

Romeo and Juliet

By William Shakespeare

Verona, Italy—1590's, July

ROMEOSon of MONTAGUE
BENVOLIO.....Montague cousin of ROMEO
BALTHASARMontague servant to ROMEO
ABRAMMontague servant
LORD MONTAGUE.....Father of ROMEO
LADY MONTAGUE.....Mother of ROMEO

JULIET.....Daughter of CAPULET, age 13
TYBALTCapulet cousin of JULIET
SAMPSONCapulet servant
GREGORYCapulet servant
LORD CAPULETFather of JULIET, in his 50's
LADY CAPULETMother of JULIET, about 27
NURSECapulet servant to JULIET
PETERCapulet servant to NURSE

MERCUTIOFriend of ROMEO, related to PRINCE
COUNTY PARISCount to wed JULIET, related to PRINCE
PRINCE ESCALUS.....Prince of Verona
FRIAR LAWRENCE.....Franciscan who marries ROMEO & JULIET
FRIAR JOHNCarries message for FRIAR LAWRENCE
APOTHECARYSells poison to ROMEO

CITIZENS, SERVANTS, MUSICIANS, GUARDS, etc.

Shakespeare's complete original script based on the Second Quarto of 1599, with corrections and alternate text from other editions indicated as: ¹First Quarto of 1597; ²Second Quarto of 1599; ³Third Quarto of 1609, ⁴Fourth Quarto of 1622, ⁵First Folio of 1623, and ⁺ for later editions. First performed around 1595. Line-numbering matches the Folger Library edition of 1992. Spelling and punctuation are modernized (American) with some indications of pronunciation. Stage directions are clarified. Side notes are given for vocabulary, figurative language, and allusions. This script be downloaded from www.hundsness.com and used freely for education and performance. David Hundsness, editor, 2004.

Prologue

PROLOGUE

CHORUS

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth² with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

1.0.1

families, rank

rivalry, outbreaks, fighting

civilian

fateful, children 1.0.5

doomed

unfortunate, pitiful, downfall

do⁺, end, fighting

doomed

1.0.10

except for, nothing

performance

listen

play

Act 1, Scene 1

ACT 1, SCENE 1

[Verona, a street, morning. SAMPSON & GREGORY, armed]

SAMPSON

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

1.1.1
take insults

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

1.1.2

coal miners

SAMPSON

I mean, if⁵ we be in choler, we'll draw.

1.1.3

and², angered, draw our weapons

GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of [the]¹ collar.

1.1.4

take, noose

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

1.1.6

attack, angered

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

1.1.7

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

1.1.8

GREGORY

To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.

1.1.9

brave

Therefore if thou art moved, thou runn'st away!

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will

1.1.12

take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

make them step aside

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave², for the weakest

1.1.14

weakling¹: coward

goes to the wall.

backs up against the wall

SAMPSON

'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels,

1.1.16

gender

are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's

always

men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

women

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

1.1.20

menservants

SAMPSON

'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I

1.1.22

all the same, prove

have fought with the men, I will be civil with the

humane

maids, and⁵ cut off their heads!

I will²

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

1.1.25

SAMPSON 1.1.26
 Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads!
 Take it in what sense thou wilt. *virginity*
whatever meaning

GREGORY 1.1.28
 They must take it in¹ sense that feel it! *feel what I do to them (bawdy)*

SAMPSON 1.1.29
 Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and
 'tis known I am a pretty² piece of flesh. *tall¹ (bawdy)*

GREGORY 1.1.31
 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,
 thou hadst been poor-john. *if you were*
a poor catch

[*ABRAM & another Montague Servant enter, armed*]
 Draw thy tool! Here comes [two]¹ of the house of Montagues²! *sword, the Montagues⁵*

SAMPSON 1.1.34
 My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee. *unsheathed, fight*

GREGORY 1.1.36
How, turn thy back and run? *how do you mean*

SAMPSON 1.1.37
 Fear me not. *trust me*

GREGORY 1.1.38
 No, marry. I fear thee! *indeed*

SAMPSON 1.1.39
 Let us take the law on¹ our side¹; let them begin. *of², sides²*

GREGORY 1.1.41
 I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. *please*

SAMPSON 1.1.43
 Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them,
 which is a disgrace to them if they bear it. *give the finger*
take it without a fight
 [*bites his thumb*]

ABRAM 1.1.45
 Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON 1.1.46
 I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM 1.1.47
 Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON [*aside to Gregory*] 1.1.48
 Is the law on¹ our side if I say "ay"? *of², yes*

GREGORY [*aside to Sampson*] 1.1.50
 No!

SAMPSON 1.1.51
 No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my
 thumb, sir.

GREGORY 1.1.53
 Do you quarrel, sir? *challenge us*

ABRAM 1.1.54
 Quarrel sir? No, sir!

SAMPSON 1.1.55
 But if you do, sir, I am for you! I serve
 as good a man as you. *will fight you*
master

ABRAM 1.1.57
 No better?

SAMPSON 1.1.58
 Well, sir—

GREGORY [*sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson*] 1.1.59
 Say "better"! Here comes one of my master's kinsmen. *relatives*

SAMPSON 1.1.61
 Yes, better, [sir]². *[not in 5]*

ABRAM 1.1.62
 You lie!

SAMPSON	1.1.63
Draw, if you be men!	
Gregory, remember thy <u>washing blow</u> .	<i>slashing stroke</i>
[<i>They fight</i>]	
BENVOLIO [<i>enters, sword drawn</i>]	1.1.65
Part, fools!	<i>separate</i>
Put up your swords! You know not what you do!	<i>put away</i>
TYBALT [<i>enters, to Benvolio</i>]	1.1.67
What, art thou drawn among these <u>heartless hinds</u> ?	<i>deer/servants</i>
Turn thee, Benvolio. <u>Look upon thy death!</u>	<i>face your death</i>
[<i>draws his sword</i>]	
BENVOLIO	1.1.69
I do <u>but</u> keep the peace. Put up thy sword,	<i>just, put away</i>
Or <u>manage</u> it to part these men with me.	<i>use</i>
TYBALT	1.1.71
What, <u>drawn</u> , and talk of peace? I hate the word,	<i>your sword drawn</i>
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!	
Have at thee, coward!	
[<i>They fight</i>]	
CITIZENS [<i>enter, armed</i>]	1.1.74
<u>Clubs, bills, and partisans!</u> Strike! Beat them down!	<i>weapons</i>
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!	
[<i>LORD & LADY CAPULET and LORD & LADY MONTAGUE enter</i>]	
CAPULET	1.1.76
What noise is this? Give me my <u>long sword</u> , ho!	<i>outdated weapon</i>
LADY CAPULET [<i>mocking his old age</i>]	1.1.77
A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?	
CAPULET	1.1.79
My sword, I say! Old Montague is come	
And <u>flourishes</u> his blade <u>in spite of me!</u>	<i>waves, to spite</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.81
Thou villain Capulet! [<i>she stops him</i>] Hold me not, let me go!	
LADY MONTAGUE	1.1.82
Thou shalt not stir one ² foot to seek a foe!	<i>a⁵</i>
PRINCE [<i>enters with Attendants</i>]	1.1.83
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,	
<u>Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel</u>	<i>offenders, bloody</i>
—Will they not hear?—What, ho! You men, you beasts,	
That quench the fire of your <u>pernicious</u> rage	<i>deadly</i>
With purple fountains <u>issuing</u> from your veins!	<i>pouring</i>
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands	
Throw your <u>mistempered</u> weapons to the ground,	<i>hostile</i>
And hear the sentence of your <u>movèd</u> Prince!	<i>angered</i> 1.1.90
Three <u>civil</u> brawls, bred of an <u>airy word</u>	<i>public, started by few words</i>
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,	
Have <u>thrice</u> disturbed the quiet of our streets,	<i>three times</i>
And made Verona's <u>ancient</u> citizens	<i>oldest</i>
Cast by their <u>grave-beseeming</u> ornaments,	<i>put aside their dignity</i> 1.1.95
To wield old <u>partisans</u> , in hands as old,	<i>weapons</i>
<u>Cankered</u> with peace, to part your <u>cankered</u> hate.	<i>infected, infectious</i>
If ever you disturb our streets again,	
<u>Your lives shall pay</u> the forfeit of the peace!	<i>you'll be executed for</i>
<u>For this time, all the rest</u> depart away.	<i>for now, the rest of you</i> 1.1.100
You Capulet, shall go along with me,	
And Montague, come you this afternoon,	
To know <u>our</u> further ⁺ <u>pleasure</u> in this case,	<i>my, farther²/father's⁵, decisions</i>
To old Freetown, our <u>common judgment-place</u> .	<i>public court</i>
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart!	
[<i>All exit but Lord & Lady Montague and Benvolio</i>]	

MONTAGUE ² [to Benvolio]	LADY MONTAGUE ¹ 1.1.106
Who set this ancient quarrel <u>new abroach</u> ?	<i>in action again</i>
Speak, nephew, were you <u>by</u> when it began?	<i>nearby</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.108
Here were the servants of your adversary,	
And yours, close fighting <u>ere</u> I did approach.	<i>before</i>
I drew to part them. In the instant came	
The <u>fiery</u> Tybalt, with his sword <u>prepared</u> ,	<i>fiery-tempered, drawn</i>
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,	
He swung about his head and cut the winds	
Who, <u>nothing hurt withal</u> , hissed him in scorn.	<i>not hurting anyone</i>
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,	
Came more and <u>more</u> and fought <u>on part and part</u> ,	<i>people, on each side</i>
Till the Prince came, who parted <u>either part</u> .	<i>both sides</i>
LADY MONTAGUE	1.1.118
O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?	
Right glad I am he was not at this <u>fray</u> .	<i>fight</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.120
Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun	
Peered <u>forth</u> the golden window of the east,	<i>from</i>
A troubled mind drove ⁺ me to walk <u>abroad</u> ,	<i>drave³, around</i>
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore	
That <u>westward rooteth from the city's side</u> ,	<i>grows west of the city</i>
So early walking did I see your son.	1.1.125
Towards him I <u>made</u> , but he was 'ware of me	<i>walked, aware</i>
And <u>stole into the covert of the wood</u> .	<i>hid in the woods</i>
I, <u>measuring his affections</u> by my ² own,	<i>guessing, mood, mine¹</i>
Which then most <u>sought</u> where most might not be found,	<i>wanted to be</i>
<u>Being one too many by my weary self</u> ,	<i>not wanting company</i>
<u>Pursued my humor² not pursuing his</u> ,	<i>followed, honor^{1,5}: mood, questioning</i>
And gladly <u>shunned</u> who gladly fled from me.	<i>avoided him</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.134
Many a morning hath he there been seen,	
With tears <u>augmenting</u> the fresh morning dew,	<i>adding to</i>
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.	
But <u>all so soon as</u> the all-cheering sun	<i>as soon as</i>
Should in the furthest east begin to draw	
The shady curtains from <u>Aurora's</u> bed,	<i>god of dawn</i>
Away from the light <u>steals home</u> my <u>heavy</u> son,	<i>comes home, sad</i> 1.1.140
And private in his <u>chamber</u> pens himself,	<i>bedroom, locks</i>
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,	
And makes himself an artificial night.	
Black and <u>portentous</u> must this <u>humor</u> prove,	<i>foreboding, mood</i>
Unless good <u>counsel</u> may <u>the cause remove</u> .	<i>advice, remove the cause</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.146
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?	
MONTAGUE	1.1.147
I neither know it nor can <u>learn of him</u> .	<i>learn it from him</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.148
Have you <u>importuned</u> him by any means?	<i>questioned</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.149
Both by myself and many other friends.	
But he, his ³ own <u>affections'</u> counselor,	<i>mood's</i>
<u>Is to himself</u> —I will not say how <u>true</u> —	<i>keeps to himself, true to himself</i>
<u>But</u> to himself so secret and so <u>close</u> ,	<i>only, closed</i>
So far from <u>sounding</u> and <u>discovery</u> ,	<i>reasoning, understanding</i>
As is the bud bit with an <u>envious</u> worm	<i>vicious</i>
<u>Ere</u> he can spread <u>his</u> sweet leaves to the air,	<i>before it, its</i>

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun ⁺ .	same ²
Could we <u>but</u> learn from <u>whence</u> his sorrows grow,	<i>if we could only, where</i>
We would as willingly give cure as know.	
[ROMEO enters]	
BENVOLIO	1.1.159
See <u>where</u> he comes. So please you, step aside.	<i>look, he's coming</i>
I'll know <u>his grievance</u> or be much denied.	<i>the cause of his distress</i>
MONTAGUE	1.1.161
I <u>would</u> thou wert so <u>happy</u> by thy stay	<i>wish, successful</i>
To hear true <u>shrift</u> .—Come, madam, let's away.	<i>confessions</i>
[They exit]	
BENVOLIO	1.1.163
Good <u>morrow</u> , cousin.	<i>good morning</i>
ROMEO Is the day so young?	1.1.164
BENVOLIO	1.1.165
But <u>new</u> struck nine.	<i>just now</i>
ROMEO Ay me, sad hours seem long.	1.1.166
Was that my father that went <u>hence</u> so fast?	<i>away</i>
BENVOLIO	1.1.168
It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?	
ROMEO	1.1.169
Not having that, which having, makes them short.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.170
In love?	
ROMEO	1.1.171
Out—	
BENVOLIO	1.1.172
Of love?	
ROMEO	1.1.173
Out of her favor where I am in love.	
BENVOLIO	1.1.174
Alas, that Love, so <u>gentle</u> in his <u>view</u> ,	<i>too bad Cupid who looks gentle</i>
Should be so tyrannous and <u>rough</u> in <u>proof</u> !	<i>is actually rough</i>
ROMEO	1.1.176
Alas, that Love, whose <u>view</u> is <u>muffled still</u> ,	<i>blindfolded, always</i>
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his <u>will</u> !	<i>purposes</i>
Where shall we dine?	
[sees signs of the fight] O me! What fray was here?	
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.	
<u>Here's much</u> to do with hate, but more with love.	<i>it's all about</i> 1.1.180
Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,	
O anything <u>of nothing first create</u> !	<i>created²: created of nothing</i>
O heavy lightness, serious <u>vanity</u> ,	<i>foolishness</i>
Misshapen chaos of <u>well-seeming</u> ⁴ forms,	<i>attractive</i>
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,	1.1.185
<u>Still-waking</u> sleep that is not what it is!	<i>always</i>
<u>This love feel I, that feel no love in this.</u>	<i>I love one who does not love me</i>
Dost thou not laugh?	
BENVOLIO No <u>coz</u> , I rather weep.	<i>cousin</i> 1.1.189
ROMEO	1.1.190
Good <u>heart</u> , at what?	<i>friend</i>
BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.	1.1.191
ROMEO	1.1.192
Why, such is <u>love's transgression</u> .	<i>love's ways</i>
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my <u>breast</u> ,	<i>heart</i>
Which thou <u>wilt propagate</u> to have it <u>pressed</u>	<i>will increase, added</i>
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown	1.1.195
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.	

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. 1.1.242
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
very beautiful
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
reminder
 Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Rosaline who surpassed
 Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.
 BENVOLIO 1.1.247
 I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
teach you that lesson, failure
 [They exit]

Act 1, Scene 2 ACT 1, SCENE 2

[A street. CAPULET, PARIS, SERVANT]

CAPULET 1.2.1
 But Montague is bound as well as I
required by law
 In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS 1.2.4
 Of honorable reckoning are you both,
reputation
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
courtship of your daughter

CAPULET 1.2.7
 But saying o'er what I have said before:
just saying over again
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
pass by
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
before, ready

PARIS 1.2.12
 Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET 1.2.13
 And too soon marred are those so early made.
harmed
 [The]⁺ earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
grave, other children
 She is⁺ the hopeful lady of my earth.
she's², of my earthly body (my offspring)
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.
my wishes are less important than hers
My will to her consent is but a part.
if she agrees
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice
agreeing
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
customary 1.2.20
 This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest
whom, group
Such as I love; and you among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
humble, see
 At my poor house look to behold this night
beautiful women 1.2.25
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
Spring dressed in flowers
 When well-appareled April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female¹ buds shall you this night
fennel²: an herb inspiring passion
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
see, see all the women 1.2.30
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
then like the best one
 Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
be just one of the crowd
 Come, go with me.
 [to Servant, giving a paper] Go, sirrah, trudge about *walk* 1.2.35
 Through fair Verona, find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome at¹ their pleasure stay.
on², I welcome their company
 [Capulet & Paris exit]

SERVANT	1.2.39
Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should <u>meddle</u> with his <u>yard</u> and the tailor with his <u>last</u> , the fisher with his <u>pencil</u> and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here <u>writ</u> , and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to <u>the learned</u> .	<i>work yardstick, shoemaker tools paintbrush</i>
[BENVOLIO & ROMEO enter]	
In <u>good time</u> !	<i>written go to one who can read</i>
BENVOLIO [to Romeo]	<i>good timing</i>
<u>Tut</u> , man, one fire burns out another's burning. One pain is lessened by <u>another's</u> anguish. Turn <u>giddy</u> , and be helped ⁺ by backward turning. One desperate grief cures with <u>another's</u> languish. Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the <u>rank</u> poison of the old will die.	1.2.47 <i>nonsense another pain's dizzy, help² another grief's</i>
ROMEO	<i>toxic</i>
Your <u>plantain leaf</u> is excellent for that.	1.2.53 <i>a banana leaf (used to heal cuts)</i>
BENVOLIO	1.2.54
For what, I <u>pray thee</u> ?	<i>I ask you</i>
ROMEO For <u>your broken shin</u> !	<i>a cut</i> 1.2.55
BENVOLIO	1.2.56
Why, Romeo, art thou <u>mad</u> ?	<i>going mad</i>
ROMEO	1.2.57
Not mad, but <u>bound</u> more than a madman is, Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipped and tormented, and—	<i>confined</i>
[to Servant] <u>Good e'en</u> , good fellow.	<i>good afternoon</i>
SERVANT	1.2.61
God <u>gi' good e'en</u> . I pray, sir, can you read?	<i>God give you good afternoon</i>
ROMEO	1.2.63
Ay, <u>mine own fortune</u> in my misery.	<i>I can read my fortune</i>
SERVANT	1.2.64
Perhaps you have learned it <u>without book</u> . But, I pray, can you read anything you see?	<i>to read that by memorization</i>
ROMEO	1.2.66
Ay, if I know the letters and the language.	
SERVANT	1.2.67
<u>Ye say honestly</u> . <u>Rest you merry</u> .	<i>that's honest, goodbye</i>
ROMEO	1.2.68
Stay, fellow. I can read. [reads the list]	
"Signor Martino and his wife and daughters <u>County Anselm</u> and his beauteous sisters The lady widow of Vitruvio Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces Mercutio and his brother Valentine Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters My fair niece Rosaline [and] ¹ Livia Signor Valentino and his cousin Tybalt Lucio and the lively Helena"	<i>Count</i>
A <u>fair assembly</u> . <u>Whither</u> should they come?	<i>pleasant group, where</i>
SERVANT	1.2.79
Up.	
ROMEO	1.2.80
<u>Whither?</u> To supper?	<i>where</i>
SERVANT	1.2.81
To our house.	

