

## 「ACT 3」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and 「their」 men.*

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1469

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.

FTLN 1470

The day is hot, the Capels 「are」 abroad,

FTLN 1471

And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl,

FTLN 1472

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

FTLN 1473

MERCUTIO    Thou art like one of these fellows that, when

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FTLN 1474

he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his

FTLN 1475

sword upon the table and says "God send me no

FTLN 1476

need of thee" and, by the operation of the second

FTLN 1477

cup, draws him on the drawer when indeed there is

FTLN 1478

no need.

10

FTLN 1479

BENVOLIO    Am I like such a fellow?

FTLN 1480

MERCUTIO    Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy

FTLN 1481

mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be

FTLN 1482

moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

FTLN 1483

BENVOLIO    And what to?

15

FTLN 1484

MERCUTIO    Nay, an there were two such, we should

FTLN 1485

have none shortly, for one would kill the other.

FTLN 1486

Thou—why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that

FTLN 1487

hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than

FTLN 1488

thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking

20

FTLN 1489

nuts, having no other reason but because thou

FTLN 1490

hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy

FTLN 1491

out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as

FTLN 1492 an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been  
 FTLN 1493 beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast 25  
 FTLN 1494 quarreled with a man for coughing in the street  
 FTLN 1495 because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain  
 FTLN 1496 asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor  
 FTLN 1497 for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With  
 FTLN 1498 another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? 30  
 FTLN 1499 And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?  
 FTLN 1500 BENVOLIO An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any  
 FTLN 1501 man should buy the fee simple of my life for an  
 FTLN 1502 hour and a quarter.  
 FTLN 1503 MERCUTIO The fee simple? O simple! 35

*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

FTLN 1504 BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.  
 FTLN 1505 MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.  
 TYBALT, *['to his companions']*  
 FTLN 1506 Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—  
 FTLN 1507 Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.  
 FTLN 1508 MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? Couple it 40  
 FTLN 1509 with something. Make it a word and a blow.  
 FTLN 1510 TYBALT You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an  
 FTLN 1511 you will give me occasion.  
 FTLN 1512 MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without  
 FTLN 1513 giving? 45  
 FTLN 1514 TYBALT Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.  
 FTLN 1515 MERCUTIO Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels?  
 FTLN 1516 An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear  
 FTLN 1517 nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's  
 FTLN 1518 that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort! 50  
 BENVOLIO  
 FTLN 1519 We talk here in the public haunt of men.  
 FTLN 1520 Either withdraw unto some private place,  
 FTLN 1521 Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
 FTLN 1522 Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1523 Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. 55  
 FTLN 1524 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter Romeo.*

TYBALT

FTLN 1525 Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1526 But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.  
 FTLN 1527 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower.  
 FTLN 1528 Your Worship in that sense may call him "man." 60

TYBALT

FTLN 1529 Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
 FTLN 1530 No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

FTLN 1531 Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
 FTLN 1532 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
 FTLN 1533 To such a greeting. Villain am I none. 65  
 FTLN 1534 Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT

FTLN 1535 Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
 FTLN 1536 That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

FTLN 1537 I do protest I never injured thee  
 FTLN 1538 But love thee better than thou canst devise 70  
 FTLN 1539 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.  
 FTLN 1540 And so, good Capulet, which name I tender  
 FTLN 1541 As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

FTLN 1542 O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
 FTLN 1543 *Alla stoccato* carries it away. *〔He draws.〕* 75

FTLN 1544 Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

FTLN 1545 TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?

FTLN 1546 MERCUTIO Good king of cats, nothing but one of your  
 FTLN 1547 nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as  
 FTLN 1548 you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the 80

|           |                                                         |                                                |
|-----------|---------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| FTLN 1549 | eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher     |                                                |
| FTLN 1550 | by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your        |                                                |
| FTLN 1551 | ears ere it be out.                                     |                                                |
| FTLN 1552 | TYBALT I am for you.                                    | 「He draws.」                                    |
|           | ROMEO                                                   |                                                |
| FTLN 1553 | Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.                     | 85                                             |
| FTLN 1554 | MERCUTIO Come, sir, your <i>passado</i> .               | 「They fight.」                                  |
|           | ROMEO                                                   |                                                |
| FTLN 1555 | Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.                |                                                |
|           |                                                         | 「Romeo draws.」                                 |
| FTLN 1556 | Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!              |                                                |
| FTLN 1557 | Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath             |                                                |
| FTLN 1558 | Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.                 | 90                                             |
| FTLN 1559 | Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!                            |                                                |
|           |                                                         | 「Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers.    |
|           |                                                         | <i>Tybalt stabs Mercutio.</i> 」                |
| FTLN 1560 | 「PETRUCHIO」 Away, Tybalt!                               |                                                |
|           |                                                         | 「Tybalt, Petruchio, and their followers exit.」 |
| FTLN 1561 | MERCUTIO I am hurt.                                     |                                                |
| FTLN 1562 | A plague o' both houses! I am sped.                     |                                                |
| FTLN 1563 | Is he gone and hath nothing?                            | 95                                             |
| FTLN 1564 | BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?                           |                                                |
|           | MERCUTIO                                                |                                                |
| FTLN 1565 | Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.       |                                                |
| FTLN 1566 | Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.         |                                                |
|           |                                                         | 「Page exits.」                                  |
|           | ROMEO                                                   |                                                |
| FTLN 1567 | Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.                  |                                                |
| FTLN 1568 | MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as | 100                                            |
| FTLN 1569 | a church door, but 'tis enough. 'Twill serve. Ask for   |                                                |
| FTLN 1570 | me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I       |                                                |
| FTLN 1571 | am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'     |                                                |
| FTLN 1572 | both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a      |                                                |
| FTLN 1573 | cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a  | 105                                            |
| FTLN 1574 | villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the  |                                                |
| FTLN 1575 | devil came you between us? I was hurt under your        |                                                |
| FTLN 1576 | arm.                                                    |                                                |

