

# *Romeo and Juliet*

By William Shakespeare

Verona, Italy—1590's, July

ROMEO .....Son of MONTAGUE  
BENVOLIO.....Montague cousin of ROMEO  
BALTHASAR .....Montague servant to ROMEO  
ABRAM .....Montague servant  
LORD MONTAGUE.....Father of ROMEO  
LADY MONTAGUE.....Mother of ROMEO  
  
JULIET.....Daughter of CAPULET, age 13  
TYBALT .....Capulet cousin of JULIET  
SAMPSON .....Capulet servant  
GREGORY.....Capulet servant  
LORD CAPULET .....Father of JULIET, in his 50's  
LADY CAPULET .....Mother of JULIET, about 27  
NURSE .....Capulet servant to JULIET  
PETER .....Capulet servant to NURSE  
  
MERCUTIO .....Friend of ROMEO, related to PRINCE  
COUNTY PARIS .....Count to wed JULIET, related to PRINCE  
PRINCE ESCALUS.....Prince of Verona  
FRIAR LAWRENCE.....Franciscan who marries ROMEO & JULIET  
FRIAR JOHN .....Carries message for FRIAR LAWRENCE  
APOTHECARY .....Sells poison to ROMEO  
  
CITIZENS, SERVANTS, MUSICIANS, GUARDS, etc.

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

## PROLOGUE

### CHORUS

Two households, both alike in dignity, 1.0.1  
*families, rank*  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, *rivalry, outbreaks, fighting*  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. *civilian*  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 1.0.5  
*fateful, children*  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life, *doomed*  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows *unfortunate, pitiful, downfall*  
Doth<sup>2</sup> with their death bury their parents' strife. *do<sup>+</sup>, end, fighting*  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, *doomed*  
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 1.0.10  
*except for, nothing*  
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove, *performance*  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage. *listen*  
The which if you with patient ears attend, *play*  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

### ACT 1, SCENE 1

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

#### SAMPSON

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals. 1.1.1  
*take insults*

#### GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers. 1.1.2  
*coal miners*

#### SAMPSON

I mean, if<sup>5</sup> we be in choler, we'll draw. 1.1.3  
*and<sup>2</sup>, angered, draw our weapons*

#### GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of [the]<sup>1</sup> collar. 1.1.4  
*take, noose*

#### SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved. 1.1.6  
*attack, angered*

#### GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike. 1.1.7

#### SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 1.1.8

#### GREGORY

To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. 1.1.9  
*brave*

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

#### SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will 1.1.12

take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. *make them step aside*

#### GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave<sup>2</sup>, for the weakest 1.1.14  
*weakling<sup>1</sup>: coward*  
goes to the wall. *backs up against the wall*

#### SAMPSON

'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, 1.1.16  
*gender*

are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's *always*  
men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall. *women*

#### GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 1.1.20  
*menservants*

#### SAMPSON

'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I 1.1.22  
*all the same, prove*

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

maids, and<sup>5</sup> cut off their heads! *I will<sup>2</sup>*

#### GREGORY

The heads of the maids? 1.1.25

|  |  |
|--|--|
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.26   |
| Ay, the heads of the maids, or their <u>maidenheads</u> !  | <i>virginity</i>                               |
| Take it in <u>what sense</u> thou wilt.  | <i>whatever meaning</i>                        |
| GREGORY  | 1.1.28   |
| They must <u>take it in</u> <sup>1</sup> sense that feel it!   | <i>feel what I do to them (bawdy)</i>          |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.29   |
| Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and 'tis known I am a pretty <sup>2</sup> piece of flesh.                                     | tall <sup>1</sup> ( <i>bawdy</i> )             |
| GREGORY  | 1.1.31   |
| 'Tis well thou art not fish; <u>if thou hadst</u> , thou hadst been <u>poor-john</u> .   | <i>if you were a poor catch</i>                |
| [ABRAM & another Montague Servant enter, armed]  |  |
| Draw thy <u>tool</u> ! Here comes [two] <sup>1</sup> of the house of Montagues <sup>2</sup> !  | <i>sword, the Montagues<sup>5</sup></i>        |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.34   |
| My <u>naked</u> weapon is out. <u>Quarrel</u> , I will back thee.  | <i>unsheathed, fight</i>                       |
| GREGORY  | 1.1.36   |
| <u>How</u> , turn thy back and run?  | <i>how do you mean</i>                         |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.37   |
| <u>Fear me not</u> .   | <i>trust me</i>                                |
| GREGORY  | 1.1.38   |
| No, <u>marry</u> . I fear thee!  | <i>indeed</i>                                  |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.39   |
| Let us take the law on <sup>1</sup> our side <sup>1</sup> ; let them begin.  | of <sup>2</sup> , sides <sup>2</sup>           |
| GREGORY  | 1.1.41   |
| I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they <u>list</u> .  | <i>please</i>                                  |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.43   |
| Nay, as they dare. I will <u>bite my thumb</u> at them, which is a disgrace to them if they <u>bear it</u> .<br>[ <i>bites his thumb</i> ] | <i>give the finger take it without a fight</i> |
| ABRAM  | 1.1.45   |
| Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?   |  |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.46   |
| I do bite my thumb, sir.   |  |
| ABRAM  | 1.1.47   |
| Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?   |  |
| SAMPSON [ <i>aside to Gregory</i> ]  | 1.1.48   |
| Is the law on <sup>1</sup> our side if I say " <u>ay</u> "?  | of <sup>2</sup> , yes                          |
| GREGORY [ <i>aside to Sampson</i> ]  | 1.1.50   |
| No!  |  |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.51   |
| No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.   |  |
| GREGORY  | 1.1.53   |
| Do you <u>quarrel</u> , sir?   | <i>challenge us</i>                            |
| ABRAM  | 1.1.54   |
| Quarrel sir? No, sir!  |  |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.55   |
| But if you do, sir, I <u>am for you</u> ! I serve as good a <u>man</u> as you.   | <i>will fight you master</i>                   |
| ABRAM  | 1.1.57   |
| No better?   |  |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.58   |
| Well, sir—   |  |
| GREGORY [ <i>sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson</i> ]  | 1.1.59   |
| Say "better"! Here comes one of my master's <u>kinsmen</u> .   | <i>relatives</i>                               |
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.61   |
| Yes, better, [sir] <sup>2</sup> .  | [not in 5]                                     |
| ABRAM  | 1.1.62   |
| You lie!   |  |

|  |  |
|--|--|
| SAMPSON  | 1.1.63   |
| Draw, if you be men!   |  |
| Gregory, remember thy <u>washing blow</u> .                            | <i>slashing stroke</i>   |
| [ <i>They fight</i> ]  |  |
| BENVOLIO [ <i>enters, sword drawn</i> ]                                | 1.1.65   |
| <u>Part</u> , fools!   | <i>separate</i>  |
| Put <u>up</u> your swords! You know not what you do!                   | <i>put away</i>  |
| TYBALT [ <i>enters, to Benvolio</i> ]                                  | 1.1.67   |
| What, art thou drawn among these <u>heartless hinds</u> ?              | <i>deer/servants</i>   |
| Turn thee, Benvolio. <u>Look upon thy death</u> !                      | <i>face your death</i>   |
| [ <i>draws his sword</i> ]   |  |
| BENVOLIO   | 1.1.69   |
| I do <u>but</u> keep the peace. Put <u>up</u> thy sword,               | <i>just, put away</i>  |
| Or <u>manage</u> it to part these men with me.                         | <i>use</i>   |
| TYBALT   | 1.1.71   |
| What, <u>drawn</u> , and talk of peace? I hate the word,               | <i>your sword drawn</i>  |
| As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!                               |  |
| Have at thee, coward!  |  |
| [ <i>They fight</i> ]  |  |
| CITIZENS [ <i>enter, armed</i> ]                                       | 1.1.74   |
| <u>Clubs, bills, and partisans</u> ! Strike! Beat them down!           | <i>weapons</i>   |
| Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!                       |  |
| [ <i>LORD &amp; LADY CAPULET and LORD &amp; LADY MONTAGUE enter</i> ]  |  |
| CAPULET  | 1.1.76   |
| What noise is this? Give me my <u>long sword</u> , ho!                 | <i>outdated weapon</i>   |
| LADY CAPULET [ <i>mocking his old age</i> ]                            | 1.1.77   |
| A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?                          |  |
| CAPULET  | 1.1.79   |
| My sword, I say! Old Montague is come                                  |  |
| And <u>flourishes</u> his blade <u>in spite of</u> me!                 | <i>waves, to spite</i>   |
| MONTAGUE   | 1.1.81   |
| Thou villain Capulet! [ <i>she stops him</i> ] Hold me not, let me go! |  |
| LADY MONTAGUE  | 1.1.82   |
| Thou shalt not stir one <sup>2</sup> foot to seek a foe!               | <i>a<sup>5</sup></i>   |
| PRINCE [ <i>enters with Attendants</i> ]                               | 1.1.83   |
| Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,                                 |  |
| <u>Profaners</u> of this <u>neighbor-stained</u> steel                 | <i>offenders, bloody</i>                                       |
| —Will they not hear?—What, ho! You men, you beasts,                    |  |
| That quench the fire of your <u>pernicious</u> rage                    | <i>deadly</i>  |
| With purple fountains <u>issuing</u> from your veins!                  | <i>pouring</i>   |
| On pain of torture, from those bloody hands                            |  |
| Throw your <u>mistempered</u> weapons to the ground,                   | <i>hostile</i>   |
| And hear the sentence of your <u>movèd</u> Prince!                     | <i>angered</i> 1.1.90  |
| Three <u>civil</u> brawls, <u>bred of an airy word</u>                 | <i>public, started by few words</i>                            |
| By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,                                    |  |
| Have <u>thrice</u> disturbed the quiet of our streets,                 | <i>three times</i>   |
| And made Verona's <u>ancient</u> citizens                              | <i>oldest</i>  |
| <u>Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments</u> ,                       | <i>put aside their dignity</i> 1.1.95                          |
| To wield old <u>partisans</u> , in hands as old,                       | <i>weapons</i>   |
| <u>Cankered</u> with peace, to part your <u>cankered</u> hate.         | <i>infected, infectious</i>                                    |
| If ever you disturb our streets again,                                 |  |
| <u>Your lives shall pay</u> the forfeit of the peace!                  | <i>you'll be executed for</i>                                  |
| <u>For this time</u> , all <u>the rest</u> depart away.                | <i>for now, the rest of you</i> 1.1.100                        |
| You Capulet, shall go along with me,                                   |  |
| And Montague, come you this afternoon,                                 |  |
| To know <u>our further</u> <sup>+</sup> <u>pleasure</u> in this case,  | <i>my, farther<sup>2</sup>/father's<sup>5</sup>, decisions</i> |
| To old Freetown, our <u>common judgment-place</u> .                    | <i>public court</i>  |
| Once more, on pain of death, all men depart!                           |  |
| [ <i>All exit but Lord &amp; Lady Montague and Benvolio</i> ]          |  |

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

|  |                                 |  |
|--|---------------------------------|--|
| Or dedicate his beauty to the sun <sup>+</sup> .               |                                 | same <sup>2</sup>                              |
| Could we <u>but</u> learn from <u>whence</u> his sorrows grow, |                                 | <i>if we could only, where</i>                 |
| We would as willingly give cure as know.                       |                                 |  |
| [ROMEO enters]   |                                 |  |
| BENVOLIO   |                                 | 1.1.159  |
| See <u>where he comes</u> . So please you, step aside.         |                                 | <i>look, he's coming</i>                       |
| I'll know his <u>grievance</u> or be much denied.              |                                 | <i>the cause of his distress</i>               |
| MONTAGUE   |                                 | 1.1.161  |
| I would thou wert so <u>happy</u> by thy stay                  |                                 | <i>wish, successful</i>                        |
| To hear true <u>shrift</u> .—Come, madam, let's away.          |                                 | <i>confessions</i>                             |
| [They exit]  |                                 |  |
| BENVOLIO   |                                 | 1.1.163  |
| Good <u>morrow</u> , cousin.                                   |                                 | <i>good morning</i>                            |
| ROMEO  | Is the day so young?            | 1.1.164  |
| BENVOLIO   |                                 | 1.1.165  |
| But <u>new</u> struck nine.                                    |                                 | <i>just now</i>                                |
| ROMEO  | Ay me, sad hours seem long.     | 1.1.166  |
| Was that my father that went <u>hence</u> so fast?             |                                 | <i>away</i>                                    |
| BENVOLIO   |                                 | 1.1.168  |
| It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?                  |                                 |  |
| ROMEO  |                                 | 1.1.169  |
| Not having that, which having, makes them short.               |                                 |  |
| BENVOLIO   |                                 | 1.1.170  |
| In love?   |                                 |  |
| ROMEO  |                                 | 1.1.171  |
| Out—   |                                 |  |
| BENVOLIO   |                                 | 1.1.172  |
| Of love?   |                                 |  |
| ROMEO  |                                 | 1.1.173  |
| Out of her favor where I am in love.                           |                                 |  |
| BENVOLIO   |                                 | 1.1.174  |
| <u>Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,</u>                 |                                 | <i>too bad Cupid who looks gentle</i>          |
| <u>Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!</u>              |                                 | <i>is actually rough</i>                       |
| ROMEO  |                                 | 1.1.176  |
| Alas, that Love, whose view is <u>muffled still</u> ,          |                                 | <i>blindfolded, always</i>                     |
| Should, without eyes, see pathways to his <u>will</u> !        |                                 | <i>purposes</i>                                |
| Where shall we dine?   |                                 |  |
| [sees signs of the fight] O me! What fray was here?            |                                 |  |
| Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.                      |                                 |  |
| <u>Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.</u>        |                                 | <i>it's all about</i> 1.1.180                  |
| Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,                     |                                 |  |
| O anything of <u>nothing first create</u> <sup>1</sup> !       |                                 | <i>created<sup>2</sup>: created of nothing</i> |
| O heavy lightness, serious <u>vanity</u> ,                     |                                 | <i>foolishness</i>                             |
| Misshapen chaos of <u>well-seeming</u> <sup>4</sup> forms,     |                                 | <i>attractive</i>                              |
| Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,         |                                 | 1.1.185  |
| <u>Still-waking sleep</u> that is not what it is!              |                                 | <i>always</i>                                  |
| <u>This love feel I, that feel no love in this.</u>            |                                 | <i>I love one who does not love me</i>         |
| Dost thou not laugh?   |                                 |  |
| BENVOLIO   | No <u>coz</u> , I rather weep.  | <i>cousin</i> 1.1.189                          |
| ROMEO  |                                 | 1.1.190  |
| Good <u>heart</u> , at what?                                   |                                 | <i>friend</i>                                  |
| BENVOLIO   | At thy good heart's oppression. | 1.1.191  |
| ROMEO  |                                 | 1.1.192  |
| Why, such is <u>love's transgression</u> .                     |                                 | <i>love's ways</i>                             |
| Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my <u>breast</u> ,             |                                 | <i>heart</i>                                   |
| Which thou <u>wilt propagate</u> to have it <u>pressed</u>     |                                 | <i>will increase, added</i>                    |
| With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown             |                                 | 1.1.195  |
| Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.                   |                                 |  |