ROMEO	1.2.82
Whose house?	
SERVANT	1.2.83
My master's.	
ROMEO	1.2.84
Indeed, I should have asked you that before.	
SERVANT	1.2.85
Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and <u>crush</u> a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [<i>exits</i>]	<i>drink</i>
BENVOLIO	1.2.89
At this same <u>ancient</u> feast of Capulet's	<i>traditional</i>
<u>Sups</u> the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves,	<i>dines</i> 1.2.90
With all the admired beauties of Verona.	
Go <u>thither</u> , and with <u>unattainted</u> eye	<i>there, unbiased</i>
Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.	
ROMEO	1.2.95
When the devout religion of mine eye <u>Maintains such falsehood</u> , then turn tears to fires; <u>And these who, often drowned, could never die</u> , <u>Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!</u> One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun Ne'er saw <u>her match</u> since first the world begun.	<i>accepts such a lie my eyes will be burnt like heretics</i>
BENVOLIO	1.2.101
Tut, you saw her fair, <u>none else being</u> by, Herself <u>poised</u> with herself in either eye. But in that crystal scales let there be weighed Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you shining at this feast, And she shall <u>scant show well</u> that now seems ² best.	<i>no one else nearby compared barely look good, shows⁵</i>
ROMEO	1.2.107
I'll go along, <u>no such sight to be shown</u> , But to rejoice in <u>splendor of mine own</u> . [<i>They exit</i>]	<i>not to see whom you show the beauty of Rosaline</i>

Act 1, Scene 3

ACT 1, SCENE 3

[*Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE*]

LADY CAPULET	1.3.1
Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.	
NURSE	1.3.2
Now, by my <u>maidenhead</u> at twelve year old, I <u>bade</u> her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!— God forbid! Where's this girl?—What, Juliet!	<i>virginity told</i>
JULIET [<i>enters</i>]	1.3.5
How now, who calls?	
NURSE	1.3.6
Your mother.	
JULIET	1.3.7
Madam, I am here. <u>What is your will?</u>	<i>what do you want</i>
LADY CAPULET	1.3.8
This is the matter.—Nurse, <u>give leave</u> awhile, We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again! I have remembered me, <u>thou's</u> hear our <u>counsel</u> . Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.	<i>leave us you shall, conversation</i>
NURSE	1.3.12
<u>Faith</u> , I can tell her age unto an hour.	<i>indeed</i>

LADY CAPULET 1.3.13
 She's not fourteen.

NURSE 1.3.14
 I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet, to my teen
 be it spoken, I have but four. She's not fourteen.
 How long is it now to Lammas-tide?
*I'll bet, suffering only four teeth
 Lummas Day, August 1*

LADY CAPULET 1.3.17
 A fortnight and odd days.
two weeks, a few days

NURSE 1.3.18
 Even or odd, of all days in the year,
 Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
 Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls—
 Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
 She was too good for me. But, as I said,
 On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
 That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
 And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.
 —Nay, I do bear a brain!—But, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
 "Shake," quoth the dove-house. 'Twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years.
 For then she could stand alone. Nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about,
 For even the day before, she broke her brow,
 And then my husband—God be with his soul,
 He was a merry man—took up the child.
 "Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
 Wilt thou not, Jule?" And by my holy-dame,
 The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, if I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he.
 And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."
*put a bitter extract on my breast
 pigeon coop
 have a good memory
 the baby dear
 irritable, refuse
 said, believe
 tell me to move
 Holy Cross
 bumped her forehead
 said
 lay on your back (bawdy), learning
 the Virgin Mary
 dear, stopped
 joke, come true
 I swear, and²*

LADY CAPULET 1.3.54
 Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace!
*stopped
 I ask you, be quiet*

NURSE 1.3.55
 Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone,
 A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.
 "Yea," quoth my husband, "Fall'st upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou come'st to age,
 Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."
*rooster's testicle
 terrible*

JULIET 1.3.63
 And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I!
I ask you, stop

NURSE 1.3.64
 Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace,
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
bless you

And I might live to see thee married once, *if*
 I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET 1.3.68
 Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
 I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married? *how do you feel about marriage*

JULIET 1.3.71
 It is an honor¹ that I dream not of.

NURSE 1.3.72
 An honor¹? Were not I thine² only nurse, *thy¹, if I weren't your only wet-nurse*
 I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat. *the breast*

LADY CAPULET 1.3.75
 Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem *high-breeding*
 Are made already mothers. By my count
 I was your mother much upon these years *at the same age*
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE 1.3.81
 A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
 As all the world. Why, he's a man of wax! *perfect like a wax model*

LADY CAPULET 1.3.83
 Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE 1.3.84
 Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower. *indeed*

LADY CAPULET 1.3.85
 What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
 This night you shall behold him at our feast. *see*
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, *read like a book*
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. *written*
 Examine every married lineament *well balanced facial feature*
 And see how one another lends content, *each tells a story* 1.3.90
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies *anything unclear in this book*
 Find written in the margin of his eyes. *margins*
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover, *uncovered/unmarried*
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover. *he only needs a cover*
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride *a splendid sight* 1.3.95
 For fair without the fair within to hide. *beauty outside is beauty within*
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory *a book cover is made*
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *beautiful by a beautiful tale*
 So shall you share all that he doth possess *all his wealth and status*
 By having him, making yourself no less. *marrying him*

NURSE 1.3.101
 No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men. *get pregnant*

LADY CAPULET 1.3.102
 Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET 1.3.103
 I'll look to like, if looking liking move, *if looks will make me like him*
 But no more deep will I endart² mine eye *engage¹: I won't look any deeper*
Than your consent gives strength to make it¹ fly. *than you want me to*

SERVANT *[enters]* 1.3.106
 Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, *have come*
you called, my young lady asked for, *they're calling for you*
 the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and *is being cursed*
 everything in extremity. I must hence *is in chaos, go away*
 to wait. I beseech you, follow straight. *wait tables, beg, right away*

LADY CAPULET 1.3.111
 We follow thee. *[Servant exits]* *will follow*
 Juliet, the County stays. *the Count is waiting*

NURSE 1.3.112
 Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
to make
 [They exit]

Act 1, Scene 4

ACT 1, SCENE 4

[A street, that night.

ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Others with torches and drum]

ROMEO 1.4.1
 What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
apology for intruding
 Or shall we on without apology?
go on into the party

BENVOLIO 1.4.3
 The date is out of such prolixity.
such speeches are out of date
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
blindfolded
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
carrying, wood
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper,
scarecrow
 [Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance.]¹
memorized speech
 But let them measure us by what they will.
judge how they want
 We'll measure them a measure and be gone.
dance a dance

ROMEO 1.4.11
 Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
dancing
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
heavy-hearted, carry

MERCUTIO 1.4.13
 Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO 1.4.14
 Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
 With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. *that*

MERCUTIO 1.4.17
 You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
in love
 And soar with them above a common bound.
leap/limit

ROMEO 1.4.19
 I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft
wounded, arrow
 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
leap to any height, my sorrow
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO 1.4.23
 And to sink in it, should you burden love,
you'd burden love by sinking in it
 Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO 1.4.25
 Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
 Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn. *quarrelsome*

MERCUTIO 1.4.27
 If love be rough with you, be rough with love!
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
pricking you, (bawdy)
 Give me a case to put my visage in:
mask, face
 A visor for a visor. What care I
 What curious eye doth cote deformities?
an ugly mask for my ugly face
 Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
eyes stare at my
here's the beetle face that'll

BENVOLIO 1.4.33
 Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
as soon as we're inside
 But every man betake him to his legs.
start dancing

ROMEO 1.4.35
 A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart
playful people
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
carpet
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:
I will follow a proverb

1st SERVANT 1.5.13
 You are looked for and called for, asked for and
 sought for, in the great chamber. *hall*

3rd SERVANT 1.5.14
 We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys!
 Be brisk awhile, and *cheer up*
the longer liver take all. *happy while you can*
whoever lives longest

[*They exit*]
 [LORD & LADY CAPULET, COUSIN CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT,
 and more Guests enter]

CAPULET 1.5.18
 Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.— *with no corns, dance*
 Ah ha, my mistresses! Which of you all *ladies*
 Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, *refuse, coyly refuses*
 She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you⁺ now?— *close to the truth, ye²*
 Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day 1.5.25
 That I have worn a visor and could tell *mask*
 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, *beautiful*
 Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone. *delight her*
 You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play!—

[*Music plays*]
 A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls!— *make, dance*

[*They dance*]
 More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up, *idiots, fold* 1.5.32
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.— *put out*

[ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter in masks]
 Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well! *servant, unexpected maskers,*
 [*to Cousin*] Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, *come at a good time*
 For you and I are past our dancing days.
 How long is't now since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?

COUSIN By'r Lady, thirty years. 1.5.39

CAPULET 1.5.40
 What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, *wedding*
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, *Pentecost Sunday*
 Some five and twenty years, and then we masked. *twenty five*

COUSIN 1.5.44
 'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir. *older than that*
 His son is thirty.

CAPULET Will you tell me that? 1.5.46
 His son was but a ward two years ago. *child*

ROMEO [*seeing Juliet; to a Servant*²] 1.5.48
 What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand *hold the hand*
 Of yonder knight? *that gentleman*

[SERVANT 1.5.50
 I know not, sir.]² *[not in 1]*

ROMEO 1.5.51
 O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like¹ a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear, *as², Ethiopian's*
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! *everyday use*
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, *appears, white, among*
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. *that, stands out* 1.5.56
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, *dance, where she goes*
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rudd hand. *touching her hand, rough*

ROMEO [*taking Juliet's hand*] (a sonnet starts here) 1.5.104
 If I profane with my unwor²thiest hand defile, unwor¹thy¹
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin² is this: fine⁺
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET 1.5.108
 Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shows in this,
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss. *statues of saints*
shaking hands, pilgrims'

ROMEO 1.5.112
 Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? *pilgrims*

JULIET 1.5.113
 Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO 1.5.114
 O, then dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
 They pray: Grant² thou, lest faith turn to despair. yield¹, grant me a kiss, else

JULIET 1.5.116
 Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. *they do grant prayers*

ROMEO 1.5.117
 Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. [*kisses her*]
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged. washed away

JULIET 1.5.119
 Then have my lips the sin that they have took. *my lips now have your sin*

ROMEO 1.5.120
 Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged! *so sweetly you tell me I sinned*
 Give me my sin again. [*kisses her*] give back

JULIET 1.5.122
 You kiss by th' book. properly

NURSE 1.5.123
 Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
 [*Juliet goes*]

ROMEO [*to Nurse*] 1.5.124
 What is her mother? who

NURSE 1.5.125
 Marry, bachelor, *young sir*
 Her mother is the lady of the house,
 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
 I nursed her daughter that you talked withal. *with*
 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her *win her*
 Shall have the chinks. [*moves away*] *money*

ROMEO [*aside*] 1.5.131
 Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt. *costly, in debt to my foe*

BENVOLIO [*comes to Romeo*] 1.5.133
 Away, be gone! The sport is at the best! *let's go, party, its peak (proverb)*

ROMEO 1.5.134
 Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest. *uneasiness*
 [*All start to exit but Juliet & Nurse*]

CAPULET 1.5.135
 Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards— *desert soon*
 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.
 I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.— *bring more, go to bed*
 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late. *servant, faith, it's getting late*
 I'll to my rest. [*exit*] *go rest*

JULIET 1.5.142
 Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman? *here, who is that*

NURSE 1.5.143
 The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET	1.5.144
<u>What's</u> he that now is going out of door?	<i>who</i>
NURSE	1.5.145
<u>Marry</u> , that, I think, be young Petruccio.	<i>well</i>
JULIET	1.5.146
What's he that follows there ¹ , that would not dance?	<i>here²</i>
NURSE	1.5.147
I know not.	
JULIET	1.5.148
Go ask his name. <i>[Nurse goes]</i>	
<i>[aside]</i> If he be married,	
My grave is like to be my wedding bed!	
NURSE <i>[returning]</i>	1.5.150
His name is Romeo, and a Montague,	
The only son of your great enemy!	
JULIET	1.5.152
My only love sprung from my only hate!	
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!	
<u>Prodigious</u> birth of love it is to me,	<i>wonderful and ominous</i>
That I must love a loathed enemy.	
NURSE	1.5.156
What's this? What's this?	
JULIET	1.5.157
A rhyme I learned even now	
<u>Of one</u> I danced <u>withal</u> .	<i>from someone, with</i>
LADY CAPULET ¹ <i>[offstage]</i> Juliet!	
NURSE	<i>in a minute</i> 1.5.159
Come, <u>let's away</u> . The <u>strangers</u> all are gone.	<i>let's go, guests</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>	

Act 2

ACT 2, PROLOGUE

CHORUS	2.0.1
Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,	
And <u>young affection</u> <u>gapes</u> to be his heir.	<i>new love, desires</i>
That <u>fair</u> for which love groaned for and would die,	<i>beautiful woman</i>
With tender Juliet <u>matched</u> ³ , is now not <u>fair</u> .	<i>compared, beautiful</i>
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,	2.0.5
Alike betwitchèd by the charm of <u>looks</u> ,	<i>enchanted, gazing</i>
But to his <u>foe</u> <u>supposed</u> he must <u>complain</u> ,	<i>alleged foe, beg for favor</i>
And she <u>steal</u> love's sweet bait from <u>fearful</u> hooks.	<i>must steal, dangerous</i>
<u>Being held</u> a foe, he may not have access	<i>regarded as</i>
To breathe such vows as <u>lovers use to swear</u> ;	<i>lovers swear</i> 2.0.10
And she as much in love, <u>her means much less</u>	<i>has even less opportunity</i>
To meet her new belovèd anywhere.	
But passion lends them power, time <u>means</u> , to meet,	<i>gives opportunities</i>
<u>Temp'ring extremities</u> with extreme sweet.	<i>moderating their troubles</i>

Act 2, Scene 1

ACT 2, SCENE 1

[Outside the Capulet house, same night. ROMEO]

ROMEO	2.1.1
Can I <u>go forward</u> when my heart is here?	<i>walk away</i>
Turn back, <u>dull earth</u> , and <u>find thy center out</u> .	<i>weary body, follow your heart</i>
<i>[exits]</i>	
<i>[BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO enter]</i>	
BENVOLIO	2.1.3
Romeo! My cousin Romeo! <i>[Romeo!]</i> ²	

MERCUTIO He is wise, 2.1.4
 And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO 2.1.6
 He ran this way and leaped this orchard wall. *garden fence*
 Call, good Mercutio. *call him*

MERCUTIO Nay, I'll conjure too. 2.1.8
 Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover! *moody one*
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh! *form*
 Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.
 Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce¹ but "love" and "dove"¹.
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, *gossipy lady*
 One nickname for her purblind son and heir¹, *blind* 2.1.15
 Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true² *cheating, trim¹: straight*
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid! —
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. — *monkey is playing dead*
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, 2.1.20
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, *"di-máins": region between (bawdy)*
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us! *flesh and blood*

BENVOLIO 2.1.25
 And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him!

MERCUTIO 2.1.26
 This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle *(bawdy)*
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it and conjured it down. *cast a spell and laid it down*
 That were some spite! My invocation *would provoke him, spell*
 Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him. *(bawdy)*

BENVOLIO 2.1.33
 Come, he hath hid himself among these trees
 To be consorted with the humorous night. *commune, moody*
 Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO 2.1.36
 If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. *target*
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree *a fruit of suggestive shape*
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone. — *snicker*
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were 2.1.40
 An open-arse and thou a pop'rin pear! *medlar, long pear*
 Romeo, good night. — I'll to my truckle²-bed. *trundle²: cot*
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. *camping outdoors*
 Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO Go then, for 'tis in vain *useless* 2.1.45
 To seek him here that means not to be found.
 [They exit]

ACT 2, SCENE 2

[Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO]

ROMEO 2.2.1
 He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *teases me for pains he's never felt*
 [JULIET enters at window]
 But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? *wait, that, shines*
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, *beautiful*

Who is already sick and pale with grief 2.2.5
That thou her maid art far more fair than she. *servant*
Be not her maid, since she is envious,
Her vestal livery is but sick² and green, *virgin's uniform, pale¹*
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off. *jesters, take them off*
It is my lady. O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? *if only she knew*
Her eye discourses; I will answer it. *I cannot hear*
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks. *speaks to me*
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, *presumptuous*
Having some business, do¹ entreat her eyes *2.2.15*
To twinkle in their spheres till they return. *have begged*
What if her eyes were there, they in her head? *orbits*
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, *outshine 2.2.20*
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes¹ in heaven *eye²*
Would through the airy region stream so bright *sky, shine*
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand, *2.2.25*
That I might touch that cheek! *I wish I were*

JULIET Ay me! 2.2.27
ROMEO She speaks. 2.2.28
O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes *awe-struck*
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds *mounts*
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET 2.2.36
O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? *why must you be "Romeo"*
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, *just swear to be my love*
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO 2.2.40
Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET 2.2.41
'Tis but thy name that is my² enemy. *only, mine¹*
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. *you would still be yourself if*
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part¹
Belonging to a man.² O, be some other name!¹ *2.2.45*
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name¹ would smell as sweet. *word²*
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes *owns*
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, *discard 2.2.50*
And for that¹ name, which is no part of thee, *in exchange for, thy²*
Take all myself. *take all of me*

ROMEO *[to her]* I take thee at thy word. 2.2.53
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized; *re-baptized with a new name*
Henceforth I never will be Romeo. *from now on*

JULIET 2.2.56
What man art thou that thus bescreened in night *is hidden*
So stumblest on my counsel? *eavesdropping on my secrets*

ROMEO By a name 2.2.58
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee.
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET 2.2.63
 My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of thy tongue's utterance¹, yet I know the sound. uttering²
 Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO 2.2.66
 Neither, fair saint¹, if either thee dislike. maid²

JULIET 2.2.67
 How came'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? here, why
 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here. family

ROMEO 2.2.71
 With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls, fly over
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt. love will do what it dares
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me. family

JULIET 2.2.75
 If they do see² thee, they will murder thee! find¹

ROMEO 2.2.76
 Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye² danger, eyes¹
 Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet, upon me sweetly
 And I am proof against their enmity. armored, hostility

JULIET 2.2.79
 I would not for the world they saw² thee here. find¹: want them to see you here

ROMEO 2.2.80
 I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes², sight¹
 And but thou love me, let them find me here. if you do not love me
 My life were better ended by their hate
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. postponed, without your love

JULIET 2.2.84

ROMEO 2.2.85
 By whose direction found'st thou out this place? seek you
 By love, who first did prompt me to inquire. advice
 He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes. navigator
 I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
 As that vast shore washed¹ with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise. treasure

JULIET 2.2.90
 Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek girlish, color
 For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny gladly, follow formalities
 What I have spoke. But farewell compliment! etiquette
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 2.2.95
 And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries, you may be lying, lies
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, the god Jupiter
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 2.2.100
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay stubborn, tell you no
 So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world. pursue me, otherwise
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, too affectionate
 And therefore thou mayst think my b'havior² light, havior¹: I'm not serious
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true faithful 2.2.105
 Than those that have more¹ coying to be strange. who play hard-to-get
 I should have been more strange, I must confess, aloof
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware, before I was aware

My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me, And not <u>impute</u> this yielding to <u>light</u> love, Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.	2.2.109 <i>misinterpret, shallow/unchaste</i>
ROMEO Lady, by <u>yonder</u> blessèd moon I swear ¹ That <u>tips</u> with silver all these fruit-tree tops—	2.2.112 <i>that, vow² shines</i>
JULIET O, swear not by the moon, the <u>inconstant</u> moon, That monthly changes in her circled ¹ <u>orb</u> , Lest <u>that</u> thy love prove likewise <u>variable</u> .	2.2.114 <i>ever-changing orbit unless, inconsistent</i>
ROMEO What shall I swear by?	2.2.117
JULIET Do not swear at all. Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my <u>idolatry</u> , And I'll believe thee.	2.2.118 <i>devotion</i>
ROMEO If my heart's dear love—	2.2.122
JULIET Well, do not swear. Although I <u>joy in thee</u> , I have no joy of <u>this contract</u> tonight. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be <u>Ere</u> one can say "It lightens." <u>Sweet</u> , good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! As sweet <u>repose</u> and rest Come to thy heart as that within my <u>breast</u> !	2.2.123 <i>enjoy seeing you these vows</i> 2.2.125 <i>before, sweetheart</i> <i>become</i>
ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?	2.2.130 <i>sleep</i> 2.2.132 <i>heart</i>
JULIET What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?	2.2.133
ROMEO Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.	2.2.134
JULIET I gave thee mine before thou didst request it, And yet <u>I would it were</u> to give again.	2.2.135 <i>I wish it were still mine</i>
ROMEO Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?	2.2.137
JULIET <u>But to be frank</u> and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have. My <u>bounty</u> is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep. The more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite.	2.2.138 <i>just to be lavish</i> <i>gifts</i>
NURSE [<i>inside, calls for Juliet</i>]	
JULIET I hear some noise <u>within</u> . Dear love, <u>adieu</u> ! [<i>to her</i>] <u>Anon</u> , good Nurse! [<i>to him</i>] Sweet Montague, be true. <u>Stay but</u> a little; I will come <u>again</u> . [<i>goes in</i>]	2.2.143 <i>inside, goodbye in a minute</i> <i>wait, just, back</i>
ROMEO O blessèd, blessèd night! I am <u>afeard</u> , Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too <u>flattering-sweet</u> to be <u>substantial</u> .	2.2.146 <i>afraid</i> <i>wonderfully, real</i>
JULIET [<i>comes out again</i>] Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If <u>that thy bent</u> of love be honorable, Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow By <u>one</u> that I'll <u>procure</u> to come to thee,	2.2.149 <i>your intentions</i> <i>someone, arrange</i>