|           |                                                 |     |
|-----------|-------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 1577 | ROMEO I thought all for the best.               |     |
|           | MERCUTIO                                        |     |
| FTLN 1578 | Help me into some house, Benvolio,              | 110 |
| FTLN 1579 | Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! |     |
| FTLN 1580 | They have made worms' meat of me.               |     |
| FTLN 1581 | I have it, and soundly, too. Your houses!       |     |
|           | <i>「All but Romeo」 exit.</i>                    |     |
|           | ROMEO                                           |     |
| FTLN 1582 | This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,         |     |
| FTLN 1583 | My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt       | 115 |
| FTLN 1584 | In my behalf. My reputation stained             |     |
| FTLN 1585 | With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour      |     |
| FTLN 1586 | Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,            |     |
| FTLN 1587 | Thy beauty hath made me effeminate              |     |
| FTLN 1588 | And in my temper softened valor's steel.        | 120 |
|           | <i>Enter Benvolio.</i>                          |     |
|           | BENVOLIO                                        |     |
| FTLN 1589 | O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead.         |     |
| FTLN 1590 | That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,    |     |
| FTLN 1591 | Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.    |     |
|           | ROMEO                                           |     |
| FTLN 1592 | This day's black fate on more days doth depend. |     |
| FTLN 1593 | This but begins the woe others must end.        | 125 |
|           | <i>「Enter Tybalt.」</i>                          |     |
|           | BENVOLIO                                        |     |
| FTLN 1594 | Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.       |     |
|           | ROMEO                                           |     |
| FTLN 1595 | 「Alive」 in triumph, and Mercutio slain!         |     |
| FTLN 1596 | Away to heaven, respective lenity,              |     |
| FTLN 1597 | And 「fire-eyed」 fury be my conduct now.—        |     |
| FTLN 1598 | Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again      | 130 |
| FTLN 1599 | That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul   |     |
| FTLN 1600 | Is but a little way above our heads,            |     |
| FTLN 1601 | Staying for thine to keep him company.          |     |
| FTLN 1602 | Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.    |     |

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,

FTLN 1625 For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

FTLN 1626 O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

FTLN 1627 Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

FTLN 1628 Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay— 160

FTLN 1629 Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink

FTLN 1630 How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal

FTLN 1631 Your high displeasure. All this uttered

FTLN 1632 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed

FTLN 1633 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen 165

FTLN 1634 Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts

FTLN 1635 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,

FTLN 1636 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point

FTLN 1637 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

FTLN 1638 Cold death aside and with the other sends 170

FTLN 1639 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

FTLN 1640 Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud

FTLN 1641 "Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his

FTLN 1642 tongue

FTLN 1643 His 'agile' arm beats down their fatal points, 175

FTLN 1644 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm

FTLN 1645 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

FTLN 1646 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

FTLN 1647 But by and by comes back to Romeo,

FTLN 1648 Who had but newly entertained revenge, 180

FTLN 1649 And to 't they go like lightning, for ere I

FTLN 1650 Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain,

FTLN 1651 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.

FTLN 1652 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 1653 He is a kinsman to the Montague. 185

FTLN 1654 Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.

FTLN 1655 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,

FTLN 1656 And all those twenty could but kill one life.

FTLN 1657 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give.

FTLN 1658 Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live. 190

PRINCE

FTLN 1659 Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.  
 FTLN 1660 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

「MONTAGUE」

FTLN 1661 Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's friend.  
 FTLN 1662 His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
 FTLN 1663 The life of Tybalt. 195

PRINCE And for that offense

FTLN 1665 Immediately we do exile him hence.  
 FTLN 1666 I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding:  
 FTLN 1667 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.  
 FTLN 1668 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 200  
 FTLN 1669 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
 FTLN 1670 「I」 will be deaf to pleading and excuses.  
 FTLN 1671 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.  
 FTLN 1672 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,  
 FTLN 1673 Else, when he is found, that hour is his last. 205  
 FTLN 1674 Bear hence this body and attend our will.  
 FTLN 1675 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

「They」 exit, 「the Capulet men  
 bearing off Tybalt's body.」

「Scene 2」

*Enter Juliet alone.*

JULIET

FTLN 1676 Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
 FTLN 1677 Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner  
 FTLN 1678 As Phaëton would whip you to the west  
 FTLN 1679 And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
 FTLN 1680 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, 5  
 FTLN 1681 That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo  
 FTLN 1682 Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
 FTLN 1683 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 FTLN 1684 By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,

|           |                                                    |    |
|-----------|----------------------------------------------------|----|
| FTLN 1685 | It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,      | 10 |
| FTLN 1686 | Thou sober-suited matron all in black,             |    |
| FTLN 1687 | And learn me how to lose a winning match           |    |
| FTLN 1688 | Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.        |    |
| FTLN 1689 | Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,       |    |
| FTLN 1690 | With thy black mantle till strange love grow bold, | 15 |
| FTLN 1691 | Think true love acted simple modesty.              |    |
| FTLN 1692 | Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in        |    |
| FTLN 1693 | night,                                             |    |
| FTLN 1694 | For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night          |    |
| FTLN 1695 | Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.          | 20 |
| FTLN 1696 | Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed      |    |
| FTLN 1697 | night,                                             |    |
| FTLN 1698 | Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,            |    |
| FTLN 1699 | Take him and cut him out in little stars,          |    |
| FTLN 1700 | And he will make the face of heaven so fine        | 25 |
| FTLN 1701 | That all the world will be in love with night      |    |
| FTLN 1702 | And pay no worship to the garish sun.              |    |
| FTLN 1703 | O, I have bought the mansion of a love             |    |
| FTLN 1704 | But not possessed it, and, though I am sold,       |    |
| FTLN 1705 | Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day            | 30 |
| FTLN 1706 | As is the night before some festival               |    |
| FTLN 1707 | To an impatient child that hath new robes          |    |
| FTLN 1708 | And may not wear them.                             |    |

