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Romeo and Juliet Act 1

[00:00:51] Two households, both alike in dignity,
 [00:00:55] In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 [00:00:58] From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 [00:01:01] Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 [00:01:05] From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 [00:01:09] A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 [00:01:13] Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
 [00:01:16] Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
 [00:01:21] The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 [00:01:24] And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 [00:01:26] Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 [00:01:29] Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
 [00:01:33] The which if you with patient ears attend,
 [00:01:36] What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.
 [00:02:29] Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
 [00:02:32] No, for then we should be colliers.
 [00:02:35] I strike quickly, being moved.
 [00:02:37] The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
 [00:02:40] 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
 [00:02:43] when I have fought with the men,
 [00:02:46] I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads.
 [00:02:50] The heads of the maids?
 [00:02:51] Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;
 [00:02:54] take it in what sense thou wilt.
 [00:02:56] They must take it in sense that feel it.
 [00:02:57] Me they shall feel whilst I am able to stand:
 [00:03:00] and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
 [00:03:04] Draw thy tool!
 [00:03:06] Here come two of the house of the Montagues.
 [00:03:12] Quarrel, I'll back thee.
 [00:03:13] How! Turn thy back and run?
 [00:03:14] Fear me not.
 [00:03:15] No, marry; I fear thee!
 [00:03:18] Let us take the law of our sides;
 [00:03:20] let them begin.
 [00:03:21] I will frown as I pass by,
 [00:03:22] and let them take it as they list.
 [00:03:24] Nay, as they dare.
 [00:03:25] I will bite my thumb at them;
 [00:03:26] which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
 [00:03:42] Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
 [00:03:47] I do bite my thumb, sir.
 [00:03:49] Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
 [00:03:54] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?
 [00:03:56] No.
 [00:03:57] No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir,
 [00:04:03] but I do bite my thumb, sir.
 [00:04:06] Do you quarrel, sir?
 [00:04:07] Quarrel sir!
 [00:04:09] No, sir.
 [00:04:11] If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
 [00:04:15] No better?
 [00:04:16] Say 'better:' here comes one of our master's kinsmen.
 [00:04:19] Yes, better, sir.
 [00:04:21] You lie.
 [00:04:29] Gregory!
 [00:04:37] Remember thy swashing blow.
 [00:04:39] Part, fools!

[00:04:42] Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
 [00:04:45] Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
 [00:04:48] I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
 [00:04:53] Or manage it to part these men with me.
 [00:04:55] What, drawn, and talk of peace!
 [00:04:58] I hate the word,
 [00:05:00] As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
 [00:06:21] Down with the Capulets!
 [00:06:23] Down with the Montagues!
 [00:06:26] What noise is this?
 [00:06:28] Give me my long sword, ho!
 [00:06:31] A crutch, a crutch!
 [00:06:33] Why call you for a sword?
 [00:06:35] My sword, I say!
 [00:06:36] Old Montague is come,
 [00:06:37] And flourishes his blade in spite of me.
 [00:06:38] Thou villain Capulet,-- Hold me not, let me go.
 [00:06:42] Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.
 [00:06:58] Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 [00:07:01] Profaners of this neighbour- stained steel,--
 [00:07:06] Will they not hear?
 [00:07:07] What, ho!
 [00:07:08] You men, you beasts,
 [00:07:11] That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 [00:07:14] With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 [00:07:17] On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 [00:07:21] Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
 [00:07:23] And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 [00:07:29] Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 [00:07:32] By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 [00:07:35] Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 [00:07:38] And made Verona's ancient citizens
 [00:07:40] Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
 [00:07:44] To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 [00:07:46] Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 [00:07:51] If ever you disturb our streets again,
 [00:07:54] Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 [00:07:58] For this time, all the rest depart away:
 [00:08:01] Capulet, you shall go along with me:
 [00:08:07] Montague, come you this afternoon,
 [00:08:10] To hear our further pleasure in this case,
 [00:08:14] Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
 [00:08:34] O, where is Romeo?
 [00:08:35] Saw you him to-day?
 [00:08:37] Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
 [00:08:41] Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 [00:08:43] Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 [00:08:45] A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
 [00:08:48] Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 [00:08:50] That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 [00:08:51] So early walking did I see your son:
 [00:08:53] Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
 [00:08:57] And stole into the covert of the wood.
 [00:08:59] Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 [00:09:01] With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.
 [00:09:04] Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
 [00:09:07] But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 [00:09:10] Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 [00:09:12] The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 [00:09:15] Away from the light steals home my heavy son,

[00:09:19] And private in his chamber pens himself,
 [00:09:21] Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out
 [00:09:24] And makes himself an artificial night:
 [00:09:26] Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 [00:09:29] Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
 [00:09:31] My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
 [00:09:34] I neither know it nor can learn of him.
 [00:09:36] Have you importuned him by any means?
 [00:09:38] Both by myself and many other friends.
 [00:09:41] Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 [00:09:44] We would as willingly give cure as know.
 [00:09:46] Trust me, my lord: so please you, step aside;
 [00:09:50] I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
 [00:09:58] Good-morrow, cousin.
 [00:10:00] Is the day so young?
 [00:10:01] But new struck nine.
 [00:10:03] Ay me!
 [00:10:04] Sad hours seem long.
 [00:10:07] What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
 [00:10:10] Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
 [00:10:11] In love?
 [00:10:12] Out--
 [00:10:14] Of love?
 [00:10:15] Out of her favour, where I'm in love.
 [00:10:16] Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
 [00:10:19] Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
 [00:10:21] Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
 [00:10:24] Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
 [00:10:26] Where shall we dine?
 [00:10:28] O me!
 [00:10:29] What fray was here?
 [00:10:31] Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
 [00:10:34] Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
 [00:10:37] Why, then, O brawling love!
 [00:10:40] O loving hate!
 [00:10:42] O any thing, of nothing first create!
 [00:10:44] O heavy lightness!
 [00:10:45] Serious vanity!
 [00:10:47] Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 [00:10:49] Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 [00:10:53] This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 [00:10:58] Dost thou not laugh?
 [00:11:00] No, coz, I rather weep.
 [00:11:03] Good heart, at what?
 [00:11:04] At thy good heart's oppression.
 [00:11:06] Why, such is love's transgression.
 [00:11:08] Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
 [00:11:11] Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 [00:11:14] Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with loving tears:
 [00:11:17] What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 [00:11:20] A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
 [00:11:23] Farewell, my coz.
 [00:11:24] Soft!
 [00:11:25] I will go along;
 [00:11:27] An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
 [00:11:29] I've lost myself; I'm not here;
 [00:11:31] This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
 [00:11:33] Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
 [00:11:40] What, shall I groan and tell thee?
 [00:11:42] Groan, why, no.

[00:11:43] But sadly tell me who.
 [00:11:45] In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
 [00:11:47] I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.
 [00:11:50] A right good mark-man!
 [00:11:51] And she's fair I love.
 [00:11:52] A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
 [00:11:55] Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
 [00:11:56] With Cupid's arrow.
 [00:11:57] Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
 [00:12:01] She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.
 [00:12:03] She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 [00:12:06] Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
 [00:12:08] Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.
 [00:12:16] Teach me how I should forget to think.
 [00:12:18] By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 [00:12:21] Examine other beauties.
 [00:12:22] He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 [00:12:24] The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
 [00:12:27] Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 [00:12:29] What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 [00:12:31] Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
 [00:12:34] Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
 [00:12:36] I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
 [00:12:41] But Montague is bound as well as I,
 [00:12:44] In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
 [00:12:49] For men so old as we to keep the peace.
 [00:12:52] Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 [00:12:54] And pity 'tis you've lived at odds so long.
 [00:12:56] But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
 [00:12:59] But saying o'er what I have said before:
 [00:13:03] My child is yet a stranger to the world;
 [00:13:05] She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
 [00:13:08] Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 [00:13:11] Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
 [00:13:13] Younger than she are happy mothers made.
 [00:13:16] And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
 [00:13:19] The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 [00:13:22] She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
 [00:13:24] But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 [00:13:26] My will to her consent is but a part;
 [00:13:29] An she agree, within her scope of choice
 [00:13:32] Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 [00:13:36] This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 [00:13:40] Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 [00:13:43] Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 [00:13:45] One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 [00:13:48] At my poor house look to behold this night
 [00:13:52] Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
 [00:13:55] Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 [00:13:57] When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 [00:13:59] Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 [00:14:01] Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 [00:14:04] Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 [00:14:07] And like her most whose merit most shall be.
 [00:14:10] Come, go with me.
 [00:14:18] Go, sirrah, trudge about
 [00:14:21] Through fair Verona; find those persons out
 [00:14:24] Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 [00:14:27] My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
 [00:14:32] Find them out whose names are written here!

[00:14:36] It is written,
 [00:14:39] that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard,
 [00:14:43] and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil,
 [00:14:51] and the painter with his nets;
 [00:14:56] but I am sent to find those persons
 [00:14:59] whose names are here writ, and can never find what names
 [00:15:02] the writing person hath here writ.
 [00:15:04] I must to the learned.-- In good time.
 [00:15:08] Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
 [00:15:11] One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 [00:15:13] Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
 [00:15:16] One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
 [00:15:19] Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 [00:15:22] And the rank poison of the old will die.
 [00:15:24] Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.
 [00:15:25] God-den, good fellow.
 [00:15:26] God gi' god-den.
 [00:15:28] I pray, sir, can you read?
 [00:15:30] Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
 [00:15:32] Perhaps you have learned it without book:
 [00:15:34] but, I pray, can you read any thing that you see?
 [00:15:37] Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
 [00:15:39] Ye say honestly: rest you merry!
 [00:15:42] Stay, fellow; I can read.
 [00:15:48] 'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
 [00:15:51] County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;
 [00:15:55] the lady widow of Vitravio;
 [00:15:56] Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
 [00:15:59] Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
 [00:16:02] mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;
 [00:16:05] my fair niece Rosaline and Livia;
 [00:16:09] Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,
 [00:16:12] Lucio and the lively Helena.'
 [00:16:13] A fair assembly: whither should they come?
 [00:16:14] Up.
 [00:16:15] Whither?
 [00:16:16] To supper at our house.
 [00:16:17] Whose house?
 [00:16:19] My master's.
 [00:16:20] Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
 [00:16:21] Now I'll tell you without asking:
 [00:16:24] my master is the great rich Capulet;
 [00:16:26] and if you be not of the house of Montague,
 [00:16:29] come and crush a cup of wine.
 [00:16:30] Rest you merry!
 [00:16:35] At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
 [00:16:38] Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
 [00:16:40] With all the admired beauties of Verona:
 [00:16:42] Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
 [00:16:46] Compare her face with some that I will show,
 [00:16:48] And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
 [00:16:50] One fairer than my love!
 [00:16:52] The all-seeing sun
 [00:16:53] Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
 [00:16:55] Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
 [00:16:57] Herself poised with herself in either eye:
 [00:16:59] But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
 [00:17:02] Your lady's love against some other maid
 [00:17:04] That I will show you shining at this feast,
 [00:17:07] And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

[00:17:11] I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
 [00:17:14] But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.
 [00:17:21] Nurse, where's my daughter?
 [00:17:23] Call her forth to me.
 [00:17:25] Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve years old,
 [00:17:27] I bade her come.
 [00:17:29] What, lamb!
 [00:17:32] What, ladybird!
 [00:17:33] God forbid!
 [00:17:34] Where's this girl?
 [00:17:36] What, Juliet!
 [00:17:37] How now! Who calls?
 [00:17:38] Your mother.
 [00:17:42] Madam, I am here.
 [00:17:44] What is your will?
 [00:17:45] This is the matter:-- Nurse, give leave awhile,
 [00:17:49] We must talk in secret:--
 [00:17:50] Nurse, come back again;
 [00:17:53] I have remember'd me, thou'st hear our counsel.
 [00:17:57] Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
 [00:18:00] Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
 [00:18:02] She's not fourteen.
 [00:18:03] I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,--
 [00:18:06] And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four--
 [00:18:08] She's not fourteen.
 [00:18:10] How long is it now To Lammas-tide?
 [00:18:12] A fortnight and odd days.
 [00:18:13] Even or odd, of all days in the year,
 [00:18:16] On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
 [00:18:19] Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--
 [00:18:22] Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
 [00:18:26] She was too good for me: but, as I said,
 [00:18:28] On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
 [00:18:31] I remember it well.
 [00:18:33] 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
 [00:18:36] And on that day, of all days of the year,
 [00:18:38] that she was weaned; I never shall forget it.
 [00:18:42] For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 [00:18:44] Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
 [00:18:47] My lord and you were then at Mantua:--
 [00:18:49] Nay, I do bear a brain:-- but, as I said,
 [00:18:53] When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 [00:18:56] Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty retch,
 [00:19:00] To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
 [00:19:04] Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
 [00:19:09] To bid me trudge:
 [00:19:10] And since that time it is eleven years;
 [00:19:13] And then she could stand high alone; nay, by the rood,
 [00:19:17] She then could run and waddle all about;
 [00:19:18] For e'en the day before, she broke her brow:
 [00:19:22] And then my husband-- O, God rest his soul!
 [00:19:27] He was a merry man-- took up the child:
 [00:19:30] "Yea," quoth he, "fallst thou upon thy face?
 [00:19:33] "Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
 [00:19:36] Wilt thou not, Jule?"
 [00:19:38] And, by my holidame,
 [00:19:41] The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."
 [00:19:45] To see, now, how a jest might come about!
 [00:19:49] I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 [00:19:51] I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"