Where and what time thou wilt perform the <u>rite</u> ,	wedding
And all my <u>fortunes</u> at thy foot I'll lay	life
And follow thee my <u>lord</u> throughout the world.	husband
NURSE [<i>inside</i>]	2.2.156
Madam!	
JULIET	2.2.157
[<i>to her</i>] I come, anon!	
[<i>to him</i>] But if thou mean'st not well,	
I do <u>beseech</u> thee—	beg
NURSE [<i>inside</i>] Madam!	2.2.159
JULIET [<i>to her</i>] By and by I come!	soon 2.2.160
[<i>to him</i>] To cease thy <u>suit</u> ⁺ and leave me to my grief.	courtship / strife ²
Tomorrow will I <u>send</u> .	send my messenger
ROMEO So thrive ² my soul—	strive ⁺ : upon my soul 2.2.163
JULIET	2.2.164
A thousand times good night! [<i>goes in</i>]	
ROMEO	2.2.165
A thousand times the worse to <u>want</u> thy light.	without
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,	
But love from love, toward school with <u>heavy</u> looks.	reluctant
JULIET [<i>comes out again</i>]	2.2.169
Hist! Romeo, hist! [<i>aside</i>] O, for a falc'ner's voice	psst, if only I had
To lure this <u>tassel-gentle</u> back again!	noble hawk
<u>Bondage</u> is <u>hoarse</u> , and <u>may</u> not speak aloud,	my father is strict, I may, loud
Else would I tear the cave where <u>Echo</u> lies,	the nymph Echo
And make her airy <u>tongue</u> more hoarse than mine ¹	voice
<u>With repetition of</u> "My Romeo!"	echoing
ROMEO [<i>aside</i>]	2.2.175
It is my soul that calls upon my name!	
How silver-sweet sound lovers' <u>tongues</u> by night,	voices
Like softest music to <u>attending</u> ears!	listening
JULIET	2.2.178
Romeo!	
ROMEO My dear ⁴ ?	madame ¹ /niece ² /nyas ⁺ 2.2.179
JULIET What <u>o'clock</u> tomorrow	time 2.2.180
Shall I send to thee?	
ROMEO By the hour of nine.	2.2.182
JULIET	2.2.183
I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.	
I have forgot why I did call thee back.	
ROMEO	2.2.185
Let me stand here till thou remember it.	
JULIET	2.2.186
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,	
Remembering how I love thy company.	
ROMEO	2.2.188
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,	
Forgetting any other home but this.	
JULIET	2.2.190
'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,	
And yet no further than a <u>wanton's</u> bird,	spoiled girl's
Who ¹ lets it hop a little from her ¹ hand,	that ² , his ²
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted <u>gyves</u> ,	chains
And with a silk ¹ thread plucks it back again,	silken ²
So loving-jealous of his liberty.	
ROMEO	2.2.196
I would I were thy bird.	wish I were
JULIET <u>Sweet</u> , so would I.	sweetheart 2.2.197
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.	

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*exits*]

ROMEO¹
 Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
 Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close cell,
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*exits*]

morning
 2.2.202
rest, heart
if, rest there
away, go to, spiritual, chamber
ask for, fortune

Act 2, Scene 3 ACT 2, SCENE 3

[*St. Peter's Church, dawn. FRIAR LAWRENCE with basket*]

FRIAR 2.3.1
 The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
 And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery¹ wheels. *dappled, staggers*
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, *out of the way of, burning²: sun-chariot*
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry, *before, raises* 2.3.5
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours *basket*
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers. *harmful*
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb; *is also* 2.3.10
 And from her womb children of divers kind *diverse plants*
 We sucking on her natural bosom find
Many for many virtues excellent, *many plants have healing powers*
None but for some and yet all different. *all good for something*
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies *great, healing power* 2.3.15
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities. *extracts*
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live *nothing is so evil*
 But to the earth some special good doth give, *humankind*
 Nor ought so good but, strained from that fair use, *anything, that cannot be*
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. *abused for harm*
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, *becomes vice when misapplied*
 And vice sometimes by action dignified. *can be good if the result is good*
 [*examining a flower*]
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower *frail*
 Poison hath residence and medicine power: *2.3.24*
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; *makes you feel better*
 Being tasted, slays¹ all senses with the heart. *stays²: kills you*
 Two such opposéd kings encamp them still *enemy, always*
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will; *good and evil*
 And where the worsèr is predominant, *evil* 2.3.30
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. *infection of*
 2.3.32

ROMEO [*enter*]
 Good morrow, Father. *morning*

FRIAR Benedicite! *bless you* 2.3.33
 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? *hails*
 Young son, it argues a distempered head *suggests, disturbed mind*
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed. *leaving your bed so early*
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, *worry stays on guard*
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign. *worry stays, lie down*
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure *trouble-free, clear minds*
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature; *rest* 2.3.40
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right: *something upsetting*
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight. *last night*

ROMEO	2.3.46
That last is true. <u>The sweeter rest was mine.</u>	<i>I had an even sweeter rest</i>
FRIAR	2.3.47
God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?	
ROMEO	2.3.48
With Rosaline, my <u>ghostly</u> Father? No!	<i>spiritual</i>
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.	
FRIAR	2.3.50
That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?	
ROMEO	2.3.52
I'll tell thee <u>ere</u> thou ask it me again.	<i>before</i>
I have been feasting with mine enemy,	
Where <u>on a sudden</u> one hath wounded me	<i>suddenly</i>
<u>That's by me wounded.</u> Both our <u>remedies</u>	<i>who I had wounded, cures</i>
Within thy help and <u>holy physic</u> lies.	<i>spiritual remedy</i>
I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for <u>lo</u> ,	<i>look</i>
<u>My intercession likewise steads my foe.</u>	<i>my plea also helps my foe (Juliet)</i>
FRIAR	2.3.59
Be plain, good son, and <u>homely</u> in thy <u>drift</u> .	<i>simple, speech</i>
<u>Riddling confession</u> finds but riddling <u>shrift</u> .	<i>confessing in riddles, absolution</i>
ROMEO	2.3.61
Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet. As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine, And all <u>combined</u> , save what thou must combine	<i>we are combined except</i>
By holy marriage. When and where and how We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow, I'll tell thee as we <u>pass</u> , but this I pray, That thou consent to marry us today.	<i>walk</i>
FRIAR	2.3.69
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! Is Rosaline, whom ¹ thou didst love so dear,	<i>that²</i>
So soon <u>forsaken</u> ? Young men's love then lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.	<i>forgotten</i>
Jesu Maria, what a <u>deal of brine</u>	<i>a lot of salt water</i>
Hath washed thy <u>sallow</u> cheeks for Rosaline!	<i>yellow</i>
How much salt water thrown ² away in waste	<i>cast¹</i>
To season love, that of it doth not taste!	<i>2.3.75</i>
The sun not yet <u>thy sighs</u> from heaven clears, Thy old groans ring yet ¹ in mine ² ancient ears.	<i>to season a love you did not taste</i>
<u>Lo</u> , here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.	<i>dried the fog of your sighs</i>
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine, Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.	<i>yet ringing², my¹</i>
And art thou changed? <u>Pronounce this sentence</u> then: "Women may <u>fall when there's no strength in men.</u> "	<i>look</i>
ROMEO	2.3.80
Thou <u>chide'st me oft</u> for loving Rosaline.	<i>2.3.80</i>
FRIAR	2.3.86
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.	<i>repeat this saying</i>
ROMEO	2.3.87
And <u>bade'st me bury love.</u>	<i>fall from grace when</i>
FRIAR	2.3.88
Not in a grave	<i>men have no strength</i>
To lay one in, <u>another out to have.</u>	<i>scolded me often</i>
ROMEO	2.3.89
I pray thee, <u>chide me not.</u> Her I love now	<i>2.3.87</i>
Doth <u>grace for grace</u> and love for love <u>allow.</u>	<i>2.3.88</i>
The other did not so.	<i>2.3.89</i>
	<i>and take another out</i>
	<i>2.3.91</i>
	<i>please don't scold me, the girl</i>
	<i>returns my joy and love</i>

FRIAR O, she knew well 2.3.94
 Thy love did read by rote and¹ could not spell. *recite from memory, that², read*
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
In one respect I'll thy assistant be, *for one reason I'll help you*
 For this alliance may so happy prove *marriage*
 To turn your households' rancor to pure love. *families' hatred*
 ROMEO 2.3.100
 O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste! *go, I cannot wait*
 FRIAR 2.3.101
 Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.
[They exit]

Act 2, Scene 4

ACT 2, SCENE 4

[A street, noon. BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]

MERCUTIO 2.4.1
 Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home tonight? *last night*
 BENVOLIO 2.4.3
 Not to his father's. I spoke with his man. *manservant*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.4
 Ah¹, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. *why²*
 BENVOLIO 2.4.7
 Tybalt, the kinsman of¹ old Capulet, *nephew, to²*
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house. *Romeo's*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.9
 A challenge, on my life. *I bet my life it's a challenge to fight*
 BENVOLIO 2.4.10
 Romeo will answer it. *accept it*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.11
 Any man that can write may answer a letter.
 BENVOLIO 2.4.12
 Nay, he will answer the letter's master, *Tybalt*
how he dares, being dared. *accepting the dare*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.14
 Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with
 a white wench's black eye, shot¹ through the ear with *woman's, run²: stabbed*
 a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with *bull's-eye, cut*
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man *Cupid's arrow (bawdy pun)*
 to encounter Tybalt? *fight*
 BENVOLIO 2.4.19
 Why, what is Tybalt? *what's so scary about Tybalt*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.20
 More than Prince of Cats [I can tell you]¹. *(a cat named Tybalt in a popular story)*
 O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. *fencing etiquette*
 He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, *harmony in a duet*
 distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rests, *short*
 one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very *thrust in your chest*
 butcher of a silk button; a duelist, a duelist, *silk shirt, swordsman*
 a gentleman of the very first house *best fencing school*
of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *well trained in fencing codes*
passado! The punto reverso! The hay! — *forward thrust, backhand, hit*
 BENVOLIO 2.4.28
 The what?
 MERCUTIO 2.4.29
The pox of such antic, lisping, *may the plague kill, silly, Spanish-accented*
affecting fantasticoes¹, these new *affected showoffs*

tuners of accents: "By Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?		<i>users of catch-phrases</i>
O, their bones, their bones!		<i>brave</i>
[ROMEO enters]		<i>sorry, old sir</i>
BENVOLIO	2.4.38	<i>foreign parasites</i>
Here comes Romeo, [here comes Romeo] ² .	[not in 1]	<i>trends/bench</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.39	
Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench (marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her), Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. — Signor Romeo, bonjour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.		<i>fish eggs (sexually spent)</i>
ROMEO	2.4.48	<i>verses, wrote, compared to</i>
Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?		<i>although</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.50	<i>lover, write her in poetry</i>
The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?		<i>was shabby</i>
ROMEO	2.4.51	<i>loose women</i>
Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.		<i>nothing worth mentioning</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.54	<i>pants</i>
That's as much as to say such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.		<i>a fake</i>
ROMEO	2.4.56	<i>day</i>
Meaning, to curtsy.		<i>counterfeit money, follow me</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.57	<i>important</i>
Thou hast most kindly hit it.		<i>bend the rules of</i>
ROMEO	2.4.58	<i>forces, bend from bowed-legs</i>
A most courteous exposition.		
MERCUTIO	2.4.59	
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.		
ROMEO	2.4.60	
"Pink" for flower?		
MERCUTIO	2.4.61	
Right.		
ROMEO	2.4.62	
[Why,] ² then is my pump well flowered!	[not in 1], shoe, (cut with "pinking" shears)	
MERCUTIO	2.4.63	
Sure wit! Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular!		<i>good, joke</i>
ROMEO	2.4.67	<i>shoe</i>
O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!		<i>outlast it</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.69	
Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits faint.		<i>thin-soled joke</i>
ROMEO	2.4.71	
Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match!		<i>stop us, my wit is tired</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.73	
Nay, if our ² wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits		<i>bring it on, declare victory</i>
		<i>thy¹</i>

than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with
 you there for the goose? *goose joke*
 ROMEO 2.4.77
 Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast
 not there for the goose! *as a fool*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.79
 I will bite thee by the ear for that jest! *on*
 ROMEO 2.4.80
 Nay, good goose, bite not! 2.4.81
 MERCUTIO 2.4.81
 Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce. *apple*
 ROMEO 2.4.83
 And is it not [then]² well served into a sweet goose? *isn't a sharp sauce served with*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.85
 O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an *baby goat leather*
 inch narrow to an ell broad! *forty five inches*
 ROMEO 2.4.87
 I stretch it out for that word "broad", which added
 to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose! *a big fat goose*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.90
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art
 thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou
 art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivelling love *stupid-talking*
 is like a great natural that runs lolling up *idiot, with his tongue out*
 and down to hide his bauble in a hole! *looking for a hole to hide his toy in*
 BENVOLIO 2.4.96
 Stop there, [stop there]²! *[not in 1]*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.97
 Thou desire'st me to stop in my tale against the hair. *against my wish*
 BENVOLIO 2.4.99
Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large²! *otherwise you'd, too long¹ (bawdy)*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.100
 O, thou art deceived. I would have made it short, for I
was come to the whole depth of my tale, *taken it as far as I could (bawdy)*
 and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer! *end it there*
 [NURSE & PETER enter]
 ROMEO *[sees Nurse; to Mercutio]* 2.4.103
 Here's goodly gear! *a huge outfit (also bawdy)*
 MERCUTIO¹ *[making fun of her clothes]* ROMEO² 2.4.104
 A sail, a sail!
 BENVOLIO¹ MERCUTIO² 2.4.105
 Two, two: a shirt and a smock. *man's shirt, woman's smock*
 NURSE 2.4.106
 Peter!
 PETER 2.4.107
Anon! *coming*
 NURSE 2.4.108
 My fan, Peter.
 MERCUTIO 2.4.109
 Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face. *prettier*
 NURSE 2.4.111
 God ye good morrow, gentlemen. *morning*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.112
 God ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman. *afternoon*
 NURSE 2.4.113
 Is it good e'en? *afternoon*
 MERCUTIO 2.4.114
 'Tis no less, I tell ye², for the bawdy hand of the
 dial is now upon the prick of noon. *you¹, vulgar erect at*

NURSE	2.4.116
Out upon you! <u>What a man</u> are you?	<i>what kind of man</i>
ROMEO	2.4.117
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to <u>mar</u> .	<i>injure</i>
NURSE	2.4.119
By my <u>troth</u> , it is well said. "For himself to mar,"	<i>truth</i>
<u>quoth</u> he? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I	<i>said</i>
may find [the] ² young Romeo?	<small>[not in 1]</small>
ROMEO	2.4.122
I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you	
have found him than he was when you sought him. I am	
the youngest of that name, for <u>fault</u> of a worse.	<i>lack</i>
NURSE	2.4.126
<u>You say well</u> .	<i>well put</i>
MERCUTIO	2.4.127
Yea, is the worst well? Very well <u>took</u> , i' <u>faith</u> ;	<i>taken, indeed</i>
<u>wisely</u> , wisely.	<i>very wise</i>
NURSE	2.4.129
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with ye ¹ .	<i>you²</i>
BENVOLIO [<i>making fun of her wrong word for "conference"</i>]	2.4.131
She will "indite" him to some supper!	
MERCUTIO	2.4.132
A <u>bawd</u> , a bawd, a bawd! <u>So ho!</u>	<i>whore/hare, (a hunting call)</i>
ROMEO	2.4.133
What hast thou found?	
MERCUTIO	2.4.134
No <u>hare</u> , sir, unless a hare, sir, in a <u>Lenten pie</u> ,	<i>rabbit/whore, pie for Lent</i>
that is something stale and <u>hoar ere</u> it be <u>spent</u> . [<i>sings</i>]	<i>moldy, before, done</i>
"An old hare <u>hoar</u> ,	<i>grey</i>
And an old hare hoar,	
Is very good meat in Lent;	
But a hare that is hoar	
Is <u>too much</u> for a score,	<i>not worth paying for</i>
When it <u>hoars ere</u> it be <u>spent</u> ."	<i>molds, before, eaten</i>
Romeo, will you come to your father's?	
We'll to dinner <u>thither</u> .	<i>go to, there</i>
ROMEO	2.4.144
I will follow you.	
MERCUTIO	2.4.145
Farewell ancient lady, farewell [<i>sings</i>] "lady, lady, lady."	
[<i>Mercutio & Benvolio exit</i>]	
NURSE	2.4.147
I pray you, sir, what <u>saucy merchant</u>	<i>disrespectful fellow</i>
was this that was so full of <u>his ropery</u> ?	<i>dirty jokes</i>
ROMEO	2.4.149
A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk and will	
speak more in a minute than he will <u>stand to</u> in a month.	<i>do</i>
NURSE	2.4.152
If ¹ he speak anything against me, I'll take him down,	<i>and²</i>
<u>if¹ he were lustier than he is</u> , and twenty such	<i>and², and even friskier men</i>
<u>jacks!</u> And if I cannot, I'll find those <u>that shall!</u>	<i>men, who will</i>
<u>Scurvy knave!</u> I am none of his <u>flirt-gills!</u>	<i>stupid jerk, loose girls</i>
I am none of his <u>skains-mates!</u>	<i>cutthroat pals</i>
[<i>to Peter</i>] And thou <u>must stand by too</u> , and	<i>just</i>
<u>suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!</u>	<i>allow, jerk, make fun of me</i>
PETER	2.4.159
I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my	
weapon should quickly have been out, <u>I warrant you!</u>	<i>I swear</i>

I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see <u>occasion in a good quarrel</u> , and the law on my side.	<i>chance of a good fight</i>
NURSE	2.4.164
Now, afore God, I am so <u>vexed</u> that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!	<i>upset</i>
<i>[to Romeo]</i> Pray you, sir, a word. And as I told you, my young lady <u>bade¹ me inquire you out</u> . What she <u>bade¹ me say</u> , I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if you ¹ should lead her into ¹ a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say, For the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should <u>deal double with</u> her, truly it were an <u>ill</u> thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very <u>weak dealing</u> !	bid ² : <i>asked me to find you</i> bid ² : <i>asked me to say</i> ye ² , in ²
ROMEO	<i>cheat on, horrible</i>
Nurse, <u>commend me</u> to thy lady and mistress.	<i>mean trick</i>
I <u>protest</u> unto thee—	2.4.175
NURSE	<i>give my regards</i>
Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much.	<i>solemnly swear</i>
Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman!	2.4.177
ROMEO	2.4.179
What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou <u>dost not mark me</u> .	<i>did not listen to me</i>
NURSE	2.4.181
I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.	
ROMEO	2.4.183
<u>Bid her devise</u>	<i>ask her to find</i>
<u>Some means</u> to come to <u>shrift</u> this afternoon,	<i>some way, confession</i>
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' <u>cell</u>	<i>chamber</i>
<u>Be shrived</u> and married.	<i>give confession</i>
<i>[offers her money]</i> Here is for thy pains.	2.4.187
NURSE	
No truly sir, not a penny!	2.4.188
ROMEO	<i>I insist</i>
Go to, <u>I say you shall</u> .	2.4.189
NURSE	
This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.	2.4.190
ROMEO	<i>wait, church</i>
And <u>stay</u> , good Nurse, behind the <u>abbey wall</u> .	<i>servant</i>
Within this hour my <u>man</u> shall be with thee	<i>a rope ladder</i>
And bring thee <u>CORDS MADE LIKE A TACKLED STAIR</u> ,	<i>peak</i>
Which to the <u>high top-gallant</u> of my joy	<i>path</i>
Must be my <u>convoy</u> in the secret night.	<i>trustworthy, reward you</i>
Farewell, be <u>trusty</u> , and I'll <u>quit thy pains</u> .	<i>give my regards</i>
Farewell, <u>commend me</u> to thy mistress.	2.4.197
NURSE	<i>listen</i>
Now God in heaven bless thee! <u>Hark you</u> , sir.	2.4.198
ROMEO	
What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?	2.4.199
NURSE	<i>able to keep a secret</i>
Is your man <u>secret</u> ? Did you ne'er hear say, "Two may keep <u>counsel</u> , <u>putting one away</u> "?	<i>a secret, if one's not there</i>
ROMEO	2.4.201
I ⁺ <u>warrant thee</u> , my man's as true as steel.	<i>I promise you</i>
NURSE	2.4.202
Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little <u>prating</u> thing! O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would <u>fain</u> <u>lay knife aboard</u> . But she, good soul, <u>had as lief</u> see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her	<i>babbling</i> <i>gladly</i> <i>claim her, would rather</i>

sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man. But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not "rosemary" and "Romeo" begin both with a letter? *handsomer*
I swear
sheet, whole
the same letter
2.4.211