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Love is a smoke made <sup>2</sup> with the fume of sighs;<br><u>Being purged</u> , a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;<br><u>Being vexed</u> , a sea nourished <sup>2</sup> with loving <sup>2</sup> tears;<br>What is it else? A madness most discreet,<br>A <u>choking gall</u> and a <u>preserving sweet</u> .<br>Farewell, my coz.  | raised <sup>1</sup><br><i>love being exchanged</i><br><i>love being denied, raging<sup>1</sup>, lovers<sup>1</sup></i><br>1.1.200<br><i>bitter potion, healing sweetness</i>  |
| BENVOLIO <u>Soft</u> , I will go along.<br>And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!   | <i>wait</i> 1.1.203   |
| ROMEO<br>Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here.<br>This is not Romeo; he's some other where.   | 1.1.205<br><i>nonsense</i>  |
| BENVOLIO<br>Tell me <u>in sadness</u> , who is that you love?   | 1.1.207<br><i>seriously</i>   |
| ROMEO<br>What, shall I groan and tell thee?   | 1.1.208   |
| BENVOLIO                                   Groan? Why no,<br>But sadly tell me who.   | 1.1.209   |
| ROMEO<br>[ <u>Bid</u> ] <sup>1</sup> a sick man in "sadness" make <sup>1</sup> his will?<br>A <u>word ill-urged</u> to one that is so ill!<br>In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.  | 1.1.210<br><i>ask, makes<sup>2</sup></i><br><i>poorly chosen word</i>   |
| BENVOLIO<br>I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.  | 1.1.213   |
| ROMEO<br>A right good <u>markman</u> ! And she's <u>fair</u> I love.  | 1.1.214<br><i>marksman, beautiful</i>   |
| BENVOLIO<br>A <u>right fair mark</u> , fair coz, is soonest hit.  | 1.1.215<br><i>target in plain sight</i>   |
| ROMEO<br>Well in that hit you miss! She'll not be hit<br>With Cupid's arrow. She hath <u>Dian's wit</u> ,<br>And in strong <u>proof</u> of <u>chastity</u> well armed,<br>From <u>Love's</u> weak childish bow she lives <u>uncharmed</u> <sup>2</sup> .<br>She <u>will not stay the siege of loving terms</u> ,<br>Nor <u>bide th'encounter of assailing eyes</u> ,<br>Nor <u>ope</u> her lap to saint-seducing <u>gold</u> .<br>O, she is rich in beauty, only poor<br>That, <u>when she dies, with beauty dies her store</u> . | <i>wisdom of Diana: god of virginity</i><br><i>armor, virginity</i><br><i>Cupid's, unaffected/unharmed<sup>1</sup></i><br><i>won't be won by sweet talk</i><br><i>loving looks</i> 1.1.221<br><i>open (bawdy), riches</i> |
| BENVOLIO<br>Then she hath sworn that she will <u>still live chaste</u> ?  | <i>because it dies with her</i><br>1.1.225<br><i>always stay a virgin</i>   |
| ROMEO<br>She hath, and in that <u>sparing</u> makes <sup>4</sup> huge waste,<br>For beauty, starved with her <u>severity</u> ,<br>Cuts beauty off from all <u>posterity</u> .<br>She is too <u>fair</u> , too wise, wisely too <u>fair</u><br>To <u>merit bliss</u> by making me despair.<br>She hath <u>forsworn to love</u> , and in that vow<br>Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.  | 1.1.226<br><i>withholding</i><br><i>sever choice</i><br><i>future generations</i><br><i>beautiful, just</i><br><i>win a place in heaven</i><br><i>sworn not to love</i>   |
| BENVOLIO<br><u>Be ruled by me</u> ; forget to think of her.   | 1.1.233<br><i>listen to me</i>  |
| ROMEO<br>O, teach me how I should forget to think!  | 1.1.234   |
| BENVOLIO<br>By giving liberty unto thine eyes.<br>Examine other beauties!   | 1.1.235   |
| ROMEO                                   Tis the way<br>To <u>call hers, exquisite, in question</u> more.<br>These <u>happy masks</u> that kiss fair ladies' <u>brows</u> ,<br>Being black, <u>puts us in mind</u> they hide the fair.<br>He that is stricken blind cannot forget  | 1.1.237<br><i>make me dwell on her beauty</i><br><i>lucky veils, faces</i><br><i>makes us think</i>   |

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. 1.1.242  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair; *very beautiful*  
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note *reminder*  
 Where I may read who passed that passing fair? *Rosaline who surpassed*  
 Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO 1.1.247  
 I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *teach you that lesson, failure*  
*[They exit]*

## ACT 1, SCENE 2

*[A street. CAPULET, PARIS, SERVANT]*

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

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

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

PARIS 1.2.12  
 Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET 1.2.13  
 And too soon marred are those so early made. *harmed*  
 [The]<sup>+</sup> earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she; *grave, other children*  
 She is<sup>+</sup> the hopeful lady of my earth. *she's<sup>2</sup>, of my earthly body (my offspring)*  
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.  
My will to her consent is but a part. *my wishes are less important than hers*  
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice *if she agrees*  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice. *agreeing*  
 This night I hold an old accustomed feast, *customary* 1.2.20  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love; and you among the store, *whom, group*  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
 At my poor house look to behold this night *humble, see*  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light. *beautiful women* 1.2.25  
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
 When well-appareled April on the heel *Spring dressed in flowers*  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female<sup>1</sup> buds shall you this night *fennel<sup>2</sup>: an herb inspiring passion*  
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see, *see, see all the women* 1.2.30  
And like her most whose merit most shall be;  
 Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none. *then like the best one*  
 Come, go with me. *be just one of the crowd*  
*[to Servant, giving a paper]* Go, sirrah, trudge about *walk* 1.2.35  
 Through fair Verona, find those persons out  
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
 My house and welcome at<sup>1</sup> their pleasure stay. *on<sup>2</sup>, I welcome their company*  
*[Capulet & Paris exit]*



|   |  |
|---|--|
| SERVANT   | 1.2.39   |
| Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should <u>meddle</u> with his <u>yard</u> and the tailor with his <u>last</u> , the fisher with his <u>pencil</u> and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here <u>writ</u> , and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to <u>the learned</u> .                                  | <i>work<br/>yardstick, shoemaker tools<br/>paintbrush</i>                                    |
| [ <u>BENVOLIO &amp; ROMEO enter</u> ]   |  |
| <u>In good time!</u>  | <i>written<br/>go to one who can read</i>  |
| BENVOLIO [to Romeo]   | <i>good timing</i>   |
| Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning. One pain is lessened by <u>another's</u> anguish. Turn <u>giddy</u> , and be helped <sup>+</sup> by backward turning. One desperate grief cures with <u>another's</u> languish. Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the <u>rank</u> poison of the old will die.  | 1.2.47<br><i>nonsense<br/>another pain's<br/>dizzy, help<sup>2</sup><br/>another grief's</i> |
| ROMEO   | <i>toxic</i>   |
| Your <u>plantain leaf</u> is excellent for that.  | 1.2.53<br><i>a banana leaf (used to heal cuts)</i>   |
| BENVOLIO  | 1.2.54   |
| For what, I <u>pray</u> thee?   | <i>I ask you</i>   |
| ROMEO For your <u>broken shin</u> !   | a cut 1.2.55   |
| BENVOLIO  | 1.2.56   |
| Why, Romeo, art thou <u>mad</u> ?   | <i>going mad</i>   |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.57   |
| Not mad, but <u>bound</u> more than a madman is, Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipped and tormented, and—   | <i>confined</i>  |
| [to Servant] <u>Good e'en</u> , good fellow.  | <i>good afternoon</i>  |
| SERVANT   | 1.2.61   |
| God <u>gi' good e'en</u> . I pray, sir, can you read?   | <i>God give you good afternoon</i>   |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.63   |
| Ay, <u>mine own fortune</u> in my misery.   | <i>I can read my fortune</i>   |
| SERVANT   | 1.2.64   |
| Perhaps you have learned <u>it without book</u> . But, I pray, can you read anything you see?   | <i>to read that by memorization</i>  |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.66   |
| Ay, if I know the letters and the language.   |  |
| SERVANT   | 1.2.67   |
| Ye say <u>honestly</u> . Rest you merry.  | <i>that's honest, goodbye</i>  |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.68   |
| Stay, fellow. I can read. [ <i>reads the list</i> ]<br>"Signor Martino and his wife and daughters<br>County Anselm and his beauteous sisters<br>The lady widow of Vitruvio<br>Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces<br>Mercutio and his brother Valentine<br>Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters<br>My fair niece Rosaline [and] <sup>1</sup> Livia<br>Signor Valentino and his cousin Tybalt<br>Lucio and the lively Helena" | <i>Count</i>   |
| A <u>fair assembly</u> . <u>Whither</u> should they come?   | <i>pleasant group, where</i>   |
| SERVANT   | 1.2.79   |
| Up.   |  |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.80   |
| <u>Whither?</u> To supper?  | <i>where</i>   |
| SERVANT   | 1.2.81   |
| To our house.   |  |

|   |  |
|---|--|
| ROMEO   | 1.2.82                                     |
| Whose house?  |  |
| SERVANT   | 1.2.83                                     |
| My master's.  |  |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.84                                     |
| Indeed, I should have asked you that before.  |  |
| SERVANT   | 1.2.85                                     |
| Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and <u>crush</u> a cup of wine. Rest you merry. <i>[exits]</i> | <i>drink</i>                               |
| BENVOLIO  | 1.2.89                                     |
| At this same <u>ancient</u> feast of Capulet's  | <i>traditional</i>                         |
| <u>Supps</u> the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves,   | <i>dines</i> 1.2.90                        |
| With all the admired beauties of Verona.  |  |
| Go <u>thither</u> , and with <u>unattainted</u> eye   | <i>there, unbiased</i>                     |
| Compare her face with some that I shall show,   |  |
| And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.   |  |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.95                                     |
| When the devout religion of mine eye  |  |
| <u>Maintains such falsehood</u> , then turn tears to fires;   | <i>accepts such a lie</i>                  |
| <u>And these who, often drowned, could never die,</u>   | <i>my eyes will be</i>                     |
| <u>Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!</u>  | <i>burnt like heretics</i>                 |
| One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun   |  |
| Ne'er saw <u>her match</u> since first the world begun.   | <i>anyone as beautiful</i>                 |
| BENVOLIO  | 1.2.101                                    |
| Tut, you saw her fair, <u>none else being by</u> ,  | <i>no one else nearby</i>                  |
| Herself poised with herself in either eye.  | <i>compared</i>                            |
| But in that crystal scales let there be weighed   |  |
| Your lady's love against some other maid  |  |
| That I will show you shining at this feast,   |  |
| And she shall <u>scant show well</u> that now seems <sup>2</sup> best.  | <i>barely look good, shows<sup>5</sup></i> |
| ROMEO   | 1.2.107                                    |
| I'll go along, <u>no such sight to be shown</u> ,   | <i>not to see whom you show</i>            |
| But to rejoice in <u>splendor of mine own</u> .   | <i>the beauty of Rosaline</i>              |
| <i>[They exit]</i>  |  |

### ACT 1, SCENE 3

*[Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]*

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

|  |   |
|--|---|
| LADY CAPULET   | 1.3.13                                    |
| She's not fourteen.  |   |
| NURSE  | 1.3.14                                    |
| I'll <u>lay</u> fourteen of my teeth, and yet, to my <u>teen</u>   | <i>I'll bet, suffering</i>                |
| be it spoken, I have <u>but four</u> . She's not fourteen.         | <i>only four teeth</i>                    |
| How long is it now to <u>Lammas-tide</u> ?                         | <i>Lummas Day, August 1</i>               |
| LADY CAPULET   | 1.3.17                                    |
| A <u>fortnight</u> and <u>odd days</u> .                           | <i>two weeks, a few days</i>              |
| NURSE  | 1.3.18                                    |
| Even or odd, of all days in the year,                              |   |
| Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.                    |   |
| Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls—                        | 1.3.20                                    |
| Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;                           |   |
| She was too good for me. But, as I said,                           |   |
| On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.                      |   |
| That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.                         |   |
| 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,                        | 1.3.25                                    |
| And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—                        |   |
| Of all the days of the year, upon that day.                        |   |
| For I had then <u>laid wormwood to my dug</u> ,                    | <i>put a bitter extract on my breast</i>  |
| Sitting in the sun under the <u>dove-house</u> wall.               | <i>pigeon coop</i>                        |
| My lord and you were then at Mantua.                               | 1.3.30                                    |
| —Nay, I do <u>bear a brain!</u> —But, as I said,                   | <i>have a good memory</i>                 |
| When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple                       | <i>the baby</i>                           |
| Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty <u>fool</u> ,                 | <i>dear</i>                               |
| To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!                        | <i>irritable, refuse</i>                  |
| "Shake," quoth the dove-house. 'Twas no need, I <u>throw</u> ,     | <i>said, believe</i> 1.3.35               |
| To <u>bid me trudge</u> .  | <i>tell me to move</i>                    |
| And since that time it is eleven years.                            |   |
| For then she could stand alone. Nay, by the <u>road</u> ,          | <i>Holy Cross</i> 1.3.40                  |
| She could have run and waddled all about,                          |   |
| For even the day before, she <u>broke her brow</u> ,               | <i>bumped her forehead</i>                |
| And then my husband—God be with his soul,                          |   |
| He was a merry man—took up the child.                              |   |
| "Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?"                   | <i>said</i> 1.3.45                        |
| Thou wilt <u>fall backward</u> when thou hast more <u>wit</u> ,    | <i>lay on your back (bawdy), learning</i> |
| Wilt thou not, Jule?" And by <u>my holy-dame</u> ,                 | <i>the Virgin Mary</i>                    |
| The pretty <u>wretch left</u> crying and said "Ay."                | <i>dear, stopped</i>                      |
| To see now how a <u>jest shall come about!</u>                     | <i>joke, come true</i>                    |
| <u>I warrant</u> , if <sup>1</sup> I should live a thousand years, | <i>I swear, and</i> <sup>2</sup> 1.3.50   |
| I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he.         |   |
| And, pretty fool, it <u>stinted</u> and said "Ay."                 | <i>stopped</i>                            |
| LADY CAPULET   | 1.3.54                                    |
| Enough of this. <u>I pray thee, hold thy peace!</u>                | <i>I ask you, be quiet</i>                |
| NURSE  | 1.3.55                                    |
| Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but <u>laugh</u> ,                 | <i>can't help but laugh</i>               |
| To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."                      |   |
| And yet, <u>I warrant</u> , it had upon its brow                   | <i>I swear</i>                            |
| A bump as big as a young <u>cockerel's stone</u> ,                 | <i>rooster's testicle</i>                 |
| A <u>perilous</u> knock, and it cried bitterly.                    | <i>terrible</i>                           |
| "Yea," quoth my husband, "Fall'st upon thy face?"                  | 1.3.60                                    |
| Thou wilt fall backward when thou come'st to age,                  |   |
| Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."                    |   |
| JULIET   | 1.3.63                                    |
| And <u>stint</u> thou too, <u>I pray thee</u> , Nurse, say I!      | <i>I ask you, stop</i>                    |
| NURSE  | 1.3.64                                    |
| Peace, I have done. God <u>mark thee to his grace</u> ,            | <i>bless you</i>                          |
| Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.                   |   |

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

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

JULIET 1.3.71  
 It is an honor<sup>1</sup> that I dream not of.

NURSE 1.3.72  
 An honor<sup>1</sup>? Were not I thine<sup>2</sup> only nurse,  
 I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat. *thy<sup>1</sup>, if I weren't your only wet-nurse*  
*the breast*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JULIET 1.3.103  
 I'll look to like, if looking liking move, *if looks will make me like him*  
 But no more deep will I endart<sup>2</sup> mine eye *engage<sup>1</sup>: I won't look any deeper*  
Than your consent gives strength to make it<sup>1</sup> fly. *than you want me to*