*Enter Nurse with cords.*

|           |                                                        |    |
|-----------|--------------------------------------------------------|----|
| FTLN 1709 | O, here comes my nurse,                                |    |
| FTLN 1710 | And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks      | 35 |
| FTLN 1711 | But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—           |    |
| FTLN 1712 | Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The       |    |
| FTLN 1713 | cords                                                  |    |
| FTLN 1714 | That Romeo bid thee fetch?                             |    |
| FTLN 1715 | NURSE                               Ay, ay, the cords. | 40 |
|           | <i>['Dropping the rope ladder.']</i>                   |    |
|           | JULIET                                                 |    |
| FTLN 1716 | Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?       |    |

NURSE

FTLN 1717 Ah weraday, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
 FTLN 1718 We are undone, lady, we are undone.  
 FTLN 1719 Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead.

JULIET

FTLN 1720 Can heaven be so envious? 45

FTLN 1721 NURSE Romeo can,  
 FTLN 1722 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,  
 FTLN 1723 Whoever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

FTLN 1724 What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
 FTLN 1725 This torture should be roared in dismal hell. 50  
 FTLN 1726 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "Ay,"  
 FTLN 1727 And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more  
 FTLN 1728 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.  
 FTLN 1729 I am not I if there be such an "I,"  
 FTLN 1730 Or those eyes <sup>shut</sup> that makes thee answer "Ay." 55  
 FTLN 1731 If he be slain, say "Ay," or if not, "No."  
 FTLN 1732 Brief sounds determine my weal or woe.

NURSE

FTLN 1733 I saw the wound. I saw it with mine eyes  
 FTLN 1734 (God save the mark!) here on his manly breast—  
 FTLN 1735 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse, 60  
 FTLN 1736 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,  
 FTLN 1737 All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight.

JULIET

FTLN 1738 O break, my heart, poor bankrout, break at once!  
 FTLN 1739 To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty.  
 FTLN 1740 Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here, 65  
 FTLN 1741 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

NURSE

FTLN 1742 O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
 FTLN 1743 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,  
 FTLN 1744 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

FTLN 1745 What storm is this that blows so contrary? 70

|           |                                                 |     |
|-----------|-------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 1746 | Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?        |     |
| FTLN 1747 | My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?          |     |
| FTLN 1748 | Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom, |     |
| FTLN 1749 | For who is living if those two are gone?        |     |
|           | NURSE                                           |     |
| FTLN 1750 | Tybalt is gone and Romeo banishèd.              | 75  |
| FTLN 1751 | Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.           |     |
|           | JULIET                                          |     |
| FTLN 1752 | O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?    |     |
|           | 「NURSE」                                         |     |
| FTLN 1753 | It did, it did, alas the day, it did.           |     |
|           | 「JULIET」                                        |     |
| FTLN 1754 | O serpent heart hid with a flow'ring face!      |     |
| FTLN 1755 | Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?            | 80  |
| FTLN 1756 | Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!              |     |
| FTLN 1757 | Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb!    |     |
| FTLN 1758 | Despisèd substance of divinest show!            |     |
| FTLN 1759 | Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,      |     |
| FTLN 1760 | A 「damnèd」 saint, an honorable villain.         | 85  |
| FTLN 1761 | O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell         |     |
| FTLN 1762 | When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend     |     |
| FTLN 1763 | In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?         |     |
| FTLN 1764 | Was ever book containing such vile matter       |     |
| FTLN 1765 | So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell    | 90  |
| FTLN 1766 | In such a gorgeous palace!                      |     |
| FTLN 1767 | NURSE                                           |     |
|           | There's no trust,                               |     |
| FTLN 1768 | No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,      |     |
| FTLN 1769 | All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.      |     |
| FTLN 1770 | Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.    | 95  |
| FTLN 1771 | These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me |     |
| FTLN 1772 | old.                                            |     |
| FTLN 1773 | Shame come to Romeo!                            |     |
| FTLN 1774 | JULIET                                          |     |
|           | Blistered be thy tongue                         |     |
| FTLN 1775 | For such a wish! He was not born to shame.      | 100 |
| FTLN 1776 | Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,          |     |
| FTLN 1777 | For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned    |     |

|           |                                                     |     |
|-----------|-----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 1778 | Sole monarch of the universal Earth.                |     |
| FTLN 1779 | O, what a beast was I to chide at him!              |     |
|           | NURSE                                               |     |
| FTLN 1780 | Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin? | 105 |
|           | JULIET                                              |     |
| FTLN 1781 | Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?        |     |
| FTLN 1782 | Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy      |     |
| FTLN 1783 | name                                                |     |
| FTLN 1784 | When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?      |     |
| FTLN 1785 | But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  | 110 |
| FTLN 1786 | That villain cousin would have killed my husband.   |     |
| FTLN 1787 | Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;    |     |
| FTLN 1788 | Your tributary drops belong to woe,                 |     |
| FTLN 1789 | Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.              |     |
| FTLN 1790 | My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,     | 115 |
| FTLN 1791 | And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my         |     |
| FTLN 1792 | husband.                                            |     |
| FTLN 1793 | All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?         |     |
| FTLN 1794 | Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,     |     |
| FTLN 1795 | That murdered me. I would forget it fain,           | 120 |
| FTLN 1796 | But, O, it presses to my memory                     |     |
| FTLN 1797 | Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:         |     |
| FTLN 1798 | "Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."                |     |
| FTLN 1799 | That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"          |     |
| FTLN 1800 | Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death     | 125 |
| FTLN 1801 | Was woe enough if it had ended there;               |     |
| FTLN 1802 | Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship              |     |
| FTLN 1803 | And needly will be ranked with other griefs,        |     |
| FTLN 1804 | Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"    |     |
| FTLN 1805 | "Thy father" or "thy mother," nay, or both,         | 130 |
| FTLN 1806 | Which modern lamentation might have moved?          |     |
| FTLN 1807 | But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,       |     |
| FTLN 1808 | "Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word             |     |
| FTLN 1809 | Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,           |     |
| FTLN 1810 | All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd."           | 135 |
| FTLN 1811 | There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,          |     |

FTLN 1812

In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.

