures with another's languish.	50
FTLN 0312	Take thou some new infection to thy eye,	
FTLN 0313	And the rank poison of the old will die.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0314	Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0315	For what, I pray thee?	
FTLN 0316	ROMEO For your broken shin.	55
FTLN 0317	BENVOLIO Why Romeo, art thou mad?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0318	Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,	

FTLN 0319	Shut up in prison, kept without my food,	
FTLN 0320	Whipped and tormented, and—good e'en, good	
FTLN 0321	fellow.	60
FTLN 0322	SERVINGMAN God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you	
FTLN 0323	read?	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0324	Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.	
FTLN 0325	SERVINGMAN Perhaps you have learned it without	
FTLN 0326	book. But I pray, can you read anything you see?	65
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0327	Ay, if I know the letters and the language.	
FTLN 0328	SERVINGMAN You say honestly. Rest you merry.	
FTLN 0329	ROMEO Stay, fellow. I can read. <i>(He reads the letter.)</i>	
FTLN 0330	<i>Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,</i>	
FTLN 0331	<i>County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,</i>	70
FTLN 0332	<i>The lady widow of Vitruvio,</i>	
FTLN 0333	<i>Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,</i>	
FTLN 0334	<i>Mercutio and his brother Valentine,</i>	
FTLN 0335	<i>Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,</i>	
FTLN 0336	<i>My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,</i>	75
FTLN 0337	<i>Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,</i>	
FTLN 0338	<i>Lucio and the lively Helena.</i>	
FTLN 0339	A fair assembly. Whither should they come?	
FTLN 0340	SERVINGMAN Up.	
FTLN 0341	ROMEO Whither? To supper?	80
FTLN 0342	SERVINGMAN To our house.	
FTLN 0343	ROMEO Whose house?	
FTLN 0344	SERVINGMAN My master's.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0345	Indeed I should have asked thee that before.	
FTLN 0346	SERVINGMAN Now I'll tell you without asking. My	85
FTLN 0347	master is the great rich Capulet, and, if you be not	
FTLN 0348	of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a	
FTLN 0349	cup of wine. Rest you merry. <i>「He exits.」</i>	
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0350	At this same ancient feast of Capulet's	

FTLN 0351	Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,	90
FTLN 0352	With all the admirèd beauties of Verona.	
FTLN 0353	Go thither, and with unattainted eye	
FTLN 0354	Compare her face with some that I shall show,	
FTLN 0355	And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0356	When the devout religion of mine eye	95
FTLN 0357	Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;	
FTLN 0358	And these who, often drowned, could never die,	
FTLN 0359	Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.	
FTLN 0360	One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun	
FTLN 0361	Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.	100
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0362	Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,	
FTLN 0363	Herself poised with herself in either eye;	
FTLN 0364	But in that crystal scales let there be weighed	
FTLN 0365	Your lady's love against some other maid	
FTLN 0366	That I will show you shining at this feast,	105
FTLN 0367	And she shall scant show well that now seems best.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0368	I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,	
FTLN 0369	But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.	

「They exit.」

「Scene 3」

Enter 「Lady Capulet」 and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0370 Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE

FTLN 0371 Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
 FTLN 0372 I bade her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!
 FTLN 0373 God forbid. Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

FTLN 0374	JULIET	How now, who calls?	5
FTLN 0375	NURSE	Your mother.	
	JULIET		
FTLN 0376		Madam, I am here. What is your will?	
	LADY CAPULET		
FTLN 0377		This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile.	
FTLN 0378		We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again.	
FTLN 0379		I have remembered me, thou 's hear our counsel.	10
FTLN 0380		Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.	
	NURSE		
FTLN 0381		Faith, I can tell her age unto 'an' hour.	
FTLN 0382	LADY CAPULET	She's not fourteen.	
FTLN 0383	NURSE	I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my teen	
FTLN 0384		be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen.	15
FTLN 0385		How long is it now to Lammastide?	
FTLN 0386	LADY CAPULET	A fortnight and odd days.	
	NURSE		
FTLN 0387		Even or odd, of all days in the year,	
FTLN 0388		Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.	
FTLN 0389		Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)	20
FTLN 0390		Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;	
FTLN 0391		She was too good for me. But, as I said,	
FTLN 0392		On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.	
FTLN 0393		That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.	
FTLN 0394		'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,	25
FTLN 0395		And she was weaned (I never shall forget it)	
FTLN 0396		Of all the days of the year, upon that day.	
FTLN 0397		For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,	
FTLN 0398		Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.	
FTLN 0399		My lord and you were then at Mantua.	30
FTLN 0400		Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,	
FTLN 0401		When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple	
FTLN 0402		Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,	
FTLN 0403		To see it tetchy and fall out with 'the' dug.	
FTLN 0404		"Shake," quoth the dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I	35
FTLN 0405		trou,	