ROMEO
Ay, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R. 2.4.212

NURSE
Ah, mock, that's the dog's name! *you mock me, a dog goes "Rrrr"*
R is for the—no, I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, *(she means "sentence")*
of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. 2.4.216

ROMEO
Commend me to thy lady. *my regards*
2.4.217

NURSE
Ay, a thousand times. *[Romeo exits]*
Peter! 2.4.218

PETER
Anon! *coming*
2.4.219

NURSE
Before and apace. *go ahead, quickly*
[They exit]

Act 2, Scene 5

ACT 2, SCENE 5

[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET 2.5.1
The clock struck nine when I did send the² Nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return. *my¹*
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so. *perhaps, find*
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts, *slow, messengers*
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, 2.5.5
Driving back shadows over louring hills. *gloomy*
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love, *that's why, swift-winged,*
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. *Venus' chariot, swift*
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill *highest point*
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 2.5.10
Is three³ long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood, *feelings*
She would be as swift in motion as a ball.
My words would bandy her to my sweet love, *toss*
And his to me. *toss her back to me* 2.5.15
But old folks, many feign as they were dead, *act like*
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

[NURSE & PETER enter]

O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away. *servant*

NURSE 2.5.20
Peter, stay at the gate. *[Peter exits]*

JULIET 2.5.21
Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily. *if the news is sad, tell it merrily*
If good, thou shame'st the music of sweet news *are ruining*
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE 2.5.26
I am awearry, give me leave awhile. *tired, leave me alone*
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt¹ have I [had]¹! *oh, jaunce²: long trip*

JULIET	2.5.28
I <u>would</u> thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.	<i>wish</i>
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good Nurse, speak!	
NURSE	2.5.31
Jesu, what haste! Can you not <u>stay</u> awhile?	<i>wait</i>
Do you not see that I am out of breath?	
JULIET	2.5.33
How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath	
To say to me that thou art out of breath?	
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay	
Is longer than the tale <u>thou dost excuse</u> .	<i>you aren't telling</i>
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that!	
Say either, and I'll <u>stay the circumstance</u> !	<i>wait for the details</i>
Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?	
NURSE	2.5.40
Well, you have made a <u>simple</u> choice! You know not	<i>foolish</i>
how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he! Though	
his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels	
all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a body,	
though they be <u>not to be talked on</u> , yet they are	<i>nothing to talk about</i>
<u>past compare</u> . He is not the <u>flower</u> of courtesy,	<i>beyond comparison, model</i>
but <u>I'll warrant him</u> as gentle as a lamb. Go <u>thy ways</u> ,	<i>I bet he's, along</i>
<u>wench</u> , serve God. What, have you dined at home?	<i>girl</i>
JULIET	2.5.49
No, no. But all this did I know before.	
What says he of our marriage? What of that?	
NURSE	2.5.51
Lord, how my head aches! What a <u>head</u> have I!	<i>headache</i>
It beats as it would <u>fall</u> in twenty pieces.	<i>break</i>
My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!	
<u>Beshrew</u> your heart for sending me <u>about</u>	<i>curse, all around</i>
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!	
JULIET	2.5.56
I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.	
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?	
NURSE	2.5.59
Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous,	
and a kind, and a handsome, and, <u>I warrant</u> , a virtuous—	<i>I believe</i>
Where is your mother?	
JULIET	2.5.62
Where is my mother? Why, she is <u>within</u> .	<i>inside</i>
Where should she be? <u>How oddly thou repliest</u> !	<i>what an odd reply</i>
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,	
"Where is your mother?"	
NURSE	2.5.66
O God's lady dear!	
Are you so <u>hot</u> ? <u>Marry, come up, I trow</u> .	<i>impatient, really now</i>
Is this the <u>poultice</u> for my ² aching bones?	<i>medicine, mine¹</i>
<u>Henceforward</u> do your messages yourself.	<i>from now on</i>
JULIET	2.5.70
<u>Here's such a coil</u> ! Come, what says Romeo?	<i>such a fuss</i>
NURSE	2.5.71
Have you got <u>leave</u> to go to <u>shrift</u> today?	<i>permission, confession</i>
JULIET	2.5.72
I have.	
NURSE	2.5.73
Then <u>hie</u> you <u>hence</u> to Friar Lawrence' <u>cell</u> .	<i>hurry, away, chamber</i>
There <u>stays</u> a husband to make you a wife!	<i>waits</i>
Now comes the <u>wanton</u> blood up in your cheeks;	<i>uncontrollable</i>
They'll <u>be in scarlet straight</u> at any news.	<i>turn red, immediately</i>

Hie you to church. I must another way
 To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
 Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
 I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
 But you shall bear the burden soon at night!
 Go! I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell!

JULIET
Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell!
[They exit]

hurry, must go
to your room
one who works for
do the work (bawdy)
hurry, friar's chamber
 2.5.83
bless you with good fortune

Act 2, Scene 6 ACT 2, SCENE 6

[Church, afternoon. FRIAR & ROMEO]

FRIAR
 So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
 That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROMEO
 Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
 That one short minute gives me in her sight.
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
 Then love-devouring death do what he dare.
 It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR
 These violent delights have violent ends
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
 Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite.
 Therefore love moderately; long love doth so.
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

[JULIET enters]
 Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
 A lover may bestride the gossamers
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

JULIET
 Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR
 Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
[Romeo kisses her]

JULIET
As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
[kisses Romeo back]

ROMEO
 Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbor air, and let rich music's⁴ tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET
Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
 They are but beggars that can count their worth.
 But my true love is grown to such excess
 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

2.6.1
may heaven smile
and not give us sorrow later
 2.6.3
whatever sorrow comes
outweigh
if you'll just join our hands
 just
 2.6.9
at their peak, gunpowder
are used
can make you sick in its
when tasted it ruins
that's how love lasts
makes you as late as those
 path 2.6.17
walk on spider-webs
float, playful
earthly pleasures
 2.6.21
evening, spiritual
 2.6.22
 2.6.23
I'll return as much thanks,
otherwise he gave to much
 2.6.24
 scale
 great
 describe
nearby, music of your speech
reveal, unspoken
we share, meeting
 2.6.30
imagination, reality
 wealth

FRIAR	2.6.35
Come, come with me, and we will <u>make short work</u> .	<i>work quickly</i>
For, <u>by your leaves</u> , you <u>shall not</u> stay alone	<i>begging your pardons, cannot</i>
Till Holy Church <u>incorporate two in one</u> .	<i>join you two in marriage</i>
<i>[They exit]</i>	

Act 3, Scene 1

ACT 3, SCENE 1

[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Servants]

BENVOLIO	3.1.1
I pray thee, good Mercutio, <u>let's retire</u> .	<i>let's go home</i>
The day is hot, the Capulets ⁵ <u>abroad</u> ,	Capels are ¹ : <i>are out</i>
And if we meet we shall not <u>'scape a brawl</u> ,	<i>escape</i>
For now these <u>hot days</u> is the <u>mad blood stirring</u> .	<i>hot days stir our temper</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.5
Thou art like one of these ² fellows that when he enters	those ¹
the confines of a tavern <u>claps</u> me his sword upon the	<i>slams</i>
table and says, "God send me no need of thee!"	
and <u>by the operation of the second cup</u> ,	<i>when the 2nd drink takes effect</i>
<u>draws it¹ on the drawer</u> , when indeed	him ² , <i>draws his sword on the barkeeper</i>
there is no need.	
BENVOLIO	3.1.11
Am I like such a fellow?	
MERCUTIO	3.1.12
Come, come, thou art as <u>hot a jack</u> in thy mood as	<i>hot-tempered, man</i>
any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as	
soon moody to be <u>moved</u> .	<i>angered</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.15
And what to?	
MERCUTIO <i>[pretending he meant "two"]</i>	3.1.16
<u>Nay, and</u> there were <u>two such</u> , we should have	<i>oh no, if, two of you</i>
none <u>shortly</u> , for one would kill the other. Thou?	<i>soon</i>
Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair	
more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou	
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no	
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. <u>What</u>	<i>whose</i>
eye but <u>such an eye</u> would <u>spy out</u> such a quarrel?	<i>your, seek</i>
Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of	
<u>meat</u> , and yet thy head hath been beaten as <u>addle</u> as	<i>food, scrambled</i>
an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a	
man for coughing in the street because he hath	
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.	
Didst thou not <u>fall out</u> with a tailor for wearing his	<i>quarrel</i>
new <u>doublet</u> before Easter? With another for tying	<i>jacket</i>
his new shoes with old <u>ribbon</u> ? And yet thou wilt	<i>shoelace</i>
<u>tutor</u> me from quarreling?	<i>lecture</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.32
And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should	<i>if</i>
buy the <u>fee-simple</u> of my life for an hour and a quarter.	<i>ownership</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.35
The fee-simple! O simple!	
<i>[TYBALT & other Capulets enter]</i>	
BENVOLIO	3.1.36
By my head, here come the Capulets.	
MERCUTIO	3.1.37
By my heel, I care not!	
TYBALT	3.1.38
<i>[to Capulets]</i> Follow me close, for I will speak to them.	

<i>[to Benvolio & Mercutio]</i>	
Gentlemen, good <u>e'en</u> . A word with one of you.	<i>afternoon</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.40
And but one word with one of us? Couple it with <u>something</u> : make it a word and a blow!	<i>something else</i>
TYBALT	3.1.42
You shall find me <u>apt</u> enough to that, sir, and you will give me <u>occasion</u> !	<i>happy</i> <i>if, a reason</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.44
Could you not <u>take some occasion without giving</u> ?	<i>make your own reason</i>
TYBALT	3.1.46
Mercutio, thou <u>consort'st with Romeo</u> —	<i>hang out with Romeo</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.47
<u>Consort!</u> What, dost thou make us <u>minstrels</u> ?	<i>ensemble, musicians</i>
<u>And</u> thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but <u>discords</u> . Here's my <u>fiddlestick</u> ! Here's that shall make you dance!	<i>if</i> <i>disagreement/dissonance</i>
<u>Zounds</u> , consort!	<i>(sword)</i> <i>my god</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.51
We talk here in the <u>public haunt of men</u> . Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason <u>coldly of your grievances</u> , Or else depart! Here all eyes gaze on us.	<i>public streets</i> <i>calmly discuss your complaints</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.55
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge <u>for no man's pleasure</u> , I!	<i>to please anyone</i>
<i>[ROMEO enters]</i>	
TYBALT	3.1.57
Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.	
MERCUTIO	3.1.58
But I'll be <u>hanged</u> , sir, if he wear your <u>livery</u> ! Marry, go <u>before to field</u> , he'll be your <u>follower</u> ! Your Worship in that sense may call him " <u>man</u> "!	<i>damned, manservant's uniform</i> <i>to a dueling field, follow you</i> <i>manservant</i>
TYBALT	3.1.61
Romeo! <u>The love² I bear thee can afford</u> <u>No better term than this</u> : Thou art a villain!	<i>hate¹: I have so little love for you</i> <i>all I can say is this</i>
ROMEO	3.1.63
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the <u>appertaining rage</u> <u>To</u> such a greeting. Villain am I none. Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.	<i>rage you deserve</i> <i>for</i>
TYBALT	3.1.67
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw!	
ROMEO	3.1.69
I do protest I never injured thee, But love thee better than thou canst <u>devise</u> <u>Till thou shalt know</u> the reason of my love. And so, good Capulet, which name I <u>tender</u> As dearly as mine ² own, be satisfied.	<i>imagine</i> <i>until you learn</i> <i>care for</i> <i>my⁵</i>
MERCUTIO	3.1.74
<u>O</u> calm, dishonorable, vile submission! <u>Alla stoccato carries it away!</u> <i>[draws his sword]</i>	<i>what a</i> <i>let the best fencer win</i>
Tybalt, you <u>rat-catcher</u> , will you <u>walk</u> ?	<i>filthy cat, come here</i>
TYBALT	3.1.76
What wouldst thou have with me?	
MERCUTIO	3.1.77
Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I mean to <u>make bold withal</u> ,	<i>beat</i>

and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight! Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out!

TYBALT
I am for you. [*draws his sword*]

ROMEO
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up!

MERCUTIO
Come, sir, your passado!

[*They fight*]

ROMEO
Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons!
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying⁵ in Verona streets!
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!
[*draws and tries to disarm them*]

[*Tybalt stabs Mercutio*]

[A CAPULET Away, Tybalt!]⁺

MERCUTIO I am hurt.
A plague o' both [your]⁺ houses! I am sped.

[*Tybalt & Capulets exit*]

Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page?—Go, villein, fetch a surgeon! [*Page exits*]

ROMEO
Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

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

ROMEO
I thought all for the best.

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

[*All exit but Romeo*]

ROMEO
This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt²
In my behalf. My reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander. Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper softened valor's steel!

BENVOLIO [*re-enters*]
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's⁵ dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*if you offend, beat
scabbard, hurry
or else mine will cut off your ears
before yours is out
I am ready for you 3.1.84
3.1.85
sword, away
3.1.86
best stroke
3.1.87
disarm them
stop
this bandying², fighting
3.1.92
3.1.93
death to both your families, done
without a scratch
3.1.96
3.1.97
servant
3.1.99
3.1.100
finished, swear
damn
3.1.109
3.1.110
I've had it
thoroughly
3.1.114
close relative
fatal, wound¹
for
weak
3.1.121
risen to heaven
soon, leave*

ROMEO	3.1.124
This day's black fate <u>on more days doth depend</u> :	<i>will have consequences</i>
This but begins <u>the woe others</u> ² must end.	<i>what other days</i> ¹
[TYBALT re-enters]	
BENVOLIO	
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!	3.1.126
ROMEO	3.1.127
Alive ¹ , in triumph! And Mercutio <u>slain</u> !	<i>killed</i>
Away to heav'n, <u>respective lenity</u> ,	<i>respectful mercy</i>
And fire-eyed ¹ fury be my <u>conduct</u> now!—	<i>fire and</i> ² , <i>guide</i>
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again	<i>that insult</i> 3.1.130
That <u>late</u> thou gave'st me, for Mercutio's soul	<i>lately</i>
Is but a little way above our heads,	
<u>Staying for thine</u> to keep him company!	<i>waiting for your soul</i>
Either thou, or I, or both, must <u>go with him</u> !	<i>go with him to heaven</i>
TYBALT	3.1.135
Thou, wretched boy, that <u>didst consort him here</u> ,	<i>kept company with him here</i>
Shalt with him hence!	<i>shall be with him from now on</i>
ROMEO	3.1.137
This shall determine that!	
[They fight. Romeo kills Tybalt]	
BENVOLIO	3.1.138
Romeo, away, be gone!	
<u>The citizens are up</u> , and Tybalt <u>slain</u> .	<i>people are coming, killed</i>
Stand not <u>amazed</u> ! The Prince will <u>doom</u> thee death	<i>dazed, sentence</i>
If thou art taken! <u>Hence</u> , be gone, away!	<i>go away</i>
ROMEO	3.1.142
O, I am <u>Fortune's fool</u> !	<i>fate's plaything</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.143
Why dost thou stay?	
[Romeo exits]	
CITIZEN [enter]	3.1.144
Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?	
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?	
BENVOLIO	3.1.146
There lies that Tybalt.	
CITIZEN	3.1.147
Up, sir, go with me.	
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey!	
[PRINCE & Attendants, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET, and Others enter]	
PRINCE	3.1.149
Where are the vile beginners of this <u>fray</u> ?	<i>fight</i>
BENVOLIO	3.1.150
O noble Prince, I can <u>discover</u> all	<i>explain</i>
The unlucky <u>manage</u> of this fatal brawl.	<i>details</i>
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,	
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.	
LADY CAPULET	3.1.154
Tybalt, my <u>cousin</u> ! O my brother's child!	<i>relative</i>
O Prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilt	
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art <u>true</u> ,	<i>fair</i>
For blood of ours, <u>shed</u> blood of Montague!	<i>take</i>
O cousin, cousin!	
PRINCE	3.1.159
Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?	
BENVOLIO	3.1.160
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.	
Romeo, that spoke <u>him fair</u> , <u>bade</u> ⁺ <u>him bethink</u>	<i>politely to him, bid</i> ² , <i>reminded him</i>
How <u>nice</u> the quarrel was, and <u>urged</u> <u>withal</u>	<i>trivial,</i>
<u>Your high displeasure</u> . All this utterèd	<i>reminded him you'd be angry</i>

With gentle breath, calm look, <u>knees humbly bowed</u> ,	<i>on bent knee</i>
Could not <u>take truce with</u> the unruly <u>spleen</u>	<i>calm down, temper</i> 3.1.165
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he <u>tilts</u>	<i>thrusts</i>
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,	
Who, all as <u>hot</u> , <u>turns deadly point to point</u> ,	<i>angry, draws his sword</i>
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand <u>beats</u>	<i>military skill,</i>
<u>Cold death</u> aside and with the other sends	<i>defends against death</i> 3.1.170
It back to Tybalt, whose <u>dexterity</u>	<i>skill</i>
<u>Retorts</u> it. Romeo he cries aloud,	<i>avoids</i>
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue	
His <u>agile</u> ¹ arm beats down their fatal points,	<i>knocks aside, swords</i> 3.1.175
And <u>'twixt them rushes</u> , underneath whose arm	<i>rushes between them</i>
An <u>envious</u> thrust from Tybalt hit the life	<i>vicious</i>
Of <u>stout</u> Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,	<i>brave</i>
But <u>by and by</u> comes back to Romeo,	<i>soon</i>
Who had <u>but newly entertained</u> revenge,	<i>only then considered</i> 3.1.180
And to't they go like lightning, for, <u>ere</u> I	<i>before</i>
Could draw to part them, was <u>stout</u> Tybalt slain,	<i>bold</i>
And as he fell did Romeo turn and <u>fly</u> .	<i>flee</i>
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.	<i>I swear on my life</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.1.185
He is a kinsman to the Montague.	
Affection makes him <u>false</u> ; he speaks not true!	<i>lie</i>
Some twenty of them fought in this black <u>strife</u> ,	<i>feud</i>
And all those twenty could but kill one life.	<i>only</i>
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.	
Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live!	
PRINCE	3.1.191
Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.	
Who now the price of <u>his</u> dear blood doth owe?	<i>Mercutio's</i>
MONTAGUE ⁴	3.1.193
Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend.	
His <u>fault</u> concludes <u>but</u> what the law should end:	<i>crime, only</i>
The life of Tybalt.	
PRINCE	3.1.196
And for that offence	
Immediately we do <u>exile him hence</u> .	<i>banish him from Verona</i>
I have an interest in your hate's ¹ proceeding:	<i>heart's²</i>
My <u>blood</u> for your <u>rude</u> brawls doth lie a-bleeding.	<i>relative, barbaric</i>
But I'll <u>amerce</u> you with so <u>strong</u> a fine	<i>punish, heavy</i> 3.1.200
That you shall all <u>repent</u> the loss of mine!	<i>regret</i>
I ¹ will be deaf to pleading and excuses.	
Nor tears nor prayers shall <u>purchase out</u> abuses.	<i>buy your way out of this</i>
Therefore use none! Let Romeo <u>hence</u> in haste,	<i>go away</i>
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last!	3.1.205
<u>Bear hence</u> this body and <u>attend our will</u> .	<i>carry away, come to hear more</i>
Mercy <u>but</u> murders, pardoning those that kill.	<i>just causes more</i>
[All exit]	