FTLN 1813

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

NURSE

FTLN 1814

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

FTLN 1815

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

140

JULIET

FTLN 1816

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be

FTLN 1817

spent,

FTLN 1818

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.—

FTLN 1819

Take up those cords.

「*The Nurse picks up the rope ladder.*」

FTLN 1820

Poor ropes, you are beguiled,

145

FTLN 1821

Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.

FTLN 1822

He made you for a highway to my bed,

FTLN 1823

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.

FTLN 1824

Come, cords—come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed,

FTLN 1825

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

150

NURSE

FTLN 1826

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo

FTLN 1827

To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

FTLN 1828

Hark you, your Romeo will be here at night.

FTLN 1829

I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence's cell.

JULIET

FTLN 1830

O, find him!

「*Giving the Nurse a ring.*」

155

FTLN 1831

Give this ring to my true knight

FTLN 1832

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

「*They*」 *exit.*

「Scene 3」

*Enter Friar* 「*Lawrence.*」

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1833

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.

FTLN 1834

Affliction is enamored of thy parts,

FTLN 1835

And thou art wedded to calamity.

「Enter Romeo.」

ROMEO

FTLN 1836 Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?  
FTLN 1837 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand 5  
FTLN 1838 That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE Too familiar

FTLN 1840 Is my dear son with such sour company.  
FTLN 1841 I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

ROMEO

FTLN 1842 What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom? 10

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1843 A gentler judgment vanished from his lips:  
FTLN 1844 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

FTLN 1845 Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death,"  
FTLN 1846 For exile hath more terror in his look,  
FTLN 1847 Much more than death. Do not say "banishment." 15

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1848 Here from Verona art thou banishèd.  
FTLN 1849 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

FTLN 1850 There is no world without Verona walls  
FTLN 1851 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
FTLN 1852 Hence "banishèd" is "banished from the world," 20  
FTLN 1853 And world's exile is death. Then "banishèd"  
FTLN 1854 Is death mistermèd. Calling death "banishèd,"  
FTLN 1855 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax  
FTLN 1856 And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1857 O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness! 25  
FTLN 1858 Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,  
FTLN 1859 Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law  
FTLN 1860 And turned that black word "death" to  
FTLN 1861 "banishment."  
FTLN 1862 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 30

ROMEO

FTLN 1863 'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here  
 FTLN 1864 Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog  
 FTLN 1865 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 FTLN 1866 Live here in heaven and may look on her,  
 FTLN 1867 But Romeo may not. More validity, 35  
 FTLN 1868 More honorable state, more courtship lives  
 FTLN 1869 In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize  
 FTLN 1870 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
 FTLN 1871 And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
 FTLN 1872 Who even in pure and vestal modesty 40  
 FTLN 1873 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
 FTLN 1874 But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.  
 FTLN 1875 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.  
 FTLN 1876 They are free men, but I am banishèd.  
 FTLN 1877 And sayest thou yet that exile is not death? 45  
 FTLN 1878 Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground  
 FTLN 1879 knife,  
 FTLN 1880 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 FTLN 1881 But "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?  
 FTLN 1882 O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell. 50  
 FTLN 1883 Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,  
 FTLN 1884 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
 FTLN 1885 A sin absolver, and my friend professed,  
 FTLN 1886 To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1887 「Thou」 fond mad man, hear me a little speak. 55

ROMEO

FTLN 1888 O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1889 I'll give thee armor to keep off that word,  
 FTLN 1890 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 FTLN 1891 To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO

FTLN 1892 Yet "banishèd"? Hang up philosophy. 60  
 FTLN 1893 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

|           |                                                     |    |
|-----------|-----------------------------------------------------|----|
| FTLN 1894 | Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,           |    |
| FTLN 1895 | It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.        |    |
|           | FRIAR LAWRENCE                                      |    |
| FTLN 1896 | O, then I see that 「madmen」 have no ears.           |    |
|           | ROMEO                                               |    |
| FTLN 1897 | How should they when that wise men have no eyes?    | 65 |
|           | FRIAR LAWRENCE                                      |    |
| FTLN 1898 | Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.             |    |
|           | ROMEO                                               |    |
| FTLN 1899 | Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.    |    |
| FTLN 1900 | Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,           |    |
| FTLN 1901 | An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,               |    |
| FTLN 1902 | Doting like me, and like me banishèd,               | 70 |
| FTLN 1903 | Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy |    |
| FTLN 1904 | hair                                                |    |
| FTLN 1905 | And fall upon the ground as I do now,               |    |
|           | <i>「Romeo throws himself down.」</i>                 |    |
| FTLN 1906 | Taking the measure of an unmade grave.              |    |
|           | <i>Knock 「within.」</i>                              |    |
|           | FRIAR LAWRENCE                                      |    |
| FTLN 1907 | Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.        | 75 |
|           | ROMEO                                               |    |
| FTLN 1908 | Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,       |    |
| FTLN 1909 | Mistlike, enfold me from the search of eyes.        |    |
|           | <i>Knock.</i>                                       |    |
|           | FRIAR LAWRENCE                                      |    |
| FTLN 1910 | Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,           |    |
| FTLN 1911 | arise.                                              |    |
| FTLN 1912 | Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up.          | 80 |
|           | <i>Knock.</i>                                       |    |
| FTLN 1913 | Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will,             |    |
| FTLN 1914 | What simpleness is this?—I come, I come.            |    |
|           | <i>Knock.</i>                                       |    |
| FTLN 1915 | Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's         |    |
| FTLN 1916 | your will?                                          |    |

NURSE, 「*within*」

FTLN 1917      Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. 85

FTLN 1918      I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, 「*admitting the Nurse*」

FTLN 1919                      Welcome, then.