FTLN 0406	To bid me trudge.	
FTLN 0407	And since that time it is eleven years.	
FTLN 0408	For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th'	
FTLN 0409	rood,	40
FTLN 0410	She could have run and waddled all about,	
FTLN 0411	For even the day before, she broke her brow,	
FTLN 0412	And then my husband (God be with his soul,	
FTLN 0413	He was a merry man) took up the child.	
FTLN 0414	"Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?"	45
FTLN 0415	Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,	
FTLN 0416	Wilt thou not, Jule?" And, by my holidam,	
FTLN 0417	The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."	
FTLN 0418	To see now how a jest shall come about!	
FTLN 0419	I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,	50
FTLN 0420	I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?"	
FTLN 0421	quoth he.	
FTLN 0422	And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."	
	LADY CAPULET	
FTLN 0423	Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 0424	Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh	55
FTLN 0425	To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."	
FTLN 0426	And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow	
FTLN 0427	A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone,	
FTLN 0428	A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.	
FTLN 0429	"Yea," quoth my husband. "Fall'st upon thy face?"	60
FTLN 0430	Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,	
FTLN 0431	Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0432	And stint thou, too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 0433	Peace. I have done. God mark thee to his grace,	
FTLN 0434	Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.	65
FTLN 0435	An I might live to see thee married once,	
FTLN 0436	I have my wish.	

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0437 Marry, that “marry” is the very theme
 FTLN 0438 I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 FTLN 0439 How stands your ‘disposition’ to be married? 70

JULIET

FTLN 0440 It is an ‘honor’ that I dream not of.

NURSE

FTLN 0441 An ‘honor?’ Were not I thine only nurse,
 FTLN 0442 I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy
 FTLN 0443 teat.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0444 Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you 75
 FTLN 0445 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 FTLN 0446 Are made already mothers. By my count
 FTLN 0447 I was your mother much upon these years
 FTLN 0448 That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:
 FTLN 0449 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. 80

NURSE

FTLN 0450 A man, young lady—lady, such a man
 FTLN 0451 As all the world—why, he’s a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0452 Verona’s summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

FTLN 0453 Nay, he’s a flower, in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0454 What say you? Can you love the gentleman? 85
 FTLN 0455 This night you shall behold him at our feast.
 FTLN 0456 Read o’er the volume of young Paris’ face,
 FTLN 0457 And find delight writ there with beauty’s pen.
 FTLN 0458 Examine every married lineament
 FTLN 0459 And see how one another lends content, 90
 FTLN 0460 And what obscured in this fair volume lies
 FTLN 0461 Find written in the margent of his eyes.
 FTLN 0462 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 FTLN 0463 To beautify him only lacks a cover.
 FTLN 0464 The fish lives in the sea, and ’tis much pride 95

FTLN 0465 For fair without the fair within to hide.
 FTLN 0466 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
 FTLN 0467 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
 FTLN 0468 So shall you share all that he doth possess
 FTLN 0469 By having him, making yourself no less. 100

NURSE

FTLN 0470 No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0471 Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

FTLN 0472 I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
 FTLN 0473 But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 FTLN 0474 Than your consent gives strength to make 'it' fly. 105

Enter 'Servingman.'

FTLN 0475 SERVINGMAN Madam, the guests are come, supper
 FTLN 0476 served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the
 FTLN 0477 Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in
 FTLN 0478 extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you,
 FTLN 0479 follow straight. 110

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 0480 We follow thee. *'Servingman exits.'*

FTLN 0481 Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

FTLN 0482 Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
They exit.

'Scene 4'

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other
 Maskers, Torchbearers, 'and a Boy with a drum.'*

ROMEO

FTLN 0483 What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
 FTLN 0484 Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0485 The date is out of such prolixity.