Act 3, Scene 2 ACT 3, SCENE 2

[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET	3.2.1
Gallop <u>apace</u> , you fiery-footed steeds,	<i>fast, horse</i>
Towards <u>Phoebus' lodging</u> . Such a <u>wagoner</u>	<i>the sun god's home, driver</i>
As <u>Phaeton</u> would whip you to the west	<i>the sun god's sun</i>
And bring in cloudy night immediately.	
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,	3.2.5
<u>That runaways' eyes may wink</u> , and Romeo	<i>those horses eyes may close</i>

Leap to these arms, <u>untalked-of</u> and unseen.	<i>without being talked about</i>
Lovers can see to do their <u>amorous</u> rites	<i>love making</i>
<u>By</u> ⁴ their own beauties. Or, if love be blind,	<i>And by</i> ² : <i>by the light of</i>
<u>It best agrees with night</u> . Come, <u>civil</u> night,	<i>love likes night best, solemn</i>
Thou <u>sober-suited</u> matron all in black,	<i>somberly dressed</i> 3.2.11
And learn me how to lose a winning match	<i>teach, win by losing this game</i>
Played for a <u>pair of stainless maidenhoods</u> .	<i>our virginities</i>
<u>Hood</u> my <u>unmanned</u> blood, <u>bating</u> in my cheeks,	<i>cover, untamed, fluttering</i>
With thy black <u>mantle</u> till <u>strange love</u> grow bold,	<i>cloak, my shy love</i> 3.2.15
Think true love <u>acted simple modesty</u> .	<i>acted in foolish modesty</i>
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night.	
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night	
Whiter than new snow upon ² a raven's back.	on ⁺ 3.2.20
Come gentle night. Come loving <u>black-browed</u> night.	<i>black faced</i>
Give me my Romeo, and when he ⁺ shall die,	I ²
Take him and cut him out in little stars,	
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine	3.2.25
That all the world will be in love with night	
And pay no worship to the <u>garish</u> sun.	<i>gaudy</i>
O, I have bought the mansion of a love	<i>called love</i>
But not <u>possessed</u> it, and though I am sold,	<i>occupied</i>
Not yet <u>enjoyed</u> . So <u>tedious</u> is this day	<i>enjoyed by my new owner, long</i>
As is the night before some festival	3.2.31
To an impatient child that hath new <u>robes</u>	<i>clothes</i>
And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse,	
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks	
<u>But</u> Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.	<i>just</i>
[NURSE enters with rope-ladder]	
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords	3.2.37
That Romeo bid thee fetch?	
NURSE Ay, ay, the cords.	3.2.40
JULIET	3.2.41
Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?	
NURSE	3.2.42
Ah, <u>weraday!</u> He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!	<i>woe the day</i>
We are <u>undone</u> , lady, we are undone!	<i>ruined</i>
Alack the day! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!	
JULIET	3.2.45
Can heaven be so <u>envious</u> ?	<i>vicious</i>
NURSE Romeo can,	3.2.46
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!	
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!	
JULIET	3.2.49
What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?	
This torture should be roared in dismal hell!	
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou <u>but</u> "ay"	<i>just</i>
And that bare vowel "I" shall <u>poison more</u>	<i>be more poisonous to myself</i>
Than the <u>death-darting</u> eye of cockatrice!	<i>deadly eye, a mythical serpent</i>
I am not I if there be such an "ay",	<i>I'll no longer be myself</i> 3.2.54
<u>Or those eyes shut</u> , that make thee answer "ay".	<i>or if Romeo's eyes are shut</i>
If he be slain, say "ay", or if not, "no"!	
<u>Brief sounds</u> determine of my <u>weal</u> or woe!	<i>those brief words, happiness</i>
NURSE	3.2.58
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes	
— <u>God save the mark</u> —here on his manly breast.	<i>God save me</i>
A <u>piteous</u> corse, a bloody <u>piteous</u> corse,	<i>pitiful corpse</i>
Pale, pale as ashes, all <u>bedaubed</u> in blood,	<i>covered</i>
All in <u>gore-blood</u> . I <u>swoonèd</u> at the sight.	<i>gory, fainted</i>

JULIET 3.2.63
 O, break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once! *ruined heart*
 To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth to earth resign! End motion here! *my earthly body, rest, life*
 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! *my body, lay on, funeral bed*

NURSE 3.2.67
 O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET 3.2.70
 What storm is this that blows so contrary? *much grief*
 Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?
 My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord? *husband*
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! *end of the world*
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE 3.2.75
 Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd. *banished from Verona*
 Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.

JULIET 3.2.77
 O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE¹ JULIET² 3.2.78
 It did, it did, alas the day, it did!

JULIET¹ 3.2.79
 O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! *disguised, lovely*
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? *beautiful*
 Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
 Dove-feathered raven! Wolvish-ravening lamb! *wolf-like lamb*
 Despisèd substance of divinest show! *reality of heavenly appearance*
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
 A damnèd⁴ saint, an honorable villain!
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell *dim² 3.2.85*
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend *what were you doing*
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? *enclose, devil*
Was ever book containing such vile matter *such lovely human form*
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell *was there ever a*
 In such a gorgeous palace! *with such a beautiful cover*

NURSE 3.2.92
 There's no trust, *liars*
 No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured, *deceitful, worthless, false*
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. *servant, brandy*
 Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo! *shame on Romeo*

JULIET 3.2.99
 Blistered be thy tongue
 For such a wish! He was not born to shame!
 Upon his brow² shame is ashamed to sit, *face¹*
 For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
 Sole monarch of the universal earth! 3.2.103
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him! *criticize*

NURSE 3.2.105
 Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET 3.2.106
 Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name *husband*
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? *why 3.2.110*
 That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring! *back into my eyes*
 Your tributary drops belong to woe, *stream of*
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain, 3.2.115
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
 All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then? why
 Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,
 That murdered me. I would forget it fain, gladly 3.2.120
 But O, it presses to my memory
 Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banishèd."
 That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death 3.2.125
 Was woe enough if it had ended there.
 Or if sour woe delights in fellowship wants company
 And needly will be ranked with other griefs, must be accompanied
 Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 3.2.130
 Which modern lamentation might have moved? a normal amount of sadness
 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death, those words
 "Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, is like saying
 All slain, all dead! "Romeo is banishèd!" 3.2.135
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, measurement, boundary
 In that word's death. No words can that woe sound. in the death that brings,
 Where is² my father and my mother, Nurse? are¹, express that woe
 NURSE 3.2.139
 Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse. corpse
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. there
 JULIET 3.2.141
 Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent used up
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled, pick up that rope-ladder, cheated
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
 He made you for a highway to my bed, 3.2.147
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. virgin, will die a virgin widow
 Come, cords. Come, Nurse, I'll to my wedding-bed,
 And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! will take my virginity
 NURSE 3.2.151
 Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo hurry, bedroom
 To comfort you. I wot well where he is. know
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. listen
 I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell. go to
 JULIET 3.2.155
 O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, [hands her a ring]
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.
 [They exit]

Act 3, Scene 3

ACT 3, SCENE 3

[Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO]

FRIAR 3.3.1
 Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man. come in
 Affliction is enamored of thy parts, suffering is in love with you
 And thou art wedded to calamity. married to misfortune
 ROMEO 3.3.4
 Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom? punishment
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand wishes to meet me
 That I yet know not?

FRIAR	Too familiar	3.3.7
	Is my dear son with such sour company.	
	I bring thee <u>tidings</u> of the Prince's <u>doom</u> .	<i>news, sentence</i>
ROMEO		3.3.10
	What <u>less than</u> doomsday is the Prince's doom?	<i>short of</i>
FRIAR		3.3.11
	A gentler judgment <u>vanished</u> from his lips:	<i>passed</i>
	Not <u>body's</u> death, but <u>body's</u> banishment.	<i>your</i>
ROMEO		3.3.13
	<u>Ha!</u> Banishment? Be merciful, say "death"!	<i>what (not laughing)</i>
	For exile hath more terror in his look,	
	Much more than death! Do not say "banishment"!	
FRIAR		3.3.16
	<u>Hence</u> from Verona art thou banishèd.	<i>away</i>
	Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.	
ROMEO		3.3.18
	There is no world <u>without</u> Verona walls,	<i>outside</i>
	But purgatory, torture, hell itself!	
	<u>Hence</u> "banishèd" is "banish'd from the world,"	<i>therefore, means</i>
	And world's exile is death! Then "banishèd"	<i>exile from the world means</i>
	Is death <u>mis-termed</u> . Calling death "banishèd,"	<i>misnamed</i>
	Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe	
	And smile'st upon the stroke that murders me.	
FRIAR		3.3.25
	O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!	
	Thy <u>fault our law</u> calls death, but the kind Prince,	<i>crime is punishable by</i>
	<u>Taking thy part</u> , hath <u>rushed</u> aside the law	<i>taking your side, brushed</i>
	And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."	
	This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.	
ROMEO		3.3.31
	'Tis torture, and not mercy! Heav'n is here	
	Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog	
	And little mouse, every unworthy thing,	
	Live here in heaven and may look on her,	
	But Romeo may not. More <u>validity</u> ,	<i>value</i> 3.3.35
	More honorable <u>state</u> , more <u>courtship</u> lives	<i>status, courtliness</i>
	In <u>carrion-flies</u> than Romeo. They my <u>seize</u>	<i>common flies, land</i>
	On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand	
	And steal <u>immortal blessing</u> ² from her lips,	<i>heavenly, kisses¹</i>
	Who even in pure and <u>vestal</u> modesty	<i>virginal</i> 3.3.40
	<u>Still</u> blush, as thinking their own <u>kisses</u> sin.	<i>always, kisses to each other a</i>
	But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.	
	Flies may do this, but I from this must <u>fly</u> .	<i>flee</i>
	They are free men, but I am banishèd.	
	And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?	3.3.45
	Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,	
	No sudden mean of death, <u>though ne'er so mean</u> ,	<i>no matter how dishonorable</i>
	<u>But</u> "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?	<i>other than</i>
	O Friar, the <u>damnèd</u> use that word in hell!	<i>damned souls</i> 3.3.50
	Howling <u>attends</u> it! How hast thou the heart,	<i>accompanies</i>
	Being a <u>divine</u> , a <u>ghostly</u> confessor,	<i>priest, spiritual</i>
	A sin-absolver, and my friend <u>professed</u> ,	<i>one who calls himself my friend</i>
	To <u>mangle me</u> with that word "banishèd"?	<i>tear me apart</i>
FRIAR		3.3.55
	Thou ¹ <u>fond</u> madman, hear me <u>but speak a word</u> ¹ .	<i>then², foolish, a little speak²</i>
ROMEO		3.3.56
	O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.	
FRIAR		3.3.57
	I'll give thee <u>armor</u> to keep off that word:	<i>protection</i>

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

ROMEO 3.3.60
Yet "banishèd"? Hang up philosophy! *damn*
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom, *move, sentence*
It helps not, it prevails not! Talk no more! *it has no power*

FRIAR 3.3.64
O, then I see that madmen¹ have no ears.

ROMEO 3.3.65
How should they when that wise men have no eyes? *why*

FRIAR 3.3.66
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. *reason with you about your situation*

ROMEO 3.3.67
Thou canst not speak of that² thou dost not feel! *what¹*
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, *and Juliet were your love*
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd, *in love like me*
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair *tear out*
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. *measurement of my*

[NURSE knocks at door]

FRIAR 3.3.75
Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO 3.3.76
Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans, *my brokenhearted groans*
Mist-like, enfold me from the search of eyes. *hides me in its mist*

[Knocking]

FRIAR 3.3.78
Hark, how they knock! — Who's there? — Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken!

[Knocking] — Stay awhile! — Stand up, *wait a minute*
Run to my study!

[Knocking] — By and by! — God's will, *just a minute*
What simpleness is this! *foolishness*

[Knocking] — I come, I come!

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will? *from where,*
NURSE [outside] *what do you want*

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. 3.3.85
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR [opens door] Welcome then! 3.3.87

NURSE [enters] 3.3.88
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,
Where is¹ my lady's lord? Where's Romeo? *where's², husband*

FRIAR 3.3.90
There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE 3.3.92
O, he is even in my mistress' case, *in the same condition as Juliet*
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy! *same condition*
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she, *pitiful, she lies the same way*
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
[to Romeo] Stand up, stand up! Stand, and you be a man! *if*
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
Why should you fall into so deep an O? *groaning*

ROMEO 3.3.99
Nurse!

NURSE Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all. *all of us* 3.3.100

ROMEO 3.3.101
Spake'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer, Now I have <u>stained the childhood</u> of our joy With blood <u>removed but little from her own</u> ? Where is she? And how doth she? And what says My <u>concealed lady</u> to our cancelled love?	<i>ruined the beginning of her close relative</i>
NURSE O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps, And now falls on her bed, and then starts up, And " <u>Tybalt</u> " <u>calls</u> , and then <u>on</u> Romeo cries, And then down falls again.	<i>secret bride about 3.3.107 calls out "Tybalt", about</i>
ROMEO As if <u>that name</u> , Shot from the deadly <u>level</u> of a gun, Did murder ¹ her, as that name's <u>cursèd hand</u> Murdered her kinsman! O, tell me, Friar, tell me, In what vile part of <u>this anatomy</u> Doth my name <u>lodge</u> ² ? Tell me, that I may <u>sack</u> The <u>hateful mansion</u> ! [<i>tries to stab himself</i>]	<i>my name 3.3.111 aim my body lie¹: live, pillage hated place 3.3.118</i>
FRIAR Hold thy desperate hand! Art thou a man? <u>Thy form cries out thou art!</u> Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts <u>denote</u> ¹ The unreasonable fury of a beast! <u>Unseemly</u> woman in a <u>seeming man</u> , And ill-beseeming beast <u>in seeming both</u> ! Thou hast amazed me! By my holy order, I thought thy <u>disposition</u> better tempered. <u>Hast thou slain Tybalt</u> ? Wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy <u>lady that in thy life lives</u> ¹ , By <u>doing damnèd hate upon thyself</u> ? Why <u>rail'st</u> thou on thy birth, the <u>heav'n</u> and <u>earth</u> , Since birth and <u>heav'n</u> and <u>earth</u> , all three do meet In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose? Fie, fie, thou <u>shame'st</u> thy <u>shape</u> , thy love, thy <u>wit</u> , Which, like a <u>usurer</u> , <u>abound'st</u> in <u>all</u> , And usest none <u>in that true use</u> indeed Which should <u>bedeck</u> thy <u>shape</u> , thy love, thy <u>wit</u> . Thy noble <u>shape</u> is but a <u>form</u> of wax, <u>Digressing from the valor</u> of a man; Thy dear love <u>sworn but hollow perjury</u> , Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish; Thy <u>wit</u> , that ornament to <u>shape</u> and love, <u>Misshapen in the conduct</u> of them both, Like <u>powder</u> in a <u>skillless soldier's flask</u> , Is set afire by thine own ignorance, And thou <u>dismembered with thine own defense</u> ! What, <u>rouse thee</u> , man! Thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou wert ¹ but <u>lately dead</u> . There <u>art thou happy</u> ! Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt. There <u>are thou happy</u> ! The law that threatened death becomes thy friend And turns it to exile. There <u>art thou happy</u> ! <u>A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back</u> ; <u>Happiness courts thee</u> in her best <u>array</u> ; But, like a misbehaved ¹ and <u>sullen wench</u> , Thou pouts ⁺ upon ¹ thy fortune and thy love. <u>Take heed</u> , take heed, for <u>such</u> die miserable. Go, get thee to thy love, as <u>was decreed</u> , <u>Ascend her chamber</u> . Hence and comfort her. But <u>look</u> thou stay not till the <u>watch be set</u> , For then thou canst not <u>pass</u> to Mantua,	<i>improper, what looks like a man unnatural, for looking like both character, balanced 3.3.125 so you've killed Tybalt wife who is one with your life committing suicide complain, soul, body soul, body 3.3.130 disgrace, body, mind moneylender, surrounded, possessions for their proper purpose improve, body, mind body, figure 3.3.136 lacking the courage you've sworn is just an empty lie mind, body 3.3.140 mistaken in the guidance gunpowder, unskilled, powder-horn blown apart, weapon cheer up 3.3.145 wast²: just now wished to be dead you are fortunate you are fortunate you are fortunate 3.3.150 many blessings are on you good fortune, clothes sulking girl frownst¹ be careful, such people you planned 3.3.156 climb into her bedroom, go on be sure, night guards go on duty leave</i>

Where thou shalt live till we can <u>find a time</u> To <u>blaze</u> your marriage, reconcile your <u>friends</u> , Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Than thou went'st forth in <u>lamentation</u> . [to Nurse] Go <u>before</u> , Nurse. <u>Commend me</u> to thy lady, And bid her <u>hasten all the house to bed</u> , Which heavy sorrow makes them <u>apt unto</u> . Romeo is coming.	<i>find the right time</i> 3.3.160 <i>announce, families</i>
NURSE O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night To hear good <u>counsel</u> . O, what <u>learning</u> is! [to Romeo] My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come!	<i>sorrow</i> 3.3.164 <i>ahead, my regards</i> <i>urge everyone to bed early</i> <i>ready to do</i> 3.3.169 <i>advice, education</i>
ROMEO Do so, and bid my <u>sweet</u> prepare to <u>chide</u> .	3.3.172 <i>sweetheart, scold me</i>
NURSE Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir. [hands him the ring] <u>Hie</u> you, make haste, for it grows very late! [exits]	3.3.173 <i>hurry</i>
ROMEO How well my <u>comfort</u> is revived by this!	3.3.175 <i>spirit</i>
FRIAR Go hence, good night, and <u>here stands all your state</u> : Either be gone before the <u>watch</u> be set Or by the <u>break of day disguised</u> ³ from hence. <u>Sojourn</u> in Mantua. I'll <u>find out your man</u> , And he shall <u>signify</u> from time to time <u>Every good hap</u> to you that <u>chances</u> here. Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.	3.3.176 <i>all depends on this</i> <i>night guards go on duty</i> <i>by dawn leave in disguise</i> <i>stay, find your servant</i> <i>bring messages</i> <i>all good news, happens</i>
ROMEO But that a <u>joy past joy</u> calls out on me, <u>It were a grief, so brief to part with thee</u> . Farewell. [They exit]	3.3.184 <i>if it weren't for a joy beyond joys</i> <i>that calls me away, it would be</i> <i>sad to leave you in such hurry</i>

Act 3, Scene 4

ACT 3, SCENE 4

[Capulet house. LORD & LADY CAPULET, PARIS]

CAPULET Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily That we have had no time to <u>move</u> our daughter. Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly, And so did I. Well, we were born to die. 'Tis very late. She'll not <u>come down</u> tonight. I promise you, <u>but</u> for your company, I would have been <u>a-bed</u> an hour ago.	3.4.1 <i>persuade</i> <i>come down from her room</i> <i>if not</i> <i>in bed</i>
PARIS These times of woe <u>afford</u> no time ¹ to woo. Madam, good night. <u>Commend me</u> to your daughter.	3.4.8 <i>allow, times²</i> <i>give my regards</i>
LADY CAPULET I will, and <u>know her mind</u> early tomorrow. Tonight she's <u>mewed up</u> to her heaviness.	3.4.11 <i>I'll know what she thinks</i> <i>closed off in her sorrow</i>
CAPULET Sir Paris, I will make a <u>desperate tender</u> Of my child's love. I think she will be ¹ ruled In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her <u>ere</u> you go to bed, <u>Acquaint</u> her here of my <u>son Paris'</u> love,	3.4.13 <i>bold offer</i> <i>before</i> <i>tell, son-in-law</i>