「*Enter Nurse.*」

NURSE

FTLN 1920      O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,

FTLN 1921      Where's my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 1922      There on the ground, with his own tears made 90

FTLN 1923      drunk.

NURSE

FTLN 1924      O, he is even in my mistress' case,

FTLN 1925      Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!

FTLN 1926      Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,

FTLN 1927      Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.— 95

FTLN 1928      Stand up, stand up. Stand an you be a man.

FTLN 1929      For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.

FTLN 1930      Why should you fall into so deep an O?

FTLN 1931      ROMEO    Nurse.

NURSE

FTLN 1932      Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all. 100

ROMEO, 「*rising up*」

FTLN 1933      Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

FTLN 1934      Doth not she think me an old murderer,

FTLN 1935      Now I have stained the childhood of our joy

FTLN 1936      With blood removed but little from her own?

FTLN 1937      Where is she? And how doth she? And what says 105

FTLN 1938      My concealed lady to our canceled love?

NURSE

FTLN 1939      O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,

FTLN 1940      And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,

FTLN 1941      And “Tybalt” calls, and then on Romeo cries,

FTLN 1942      And then down falls again. 110

|           |                |                                                       |     |
|-----------|----------------|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 1943 | ROMEO          | As if that name,                                      |     |
| FTLN 1944 |                | Shot from the deadly level of a gun,                  |     |
| FTLN 1945 |                | Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand            |     |
| FTLN 1946 |                | Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,     |     |
| FTLN 1947 |                | In what vile part of this anatomy                     | 115 |
| FTLN 1948 |                | Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack          |     |
| FTLN 1949 |                | The hateful mansion. <i>「He draws his dagger.」</i>    |     |
| FTLN 1950 | FRIAR LAWRENCE | Hold thy desperate hand!                              |     |
| FTLN 1951 |                | Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.          |     |
| FTLN 1952 |                | Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts <i>「denote」</i> | 120 |
| FTLN 1953 |                | The unreasonable fury of a beast.                     |     |
| FTLN 1954 |                | Unseemly woman in a seeming man,                      |     |
| FTLN 1955 |                | And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!              |     |
| FTLN 1956 |                | Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,                |     |
| FTLN 1957 |                | I thought thy disposition better tempered.            | 125 |
| FTLN 1958 |                | Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,       |     |
| FTLN 1959 |                | And slay thy lady that in thy life <i>「lives,」</i>    |     |
| FTLN 1960 |                | By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?                    |     |
| FTLN 1961 |                | Why railest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth, |     |
| FTLN 1962 |                | Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet    | 130 |
| FTLN 1963 |                | In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?     |     |
| FTLN 1964 |                | Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,  |     |
| FTLN 1965 |                | Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all                |     |
| FTLN 1966 |                | And usest none in that true use indeed                |     |
| FTLN 1967 |                | Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.     | 135 |
| FTLN 1968 |                | Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,                 |     |
| FTLN 1969 |                | Digressing from the valor of a man;                   |     |
| FTLN 1970 |                | Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,               |     |
| FTLN 1971 |                | Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;   |     |
| FTLN 1972 |                | Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,             | 140 |
| FTLN 1973 |                | Misshapen in the conduct of them both,                |     |
| FTLN 1974 |                | Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,           |     |
| FTLN 1975 |                | Is set afire by thine own ignorance,                  |     |
| FTLN 1976 |                | And thou dismembered with thine own defense.          |     |
| FTLN 1977 |                | What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,           | 145 |
| FTLN 1978 |                | For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:        |     |

|           |                                                  |     |
|-----------|--------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 1979 | There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,    |     |
| FTLN 1980 | But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.   |     |
| FTLN 1981 | The law that threatened death becomes thy friend |     |
| FTLN 1982 | And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.     | 150 |
| FTLN 1983 | A pack of blessings light upon thy back;         |     |
| FTLN 1984 | Happiness courts thee in her best array;         |     |
| FTLN 1985 | But, like a 「misbehaved」 and sullen wench,       |     |
| FTLN 1986 | Thou 「pouts upon」 thy fortune and thy love.      |     |
| FTLN 1987 | Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.    | 155 |
| FTLN 1988 | Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed.        |     |
| FTLN 1989 | Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her.       |     |
| FTLN 1990 | But look thou stay not till the watch be set,    |     |
| FTLN 1991 | For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,          |     |
| FTLN 1992 | Where thou shalt live till we can find a time    | 160 |
| FTLN 1993 | To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  |     |
| FTLN 1994 | Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back     |     |
| FTLN 1995 | With twenty hundred thousand times more joy      |     |
| FTLN 1996 | Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—         |     |
| FTLN 1997 | Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,        | 165 |
| FTLN 1998 | And bid her hasten all the house to bed,         |     |
| FTLN 1999 | Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.          |     |
| FTLN 2000 | Romeo is coming.                                 |     |
|           | NURSE                                            |     |
| FTLN 2001 | O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night   |     |
| FTLN 2002 | To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!—      | 170 |
| FTLN 2003 | My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.        |     |
|           | ROMEO                                            |     |
| FTLN 2004 | Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.        |     |
|           | NURSE                                            |     |
| FTLN 2005 | Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.      |     |
|           | <i>「Nurse gives Romeo a ring.」</i>               |     |
| FTLN 2006 | Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.     |     |
|           | <i>「She exits.」</i>                              |     |
|           | ROMEO                                            |     |
| FTLN 2007 | How well my comfort is revived by this!          | 175 |

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FTLN 2008      Go hence, good night—and here stands all your  
 FTLN 2009      state:  
 FTLN 2010      Either be gone before the watch be set  
 FTLN 2011      Or by the break of day 「disguised」 from hence.  
 FTLN 2012      Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man, 180  
 FTLN 2013      And he shall signify from time to time  
 FTLN 2014      Every good hap to you that chances here.  
 FTLN 2015      Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO

FTLN 2016      But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
 FTLN 2017      It were a grief so brief to part with thee. 185  
 FTLN 2018      Farewell.