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

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

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

#### ACT 1, SCENE 4

[A street, that night.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

|  |   |
|--|---|
| I'll be a candle holder and look on.   | (proverb)   |
| The <u>game</u> was ne'er so <u>fair</u> , and I am done <sup>1</sup> .                                | <i>party, bright</i> (proverb)  |
| MERCUTIO   | 1.4.40  |
| Tut, <u>dun's</u> the mouse,   | <i>a mouse is grey-brown</i> (proverb)                                  |
| <u>the constable's own word.</u>   | <i>so keep quiet as a mouse</i>   |
| If thou art <u>Dun</u> , we'll <u>draw</u> thee from the <u>mire</u>                                   | <i>a horse named Dun, pull, mud</i>                                     |
| Of— <u>save your reverence</u> —love, wherein thou <u>stick'st</u>                                     | <i>pardon me, are stuck</i>   |
| Up to the ears. Come, we <u>burn</u> daylight, ho!   | <i>waste</i>  |
| ROMEO  | 1.4.45  |
| Nay, that's not so.  |   |
| MERCUTIO   | 1.4.46  |
| I mean, sir, in delay  |   |
| We waste our <u>lights</u> in vain, <u>like</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>lamps</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>by day</u> . | <i>torches, lights<sup>2</sup> lights<sup>2</sup>: lamps lit in day</i> |
| Take <u>our good</u> meaning, for <u>our judgment sits</u>   | <i>the obvious,</i>   |
| <u>Five times in that ere once in our five</u> <sup>+</sup> <u>wits</u> .                              | <i>there's much wisdom in it</i>  |
| ROMEO  | 1.4.50  |
| And we mean well in going to this <u>mask</u> ,  | <i>masquerade party</i>   |
| But 'tis <u>no wit</u> to go.  | <i>not wise</i>   |
| MERCUTIO   | 1.4.52  |
| Why, may one ask?  |   |
| ROMEO  | 1.4.53  |
| I dreamt a dream <u>tonight</u> .  | <i>last night</i>   |
| MERCUTIO   | 1.4.54  |
| And so did I.  |   |
| ROMEO  | 1.4.55  |
| Well, what was yours?  |   |
| MERCUTIO   | (pun) 1.4.56  |
| That dreamers often <u>lie</u> !   |   |
| ROMEO  | 1.4.57  |
| In bed asleep, while they do dream things true!  |   |
| MERCUTIO   | 1.4.58  |
| O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!  |   |
| [BENVOLIO  |   |
| Queen Mab? What's she?] <sup>1</sup>   |   |
| MERCUTIO   | 1.4.59  |
| She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes   |   |
| In shape no bigger than an <u>agate-stone</u>  | <i>gem-stone</i>  |
| On the forefinger of an <u>alderman</u> ,  | <i>officer</i>  |
| <u>Drawn with</u> a team of little <u>atomies</u>  | <i>pulled by, tiny creatures</i>  |
| Over <sup>2</sup> men's noses as they lie asleep.  | <i>athwart<sup>1</sup></i>  |
| Her wagon-spokes made of long <u>spinners</u> <sup>2</sup> legs,                                       | <i>spiders<sup>++</sup></i> 1.4.64                                      |
| The <u>cover</u> of the wings of grasshoppers,   | <i>canopy</i>   |
| The <sup>1</sup> <u>traces</u> of the smallest spider <sup>2</sup> web,                                | <i>her<sup>2</sup>, harnesses, spider's<sup>5</sup></i>                 |
| The <sup>1</sup> <u>collars</u> of the moonshine's watery beams,                                       | <i>her<sup>2</sup>, harness collars, moonbeams</i>                      |
| Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of <u>film</u> ,  | <i>gossamer</i>   |
| Her <u>wagoner</u> a small grey-coated gnat,   | <i>driver</i>   |
| Not half so big as a round little worm   | 1.4.70  |
| Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid <sup>2</sup> .  | <i>man<sup>1</sup></i>  |
| Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  | 1.4.72  |
| Made by the <u>joiner</u> squirrel or old <u>grub</u> ,  | <i>cabinetmaker, worm</i>   |
| <u>Time out o' mind</u> the fairies' coach-makers.   | <i>for time long forgotten</i>  |
| And in this state she gallops night by night   | 1.4.75  |
| Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;   |   |
| O'er <sup>1</sup> courtiers' knees, who <sup>1</sup> dream on curtsies <u>straight</u> ;               | <i>on<sup>2</sup>, that<sup>2</sup>, right away</i>                     |
| O'er lawyers' fingers, who <u>straight</u> dream on fees;  | <i>right away</i> 1.4.78  |
| O'er ladies' lips, who <u>straight on kisses dream</u> ,   | <i>right away dream of kisses</i>                                       |
| Which <u>oft</u> the angry Mab <u>with blisters plagues</u>  | <i>often, gives them blisters (herpes)</i>                              |
| Because their breaths <sup>1</sup> <u>with sweetmeats tainted are</u> .                                | <i>breath<sup>2</sup>, smell of sweet foods (bawdy)</i>                 |
| Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,   |   |
| And then dreams he of smelling out a <u>suit</u> ;   | <i>high paying job</i>  |
| And sometime comes she with a <u>tithe-pig's</u> tail  | <i>pig donated to the church</i>  |
| Tickling a <u>parson's</u> nose as he <sup>+</sup> lies asleep,  | <i>clergyman</i> 1.4.85   |
| Then he dreams of <u>another benefice</u> .  | <i>getting more church money</i>  |

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five-fathom deep, and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
 And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage.  
 This is she—

ROMEO           Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
 Thou talk'st of nothing. 1.4.101

MERCUTIO           True, I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being angered, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his face<sup>1</sup> to the dew-dropping south.  
 BENVOLIO 1.4.103  
 This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves!  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late!  
 plans

ROMEO 1.4.113  
 I fear too early, for my mind misgives  
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels, and expire the term  
 Of a despised life closed in my breast  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
 But He that hath the steerage of my course  
 Direct my sail<sup>1</sup>!—On, lustly gentlemen!  
 party, end the life  
 my hated life  
 evil, early death

BENVOLIO 1.4.115  
 Strike, drum!  
 suit<sup>2</sup>, let's go, merry 1.4.120  
 1.4.121  
 play, drummer

[All exit]

## ACT 1, SCENE 5

[Capulet house. Two SERVANTS, Musicians & Guests]

1st SERVANT 1.5.1  
 Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?  
 He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!  
 isn't helping to clear tables  
 pick up a dish, clean a dish

2nd SERVANT 1.5.4  
 When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's  
 hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.  
 work habits  
 terrible

1st SERVANT 1.5.7  
 Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,  
look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of  
marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the  
 porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. [2nd Servant exits]  
 stools, sideboard  
 take care of the utensils  
 marzipan, do me a favor, tell

Antony and Potpan!

3rd SERVANT [enters with another Servant] 1.5.12  
 Ay, boy, ready.

|  |                          |   |
|--|--------------------------|---|
| 1st SERVANT  |                          | 1.5.13                                    |
| You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great <u>chamber</u> . |                          | <i>hall</i>                               |
| 3rd SERVANT  |                          | 1.5.14                                    |
| We cannot be here and there too. <u>Cheerly</u> , boys!                                    |                          | <i>cheer up</i>                           |
| Be <u>brisk awhile</u> , and   |                          | <i>happy while you can</i>                |
| <u>the longer liver</u> take all.  |                          | <i>whoever lives longest</i>              |
| [ <i>They exit</i> ]   |                          |   |
| [LORD & LADY CAPULET, COUSIN CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT, and more Guests enter]        |                          |   |
| CAPULET  |                          | 1.5.18                                    |
| Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes  |                          |   |
| <u>Unplagued with corns</u> will walk a bout with you.—                                    |                          | <i>with no corns, dance</i>               |
| Ah ha, my <u>mistresses!</u> Which of you all  |                          | <i>ladies</i>                             |
| Will now <u>deny</u> to dance? She that <u>makes dainty</u> ,                              |                          | <i>refuse, coyly refuses</i>              |
| She I'll swear hath corns. Am I <u>come near you</u> <sup>+</sup> now?—                    |                          | <i>close to the truth, ye<sup>2</sup></i> |
| Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day  |                          | 1.5.25                                    |
| That I have worn a <u>visor</u> and could tell   |                          | <i>mask</i>                               |
| A whispering tale in a <u>fair lady's</u> ear,   |                          | <i>beautiful</i>                          |
| Such as would <u>please</u> . 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.                             |                          | <i>delight her</i>                        |
| You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play!—  |                          |   |
| [ <i>Music plays</i> ]   |                          |   |
| A hall, a hall, <u>give room!</u> —And <u>foot it</u> , girls!—                            |                          | <i>make, dance</i>                        |
| [ <i>They dance</i> ]  |                          |   |
| More light, you <u>knaves</u> , and <u>turn</u> the tables up,                             |                          | <i>idiots, fold</i> 1.5.32                |
| And <u>quench</u> the fire, the room is grown too hot.—                                    |                          | <i>put out</i>                            |
| [ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter in masks]  |                          |   |
| Ah, <u>sirrah</u> , this <u>unlooked-for sport</u> comes well!                             |                          | <i>servant, unexpected maskers,</i>       |
| [ <i>to Cousin</i> ] Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,                              |                          | <i>come at a good time</i>                |
| For you and I are past our dancing days.   |                          |   |
| How long is't now since last yourself and I  |                          |   |
| Were in a mask?  |                          |   |
| COUSIN   | By'r Lady, thirty years. | 1.5.39                                    |
| CAPULET  |                          | 1.5.40                                    |
| What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.   |                          |   |
| 'Tis since the <u>nuptial</u> of Lucentio,   |                          | <i>wedding</i>                            |
| Come <u>Pentecost</u> as quickly as it will,   |                          | <i>Pentecost Sunday</i>                   |
| Some <u>five and twenty</u> years, and then we masked.                                     |                          | <i>twenty five</i>                        |
| COUSIN   |                          | 1.5.44                                    |
| 'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is <u>elder</u> , sir.                                       |                          | <i>older than that</i>                    |
| His son is thirty.   |                          |   |
| CAPULET  | Will you tell me that?   | 1.5.46                                    |
| His son was but a <u>ward</u> two years ago.   |                          | <i>child</i>                              |
| ROMEO [ <i>seeing Juliet; to a Servant<sup>2</sup></i> ]                                   |                          | 1.5.48                                    |
| What lady's that, which doth <u>enrich the hand</u>  |                          | <i>hold the hand</i>                      |
| Of <u>yonder knight</u> ?  |                          | <i>that gentleman</i>                     |
| [SERVANT   |                          | 1.5.50                                    |
| I know not, sir.] <sup>2</sup>   |                          | <small>[not in 1]</small>                 |
| ROMEO  |                          | 1.5.51                                    |
| O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  |                          |   |
| It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night   |                          |   |
| Like <sup>1</sup> a rich jewel in an <u>Ethiope's</u> ear,                                 |                          | <i>as<sup>2</sup>, Ethiopian's</i>        |
| Beauty too rich for <u>use</u> , for earth too dear!                                       |                          | <i>everyday use</i>                       |
| So <u>shows a snowy dove trooping with crows</u> ,   |                          | <i>appears, white, among</i>              |
| As <u>yonder lady o'er her fellows</u> shows.  |                          | <i>that, stands out</i> 1.5.56            |
| The <u>measure</u> done, I'll watch <u>her place of stand</u> ,                            |                          | <i>dance, where she goes</i>              |
| And, <u>touching hers</u> , make blessed my <u>rude hand</u> .                             |                          | <i>touching her hand, rough</i>           |



|  |   |
|--|---|
| Did my heart love <u>till</u> now? <u>Forswear</u> it, <u>sight</u> ,        | <i>before, deny it, eyes</i>              |
| For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.                                 |   |
| TYBALT <i>[aside]</i>  | 1.5.61                                    |
| This, by his voice, <u>should be</u> a Montague!                             | <i>must</i>                               |
| <i>[to Page]</i> Fetch me my <u>rapier</u> , boy. <i>[Page exits]</i>        | <i>sword</i>                              |
| What, dares the <u>slave</u>   | <i>scumbag</i>                            |
| Come <u>hither</u> , covered with an <u>antic face</u> ,                     | <i>here, mask</i>                         |
| To <u>flee</u> and scorn at our <u>solemnity</u> ?                           | <i>sneer, festivity</i>                   |
| Now, by the stock and honor of my <u>kin</u> ,                               | <i>family</i>                             |
| To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin! <i>[starts to go]</i>               |   |
| CAPULET  | 1.5.68                                    |
| Why, <u>how now</u> , kinsman! <u>Wherefore storm</u> you so?                | <i>hello, why so angry</i>                |
| TYBALT   | 1.5.69                                    |
| Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  |   |
| A villain that <u>is hither come</u> in spite                                | <i>came here, to spite and</i>            |
| To scorn at our <u>solemnity</u> this night!                                 | <i>festivity</i>                          |
| CAPULET  | 1.5.72                                    |
| Young Romeo is it?   |   |
| TYBALT   | 1.5.73                                    |
| Tis he, that villain Romeo.  |   |
| CAPULET  | 1.5.74                                    |
| Content thee, gentle <u>coz</u> . Let him alone.                             | <i>calm down, nephew</i>                  |
| He <sup>1</sup> <u>bears him like</u> a <u>portly</u> gentleman,             | <i>behaves like, dignified</i>            |
| And, to say truth, Verona brags of him                                       |   |
| To be a virtuous and <u>well-governed</u> youth.                             | <i>well-behaved</i>                       |
| I would not for the wealth of all the town                                   |   |
| Here in my house <u>do him disparagement</u> .                               | <i>disrespect him</i>                     |
| Therefore be patient. <u>Take no note of him</u> .                           | <i>ignore him</i>                         |
| It is my <u>will</u> , the which if thou respect,                            | <i>wish</i>                               |
| Show a <u>fair presence</u> and put off these frowns,                        | <i>pleasant face</i>                      |
| An <u>ill-beseeming semblance</u> for a feast.                               | <i>inappropriate expression</i>           |
| TYBALT   | 1.5.84                                    |
| It fits, when such a villain is a guest.                                     |   |
| I'll not endure him!   |   |
| CAPULET  | 1.5.86                                    |
| He shall be endured!   |   |
| What, goodman boy! I say, he shall! <u>Go to!</u>                            | <i>go away</i>                            |
| Am I the master here, or you? Go to!   |   |
| You'll not endure him! God <u>shall mend</u> my soul!                        | <i>save my soul</i>                       |
| You'll make a <u>mutiny</u> among my guests?                                 | <i>riot</i>                               |
| You will <u>set cock-a-hoop</u> ? You'll be the man?                         | <i>show off</i>                           |
| TYBALT   | 1.5.92                                    |
| Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!  |   |
| CAPULET  | 1.5.93                                    |
| Go to, go to!  |   |
| You are a saucy boy! Is't so, indeed?  | <i>disrespectful</i>                      |
| This <u>trick may chance to scathe</u> you, I know <u>what!</u>              | <i>stunt, get you trouble, I tell you</i> |
| <u>You must contrary</u> me? Marry, 'tis time—                               | <i>you'll cross me</i>                    |
| <i>[to dancing Guests]</i> Well <u>said</u> , my <u>hearts!</u>              | <i>done, dears</i>                        |
| <i>[to Tybalt]</i> You are a <u>princox!</u> Go,                             | <i>cocky boy</i>                          |
| Be quiet, or—  |   |
| <i>[to Servants]</i> More <u>light</u> , more <u>light!</u>                  | <i>torches</i>                            |
| <i>[to Tybalt]</i> For shame!  |   |
| I'll make you quiet!   |   |
| <i>[going to dancing Guests]</i> <u>What, cheerly, my hearts!</u>            | <i>wonderful, my dears</i>                |
| TYBALT <i>[aside]</i>  | 1.5.100                                   |
| Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting                                 | <i>forced on me by his rage</i>           |
| Makes <u>my flesh tremble</u> in their different greeting.                   | <i>me tremble with anger</i>              |
| I will <u>withdraw</u> , but this intrusion shall,                           | <i>go</i>                                 |
| Now seeming <u>sweet</u> , convert to <u>bitt'rest gall</u> . <i>[exits]</i> | <i>okay, bitterness</i>                   |

ROMEO [*taking Juliet's hand*] (a sonnet starts here) 1.5.104  
 If I profane with my unwor<sup>2</sup>thiest hand defile, unwor<sup>1</sup>thy<sup>1</sup>  
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin<sup>2</sup> is this: fine<sup>+</sup>  
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

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

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

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

ROMEO 1.5.114  
 O, then dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
 They pray: Grant<sup>2</sup> thou, lest faith turn to despair. yield<sup>1</sup>, grant me a kiss, else

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

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

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

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

JULIET 1.5.122  
 You kiss by th' book. *properly*

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

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

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

ROMEO [*aside*] 1.5.131  
 Is she a Capulet?  
 O dear account! My life is my foe's debt. *costly, in debt to my foe*

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

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

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

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

NURSE 1.5.143  
 The son and heir of old Tiberio.

|   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| JULIET  | 1.5.144                      |
| <u>What's</u> he that now is going out of door?                   | <i>who</i>                   |
| NURSE   | 1.5.145                      |
| <u>Marry</u> , that, I think, be young Petruchio.                 | <i>well</i>                  |
| JULIET  | 1.5.146                      |
| What's he that follows there <sup>1</sup> , that would not dance? | <i>here<sup>2</sup></i>      |
| NURSE   | 1.5.147                      |
| I know not.   |                              |
| JULIET  | 1.5.148                      |
| Go ask his name. [ <i>Nurse goes</i> ]                            |                              |
| [ <i>aside</i> ]           If he be married,                      |                              |
| My grave is like to be my wedding bed!                            |                              |
| NURSE [ <i>returning</i> ]  | 1.5.150                      |
| His name is Romeo, and a Montague,                                |                              |
| The only son of your great enemy!                                 |                              |
| JULIET  | 1.5.152                      |
| My only love sprung from my only hate!                            |                              |
| Too early seen unknown, and known too late!                       |                              |
| <u>Prodigious</u> birth of love it is to me,                      | <i>wonderful and ominous</i> |
| That I must love a loathed enemy.                                 |                              |
| NURSE   | 1.5.156                      |
| What's this? What's this?   |                              |
| JULIET  | 1.5.157                      |
| A rhyme I learned even now  |                              |
| Of one I danced <u>withal</u> .                                   | <i>from someone, with</i>    |
| LADY CAPULET <sup>1</sup> [ <i>offstage</i> ] Juliet!             |                              |
| NURSE   | 1.5.159                      |
| Anon, anon.   | <i>in a minute</i>           |
| Come, <u>let's</u> away. The <u>strangers</u> all are gone.       | <i>let's go, guests</i>      |
| [ <i>They exit</i> ]  |                              |

## ACT 2, PROLOGUE

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

## ACT 2, SCENE 1

[*Outside the Capulet house, same night. ROMEO*]

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

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

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

MERCUTIO Nay, I'll conjure too. 2.1.8  
 Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover! *moody one*  
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh! *form*  
 Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.  
 Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce<sup>1</sup> but "love" and "dove"<sup>1</sup>.  
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, *gossipy lady*  
 One nickname for her purblind son and heir<sup>1</sup>, *blind* 2.1.15  
 Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true<sup>2</sup> *cheating, trim<sup>1</sup>: straight*  
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—  
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.  
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.— *monkey is playing dead*  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, 2.1.20  
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, *"di-máins": region between (bawdy)*  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us! *flesh and blood*

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

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

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

MERCUTIO 2.1.36  
 If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. *target*  
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree *a fruit of suggestive shape*  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.— *snicker*  
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were 2.1.40  
 An open-arse and thou a pop'rin pear! *medlar, long pear*  
 Romeo, good night.—I'll to my truckle<sup>2</sup>-bed. *trundle<sup>1</sup>: cot*  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. *camping outdoors*  
 Come, shall we go?