JULIET	<i>[realizing it is late]</i>	3.5.26
	It is, it is! <u>Hie hence</u> , be gone, away!	<i>hurry away</i>
	It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.	
	Some say the lark makes sweet <u>division</u> .	<i>music</i>
	This doth not so, for she <u>divideth</u> us!	<i>separates</i> 3.5.30
	Some say the lark and <u>loathèd</u> toad <u>changed</u> ⁺ eyes.	<i>ugly, change²: exchanged</i>
	O, now I <u>would</u> they had <u>changed</u> voices too,	<i>wish, exchanged</i>
	Since <u>arm from arm</u> that voice doth <u>us affray</u> ,	<i>from each other's arms, tear us</i>
	<u>Hunting</u> thee <u>hence</u> with <u>hunt's-up</u> to the day.	<i>chasing, away, morning call</i>
	O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.	
ROMEO		3.5.36
	<u>More light and light</u> , more dark and dark our woes!	<i>the lighter it grows</i> <i>the darker our woes</i>
NURSE	<i>[enters]</i>	
	Madam!	3.5.37
JULIET		3.5.38
	Nurse?	
NURSE		3.5.39
	Your lady mother is coming to your <u>chamber</u> !	<i>room</i>
	The day is broke. Be <u>wary</u> . <u>Look about</u> ! <i>[exits]</i>	<i>it's daybreak, careful, watch out</i>
JULIET		3.5.41
	Then, window, let day in, and let life out!	
ROMEO		3.5.42
	Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. <i>[goes down]</i>	
JULIET		3.5.43
	Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!	
	I must hear from thee every day <u>in the hour</u> ,	<i>and every hour</i>
	For in a minute there are many days.	
	O, by this count I shall be <u>much in years</u>	<i>very old</i>
	Ere I again <u>behold</u> my Romeo!	<i>before, see</i>
ROMEO		3.5.48
	Farewell!	
	I will <u>omit no opportunity</u>	<i>miss no chance</i>
	<u>That may convey</u> my greetings, love, to thee.	<i>to send</i>
JULIET		3.5.51
	O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?	
ROMEO		3.5.52
	I doubt it not, and <u>all these woes shall serve</u>	<i>of these woes we'll</i>
	<u>For sweet discourses in our time</u> ⁵ to come.	<i>times²: talk and laugh years from now</i>
JULIET ¹		3.5.54
	O God, I have an <u>ill-divining</u> soul!	<i>bad feeling</i>
	<u>Methinks</u> I see thee, now thou art below ¹ ,	<i>I think, so low²</i>
	As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.	
	Either my ² eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.	<i>mine¹</i>
ROMEO		3.5.58
	And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.	
	<u>Dry sorrow drinks</u> our blood. <u>Adieu, adieu</u> ! <i>[exits]</i>	<i>thirsty, drains, farewell</i>
JULIET		3.5.60
	O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee <u>fickle</u> .	<i>quick to change your mind</i>
	If thou art fickle, <u>what dost thou with him</u>	<i>what do you want with him</i>
	That is <u>renowned for faith</u> ? Be fickle, Fortune,	<i>well known for faithfulness</i>
	For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back!	
LADY CAPULET	<i>[off-stage]</i> Ho, daughter, are you up?	3.5.65
JULIET		3.5.66
	Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.	
	Is she <u>not down</u> so late, or up so early?	<i>still awake</i>
	What <u>unaccustomed cause</u> procures her <u>hither</u> ?	<i>unusual event brings, here</i>

LADY CAPULET *[enters]* 3.5.69
 Why, how now, Juliet? *how are you*

JULIET Madam, I am not well. 3.5.70

LADY CAPULET 3.5.71
Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? *still*
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
 Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love, *stop crying, a little*
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit. *foolishness*

JULIET 3.5.77
 Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. *deep*

LADY CAPULET 3.5.78
 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend *but Tybalt whom you*
Which you weep for. *weep for cannot feel*

JULIET Feeling so the loss, *the loss so much* 3.5.80
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. *for the*

LADY CAPULET 3.5.82
 Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
 As that the villain lives which slaughtered him. *as because that villain*

JULIET 3.5.84
 What villain madam?

LADY CAPULET That same villain Romeo. 3.5.85

JULIET 3.5.86
[aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder. *he's miles from being a villain*
[to her] God pardon him⁴. I do, with all my heart.
 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart. *anger me / my heart miss*

LADY CAPULET 3.5.89
 That is because the traitor murd'rer lives.

JULIET 3.5.90
 Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. *beyond*
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death! *I wish I alone, avenge*

LADY CAPULET 3.5.92
 We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!
 Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, *send a message to someone*
 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, *fugitive*
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram *who will, strange drink (poison)*
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET 3.5.98
 Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
 With Romeo till I behold him...dead...
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed. *cousin dead / husband exiled*
 Madam, if you could find out but a man *find such a man*
 To bear a poison, I would temper it, *carry the, mix / dilute*
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, *receiving it*
 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors *die / sleep, hates*
 To hear him named and cannot come to him 3.5.105
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin *avenge / give, held for*
 Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET 3.5.108
 Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man. *poison*
 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl! *news*

JULIET 3.5.110
 And joy comes well in such a needy time.
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET 3.5.112
 Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child, *caring*
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, *end your sorrow*

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy	<i>has arranged</i>
That thou expects not, nor I <u>looked not for</u> .	<i>expected</i>
JULIET	3.5.116
Madam, in <u>happy</u> time! What day is that?	<i>good</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.117
Marry, my child, early next Thursday <u>mor</u> n,	<i>well, morning</i>
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,	
The <u>County</u> Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,	<i>Count</i>
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride!	
JULIET	3.5.121
Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,	
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!	
I <u>wonder</u> at this haste, that I must wed	<i>am shocked</i>
<u>Ere</u> he that should be husband comes to woo!	<i>before</i>
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,	
I will not marry yet! And, when I do, I swear,	
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,	
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!	
LADY CAPULET	3.5.129
Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,	
And see how he will <u>take it at your hands</u> .	<i>take it from you</i>
[CAPULET & NURSE enter]	
CAPULET	3.5.131
When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,	
But for the sunset of my brother's son	<i>death</i>
It rains downright.	
<u>How now</u> , a <u>conduit</u> , girl? What, still in tears?	<i>what's this, fountain</i>
<u>Evermore</u> showering? In one little body	<i>still</i> 3.5.135
Thou <u>counterfeits</u> a <u>bark</u> , a sea, a wind,	<i>imitate, boat</i>
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,	
Do ebb and flow with tears. The <u>bark</u> thy body is,	<i>body</i>
Sailing in this salt flood. The winds, thy sighs,	
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,	3.5.140
<u>Without</u> a sudden calm, will <u>overset</u>	<i>unless there's, capsiz</i>
Thy <u>tempest-tossèd</u> body.—How now, wife!	<i>storm-tossed</i>
Have you <u>delivered to her our decree</u> ?	<i>told her our decision</i>
LADY CAPULET	3.5.144
Ay, sir, but <u>she will none</u> ; she gives you thanks.	<i>she'll have none of it</i>
I would the fool were married to her grave!	<i>wish</i>
CAPULET	3.5.146
<u>Soft</u> , <u>take me with you</u> , take me with you, wife.	<i>wait, explain this to me</i>
How! Will she <u>none</u> ? Doth she not give us thanks?	<i>have none of it</i>
Is she not <u>proud</u> ? Doth she not <u>count her blest</u> ,	<i>happy, consider herself blessed</i>
Unworthy as she is, that we have <u>wrought</u>	<i>arranged</i>
So worthy a gentleman to <u>be her bridegroom</u> ⁵ ?	<i>bride²: make her a bride</i>
JULIET	3.5.151
<u>Not proud</u> you have, but thankful that you have.	<i>I'm not happy that</i>
Proud can I never be of what I hate,	
But thankful even for hate that <u>is meant</u> love.	<i>but I'm, you meant for me to</i>
CAPULET	3.5.154
How, how ² , how, how ² ? <u>Chopped logic</u> ? What is this?	<i>now⁵, now⁵, quibbling</i>
"Proud" and "I thank you" and "I thank you not"	
And yet "not proud"? <u>Mistress minion</u> you,	<i>spoiled hussy</i>
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,	
But <u>fettle your fine joints</u> 'gainst Thursday next	<i>prepare your fine self for</i>
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,	
Or I will drag thee on a <u>hurdle thither</u> !	<i>cart, there</i> 3.5.160
Out, you <u>green-sickness carrion</u> ! Out, you <u>baggage</u> !	<i>rotten thing, good-for-nothing</i>
You <u>tallow-face</u> !	<i>coward</i>

LADY CAPULET Fie, fie. What, are you mad? *shame on you* 3.5.163

JULIET 3.5.164

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

CAPULET 3.5.166

Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face!
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
My fingers itch!— Wife, we scarce thought us blest *I'll hit you, thought ourselves blest*
That God had lent us but this only child, *given* 3.5.172
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding! *damn her, worthless creature*

NURSE God in heav'n bless her! 3.5.176

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so! *scold*

CAPULET 3.5.178

And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence! Smatter with your gossips, go!

NURSE *Miss Know-It-All, chatter, gossipy old ladies* 3.5.180

I speak no treason— *nothing disloyal*

CAPULET O, God 'i' good e'en! *get on with you* 3.5.181

NURSE 3.5.182

May not one speak?

CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool! 3.5.183

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's¹ bowl, *wisdom in your gossip circle*

For here we need it not!

LADY CAPULET You are too hot! *upset* 3.5.186

CAPULET 3.5.187

God's bread! It makes me mad!
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been *damn it*
To have her matched. And having now provided *season, at work*
A gentleman of noble parentage, *with, all I think about*
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly liened², *is getting her married*
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts, *3.5.191*
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man; *"di-mâins": estates,*
And then to have a wretched puling fool, *well connected / trained¹, qualities*
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, *handsome, one could*
To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me!" *whimpering*
[*to Juliet*] But if¹ you will not wed, I'll "pardon" you: *doll, receiving good fortune*
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me! *3.5.197*
Look to't. Think on't. I do not use to jest! *and²* 3.5.199
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart. Advise. *go eat, stay in this house*
If¹ you be mine, I'll give you to my friend. *joke*
If¹ you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets! *look in your, consider it*
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee! *and², if you're my daughter*
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good! *and², if you're not* 3.5.204
Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn! *you as my daughter*
[*exits*] *will you get anything from me*
JULIET 3.5.208 *think on it, take back my words*

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

LADY CAPULET 3.5.214
 Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *[exits]* *do what you will*

JULIET 3.5.216
 O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven. *alive, marriage vow sworn*
 How shall that faith return again to earth *can I marry again*
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me! *dying, advise 3.5.220*
 Alack, alack, that heav'n should practice stratagems *set traps*
 Upon so soft a subject as myself! *weak, person*
 What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE 3.5.225
 Faith, here it is. *you can bet the world*
 Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing *claim*
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you, *he'll have to do it in secret*
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth. *so, the way things stand*
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, *Count Paris 3.5.230*
 I think it best you married with the County.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman! *dishrag compared to him*
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him. An eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, *curse me if I'm wrong*
 I think you are happy in this second match, *fortunate, marriage 3.5.235*
 For it excels your first; or if it did not, *is better than*
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were *as good as dead*
 As living here and you no use of him. *on earth, never able to see you*

JULIET 3.5.239
 Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE 3.5.240
 And from my soul too, else beshrew them both. *curse*

JULIET 3.5.241
 Amen.

NURSE 3.5.242
 What?

JULIET 3.5.243
 Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
 Go in and tell my lady I am gone, *mother*
 Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell,
 To make confession and to be absolved. *forgiven*

NURSE 3.5.247
 Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. *[exits]*

JULIET 3.5.248
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, *cursed old woman*
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue *to break my wedding vow*
 Which she hath praised him with above compare *criticize, husband*
 So many thousand times? Go, counselor. *beyond comparison*
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. *3.5.252*
 I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. *[exits]* *you'll never hear my secrets*
kill myself

Act 4, Scene 1 ACT 4, SCENE 1 [Church, later that day. FRIAR & PARIS]

FRIAR 4.1.1
 On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS 4.1.2
My father Capulet will have it so, *father-in-law*
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste. *not unwilling to slow him down*

FRIAR 4.1.4
You say you do not know the lady's mind? *thoughts on this*
Uneven is the course. I like it not. *this is too irregular*

PARIS 4.1.6
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, *excessively*
And therefore have I little talked¹ of love, *talk²*
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. *the god of love*
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous *considers*
That she doth¹ give her sorrow so much sway, *do², let sorrow overwhelm her*
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage *hurries* 4.1.11
To stop the inundation of her tears, *flood*
Which, too much minded by herself alone, *she thinks about too much when*
May be put from her by society. *being with others may help her forget*
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR 4.1.16
[aside] I would I knew not why it should be slowed. *wish, postponed*
[JULIET enters]

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

PARIS 4.1.18
Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET 4.1.19
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS 4.1.20
That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next. *my love*

JULIET 4.1.21
What must be shall be.

FRIAR That's a certain text. *that's true* 4.1.22

PARIS 4.1.23
Come you to make confession to the Friar¹? *this Father²*

JULIET 4.1.24
To answer that, I should confess to you. *I would be confessing to you*

PARIS 4.1.25
Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET 4.1.26
I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS 4.1.27
So will you¹, I am sure, that you love me. *ye²*

JULIET 4.1.28
If I do so, it will be of more price *value*
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

PARIS 4.1.30
Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears. *streaked*

JULIET 4.1.31
The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite. *the tears*

PARIS 4.1.33
Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report. *you wrong your face, statement*

JULIET 4.1.34
That is no slander, sir, which is a truth, *lie*
And what I spake, I spake it to my face. *about my face*

PARIS 4.1.36
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET 4.1.37
It may be so, for it is not mine own.
[to Friar] Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now, *free*
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR	4.1.40
<u>My leisure serves me</u> , pensive daughter, now.	<i>I'm free now, troubled</i>
<i>[to him]</i> My lord, we must <u>entreat the time</u> alone.	<i>ask for</i>
PARIS	4.1.42
God <u>shield</u> I should disturb devotion! —	<i>forbid, religious devotion</i>
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you ⁺ .	<i>ye², wake you (with music)</i>
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. <i>[kisses her, exits]</i>	
JULIET	4.1.45
O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so, Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!	
FRIAR	4.1.47
O Juliet, I already <u>know thy grief</u> .	<i>know the cause of your grief</i>
<u>It strains me past the compass of my wits</u> .	<i>I'm at my wit's end</i>
I hear thou must, and <u>nothing may prorogue it</u> ,	<i>nothing can delay it</i>
On Thursday next be married to <u>this County</u> .	<i>Count Paris</i>
JULIET	4.1.51
Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this, Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it! If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help, Do thou but call my resolution wise,	4.1.54
And with this knife I'll help it <u>presently!</u>	<i>now</i>
<i>[threatens to stab herself]</i>	
God joined my heart and Romeo's, <u>thou our hands</u> ;	<i>you joined our hands</i>
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,	<i>before my hand, that you</i>
Shall be the label to another deed,	<i>seal, wedding contract</i>
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt	<i>rebelliously</i> 4.1.59
Turn to another, <u>this shall slay them both!</u>	<i>betrays him, knife, hand & heart</i>
Therefore, out of thy <u>long-experienced time</u>	<i>long life of experience</i>
Give me some present counsel, or behold:	<i>advice now, watch</i>
'Twixt <u>my extremes</u> and me this bloody knife	<i>between my despair</i>
Shall play the <u>umpire</u> , arbitrating that	<i>judge, concluding</i>
Which <u>the commission of thy years and art</u>	<i>your wisdom</i> 4.1.65
Could to no issue of true honor bring!	<i>not bring an honorable solution</i>
<u>Be not so long to speak!</u> I long to die	<i>speak now, I want to die</i>
<u>If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy!</u>	<i>if you offer no solution</i>
FRIAR	4.1.69
Hold, daughter! I do <u>spy</u> a kind of hope,	<i>stop, see</i>
Which <u>craves</u> as desperate an <u>execution</u>	<i>requires, act</i>
As that is desperate which we <u>would prevent</u> .	<i>this desperate act, want to</i>
If, rather than to marry County Paris, Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, Then is it likely thou wilt undertake A thing like death to <u>chide away</u> this shame, That <u>cop'st with Death</u> himself to 'scape from it; And if thou dare'st, I'll <u>give thee remedy</u> .	<i>avoid</i> <i>faces death, escape</i> <i>give you this remedy</i>
JULIET	4.1.78
O, <u>bid me leap</u> , rather than marry Paris, From off the battlements of any ⁷ tower, Or <u>walk in thievish ways</u> , or bid me <u>lurk</u>	<i>tell me to</i> <i>yonder¹</i> <i>walk in dark alleyways, go</i>
Where <u>serpents</u> are. Chain me with roaring bears, Or hide me nightly in a <u>charnel-house</u>	<i>snakes</i> <i>mortuary</i>
<u>O'er-covered quite</u> with dead men's rattling bones, With <u>reeky shanks</u> and yellow <u>chapless skulls</u> .	<i>covered up</i> <i>stinking limbs, jawless</i>
Or bid me go into a new-made grave And hide me with a dead man in his <u>shroud</u> ⁴	4.1.85 <i>burial cloth</i>
— Things that, to hear <u>them told</u> , have made me tremble — And I will do it without fear or doubt, To live an <u>unstained</u> wife to my sweet love.	<i>myself say them</i> <i>loyal</i>

FRIAR	4.1.91
<u>Hold</u> , then. Go home, be merry. <u>Give consent</u>	<i>wait, agree</i>
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.	
Tomorrow night <u>look that thou lie alone</u> .	<i>be sure to sleep alone</i>
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy <u>chamber</u> .	<i>bedroom</i>
Take thou this vial, <u>being then in bed</u> ,	<i>little bottle, once you're in bed</i>
And <u>this distilling liquor drink thou off</u> .	<i>drink all the liquid</i> 4.1.96
<u>When presently</u> through all thy veins shall run	<i>soon</i>
A cold and drowsy <u>humor</u> , for no pulse	<i>fluid</i>
Shall <u>keep his native progress</u> , but <u>surcease</u> .	<i>keep beating, stop</i>
No warmth, no breath ¹ shall testify thou <u>live'st</u> .	<i>show you're alive</i> 4.1.100
The <u>roses</u> in thy lips and cheeks shall fade	<i>rosiness</i>
To <u>paly</u> ⁴ ashes. Thy <u>eyes' windows fall</u>	<i>pale grey, eyelids will close</i>
Like Death when he <u>shuts up</u> the day of life.	<i>closes</i>
Each <u>part, deprived of supple government</u> ,	<i>part of you, unable to move</i>
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.	<i>rigid</i> 4.1.105
And in this <u>borrowed likeness of shrunk death</u>	<i>death-like appearance</i>
Thou shalt continue <u>two and forty hours</u> ,	<i>forty two hours</i>
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.	
Now, when the <u>bridegroom</u> in the morning comes	<i>Paris</i>
<u>To rouse thee</u> from thy bed, there art thou dead.	<i>to wake you</i> 4.1.110
Then, as the <u>manner</u> of our country is,	<i>custom</i>
In thy best robes, uncovered on the <u>bier</u>	<i>funeral bed</i>
Thou shalt ³ be <u>borne</u> to that same ancient <u>vault</u>	<i>shall², carried, tomb</i>
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.	<i>family</i>
In the meantime, <u>against thou shalt awake</u> ,	<i>in preparation for you waking</i>
Shall Romeo by my letters know our <u>drift</u>	<i>plan</i> 4.1.116
And <u>hither</u> shall he come, and he and I	<i>here</i>
Will <u>watch thy waking</u> ³ , and that very night	<i>watch you wake</i>
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.	<i>take you away</i>
And this shall free thee from this present shame,	4.1.120
If <u>no inconstant toy nor womanish fear</u>	<i>you don't change your mind or let</i>
<u>Abate thy valor in the acting it</u> .	<i>interfere with, courage, following the plan</i>
JULIET	4.1.123
<u>Give me</u> , give me! O, tell not me of fear!	<i>give me the vial</i>
FRIAR [<i>gives her the vial</i>]	4.1.124
<u>Hold</u> . Get you gone. Be strong and <u>prosperous</u>	<i>here,</i>
<u>In this resolve</u> . I'll send a friar <u>with speed</u>	<i>determined, quickly</i>
To Mantua with my letters to thy <u>lord</u> .	<i>husband</i>
JULIET	4.1.127
Love give me strength, and strength shall <u>help afford</u> !	<i>give me help</i>
Farewell, dear Father!	
[<i>They exit</i>]	