FTLN 0486	We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,	
FTLN 0487	Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,	5
FTLN 0488	Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,	
FTLN 0489	「Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke	
FTLN 0490	After the prompter, for our entrance.」	
FTLN 0491	But let them measure us by what they will.	
FTLN 0492	We'll measure them a measure and be gone.	10
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0493	Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.	
FTLN 0494	Being but heavy I will bear the light.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0495	Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0496	Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes	
FTLN 0497	With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead	15
FTLN 0498	So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0499	You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings	
FTLN 0500	And soar with them above a common bound.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0501	I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft	
FTLN 0502	To soar with his light feathers, and so bound	20
FTLN 0503	I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.	
FTLN 0504	Under love's heavy burden do I sink.	
	「MERCUTIO」	
FTLN 0505	And to sink in it should you burden love—	
FTLN 0506	Too great oppression for a tender thing.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0507	Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,	25
FTLN 0508	Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.	
	MERCUTIO	
FTLN 0509	If love be rough with you, be rough with love.	
FTLN 0510	Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—	
FTLN 0511	Give me a case to put my visage in.—	
FTLN 0512	A visor for a visor. What care I	30
FTLN 0513	What curious eye doth cote deformities?	
FTLN 0514	Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.	

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0515 Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in
FTLN 0516 But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO

FTLN 0517 A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart 35
FTLN 0518 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
FTLN 0519 For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase:
FTLN 0520 I'll be a candle holder and look on;
FTLN 0521 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am 「done」

MERCUTIO

FTLN 0522 Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word. 40
FTLN 0523 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire—
FTLN 0524 Or, save 「your」 reverence, love—wherein thou
FTLN 0525 stickest
FTLN 0526 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

FTLN 0527 Nay, that's not so. 45

MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay

FTLN 0529 We waste our lights; in vain, 「light」 lights by day.
FTLN 0530 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
FTLN 0531 Five times in that ere once in our 「five」 wits.

ROMEO

FTLN 0532 And we mean well in going to this masque, 50
FTLN 0533 But 'tis no wit to go.

FTLN 0534 MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

FTLN 0535 I dreamt a dream tonight.

FTLN 0536 MERCUTIO And so did I.

ROMEO

FTLN 0537 Well, what was yours? 55

FTLN 0538 MERCUTIO That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

FTLN 0539 In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 0540 O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

FTLN 0541	She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes	
FTLN 0542	In shape no bigger than an agate stone	60
FTLN 0543	On the forefinger of an alderman,	
FTLN 0544	Drawn with a team of little 「atomi」	
FTLN 0545	Over men's noses as they lie asleep.	
FTLN 0546	Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,	
FTLN 0547	The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,	65
FTLN 0548	Her traces of the smallest spider web,	
FTLN 0549	Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,	
FTLN 0550	Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,	
FTLN 0551	Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,	
FTLN 0552	Not half so big as a round little worm	70
FTLN 0553	Pricked from the lazy finger of a 「maid.」	
FTLN 0554	Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,	
FTLN 0555	Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,	
FTLN 0556	Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.	
FTLN 0557	And in this state she gallops night by night	75
FTLN 0558	Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;	
FTLN 0559	On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight;	
FTLN 0560	O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;	
FTLN 0561	O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,	
FTLN 0562	Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues	80
FTLN 0563	Because their 「breaths」 with sweetmeats tainted are.	
FTLN 0564	Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,	
FTLN 0565	And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.	
FTLN 0566	And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,	
FTLN 0567	Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep;	85
FTLN 0568	Then he dreams of another benefice.	
FTLN 0569	Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,	
FTLN 0570	And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,	
FTLN 0571	Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,	
FTLN 0572	Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon	90
FTLN 0573	Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes	
FTLN 0574	And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two	
FTLN 0575	And sleeps again. This is that very Mab	
FTLN 0576	That plats the manes of horses in the night	