[00:19:53] Quoth he; And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."
 [00:20:00] Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
 [00:20:03] Yes, madam.
 [00:20:04] Juliet--
 [00:20:05] I cannot choose but laugh,
 [00:20:08] To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."
 [00:20:11] And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 [00:20:13] A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
 [00:20:15] A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
 [00:20:17] "Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
 [00:20:21] "Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
 [00:20:24] Wilt thou not, Jule?"
 [00:20:25] Pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."
 [00:20:31] And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
 [00:20:34] Peace, I have done.
 [00:20:35] God mark thee to his grace!
 [00:20:37] Thou wast the prettiest babe as e'er I nursed:
 [00:20:40] An I might live to see thee married once,
 [00:20:42] I'd have my wish.
 [00:20:44] Marry, that 'marry'
 [00:20:45] is the very theme I came to talk of.
 [00:20:47] Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 [00:20:49] How stands your disposition to be married?
 [00:20:53] It is an honour that I dream not of.
 [00:20:57] An honour!
 [00:20:58] Were not I thine only nurse,
 [00:21:00] I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
 [00:21:03] Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
 [00:21:06] Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 [00:21:08] Are made already mothers: by my count,
 [00:21:11] I was your mother much upon these years
 [00:21:13] That you are now a maid.
 [00:21:17] Thus then in brief:
 [00:21:19] The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
 [00:21:22] A man, young lady!
 [00:21:25] Lady, such a man
 [00:21:26] As all the world-- oh, he's a man of wax.
 [00:21:28] Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
 [00:21:29] Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
 [00:21:33] What say you?
 [00:21:34] Can you love the gentleman?
 [00:21:37] This night you shall behold him at our feast;
 [00:21:40] Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 [00:21:44] And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
 [00:21:47] Examine every married lineament,
 [00:21:50] And see how one another lends content
 [00:21:52] And what obscured in that fair volume lies
 [00:21:55] Find written in the margent of his eyes.
 [00:21:58] This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 [00:22:02] To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
 [00:22:04] The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
 [00:22:08] For fair without the fair within to hide:
 [00:22:11] That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 [00:22:16] That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
 [00:22:20] So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 [00:22:24] By having him, making yourself no less.
 [00:22:26] No less!
 [00:22:28] Nay, bigger; women grow by men.
 [00:22:30] Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
 [00:22:35] I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

[00:22:38] But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 [00:22:40] Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.
 [00:22:43] Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called,
 [00:22:46] my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry,
 [00:22:49] and every thing in extremity.
 [00:22:51] I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.
 [00:22:53] We follow thee.
 [00:22:54] Juliet, the county stays.
 [00:22:57] Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
 [00:23:08] Shall we on without a apology?
 [00:23:10] The date is out of such prolixity.
 [00:23:14] But let them measure us by what they will;
 [00:23:16] We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
 [00:23:18] Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
 [00:23:20] Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
 [00:23:22] Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
 [00:23:26] Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
 [00:23:28] With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
 [00:23:30] So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
 [00:23:32] You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
 [00:23:35] And soar with them above the common bound.
 [00:23:38] I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
 [00:23:40] To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
 [00:23:42] I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
 [00:23:44] Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
 [00:23:47] And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
 [00:23:49] Too great oppression for a tender thing.
 [00:23:51] Is love a tender thing?
 [00:23:53] It is too rough,
 [00:23:54] Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
 [00:23:56] If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
 [00:23:57] Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
 [00:24:00] Give me a case to put my visage in:
 [00:24:02] A visor for a visor!
 [00:24:05] What care I What curious eye doth quote deformities?
 [00:24:08] Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
 [00:24:11] Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
 [00:24:12] But every man betake him to his legs.
 [00:24:14] And we mean well in going to this mask;
 [00:24:16] But 'tis no wit to go.
 [00:24:18] Why, may one ask?
 [00:24:20] I dreamt a dream to-night.
 [00:24:21] And so did I.
 [00:24:23] Well, what was yours?
 [00:24:24] That dreamers often lie.
 [00:24:26] Ay, in bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
 [00:24:28] O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 [00:24:32] She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 [00:24:37] In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 [00:24:40] On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 [00:24:41] Drawn with a team of little atomies
 [00:24:45] Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
 [00:24:48] Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
 [00:24:53] The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 [00:24:55] The traces of the smallest spider's web,
 [00:24:58] The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 [00:25:01] Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 [00:25:08] Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,
 [00:25:12] Not half so big as a round little worm
 [00:25:13] Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

[00:25:16] Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 [00:25:19] Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 [00:25:22] Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 [00:25:26] And in this state she gallops night by night
 [00:25:29] Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 [00:25:34] O'er courtiers' knees, who dream on court'sies straight,
 [00:25:39] O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
 [00:25:42] O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 [00:25:46] Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 [00:25:49] Because their breath with sweetmeats tainted are;
 [00:25:54] Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 [00:25:58] And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 [00:26:02] Sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 [00:26:03] Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
 [00:26:05] Then dreams, he of another benefice:
 [00:26:08] Sometime she gallops o'er a soldier's neck.
 [00:26:12] Then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 [00:26:14] Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 [00:26:17] Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
 [00:26:21] Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 [00:26:26] And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
 [00:26:28] And sleeps again.
 [00:26:31] This is that very Mab
 [00:26:34] That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 [00:26:37] And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
 [00:26:40] Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
 [00:26:43] This is the hag that, when maids lie on their backs,
 [00:26:47] Presses them and learns them first to bear,
 [00:26:51] Making them women of good carriage:
 [00:26:54] This is she--
 [00:26:55] Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 [00:26:56] Thou talk'st of nothing.
 [00:26:57] True, I talk of dreams,
 [00:27:00] Which are the children of an idle brain,
 [00:27:04] Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 [00:27:07] Which is as thin of substance as the air
 [00:27:11] And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
 [00:27:14] Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 [00:27:17] And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 [00:27:19] Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.
 [00:27:22] This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
 [00:27:25] Supper is done, and we will come too late.
 [00:27:27] I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
 [00:27:32] Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
 [00:27:34] Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 [00:27:36] With this night's revels and expire the term
 [00:27:40] Of a despised life closed in my breast
 [00:27:43] By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
 [00:27:50] But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 [00:27:54] Direct my sail!
 [00:27:57] On, lusty gentlemen!
 [00:28:00] Strike, drum!
 [00:28:17] Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
 [00:28:22] Antony, and Potpan!
 [00:28:24] Ay, boy, ready.
 [00:28:25] You are looked for and called for,
 [00:28:27] asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.
 [00:28:28] We cannot be here and there too.
 [00:28:30] Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile; the longer liver takes all.
 [00:28:36] Look to the plate; look to the plate.

[00:28:54] Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
 [00:28:58] Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
 [00:29:01] Ah ha, my mistresses!
 [00:29:04] Which of you all will now deny to dance?
 [00:29:06] She that makes dainty,
 [00:29:08] She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
 [00:29:14] Welcome, gentlemen!
 [00:29:16] I have seen the day
 [00:29:18] That I have worn a visor and could tell
 [00:29:20] A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
 [00:29:22] Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
 [00:29:29] You are welcome, gentlemen!
 [00:29:31] Come, musicians, play.
 [00:29:33] A hall, a hall!
 [00:29:36] Give room!
 [00:29:37] And foot it, girls.
 [00:29:47] More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
 [00:29:51] And quench the fire, the room's grown too hot.
 [00:29:55] Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
 [00:30:01] Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
 [00:30:06] For you and I are past our dancing days:
 [00:30:10] How long is't now since last yourself and I
 [00:30:14] Were in a mask?
 [00:30:15] Oh, by'r lady, thirty years.
 [00:30:20] 'Tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
 [00:30:23] 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
 [00:30:27] Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
 [00:30:28] Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.
 [00:30:35] 'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder, sir;
 [00:30:40] His son is thirty.
 [00:30:43] Will you tell me that?
 [00:30:44] His son was but a ward two years ago.
 [00:30:48] Thirty.
 [00:32:35] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
 [00:32:37] Of yonder knight?
 [00:32:38] I know not, sir.
 [00:32:42] O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 [00:32:48] It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 [00:32:50] Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
 [00:32:53] Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 [00:33:00] So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 [00:33:04] As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 [00:33:11] Did my heart love till now?
 [00:33:14] Forswear it, sight!
 [00:33:16] For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
 [00:33:24] Fetch me my rapier, boy.
 [00:33:28] What dares the slave
 [00:33:29] Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 [00:33:31] To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
 [00:33:33] Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 [00:33:35] To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.
 [00:33:38] Why, how now, kinsman!
 [00:33:40] Wherefore storm you so?
 [00:33:41] Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
 [00:33:49] A villain that is hither come in spite,
 [00:33:50] To scorn at our solemnity this night.
 [00:33:52] Young Romeo is it?
 [00:33:53] 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
 [00:33:54] Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
 [00:33:56] He bears him like a portly gentleman;

[00:33:57] And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
 [00:33:59] To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
 [00:34:02] I would not for the wealth of all this town
 [00:34:04] Here in my house do him disparagement:
 [00:34:07] Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
 [00:34:09] It is my will, the which if you respect,
 [00:34:13] Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
 [00:34:15] And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
 [00:34:17] It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
 [00:34:19] I'll not endure him.
 [00:34:20] He shall be endured: What, goodman boy!
 [00:34:22] I say, he shall: go to;
 [00:34:24] Am I the master here, or you?
 [00:34:25] Go to.
 [00:34:27] You'll not endure him!
 [00:34:28] God shall mend my soul!
 [00:34:29] You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
 [00:34:31] You will set cock-a-hoop!
 [00:34:32] You'll be the man!
 [00:34:33] Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
 [00:34:34] Go to, go to;
 [00:34:35] You are a saucy boy:
 [00:34:39] is't so, indeed?
 [00:34:41] This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
 [00:34:43] You must contrary me!
 [00:34:45] Marry, 'tis time.
 [00:34:46] Well said, my hearts!
 [00:34:48] You are a princox; go: Be quiet, or--
 [00:34:50] More light, more light!
 [00:34:52] For shame!
 [00:34:53] I'll make you quiet.
 [00:34:54] What--cheerly, my hearts!
 [00:35:04] Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
 [00:35:08] Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 [00:35:10] I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
 [00:35:14] Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.
 [00:36:02] If I profane with my unworhiest hand
 [00:36:05] This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
 [00:36:09] My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 [00:36:14] To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
 [00:36:25] Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 [00:36:28] Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
 [00:36:33] For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 [00:36:37] And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
 [00:36:58] Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
 [00:37:01] Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
 [00:37:05] O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
 [00:37:09] They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
 [00:37:13] Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
 [00:37:20] Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
 [00:37:31] Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.
 [00:37:33] Then have my lips the sin that they have took?
 [00:37:36] Sin from my lips?
 [00:37:38] O trespass sweetly urged!
 [00:37:41] Give me my sin again.
 [00:37:45] You kiss by the book.
 [00:37:47] Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
 [00:37:53] What is her mother?
 [00:37:56] Marry, bachelor, her mother is the lady of the house,
 [00:37:58] And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

[00:38:02] I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
[00:38:06] I tell you, he that can lay hold on her
[00:38:08] Shall have the chinks.
[00:38:12] Is she a Capulet?
[00:38:15] O dear account!
[00:38:17] My life is my foe's debt.
[00:38:22] Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
[00:38:24] Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
[00:38:34] Oh, nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
[00:38:39] We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
[00:38:44] Is it e'en so?
[00:38:47] Well, I thank you all.
[00:38:49] I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
[00:38:53] More torches here!
[00:39:00] Come hither, nurse.
[00:39:03] What is yond gentleman?
[00:39:06] The son and heir of old Tiberio.
[00:39:08] Whee!
[00:39:10] What's he that now is going out of door?
[00:39:17] That, I think, be young Petrucio.
[00:39:27] What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
[00:39:31] I know not.
[00:39:35] Go ask his name:
[00:39:38] if he be married,
[00:39:40] my grave is like to be my wedding bed.
[00:40:00] His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
[00:40:03] The only son of your great enemy.
[00:40:07] My only love sprung from my only hate!
[00:40:11] Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
[00:40:15] Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
[00:40:17] That I must love a loathed enemy.
[00:40:19] What's this? What's this?
[00:40:21] A rhyme I learn'd even now Of one I danced withal.
[00:40:23] Come, let's away.