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

## ACT 2, SCENE 2

[Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO]

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

Who is already sick and pale with grief 2.2.5  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she. *servant*  
Be not her maid, since she is envious,  
Her vestal livery is but sick<sup>2</sup> and green, *virgin's uniform, pale<sup>1</sup>*  
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off. *jesters, take them off*  
It is my lady. O, it is my love! 2.2.10  
O, that she knew she were! *if only she knew*  
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? *I cannot hear*  
Her eye discourses; I will answer it. *speaks to me*  
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks. *presumptuous*  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 2.2.15  
Having some business, do<sup>1</sup> entreat her eyes *have begged*  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return. *orbits*  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, *outshine* 2.2.20  
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes<sup>1</sup> in heaven *eye<sup>2</sup>*  
Would through the airy region stream so bright *sky, shine*  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! 2.2.25  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand, *I wish I were*  
That I might touch that cheek!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Because it is an enemy to thee.<br>Had I it written, I would tear the word.  |  |
| JULIET   | 2.2.63   |
| My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words<br>Of thy tongue's utterance <sup>1</sup> , yet I know the sound.<br>Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?   | uttering <sup>2</sup>  |
| ROMEEO   | 2.2.66   |
| Neither, fair saint <sup>1</sup> , if either thee dislike.   | maid <sup>2</sup>  |
| JULIET   | 2.2.67   |
| How came'st thou <u>hither</u> , tell me, and <u>wherefore</u> ?<br>The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,<br>And the place death, considering who thou art,<br>If any of my <u>kinsmen</u> find thee here.   | here, why<br><br>family  |
| ROMEEO   | 2.2.71   |
| With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,<br>For stony limits cannot hold love out,<br>And <u>what love can do, that dares love attempt</u> .<br>Therefore thy <u>kinsmen</u> are no stop to me.   | fly over<br><br>love will do what it dares<br>family   |
| JULIET   | 2.2.75   |
| If they do see <sup>2</sup> thee, they will murder thee!   | find <sup>1</sup>  |
| ROMEEO   | 2.2.76   |
| Alack, there lies more <u>peril</u> in thine eye <sup>2</sup><br>Than twenty of their swords! Look <u>thou</u> but sweet,<br>And I am <u>proof</u> against their <u>enmity</u> .   | danger, eyes <sup>1</sup><br>upon me sweetly<br>armored, hostility   |
| JULIET   | 2.2.79   |
| I would not for the world <u>they saw</u> <sup>2</sup> thee here.  | find <sup>1</sup> : want them to see you here  |
| ROMEEO   | 2.2.80   |
| I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes <sup>2</sup> ,<br>And <u>but thou love me</u> , let them find me here.<br>My life were better ended by their hate<br>Than death <u>proroguèd</u> , <u>wanting of thy love</u> .  | sight <sup>1</sup><br>if you do not love me<br><br>postponed, without your love  |
| JULIET   | 2.2.84   |
| By whose direction found'st thou out this place?   |  |
| ROMEEO   | 2.2.85   |
| By love, who first did prompt me to <u>inquire</u> .<br>He lent me <u>counsel</u> and I lent him eyes.<br>I am no <u>pilot</u> , yet wert thou as far<br>As that vast shore washed <sup>1</sup> with the farthest sea,<br>I would adventure for such <u>merchandise</u> .  | seek you<br>advice<br>navigator<br><br>treasure  |
| JULIET   | 2.2.90   |
| Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,<br>Else would a <u>maiden blush</u> <u>bepaint</u> my cheek<br>For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.<br><u>Fain</u> would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny<br>What I have spoke. But farewell <u>compliment</u> !<br>Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"<br>And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,<br><u>Thou mayst prove false</u> . At lovers' <u>perjuries</u> ,<br>They say, <u>Jove</u> laughs. O gentle Romeo,<br>If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.<br>Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,<br>I'll frown and be <u>perverse</u> and <u>say thee nay</u><br>So thou wilt <u>woo</u> ; but <u>else</u> not for the world.<br>In truth, fair Montague, I am <u>too fond</u> ,<br>And therefore thou mayst think <u>my b'havior</u> <sup>2</sup> <u>light</u> ,<br>But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more <u>true</u><br>Than those <u>that have more</u> <sup>1</sup> <u>coying to be strange</u> .<br>I should have been more <u>strange</u> , I must confess,<br>But that thou overheard'st, <u>ere I was 'ware</u> , | girlish, color<br><br>gladly, follow formalities<br>etiquette<br>2.2.95<br><br>you may be lying, lies<br>the god Jupiter<br><br>2.2.100<br>stubborn, tell you no<br>pursue me, otherwise<br>too affectionate<br>havior <sup>1</sup> : I'm not serious<br>faithful 2.2.105<br>who play hard-to-get<br>aloof<br>before I was aware |

|   |   |
|---|---|
| My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,<br>And not <u>impute</u> this yielding to <u>light</u> love,<br>Which the dark night hath so discovered.   | 2.2.109<br><i>misinterpret, shallow/unchaste</i>  |
| ROMEO<br>Lady, by <u>yonder</u> blessèd moon I swear <sup>1</sup><br>That <u>tips</u> with silver all these fruit-tree tops—  | 2.2.112<br><i>that, vow<sup>2</sup><br/>shines</i>  |
| JULIET<br>O, swear not by the moon, the <u>inconstant</u> moon,<br>That monthly changes in her circled <sup>1</sup> <u>orb</u> ,<br>Lest that thy love prove likewise <u>variable</u> .   | 2.2.114<br><i>ever-changing<br/>orbit<br/>unless, inconsistent</i>  |
| ROMEO<br>What shall I swear by?   | 2.2.117   |
| JULIET<br>Do not swear at all.<br>Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,<br>Which is the god of my <u>idolatry</u> ,<br>And I'll believe thee.   | 2.2.118<br><i>devotion</i>  |
| ROMEO<br>If my heart's dear love—   | 2.2.122   |
| JULIET<br>Well, do not swear. Although I joy <u>in thee</u> ,<br>I have no joy of <u>this contract</u> tonight.<br>It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,<br>Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be<br><u>Ere</u> one can say "It lightens." <u>Sweet</u> , good night!<br>This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,<br>May <u>prove</u> a beauteous flower when next we meet.<br>Good night, good night! As sweet <u>repose</u> and rest<br>Come to thy heart as that within my <u>breast</u> ! | 2.2.123<br><i>enjoy seeing you<br/>these vows<br/>2.2.125<br/>before, sweetheart<br/>become<br/>sleep 2.2.130<br/>heart<br/>2.2.132</i> |
| ROMEO<br>O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?  | 2.2.133   |
| JULIET<br>What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?  | 2.2.134   |
| ROMEO<br>Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.  | 2.2.135   |
| JULIET<br>I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,<br>And yet <u>I would it were</u> to give again.   | <i>I wish it were still mine<br/>2.2.137</i>  |
| ROMEO<br>Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?  | 2.2.138   |
| JULIET<br><u>But to be frank</u> and give it thee again.<br>And yet I wish but for the thing I have.<br>My <u>bounty</u> is as boundless as the sea,<br>My love as deep. The more I give to thee,<br>The more I have, for both are infinite.  | <i>just to be lavish<br/>gifts</i>  |
| NURSE [ <i>inside, calls for Juliet</i> ]   | 2.2.143   |
| JULIET<br>I hear some noise <u>within</u> . Dear love, <u>adieu</u> !<br>[ <i>to her</i> ] <u>Anon</u> , good Nurse!<br>[ <i>to him</i> ] Sweet Montague, be true.<br><u>Stay</u> but a little; I will come <u>again</u> . [ <i>goes in</i> ]   | <i>inside, goodbye<br/>in a minute<br/>wait, just, back<br/>2.2.146</i>   |
| ROMEO<br>O blessèd, blessèd night! I am <u>afeard</u> ,<br>Being in night, all this is but a dream,<br>Too <u>flattering-sweet</u> to be <u>substantial</u> .   | <i>wonderfully, real<br/>2.2.149</i>  |
| JULIET [ <i>comes out again</i> ]<br>Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.<br>If <u>that thy bent</u> of love be honorable,<br>Thy purpose marriage, send me tomorrow<br>By <u>one</u> that I'll <u>procure</u> to come to thee,  | <i>your intentions<br/>someone, arrange</i>   |

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



Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow  
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*exits*]  
 ROMEO<sup>1</sup> *morning*  
2.2.202  
 Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! *rest, heart*  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! *if, rest there*  
 Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close cell, *away, go to, spiritual, chamber*  
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*exits*] *ask for, fortune*

**ACT 2, SCENE 3**

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

FRIAR 2.3.1  
 The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
 And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery<sup>1</sup> wheels. *dappled, staggers*  
*out of the way of, burning*<sup>2</sup>: *sun-chariot*  
*before, raises* 2.3.5  
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours *basket*  
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers. *harmful*  
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;  
 And from her womb children of divers kind *is also* 2.3.10  
*diverse plants*  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some and yet all different. *many plants have healing powers*  
*all good for something*  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies *great, healing power* 2.3.15  
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities. *extracts*  
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live *nothing is so evil*  
 But to the earth some special good doth give, *humankind*  
 Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use, *anything, that cannot be*  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. *abused for harm*  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, *becomes vice when misapplied*  
 And vice sometimes by action dignified. *can be good if the result is good*  
 [*examining a flower*]  
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower *frail*  
 Poison hath residence and medicine power: 2.3.24  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
 Being tasted, slays<sup>1</sup> all senses with the heart. *makes you feel better*  
 Two such opposèd kings encamp them still *stays*<sup>2</sup>: *kills you*  
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
 And where the worser is predominant, *enemy, always*  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. *good and evil*  
*evil* 2.3.30  
*infection of*

ROMEO [*enter*] 2.3.32  
 Good morrow, Father. *morning*

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

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

FRIAR O, she knew well 2.3.94  
Thy love did read by rote and<sup>1</sup> could not spell. *recite from memory, that<sup>2</sup>, read*  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me.  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be, *for one reason I'll help you*  
For this alliance may so happy prove *marriage*  
To turn your households' rancor to pure love. *families' hatred*  
ROMEO 2.3.100  
O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste! *go, I cannot wait*  
FRIAR 2.3.101  
Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.  
*[They exit]*

## ACT 2, SCENE 4

*[A street, noon. BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]*

MERCUTIO 2.4.1  
Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home tonight? *last night*  
BENVOLIO 2.4.3  
Not to his father's. I spoke with his man. *manservant*  
MERCUTIO 2.4.4  
Ah<sup>1</sup>, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. *why<sup>2</sup>*  
BENVOLIO 2.4.7  
Tybalt, the kinsman of<sup>1</sup> old Capulet, *nephew, to<sup>2</sup>*  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house. *Romeo's*  
MERCUTIO 2.4.9  
A challenge, on my life. *I bet my life it's a challenge to fight*  
BENVOLIO 2.4.10  
Romeo will answer it. *accept it*  
MERCUTIO 2.4.11  
Any man that can write may answer a letter.  
BENVOLIO 2.4.12  
Nay, he will answer the letter's master, *Tybalt*  
how he dares, being dared. *accepting the dare*  
MERCUTIO 2.4.14  
Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with  
a white wench's black eye, shot<sup>1</sup> through the ear with  
a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with  
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man  
to encounter Tybalt? *woman's, run<sup>2</sup>: stabbed  
bull's-eye, cut  
Cupid's arrow (bawdy pun)  
fight*  
BENVOLIO 2.4.19  
Why, what is Tybalt? *what's so scary about Tybalt*  
MERCUTIO 2.4.20  
More than Prince of Cats [I can tell you]<sup>1</sup>. *(a cat named Tybalt in a popular story)*  
O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. *fencing etiquette*  
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, *harmony in a duet*  
distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rests, *short*  
one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very *thrust in your chest*  
butcher of a silk button; a duelist, a duelist, *silk shirt, swordsman*  
a gentleman of the very first house *best fencing school*  
of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *well trained in fencing codes*  
passado! The punto reverso! The hay!— *forward thrust, backhand, hit*  
BENVOLIO 2.4.28  
The what?  
MERCUTIO 2.4.29  
The pox of such antic, lispings, *may the plague kill, silly, Spanish-accented*  
affecting fantasticoes<sup>1</sup>, these new *affected showoffs*

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

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

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

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

sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer *handsomer*  
man. But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks *I swear*  
as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not *sheet, whole*  
"rosemary" and "Romeo" begin both with a letter? *the same letter*  
ROMEO 2.4.211  
Ay, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.  
NURSE 2.4.212  
Ah, mock, that's the dog's name! *you mock me, a dog goes "Rrrr"*  
R is for the—no, I know it begins with some other  
letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, *(she means "sentence")*  
of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.  
ROMEO 2.4.216  
Commend me to thy lady. *my regards*  
NURSE 2.4.217  
Ay, a thousand times. *[Romeo exits]*  
Peter!  
PETER 2.4.218  
Anon! *coming*  
NURSE 2.4.219  
Before and apace. *go ahead, quickly*  
*[They exit]*

## ACT 2, SCENE 5

*[Capulet house. JULIET]*

JULIET 2.5.1  
The clock struck nine when I did send the<sup>2</sup> Nurse.  
In half an hour she promised to return. *my<sup>1</sup>*  
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so. *perhaps, find*  
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts, *slow, messengers*  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, *2.5.5*  
Driving back shadows over louring hills. *gloomy*  
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love, *that's why, swift-winged,*  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. *Venus' chariot, swift*  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill *highest point*  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve *2.5.10*  
Is three<sup>3</sup> long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood, *feelings*  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball.  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love, *toss*  
And his to me. *toss her back to me 2.5.15*  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead, *act like*  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.  
*[NURSE & PETER enter]*  
O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away. *servant*  
NURSE 2.5.20  
Peter, stay at the gate. *[Peter exits]*  
JULIET 2.5.21  
Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily. *if the news is sad, tell it merrily*  
If good, thou shame'st the music of sweet news *are ruining*  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.  
NURSE 2.5.26  
I am awearry, give me leave awhile. *tired, leave me alone*  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt<sup>1</sup> have I *[had]*<sup>1</sup>! *oh, jaunce<sup>2</sup>: long trip*



|   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| JULIET  | 2.5.28                            |
| I <u>would</u> thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.               | <i>wish</i>                       |
| Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good Nurse, speak!           |                                   |
| NURSE   | 2.5.31                            |
| Jesu, what haste! Can you not <u>stay</u> awhile?                 | <i>wait</i>                       |
| Do you not see that I am out of breath?                           |                                   |
| JULIET  | 2.5.33                            |
| How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath                 |                                   |
| To say to me that thou art out of breath?                         |                                   |
| The excuse that thou dost make in this delay                      |                                   |
| Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.                         | <i>you aren't telling</i>         |
| Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that!                         |                                   |
| Say either, and I'll <u>stay the circumstance!</u>                | <i>wait for the details</i>       |
| Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?                            |                                   |
| NURSE   | 2.5.40                            |
| Well, you have made a <u>simple</u> choice! You know not          | <i>foolish</i>                    |
| how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he! Though                    |                                   |
| his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels             |                                   |
| all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a body,                  |                                   |
| though they be <u>not to be talked on</u> , yet they are          | <i>nothing to talk about</i>      |
| <u>past compare</u> . He is not the <u>flower</u> of courtesy,    | <i>beyond comparison, model</i>   |
| but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways,            | <i>I bet he's, along</i>          |
| <u>wench</u> , serve God. What, have you dined at home?           | <i>girl</i>                       |
| JULIET  | 2.5.49                            |
| No, no. But all this did I know before.                           |                                   |
| What says he of our marriage? What of that?                       |                                   |
| NURSE   | 2.5.51                            |
| Lord, how my head aches! What a <u>head</u> have I!               | <i>headache</i>                   |
| It beats as it would <u>fall</u> in twenty pieces.                | <i>break</i>                      |
| My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!                  |                                   |
| <u>Beshrew</u> your heart for sending me <u>about</u>             | <i>curse, all around</i>          |
| To catch my death with jaunting up and down!                      |                                   |
| JULIET  | 2.5.56                            |
| I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.                      |                                   |
| Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?            |                                   |
| NURSE   | 2.5.59                            |
| Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous,        |                                   |
| and a kind, and a handsome, and, I <u>warrant</u> , a virtuous—   | <i>I believe</i>                  |
| Where is your mother?   |                                   |
| JULIET  | 2.5.62                            |
| Where is my mother? Why, she is <u>within</u> .                   | <i>inside</i>                     |
| Where should she be? <u>How oddly thou repliest!</u>              | <i>what an odd reply</i>          |
| "Your love says, like an honest gentleman,                        |                                   |
| 'Where is your mother?'"  |                                   |
| NURSE   | 2.5.66                            |
| O God's lady dear!  |                                   |
| Are you so <u>hot</u> ? <u>Marry, come up</u> , I trow.           | <i>impatient, really now</i>      |
| Is this the <u>poultice</u> for my <sup>2</sup> aching bones?     | <i>medicine, mine<sup>1</sup></i> |
| <u>Henceforward</u> do your messages yourself.                    | <i>from now on</i>                |
| JULIET  | 2.5.70                            |
| <u>Here's such a coil!</u> Come, what says Romeo?                 | <i>such a fuss</i>                |
| NURSE   | 2.5.71                            |
| Have you got <u>leave</u> to go to <u>shrift</u> today?           | <i>permission, confession</i>     |
| JULIET  | 2.5.72                            |
| I have.   |                                   |
| NURSE   | 2.5.73                            |
| Then <u>hie</u> you <u>hence</u> to Friar Lawrence' <u>cell</u> . | <i>hurry, away, chamber</i>       |
| There <u>stays</u> a husband to make you a wife!                  | <i>waits</i>                      |
| Now comes the <u>wanton</u> blood up in your cheeks;              | <i>uncontrollable</i>             |
| They'll <u>be in scarlet straight</u> at any news.                | <i>turn red, immediately</i>      |