FTLN 0577	And bakes the 'elflocks' in foul sluttish hairs,	95
FTLN 0578	Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.	
FTLN 0579	This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,	
FTLN 0580	That presses them and learns them first to bear,	
FTLN 0581	Making them women of good carriage.	
FTLN 0582	This is she—	100
FTLN 0583	ROMEO Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.	
FTLN 0584	Thou talk'st of nothing.	
FTLN 0585	MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams,	
FTLN 0586	Which are the children of an idle brain,	
FTLN 0587	Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,	105
FTLN 0588	Which is as thin of substance as the air	
FTLN 0589	And more inconstant than the wind, who woos	
FTLN 0590	Even now the frozen bosom of the north	
FTLN 0591	And, being angered, puffs away from thence,	
FTLN 0592	Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.	110
	BENVOLIO	
FTLN 0593	This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.	
FTLN 0594	Supper is done, and we shall come too late.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0595	I fear too early, for my mind misgives	
FTLN 0596	Some consequence yet hanging in the stars	
FTLN 0597	Shall bitterly begin his fearful date	115
FTLN 0598	With this night's revels, and expire the term	
FTLN 0599	Of a despised life closed in my breast	
FTLN 0600	By some vile forfeit of untimely death.	
FTLN 0601	But he that hath the steerage of my course	
FTLN 0602	Direct my 'sail.' On, lusty gentlemen.	120
FTLN 0603	BENVOLIO Strike, drum.	

*They march about the stage
and 'then withdraw to the side.'*

「Scene 5」

Servingmen come forth with napkins.

FTLN 0604 「FIRST」 SERVINGMAN Where's Potpan that he helps not
FTLN 0605 to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a
FTLN 0606 trencher?
FTLN 0607 「SECOND」 SERVINGMAN When good manners shall lie
FTLN 0608 all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed 5
FTLN 0609 too, 'tis a foul thing.
FTLN 0610 「FIRST」 SERVINGMAN Away with the joint stools, remove
FTLN 0611 the court cupboard, look to the plate.—
FTLN 0612 Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as
FTLN 0613 thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone 10
FTLN 0614 and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan!
FTLN 0615 「THIRD」 SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready.
FTLN 0616 「FIRST」 SERVINGMAN You are looked for and called for,
FTLN 0617 asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.
FTLN 0618 「THIRD」 SERVINGMAN We cannot be here and there too. 15
FTLN 0619 Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver
FTLN 0620 take all. 「They move aside.」

*Enter 「Capulet and his household,」 all the guests and
gentlewomen to 「Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and」 the
「other」 Maskers.*

CAPULET

FTLN 0621 Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
FTLN 0622 Unplagued with corns will walk 「a bout」 with
FTLN 0623 you.— 20
FTLN 0624 Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
FTLN 0625 Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
FTLN 0626 She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you
FTLN 0627 now?—
FTLN 0628 Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day 25
FTLN 0629 That I have worn a visor and could tell
FTLN 0630 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
FTLN 0631 Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

FTLN 0632	You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,	
FTLN 0633	play. <i>Music plays and they dance.</i>	30
FTLN 0634	A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.—	
FTLN 0635	More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,	
FTLN 0636	And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—	
FTLN 0637	Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.—	
FTLN 0638	Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,	35
FTLN 0639	For you and I are past our dancing days.	
FTLN 0640	How long is 't now since last yourself and I	
FTLN 0641	Were in a mask?	
FTLN 0642	CAPULET'S COUSIN By 'r Lady, thirty years.	
	CAPULET	
FTLN 0643	What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.	40
FTLN 0644	'Tis since the nuptial of 'Lucentio,'	
FTLN 0645	Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,	
FTLN 0646	Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.	
	CAPULET'S COUSIN	
FTLN 0647	'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir.	
FTLN 0648	His son is thirty.	45
FTLN 0649	CAPULET Will you tell me that?	
FTLN 0650	His son was but a ward two years ago.	
	ROMEO, 'to a Servingman'	
FTLN 0651	What lady's that which doth enrich the hand	
FTLN 0652	Of yonder knight?	
FTLN 0653	SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.	50
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0654	O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!	
FTLN 0655	It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night	
FTLN 0656	As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—	
FTLN 0657	Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear.	
FTLN 0658	So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows	55
FTLN 0659	As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.	
FTLN 0660	The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand	
FTLN 0661	And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.	
FTLN 0662	Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,	
FTLN 0663	For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.	60

TYBALT

FTLN 0664 This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
FTLN 0665 Fetch me my rapier, boy. *「Page exits.」*

FTLN 0666 What, dares the slave

FTLN 0667 Come hither covered with an antic face
FTLN 0668 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? 65

FTLN 0669 Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
FTLN 0670 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

FTLN 0671 Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

FTLN 0672 Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
FTLN 0673 A villain that is hither come in spite 70
FTLN 0674 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

FTLN 0675 Young Romeo is it?