Romeo and Juliet Act 2

[00:40:54] Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
[00:40:57] And young affection gapes to be his heir;
[00:41:00] That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
[00:41:04] With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
[00:41:08] Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
[00:41:11] Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,
[00:41:14] But to his foe supposed he must complain,
[00:41:16] And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
[00:41:21] Being held a foe, he may not have access
[00:41:25] To use those vows as lovers use to swear;
[00:41:29] And she as much in love, her means much less
[00:41:32] To meet her new-beloved any where:
[00:41:35] But passion lends them power, time means, to meet
[00:41:39] Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.
[00:42:00] Can I go forward when my heart is here?
[00:42:05] Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[00:42:18] My cousin Romeo!
[00:42:21] Romeo!
[00:42:23] He is wise;
[00:42:24] And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
[00:42:27] He ran this way, and leap'd that orchard wall:
[00:42:30] Call, good Mercutio.
[00:42:32] Nay, I'll conjure too.
[00:42:36] Romeo!
[00:42:39] Humours!
[00:42:43] Madman!
[00:42:46] Passion!
[00:42:48] Lover!
[00:42:49] Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
[00:42:53] Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
[00:42:57] Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove!'
[00:43:02] Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
[00:43:06] One nick-name for her purblind son and heir.
[00:43:12] He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
[00:43:20] The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
[00:43:26] I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
[00:43:31] By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
[00:43:33] By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
[00:43:39] And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
[00:43:42] That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
[00:43:46] And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
[00:43:48] This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
[00:43:51] To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
[00:43:53] Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
[00:43:56] Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
[00:44:02] That were some spite: my invocation
[00:44:05] Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
[00:44:07] I conjure only but to raise up him.
[00:44:13] Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
[00:44:17] To be consorted with the humorous night:
[00:44:21] Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
[00:44:25] If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
[00:44:27] Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
[00:44:31] And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
[00:44:34] That maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
[00:44:42] O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
[00:44:51] An open et caetera, thou a poperin pear!
[00:45:00] Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;

[00:45:06] This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
[00:45:12] Come, shall we go?
[00:45:16] Go, then; for 'tis in vain
[00:45:19] To seek him here that means not to be found.
[00:45:29] He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[00:45:38] But, soft!
[00:45:39] What light through yonder window breaks?
[00:45:47] It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
[00:45:56] Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
[00:45:59] Who is already sick and pale with grief,
[00:46:02] That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
[00:46:06] Be not her maid, since she is envious;
[00:46:10] Her vestal livery is but sick and green
[00:46:12] And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
[00:46:17] It is my lady,
[00:46:22] O, it is my love!
[00:46:25] O, that she knew she were!
[00:46:29] She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
[00:46:34] Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
[00:46:38] I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
[00:46:42] Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
[00:46:46] Having some business, do entreat her eyes
[00:46:48] To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
[00:46:52] What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
[00:46:56] The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
[00:47:00] As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
[00:47:03] Would through the airy region stream so bright
[00:47:06] That birds would sing and think it were not night.
[00:47:11] See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
[00:47:16] O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
[00:47:19] That I might touch that cheek!
[00:47:21] Ay me!
[00:47:22] She speaks: O, speak again, bright angel!
[00:47:28] For thou art
[00:47:30] As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
[00:47:33] As is a winged messenger of heaven
[00:47:35] Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
[00:47:38] Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
[00:47:41] When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
[00:47:45] And sails upon the bosom of the air.
[00:47:49] O Romeo, Romeo!
[00:47:53] Wherefore art thou Romeo?
[00:47:55] Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
[00:47:59] Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
[00:48:03] And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
[00:48:04] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[00:48:06] 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
[00:48:10] Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
[00:48:12] What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
[00:48:16] Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
[00:48:18] Belonging to a man.
[00:48:20] O, be some other name!
[00:48:23] What's in a name? that which we call a rose
[00:48:26] By any other name would smell as sweet;
[00:48:29] So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
[00:48:33] Retain that dear perfection which he owes
[00:48:35] Without that title.
[00:48:36] Romeo, doff thy name,
[00:48:39] And for that name which is no part of thee
[00:48:41] Take all myself.

[00:48:43] I take thee at thy word:
 [00:48:44] Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
 [00:48:46] Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
 [00:48:49] What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
 [00:48:51] So stumblest on my counsel?
 [00:48:52] By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 [00:48:54] My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 [00:48:56] Because it is an enemy to thee;
 [00:48:58] Had I it written, I would tear the word.
 [00:49:01] My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 [00:49:03] Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
 [00:49:08] Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
 [00:49:11] Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
 [00:49:13] How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
 [00:49:16] The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 [00:49:19] And the place death, considering who thou art,
 [00:49:21] If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
 [00:49:23] With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
 [00:49:26] For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 [00:49:28] And what love can do that dares love attempt;
 [00:49:30] Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
 [00:49:32] If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
 [00:49:34] Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 [00:49:36] Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
 [00:49:39] And I am proof against their enmity.
 [00:49:41] I would not for the world they saw thee here.
 [00:49:43] I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
 [00:49:45] And but thou love me, let them find me here:
 [00:49:47] My life were better ended by their hate,
 [00:49:49] Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
 [00:49:51] By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
 [00:49:53] By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
 [00:49:56] He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
 [00:49:58] I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 [00:50:01] As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 [00:50:04] I should adventure for such merchandise.
 [00:50:06] Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 [00:50:09] Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 [00:50:12] For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 [00:50:14] Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 [00:50:18] What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
 [00:50:21] Dost thou love me?
 [00:50:23] I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
 [00:50:25] And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
 [00:50:28] Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
 [00:50:31] They say, Jove laughs.
 [00:50:33] O gentle Romeo,
 [00:50:36] If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 [00:50:39] Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 [00:50:42] I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
 [00:50:45] So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
 [00:50:50] In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
 [00:50:53] And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:
 [00:50:55] But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 [00:50:58] Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 [00:51:00] I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 [00:51:04] But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 [00:51:07] My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
 [00:51:10] And not impute this yielding to light love,
 [00:51:12] Which the dark night hath so discovered.

[00:51:14] Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow
[00:51:17] That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--
[00:51:19] O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
[00:51:22] That monthly changes in her circled orb,
[00:51:24] Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
[00:51:26] What shall I swear by?
[00:51:27] Do not swear at all;
[00:51:29] Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
[00:51:32] Which is the god of my idolatry.
[00:51:33] If my heart's dear love--
[00:51:35] Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
[00:51:38] I have no joy of this contract to-night:
[00:51:40] It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
[00:51:44] Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
[00:51:46] Ere one can say 'It lightens.'
[00:51:48] Sweet, good night!
[00:51:51] This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
[00:51:54] May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
[00:51:57] Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
[00:52:02] Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
[00:52:05] O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
[00:52:08] What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
[00:52:10] The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
[00:52:12] I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
[00:52:15] And yet I would it were to give again.
[00:52:17] Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?
[00:52:19] But to be frank, and give it thee again.
[00:52:22] And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
[00:52:25] My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
[00:52:27] My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
[00:52:31] The more I have, for both are infinite.
[00:52:34] I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
[00:52:38] Anon, good nurse!
[00:52:39] Sweet Montague, be true.
[00:52:41] Stay but a little, I will come again.
[00:52:45] O blessed, blessed night!
[00:52:50] I am afeard,
[00:52:51] Being in night, all this is but a dream,
[00:52:54] Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.
[00:52:55] Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
[00:52:58] If that thy bent of love be honourable,
[00:53:01] Thy purpose marriage--
[00:53:02] Yes.
[00:53:03] send me word to-morrow,
[00:53:05] By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
[00:53:07] Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
[00:53:09] And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
[00:53:12] And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[00:53:14] Madam!
[00:53:15] I come, anon.
[00:53:17] But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee--
[00:53:19] Madam!
[00:53:21] By and by, I come:--
[00:53:22] To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
[00:53:25] To-morrow will I send.
[00:53:26] So thrive my soul.
[00:53:27] A thousand times good night!
[00:53:29] A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
[00:53:37] Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
[00:53:43] But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[00:53:49] Hist! Romeo, hist!
 [00:53:51] O, for a falconer's voice,
 [00:53:53] To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
 [00:53:56] Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 [00:53:59] Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 [00:54:01] And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
 [00:54:04] With repetition of my Romeo's name.
 [00:54:06] Romeo!
 [00:54:07] It is my soul that calls upon my name:
 [00:54:13] How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 [00:54:16] Like softest music to attending ears!
 [00:54:18] Romeo!
 [00:54:22] My sweet.
 [00:54:24] At what o'clock to-morrow Shall I send to thee?
 [00:54:25] By the hour of nine.
 [00:54:27] I shall not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
 [00:54:31] I have forgot why I did call thee back.
 [00:54:34] Let me stand here till thou remember it.
 [00:54:36] I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 [00:54:38] Remembering how I love thy company.
 [00:54:40] And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
 [00:54:42] Forgetting any other home but this.
 [00:54:44] 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
 [00:54:47] And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
 [00:54:50] That lets it hop a little from her hand,
 [00:54:52] Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 [00:54:54] And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 [00:54:57] So loving-jealous of his liberty.
 [00:55:00] I would I were thy bird.
 [00:55:02] Sweet, so would I:
 [00:55:04] But I should kill thee with much cherishing.
 [00:55:06] Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 [00:55:13] That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
 [00:55:22] Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
 [00:55:28] Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
 [00:56:03] The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 [00:56:08] Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
 [00:56:11] And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 [00:56:14] From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
 [00:56:19] Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 [00:56:22] The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 [00:56:25] I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 [00:56:28] With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
 [00:56:34] The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
 [00:56:40] What is her burying grave that is her womb,
 [00:56:43] And from her womb children of divers kind
 [00:56:47] We sucking on her natural bosom find.
 [00:56:51] O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 [00:56:54] In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
 [00:57:00] For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
 [00:57:03] But to the earth some special good doth give,
 [00:57:07] Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
 [00:57:11] Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 [00:57:19] Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 [00:57:24] Poison hath residence and medicine power:
 [00:57:28] For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 [00:57:33] Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 [00:57:39] Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 [00:57:43] In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
 [00:57:50] And where the worser is predominant,

[00:57:52] Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
 [00:57:57] Good morrow, father.
 [00:57:59] Benedicite!
 [00:58:01] What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 [00:58:05] Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 [00:58:08] So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
 [00:58:11] Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 [00:58:13] Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
 [00:58:16] That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
 [00:58:18] God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
 [00:58:21] With Rosaline, my ghostly father?
 [00:58:24] No; I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
 [00:58:28] That's my good son: where hast thou been, then?
 [00:58:31] I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 [00:58:35] I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 [00:58:39] Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 [00:58:41] That's by me wounded: both our remedies
 [00:58:43] Within thy help and holy physic lies:
 [00:58:46] I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 [00:58:49] My intercession likewise steads my foe.
 [00:58:51] Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 [00:58:53] Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
 [00:58:56] Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 [00:59:00] On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 [00:59:03] As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 [00:59:06] And all combined, save what thou must combine
 [00:59:08] By holy marriage: when and where and how
 [00:59:11] We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
 [00:59:12] I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 [00:59:15] That thou consent to marry us to-day.
 [00:59:18] Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
 [00:59:21] Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 [00:59:25] So soon forsaken?
 [00:59:27] Young men's love then lies
 [00:59:28] Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 [00:59:30] Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
 [00:59:33] Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 [00:59:36] How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 [00:59:38] To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 [00:59:40] Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 [00:59:43] Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
 [00:59:46] If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
 [00:59:49] Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
 [00:59:52] And art thou changed?
 [00:59:54] Pronounce this sentence then,
 [00:59:55] Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
 [00:59:59] Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
 [01:00:01] For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
 [01:00:03] And bad'st me bury love.
 [01:00:04] Not in a grave,
 [01:00:05] To lay one in, another out to have.
 [01:00:07] I pray thee, chide me not; her I love now
 [01:00:09] Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
 [01:00:11] The other did not so.
 [01:00:12] O, she knew well
 [01:00:14] Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
 [01:00:19] But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
 [01:00:23] In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
 [01:00:25] For this alliance may so happy prove,
 [01:00:28] To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

