

# ROMEO AND JULIET

## Act 2 Scene 2

<b>ROMEO</b>	But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou her maid art far more fair than she: Be not her maid, since she is envious: Her vestal livery is but sick and green And none but fools do wear it, cast it off. <i>(Enter Juliet above)</i> It is my lady, O, it is my love! O, that she knew she were!	5 10
	She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that? Her eye discourses: I will answer it. I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks: Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, As daylight doth a lamp, her eye in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright That birds would sing and think it were not night. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O, that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek!	15 20
<b>JULIET</b>	Ay me!	25
<b>ROMEO</b>	She speaks: O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art As glorious to this night, being o'er my head As a winged messenger of heaven Unto the white upturned wondering eyes Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds, And floats upon the bosom of the air.	30
<b>JULIET</b>	O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name, Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.	35
<b>ROMEO</b>	Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?	
<b>JULIET</b>	'Tis but thy name that is my enemy, Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name. What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other word would smell as sweet, So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,	40 45

	Retain that dear perfection which he owns Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, And for thy name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.		50
<b>ROMEO</b>	I take thee at thy word: Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized, Henceforth I never will be Romeo.	<i>(To her)</i>	
<b>JULIET</b>	What man art thou that thus bescreened in night So stumblest on my counsel?		55
<b>ROMEO</b>	By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee. Had I it written, I would tear the word.		60
<b>JULIET</b>	My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of thy tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound: Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?		
<b>ROMEO</b>	Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.		
<b>JULIET</b>	How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here.		65
<b>ROMEO</b>	With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls, For stony limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do that dares love attempt: Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.		70
<b>JULIET</b>	If they do see thee, they will murder thee.		
<b>ROMEO</b>	Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords		75
<b>JULIET</b>	I would not for the world they saw thee here.		
<b>ROMEO</b>	I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes, And but thou love me, let them find me here: My life were better ended by their hate, Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.		80
<b>JULIET</b>	By whose direction found'st thou out this place?		
<b>ROMEO</b>	By love, that first did prompt me to inquire: He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea, I should adventure for such merchandise.		85
<b>JULIET</b>	Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny What I have spoke: but farewell compliment! Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay', And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st, Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light: But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,		90
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	And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.	
<b>ROMEO</b>	Lady, I swear by yonder blessèd moon That tips with silver -	110
<b>JULIET</b>	O, swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circlèd orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.	
<b>ROMEO</b>	What shall I swear by?	
<b>JULIET</b>	Do not swear at all: Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee.	115
<b>ROMEO</b>	If my heart's dear love—	
<b>JULIET</b>	Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract tonight: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say 'It lightens'. Sweet, goodnight! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Goodnight, goodnight, as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!	120
<b>ROMEO</b>	O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?	
<b>JULIET</b>	What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?	125
<b>ROMEO</b>	Th'exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.	
<b>JULIET</b>	I gave thee mine before thou didst request it: And yet I would it were to give again.	130
<b>ROMEO</b>	Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?	
<b>JULIET</b>	But to be frank and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have. My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep: the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite.	135
	<i>(Nurse within [Juliet!])</i>	
	I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!—	140
	<i>(Nurse within [Juliet!])</i>	
	Anon, good nurse!— Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little, I will come again.	<i>(Exit, above)</i>
<b>ROMEO</b>	O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.	145

## Act 3 Scene 1

<b>BENVOLIO</b>	By my head, here come the Capulets.	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	By my heel, I care not.	
<b>TYBALT</b>	Follow me close, for I will speak to them. <span style="float: right;"><i>(To his companions)</i></span>	
	Gentlemen, good e'en, a word with one of you.	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.	5
<b>TYBALT</b>	You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	Could you not take some occasion without giving?	
<b>TYBALT</b>	Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. <span style="float: right;">10</span>	
	<i>(Points to his sword)</i>	
	Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance. Come, consort!	
<b>BENVOLIO</b>	We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart: here all eyes gaze on us.	15
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze: I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.	
<b>TYBALT</b>	Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.	20
<b>TYBALT</b>	Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this: thou art a villain.	
<b>ROMEO</b>	Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting: villain am I none; Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.	25
<b>TYBALT</b>	Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me: therefore turn and draw.	
<b>ROMEO</b>	I do protest I never injured thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet — which name I tender As dearly as my own — be satisfied.	30
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?	35
<b>TYBALT</b>	What wouldst thou have with me?	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	Nothing, Good king of cats, but one of your nine lives that I mean to make bold withal, Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.	40
<b>ROMEO</b>	Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	Come, sir, your <i>passado</i> .	
<b>TYBALT</b>	I am for you.	
<b>ROMEO</b>	Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! Hold friends, friends part Mercutio, the prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets: Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!	45
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	I am hurt. A plague o'both the houses! I am sped. Is he gone and hath nothing?	50
<b>BENVOLIO</b>	What, art thou hurt?	
<b>MERCUTIO</b>	Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch, marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.	55
<b>ROMEO</b>	Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.	