Act 4, Scene 2

ACT 4, SCENE 2

[*Capulet house, almost night. LORD & LADY CAPULET, NURSE & SERVANTS*]

CAPULET [<i>handing a paper to 1st Servant</i>]	4.2.1
<u>So many guests, invite as here are writ</u> .	<i>invite the guests written here</i>
[<i>1st Servant exits</i>]	
Sirrah, go hire me twenty <u>cunning</u> cooks.	<i>skilled</i>
2nd SERVANT	4.2.3
<u>You shall have none ill</u> , sir, for I'll	<i>you'll get no bad ones</i>
<u>try if they can lick their fingers</u> .	<i>test them to see if</i>
CAPULET	4.2.5
<u>How canst thou try them so?</u>	<i>how does that test them</i>

2nd SERVANT	4.2.6
Marry, sir, 'tis an <u>ill</u> cook that cannot lick his own fingers.	<i>bad (proverb)</i>
Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.	
CAPULET	4.2.9
Go, be gone. [<i>2nd Servant exits</i>]	
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.	<i>are very unprepared, event</i>
[<i>to Nurse</i>] What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?	
NURSE	4.2.12
Ay, <u>forsooth</u> .	<i>truly</i>
CAPULET	4.2.13
Well, he may chance to do some good on her.	
A <u>peevish self-willed harlotry</u> it is.	<i>unruly, willful tramp she is</i>
[<i>JULIET enters</i>]	
NURSE	4.2.15
See <u>where</u> she comes from <u>shrifft</u> with merry look.	<i>look, here, confession</i>
CAPULET	4.2.16
How now, my <u>headstrong</u> ! Where have you been	<i>stubborn girl</i>
<u>gadding</u> ?	<i>wandering</i>
JULIET	4.2.18
Where I have learned me to <u>repent</u> the sin	<i>learned to be sorry for</i>
Of disobedient opposition	
To you and your <u>behests</u> , and am <u>enjoined</u>	<i>commands, told</i>
By Holy Lawrence to <u>fall prostrate here</u>	<i>fall to my knees</i>
To beg your pardon. <u>Pardon</u> , I beseech you.	<i>forgive me</i>
Henceforward I <u>am ever</u> ruled by you.	<i>from now on, will always be</i>
CAPULET	4.2.24
Send for the County! Go tell him of this!	
I'll have this <u>knot knit up</u> tomorrow morning!	<i>wedding knot tied</i>
JULIET	4.2.26
I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell	
And gave him <u>what becomèd love I might</u> ,	<i>the appropriate amount of love</i>
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.	
CAPULET	4.2.29
Why, I am glad on't! This is well! Stand up!	
This is as't should be!—Let me see the County!	
Ay, marry! Go, I say, and fetch him <u>hither</u> .—	<i>here</i>
Now, <u>afore God</u> , this reverend Holy Friar,	<i>before God</i>
All our whole city is much <u>bound</u> to him.	<i>obliged</i>
JULIET	4.2.34
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet	
To help me <u>sort such needful ornaments</u>	<i>choose what</i>
<u>As you think fit to furnish me</u> tomorrow?	<i>to wear</i>
LADY CAPULET	4.2.37
No, <u>not till</u> Thursday. <u>There is time enough</u> .	<i>wait till, there's no rush</i>
CAPULET	4.2.38
Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.	
[<i>Juliet & Nurse exit</i>]	
LADY CAPULET	4.2.39
We shall be <u>short in our provision</u> .	<i>we won't have enough food or drink</i>
'Tis now <u>near</u> night!	<i>almost</i>
CAPULET	4.2.41
<u>Tush</u> , I will <u>stir about</u> ,	<i>nonsense, I'll get things going</i>
And all things shall be well, I <u>warrant</u> thee, wife.	<i>I promise</i>
Go thou to Juliet. Help <u>to deck up her</u> .	<i>get her ready</i>
I'll not <u>to bed</u> tonight. <u>Let me alone</u> .	<i>go to bed, leave it to me</i>
I'll play the housewife for this once.	
[<i>calling for servants</i>] —What, ho!—	
They are all <u>forth</u> . Well, I will walk myself	<i>out</i>
To County Paris to prepare him up ⁵	<i>up him²</i>
	4.2.47

Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed!
[*They exit*]

*for, I am lighthearted
has been set straight*

Act 4, Scene 3 ACT 4, SCENE 3 [*Juliet's bedroom, that night. JULIET & NURSE*]

JULIET 4.3.1
Ay, those attires are best. But gentle Nurse,
clothes
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
leave me alone
For I have need of many orisons
prayers
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
encourage, situation
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.
conflicted

LADY CAPULET [*enters*] 4.3.6
What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET 4.3.7
No, madam. We have culled such necessaries
picked out everything
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.
as needed for the ceremony
So please you, let me now be left alone,
stay with you
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET Good night. 4.3.13
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
[*They exit*]

JULIET 4.3.14
Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
fainting cold fear rushing
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
freezes me to death
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
—Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. *dreadful* 4.3.20
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. [*takes a dagger*
and puts it by the bed] Lie thou there.
What if it be a poison, which the Friar
4.3.25
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
cunningly, administered
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
otherwise
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I think
I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,
always proven himself 4.3.30
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
get me, frightening
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
suffocated, tomb
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
fresh 4.3.35
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
before
Or if I live, is it not very like
isn't it likely
The horrible conceit of death and night,
thoughts
Together with the terror of the place...
tomb 4.3.40
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
just recently buried
Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say,
rotting
At some hours in the night spirits resort...
haunt 4.3.45

Alack, alack, is it <u>not</u> like that I,	<i>not likely</i>
<u>So</u> early <u>waking</u> , what with <u>loathsome</u> smells,	<i>waking too early, awful</i>
And shrieks like <u>mandrakes</u> ' torn out of the earth,	<i>a plant with magic power</i>
That <u>living</u> mortals, hearing them, <u>run mad</u> ...	<i>people, go mad</i>
O, if I wake ⁴ , shall I not be <u>distraught</u> ,	<i>mad</i> 4.3.50
<u>Environèd</u> with all these hideous fears?	<i>surrounded</i>
And madly play with my <u>forefathers</u> ' joints?	<i>ancestors' bones</i>
And <u>pluck</u> the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?	<i>pull</i>
And, in this <u>rage</u> , with some great kinsman's bone,	<i>madness</i>
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?	4.3.55
O look! <u>Methinks</u> I see my cousin's ghost	<i>I think</i>
Seeking out Romeo that did <u>spit</u> his body	<i>stab</i>
Upon a <u>rapier's</u> point! <u>Stay</u> , Tybalt, stay!	<i>sword, stop</i>
Romeo, I come! This do ¹ I drink to thee.	Romeo, Romeo, Romeo. Here's drink. ²
<i>[She drinks then falls in bed within the curtains]</i>	

Act 4, Scene 4 ACT 4, SCENE 4

[Capulet house, before dawn. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET	4.4.1
Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, Nurse.	
NURSE	4.4.2
They <u>call</u> for dates and <u>quinces</u> in the <u>pastry</u> .	<i>are asking, fruit, pastry room</i>
CAPULET <i>[enters]</i>	4.4.3
Come, <u>stir</u> , stir, stir! The second <u>cock</u> hath crowed;	<i>move it, rooster</i>
The curfew-bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock.—	
<u>Look</u> to the baked meats, good Angelica.	<i>take care of</i>
<u>Spare</u> not for the cost.	<i>don't be cheap</i>
NURSE ² Go, you <u>cot-quean</u> , go,	LADY CAPULET ⁺ , housewife 4.4.7
Get you to bed. Faith, You'll be sick tomorrow	
For <u>this night's</u> watching.	<i>staying awake tonight</i>
CAPULET	4.4.10
No, not a <u>whit</u> . What! I have <u>watched</u> ere now	<i>bit, stayed awake before</i>
All night for <u>lesser</u> cause, and ne'er been sick.	<i>a woman</i>
LADY CAPULET	4.4.12
Ay, you have been a <u>mouse-hunt</u> in your time,	<i>woman chaser</i>
But I will <u>watch</u> you from such <u>watching</u> now!	<i>stay awake to keep, late nights</i>
<i>[Lady Capulet & Nurse exit]</i>	
CAPULET	4.4.14
A jealous <u>hood</u> , a jealous hood!	<i>woman</i>
<i>[SERVANTS enter with logs, baskets, etc.]</i>	
Now, fellow, what is there?	
1st SERVANT	4.4.17
Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.	
CAPULET	4.4.18
<u>Make</u> haste, make haste! <i>[1st Servant exits]</i>	<i>hurry up</i>
<i>[to 2nd Servant]</i> Sirrah, fetch drier logs.	
Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.	
2nd SERVANT	4.4.21
I have a <u>head</u> , sir, that will <u>find out</u> logs,	<i>good head for finding</i>
<u>And</u> <u>never</u> trouble Peter for the matter.	<i>I won't have to</i>
CAPULET	4.4.23
<u>Mass</u> , and well said! A <u>merry</u> whoreson, ha!	<i>good, witty fellow</i>
Thou shalt be <u>loggerhead</u> ! <i>[2nd Servant exits]</i>	<i>"blockhead"</i>
Good faith ⁴ , 'tis day!	
The County will be here with <u>music</u> <u>straight</u> ,	<i>musicians right away</i>
For so he said he would.	

[*Music outside*] I hear him near.—
 Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, Nurse, I say!
 [NURSE re-enters]
 Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up! *dress her*
 I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste, *hurry*
 Make haste! The bridegroom he is come already!
 Make haste, I say!
 [They exit]

Act 4, Scene 5

ACT 4, SCENE 5

[*Juliet's bedroom. NURSE, JULIET within the bed curtains*]

NURSE 4.5.1
 Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.— *fast asleep, bet*
 Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!
 What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now; *little rest* 4.5.5
 Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
 The County Paris hath set up his rest *is determined*
That you shall rest but little! God forgive me,
 Marry, and amen.—How sound is she asleep! *not to let you rest*
 I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam! 4.5.10
 Ay, let the County take you in your bed!
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be? *startle*
 [*opens the bed curtains*]
 What, dressed? And in your clothes? And down again? 4.5.15
 I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!—
 Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
 O, weraday that ever I was born!— *woe the day*
 Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! My lady! *brandy*
 LADY CAPULET [*enters*] 4.5.20
 What noise is here?
 NURSE O lamentable day! *mournful* 4.5.21
 LADY CAPULET 4.5.22
 What is the matter?
 NURSE Look, look! O heavy day! *gloomy* 4.5.23
 LADY CAPULET 4.5.24
 O me, O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! *wake up*
 Help, help! Call help!
 CAPULET [*enters*] 4.5.27
 For shame, bring Juliet forth! Her lord is come. *out here, groom is here*
 NURSE 4.5.28
 She's dead, deceased! She's dead! Alack the day!
 LADY CAPULET 4.5.29
 Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
 CAPULET 4.5.30
 Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold!
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff! *what (not laughing)*
 Life and these lips have long been separated!
 Death lies on her like an untimely frost *not flowing*
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. *unseasonably late*
 NURSE 4.5.35
 O lamentable day!
 LADY CAPULET O woeful time! 4.5.36
 CAPULET 4.5.37
 Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. *taken her away*

<i>[FRIAR, PARIS & MUSICIANS enter]</i>	
FRIAR	4.5.39
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?	
CAPULET	4.5.40
Ready to go, but never to return.—	
O son! The night before thy wedding day	<i>son-in-law</i>
Hath Death <u>lain</u> with thy wife. There she lies,	<i>slept</i>
<u>Flower</u> as she was, <u>deflowered</u> by him.	<i>beautiful, her virginity taken</i>
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.	4.5.44
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,	
And leave him <u>all</u> : life, <u>living</u> , all is Death's.	<i>everything, property</i>
PARIS	4.5.47
Have I <u>thought long</u> ¹ to see this morning's face,	<i>looked forward</i>
And doth it give me such a sight as this?	
LADY CAPULET <i>[all speak together]</i>	4.5.49
Accursed, <u>unhappy</u> , wretched, hateful day!	<i>cursed, disastrous</i>
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw	
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!	
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,	
But one thing to rejoice and <u>solace</u> in,	<i>take comfort</i>
And cruel death hath <u>caught it</u> from my sight!	<i>snatched her</i>
NURSE <i>[together]</i>	4.5.55
O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!	
Most <u>lamentable</u> day, most woeful day,	<i>mournful</i>
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!	
O day, O day, O day! O hateful day!	
Never was seen so black a day as this!	
O woeful day, O woeful day!	
PARIS <i>[together]</i>	4.5.61
Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!	<i>cheated</i>
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,	
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!	
O love! O life! Not <u>life</u> , but <u>love</u> in death!	<i>alive, but still loved</i>
CAPULET <i>[together]</i>	4.5.65
Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!	
<u>Uncomfortable</u> time, why came'st thou now	<i>comfortless</i>
To murder, murder our <u>solemnity</u> ?	<i>festivity</i>
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child,	
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,	
And with my child my joys are burièd.	
FRIAR	4.5.71
Peace, ho, for shame! <u>Confusion's cure</u> ⁺ lives not	<i>there's no cure for loss / care²</i>
In <u>these confusions</u> . Heaven and yourself	<i>crying and wailing</i>
<u>Had part</u> in this fair maid. Now heav'n hath <u>all</u> ,	<i>both had part, all of her</i>
And all the better is it for the maid.	
Your part in her you could not keep from death,	4.5.75
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.	
The most you <u>sought</u> was her <u>promotion</u> ,	<i>wanted, material advancement</i>
For 'twas your <u>heaven</u> she should be <u>advanced</u> .	<i>ideal that, marry well</i>
And weep you ⁺ now, seeing she is advanced	<i>ye²</i>
Above the clouds, as high as heav'n itself?	4.5.80
O, in this <u>love</u> you love your child so <u>ill</u>	<i>material concern, wrongly</i>
That you run mad, seeing that <u>she is well</u> .	<i>she's in heaven (an expression)</i>
She's not well married that lives married long,	
But she's best married that dies married young.	4.5.84
Dry up your tears, and <u>stick</u> your <u>rosemary</u>	<i>place, herb for funerals &</i>
On this fair <u>corse</u> , and as the custom is,	<i>weddings, corpse</i>
In all her best <u>array</u> , <u>bear</u> her to church.	<i>clothes, carry</i>

For though <u>fond</u> ⁺ nature bids us all lament, Yet nature's tears are <u>reason's merriment</u> .	<i>our emotional nature / some², to cry mocked by reason</i>	4.5.90
CAPULET All things that we <u>ordainèd festival</u> , Turn from their <u>office</u> to black funeral: Our instruments to melancholy bells, Our wedding <u>cheer</u> to a sad burial feast, Our solemn hymns to sullen <u>dirges</u> change, Our bridal flowers serve for a buried <u>corse</u> , And all things change them to the <u>contrary</u> .	<i>intended for the wedding feast purpose food & drink funeral music corpse opposite</i>	4.5.97
FRIAR Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him, And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare To follow this fair <u>corse</u> unto her grave. The heav'ns do <u>lour</u> upon you for some <u>ill</u> . <u>Move</u> them no more by <u>crossing their high will</u> . [<i>Lord & Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar exit</i>]	<i>corpse frown, bad thing you've done anger, provoking them</i>	
1st MUSICIAN (Simon) Faith, we may <u>put up</u> our <u>pipes</u> , and be gone.	<i>put away, instruments</i>	4.5.102
NURSE Honest good fellows, ah, <u>put up</u> , put up. For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [<i>exits</i>]	<i>put away</i>	4.5.103
1st MUSICIAN Ay, by ¹ my <u>troth</u> , the <u>case may be amended</u> .	<i>truly, situation / instrument case, could be better</i>	4.5.105
PETER [<i>enters</i>] Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's Ease", "Heart's Ease". O, and you will have me live, play "Heart's Ease".	<i>if you want me to live</i>	4.5.106
1st MUSICIAN Why "Heart's Ease"?		4.5.109
PETER O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My Heart is Full [of Woe]" ⁺ . O, play me some merry <u>dump</u> to comfort me.	<i>mournful song</i>	4.5.110
1st MUSICIAN Not a <u>dump</u> we! 'Tis no time to play now.	<i>mournful song</i>	4.5.113
PETER You will not, then?		4.5.115
1st MUSICIAN No.		4.5.116
PETER I will then <u>give it you</u> soundly!	<i>give it to you</i>	4.5.117
1st MUSICIAN What will you give us?		4.5.118
PETER No money, on my faith, but <u>the gleek</u> ! I will <u>give you the minstrel</u> !	<i>a sneer call you "minstrels"</i>	4.5.119
1st MUSICIAN Then I will <u>give you the serving-creature</u> !	<i>call you what you are: a servant</i>	4.5.121
PETER [<i>draws his dagger</i>] Then <u>will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate</u> ! I will <u>carry no crotchets</u> ! I'll "re" you, I'll "fa" you! Do you <u>note me</u> ?	<i>I'll knock you on the head with my dagger, take no insults/notes note what I'm saying</i>	4.5.122
1st MUSICIAN And you "re" us and "fa" us, you note us!	<i>if</i>	4.5.126
2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh) Pray you, <u>put up</u> your dagger, and <u>put out</u> your <u>wit</u> .	<i>put away, pull, intelligence</i>	4.5.127
PETER ⁺ Then <u>have at you</u> with my wit! I will <u>dry-beat</u> you with an iron wit, and <u>put up</u> my iron dagger. Answer	<i>I'll attack you, beat put away</i>	4.5.129

me like men: *[sings]*
 "When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
 [And doleful dumps the mind oppress,]¹
 Then music with her silver sound"—
 Why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"?
 What say you, Simon Catling? *lute*
 1st MUSICIAN (Simon) 4.5.137
 Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
 PETER 4.5.139
Prates! What say you, Hugh Rebeck? *foolish chatter, fiddle*
 2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh) 4.5.140
 I say "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver. *play, silver coins*
 PETER 4.5.142
Prates too!—What say you, James Soundpost? *foolish chatter,*
 3rd MUSICIAN (James) *part of a stringed instrument*
 Faith, I know not what to say. 4.5.143
 PETER 4.5.144
 O, I cry you mercy. You are the singer. I will say
 for you. It is "music with her silver sound" because
 musicians have no gold for sounding: *[sings]* *don't get paid gold for playing*
 "Then music with her silver sound
 With speedy help doth lend redress." *[exits]* *make things better*
 1st MUSICIAN 4.5.149
 What a pestilent knave is this same! *miserable fool he is*
 2nd MUSICIAN 4.5.150
 Hang him, jack! Come, we'll in here,
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
[They exit] *man, we'll go in here*
wait for, stay for dinner

Act 5, Scene 1 ACT 5, SCENE 1

[Mantua, that afternoon. ROMEO]

ROMEO 5.1.1
 If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, *believe what good dreams say*
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. *predict, soon*
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit *heart is light with joy*
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. *unusually good mood*
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead, 5.1.5
 —Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!— *the ability*
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips *on*
 That I revived and was an emperor. 5.1.10
 Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed *the love you have in reality*
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy! *even just love's dreams*
[BALTHASAR enters]
 News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar! *hello*
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares¹ my Juliet? That I ask again,
 For nothing can be ill if she be well. 5.1.15
 BALTHASAR *doth²: how is*
 5.1.18
 Then she is well and nothing can be ill. *she's in heaven (an expression)*
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, *the Capulet tomb*
 And her immortal part with angels lives. *soul*
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you. *family's tomb*
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir. *immediately rented a horse*
bad
make it my duty

ROMEO	5.1.25
Is it e'en ¹ so? Then I defy ¹ you ² , stars!—	<i>is it really so, deny², my¹, fate</i>
Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,	<i>know where I'm staying</i>
And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.	<i>rent horses, leave</i>
BALTHASAR	5.1.28
I do beseech you, sir, have patience!	
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import	<i>suggest</i>
Some misadventure.	<i>something bad will happen</i>
ROMEO	nonsense 5.1.31
Tush, thou art deceived!	
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.	
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?	
BALTHASAR	5.1.34
No, my good lord.	
ROMEO	5.1.35
No matter. Get thee gone,	<i>right away</i>
And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.	
[Balthasar exits]	
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.	
Let's see for means... O mischief, thou art swift	<i>let's see how</i>
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!	
I do remember an apothec'ry,	<i>druggist 5.1.40</i>
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted	<i>who lately I saw</i>
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,	<i>clothes, prominent</i>
Culling of simples. Meager were his looks.	<i>gathering medicinal herbs</i>
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.	
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,	<i>poor 5.1.45</i>
An alligator stuffed, and other skins	
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves	<i>odd-shaped, around</i>
A beggarly account of empty boxes,	<i>worthless collection</i>
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,	<i>leather containers, old</i>
Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses	<i>blocks of dried petals</i>
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.	<i>fill up the shelves 5.1.51</i>
Noting this penury, to myself I said	<i>poverty</i>
"And if a man did need a poison now,	
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,	<i>punishable by death</i>
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."	<i>miserable man who would</i>
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,	<i>foreshadow 5.1.56</i>
And this same needy man must sell it me.	<i>poor</i>
As I remember, this should be the house.	
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—	
What, ho! Apothec'ry!	
APOTHECARY [enters] Who calls so loud?	5.1.61
ROMEO	5.1.62
Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.	<i>come here</i>
Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have	<i>look, gold coins</i>
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear	<i>some, fast-acting stuff</i>
As will disperse itself through all the veins	
That the life-weary taker may fall dead	<i>the one taking their life</i>
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath	<i>body, exhaled</i>
As violently as hasty powder fired	<i>gunpowder</i>
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.	
APOTHECARY	5.1.70
Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law	<i>deadly</i>
Is death to any he that utters them.	<i>sentences death, sells</i>
ROMEO	5.1.72
Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,	<i>poor</i>
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,	<i>afraid, starvation shows</i>
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,	<i>show</i>
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.	
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.	