[01:00:33] O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
 [01:00:36] Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.
 [01:00:43] Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 [01:00:45] Came he not home to-night?
 [01:00:48] Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
 [01:00:51] Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
 [01:00:57] Torments him so, he will sure run mad.
 [01:01:04] Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 [01:01:06] Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
 [01:01:08] A challenge, on my life.
 [01:01:10] Romeo will answer it.
 [01:01:11] Any man that can write may answer a letter.
 [01:01:15] Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
 [01:01:17] how he dares, being dared.
 [01:01:19] Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead;
 [01:01:22] stabbed with a white wench's black eye;
 [01:01:25] run through the ear with a love-song;
 [01:01:28] the very pin of his heart cleft
 [01:01:30] with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft:
 [01:01:33] and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
 [01:01:36] Why, what is Tybalt?
 [01:01:38] More than prince of cats.
 [01:01:41] O, he's the courageous captain of compliments.
 [01:01:44] He fights as you sing prick-song,
 [01:01:46] keeps time, distance, and proportion;
 [01:01:49] rests me his minim rests, one, two,
 [01:01:51] and the third in your bosom:
 [01:01:54] the very butcher of a silk button,
 [01:01:58] a duellist, a duellist;
 [01:02:04] a gentleman of the very first house,
 [01:02:06] of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado!
 [01:02:11] The punto reverso!
 [01:02:12] The hay!
 [01:02:13] The what?
 [01:02:14] The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes.
 [01:02:18] Water! Fresh well water!
 [01:02:21] These new tuners of accents!
 [01:02:24] By Jesu, a very good blade!
 [01:02:29] A very tall man!
 [01:02:30] A very good whore!
 [01:02:32] Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,
 [01:02:36] that we should be thus afflicted
 [01:02:37] with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers,
 [01:02:41] these pardone-moi's,
 [01:02:43] that stand so much on the new form,
 [01:02:45] that they cannot sit at ease on an old bench?
 [01:02:48] O, their bones, their bones!
 [01:02:52] Here comes Romeo.
 [01:02:56] Here comes Romeo.
 [01:02:58] Without his roe, like a dried herring:
 [01:03:02] flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!
 [01:03:07] Signor Romeo, bon jour!
 [01:03:10] There's a French salutation to your French slop.
 [01:03:13] Good morrow to you both.
 [01:03:14] You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.
 [01:03:17] What counterfeit did I give you?
 [01:03:18] The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?
 [01:03:21] Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great;
 [01:03:23] and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.
 [01:03:26] That's as much as to say, such a case as yours

[01:03:28] constrains a man to bow in the hams.
[01:03:30] Meaning, to court'sy.
[01:03:31] Thou hast most kindly hit it.
[01:03:33] A most courteous exposition.
[01:03:34] Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
[01:03:35] Pink for flower.
[01:03:37] Right.
[01:03:38] Why, then is my pump well flowered.
[01:03:40] Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.
[01:03:44] Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?
[01:03:49] now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo;
[01:03:53] now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature:
[01:03:57] for this drivelling love is like a great natural,
[01:04:00] that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.
[01:04:03] Stop there, stop there.
[01:04:05] Oh, clumsy--
[01:04:07] Here's goodly gear!
[01:04:09] A sail, a sail!
[01:04:11] Two, two; a shirt and a smock.
[01:04:12] Peter!
[01:04:13] Anon!
[01:04:14] My fan, Peter.
[01:04:16] Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer .
[01:04:19] God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
[01:04:22] God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.
[01:04:25] Is it good den?
[01:04:26] It is no less, I tell you,
[01:04:28] for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of .
[01:04:32] Out upon you! what a man are you!
[01:04:36] One, gentlewoman,
[01:04:37] that God hath made for himself to mar.
[01:04:38] By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a?
[01:04:42] Gentlemen, can any of you tell me
[01:04:45] where I may find the young Romeo?
[01:04:51] I can tell you;
[01:04:52] but young Romeo will be older when you have found him
[01:04:53] than he was when you sought him:
[01:04:55] I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
[01:04:57] You say well.
[01:04:58] Yea, is the worst well?
[01:05:00] very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.
[01:05:02] If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.
[01:05:08] She will indite him to some supper.
[01:05:11] A bawd, a bawd, a bawd!
[01:05:14] So ho!
[01:05:15] What hast thou found?
[01:05:16] No hare, sir;
[01:05:17] unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie,
[01:05:18] which is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.
[01:05:20] An old hare hoar, And an old hare hoar,
[01:05:22] Is very good meat in lent But a hare that is hoar
[01:05:24] Is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be spent.
[01:05:29] Romeo, will you come to your father's?
[01:05:32] We'll to dinner, thither.
[01:05:33] I will follow you.
[01:05:34] Farewell, ancient lady; farewell.
[01:05:42] 'Lady, lady.'
[01:05:46] I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this,
[01:05:48] that was so full of his ropery?
[01:05:50] A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,

[01:05:52] and will speak more in a minute
 [01:05:53] than he will stand to in a month.
 [01:05:55] An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down,
 [01:05:57] an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks;
 [01:06:02] and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.
 [01:06:05] Scurvy knave!
 [01:06:08] I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.
 [01:06:14] And thou must stand by too,
 [01:06:16] and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?
 [01:06:18] I saw no man use you at his pleasure;
 [01:06:20] if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out,
 [01:06:22] I warrant you:
 [01:06:23] I dare draw as soon as another man,
 [01:06:25] if I see occasion in a good quarrel,
 [01:06:27] and the law on my side.
 [01:06:29] Now, afore God, I am so vexed, every part about me quivers.
 [01:06:36] Scurvy knave!
 [01:06:39] Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you,
 [01:06:44] my young lady bid me inquire you out;
 [01:06:47] what she bid me tell you, I'll keep to myself:
 [01:06:50] but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her
 [01:06:54] into a fool's paradise, as they say,
 [01:06:56] that were a very gross sort of behavior, as they say.
 [01:07:01] Bid her devise
 [01:07:02] Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
 [01:07:04] And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
 [01:07:06] Be shrived and married.
 [01:07:10] Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
 [01:07:12] Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.
 [01:07:17] Now God in heaven bless you, sir.
 [01:07:21] Hark you, sir;
 [01:07:23] my mistress is the sweetest lady.
 [01:07:25] O Lord, Lord!
 [01:07:27] when 'twas a little prating thing:--
 [01:07:30] There is a nobleman in town, one Paris,
 [01:07:33] that would fain lay knife aboard;
 [01:07:35] but she, good soul,
 [01:07:37] had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him.
 [01:07:41] I anger her sometimes and tell her
 [01:07:42] that Paris is the properer man; but, Lord, when I say so,
 [01:07:46] I'll warrant you, she looks as pale
 [01:07:48] as any clout in the versal world.
 [01:07:50] Commend me to thy lady.
 [01:07:51] Ay, ay, a thousand times.
 [01:07:57] Peter!
 [01:07:59] Anon!
 [01:08:12] The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
 [01:08:16] In half an hour she promised to return.
 [01:08:19] Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
 [01:08:26] O, she is lame!
 [01:08:29] Love's heralds should be thoughts,
 [01:08:30] Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 [01:08:33] Driving back shadows over louring hills.
 [01:08:36] Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 [01:08:39] Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
 [01:08:42] Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
 [01:08:45] Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 [01:08:49] She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
 [01:08:52] My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 [01:08:55] And his to me:

[01:08:57] But old folk, many feign as they were dead;
 [01:09:01] Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
 [01:09:05] O God, she comes!
 [01:09:07] O honey nurse, what news?
 [01:09:09] Hast thou met with him?
 [01:09:10] Send thy man away.
 [01:09:12] Peter, stay at the gate.
 [01:09:15] Now, good sweet nurse,-- O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
 [01:09:21] Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
 [01:09:24] If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
 [01:09:27] By playing it to me with so sour a face.
 [01:09:30] I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:
 [01:09:33] Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!
 [01:09:38] I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
 [01:09:41] Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
 [01:09:45] Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
 [01:09:49] Do you not see I am out of breath?
 [01:09:52] How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
 [01:09:54] To say to me that thou art out of breath?
 [01:09:56] The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
 [01:09:58] Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 [01:10:02] Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
 [01:10:07] Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
 [01:10:10] Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
 [01:10:13] Well, you have made a simple choice;
 [01:10:17] you know not how to choose a man: Romeo!
 [01:10:20] no, not he; though his face be better than any man's,
 [01:10:25] yet his leg excels all men's;
 [01:10:29] and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,
 [01:10:31] though they be not to be talked on,
 [01:10:34] yet are they past compare:
 [01:10:36] o, he's not the flower of courtesy,
 [01:10:38] yet I'll warrant as gentle as a lamb.
 [01:10:41] Go thy ways, wench; serve God.
 [01:10:45] What, have you dined at home?
 [01:10:46] No, no: but all this did I know before.
 [01:10:49] What says he of our marriage? what of that?
 [01:10:52] O Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
 [01:10:58] It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
 [01:11:00] My back o' t' other side,-- O, my back, my back!
 [01:11:04] Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
 [01:11:07] To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
 [01:11:10] I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
 [01:11:12] Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
 [01:11:17] Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
 [01:11:22] and a kind, and a courteous, and a handsome,
 [01:11:28] and, I warrant, a virtuous,-- Where is your mother?
 [01:11:33] Where is my mother! why, she is within;
 [01:11:36] Where should she be?
 [01:11:37] How oddly thou repliest!
 [01:11:39] 'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
 [01:11:41] Where is your mother?'
 [01:11:42] O God's lady dear!
 [01:11:44] Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
 [01:11:47] Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
 [01:11:50] Henceforward do your messages yourself.
 [01:11:53] Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?
 [01:12:02] Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
 [01:12:05] I have.
 [01:12:07] Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;

[01:12:09] There stays a husband to make you a wife:
[01:12:14] Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
[01:12:18] They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
[01:12:20] Hie you to church; I must another way,
[01:12:23] To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
[01:12:26] Shall climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
[01:12:29] I'm the drudge and toil in your delight,
[01:12:32] But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
[01:12:35] Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.
[01:12:39] Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
[01:12:44] So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
[01:12:46] That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
[01:12:50] Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
[01:12:52] It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
[01:12:54] That one short minute gives me in her sight:
[01:12:57] Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
[01:12:58] Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
[01:13:01] It is enough I may but call her mine.
[01:13:03] These violent delights have violent ends.
[01:13:05] Therefore love moderately; long love doth so.
[01:13:09] Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
[01:13:13] Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
[01:13:16] A lover may bestride the gossamer
[01:13:19] That idles in the wanton summer air,
[01:13:22] And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
[01:13:25] Good even to my ghostly confessor.
[01:13:28] Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
[01:13:39] Come, come here to me, and we will make short work;
[01:13:43] For, by your leave, you shall not stay alone
[01:13:47] Till holy church incorporate two in one.
[01:13:53] Deus Israel...