*They exit.*

「Scene 4」

*Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.*

CAPULET

FTLN 2019      Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily  
 FTLN 2020      That we have had no time to move our daughter.  
 FTLN 2021      Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 FTLN 2022      And so did I. Well, we were born to die.  
 FTLN 2023      'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight. 5  
 FTLN 2024      I promise you, but for your company,  
 FTLN 2025      I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS

FTLN 2026      These times of woe afford no times to woo.—  
 FTLN 2027      Madam, good night. Commend me to your  
 FTLN 2028      daughter. 10

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2029      I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.  
 FTLN 2030      Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

FTLN 2031      Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
 FTLN 2032      Of my child's love. I think she will 「be」 ruled

FTLN 2033 In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.— 15  
 FTLN 2034 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.  
 FTLN 2035 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,  
 FTLN 2036 And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday  
 FTLN 2037 next—  
 FTLN 2038 But soft, what day is this? 20  
 FTLN 2039 PARIS Monday, my lord.  
 CAPULET  
 FTLN 2040 Monday, ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.  
 FTLN 2041 O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday, tell her,  
 FTLN 2042 She shall be married to this noble earl.—  
 FTLN 2043 Will you be ready? Do you like this haste? 25  
 FTLN 2044 'We'll' keep no great ado: a friend or two.  
 FTLN 2045 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
 FTLN 2046 It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
 FTLN 2047 Being our kinsman, if we revel much.  
 FTLN 2048 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, 30  
 FTLN 2049 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?  
 PARIS  
 FTLN 2050 My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.  
 CAPULET  
 FTLN 2051 Well, get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.  
 FTLN 2052 'To Lady Capulet.' Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.  
 FTLN 2053 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.— 35  
 FTLN 2054 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—  
 FTLN 2055 Afore me, it is so very late that we  
 FTLN 2056 May call it early by and by.—Good night.

*They exit.*

「Scene 5」

*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*

JULIET

FTLN 2057 Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.  
 FTLN 2058 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 FTLN 2059 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.

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|           |                                                    |    |
|-----------|----------------------------------------------------|----|
| FTLN 2060 | Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.        |    |
| FTLN 2061 | Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.          | 5  |
|           | ROMEO                                              |    |
| FTLN 2062 | It was the lark, the herald of the morn,           |    |
| FTLN 2063 | No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks   |    |
| FTLN 2064 | Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.        |    |
| FTLN 2065 | Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day      |    |
| FTLN 2066 | Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.          | 10 |
| FTLN 2067 | I must be gone and live, or stay and die.          |    |
|           | JULIET                                             |    |
| FTLN 2068 | Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I.          |    |
| FTLN 2069 | It is some meteor that the sun 「exhaled」           |    |
| FTLN 2070 | To be to thee this night a torchbearer             |    |
| FTLN 2071 | And light thee on thy way to Mantua.               | 15 |
| FTLN 2072 | Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.   |    |
|           | ROMEO                                              |    |
| FTLN 2073 | Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death.           |    |
| FTLN 2074 | I am content, so thou wilt have it so.             |    |
| FTLN 2075 | I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye;        |    |
| FTLN 2076 | 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.        | 20 |
| FTLN 2077 | Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat       |    |
| FTLN 2078 | The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.         |    |
| FTLN 2079 | I have more care to stay than will to go.          |    |
| FTLN 2080 | Come death and welcome. Juliet wills it so.        |    |
| FTLN 2081 | How is 't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.     | 25 |
|           | JULIET                                             |    |
| FTLN 2082 | It is, it is. Hie hence, begone, away!             |    |
| FTLN 2083 | It is the lark that sings so out of tune,          |    |
| FTLN 2084 | Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.    |    |
| FTLN 2085 | Some say the lark makes sweet division.            |    |
| FTLN 2086 | This doth not so, for she divideth us.             | 30 |
| FTLN 2087 | Some say the lark and loathèd toad 「changed」 eyes. |    |
| FTLN 2088 | O, now I would they had changed voices too,        |    |
| FTLN 2089 | Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,      |    |
| FTLN 2090 | Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.      |    |
| FTLN 2091 | O, now begone. More light and light it grows.      | 35 |

ROMEO

FTLN 2092 More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

FTLN 2093 NURSE Madam.

FTLN 2094 JULIET Nurse?

NURSE

FTLN 2095 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

FTLN 2096 The day is broke; be wary; look about. *「She exits.」* 40

JULIET

FTLN 2097 Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO

FTLN 2098 Farewell, farewell. One kiss and I'll descend.

*「They kiss, and Romeo descends.」*

JULIET

FTLN 2099 Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay husband, friend!

FTLN 2100 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

FTLN 2101 For in a minute there are many days. 45

FTLN 2102 O, by this count I shall be much in years

FTLN 2103 Ere I again behold my Romeo.

FTLN 2104 ROMEO Farewell.

FTLN 2105 I will omit no opportunity

FTLN 2106 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

JULIET

FTLN 2107 O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

FTLN 2108 I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

FTLN 2109 For sweet discourses in our times to come.

*「JULIET」*

FTLN 2110 O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

FTLN 2111 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low, 55

FTLN 2112 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

FTLN 2113 Either my eyesight fails or thou lookest pale.

ROMEO

FTLN 2114 And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.

FTLN 2115 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. *He exits.*

JULIET

FTLN 2116 O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle. 60  
FTLN 2117 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
FTLN 2118 That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,  
FTLN 2119 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,  
FTLN 2120 But send him back.