Hie you to church. I must another way *hurry, must go*  
 To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
 Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark. *to your room*  
 I am the drudge and toil in your delight, *one who works for*  
 But you shall bear the burden soon at night! *do the work (bawdy)*  
 Go! I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell! *hurry, friar's chamber*  
 JULIET 2.5.83  
Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell!  
*[They exit]* *bless you with good fortune*

## ACT 2, SCENE 6

*[Church, afternoon. FRIAR & ROMEO]*

FRIAR 2.6.1  
So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not! *may heaven smile*  
 ROMEO 2.6.3  
 Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,  
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy *and not give us sorrow later*  
 That one short minute gives me in her sight. *whatever sorrow comes*  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words, *outweigh*  
 Then love-devouring death do what he dare. *if you'll just join our hands*  
 It is enough I may but call her mine. *just*  
 FRIAR 2.6.9  
 These violent delights have violent ends  
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
 Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey *at their peak, gunpowder*  
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness, *are used*  
 And in the taste confounds the appetite. *can make you sick in its*  
 Therefore love moderately; long love doth so. *when tasted it ruins*  
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. *that's how love lasts*  
*[JULIET enters]* *makes you as late as those*  
 Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot  
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. *path* 2.6.17  
 A lover may bestride the gossamers *walk on spider-webs*  
 That idles in the wanton summer air, *float, playful*  
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity. *earthly pleasures*  
 JULIET 2.6.21  
 Good even to my ghostly confessor. *evening, spiritual*  
 FRIAR 2.6.22  
 Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.  
*[Romeo kisses her]*  
 JULIET 2.6.23  
As much to him, else is his thanks too much. *I'll return as much thanks,*  
*[kisses Romeo back]* *otherwise he gave to much*  
 ROMEO 2.6.24  
 Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy *scale*  
 Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more *great*  
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath *describe*  
 This neighbor air, and let rich music's<sup>4</sup> tongue *nearby, music of your speech*  
Unfold the imagined happiness that both *reveal, unspoken*  
Receive in either by this dear encounter. *we share, meeting*  
 JULIET 2.6.30  
Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament. *imagination, reality*  
 They are but beggars that can count their worth. *wealth*  
 But my true love is grown to such excess  
 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

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

**ACT 3, SCENE 1**

*[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Servants]*

BENVOLIO 3.1.1  
 I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire. *let's go home*  
 The day is hot, the Capulets<sup>5</sup> abroad, *Capels are<sup>1</sup>: are out*  
 And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl, *escape*  
 For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring. *hot days stir our temper*

MERCUTIO 3.1.5  
 Thou art like one of these<sup>2</sup> fellows that when he enters  
 the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the  
 table and says, "God send me no need of thee!" *those<sup>1</sup>*  
 and by the operation of the second cup, *slams*  
draws it<sup>1</sup> on the drawer, when indeed *when the 2nd drink takes effect*  
 there is no need. *him<sup>2</sup>, draws his sword on the barkeeper*

BENVOLIO 3.1.11  
 Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO 3.1.12  
 Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy mood as  
 any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as  
 soon moody to be moved. *hot-tempered, man*  
*angered*

BENVOLIO 3.1.15  
 And what to?

MERCUTIO *[pretending he meant "two"]* 3.1.16  
Nay, and there were two such, we should have  
 none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou? *oh no, if, two of you*  
*soon*

Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair  
 more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou  
 wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no  
 other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What  
 eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? *whose*  
*your, seek*

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of  
meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as  
 an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a  
 man for coughing in the street because he hath  
 wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. *food, scrambled*

Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his  
 new doublet before Easter? With another for tying  
 his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt  
tutor me from quarreling? *quarrel*  
*jacket*  
*shoelace*  
*lecture*

BENVOLIO 3.1.32  
And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should  
 buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter. *if*  
*ownership*

MERCUTIO 3.1.35  
 The fee-simple! O simple!

*[TYBALT & other Capulets enter]*

BENVOLIO 3.1.36  
 By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO 3.1.37  
 By my heel, I care not!

TYBALT 3.1.38  
*[to Capulets]* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| [to Benvolio & Mercutio]   |  |
| Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.  | afternoon  |
| MERCUTIO   | 3.1.40   |
| And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow!  | something else   |
| TYBALT   | 3.1.42   |
| You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion!  | happy<br>if, a reason  |
| MERCUTIO   | 3.1.44   |
| Could you not take some occasion without giving?   | make your own reason   |
| TYBALT   | 3.1.46   |
| Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—  | hang out with Romeo  |
| MERCUTIO   | 3.1.47   |
| Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance! Zounds, consort!                                | ensemble, musicians<br>if<br>disagreement/dissonance<br>(sword)<br>my god    |
| BENVOLIO   | 3.1.51   |
| 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.   | public streets<br>calmly discuss your complaints                             |
| MERCUTIO   | 3.1.55   |
| Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I!  | to please anyone   |
| [ROMEO enters]   |  |
| TYBALT   | 3.1.57   |
| Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.   |  |
| MERCUTIO   | 3.1.58   |
| But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery! Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower! Your Worship in that sense may call him "man"!   | damned, manservant's uniform<br>to a dueling field, follow you<br>manservant |
| TYBALT   | 3.1.61   |
| Romeo! The love <sup>2</sup> I bear thee can afford No better term than this: Thou art a villain!  | hate <sup>1</sup> : I have so little love for you<br>all I can say is this   |
| ROMEO  | 3.1.63   |
| 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.   | rage you deserve<br>for  |
| TYBALT   | 3.1.67   |
| Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw!   |  |
| ROMEO  | 3.1.69   |
| I do protest I never injured thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise Till thou shalt know the reason of my love. And so, good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as mine <sup>2</sup> own, be satisfied. | imagine<br>until you learn<br>care for<br>my <sup>5</sup>                    |
| MERCUTIO   | 3.1.74   |
| O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! Alla stoccato carries it away! [draws his sword]  | what a<br>let the best fencer win  |
| Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?  | filthy cat, come here  |
| TYBALT   | 3.1.76   |
| What wouldst thou have with me?  |  |
| MERCUTIO   | 3.1.77   |
| Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I mean to make bold withal,   | beat   |

|  |  |         |
|--|--|---------|
| and <u>as you shall use</u> me hereafter, <u>dry-beat</u> the rest of the eight! Will you pluck your sword out of his <u>pilcher</u> by the ears? <u>Make haste</u> , lest mine be about your ears ere it be out!  | <i>if you offend, beat scabbard, hurry or else mine will cut off your ears before yours is out</i> |         |
| TYBALT<br>I am for you. [ <i>draws his sword</i> ]   | <i>I am ready for you</i>  | 3.1.84  |
| ROMEO<br>Gentle Mercutio, put thy <u>rapier up</u> !   | <i>sword, away</i>   | 3.1.85  |
| MERCUTIO<br>Come, sir, your <u>passado</u> !   | <i>best stroke</i>   | 3.1.86  |
| [ <i>They fight</i> ]  |  |         |
| ROMEO<br>Draw, Benvolio, <u>beat down their weapons</u> ! Gentlemen, for shame, <u>forbear</u> this outrage! Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath Forbidden <u>bandying</u> <sup>5</sup> in Verona streets! Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!  | <i>disarm them stop</i>  | 3.1.87  |
| [ <i>draws and tries to disarm them</i> ]  |  |         |
| [ <i>Tybalt stabs Mercutio</i> ]   |  |         |
| [A CAPULET Away, Tybalt!] <sup>+</sup>   |  | 3.1.92  |
| MERCUTIO I am hurt.  |  | 3.1.93  |
| A plague o' both [your] <sup>+</sup> houses! I am <u>sped</u> .  | <i>death to both your families, done</i>   |         |
| [ <i>Tybalt &amp; Capulets exit</i> ]  |  |         |
| Is he gone and <u>hath nothing</u> ?   | <i>without a scratch</i>   |         |
| BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?  |  | 3.1.96  |
| MERCUTIO   |  | 3.1.97  |
| Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page?—Go, <u>villein</u> , fetch a surgeon! [ <i>Page exits</i> ]  | <i>servant</i>   |         |
| ROMEO  |  | 3.1.99  |
| Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.   |  |         |
| MERCUTIO   |  | 3.1.100 |
| No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am <u>peppered</u> , I <u>warrant</u> , for this world. A plague o' both your houses! <u>Zounds</u> , a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm! | <i>finished, swear damn</i>  |         |
| ROMEO  |  | 3.1.109 |
| I thought all for the best.  |  |         |
| MERCUTIO   |  | 3.1.110 |
| Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me. <u>I have it</u> , And <u>soundly</u> too. Your houses!   | <i>I've had it thoroughly</i>  |         |
| [ <i>All exit but Romeo</i> ]  |  |         |
| ROMEO  |  | 3.1.114 |
| This gentleman, the Prince's <u>near ally</u> , My very friend, hath got his <u>mortal hurt</u> <sup>2</sup> In my behalf. My reputation stained With Tybalt's slander. Tybalt, <u>that</u> an hour Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me <u>effeminate</u> And in my temper softened valor's steel!  | <i>close relative fatal, wound<sup>1</sup></i>   |         |
| BENVOLIO [ <i>re-enters</i> ]  |  | 3.1.121 |
| O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's <sup>5</sup> dead! That gallant spirit hath <u>aspired the clouds</u> , Which too <u>untimely</u> here did <u>scorn</u> the earth.  | <i>risen to heaven soon, leave</i>   |         |

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

|   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| With gentle breath, calm look, <u>knees humbly bowed</u> ,        | <i>on bent knee</i>                  |
| Could not <u>take truce with</u> the unruly <u>spleen</u>         | <i>calm down, temper</i> 3.1.165     |
| Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he <u>tilts</u>                | <i>thrusts</i>                       |
| With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,                    |                                      |
| Who, all as <u>hot</u> , <u>turns deadly point to point</u> ,     | <i>angry, draws his sword</i>        |
| And, with a <u>martial scorn</u> , with one hand <u>beats</u>     | <i>military skill,</i>               |
| <u>Cold death aside</u> and with the other sends                  | <i>defends against death</i> 3.1.170 |
| It back to Tybalt, whose <u>dexterity</u>                         | <i>skill</i>                         |
| Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,                                 | <i>avoids</i>                        |
| "Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue       |                                      |
| His agile <sup>1</sup> arm beats down their <u>fatal points</u> , | <i>knocks aside, swords</i> 3.1.175  |
| And <u>twixt them rushes</u> , underneath whose arm               | <i>rushes between them</i>           |
| An <u>envious thrust</u> from Tybalt hit the life                 | <i>vicious</i>                       |
| Of <u>stout</u> Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,                   | <i>brave</i>                         |
| But <u>by and by</u> comes back to Romeo,                         | <i>soon</i>                          |
| Who had <u>but newly entertained</u> revenge,                     | <i>only then considered</i> 3.1.180  |
| And to't they go like lightning, for, <u>ere</u> I                | <i>before</i>                        |
| Could draw to part them, was <u>stout</u> Tybalt slain,           | <i>bold</i>                          |
| And as he fell did Romeo turn and <u>fly</u> .                    | <i>flee</i>                          |
| This is the truth, <u>or</u> let Benvolio die.                    | <i>I swear on my life</i>            |
| LADY CAPULET  | 3.1.185                              |
| He is a kinsman to the Montague.                                  |                                      |
| Affection makes him <u>false</u> ; he speaks not true!            | <i>lie</i>                           |
| Some twenty of them fought in this black <u>strife</u> ,          | <i>feud</i>                          |
| And all those twenty could <u>but</u> kill one life.              | <i>only</i>                          |
| I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.                 |                                      |
| Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live!                           |                                      |
| PRINCE  | 3.1.191                              |
| Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.                                 |                                      |
| Who now the price of <u>his</u> dear blood doth owe?              | <i>Mercutio's</i>                    |
| MONTAGUE <sup>4</sup>   | 3.1.193                              |
| Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend.                      |                                      |
| His <u>fault</u> concludes <u>but</u> what the law should end:    | <i>crime, only</i>                   |
| The life of Tybalt.   |                                      |
| PRINCE  | 3.1.196                              |
| And for that offence  |                                      |
| Immediately we do <u>exile him hence</u> .                        | <i>banish him from Verona</i>        |
| I have an interest in your hate's <sup>1</sup> proceeding:        | <i>hearts<sup>2</sup></i>            |
| My <u>blood</u> for your <u>rude</u> brawls doth lie a-bleeding.  | <i>relative, barbaric</i>            |
| But I'll <u>amerce</u> you with so <u>strong</u> a fine           | <i>punish, heavy</i> 3.1.200         |
| That you shall all <u>repent</u> the loss of mine!                | <i>regret</i>                        |
| I <sup>1</sup> will be deaf to pleading and excuses.              |                                      |
| Nor tears nor prayers shall <u>purchase</u> out abuses.           | <i>buy your way out of this</i>      |
| Therefore use none! Let Romeo <u>hence</u> in haste,              | <i>go away</i>                       |
| Else, when he's found, that hour is his last!                     | 3.1.205                              |
| Bear <u>hence</u> this body and <u>attend</u> our will.           | <i>carry away, come to hear more</i> |
| Mercy <u>but</u> murders, pardoning those that kill.              | <i>just causes more</i>              |
| [All exit]  |                                      |

### ACT 3, SCENE 2

[Capulet house. JULIET]