**MERCUTIO** No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis  
enough, 'twill serve: ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a  
grave man, find me a grave man, find me a grave man  
A dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a 60  
rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!  
Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under *(To Romeo)*  
your arm.

**ROMEO** I thought all for the best.  
**MERCUTIO** Help me into some house, Benvolio, 65  
Or I shall faint. A plague o'both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,  
And soundly too. Your houses!

## Act 3 Scene 5

<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.	
<b>JULIET</b>	And joy comes well in such a needy time: What are they, beseech your ladyship?	
<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child, One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.	5
<b>JULIET</b>	Madam, in happy time, what day is that?	
<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn, The gallant, young and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.	10
<b>JULIET</b>	Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joyful bride. I wonder at this haste, that I must wed Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. I pray you tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet, and, when I do, I swear It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!	15
<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	Here comes your father: tell him so yourself, And see how he will take it at your hands.	20
<b>CAPULET</b>	When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew, But for the sunset of my brother's son It rains downright. How now? A conduit, girl? What, still in tears? Evermore show'ring? In one little body Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind, For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears: the bark thy body is, Sailing in this salt flood: the wind, thy sighs, Who, raging with thy tears and they with them, Without a sudden calm, will overset Thy tempest-tossèd body. How now, wife? Have you delivered to her our decree?	25
<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks. I would the fool were married to her grave.	35
<b>CAPULET</b>	Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife. How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?	40
<b>JULIET</b>	Not proud you have, but thankful that you have: Proud can I never be of what I hate, But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.	
<b>CAPULET</b>	How now? How now? Chop-logic? What is this? 'Proud' and 'I thank you' and 'I thank you not', And yet 'not proud', mistress minion you? Thank me no thankings nor proud me no prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next, To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.	45
<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	Fie, fie, what, are you mad?	
<b>JULIET</b>	Good father, I beseech you on my knee Hear me with patience but to speak a word.	
<b>CAPULET</b>	Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch! I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look me in the face.	50

	Speak not, reply not, do not answer me: My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest That God had lent us but this only child, But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her. Out on her, hilding!	60
<b>NURSE</b>	God in heaven bless her!	
<b>CAPULET</b>	You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue, Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.	65
<b>NURSE</b>	I speak no treason.	
<b>CAPULET</b>	O, God gi' good e'en.	
<b>NURSE</b>	May not one speak?	70
<b>CAPULET</b>	Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, For here we need it not.	
<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	You are too hot.	
<b>CAPULET</b>	God's bread, it makes me mad! Day, night, work, play, Alone, in company, still my care hath been To have her matched: and having now provided A gentleman of noble parentage, Of fair demenes, youthful, and nobly allied Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts, And then to have a wretched puling fool, A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love, I am too young, I pray you pardon me.'	75 80
	But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you: Graze where you will you shall not house with me. Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest. Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise: An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend, An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to't I'll not be foresworn.	85 90
<b>JULIET</b>	O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! Delay this marriage for a month, a week, Or if you do not, make the bridal bed In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.	(Exit) 95
<b>LADY CAPULET</b>	Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word: Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.	(Exit) 100
<b>JULIET</b>	O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented? Comfort me, counsel me.	
<b>NURSE</b>	What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy? Some comfort, nurse. Faith, here it is: Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing, That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you, Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the county. O, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dishclout to him. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match, For it excels your first: or if it did not, Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were, As living here and you no use of him.	105 110
<b>JULIET</b>	Speakest thou from thy heart?	115

<b>NURSE</b>	And from my soul too, Or else beshrew them both.	
<b>JULIET</b>	Amen.	120
<b>NURSE</b>	What?	
<b>JULIET</b>	Well, thou hast comforted me marv'llous much. Go in and tell my lady I am gone, Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell, To make confession and to be absolved.	130
<b>NURSE</b>	Marry, I will, and this is wisely done	<i>(Exit)</i>