*Enter* 「Lady Capulet.」

FTLN 2121 LADY CAPULET Ho, daughter, are you up? 65

JULIET

FTLN 2122 Who is 't that calls? It is my lady mother.  
FTLN 2123 Is she not down so late or up so early?  
FTLN 2124 What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?  
「Juliet descends.」

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2125 Why, how now, Juliet?

FTLN 2126 JULIET Madam, I am not well. 70

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2127 Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
FTLN 2128 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
FTLN 2129 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.  
FTLN 2130 Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of  
FTLN 2131 love, 75  
FTLN 2132 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

FTLN 2133 Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2134 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
FTLN 2135 Which you weep for.

FTLN 2136 JULIET Feeling so the loss, 80  
FTLN 2137 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2138 Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death  
FTLN 2139 As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

FTLN 2140 What villain, madam?

|           |                        |                                                  |     |
|-----------|------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 2141 | LADY CAPULET           | That same villain, Romeo.                        | 85  |
|           | JULIET, <i>「aside」</i> |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2142 |                        | Villain and he be many miles asunder.—           |     |
| FTLN 2143 |                        | God pardon <i>「him.」</i> I do with all my heart, |     |
| FTLN 2144 |                        | And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.     |     |
|           | LADY CAPULET           |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2145 |                        | That is because the traitor murderer lives.      |     |
|           | JULIET                 |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2146 |                        | Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.     | 90  |
| FTLN 2147 |                        | Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!  |     |
|           | LADY CAPULET           |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2148 |                        | We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.    |     |
| FTLN 2149 |                        | Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,   |     |
| FTLN 2150 |                        | Where that same banished runagate doth live,     |     |
| FTLN 2151 |                        | Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram         | 95  |
| FTLN 2152 |                        | That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.          |     |
| FTLN 2153 |                        | And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.        |     |
|           | JULIET                 |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2154 |                        | Indeed, I never shall be satisfied               |     |
| FTLN 2155 |                        | With Romeo till I behold him—dead—               |     |
| FTLN 2156 |                        | Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed.        | 100 |
| FTLN 2157 |                        | Madam, if you could find out but a man           |     |
| FTLN 2158 |                        | To bear a poison, I would temper it,             |     |
| FTLN 2159 |                        | That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,         |     |
| FTLN 2160 |                        | Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors      |     |
| FTLN 2161 |                        | To hear him named and cannot come to him         | 105 |
| FTLN 2162 |                        | To wreak the love I bore my cousin               |     |
| FTLN 2163 |                        | Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.         |     |
|           | LADY CAPULET           |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2164 |                        | Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.   |     |
| FTLN 2165 |                        | But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.     |     |
|           | JULIET                 |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2166 |                        | And joy comes well in such a needy time.         | 110 |
| FTLN 2167 |                        | What are they, beseech your Ladyship?            |     |
|           | LADY CAPULET           |                                                  |     |
| FTLN 2168 |                        | Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,   |     |

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|           |                                                   |     |
|-----------|---------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 2169 | One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,          |     |
| FTLN 2170 | Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy               |     |
| FTLN 2171 | That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.      | 115 |
|           | JULIET                                            |     |
| FTLN 2172 | Madam, in happy time! What day is that?           |     |
|           | LADY CAPULET                                      |     |
| FTLN 2173 | Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn         |     |
| FTLN 2174 | The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,          |     |
| FTLN 2175 | The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church         |     |
| FTLN 2176 | Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.     | 120 |
|           | JULIET                                            |     |
| FTLN 2177 | Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,      |     |
| FTLN 2178 | He shall not make me there a joyful bride!        |     |
| FTLN 2179 | I wonder at this haste, that I must wed           |     |
| FTLN 2180 | Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.       |     |
| FTLN 2181 | I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,       | 125 |
| FTLN 2182 | I will not marry yet, and when I do I swear       |     |
| FTLN 2183 | It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,          |     |
| FTLN 2184 | Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!         |     |
|           | LADY CAPULET                                      |     |
| FTLN 2185 | Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,     |     |
| FTLN 2186 | And see how he will take it at your hands.        | 130 |
|           | <i>Enter Capulet and Nurse.</i>                   |     |
|           | CAPULET                                           |     |
| FTLN 2187 | When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,    |     |
| FTLN 2188 | But for the sunset of my brother's son            |     |
| FTLN 2189 | It rains downright.                               |     |
| FTLN 2190 | How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?   |     |
| FTLN 2191 | Evermore show'ring? In one little body            | 135 |
| FTLN 2192 | Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind.          |     |
| FTLN 2193 | For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,     |     |
| FTLN 2194 | Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is, |     |
| FTLN 2195 | Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs,  |     |
| FTLN 2196 | Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,    | 140 |
| FTLN 2197 | Without a sudden calm, will overset               |     |

|           |                                                     |     |
|-----------|-----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 2198 | Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife?             |     |
| FTLN 2199 | Have you delivered to her our decree?               |     |
|           | LADY CAPULET                                        |     |
| FTLN 2200 | Ay, sir, but she will none, she 「gives」 you thanks. |     |
| FTLN 2201 | I would the fool were married to her grave.         | 145 |
|           | CAPULET                                             |     |
| FTLN 2202 | Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.     |     |
| FTLN 2203 | How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?    |     |
| FTLN 2204 | Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,   |     |
| FTLN 2205 | Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought            |     |
| FTLN 2206 | So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?              | 150 |
|           | JULIET                                              |     |
| FTLN 2207 | Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.     |     |
| FTLN 2208 | Proud can I never be of what I hate,                |     |
| FTLN 2209 | But thankful even for hate that is meant love.      |     |
|           | CAPULET                                             |     |
| FTLN 2210 | How, how, how, how? Chopped logic? What is this?    |     |
| FTLN 2211 | “Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not,”  | 155 |
| FTLN 2212 | And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you,           |     |
| FTLN 2213 | Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,      |     |
| FTLN 2214 | But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next   |     |
| FTLN 2215 | To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,           |     |
| FTLN 2216 | Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.            | 160 |
| FTLN 2217 | Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!  |     |
| FTLN 2218 | You tallow face!                                    |     |
| FTLN 2219 | LADY CAPULET      Fie, fie, what, are you mad?      |     |
|           | JULIET, 「 <i>kneeling</i> 」                         |     |
| FTLN 2220 | Good father, I beseech you on my knees,             |     |
| FTLN 2221 | Hear me with patience but to speak a word.          | 165 |
|           | CAPULET                                             |     |
| FTLN 2222 | Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!       |     |
| FTLN 2223 | I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday,   |     |
| FTLN 2224 | Or never after look me in the face.                 |     |
| FTLN 2225 | Speak not; reply not; do not answer me.             |     |
| FTLN 2226 | My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us         | 170 |
| FTLN 2227 | blessed                                             |     |