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

[01:14:10] I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
 [01:14:14] The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
 [01:14:17] And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
 [01:14:20] For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
 [01:14:22] Thou art like one of these fellows
 [01:14:25] that when he enters the confines of a tavern
 [01:14:28] claps me his sword on the table
 [01:14:30] and says 'God send me no need of thee!'
 [01:14:32] and by the operation of the second cup
 [01:14:35] draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.
 [01:14:38] Am I like such a fellow?
 [01:14:39] Come, come,
 [01:14:41] thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy,
 [01:14:45] and as soon moved to be moody,
 [01:14:46] and as soon moody to be moved.
 [01:14:48] And what to?
 [01:14:49] Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly,
 [01:14:53] for one would kill the other.
 [01:14:56] Thou! why, thou wouldst quarrel
 [01:14:59] with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less,
 [01:15:01] in his beard, than thou hast:
 [01:15:03] thou wouldst quarrel with a man for cracking nuts,
 [01:15:06] having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes:
 [01:15:09] what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel?
 [01:15:14] Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat,
 [01:15:18] and yet thy head has been beaten
 [01:15:20] as addle as an egg for quarrelling:
 [01:15:23] thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street,
 [01:15:26] because he hath wakened your dog
 [01:15:27] that hath lain asleep in the sun:
 [01:15:29] didst thou not fall out with a tailor
 [01:15:32] for wearing his new doublet before Easter?
 [01:15:35] with another, for tying his new shoe with old riband?
 [01:15:39] Ah, ah, yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!
 [01:15:45] By my head, here comes the Capulet.
 [01:15:47] By my heel, I care not.
 [01:15:51] Follow close, for I will speak to them.
 [01:16:11] Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.
 [01:16:17] And but one word with one of us?
 [01:16:19] couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.
 [01:16:24] You shall find me apt enough to that, sir,
 [01:16:27] an you will give me occasion.
 [01:16:28] Could you not take some occasion without the giving?
 [01:16:31] Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--
 [01:16:35] Consort!
 [01:16:37] God, dost thou make us minstrels?
 [01:16:41] An thou make minstrels of us,
 [01:16:42] look to hear nothing but discords:
 [01:16:44] here's my fiddlestick;
 [01:16:46] here's that shall make you dance.
 [01:16:49] 'Zounds, consort!
 [01:16:50] We talk here in the public haunt of men:
 [01:16:51] Either withdraw unto some private place,
 [01:16:53] And reason coldly of your grievances,
 [01:16:55] Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
 [01:16:57] Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
 [01:17:00] I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.
 [01:17:05] Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

[01:17:10] But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
 [01:17:13] Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
 [01:17:16] Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'
 [01:17:21] Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
 [01:17:26] No better term than this,-- thou art a villain.
 [01:17:35] Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 [01:17:38] Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 [01:17:39] To such a greeting: villain am I none;
 [01:17:43] Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.
 [01:17:47] Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
 [01:17:51] That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.
 [01:17:55] I do protest, I never injured thee,
 [01:18:00] But love thee better than thou canst devise,
 [01:18:03] Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
 [01:18:05] And so, good Capulet,-- which name I tender
 [01:18:09] As dearly as mine own,-- be satisfied.
 [01:18:15] O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
 [01:18:18] Alla stoccata carries it away.
 [01:18:20] Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
 [01:18:27] What wouldst thou have with me?
 [01:18:29] Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives;
 [01:18:35] which I mean to make bold withal,
 [01:18:38] and as you shall use me hereafter,
 [01:18:41] drybeat the rest of the eight.
 [01:18:45] Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears?
 [01:18:50] Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.
 [01:18:54] Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up!
 [01:19:18] Come, sir, your passado.
 [01:19:29] Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons!
 [01:19:39] Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
 [01:19:41] Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.
 [01:21:34] Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!
 [01:21:46] I am hurt.
 [01:21:50] A plague o' both your houses!
 [01:21:56] I'm sped.
 [01:21:58] What, is he gone, and hath nothing?
 [01:22:01] What, art thou hurt?
 [01:22:02] Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
 [01:22:09] Where is my page?
 [01:22:12] Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
 [01:22:15] Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
 [01:22:17] No, 'tis not so deep as a well,
 [01:22:20] nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve:
 [01:22:29] ask for me to-morrow,
 [01:22:32] and you shall find me a grave man.
 [01:22:37] I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.
 [01:22:43] A plague o' both your houses!
 [01:22:45] 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat,
 [01:22:50] to scratch a man to death!
 [01:22:52] a braggart, a rogue, a villain,
 [01:22:56] that fights by the book of arithmetic!
 [01:23:00] Why the devil came you between us?
 [01:23:04] I was hurt under your arm.
 [01:23:07] I thought all for the best.
 [01:23:14] Help me into some house, Benvolio,
 [01:23:16] Or I shall faint.
 [01:23:26] A plague o' both your houses!
 [01:23:29] They have made worms' meat of me:
 [01:23:31] I have it, And soundly too:
 [01:23:41] your houses!

[01:23:57] O sweet Juliet,
 [01:23:59] Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
 [01:24:02] And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!
 [01:24:13] O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead.
 [01:24:21] That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
 [01:24:25] Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
 [01:24:31] This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
 [01:24:36] This but begins the woe that others must end.
 [01:24:41] Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
 [01:24:43] Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
 [01:24:46] Away to heaven, respective lenity,
 [01:24:50] And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
 [01:25:20] Tybalt, take the villain back again,
 [01:25:23] That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
 [01:25:25] Is but a little way above our heads,
 [01:25:27] Staying for thine to keep him company:
 [01:25:31] Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
 [01:25:39] Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
 [01:25:42] Shalt with him hence.
 [01:25:45] This shall determine that.
 [01:26:33] Romeo, away, be gone!
 [01:26:36] The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
 [01:26:38] Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
 [01:26:41] If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!
 [01:26:46] O, I am fortune's fool!
 [01:26:51] Why dost thou stay?
 [01:26:54] Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
 [01:26:56] Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
 [01:27:00] There lies that Tybalt.
 [01:27:06] Up, sir, go with me;
 [01:27:09] I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.
 [01:28:05] Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
 [01:28:14] O noble prince, I can discover all
 [01:28:18] The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
 [01:28:22] There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
 [01:28:25] That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
 [01:28:28] Tybalt, my cousin!
 [01:28:30] O, the blood is spilt o' my dear kinsman!
 [01:28:35] Prince, as thou art true,
 [01:28:38] For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
 [01:28:41] Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
 [01:28:46] Tybalt, now slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
 [01:28:50] He is a kinsman to the Montague;
 [01:28:53] Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
 [01:28:58] Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 [01:29:02] And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 [01:29:06] I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
 [01:29:12] Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
 [01:29:18] Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 [01:29:23] Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
 [01:29:27] Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
 [01:29:29] His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 [01:29:31] The life of Tybalt.
 [01:29:32] And for that offence
 [01:29:35] Immediately we do exile him hence.
 [01:29:40] I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 [01:29:44] My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
 [01:29:53] But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
 [01:29:56] That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
 [01:29:59] I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

[01:30:02] Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:

[01:30:05] Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,

Romeo and Juliet Act 4

[01:30:10] Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 [01:30:16] Attend our will:
 [01:30:18] Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
 [01:30:29] Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 [01:30:32] Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
 [01:30:35] As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
 [01:30:37] And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 [01:30:39] Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 [01:30:43] That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
 [01:30:45] Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 [01:30:49] Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 [01:30:52] By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 [01:30:56] It best agrees with night.
 [01:30:58] Come, civil night,
 [01:31:00] Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 [01:31:03] And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 [01:31:05] Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 [01:31:08] Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
 [01:31:11] With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
 [01:31:14] Think true love acted simple modesty.
 [01:31:17] Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
 [01:31:23] For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 [01:31:26] Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 [01:31:29] Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 [01:31:34] Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 [01:31:40] Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 [01:31:44] And he shall make the face of heaven so fine
 [01:31:47] That all the world will be in love with night
 [01:31:49] And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 [01:31:53] O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 [01:31:56] But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 [01:31:58] Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
 [01:32:02] As is the night before some festival
 [01:32:04] To an impatient child who hath new robes
 [01:32:06] And may not wear them.
 [01:32:08] Now, nurse, what news?
 [01:32:11] What hast thou there? the cords
 [01:32:12] That Romeo bid thee fetch?
 [01:32:14] Ay, ay, the cords.
 [01:32:22] Ay me! What news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
 [01:32:27] We are undone, lady, we are undone!
 [01:32:33] Alack the day!
 [01:32:35] He's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
 [01:32:37] Can heaven be so envious?
 [01:32:41] Romeo can, Though heaven cannot:
 [01:32:43] O Romeo, Romeo!
 [01:32:46] Who ever would have thought it?
 [01:32:47] Romeo!
 [01:32:48] What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
 [01:32:52] This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 [01:32:56] Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "I,"
 [01:33:00] And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
 [01:33:03] Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
 [01:33:05] If he be slain, say "I"; or if not, no:
 [01:33:09] Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
 [01:33:12] I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes--
 [01:33:15] God save the mark!-- here on his manly breast:
 [01:33:18] A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

[01:33:22] Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 [01:33:26] All in gore-blood; I swoounded at the sight.
 [01:33:33] O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
 [01:33:40] To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
 [01:33:44] Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
 [01:33:49] And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
 [01:33:52] Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 [01:33:56] O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 [01:34:00] That ever I should live to see thee dead!
 [01:34:03] What storm is this that blows so contrary?
 [01:34:07] Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
 [01:34:11] My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
 [01:34:15] Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 [01:34:19] For who is living, if those two are gone?
 [01:34:22] Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 [01:34:26] Romeo that slew him, he is banished.
 [01:34:29] O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
 [01:34:34] It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
 [01:34:38] O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
 [01:34:43] Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 [01:34:46] Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 [01:34:50] Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!
 [01:34:53] Despised substance of divinest show!
 [01:34:57] Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 [01:35:01] A damned saint, an honourable villain!
 [01:35:06] O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
 [01:35:09] When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 [01:35:12] In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?
 [01:35:15] Was ever book containing such vile matter
 [01:35:18] So fairly bound?
 [01:35:20] O that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!
 [01:35:23] There's no trust,
 [01:35:25] No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
 [01:35:29] All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
 [01:35:33] Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae:
 [01:35:38] These woes, these griefs, these sorrows make me old.
 [01:35:43] Shame come to Romeo!
 [01:35:45] Blister'd be thy tongue For such a wish!
 [01:35:48] He was not born to shame:
 [01:35:49] Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
 [01:35:53] For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 [01:35:55] Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 [01:35:58] O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
 [01:36:01] Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
 [01:36:03] Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 [01:36:06] Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 [01:36:11] When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
 [01:36:14] But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 [01:36:18] That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
 [01:36:23] Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 [01:36:28] Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 [01:36:30] Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 [01:36:33] My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 [01:36:37] And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
 [01:36:41] All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 [01:36:47] Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,
 [01:36:52] That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 [01:36:56] But, O, it presses to my memory,
 [01:36:59] Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
 [01:37:02] "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banished;"

[01:37:09] That "banished," that one word "banished,"
 [01:37:13] Hath slain ten thousand Tybals.
 [01:37:15] Tybalt's death
 [01:37:17] Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
 [01:37:20] Why follow'd not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
 [01:37:23] Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both?
 [01:37:29] "Romeo is banished," to speak that word,
 [01:37:35] Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 [01:37:38] All slain, all dead.
 [01:37:42] "Romeo is banished!"
 [01:37:45] There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 [01:37:48] In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 [01:37:59] Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
 [01:38:01] Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 [01:38:05] Will you go to them?
 [01:38:07] I will bring you thither.
 [01:38:09] Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
 [01:38:13] When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 [01:38:16] Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
 [01:38:23] Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
 [01:38:28] He made you for a highway to my bed;
 [01:38:31] But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 [01:38:35] Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
 [01:38:43] And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
 [01:38:49] Romeo.
 [01:38:52] Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
 [01:38:57] Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 [01:38:59] And thou art wedded to calamity.
 [01:39:03] Father, what news?
 [01:39:07] what is the prince's doom?
 [01:39:10] What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 [01:39:13] That I yet know not?
 [01:39:14] Too familiar
 [01:39:15] Is my dear son with such sour company:
 [01:39:17] I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
 [01:39:20] What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
 [01:39:23] A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
 [01:39:25] Not body's death, but body's banishment.
 [01:39:31] Banishment?
 [01:39:33] be merciful, say "death."
 [01:39:36] Here from Verona art thou banished:
 [01:39:38] Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
 [01:39:41] There is no world without Verona walls,
 [01:39:48] But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
 [01:39:56] Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
 [01:39:58] And world's exile is death: then banished,
 [01:40:02] Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
 [01:40:05] Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
 [01:40:07] And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
 [01:40:10] O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
 [01:40:12] Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
 [01:40:15] Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
 [01:40:17] And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
 [01:40:20] This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
 [01:40:23] 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
 [01:40:26] Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
 [01:40:27] And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 [01:40:29] Live here in heaven and may look on her;
 [01:40:30] But Romeo may not: more validity,
 [01:40:35] More honourable state, more courtship lives