The world affords no law to make thee rich. *offers*
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this! [*Offers money*] *break the law*
 APOTHECARY 5.1.79
 My poverty, but not my will, consents. *conscience, agrees*
 ROMEO 5.1.80
 I pay¹ thy poverty and not thy will. *conscience*
 APOTHECARY [*offers poison*] 5.1.81
 Put this in any liquid thing you will
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight. *kill you immediately*
 ROMEO [*hands him the money*] 5.1.84
 There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world *hateful*
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. *mixtures*
 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh. *add flesh to your bones*
 [*Apothecary exits*]
 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me *medicine*
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*exits*]

Act 5, Scene 2 ACT 5, SCENE 2

[*Church. FRIAR JOHN*]

FRIAR JOHN 5.2.1
 Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!
 FRIAR [*enters*] 5.2.2
 This same should be the voice of Friar John.
 Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
 Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter. *if he wrote*
 FRIAR JOHN 5.2.5
 Going to find a barefoot brother out, *friar*
 One of our order, to associate me, *our Franciscan order, to go with me*
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town, *health officials*
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign, *plague had contaminated*
 Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth, *leave*
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed. *trip, stopped*
 FRIAR 5.2.13
 Who bare my letter then to Romeo? *carried*
 FRIAR JOHN 5.2.14
 I could not send it—here it is again — *back*
 [*hands him the letter*]
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.
 FRIAR 5.2.17
Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice but full of charge *terrible fortune*
 Of dear import, and the neglecting it *trivial, instructions*
 May do much danger! Friar John, go hence. *much importance*
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight *crowbar*
 Unto my cell.
 FRIAR JOHN 5.2.23
 Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*exits*]
 FRIAR 5.2.24
 Now must I to the monument alone. *go to the tomb*
 Within three hours will fair Juliet wake.
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo *curse*

Hath had no notice of these accidents. events
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! *[exits]* corpse, locked

Act 5, Scene 3

ACT 5, SCENE 3

[Capulet tomb, late that night.]

PARIS & PAGE with flowers and torch, JULIET in tomb]

PARIS 5.3.1
 Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof. *go stand at a distance*
 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. *no instead, the torch, don't want to*
 Under yond yew¹ trees lay thee all along, *those, lie down*
 Holding thy² ear close to the hollow ground; *thine¹*
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, *any footsteps in the churchyard*
 Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves, *on the loose dirt from graves*
 But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me 5.3.7
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE *[aside]* 5.3.10
 I am almost afraid to stand alone
 Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure. *[hides]* *take my chances*

PARIS *[scattering flowers over the tomb]* 5.3.12
 Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew. *scatter*
 O woe! Thy canopy is dust and stones, *bed canopy*
 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew, *perfumed water, sprinkle*
 Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans. *if not that, crying*
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep *mourning ritual*
 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[PAGE whistles]
 The boy gives warning something doth approach. 5.3.18
 What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight
 To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? *interrupt, mourning, ritual*
 What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile. *[hides]* *hide*

[ROMEO enters with BALTHASAR with torch, pick, crowbar]

ROMEO 5.3.22
 Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. *pick, crowbar*
 Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning *here*
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee, *I command you* 5.3.25
 Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof, *stay back*
 And do not interrupt me in my course. *what I'm doing*
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is partly to behold my lady's face, *see*
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger *take off from* 5.3.30
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone. *important purpose*
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry *suspicious, spy*
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint *limb from limb* 5.3.35
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs! *scatter*
 The time and my intents are savage-wild, *circumstance, state of mind*
 More fierce and more inexorable far *merciless*
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea. *hungry*

BALTHASAR 5.3.40
 I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye². *you¹*

ROMEO	5.3.41
So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that. [<i>gives money</i>]	<i>that's how</i>
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.	
BALTHASAR [<i>aside</i>]	5.3.43
For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.	<i>all the same, nearby</i>
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [<i>hides</i>]	<i>intentions</i>
ROMEO [<i>starts forcing open the tomb</i>]	5.3.45
Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,	<i>stomach</i>
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,	
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,	
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food!	<i>in spite</i>
PARIS	5.3.49
[<i>aside</i>] This is that banish'd haughty Montague	<i>arrogant</i>
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief	
It is supposed the fair creature died!	<i>believed, Juliet</i>
And here is come to do some villainous shame	<i>he has come to</i>
To the dead bodies! I will apprehend him.	<i>arrest</i>
[<i>to Romeo</i>] Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!	<i>unholy work</i>
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?	<i>worse</i> 5.3.55
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee!	<i>arrest</i>
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die!	
ROMEO	5.3.58
I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.	<i>that's why I came here</i>
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man!	
Fly hence, and leave me! Think upon these gone;	<i>run away, deceased</i>
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,	<i>frighten</i>
Put not another sin upon my head	
By urging me to fury! O, be gone!	<i>pushing</i>
By heav'n, I love thee better than myself,	
For I come hither armed against myself.	5.3.65
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say	
A madman's mercy bade ⁺ thee run away.	<i>bid²: begged</i>
PARIS	5.3.68
I do defy thy commination ² ,	<i>conjurations¹: threats</i>
And apprehend thee for a felon here.	<i>arrest, criminal</i>
ROMEO	5.3.70
Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!	
[<i>They fight</i>]	
PAGE	5.3.71
O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch! [<i>exits</i>]	<i>guards</i>
PARIS	5.3.72
O, I am slain! [<i>falls</i>] If thou be merciful,	
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [<i>dies</i>]	
ROMEO	5.3.74
In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.	<i>look at</i>
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!	
What said my man when my betossed soul	<i>servant, troubled</i>
Did not attend him as we rode? I think	<i>listen to him</i>
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.	<i>was to have married</i>
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?	
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,	5.3.80
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,	
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!	<i>you're written</i>
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—[<i>opens the tomb</i>]	<i>glorious</i>
A grave? O no, A lantern, slaughtered youth,	<i>glass tower</i> 5.3.84
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes	
This vault a feasting presence full of light.	<i>festive hall</i>
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.	<i>buried</i>
[<i>laying PARIS in the tomb</i>]	

How oft when men are at the point of death *often*
 Have they been merry, which their keepers call *jailers*
 A lightning before death! O, how may I *uplifted spirits* 5.3.90
 Call this a lightning?—O my love! My wife!
 Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
 Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet *sign*
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, *red* 5.3.95
 And death's pale flag is not advancèd there.— *raised*
 Tybalt, lie'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favor can I do to thee
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain *my hand, short*
 To sunder his that was thine² enemy? *thy⁵, cut down my life* 5.3.100
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe *beautiful*
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous, *bodiless Death is your lover*
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps *horrible*
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour? *mistress* 5.3.105
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee, *will stay forever*
 And never from this palace³ of dim night
 Depart again. Here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest, 5.3.110
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars *shake off the burden of cruel fate*
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last. *body, for the last time*
 Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss *pure* 5.3.114
 A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [*kisses her*] *eternal contract, all-possessing*
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide, *escort (poison), offensive*
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on *navigator, run into*
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! *ship*
 Here's to my love! [*drinks*] O true apothecry,
 Thy drugs are quick. [*kisses her*] Thus with a kiss I die. [*dies*] 5.3.120

FRIAR [*enters with lantern, crowbar, spade*] 5.3.121
 Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight *help me, often*
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

BALTHASAR 5.3.123
 Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well. *it's me*

FRIAR 5.3.124
 Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light *there, wastefully shines*
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, *worms*
 It burneth in the Capel's monument. *Capulet tomb*

BALTHASAR 5.3.128
 It doth so, Holy sir, and there's my master,
 One that you love.

FRIAR Who is it? 5.3.130

BALTHASAR Romeo. 5.3.131

FRIAR 5.3.132
 How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR Full half an hour. 5.3.133

FRIAR 5.3.134
 Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR I dare not, sir. 5.3.135
 My master knows not but I am gone hence, *doesn't know I didn't leave*
 And fearfully did menace me with death *threaten*
 If I did stay to look on his intents. *to watch him*

FRIAR	5.3.139	
Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.		
O, much I fear some <u>ill unthrifty</u> thing.		<i>evil</i>
BALTHASAR	5.3.141	
As I did sleep under this yew ¹ tree here,		
I dreamt my master and another fought,		
And that my master slew him.		
FRIAR	5.3.144	
Romeo!		
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains		
The stony entrance of this <u>sepulchre</u> ?		<i>tomb</i>
What mean these masterless and <u>gory</u> swords		<i>abandoned, bloody</i>
To lie discolored by this place of peace?	5.3.148	
<i>[enters tomb]</i>		
Romeo! O, <u>pale</u> ! Who else? What, Paris too?		<i>so pale</i>
And <u>steeped</u> in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour		<i>soaked</i>
Is guilty of this <u>lamentable chance</u> !		<i>grievous coincidence</i>
<i>[JULIET wakes]</i>		
The lady stirs!		
JULIET	5.3.153	
O <u>comfortable</u> Friar, where is my <u>lord</u> ?		<i>comforting, husband</i>
I do remember well where I should be,		
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?		
<i>[Noise outside]</i>		
FRIAR	5.3.156	
I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest		
Of death, <u>contagion</u> , and unnatural sleep.		<i>disease</i>
A greater power than we can <u>contradict</u>		<i>oppose</i>
Hath <u>thwarted our intents</u> ! Come, come away!		<i>wrecked our plans</i>
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,	5.3.160	
And Paris too! Come, I'll <u>dispose of thee</u>		<i>hide you</i>
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns!		
Stay not to question, for the <u>watch is coming</u> !		<i>guards are coming</i>
<i>[Another noise]</i>		
Come, go, good Juliet! I dare no longer stay!		
JULIET	5.3.165	
Go, get thee hence, for I will not <u>away</u> !		<i>leave</i>
<i>[Friar exits]</i>		
What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?		
Poison, I see, hath been his <u>timeless</u> end.		<i>eternal / premature</i>
O <u>churl</u> ! Drunk all, and left <u>no friendly</u> drop		<i>selfish man</i>
To help me <u>after</u> ? I will kiss thy lips.		<i>follow after you</i>
<u>Haply</u> some poison yet doth hang on them	5.3.170	<i>perhaps</i>
To make me die with a <u>restorative</u> . <i>[kisses him]</i>		<i>restoring medicine</i>
Thy lips are warm!		
1st GUARD <i>[outside]</i>	5.3.173	
Lead, boy. Which way?		
JULIET	5.3.174	
Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief.		
<i>[finding Romeo's dagger]</i> O, <u>happy dagger</u> !		<i>how fortunate: a dagger</i>
<u>This</u> is thy sheath! <i>[stabs herself]</i>		<i>my heart</i>
There rust, and let me die. <i>[dies]</i>		
<i>[PAGE enters with GUARDS]</i>		
PAGE	5.3.176	
This is the place. There, where the torch doth burn.		
1st GUARD	5.3.177	
The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.		
Go, some of you. Whoe'er you find <u>attach</u> .		<i>arrest</i>

[Some Guards exit]		
Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,		5.3.180
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,		
Who here hath lain these two days burièd.		
Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.		
Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.		wake
[More Guards exit]		
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,	bodies	5.3.185
But the true ground of all these piteous woes	reason, pitiful	
We cannot without circumstance descry.	details, discover	
[2nd GUARD enters with BALTHASAR]		
2nd GUARD		5.3.188
Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.		
1st GUARD		5.3.190
Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.		securely
[3rd GUARD enters with FRIAR]		
3rd GUARD		5.3.191
Here is a friar that trembles, sighs and weeps.		
We took this mattock and this spade from him		pick, shovel
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.		
1st GUARD		5.3.194
A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.	very suspicious, hold	
PRINCE [enters with Attendants]		5.3.195
What misadventure is so early up		problem
That calls our person from our morning rest?		me
[LORD & LADY CAPULET and Others enter]		
CAPULET		5.3.197
What should it be that they ⁵ so shriek ² abroad?	is ¹ , shrieked ⁺ : shout about	
LADY CAPULET		5.3.198
The ¹ people in the street cry "Romeo",		O, the ²
Some "Juliet", and some "Paris", and all run		
With open outcry toward our monument.		tomb
PRINCE		5.3.201
What fear is this which startles in our ⁺ ears?		your ²
1st GUARD		5.3.202
Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,		
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,		
Warm and new killed.		
PRINCE		5.3.205
Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes!		learn
1st GUARD		5.3.207
Here is a friar, and slaughtered ³ Romeo's man,		
With instruments upon them, fit to open		tools
These dead men's tombs.		
CAPULET		5.3.210
O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!		
This dagger hath mista'en, for lo, his house	made a mistake, look, its sheath	
Is empty on the back of Montague,		
And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom!		
LADY CAPULET		5.3.214
O me! This sight of death is as a bell		
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.	summons, tomb	
[MONTAGUE & Others enter]		
PRINCE		5.3.216
Come, Montague, for thou art early up		
To see thy son and heir now early ¹ down.		
MONTAGUE		5.3.218
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.		prince

Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath. What further woe <u>conspires against mine² age?</u>	<i>my⁵, threatens my old age</i>
PRINCE	5.3.221
Look, and thou shalt see.	
MONTAGUE	5.3.222
O thou <u>untaught!</u> What manners is in this, To <u>press</u> before thy father to a grave?	<i>rude boy rush</i>
PRINCE	5.3.224
<u>Seal up the mouth of outrage</u> for a while Till we can clear these ambiguities And know their <u>spring</u> , their head, their true <u>descent</u> , And then will I be <u>general of</u> your woes And lead you even to <u>death</u> . Meantime <u>forbear</u> , And let <u>mischance be slave to patience</u> . <i>[to Guards]</i> Bring forth the <u>parties of suspicion</u> .	<i>quiet your outcries source, origin, start lead you in death of the guilty, be quiet be calm in the face of misfortune suspects</i>
FRIAR	5.3.232
I am the <u>greatest</u> , able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the <u>time and place</u> Doth <u>make against me</u> of this <u>direful murder</u> . And here I stand, both to <u>impeach and purge</u> <u>Myself condemnèd and myself excused</u> .	<i>biggest suspect circumstances make me look guilty, terrible condemn my wrongs and excuse what may be pardoned</i>
PRINCE	5.3.237
Then say <u>at once</u> what thou dost know in this.	<i>immediately</i>
FRIAR	5.3.238
I will be brief, for my <u>short date of breath</u> Is not so long as is a tedious tale. Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet, And she, there dead, that's ² Romeo's faithful wife. I married them, and their <u>stol'n marriage-day</u> Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death Banished the new-made bridegroom from the city, For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet <u>pined</u> . <i>[to Capulet]</i> You, to <u>remove that siege of grief from her</u> , <u>Betrothed and would have married her perforce</u> To County Paris. <i>[to all]</i> Then comes she to me, And with <u>wild looks</u> , bid me <u>devise some mean</u> <u>To rid her from</u> this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill herself. Then gave I her, <u>so tutored by my² art</u> , A sleeping potion, which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The <u>form</u> of death. Meantime I <u>writ</u> to Romeo That he should hither come as this <u>dire night</u> To help to take her from her borrowed grave, Being the time the potion's <u>force should cease</u> . But he which <u>bore</u> my letter, Friar John, Was <u>stayed</u> by accident, and yesternight Returned my letter back. Then all alone At the <u>prefixed hour</u> of her waking Came I to take her from her <u>kindred's vault</u> , Meaning to keep her <u>closely</u> at my cell Till I conveniently could send to Romeo. But when I came, some minute <u>ere</u> the time Of her <u>awaking⁵</u> , here <u>untimely lay</u> The noble Paris and <u>true</u> Romeo dead. She wakes, and I <u>entreated her come forth</u> And bear this work of heaven with patience, But then a noise did scare me from the tomb, And she, too <u>desperate</u> , would not go with me,	<i>short time to live 5.3.240 that⁺ secret wedding day day of death mourned 5.3.245 end her grief promised, by force upset, make a plan to get her out of 5.3.250 mine¹, as I have studied appearance, wrote 5.3.255 tragic effect should wear off carried delayed 5.3.260 expected family tomb secretly 5.3.265 before awakening², tragically faithful begged her to go 5.3.270 upset</i>

But, as it seems, did violence on herself. *kill herself*
All this I know, and to the marriage *this is all I know*
 Her Nurse is privy. And if auight in this *aware, anything* 5.3.275
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life *went wrong*
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time *my*
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

PRINCE *5.3.279*
We still have known thee for a holy man.— *we've always known you to be*
 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR *5.3.281*
 I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post he came from Mantua *quickly*
 To this same place, to this same monument. [*shows a letter*] *tomb*
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
 I departed not and left him there. *if I*

PRINCE *5.3.287*
 Give me the letter, I will look on it. [*takes the letter*]— *read it*
 Where is the County's page, that raised the watch? *alerted the guards*
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place? *come to this place*

PAGE *5.3.291*
 He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave, *scatter over*
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did. *stand away*
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb, *soon, open*
 And by and by my master drew on him, *soon, drew his sword*
 And then I ran away to call the watch. *guards*

PRINCE [*reads the letter*] *5.3.296*
 This letter doth make good the Friar's words, *does support*
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death, *news*
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothec'ry, and therewithal *druggist, with it*
 Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! *5.3.301*
 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, *curse*
 That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love! *a way, children*
 And I for winking at your discords too *disregarding your fighting*
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen! All are punish'd! *two of my*

CAPULET *5.3.306*
 O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more *this handshake, wedding gift from you*
 Can I demand.

MONTAGUE *5.3.309*
 But I can give thee more,
 For I will raise⁴ her statue in pure gold, *have a statue made of her*
 That while¹ Verona by that name is known, *is still known by that name*
There shall no figure at such rate be set *no figure will be as valued*
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET *5.3.314*
 As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity! *I'll place a statue of Romeo by hers*
pitiful victims of our hatred

PRINCE *5.3.316*
 A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
 The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head. *face*
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things. *go on*
 Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.
 For never was a story of more woe
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[End]

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