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

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



|  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| JULIET   | 3.2.63                                |
| O, break, my heart! Poor <u>bankrupt</u> , break at once!          | <i>ruined heart</i>                   |
| To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!                            |                                       |
| Vile earth to earth <u>resign</u> ! End <u>motion</u> here!        | <i>my earthly body, rest, life</i>    |
| And <u>thou</u> and Romeo <u>press</u> one heavy <u>bier</u> !     | <i>my body, lay on, funeral bed</i>   |
| NURSE  | 3.2.67                                |
| O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!                           |                                       |
| O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!                              |                                       |
| That ever I should live to see thee dead!                          |                                       |
| JULIET   | 3.2.70                                |
| What storm is this that blows so <u>contrary</u> ?                 | <i>much grief</i>                     |
| Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?                           |                                       |
| My dearest cousin, and my dearer <u>lord</u> ?                     | <i>husband</i>                        |
| Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the <u>general doom</u> !            | <i>end of the world</i>               |
| For who is living, if those two are gone?                          |                                       |
| NURSE  | 3.2.75                                |
| Tybalt is gone, and Romeo <u>banishèd</u> .                        | <i>banished from Verona</i>           |
| Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.                             |                                       |
| JULIET   | 3.2.77                                |
| O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?                       |                                       |
| NURSE <sup>1</sup>   | JULIET <sup>2</sup> 3.2.78            |
| It did, it did, alas the day, it did!                              |                                       |
| JULIET <sup>1</sup>  | 3.2.79                                |
| O serpent heart, <u>hid</u> with a <u>flowering</u> face!          | <i>disguised, lovely</i>              |
| Did ever dragon keep so <u>fair</u> a cave?                        | <i>beautiful</i>                      |
| Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!                                 |                                       |
| Dove-feathered raven! <u>Wolvish-ravening</u> lamb!                | <i>wolf-like lamb</i>                 |
| Despisèd <u>substance of divinest show</u> !                       | <i>reality of heavenly appearance</i> |
| Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.                         |                                       |
| A damnèd <sup>4</sup> saint, an honorable villain!                 | <i>dim<sup>2</sup> 3.2.85</i>         |
| O nature, <u>what hadst thou to do</u> in hell                     | <i>what were you doing</i>            |
| When thou didst <u>bower</u> the spirit of a <u>fiend</u>          | <i>enclose, devil</i>                 |
| In <u>mortal paradise of such sweet flesh</u> ?                    | <i>such lovely human form</i>         |
| <u>Was ever</u> book containing such vile matter                   | <i>was there ever a</i>               |
| <u>So fairly bound</u> ? O, that deceit should dwell               | <i>with such a beautiful cover</i>    |
| In such a gorgeous palace!   |                                       |
| NURSE  | 3.2.92                                |
| There's no trust,  | <i>liars</i>                          |
| No faith, no honesty in men. All <u>perjured</u> ,                 |                                       |
| All <u>forsworn</u> , all <u>naught</u> , all <u>dissemblers</u> . | <i>deceitful, worthless, false</i>    |
| Ah, where's my <u>man</u> ? Give me some <u>aqua vitae</u> .       | <i>servant, brandy</i>                |
| These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.               |                                       |
| <u>Shame come to Romeo</u> !                                       | <i>shame on Romeo</i>                 |
| JULIET   | 3.2.99                                |
| Blistered be thy tongue  |                                       |
| For such a wish! He was not born to shame!                         |                                       |
| Upon his <u>brow</u> <sup>2</sup> shame is ashamed to sit,         | <i>face<sup>1</sup></i>               |
| For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned                       |                                       |
| Sole monarch of the universal earth!                               | 3.2.103                               |
| O, what a beast was I to <u>chide</u> at him!                      | <i>criticize</i>                      |
| NURSE  | 3.2.105                               |
| Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?                |                                       |
| JULIET   | 3.2.106                               |
| Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?                       |                                       |
| Ah, poor my <u>lord</u> , what tongue shall smooth thy name        | <i>husband</i>                        |
| When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?                     |                                       |
| But, <u>wherefore</u> , villain, didst thou kill my cousin?        | <i>why 3.2.110</i>                    |
| That villain cousin would have killed my husband.                  |                                       |
| Back, foolish tears, <u>back to your native spring</u> !           | <i>back into my eyes</i>              |
| Your <u>tributary</u> drops belong to woe,                         | <i>stream of</i>                      |
| Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.                             |                                       |

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain, 3.2.115  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.  
 All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then? why  
 Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,  
 That murdered me. I would forget it fain, gladly 3.2.120  
 But O, it presses to my memory  
 Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.  
 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banishèd."  
 That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death 3.2.125  
 Was woe enough if it had ended there.  
 Or if sour woe delights in fellowship wants company  
 And needly will be ranked with other griefs, must be accompanied  
 Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 3.2.130  
 Which modern lamentation might have moved? a normal amount of sadness  
 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death, those words  
 "Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, is like saying  
 All slain, all dead! "Romeo is banishèd!" 3.2.135  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, measurement, boundary  
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound. in the death that brings,  
 Where is<sup>2</sup> my father and my mother, Nurse? are<sup>1</sup>, express that woe

NURSE 3.2.139  
 Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse. corpse  
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. there

JULIET 3.2.141  
 Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent used up  
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled, pick up that rope-ladder, cheated  
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.  
 He made you for a highway to my bed, 3.2.147  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. virgin, will die a virgin widow  
 Come, cords. Come, Nurse, I'll to my wedding-bed,  
 And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! will take my virginity

NURSE 3.2.151  
Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo hurry, bedroom  
 To comfort you. I wot well where he is. know  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. listen  
 I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell. go to

JULIET 3.2.155  
 O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, [*hands her a ring*]  
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.  
 [*They exit*]

### ACT 3, SCENE 3

[*Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO*]

FRIAR 3.3.1  
 Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man. come in  
Affliction is enamored of thy parts, suffering is in love with you  
 And thou art wedded to calamity. married to misfortune

ROMEO 3.3.4  
 Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom? punishment  
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand wishes to meet me  
 That I yet know not?

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

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

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

FRIAR 3.3.64  
O, then I see that madmen<sup>1</sup> have no ears.

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

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

ROMEO 3.3.67  
Thou canst not speak of that<sup>2</sup> thou dost not feel!  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, *and Juliet were your love*  
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,  
Doting like me, and like me banishèd, *in love like me*  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair *tear out*  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. *measurement of my*

[NURSE knocks at door]

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

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

[Knocking]

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

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

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

[Knocking] —I come, I come!  
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will? *from where,*  
*what do you want*

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

FRIAR [opens door] 3.3.87  
Welcome then!

NURSE [enters] 3.3.88  
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,  
Where is<sup>1</sup> my lady's lord? Where's Romeo? *where's<sup>2</sup>, husband*

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

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

ROMEO 3.3.99  
Nurse!

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

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

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

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

### ACT 3, SCENE 4

[Capulet house. LORD & LADY CAPULET, PARIS]

Capulet 3.4.1  
 Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily  
 That we have had no time to move our daughter. *persuade*  
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 And so did I. Well, we were born to die.  
 'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight. *come down from her room*  
 I promise you, but for your company, *if not*  
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago. *in bed*  
 Paris 3.4.8  
 These times of woe afford no time<sup>1</sup> to woo. *allow, times<sup>2</sup>*  
 Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter. *give my regards*  
 Lady Capulet 3.4.11  
 I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.  
 Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness. *I'll know what she thinks*  
 Capulet 3.4.13  
 Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
 Of my child's love. I think she will be<sup>1</sup> ruled *closed off in her sorrow*  
 In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not. *bold offer*  
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,  
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love, *before*  
*tell, son-in-law*

And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday next—*are you listening*  
 But soft, what day is this? *wait*  
 PARIS Monday, my lord. 3.4.21  
 CAPULET 3.4.22  
 Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon. *ah (not laughing)*  
 O' Thursday let it be. [*to her*] O' Thursday, tell her,  
 She shall be married to this noble earl!  
 [*to him*] Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?  
 We'll keep<sup>2</sup> no great ado, a friend or two, *approve, speed*  
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, *make<sup>1</sup>: not have a big affair*  
 It may be thought we held him carelessly, *listen, recently*  
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much. *thought little of him*  
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, *celebrate*  
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday? *that's all*  
 PARIS 3.4.32  
 My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow! *wish*  
 CAPULET 3.4.33  
 Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then!  
 [*to her*] Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, *before*  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day. *for*  
 [*to him*] Farewell, my lord.  
 [*to Servant*] Light to my chamber, ho! *bring lights, room*  
 [*to him*] Afore me, it is so very late that we *oh my*  
 May call it early by and by. Good night. *soon*  
 [*They exit*]

### ACT 3, SCENE 5

[*Juliet's bedroom, dawn. ROMEO & JULIET*]

JULIET 3.5.1  
 Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear. *you heard*  
 Nightly she sings on yon<sup>1</sup> pomegranate tree. *yond<sup>2</sup>: that*  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
 ROMEO 3.5.6  
 It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks *streaks of light*  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. *pierce the clouds*  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day *stars, jolly*  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  
 JULIET 3.5.12  
Yon<sup>1</sup> light is not daylight, I know it, I. *yond<sup>2</sup>: that*  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhaled<sup>+</sup>,  
 To be to thee this night a torchbearer  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.  
 Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.  
 ROMEO 3.5.17  
 Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death. *captured*  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so. *if*  
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye;  
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow. *that grey light*  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat *reflection of the moon's face*  
 The vaulty heav'n so high above our heads. *song rises to*  
 I have more care to stay than will to go. *3.5.22*  
 Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so! *desire, willpower*  
 How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day. *wishes*  
*how are you, my love*

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



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

JULIET Madam, I am not well. 3.5.70

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

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

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

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

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

JULIET 3.5.84  
What villain madam?

LADY CAPULET That same villain Romeo. 3.5.85

JULIET 3.5.86  
*[aside]* Villain and he be many miles asunder. *he's miles from being a villain*  
*[to her]* God pardon him<sup>4</sup>. I do, with all my heart.  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart. *anger me / my heart miss*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JULIET 3.5.164

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

CAPULET 3.5.166

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

Out on her, hilding! *damn her, worthless creature*

NURSE God in heav'n bless her! 3.5.176

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

CAPULET 3.5.178

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

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

I speak no treason— *nothing disloyal*

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

NURSE 3.5.182

May not one speak?

CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool! 3.5.183

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's<sup>1</sup> bowl, *wisdom in your gossip circle*  
For here we need it not!

LADY CAPULET You are too hot! *upset* 3.5.186

CAPULET 3.5.187

God's bread! It makes me mad! *damn it*  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play, *season, at work*  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been *with, all I think about*  
To have her matched. And having now provided *is getting her married*  
A gentleman of noble parentage, 3.5.191  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly liened<sup>2</sup>, *"di-máins": estates,*  
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts, *well connected / trained*<sup>1</sup>, *qualities*  
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man; *handsome, one could*  
And then to have a wretched puling fool, *whimpering*  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, *doll, receiving good fortune*  
To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love, 3.5.197  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me!"  
[to Juliet] But if<sup>1</sup> you will not wed, I'll "pardon" you: *and*<sup>2</sup> 3.5.199  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me! *go eat, stay in this house*  
Look to't. Think on't. I do not use to jest! *joke*  
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart. Advise. *look in your, consider it*  
If<sup>1</sup> you be mine, I'll give you to my friend. *and*<sup>2</sup>, *if you're my daughter*  
If<sup>1</sup> you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets! *and*<sup>2</sup>, *if you're not* 3.5.204  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee! *you as my daughter*  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good! *will you get anything from me*  
Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn! *think on it, take back my words*

[exits]

JULIET 3.5.208

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

|  |  |
|--|--|
| LADY CAPULET   | 3.5.214                                |
| Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.                         |  |
| <u>Do as thou wilt</u> , for I have done with thee. <i>[exits]</i> | <i>do what you will</i>                |
| JULIET   | 3.5.216                                |
| O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?                       |  |
| My husband is <u>on earth</u> , my <u>faith</u> in heaven.         | <i>alive, marriage vow sworn</i>       |
| How <u>shall that faith return again to earth</u>                  | <i>can I marry again</i>               |
| Unless that husband send it me from heaven                         |  |
| By <u>leaving earth</u> ? Comfort me, counsel me!                  | <i>dying, advise</i> 3.5.220           |
| Alack, alack, that heav'n should <u>practice stratagems</u>        | <i>set traps</i>                       |
| Upon so <u>soft</u> a <u>subject</u> as myself!                    | <i>weak, person</i>                    |
| What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?                     |  |
| Some comfort, Nurse.   |  |
| NURSE Faith, here it is.   | 3.5.225                                |
| Romeo is banished, and <u>all the world to nothing</u>             | <i>you can bet the world</i>           |
| That he dares ne'er come back to <u>challenge</u> you,             | <i>claim</i>                           |
| Or if he do, <u>it needs must be by stealth</u> .                  | <i>he'll have to do it in secret</i>   |
| <u>Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,</u>              | <i>so, the way things stand</i>        |
| I think it best you married with the <u>County</u> .               | <i>Count Paris</i> 3.5.230             |
| O, he's a lovely gentleman!  |  |
| Romeo's a <u>dish-clout to him</u> . An eagle, madam,              | <i>dishrag compared to him</i>         |
| Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye                        |  |
| As Paris hath. <u>Beshrew my very heart,</u>                       | <i>curse me if I'm wrong</i>           |
| I think you are <u>happy</u> in this second <u>match,</u>          | <i>fortunate, marriage</i> 3.5.235     |
| For it <u>excels</u> your first; or if it did not,                 | <i>is better than</i>                  |
| Your first is dead, or 'twere as <u>good he were</u>               | <i>as good as dead</i>                 |
| As living <u>here</u> and <u>you no use of him</u> .               | <i>on earth, never able to see you</i> |
| JULIET   | 3.5.239                                |
| Speakest thou from thy heart?                                      |  |
| NURSE  | 3.5.240                                |
| And from my soul too, else <u>beshrew</u> them both.               | <i>curse</i>                           |
| JULIET   | 3.5.241                                |
| Amen.  |  |
| NURSE  | 3.5.242                                |
| What?  |  |
| JULIET   | 3.5.243                                |
| Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.                       |  |
| Go in and tell my <u>lady</u> I am gone,                           | <i>mother</i>                          |
| Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell,                    |  |
| To make confession and to be <u>absolved</u> .                     | <i>forgiven</i>                        |
| NURSE  | 3.5.247                                |
| Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. <i>[exits]</i>             |  |
| JULIET   | 3.5.248                                |
| <u>Ancient damnation!</u> O most wicked fiend!                     | <i>cursed old woman</i>                |
| Is it more sin to wish me <u>thus forsworn</u> ,                   | <i>to break my wedding vow</i>         |
| Or to <u>dispraise</u> my lord with that same tongue               | <i>criticize, husband</i>              |
| Which she hath praised him with <u>above compare</u>               | <i>beyond comparison</i>               |
| So many thousand times? Go, counselor.                             | 3.5.252                                |
| <u>Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.</u>                | <i>you'll never hear my secrets</i>    |
| I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.                              |  |
| If all else fail, myself have power to <u>die</u> . <i>[exits]</i> | <i>kill myself</i>                     |

#### ACT 4, SCENE 1

*[Church, later that day. FRIAR & PARIS]*

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

|   |   |
|---|---|
| PARIS   | 4.1.2   |
| My <u>father</u> Capulet will have it so,                                 | <i>father-in-law</i>                            |
| And I am <u>nothing slow</u> to slack his haste.                          | <i>not unwilling to slow him down</i>           |
| FRIAR   | 4.1.4   |
| You say you do not know the lady's <u>mind</u> ?                          | <i>thoughts on this</i>                         |
| <u>Uneven</u> is the course. I like it not.                               | <i>this is too irregular</i>                    |
| PARIS   | 4.1.6   |
| <u>Immoderately</u> she weeps for Tybalt's death,                         | <i>excessively</i>                              |
| And therefore have I little talked <sup>1</sup> of love,                  | <i>talk<sup>2</sup></i>                         |
| For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.                                 | <i>the god of love</i>                          |
| Now, sir, her father <u>counts</u> it dangerous                           | <i>considers</i>                                |
| That she doth <sup>1</sup> <u>give her sorrow so much sway</u> ,          | <i>do<sup>2</sup>, let sorrow overwhelm her</i> |
| And in his wisdom <u>hastes</u> our marriage                              | <i>hurries</i> 4.1.11                           |
| To stop the <u>inundation</u> of her tears,                               | <i>flood</i>                                    |
| Which, <u>too much minded</u> by herself alone,                           | <i>she thinks about too much when</i>           |
| <u>May be put from her by society</u> .                                   | <i>being with others may help her forget</i>    |
| Now do you know the reason of this haste.                                 |   |
| FRIAR   | 4.1.16  |
| <i>[aside]</i> I <u>would</u> I knew not why it should be <u>slowed</u> . | <i>wish, postponed</i>                          |
| <i>[JULIET enters]</i>  |   |
| Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.                            |   |
| PARIS   | 4.1.18  |
| Happily met, my lady and my wife!   |   |
| JULIET  | 4.1.19  |
| That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.                                   |   |
| PARIS   | 4.1.20  |
| That "may be" must be, <u>love</u> , on Thursday next.                    | <i>my love</i>                                  |
| JULIET  | 4.1.21  |
| What must be shall be.  |   |
| FRIAR   | <i>That's a certain text.</i> 4.1.22            |
| PARIS   | 4.1.23  |
| Come you to make confession to the Friar <sup>1</sup> ?                   | <i>this Father<sup>2</sup></i>                  |
| JULIET  | 4.1.24  |
| To answer that, <u>I should confess to you</u> .                          | <i>I would be confessing to you</i>             |
| PARIS   | 4.1.25  |
| Do not deny to him that you love me.                                      |   |
| JULIET  | 4.1.26  |
| I will confess to you that I love him.                                    |   |
| PARIS   | 4.1.27  |
| So will you <sup>1</sup> , I am sure, that you love me.                   | <i>ye<sup>2</sup></i>                           |
| JULIET  | 4.1.28  |
| If I do so, it will be of more <u>price</u>                               | <i>value</i>                                    |
| Being spoke behind your back than to your face.                           |   |
| PARIS   | 4.1.30  |
| Poor soul, thy face is much <u>abused</u> with tears.                     | <i>streaked</i>                                 |
| JULIET  | 4.1.31  |
| The tears have got small victory by that,                                 |   |
| For it was bad enough before <u>their spite</u> .                         | <i>the tears</i>                                |
| PARIS   | 4.1.33  |
| <u>Thou wrong'st</u> it more than tears with that <u>report</u> .         | <i>you wrong your face, statement</i>           |
| JULIET  | 4.1.34  |
| That is no <u>slander</u> , sir, which is a truth,                        | <i>lie</i>                                      |
| And what I spake, I spake it to <u>my face</u> .                          | <i>about my face</i>                            |
| PARIS   | 4.1.36  |
| Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.                             |   |
| JULIET  | 4.1.37  |
| It may be so, for it is not mine own.                                     |   |
| <i>[to Friar]</i> Are you <u>at leisure</u> , Holy Father, now,           | <i>free</i>                                     |
| Or shall I come to you at evening mass?                                   |   |