[01:40:37] In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
 [01:40:42] On the white wonder of dear Juliet's flesh
 [01:40:44] And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
 [01:40:46] But Romeo may not; he is banished:
 [01:40:48] This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
 [01:40:50] They are free men, but I am banished.
 [01:40:54] And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
 [01:40:56] Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 [01:41:01] No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 [01:41:03] But "banished" to kill me?-- "banished"?
 [01:41:08] O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 [01:41:13] Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
 [01:41:15] Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 [01:41:16] A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 [01:41:19] To mangle me with that word "banished"?
 [01:41:20] Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.
 [01:41:24] O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
 [01:41:26] I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
 [01:41:28] Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 [01:41:30] To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
 [01:41:32] Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!
 [01:41:34] Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 [01:41:36] Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 [01:41:38] It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
 [01:41:40] O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
 [01:41:42] How can they, when that wise men have no eyes?
 [01:41:43] Let me dispute with thee of thine estate.
 [01:41:46] Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
 [01:41:49] Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 [01:41:52] An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 [01:41:53] Doting like me and like me banished,
 [01:41:55] Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
 [01:42:00] And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 [01:42:02] Taking the measure of an unmade grave!
 [01:42:06] Romeo, hide thyself.
 [01:42:08] Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,
 [01:42:10] Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
 [01:42:13] Hark, how they knock!
 [01:42:14] Romeo, arise; Thou wilt be taken.
 [01:42:17] Stay awhile!
 [01:42:19] Stand up; Run to my study.
 [01:42:21] By and by!
 [01:42:23] God's will, What simpleness is this!
 [01:42:26] I come, I come!
 [01:42:29] Who knocks so hard? whence come you?
 [01:42:31] what's your will?
 [01:42:33] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
 [01:42:36] I come from Lady Juliet.
 [01:42:38] Welcome, then.
 [01:42:40] O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
 [01:42:43] Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
 [01:42:46] There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
 [01:42:49] O, he is even in my mistress' case,
 [01:42:52] Just in her case!
 [01:42:55] O woeful sympathy!
 [01:42:57] Piteous predicament!
 [01:42:58] Even so lies she,
 [01:43:00] Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing.
 [01:43:04] Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
 [01:43:09] For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

[01:43:13] Why should you fall into so deep an O?
 [01:43:16] Nurse!
 [01:43:17] O sir! o sir!
 [01:43:20] Well, death's the end of all.
 [01:43:23] Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
 [01:43:25] Doth she not think me an old murderer,
 [01:43:28] Now that I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 [01:43:30] With blood removed but little from her own?
 [01:43:33] Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
 [01:43:35] My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
 [01:43:37] O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
 [01:43:40] And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 [01:43:44] And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
 [01:43:47] And then down falls again.
 [01:43:51] As if that name, murder her; as that name's cursed hand
 [01:43:54] Murder'd her kinsman.
 [01:43:57] O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 [01:43:58] In what vile part of this anatomy
 [01:44:00] Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 [01:44:04] The hateful mansion.
 [01:44:06] Hold thy desperate hand:
 [01:44:08] Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
 [01:44:11] Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 [01:44:13] The unreasonable fury of a beast.
 [01:44:17] Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
 [01:44:21] I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 [01:44:23] Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 [01:44:26] And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 [01:44:28] By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 [01:44:31] What, rouse thee. thy Juliet is alive,
 [01:44:36] For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 [01:44:39] There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 [01:44:42] But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:
 [01:44:44] The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
 [01:44:47] And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 [01:44:49] A pack of blessings lights up on thy back;
 [01:44:51] Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 [01:44:54] But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 [01:44:56] Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
 [01:44:58] Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 [01:45:11] Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 [01:45:14] Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 [01:45:17] But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 [01:45:19] For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 [01:45:21] Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 [01:45:24] To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 [01:45:26] Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 [01:45:29] With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 [01:45:32] Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 [01:45:35] Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 [01:45:39] bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 [01:45:40] Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 [01:45:42] Romeo is coming.
 [01:45:44] O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
 [01:45:46] To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
 [01:45:51] My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
 [01:45:54] Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
 [01:45:56] Here, here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
 [01:46:00] Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
 [01:46:04] How well my comfort is revived by this!

[01:46:06] Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
 [01:46:10] Either be gone before the watch be set,
 [01:46:13] Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
 [01:46:16] Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 [01:46:18] And he shall signify from time to time
 [01:46:19] Every good hap to you that chances here:
 [01:46:22] Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.
 [01:46:31] But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 [01:46:33] It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
 [01:46:37] Farewell.
 [01:46:52] Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 [01:46:55] That we have had no time to move our daughter:
 [01:47:00] Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 [01:47:03] And so did I-- Well, we are born to die.
 [01:47:13] 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
 [01:47:20] I promise you, but for your company,
 [01:47:22] I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
 [01:47:25] These times of woe afford no time to woo.
 [01:47:31] Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
 [01:47:36] I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
 [01:47:38] To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.
 [01:47:43] Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
 [01:47:47] Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
 [01:47:50] In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
 [01:47:52] Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
 [01:47:55] Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
 [01:47:57] And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--
 [01:48:01] But, soft! what day is this?
 [01:48:03] Monday, my lord.
 [01:48:04] Monday! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
 [01:48:06] O' Thursday be it then: o' Thursday, tell her,
 [01:48:09] She shall be married to this noble earl.
 [01:48:12] Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 [01:48:15] We'll keep no great ado-- a friend or two;
 [01:48:19] For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 [01:48:21] It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 [01:48:24] Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
 [01:48:28] Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 [01:48:31] And there an end.
 [01:48:32] But what say you to Thursday?
 [01:48:33] My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
 [01:48:35] Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
 [01:48:39] Wife, go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 [01:48:42] Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
 [01:48:44] Farewell, my lord.
 [01:48:46] Light to my chamber, ho!
 [01:48:48] Afore me!
 [01:48:53] It is so very very late,
 [01:48:56] That we may call it early by and by.
 [01:49:00] Good night.
 [01:49:31] Wilt thou be gone?
 [01:49:42] it is not yet near day:
 [01:49:45] It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 [01:49:47] That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 [01:49:50] Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
 [01:49:53] Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
 [01:49:55] It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 [01:49:57] No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 [01:50:01] Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 [01:50:04] Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

[01:50:07] Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
[01:50:10] I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
[01:50:14] Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
[01:50:18] It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
[01:50:22] To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
[01:50:24] And to light thee on thy way to Mantua:
[01:50:26] Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
[01:50:30] Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
[01:50:35] I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
[01:50:38] I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
[01:50:41] 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
[01:50:44] Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
[01:50:46] The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
[01:50:50] I have more care to stay than will to go:
[01:50:56] Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
[01:51:02] How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.
[01:51:06] It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
[01:51:11] It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
[01:51:14] Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
[01:51:17] Some say the lark makes sweet division;
[01:51:19] This doth not so, for she divideth us:
[01:51:23] Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
[01:51:27] O, now I would they had changed voices too!
[01:51:30] Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
[01:51:33] Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,
[01:51:36] O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
[01:51:40] More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!
[01:51:45] Nurse?
[01:51:46] Madam, your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
[01:51:49] The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[01:51:54] Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
[01:51:58] Farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[01:52:08] Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
[01:52:13] I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
[01:52:15] For in a minute there are many days:
[01:52:17] O, by this count I shall be much in years
[01:52:19] Ere I again behold my Romeo!
[01:52:21] Farewell!
[01:52:22] I will omit no opportunity
[01:52:24] That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
[01:52:26] O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
[01:52:29] I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
[01:52:32] As sweet discourses in our time to come.
[01:52:34] O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
[01:52:39] Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
[01:52:42] As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
[01:52:45] Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
[01:52:48] And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
[01:52:51] Dry sorrow drinks our blood.
[01:52:53] Adieu!
[01:52:58] adieu!
[01:53:03] O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
[01:53:09] If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
[01:53:12] That is renown'd for faith?
[01:53:14] Be fickle, fortune;
[01:53:16] For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
[01:53:18] But send him back.
[01:53:22] Ho, daughter! are you up?
[01:53:33] Why, how now, Juliet!
[01:53:35] Madam, I am not well.

[01:53:37] Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
[01:53:41] What, wilt you wash him from his grave with tears?
[01:53:45] An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
[01:53:47] Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
[01:53:51] But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
[01:53:55] Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
[01:53:58] So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
[01:54:01] Which you weep for.
[01:54:02] Feeling so the loss,
[01:54:03] I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
[01:54:06] Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
[01:54:08] As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
[01:54:12] What villain, madam?
[01:54:14] That same villain, Romeo.
[01:54:17] Villain and he be many miles asunder.
[01:54:19] God Pardon him!
[01:54:22] I do, with all my heart;
[01:54:23] And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
[01:54:26] That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
[01:54:30] Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
[01:54:33] Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
[01:54:36] We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
[01:54:40] weep no more.
[01:54:43] I'll send to one in Mantua,
[01:54:45] Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
[01:54:48] Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
[01:54:50] That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
[01:54:53] And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
[01:54:56] Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
[01:54:58] With Romeo, till I behold him--dead.
[01:55:03] Madam, if you could find out but a man
[01:55:05] To bear a poison, I would temper it;
[01:55:07] That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
[01:55:09] Soon sleep in quiet.
[01:55:11] O, how my heart abhors
[01:55:13] To hear him named, and cannot come to him.
[01:55:16] Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
[01:55:18] But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
[01:55:24] And joy comes well in such a needy time:
[01:55:26] What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
[01:55:28] Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
[01:55:33] One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
[01:55:36] Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
[01:55:39] That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.
[01:55:41] Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
[01:55:43] Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
[01:55:47] The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
[01:55:50] The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
[01:55:52] Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
[01:55:55] Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
[01:55:57] He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
[01:55:59] I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
[01:56:03] Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
[01:56:06] I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
[01:56:08] I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
[01:56:11] It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
[01:56:14] Rather than Paris.
[01:56:16] These are news indeed!
[01:56:18] Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
[01:56:21] And see how he will take it at your hands.

[01:56:23] When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
[01:56:27] But for the sunset of my brother's son
[01:56:28] It rains downright.
[01:56:31] How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
[01:56:36] Evermore showering?
[01:56:38] In one little body
[01:56:40] Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
[01:56:42] For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
[01:56:45] Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
[01:56:49] Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
[01:56:53] Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
[01:56:55] Without a sudden calm, will overset
[01:56:57] Thy tempest-tossed body.
[01:56:59] How now, wife!
[01:57:01] Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
[01:57:04] Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
[01:57:07] I would the fool were married to her grave!
[01:57:09] Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
[01:57:13] How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
[01:57:17] Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
[01:57:20] Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
[01:57:22] So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
[01:57:24] Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
[01:57:27] Proud can I never be of what I hate;
[01:57:29] But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
[01:57:31] How now, how now, chop-logic!
[01:57:32] What is this?
[01:57:34] "Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not;"
[01:57:35] And yet "not proud," mistress minion, you,
[01:57:38] Thank me no thankings, and proud me no prouds,
[01:57:40] But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
[01:57:42] To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
[01:57:44] Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
[01:57:46] Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
[01:57:48] You tallow-face!
[01:57:50] Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
[01:57:52] Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
[01:57:53] Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
[01:57:55] Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
[01:57:57] I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
[01:58:00] Or never after look me in the face:
[01:58:01] Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
[01:58:06] My fingers itch.
[01:58:08] Wife, we scarce thought us blest
[01:58:09] That God had lent us but this only child;
[01:58:11] But now I see this one is one too much,
[01:58:13] And that we have a curse in having her:
[01:58:15] Out on her, hilding!
[01:58:16] God in heaven bless her!
[01:58:18] You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
[01:58:20] Hold your tongue,
[01:58:21] Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
[01:58:22] I speak no treason.
[01:58:24] O, God ye god-den.
[01:58:25] May not one speak?
[01:58:26] Peace, you mumbling fool!
[01:58:28] Utter your gravity over a gossip's bowl;
[01:58:29] For here we need it not.
[01:58:30] You are too hot.
[01:58:31] God's bread! it makes me mad:

[01:58:35] Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 [01:58:39] Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 [01:58:42] To have her match'd: and having now provided
 [01:58:44] A gentleman of noble parentage,
 [01:58:46] Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 [01:58:49] Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
 [01:58:51] Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
 [01:58:53] And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 [01:58:55] A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 [01:58:58] To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
 [01:59:00] I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
 [01:59:02] But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 [01:59:05] Graze where you will you shall not house with me:
 [01:59:07] Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 [01:59:10] Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 [01:59:14] An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 [01:59:16] And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 [01:59:19] For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 [01:59:21] Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 [01:59:22] Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.
 [01:59:26] Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 [01:59:29] That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 [01:59:34] O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 [01:59:36] Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 [01:59:40] Or, if thou do not, make the bridal bed
 [01:59:42] In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
 [01:59:44] Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
 [01:59:47] Do as thou wilt, I've done with thee.
 [01:59:50] O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 [01:59:57] My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 [02:00:00] How can that faith return again to earth,
 [02:00:03] Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 [02:00:05] By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
 [02:00:10] Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 [02:00:15] Upon so soft a subject as myself!
 [02:00:18] What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 [02:00:22] Some comfort, nurse.
 [02:00:24] Faith, here it is.
 [02:00:27] Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
 [02:00:30] That he dares ne'er come back to challenge thee;
 [02:00:33] Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 [02:00:36] Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 [02:00:39] I think it best you married with the county.
 [02:00:42] O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 [02:00:45] Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
 [02:00:49] Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye as Paris hath.
 [02:00:54] Beshrew my very heart,
 [02:00:55] I think you are happy in this second match,
 [02:00:57] For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 [02:01:00] Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 [02:01:03] As living here and you no use of him.
 [02:01:05] Speakest thou from thy heart?
 [02:01:08] Ay, and from my soul too; Or else beshrew them both.
 [02:01:12] Amen!
 [02:01:13] What?
 [02:01:14] Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
 [02:01:18] Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,
 [02:01:23] Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
 [02:01:26] To make confession and to be absolved.
 [02:01:28] Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[02:01:38] Ancient damnation!
[02:01:41] O most wicked fiend!
[02:01:43] Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
[02:01:46] Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
[02:01:48] Which she hath praised him with above compare
[02:01:50] So many thousand times?
[02:01:53] Go, counsellor;
[02:01:55] Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
[02:01:59] I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
[02:02:03] If all else fail, myself have power to die.
[02:02:11] Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
[02:02:14] My father Capulet will have it so;
[02:02:16] And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
[02:02:20] You say you do not know the lady's mind:
[02:02:21] Uneven is the course, I like it not.
[02:02:23] Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
[02:02:27] And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
[02:02:29] For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
[02:02:33] Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
[02:02:37] That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
[02:02:39] And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
[02:02:42] To stop the inundation of her tears;
[02:02:44] Which, too much minded by herself alone,
[02:02:47] May be put from her by society:
[02:02:51] Now do you know the reason of this haste.
[02:02:54] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
[02:02:57] Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.
[02:03:01] Happily met, my lady and my wife!
[02:03:07] That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
[02:03:10] That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
[02:03:15] What must be shall be.
[02:03:17] That's a certain text.
[02:03:19] Come you to make confession to this father?
[02:03:22] To answer that, I should confess to you.
[02:03:25] Do not deny to him that you love me.
[02:03:29] I will confess to you that I love him.
[02:03:32] So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
[02:03:36] If I do so, it will be of more price,
[02:03:38] Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
[02:03:41] Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
[02:03:43] Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
[02:03:44] My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
[02:03:46] My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
[02:03:49] God shield I should disturb devotion!
[02:03:51] Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
[02:03:56] Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.
[02:04:11] O shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
[02:04:15] Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
[02:04:20] Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
[02:04:22] It strains me past the compass of my wits:
[02:04:24] I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
[02:04:27] On Thursday next be married to this county.
[02:04:30] Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
[02:04:33] Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
[02:04:35] If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
[02:04:39] Do thou but call my resolution wise,
[02:04:41] And with this knife I'll help it presently.
[02:04:45] God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
[02:04:48] And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
[02:04:51] Shall be the label to another deed,

[02:04:53] Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
[02:04:55] Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
[02:05:00] Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
[02:05:04] Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
[02:05:07] 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
[02:05:09] Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
[02:05:12] Which the commission of thy years and art
[02:05:14] Could to no issue of true honour bring.
[02:05:17] Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
[02:05:23] If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
[02:05:27] Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
[02:05:30] Which craves as desperate an execution
[02:05:33] As that is desperate which we would prevent.
[02:05:35] If, rather than to marry County Paris,
[02:05:37] Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
[02:05:39] Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
[02:05:41] A thing like death to chide away this shame.
[02:05:45] O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
[02:05:47] From off the battlements of any tower;
[02:05:49] Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
[02:05:52] Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
[02:05:54] Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
[02:05:57] O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
[02:06:00] With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
[02:06:03] Or bid me go into a new-made grave
[02:06:05] And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
[02:06:07] Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
[02:06:12] And I will do it without fear or doubt,
[02:06:15] To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
[02:06:18] Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
[02:06:21] To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
[02:06:25] To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
[02:06:28] Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
[02:06:31] Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
[02:06:36] And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
[02:06:39] When presently through all thy veins shall run
[02:06:42] A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
[02:06:46] Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
[02:06:49] No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
[02:06:53] The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
[02:06:55] To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
[02:06:58] Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
[02:07:01] Each part, deprived of supple government,
[02:07:04] Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
[02:07:08] And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
[02:07:11] Shalt thou continue two and forty hours,
[02:07:14] And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
[02:07:17] Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
[02:07:20] To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
[02:07:23] Then, as the manner of our country is,
[02:07:26] In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
[02:07:28] Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
[02:07:31] Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
[02:07:34] In the mean time,
[02:07:35] Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
[02:07:39] And hither shall he come: and he and I
[02:07:42] Will watch thy waking, and that very night
[02:07:44] Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
[02:07:48] And this shall free thee from this present shame;
[02:07:50] If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,

[02:07:55] Abate thy valour in the acting it.
 [02:07:57] O give me, give me!
 [02:07:59] O, tell not me of fear!
 [02:08:01] Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 [02:08:03] In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 [02:08:05] To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
 [02:08:07] Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
 [02:08:12] Farewell, dear father!
 [02:08:24] Samson!
 [02:08:26] My fan.
 [02:08:28] Before, and at pace.
 [02:08:36] How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?
 [02:08:41] Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
 [02:08:43] Of disobedient opposition
 [02:08:45] To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
 [02:08:47] By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
 [02:08:49] To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
 [02:08:52] Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.
 [02:08:55] Send for the county; go tell him of this:
 [02:08:59] I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
 [02:09:01] I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
 [02:09:04] And gave him what becomed love I might,
 [02:09:05] Not step o'er the bounds of modesty.
 [02:09:07] Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
 [02:09:11] This is as't should be.
 [02:09:15] Let me see the county;
 [02:09:17] Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
 [02:09:20] Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
 [02:09:22] And all our whole city is much bound to him.
 [02:09:26] Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
 [02:09:29] To help me sort such needful ornaments
 [02:09:30] As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
 [02:09:32] No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.
 [02:09:34] Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.
 [02:09:36] We shall be short in our provisions:
 [02:09:39] 'Tis now near night.
 [02:09:40] Tush, I will stir about,
 [02:09:41] And all things will be well, I warrant thee, wife:
 [02:09:43] Go thou with Juliet, help to deck up her;
 [02:09:46] I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
 [02:09:49] I'll play the housewife for this once.
 [02:09:51] What, ho!
 [02:09:54] They are all forth.
 [02:09:56] Well, I will walk myself
 [02:09:57] To County Paris, and prepare up him
 [02:09:59] Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
 [02:10:03] Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
 [02:10:14] Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
 [02:10:18] I pray thee, leave me to my self to-night,
 [02:10:22] For I have need of many orisons
 [02:10:23] To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 [02:10:26] Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.
 [02:10:29] What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
 [02:10:32] No, madam; we have cull'd necessities
 [02:10:34] As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 [02:10:36] So please you, let me now be left alone,
 [02:10:39] And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
 [02:10:42] For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 [02:10:44] In this so sudden business.
 [02:10:45] Good night:

[02:10:50] Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
 [02:11:03] Farewell!
 [02:11:05] God knows when we shall meet again.
 [02:11:10] I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 [02:11:13] That almost freezes up the heat of life:
 [02:11:17] I'll call them back again to comfort me: Nurse!
 [02:11:26] What should she do here?
 [02:11:30] My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
 [02:11:35] Come, vial.
 [02:11:40] What if this mixture do not work at all?
 [02:11:43] Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
 [02:11:48] No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.
 [02:11:59] What if it be a poison, which the friar
 [02:12:02] Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
 [02:12:05] Lest in this marriage he be dishonour'd,
 [02:12:07] Because he married me before to Romeo?
 [02:12:09] I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 [02:12:15] For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 [02:12:20] How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 [02:12:22] I wake before the time that Romeo
 [02:12:24] Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 [02:12:30] Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
 [02:12:32] To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 [02:12:34] And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 [02:12:37] Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 [02:12:42] The horrible conceit of death and night,
 [02:12:45] Together with the terror of the place--
 [02:12:48] As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 [02:12:53] Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 [02:12:56] Of all my buried ancestors are packed:
 [02:12:59] Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 [02:13:02] Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
 [02:13:06] At some hours in the night spirits resort--
 [02:13:09] Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
 [02:13:12] So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 [02:13:14] And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 [02:13:16] That living mortals, hearing them, run mad--
 [02:13:19] O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 [02:13:22] Environed with all these hideous fears?
 [02:13:24] And madly play with my forefather's joints?
 [02:13:27] And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 [02:13:29] And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 [02:13:31] As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 [02:13:39] O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 [02:13:43] Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 [02:13:45] Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
 [02:14:00] Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
 [02:14:27] Gregory.
 [02:14:29] Nurse, take these keys, and fetch more spices.
 [02:14:33] They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.
 [02:14:35] Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
 [02:14:37] The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
 [02:14:39] Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
 [02:14:43] Spare not for the cost.
 [02:14:44] Go, you cot-quean, go, Get you to bed; faith,
 [02:14:47] You'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching.
 [02:14:49] No, not a whit.
 [02:14:50] I have watch'd ere now
 [02:14:51] All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
 [02:14:53] Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

[02:14:56] But I'll watch you from such watching now.
[02:14:59] Jealous hood, a jealous hood!
[02:15:01] Well, fellow, what is there?
[02:15:03] Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
[02:15:05] Make haste, make haste.
[02:15:06] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
[02:15:07] Peter will show thee where they are.
[02:15:08] I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
[02:15:10] And never trouble Peter for the matter.
[02:15:12] Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
[02:15:14] Thou shalt be logger-head.
[02:15:20] Good faith, 'tis day:
[02:15:22] The county will be here with music straight,
[02:15:24] For so he said he would: I hear him near.
[02:15:27] Nurse! Wife! What, ho!
[02:15:29] What, nurse, I say!
[02:15:30] Go waken Juliet, help to trim her up;
[02:15:32] I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
[02:15:36] Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
[02:15:39] Make haste, I say.
[02:15:45] Mistress!
[02:15:49] what, mistress!
[02:15:52] Juliet!
[02:15:55] fast, I warrant her, she:
[02:15:58] Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
[02:16:06] Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
[02:16:14] What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
[02:16:18] Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
[02:16:21] The County Paris hath set up his rest,
[02:16:23] That you shall rest but little.
[02:16:26] God forgive me, Marry, and amen,
[02:16:32] how sound is she asleep!
[02:16:34] I needs must wake her.
[02:16:36] Madam, madam, madam!
[02:16:41] Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
[02:16:43] He'll fright you up, i' faith. will it not be?
[02:16:49] What, dress'd! and in your clothes!
[02:16:52] and down again?
[02:16:56] I needs must wake you;
[02:17:01] Mada--
[02:17:10] Lady!
[02:17:16] Alack! alack, my lady's dead!
[02:17:20] Help, help!
[02:17:22] O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
[02:17:27] Some aqua vitae, ho!
[02:17:28] My lord! my lady!
[02:17:32] What noise is here?
[02:17:33] O lamentable day!
[02:17:34] What's the matter?
[02:17:36] Look, look!
[02:17:37] O heavy day!
[02:17:42] My child, my only life,
[02:17:47] Revive, look up,
[02:17:53] or I will die with thee!
[02:17:58] Help, help!
[02:18:01] Call help.
[02:18:03] For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
[02:18:05] She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!
[02:18:10] Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
[02:18:16] Ha! let me see her:

[02:18:23] out, alas! she's cold:
 [02:18:26] Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 [02:18:30] Life and these lips have long been separated:
 [02:18:33] Death lies on her like an untimely frost
 [02:18:38] Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 [02:18:40] O lamentable day!
 [02:18:43] O woeful time!
 [02:18:48] Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
 [02:18:52] Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.
 [02:19:21] Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
 [02:19:24] Ready to go, but never to return.
 [02:19:29] O son! the night before thy wedding-day
 [02:19:33] Hath Death lain with thy wife.
 [02:19:37] There she lies,
 [02:19:39] Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
 [02:19:44] Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
 [02:19:51] My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
 [02:19:56] And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.
 [02:20:03] Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
 [02:20:06] And doth it give me such a sight as this?
 [02:20:09] Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
 [02:20:15] Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
 [02:20:19] In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
 [02:20:23] But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
 [02:20:32] But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
 [02:20:36] And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!
 [02:20:42] O woe!
 [02:20:44] O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
 [02:20:47] Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
 [02:20:51] That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
 [02:20:55] Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
 [02:20:59] To murder, murder our solemnity?
 [02:21:03] O child! O child!
 [02:21:09] my soul, but not my child!
 [02:21:13] Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
 [02:21:19] And with my child my joys are buried.
 [02:21:22] Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
 [02:21:26] In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 [02:21:28] Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 [02:21:32] And all the better is it for the maid:
 [02:21:34] Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 [02:21:36] On this fair corse; and, as our custom is,
 [02:21:39] In all her best array bear her to church:
 [02:21:42] For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 [02:21:45] Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
 [02:21:48] All things that we ordained festival,
 [02:21:51] Turn from their office to black funeral;
 [02:21:54] Our instruments to melancholy bells,
 [02:21:58] Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
 [02:22:01] Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
 [02:22:06] Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 [02:22:11] And all things change them to the contrary.
 [02:22:15] Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
 [02:22:20] And go, Sir Paris; all of you prepare
 [02:22:24] To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 [02:22:26] The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
 [02:22:33] Move them no more by crossing their high will.
 [02:22:59] Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
 [02:23:02] Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease," "Heart's ease:"
 [02:23:07] O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