FTLN 0676 TYBALT 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

FTLN 0677 Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.
FTLN 0678 He bears him like a portly gentleman, 75

FTLN 0679 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
FTLN 0680 To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

FTLN 0681 I would not for the wealth of all this town
FTLN 0682 Here in my house do him disparagement.

FTLN 0683 Therefore be patient. Take no note of him. 80
FTLN 0684 It is my will, the which if thou respect,

FTLN 0685 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
FTLN 0686 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

FTLN 0687 It fits when such a villain is a guest.
FTLN 0688 I'll not endure him. 85

FTLN 0689 CAPULET He shall be endured.

FTLN 0690 What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to.

FTLN 0691 Am I the master here or you? Go to.

FTLN 0692 You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,

FTLN 0693	You'll make a mutiny among my guests,	90
FTLN 0694	You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0695	Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.	
FTLN 0696	CAPULET Go to, go to.	
FTLN 0697	You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed?	
FTLN 0698	This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.	95
FTLN 0699	You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time—	
FTLN 0700	Well said, my hearts.—You are a princox, go.	
FTLN 0701	Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame,	
FTLN 0702	I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!	
	TYBALT	
FTLN 0703	Patience perforce with willful choler meeting	100
FTLN 0704	Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.	
FTLN 0705	I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,	
FTLN 0706	Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	ROMEO, <i>['taking Juliet's hand']</i>	
FTLN 0707	If I profane with my unworthiest hand	
FTLN 0708	This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:	105
FTLN 0709	My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand	
FTLN 0710	To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0711	Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,	
FTLN 0712	Which mannerly devotion shows in this;	
FTLN 0713	For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,	110
FTLN 0714	And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0715	Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?	
	JULIET	
FTLN 0716	Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.	
	ROMEO	
FTLN 0717	O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.	
FTLN 0718	They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.	115
	JULIET	
FTLN 0719	Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.	

ROMEO

FTLN 0720 Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
[He kisses her.]

FTLN 0721 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

FTLN 0722 Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

FTLN 0723 Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged! 120

FTLN 0724 Give me my sin again. [He kisses her.]

FTLN 0725 JULIET You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

FTLN 0726 Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
[Juliet moves toward her mother.]

ROMEO

FTLN 0727 What is her mother?

FTLN 0728 NURSE Marry, bachelor, 125

FTLN 0729 Her mother is the lady of the house,

FTLN 0730 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

FTLN 0731 I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

FTLN 0732 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

FTLN 0733 Shall have the chinks. [Nurse moves away.] 130

FTLN 0734 ROMEO, [aside] Is she a Capulet?

FTLN 0735 O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO

FTLN 0736 Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

ROMEO

FTLN 0737 Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

FTLN 0738 Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone. 135

FTLN 0739 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

FTLN 0740 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.

FTLN 0741 I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—

FTLN 0742 More torches here.—Come on then, let's to bed.—

FTLN 0743 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late. 140

FTLN 0744 I'll to my rest.

[All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit.]

JULIET

FTLN 0745 Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

FTLN 0746 The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

FTLN 0747 What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE

FTLN 0748 Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. 145

JULIET

FTLN 0749 What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

FTLN 0750 NURSE I know not.

JULIET

FTLN 0751 Go ask his name. *「The Nurse goes.」* If he be married,

FTLN 0752 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE, *「returning」*

FTLN 0753 His name is Romeo, and a Montague, 150

FTLN 0754 The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET

FTLN 0755 My only love sprung from my only hate!

FTLN 0756 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

FTLN 0757 Prodigious birth of love it is to me

FTLN 0758 That I must love a loathed enemy. 155

NURSE

FTLN 0759 What's this? What's this?

FTLN 0760 JULIET A rhyme I learned even now

FTLN 0761 Of one I danced withal.

One calls within "Juliet."

FTLN 0762 NURSE Anon, anon.

FTLN 0763 Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone. 160

They exit.