|           |                                                    |     |
|-----------|----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 2228 | That God had lent us but this only child,          |     |
| FTLN 2229 | But now I see this one is one too much,            |     |
| FTLN 2230 | And that we have a curse in having her.            |     |
| FTLN 2231 | Out on her, hilding.                               | 175 |
| FTLN 2232 | NURSE God in heaven bless her!                     |     |
| FTLN 2233 | You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.         |     |
|           | CAPULET                                            |     |
| FTLN 2234 | And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue.         |     |
| FTLN 2235 | Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.      |     |
|           | NURSE                                              |     |
| FTLN 2236 | I speak no treason.                                | 180 |
| FTLN 2237 | 「CAPULET」 O, God 'i' g' eden!                      |     |
|           | 「NURSE」                                            |     |
| FTLN 2238 | May not one speak?                                 |     |
| FTLN 2239 | CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool!                  |     |
| FTLN 2240 | Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,           |     |
| FTLN 2241 | For here we need it not.                           | 185 |
| FTLN 2242 | LADY CAPULET You are too hot.                      |     |
| FTLN 2243 | CAPULET God's bread, it makes me mad.              |     |
| FTLN 2244 | Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,          |     |
| FTLN 2245 | Alone, in company, still my care hath been         |     |
| FTLN 2246 | To have her matched. And having now provided       | 190 |
| FTLN 2247 | A gentleman of noble parentage,                    |     |
| FTLN 2248 | Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly 「ligned,」    |     |
| FTLN 2249 | Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,        |     |
| FTLN 2250 | Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—    |     |
| FTLN 2251 | And then to have a wretched puling fool,           | 195 |
| FTLN 2252 | A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,         |     |
| FTLN 2253 | To answer “I'll not wed. I cannot love.            |     |
| FTLN 2254 | I am too young. I pray you, pardon me.”            |     |
| FTLN 2255 | But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!         |     |
| FTLN 2256 | Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. | 200 |
| FTLN 2257 | Look to 't; think on 't. I do not use to jest.     |     |
| FTLN 2258 | Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart; advise.       |     |
| FTLN 2259 | An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.        |     |

FTLN 2260 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
 FTLN 2261 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, 205  
 FTLN 2262 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
 FTLN 2263 Trust to 't; bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

*He exits.*

JULIET

FTLN 2264 Is there no pity sitting in the clouds  
 FTLN 2265 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—  
 FTLN 2266 O sweet my mother, cast me not away. 210  
 FTLN 2267 Delay this marriage for a month, a week,  
 FTLN 2268 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 FTLN 2269 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

FTLN 2270 Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.  
 FTLN 2271 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. 215

*She exits.*

JULIET, *['rising']*

FTLN 2272 O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
 FTLN 2273 My husband is on Earth, my faith in heaven.  
 FTLN 2274 How shall that faith return again to Earth  
 FTLN 2275 Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
 FTLN 2276 By leaving Earth? Comfort me; counsel me.— 220  
 FTLN 2277 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems  
 FTLN 2278 Upon so soft a subject as myself.—  
 FTLN 2279 What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?  
 FTLN 2280 Some comfort, nurse.

FTLN 2281 NURSE Faith, here it is. 225

FTLN 2282 Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing  
 FTLN 2283 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,  
 FTLN 2284 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 FTLN 2285 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 FTLN 2286 I think it best you married with the County. 230  
 FTLN 2287 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 FTLN 2288 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,  
 FTLN 2289 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
 FTLN 2290 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

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|           |                                                             |     |
|-----------|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 2291 | I think you are happy in this second match,                 | 235 |
| FTLN 2292 | For it excels your first, or, if it did not,                |     |
| FTLN 2293 | Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were               |     |
| FTLN 2294 | As living here and you no use of him.                       |     |
|           | JULIET                                                      |     |
| FTLN 2295 | Speak'st thou from thy heart?                               |     |
|           | NURSE                                                       |     |
| FTLN 2296 | And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.               | 240 |
| FTLN 2297 | JULIET Amen.                                                |     |
| FTLN 2298 | NURSE What?                                                 |     |
|           | JULIET                                                      |     |
| FTLN 2299 | Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.                |     |
| FTLN 2300 | Go in and tell my lady I am gone,                           |     |
| FTLN 2301 | Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell              | 245 |
| FTLN 2302 | To make confession and to be absolved.                      |     |
|           | NURSE                                                       |     |
| FTLN 2303 | Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. <i>「She exits.」</i> |     |
|           | JULIET                                                      |     |
| FTLN 2304 | Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend!                     |     |
| FTLN 2305 | Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn                     |     |
| FTLN 2306 | Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue               | 250 |
| FTLN 2307 | Which she hath praised him with above compare               |     |
| FTLN 2308 | So many thousand times? Go, counselor.                      |     |
| FTLN 2309 | Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.                |     |
| FTLN 2310 | I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.                       |     |
| FTLN 2311 | If all else fail, myself have power to die.                 | 255 |
|           | <i>She exits.</i>                                           |     |

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