[02:23:10] Why "Heart's ease?"
[02:23:11] O, musicians, because my heart itself plays
[02:23:14] "My heart is full of woe:"
[02:23:17] O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.
[02:23:20] Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Romeo and Juliet Act 5

[02:23:28] If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
[02:23:31] My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
[02:23:34] My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
[02:23:37] And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
[02:23:39] Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
[02:23:42] I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
[02:23:45] Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!--
[02:23:49] And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
[02:23:52] That I revived, and was an emperor.
[02:23:55] News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
[02:24:00] Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
[02:24:02] How doth my lady?
[02:24:05] Is my father well?
[02:24:06] How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
[02:24:08] For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
[02:24:10] Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
[02:24:14] Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
[02:24:17] And her immortal part with angels lives.
[02:24:22] I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
[02:24:23] And presently took post to tell it you:
[02:24:26] O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
[02:24:29] Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
[02:24:34] Is it even so?
[02:24:45] then I defy you, stars!
[02:24:51] Go hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
[02:24:54] I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
[02:24:56] Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
[02:24:58] Some misadventure.
[02:24:59] Tush, thou art deceived:
[02:25:00] Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
[02:25:08] Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
[02:25:11] No, my good lord.
[02:25:14] No matter: get thee gone,
[02:25:16] I'll go hence tonight.
[02:25:27] Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
[02:25:37] Let's see for means:
[02:25:43] O mischief, thou art swift
[02:25:48] To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
[02:25:54] What, ho! apothecary!
[02:25:57] Who calls so loud?
[02:25:59] Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
[02:26:06] Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
[02:26:10] A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
[02:26:13] As will disperse itself through the veins
[02:26:15] That the life-weary taker may fall dead.
[02:26:17] Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
[02:26:20] Is death to any he that utters them.
[02:26:22] Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
[02:26:24] And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
[02:26:27] Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
[02:26:30] Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
[02:26:32] The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
[02:26:34] The world affords no law to make thee rich;
[02:26:35] Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
[02:26:39] My poverty, but not my will, consents.
[02:26:43] I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
[02:26:48] Put this in any liquid thing you will,
[02:26:50] And drink it off; and, if you had the strength

[02:26:52] Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
 [02:26:57] There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
 [02:27:02] Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
 [02:27:05] Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
 [02:27:08] I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
 [02:27:20] Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!
 [02:27:24] Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
 [02:27:26] Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
 [02:27:34] Going to find a bare-foot brother out
 [02:27:36] One of our order, to associate me,
 [02:27:38] Here in this city visiting the sick,
 [02:27:42] And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 [02:27:45] Suspecting that we both were in a house
 [02:27:48] Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 [02:27:49] Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
 [02:27:53] So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
 [02:27:55] Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
 [02:27:57] I could not send it-- here it is again--
 [02:27:58] Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 [02:28:00] So fearful were they of the infection.
 [02:28:03] Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
 [02:28:07] The letter was not nice but full of charge
 [02:28:09] Of dear import, and the neglecting it
 [02:28:12] May do much danger.
 [02:28:14] Friar John, go hence;
 [02:28:16] Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
 [02:28:18] Unto my cell.
 [02:28:19] Brother-- I'll go and bring it thee.
 [02:28:23] Now must I to the monument alone;
 [02:28:26] Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
 [02:28:30] She will beshrew me much that Romeo
 [02:28:32] Hath had no notice of these accidents;
 [02:28:34] But I will write again to Mantua,
 [02:28:37] And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
 [02:28:43] Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
 [02:29:04] Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof.
 [02:29:22] Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew--
 [02:29:27] O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones--
 [02:29:33] Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
 [02:29:36] Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
 [02:29:40] The obsequies that I for thee will keep
 [02:29:43] Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
 [02:29:52] The boy gives warning; something doth approach.
 [02:29:55] What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 [02:29:58] To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
 [02:30:01] What with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.
 [02:30:16] Give me the light:
 [02:30:22] upon thy life, I charge thee,
 [02:30:24] Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 [02:30:27] And do not interrupt me in my course.
 [02:30:31] But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 [02:30:34] In what I further shall intend to do,
 [02:30:36] By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
 [02:30:39] And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
 [02:30:42] The time and my intents are savage-wild,
 [02:30:47] More fierce and more inexorable far
 [02:30:49] Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.
 [02:30:52] I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
 [02:30:55] Take thou that:
 [02:30:58] Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

[02:31:10] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
[02:31:14] His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[02:31:23] Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
[02:31:30] Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
[02:31:34] Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[02:31:38] And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
[02:31:45] This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
[02:31:48] That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
[02:31:51] It is supposed, the fair creature died;
[02:31:53] And now is come to do some villanous shame
[02:31:55] To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
[02:32:01] Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
[02:32:04] Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
[02:32:07] Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
[02:32:10] Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
[02:32:12] I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
[02:32:15] Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
[02:32:21] Put not another sin upon my head,
[02:32:22] By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
[02:32:27] By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
[02:32:30] For I come hither arm'd against myself:
[02:32:33] Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
[02:32:37] A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
[02:32:42] I do defy thy conjuration,
[02:32:44] And apprehend thee for a felon here.
[02:32:46] Wilt thou provoke me?
[02:32:52] then have at thee, boy!
[02:33:01] O, I am slain!
[02:33:04] If thou be merciful,
[02:33:06] Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.
[02:33:13] Let me peruse this face.
[02:33:21] Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
[02:33:25] What said my man, when my betossed soul
[02:33:28] Did not attend him as we rode?
[02:33:30] I think he said Paris should have married Juliet:
[02:33:33] Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
[02:33:36] Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
[02:33:37] To think it was so?
[02:33:40] Give me thy hand,
[02:33:47] One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
[02:33:51] I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
[02:33:57] I will go call the watch.
[02:34:02] A grave?
[02:34:08] Oh, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
[02:34:13] for here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
[02:34:17] This vault a feasting presence full of light.
[02:34:26] O my love!
[02:34:32] my wife!
[02:34:36] Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
[02:34:39] Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
[02:34:44] Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
[02:34:49] Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
[02:34:52] And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
[02:35:04] Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
[02:35:15] O, what more favour can I do to thee,
[02:35:17] Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
[02:35:20] To sunder his that was thine enemy?
[02:35:24] Forgive me, cousin!
[02:35:31] Ah, dear Juliet,
[02:35:38] Why art thou yet so fair?

[02:35:43] shall I believe
[02:35:45] That unsubstantial death is amorous,
[02:35:47] And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
[02:35:49] Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
[02:35:53] For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
[02:35:57] And never from this palace of dim night depart.
[02:36:02] Here, here will I stay
[02:36:07] With worms that are thy chamber-maids.
[02:36:12] Here will I set up my everlasting rest,
[02:36:15] And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
[02:36:17] From this world-wearied flesh.
[02:36:24] Eyes, look your last!
[02:36:29] Arms, take your last embrace!
[02:36:36] and, lips, O you
[02:36:39] The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
[02:36:43] A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
[02:36:52] Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
[02:37:02] Here's to my love!
[02:37:20] Thus with a kiss...
[02:37:26] I die.
[02:37:31] Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
[02:37:33] Have my old feet stumbled at graves!
[02:37:36] Who's there?
[02:37:37] Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
[02:37:39] Bliss be upon you!
[02:37:41] Tell me, good my friend,
[02:37:42] What torch is yond, that vainly lends its light
[02:37:44] To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
[02:37:47] It burneth in the Capel's monument.
[02:37:49] It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
[02:37:52] One that you love.
[02:37:53] Who is it?
[02:37:54] Romeo.
[02:37:56] How long hath he been there?
[02:37:58] Full half an hour.
[02:38:00] Go with me to the vault.
[02:38:01] I dare not, sir.
[02:38:03] My master knows not but I am gone hence;
[02:38:04] And fearfully did menace me with death,
[02:38:06] If I did stay to look on his intents.
[02:38:07] Stay, then; I'll go alone.
[02:38:09] Fear comes upon me:
[02:38:11] O, much I fear some ill unthrifed thing.
[02:38:17] Alack, alack, what blood is this, that stains
[02:38:21] The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
[02:38:24] What mean these masterless and gory swords
[02:38:27] To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[02:38:34] Romeo!
[02:38:39] O, pale!
[02:38:44] Who else? what, Paris too?
[02:38:49] And steep'd in blood?
[02:38:51] Oh, what an unkind hour
[02:38:53] Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
[02:38:57] The lady stirs.
[02:39:02] O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
[02:39:08] I do remember well where I should be,
[02:39:10] And there I am.
[02:39:12] Where is my Romeo?
[02:39:14] I hear some noise.
[02:39:17] Lady, come from that nest

[02:39:18] Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
 [02:39:20] A greater power than we can contradict
 [02:39:23] Hath thwarted our intents.
 [02:39:26] Come, come away.
 [02:39:27] Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 [02:39:33] And Paris too.
 [02:39:35] Come, I'll dispose of thee
 [02:39:36] Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
 [02:39:38] Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
 [02:39:42] Come, go, good Juliet.
 [02:39:47] I dare no longer stay.
 [02:39:50] Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
 [02:39:57] What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
 [02:40:07] Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
 [02:40:12] O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
 [02:40:17] To help me after?
 [02:40:20] I will kiss thy lips;
 [02:40:23] Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
 [02:40:27] To make die with a restorative.
 [02:40:34] Thy lips are warm.
 [02:40:36] This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
 [02:40:41] Yea, noise.
 [02:40:44] Then I'll be brief.
 [02:40:49] O, happy dagger,
 [02:40:52] this is thy sheath.
 [02:40:55] There rust, and let me die.
 [02:41:11] The ground is bloody;
 [02:41:17] search about the churchyard:
 [02:41:18] Go, some of you, whose'er you find attach.
 [02:41:22] Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.
 [02:41:27] Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.
 [02:41:36] What misadventure is so early up,
 [02:41:38] That calls our person from our morning rest?
 [02:41:49] What should it be, that is so shrieked abroad?
 [02:41:51] The people in the streets cry Romeo,
 [02:41:54] Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
 [02:41:56] With open outcry toward our monument.
 [02:42:04] What fear is this that startles in our ears?
 [02:42:07] Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
 [02:42:13] Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
 [02:42:17] Warm and new kill'd.
 [02:42:23] Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
 [02:42:26] Till we can clear these ambiguities.
 [02:42:29] Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
 [02:42:34] Where are the parties of suspicion?
 [02:42:36] I am the greatest, able to do least.
 [02:42:40] And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 [02:42:43] Myself condemned and myself excused.
 [02:42:47] Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
 [02:42:50] Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet.
 [02:43:01] O heavens, O wife,
 [02:43:03] Look how our daughter bleeds.
 [02:43:05] This dagger is mista'en-- for, lo, his house
 [02:43:08] Is empty on the back of Montague--
 [02:43:09] and it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!
 [02:43:12] O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
 [02:43:18] That warns my old age to a sepulchre.
 [02:43:24] Come, Montague; for thou art early up
 [02:43:28] To see thy son and heir more early down.
 [02:43:31] Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

[02:43:37] Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
[02:43:40] What further woe conspires against my age?
[02:43:45] Look, and thou shalt see.
[02:44:11] O thou untaught! what manners is in this?
[02:44:16] To press before thy father to a grave?
[02:44:24] Where be these enemies?
[02:44:29] Capulet?
[02:44:31] Montague.
[02:44:33] See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
[02:44:37] That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
[02:44:42] And I for winking at your discords too
[02:44:45] Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.
[02:44:50] O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
[02:44:55] This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
[02:44:59] Can I demand.
[02:45:01] But I can give thee more:
[02:45:03] For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
[02:45:07] That whilst Verona by that name is known,
[02:45:10] There shall no figure at such rate be set
[02:45:13] As that of true and faithful Juliet.
[02:45:15] As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
[02:45:20] Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
[02:45:23] A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
[02:45:28] The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
[02:45:32] Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
[02:45:36] Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
[02:45:41] For never was a story of more woe
[02:45:43] Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.