FRIAR 4.1.40  
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. *I'm free now, troubled*  
*[to him]* My lord, we must entreat the time alone. *ask for*

PARIS 4.1.42  
 God shield I should disturb devotion!— *forbid, religious devotion*  
 Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you<sup>+</sup>. *ye<sup>2</sup>, wake you (with music)*  
 Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *[kisses her, exits]*

JULIET 4.1.45  
 O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,  
 Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR 4.1.47  
 O Juliet, I already know thy grief. *know the cause of your grief*  
It strains me past the compass of my wits. *I'm at my wit's end*  
 I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it, *nothing can delay it*  
 On Thursday next be married to this County. *Count Paris*

JULIET 4.1.51  
 Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it!  
 If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
 Do thou but call my resolution wise, 4.1.54  
 And with this knife I'll help it presently! *now*  
*[threatens to stab herself]*

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,  
 Shall be the label to another deed,  
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both! *you joined our hands*  
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time *before my hand, that you*  
 Give me some present counsel, or behold: *seal, wedding contract*  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife *rebelliously* 4.1.59  
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that *betrays him, knife, hand & heart*  
 Which the commission of thy years and art *long life of experience*  
 Could to no issue of true honor bring! *advice now, watch*  
Be not so long to speak! I long to die *between my despair*  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy! *judge, concluding*  
*your wisdom* 4.1.65  
*not bring an honorable solution*  
*speak now, I want to die*  
*if you offer no solution*

FRIAR 4.1.69  
Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with Death himself to 'scape from it;  
 And if thou dare'st, I'll give thee remedy. *stop, see*  
*requires, act*  
*this desperate act, want to*

JULIET 4.1.78  
 O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of any<sup>2</sup> tower, *tell me to*  
 Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk *yonder<sup>1</sup>*  
 Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears, *walk in dark alleyways, go*  
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house *snakes*  
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones, *mortuary*  
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls. *covered up*  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave *stinking limbs, jawless*  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud<sup>4</sup> 4.1.85  
 —Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble— *burial cloth*  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt, *myself say them*  
 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love. *loyal*

FRIAR

Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.  
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.  
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drink thou off.  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.  
No warmth, no breath<sup>1</sup> shall testify thou live'st.  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly<sup>4</sup> ashes. Thy eyes' windows fall  
Like Death when he shuts up the day of life.  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier  
Thou shalt<sup>3</sup> be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift  
And hither shall he come, and he and I  
Will watch thy waking<sup>3</sup>, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear  
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR [*gives her the vial*]

Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous.  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford!  
Farewell, dear Father!

[*They exit*]

## ACT 4, SCENE 2

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

CAPULET [*handing a paper to 1st Servant*]

So many guests, invite as here are writ.

[*1st Servant exits*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2nd SERVANT

You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll  
try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET

How canst thou try them so?

4.1.91

*wait, agree*

*be sure to sleep alone*

*bedroom*

*little bottle, once you're in bed*

*drink all the liquid* 4.1.96

*soon*

*fluid*

*keep beating, stop*

*show you're alive* 4.1.100

*rosiness*

*pale grey, eyelids will close*

*closes*

*part of you, unable to move*

*rigid* 4.1.105

*death-like appearance*

*forty two hours*

*Paris*

*to wake you* 4.1.110

*custom*

*funeral bed*

*shall<sup>2</sup>, carried, tomb*

*family*

*in preparation for you waking*

*plan* 4.1.116

*here*

*watch you wake*

*take you away*

4.1.120

*you don't change your mind or let*

*interfere with, courage, following the plan*

4.1.123

*give me the vial*

4.1.124

*here,*

*determined, quickly*

*husband*

4.1.127

*give me help*

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



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

*for, I am lighthearted  
has been set straight*

### ACT 4, SCENE 3

[Juliet's bedroom, that night. JULIET & NURSE]

JULIET

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

4.3.1  
*clothes  
leave me alone  
prayers  
encourage, situation  
conflicted*

LADY CAPULET [enters]

What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET

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

4.3.6  
4.3.7  
*picked out everything  
as needed for the ceremony  
stay with you*

LADY CAPULET Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[They exit]

JULIET

Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.  
—Nurse!—What should she do here?

4.3.14  
*fainting cold fear rushing  
freezes me to death*

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

*dreadful* 4.3.20

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?  
No, no, this shall forbid it. [takes a dagger  
and puts it by the bed] Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the Friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored  
Because he married me before to Romeo?

4.3.25  
*cunningly, administered  
otherwise*

I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.

*I think  
always proven himself* 4.3.30

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

*get me, frightening  
suffocated, tomb  
fresh* 4.3.35

Or if I live, is it not very like  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place...

*before  
isn't it likely  
thoughts*

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;

*tomb* 4.3.40

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort...

*just recently buried  
rotting  
haunt* 4.3.45

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

#### ACT 4, SCENE 4

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

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

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

#### ACT 4, SCENE 5

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

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

|   |   |
|---|---|
| [FRIAR, PARIS & MUSICIANS enter]  |   |
| FRIAR   | 4.5.39  |
| Come, is the bride ready to go to church?                                   |   |
| CAPULET   | 4.5.40  |
| Ready to go, but never to return.—  |   |
| O son! The night before thy wedding day                                     | <i>son-in-law</i>                                   |
| Hath Death <u>lain</u> with thy wife. There she lies,                       | <i>slept</i>  |
| Flower as she was, <u>deflowered</u> by him.                                | <i>beautiful, her virginity taken</i>               |
| Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.                                   | 4.5.44  |
| My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,                                     |   |
| And leave him <u>all</u> : life, <u>living</u> , all is Death's.            | <i>everything, property</i>                         |
| PARIS   | 4.5.47  |
| Have I <u>thought long</u> <sup>1</sup> to see this morning's face,         | <i>looked forward</i>                               |
| And doth it give me such a sight as this?                                   |   |
| LADY CAPULET [all speak together]   | 4.5.49  |
| <u>Accursed, unhappy</u> , wretched, hateful day!                           | <i>cursed, disastrous</i>                           |
| Most miserable hour that e'er time saw                                      |   |
| In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!   |   |
| But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,                               |   |
| But one thing to rejoice and <u>solace</u> in,                              | <i>take comfort</i>                                 |
| And cruel death hath <u>caught it</u> from my sight!                        | <i>snatched her</i>                                 |
| NURSE [together]  | 4.5.55  |
| O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  |   |
| Most <u>lamentable</u> day, most woeful day,                                | <i>mournful</i>                                     |
| That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  |   |
| O day, O day, O day! O hateful day!   |   |
| Never was seen so black a day as this!                                      |   |
| O woeful day, O woeful day!   |   |
| PARIS [together]  | 4.5.61  |
| <u>Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!</u>                          | <i>cheated</i>                                      |
| Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,                                    |   |
| By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!                                      |   |
| O love! O life! Not <u>life, but love</u> in death!                         | <i>alive, but still loved</i>                       |
| CAPULET [together]  | 4.5.65  |
| Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!                              |   |
| <u>Uncomfortable</u> time, why came'st thou now                             | <i>comfortless</i>                                  |
| To murder, murder our <u>solemnity</u> ?                                    | <i>festivity</i>                                    |
| O child, O child! My soul, and not my child,                                |   |
| Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,                                     |   |
| And with my child my joys are <u>buried</u> .                               |   |
| FRIAR   | 4.5.71  |
| Peace, ho, for shame! <u>Confusion's cure</u> <sup>+</sup> <u>lives not</u> | <i>there's no cure for loss / care</i> <sup>2</sup> |
| In these confusions. Heaven and yourself                                    | <i>crying and wailing</i>                           |
| Had <u>part in</u> this fair maid. Now heav'n hath <u>all</u> ,             | <i>both had part, all of her</i>                    |
| And all the better is it for the maid.                                      |   |
| Your part in her you could not keep from death,                             | 4.5.75  |
| But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.                                  |   |
| The most you <u>sought</u> was her <u>promotion</u> ,                       | <i>wanted, material advancement</i>                 |
| For 'twas your <u>heaven</u> she should <u>be advanced</u> .                | <i>ideal that, marry well</i>                       |
| And weep you <sup>+</sup> now, seeing she is advanced                       | <i>ye</i> <sup>2</sup>                              |
| Above the clouds, as high as heav'n itself?                                 | 4.5.80  |
| O, in this <u>love</u> you love your child so <u>ill</u>                    | <i>material concern, wrongly</i>                    |
| That you run mad, seeing that <u>she is well</u> .                          | <i>she's in heaven (an expression)</i>              |
| She's not well married that lives married long,                             |   |
| But she's best married that dies married young.                             | 4.5.84  |
| Dry up your tears, and <u>stick</u> your <u>rosemary</u>                    | <i>place, herb for funerals &amp;</i>               |
| On this fair <u>corse</u> , and as the custom is,                           | <i>weddings, corpse</i>                             |
| In all her best <u>array</u> , <u>bear</u> her to church.                   | <i>clothes, carry</i>                               |

|   |  |
|---|--|
| For though <u>fond</u> <sup>+</sup> <u>nature</u> bids us all <u>lament</u> , | <i>our emotional nature / some<sup>2</sup>, to cry</i> |
| Yet nature's tears are <u>reason's merriment</u> .                            | <i>mocked by reason</i>                                |
| CAPULET   | 4.5.90   |
| All things that we <u>ordained</u> <u>festival</u> ,                          | <i>intended for the wedding feast</i>                  |
| Turn from their <u>office</u> to black funeral:                               | <i>purpose</i>   |
| Our instruments to melancholy bells,  |  |
| Our wedding <u>cheer</u> to a sad burial feast,                               | <i>food &amp; drink</i>                                |
| Our solemn hymns to sullen <u>dirges</u> change,                              | <i>funeral music</i>                                   |
| Our bridal flowers serve for a buried <u>corpse</u> ,                         | <i>corpse</i>  |
| And all things change them to the <u>contrary</u> .                           | <i>opposite</i>  |
| FRIAR   | 4.5.97   |
| Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,                                      |  |
| And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare   |  |
| To follow this fair <u>corpse</u> unto her grave.                             | <i>corpse</i>  |
| The heav'ns do <u>lour</u> upon you for some <u>ill</u> .                     | <i>frown, bad thing you've done</i>                    |
| <u>Move</u> them no more by <u>crossing</u> their <u>high will</u> .          | <i>anger, provoking them</i>                           |
| [Lord & Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar exit]                                  |  |
| 1st MUSICIAN (Simon)  | 4.5.102  |
| Faith, we may <u>put up</u> our <u>pipes</u> , and be gone.                   | <i>put away, instruments</i>                           |
| NURSE   | 4.5.103  |
| Honest good fellows, ah, <u>put up</u> , put up.                              | <i>put away</i>  |
| For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [exits]                           |  |
| 1st MUSICIAN  | 4.5.105  |
| Ay, by <sup>1</sup> my <u>troth</u> , the <u>case</u> may be amended.         | <i>truly, situation / instrument case,</i>             |
| PETER [enters]  | <i>could be better</i>                                 |
| Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's Ease", "Heart's Ease".                       | 4.5.106  |
| O, and you will have me <u>live</u> , play "Heart's Ease".                    | <i>if you want me to live</i>                          |
| 1st MUSICIAN  | 4.5.109  |
| Why "Heart's Ease"?   |  |
| PETER   | 4.5.110  |
| O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My Heart is Full                 |  |
| [of Woe]" <sup>+</sup> . O, play me some merry <u>dump</u> to comfort me.     | <i>mournful song</i>                                   |
| 1st MUSICIAN  | 4.5.113  |
| Not a <u>dump</u> we! 'Tis no time to play now.                               | <i>mournful song</i>                                   |
| PETER   | 4.5.115  |
| You will not, then?   |  |
| 1st MUSICIAN  | 4.5.116  |
| No.   |  |
| PETER   | 4.5.117  |
| I will then <u>give it you</u> soundly!                                       | <i>give it to you</i>                                  |
| 1st MUSICIAN  | 4.5.118  |
| What will you give us?  |  |
| PETER   | 4.5.119  |
| No money, on my faith, but <u>the gleek</u> !                                 | <i>a sneer</i>   |
| I will <u>give you the minstrel</u> !   | <i>call you "minstrels"</i>                            |
| 1st MUSICIAN  | 4.5.121  |
| Then I will <u>give you the serving-creature</u> !                            | <i>call you what you are: a servant</i>                |
| PETER [draws his dagger]  | 4.5.123  |
| Then will I lay the <u>serving-creature's dagger</u> on                       | <i>I'll knock you on the head</i>                      |
| <u>your pate</u> ! I will <u>carry no crotchets</u> !                         | <i>with my dagger, take no insults/notes</i>           |
| I'll "re" you, I'll "fa" you! Do you <u>note me</u> ?                         | <i>note what I'm saying</i>                            |
| 1st MUSICIAN  | 4.5.126  |
| <u>And</u> you "re" us and "fa" us, you note us!                              | <i>if</i>  |
| 2nd MUSICIAN (Hugh)   | 4.5.127  |
| Pray you, <u>put up</u> your dagger, and <u>put out</u> your <u>wit</u> .     | <i>put away, pull, intelligence</i>                    |
| PETER <sup>+</sup>  | 4.5.129  |
| Then <u>have at you</u> with my wit! I will <u>dry-beat</u> you               | <i>I'll attack you, beat</i>                           |
| with an iron wit, and <u>put up</u> my iron dagger. Answer                    | <i>put away</i>  |

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

## ACT 5, SCENE 1

*[Mantua, that afternoon. ROMEO]*

ROMEO 5.1.1  
 If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, *believe what good dreams say*  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. *predict, soon*  
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne, *heart is light with joy*  
 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit *unusually good mood*  
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5.1.5  
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,  
 —Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!— *the ability*  
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips *on*  
 That I revived and was an emperor. 5.1.10  
 Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed *the love you have in reality*  
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy! *even just love's dreams*  
*[BALTHASAR enters]*  
 News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar! *hello*  
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?  
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
 How fares<sup>1</sup> my Juliet? That I ask again, 5.1.15  
 For nothing can be ill if she be well. *doth<sup>2</sup>: how is*  
 BALTHASAR 5.1.18  
 Then she is well and nothing can be ill. *bad, good*  
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, *she's in heaven (an expression)*  
 And her immortal part with angels lives. *the Capulet tomb*  
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, *soon*  
 And presently took post to tell it you. *family's tomb*  
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news, *immediately rented a horse*  
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir. *bad*  
*make it my duty*

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

The world affords no law to make thee rich. *offers*  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this! [*Offers money*] *break the law*  
 APOTHECARY 5.1.79  
 My poverty, but not my will, consents. *conscience, agrees*  
 ROMEO 5.1.80  
 I pay<sup>1</sup> thy poverty and not thy will. *conscience*  
 APOTHECARY [*offers poison*] 5.1.81  
 Put this in any liquid thing you will  
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength  
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight. *kill you immediately*  
 ROMEO [*hands him the money*] 5.1.84  
 There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world *hateful*  
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. *mixtures*  
 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
 Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh. *add flesh to your bones*  
 [*Apothecary exits*]  
 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me *medicine*  
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*exits*]

## ACT 5, SCENE 2

[*Church. FRIAR JOHN*]

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



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

### ACT 5, SCENE 3

[*Capulet tomb, late that night.*]

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

PARIS 5.3.1  
 Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof. *go stand at a distance*  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. *no instead, the torch, don't want to*  
 Under yond yew<sup>1</sup> trees lay thee all along, *those, lie down*  
 Holding thy<sup>2</sup> ear close to the hollow ground; *thine<sup>1</sup>*  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, *any footsteps in the churchyard*  
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves, *on the loose dirt from graves*  
 But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me 5.3.7  
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

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

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

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

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

BALTHASAR 5.3.40  
 I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye<sup>2</sup>. *you<sup>1</sup>*

|   |  |
|---|--|
| ROMEO   | 5.3.41                                   |
| <u>So shalt</u> thou show me friendship. Take thou that. [ <i>gives money</i> ] | <i>that's how</i>                        |
| Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.                              |  |
| BALTHASAR [ <i>aside</i> ]  | 5.3.43                                   |
| For all <u>this same</u> , I'll hide me <u>hereabout</u> .                      | <i>all the same, nearby</i>              |
| His looks I fear, and his <u>intents</u> I doubt. [ <i>hides</i> ]              | <i>intentions</i>                        |
| ROMEO [ <i>starts forcing open the tomb</i> ]                                   | 5.3.45                                   |
| Thou detestable <u>maw</u> , thou womb of death,                                | <i>stomach</i>                           |
| Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,                                    |  |
| Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,   |  |
| And <u>in despite</u> I'll cram thee with more food!                            | <i>in spite</i>                          |
| PARIS   | 5.3.49                                   |
| [ <i>aside</i> ] This is that banish'd <u>haughty</u> Montague                  | <i>arrogant</i>                          |
| That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief                                |  |
| It is <u>supposèd</u> the fair creature died!                                   | <i>believed, Juliet</i>                  |
| And here <u>is come</u> to do some villainous shame                             | <i>he has come to</i>                    |
| To the dead bodies! I will <u>apprehend</u> him.                                | <i>arrest</i>                            |
| [ <i>to Romeo</i> ] Stop thy <u>unhallowed toil</u> , vile Montague!            | <i>unholy work</i>                       |
| Can vengeance be pursued <u>further</u> than death?                             | <i>worse</i> 5.3.55                      |
| Condemned villain, I do <u>apprehend</u> thee!                                  | <i>arrest</i>                            |
| Obey, and go with me, for thou must die!  |  |
| ROMEO   | 5.3.58                                   |
| I must indeed, and <u>therefore</u> came I <u>hither</u> .                      | <i>that's why I came here</i>            |
| Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man!                                   |  |
| Fly <u>hence</u> , and leave me! Think upon these <u>gone</u> ;                 | <i>run away, deceased</i>                |
| Let them <u>affright</u> thee. I beseech thee, youth,                           | <i>frighten</i>                          |
| Put not another sin upon my head  |  |
| By <u>urging</u> me to fury! O, be gone!  | <i>pushing</i>                           |
| By heav'n, I love thee better than myself,                                      |  |
| For I come hither armed against myself.   | 5.3.65                                   |
| Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say                                      |  |
| A madman's mercy <u>bade</u> <sup>+</sup> thee run away.                        | <i>bid<sup>2</sup>: begged</i>           |
| PARIS   | 5.3.68                                   |
| I do defy thy <u>commination</u> <sup>2</sup> ,                                 | <i>conjurations<sup>1</sup>: threats</i> |
| And <u>apprehend</u> thee for a <u>felon</u> here.                              | <i>arrest, criminal</i>                  |
| ROMEO   | 5.3.70                                   |
| Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!                                   |  |
| [ <i>They fight</i> ]   |  |
| PAGE  | 5.3.71                                   |
| O Lord, they fight! I will go call the <u>watch</u> ! [ <i>exits</i> ]          | <i>guards</i>                            |
| PARIS   | 5.3.72                                   |
| O, I am slain! [ <i>falls</i> ] If thou be merciful,                            |  |
| Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [ <i>dies</i> ]                              |  |
| ROMEO   | 5.3.74                                   |
| In faith, I will. Let me <u>peruse</u> this face.                               | <i>look at</i>                           |
| Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!   |  |
| What said my <u>man</u> when my <u>betossèd</u> soul                            | <i>servant, troubled</i>                 |
| Did not <u>attend</u> <u>him</u> as we rode? I think                            | <i>listen to him</i>                     |
| He told me Paris <u>should have married</u> Juliet.                             | <i>was to have married</i>               |
| Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?   |  |
| Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  | 5.3.80                                   |
| To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  |  |
| <u>One writ</u> with me in sour misfortune's book!                              | <i>you're written</i>                    |
| I'll bury thee in a <u>triumphant</u> grave.—[ <i>opens the tomb</i> ]          | <i>glorious</i>                          |
| A grave? O no, A <u>lantern</u> , slaughtered youth,                            | <i>glass tower</i> 5.3.84                |
| For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes                                      |  |
| This vault a <u>feasting presence</u> full of light.                            | <i>festive hall</i>                      |
| Death, lie thou there, by a dead man <u>interred</u> .                          | <i>buried</i>                            |
| [ <i>laying PARIS in the tomb</i> ]   |  |

|  |  |
|--|--|
| How <u>oft</u> when men are at the point of death                                  | <i>often</i>                                     |
| Have they been merry, which their <u>keepers</u> call                              | <i>jailers</i>                                   |
| A <u>lightning</u> before death! O, how may I                                      | <i>uplifted spirits</i> 5.3.90                   |
| Call this a lightning?—O my love! My wife!   |  |
| Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,                                   |  |
| Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.   |  |
| Thou art not conquered. Beauty's <u>ensign</u> yet                                 | <i>sign</i>                                      |
| Is <u>crimson</u> in thy lips and in thy cheeks,                                   | <i>red</i> 5.3.95                                |
| And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—                                      | <i>raised</i>                                    |
| Tybalt, lie'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?                                     |  |
| O, what more favor can I do to thee  |  |
| Than with <u>that hand</u> that cut thy youth <u>in twain</u>                      | <i>my hand, short</i>                            |
| To <u>sunder</u> his that was thine <sup>2</sup> enemy?                            | <i>thy<sup>5</sup>, cut down my life</i> 5.3.100 |
| Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,   |  |
| Why art thou yet so <u>fair</u> ? Shall I believe                                  | <i>beautiful</i>                                 |
| That <u>unsubstantial</u> Death is amorous,  | <i>bodiless Death is your lover</i>              |
| And that the lean <u>abhorred</u> monster keeps                                    | <i>horrible</i>                                  |
| Thee here in dark to be his <u>paramour</u> ?                                      | <i>mistress</i> 5.3.105                          |
| For fear of that, I <u>still will stay</u> with thee,                              | <i>will stay forever</i>                         |
| And never from this palace <sup>3</sup> of dim night                               |  |
| Depart again. Here, here will I remain   |  |
| With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here                                      |  |
| Will I set up my everlasting rest,   | 5.3.110  |
| And <u>shake the yoke of inauspicious stars</u>                                    | <i>shake off the burden of cruel fate</i>        |
| From this world-wearied <u>flesh</u> . Eyes, look <u>your last</u> .               | <i>body, for the last time</i>                   |
| Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you                                     |  |
| The doors of breath, seal with a <u>righteous</u> kiss                             | <i>pure</i> 5.3.114                              |
| A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. [ <i>kisses her</i> ]                      | <i>eternal contract, all-possessing</i>          |
| Come, bitter <u>conduct</u> , come, <u>unsavory</u> guide,                         | <i>escort (poison), offensive</i>                |
| Thou desperate <u>pilot</u> , now at once <u>run on</u>                            | <i>navigator, run into</i>                       |
| The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary <u>bark</u> !                                 | <i>ship</i>                                      |
| Here's to my love! [ <i>drinks</i> ] O true apothec'ry,                            |  |
| Thy drugs are quick. [ <i>kisses her</i> ] Thus with a kiss I die. [ <i>dies</i> ] | 5.3.120  |
| FRIAR [ <i>enters with lantern, crowbar, spade</i> ]                               | 5.3.121  |
| Saint Francis <u>be my speed</u> ! How <u>oft</u> tonight                          | <i>help me, often</i>                            |
| Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?                                  |  |
| BALTHASAR  | 5.3.123  |
| <u>Here's one</u> , a friend, and one that knows you well.                         | <i>it's me</i>                                   |
| FRIAR  | 5.3.124  |
| Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  |  |
| What torch is <u>yond</u> , that <u>vainly lends</u> his light                     | <i>there, wastefully shines</i>                  |
| To <u>grubs</u> and eyeless skulls? As I discern,                                  | <i>worms</i>                                     |
| It burneth in the <u>Capel's monument</u> .  | <i>Capulet tomb</i>                              |
| BALTHASAR  | 5.3.128  |
| It doth so, Holy sir, and there's my master,                                       |  |
| One that you love.   |  |
| FRIAR Who is it?   | 5.3.130  |
| BALTHASAR Romeo.   | 5.3.131  |
| FRIAR  | 5.3.132  |
| How long hath he been there?   |  |
| BALTHASAR Full half an hour.   | 5.3.133  |
| FRIAR  | 5.3.134  |
| Go with me to the vault.   |  |
| BALTHASAR I dare not, sir.   | 5.3.135  |
| My master <u>knows not</u> but I am <u>gone hence</u> ,                            | <i>doesn't know I didn't leave</i>               |
| And fearfully did <u>menace</u> me with death                                      | <i>threaten</i>                                  |
| If I did stay to <u>look on his intents</u> .                                      | <i>to watch him</i>                              |

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

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

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|--|---|
| Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.<br>What further woe <u>conspires against mine<sup>2</sup> age?</u>  | <i>my<sup>5</sup>, threatens my old age</i>   |
| PRINCE   | 5.3.221   |
| Look, and thou shalt see.  |   |
| MONTAGUE   | 5.3.222   |
| O thou <u>untaught!</u> What manners is in this,<br>To <u>press</u> before thy father to a grave?  | <i>rude boy<br/>rush</i>  |
| PRINCE   | 5.3.224   |
| <u>Seal up</u> the mouth of outrage for a while<br>Till we can clear these ambiguities<br>And know their <u>spring</u> , their <u>head</u> , their true <u>descent</u> ,<br>And then will I <u>be general</u> of your woes<br>And lead you even to death. Meantime <u>forbear</u> ,<br>And <u>let mischance</u> be slave to patience.<br><i>[to Guards]</i> Bring forth the <u>parties of suspicion</u> .  | <i>quiet your outcries<br/>source, origin, start<br/>lead you in<br/>death of the guilty, be quiet<br/>be calm in the face of misfortune<br/>suspects</i>   |
| FRIAR  | 5.3.232   |
| I am the <u>greatest</u> , able to do least,<br>Yet most suspected, as the <u>time and place</u><br>Doth <u>make against me</u> of this <u>direful</u> murder.<br>And here I stand, both to <u>impeach and purge</u><br><u>Myself</u> condemnèd and myself excused.  | <i>biggest suspect<br/>circumstances<br/>make me look guilty, terrible<br/>condemn my wrongs and<br/>excuse what may be pardoned</i>  |
| PRINCE   | 5.3.237   |
| Then say <u>at once</u> what thou dost know in this.   | <i>immediately</i>  |
| FRIAR  | 5.3.238   |
| I will be brief, for my <u>short date of breath</u><br>Is not so long as is a tedious tale.<br>Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,<br>And she, there dead, that's <sup>2</sup> Romeo's faithful wife.<br>I married them, and their <u>stol'n marriage-day</u><br>Was Tybalt's <u>doomsday</u> , whose untimely death<br>Banished the new-made bridegroom from the city,<br>For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet <u>pined</u> .<br><i>[to Capulet]</i> You, to <u>remove that siege of grief from her</u> ,<br><u>Betrothed</u> and would have married her <u>perforce</u><br>To County Paris. <i>[to all]</i> Then comes she to me,<br>And with <u>wild</u> looks, bid me <u>devise some mean</u><br><u>To rid her from</u> this second marriage,<br>Or in my cell there would she kill herself.<br>Then gave I her, <u>so tutored by my<sup>2</sup> art</u> ,<br>A sleeping potion, which so took effect<br>As I intended, for it wrought on her<br>The <u>form</u> of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo<br>That he should hither come as this <u>dire</u> night<br>To help to take her from her borrowed grave,<br>Being the time the potion's <u>force should cease</u> .<br>But he which <u>bore</u> my letter, Friar John,<br>Was <u>stayed</u> by accident, and yesternight<br>Returned my letter back. Then all alone<br>At the <u>prefixed</u> hour of her waking<br>Came I to take her from her <u>kindred's vault</u> ,<br>Meaning to keep her <u>closely</u> at my cell<br>Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.<br>But when I came, some minute <u>ere</u> the time<br>Of her awaking <sup>5</sup> , here <u>untimely</u> lay<br>The noble Paris and <u>true</u> Romeo dead.<br>She wakes, and I <u>entreated her come forth</u><br>And bear this work of heaven with patience,<br>But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,<br>And she, too <u>desperate</u> , would not go with me, | <i>short time to live<br/>5.3.240<br/>that<sup>+</sup><br/>secret wedding day<br/>day of death<br/>mourned 5.3.245<br/>end her grief<br/>promised, by force<br/>upset, make a plan<br/>to get her out of 5.3.250<br/>mine<sup>1</sup>, as I have studied<br/>appearance, wrote 5.3.255<br/>tragic<br/>effect should wear off<br/>carried<br/>delayed 5.3.260<br/>expected<br/>family tomb<br/>secretly<br/>5.3.265<br/>before<br/>awakening<sup>2</sup>, tragically<br/>faithful<br/>begged her to go<br/>5.3.270<br/>upset</i> |

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|--|--|
| But, as it seems, did <u>violence on herself</u> .                           | <i>kill herself</i>                          |
| <u>All this I know</u> , and to the marriage                                 | <i>this is all I know</i>                    |
| Her Nurse is <u>privy</u> . And if <u>ought</u> in this                      | <i>aware, anything</i> 5.3.275               |
| <u>Miscarried</u> by my fault, let my old life                               | <i>went wrong</i>                            |
| Be sacrificed some hour before <u>his</u> time                               | <i>my</i>                                    |
| Unto the rigor of severest law.  |  |
| PRINCE   | 5.3.279                                      |
| We still have known thee for a holy man.—                                    | <i>we've always known you to be</i>          |
| Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?                                |  |
| BALTHASAR  | 5.3.281                                      |
| I brought my master news of Juliet's death,                                  |  |
| And then <u>in post</u> he came from Mantua                                  | <i>quickly</i>                               |
| To this same place, to this same <u>monument</u> . [ <i>shows a letter</i> ] | <i>tomb</i>                                  |
| This letter he early bid me give his father,                                 |  |
| And threatened me with death, going in the vault,                            |  |
| I departed not and left him there.   | <i>if I</i>                                  |
| PRINCE   | 5.3.287                                      |
| Give me the letter, I will <u>look on it</u> . [ <i>takes the letter</i> ]—  | <i>read it</i>                               |
| Where is the County's page, that <u>raised the watch</u> ?                   | <i>alerted the guards</i>                    |
| Sirrah, what made your master <u>in this place</u> ?                         | <i>come to this place</i>                    |
| PAGE   | 5.3.291                                      |
| He came with flowers to <u>strew</u> his lady's grave,                       | <i>scatter over</i>                          |
| And bid me <u>stand aloof</u> , and so I did.                                | <i>stand away</i>                            |
| <u>Anon</u> comes one with light to <u>ope</u> the tomb,                     | <i>soon, open</i>                            |
| And <u>by and by</u> my master <u>drew on him</u> ,                          | <i>soon, drew his sword</i>                  |
| And then I ran away to call the <u>watch</u> .                               | <i>guards</i>                                |
| PRINCE [ <i>reads the letter</i> ]   | 5.3.296                                      |
| This letter doth <u>make good</u> the Friar's words,                         | <i>does support</i>                          |
| Their course of love, the <u>tidings</u> of her death,                       | <i>news</i>                                  |
| And here he writes that he did buy a poison                                  |  |
| Of a poor <u>'pothec'ry</u> , and <u>therewithal</u>                         | <i>druggist, with it</i>                     |
| Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.                               |  |
| Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!                                   | 5.3.301                                      |
| See what a <u>scourge</u> is laid upon your hate,                            | <i>curse</i>                                 |
| That heav'n finds <u>means</u> to kill your <u>joys</u> with love!           | <i>a way, children</i>                       |
| And I for <u>winking at your discords</u> too                                | <i>disregarding your fighting</i>            |
| Have lost a <u>brace of</u> kinsmen! All are punish'd!                       | <i>two of my</i>                             |
| CAPULET  | 5.3.306                                      |
| O brother Montague, give me thy hand.  |  |
| <u>This is my daughter's jointure</u> , for no more                          | <i>this handshake, wedding gift from you</i> |
| Can I demand.  |  |
| MONTAGUE But I can give thee more,   | 5.3.309                                      |
| For I will <u>raise</u> <sup>4</sup> her statue in pure gold,                | <i>have a statue made of her</i>             |
| That while <sup>1</sup> Verona <u>by that name is known</u> ,                | <i>is still known by that name</i>           |
| <u>There shall no figure at such rate be set</u>                             | <i>no figure will be as valued</i>           |
| As that of true and faithful Juliet.   |  |
| CAPULET  | 5.3.314                                      |
| <u>As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie</u> ,                             | <i>I'll place a statue of Romeo by hers</i>  |
| <u>Poor sacrifices of our enmity!</u>  | <i>pitiful victims of our hatred</i>         |
| PRINCE   | 5.3.316                                      |
| A glooming peace this morning with it brings.                                |  |
| The sun, for sorrow, will not show his <u>head</u> .                         | <i>face</i>                                  |
| <u>Go hence</u> to have more talk of these sad things.                       | <i>go on</i>                                 |
| Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.                                   |  |
| For never was a story of more woe  |  |
| Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.   |  |
| [ <i>End</i> ]   |  |

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