

Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O! thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. 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 fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[Sings.]

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in Lent;

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

Lady, lady, lady.

[Exit Nurse and PETER.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skeins-mates. [To PETER.] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bid me say I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell, Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse; behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. Farewell! Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What sayst thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O! there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as

any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse: what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah! mocker; that's the dog's name. R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she had the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit ROMEO.] Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—The Same. CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return. Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God! she comes. O honey nurse! what news? Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit PETER.] Jul. Now, good sweet nurse; O Lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile: Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu! what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. 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. Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance: Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not 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

not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant

him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What! have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no; but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord! how my head aches; what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. My back o' t'other side; O! my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about, To catch my death with jauncing up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest: 'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O! God's lady dear, Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; 64

Is this the poultrice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. 73

Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark; I am the drudge and toil in your delight, 77

But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—The Same. FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heaven upon this holy act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy 4

That one short minute gives me in her sight: Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare; It is enough I may but call her mine.



*Fri. L.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness 12  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot 16  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.  
*Fri. L.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,  
for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more 25  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both 28  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Braughts of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their  
worth; 32

But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri. L.* Come, come with me, and we will  
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone 36  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Verona. A Public Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir-  
ring. 4

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those 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!' and by the operation  
of the second cup draws him on the drawer,  
when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow? 11

*Mer.* 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.

*Ben.* And what to? 15

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should  
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.  
Thou! 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 be-  
cause thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such

an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? 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 quarrelling. Thou hast  
quarrelled with a man for coughing in the  
street, because he hath wakened thy dog that  
hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall  
out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet  
before Easter? with another, for tying his new  
shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor  
me from quarrelling! 33

*Ben.* An 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. 36

*Mer.* The fee-simple! O simple!

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT, and Others.*

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us?  
Couple it with something; make it a word and  
a blow. 44

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that,  
sir, an you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion with-  
out giving? 48

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort! What! dost thou make us  
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look  
to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-  
stick; here's that shall make you dance.  
'Zounds! consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of  
men:

Either withdraw unto some private place, 56  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let  
them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. 60

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir. Here  
comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, 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.'

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love  
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage 68  
To such a greeting; villain am I none,  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and  
draw. 72

*Rom.* I do protest I never injur'd 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 76  
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alas, poor Romeo, he hath more of the father than the son, and he is a very foolish, very slow-witted, very ill-manner'd fellow.

*Mer.* O, I am sure, that these men have no other reason for being so quarrelsome, but that they have inherited the quarrel from their fathers.

*Alla stoccata* carries it away. [*Draws.*]  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? 80

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of  
your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal,  
and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the  
rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword  
out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest  
mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* [*Drawing.*] I am for you. 88

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio; beat down their wea-  
pons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 92

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*]

*Mer.* I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. 96

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What! art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis  
enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be  
much. 100

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide  
as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve:  
ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a  
grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this  
world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds,

a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to  
death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights  
by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came  
you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 109

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I have  
it, 113

And soundly too:—your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt 116  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman. O sweet Juliet!

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, 120  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's  
dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days  
doth depend; 125

This but begins the woe others must end.

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back  
again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Alas, poor Romeo, he hath more of the father than the son, and he is a very foolish, very slow-witted, very ill-manner'd fellow.

*Mer.* O, I am sure, that these men have no other reason for being so quarrelsome, but that they have inherited the quarrel from their fathers.

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Away to heaven, respective lenity, 129  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads, 133

Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou wretched boy, that didst consort  
him here, 136

Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.  
[*They fight: TYBALT falls.*]

*Ben.* Romeo, away! be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee  
death 140

If thou art taken: hence! be gone! away!

*Rom.* O! I am Fortune's fool.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

*Enter Citizens, &c.*

*First Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mer-  
cutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 144

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

*First Cit.* Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,  
their Wives, and Others.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this  
fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince! I can discover all 148  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*Lady Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my bro-  
ther's child! 152

O prince! O cousin! husband! O! the blood is  
spill'd

Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin! 156

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand  
did slay:

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal 160

Your high displeasure: all this, uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly

bow'd,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts 164  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends 168

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than  
his tongue

His agile arm beats down their fatal points, 172  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

And so, good Capulet, which name I tender 76  
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!



But by and by comes back to Romeo, 176  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt  
slain,  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly. 180  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*Lady Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:  
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife  
And all those twenty could but kill one life. 185  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's  
friend,  
His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And for that offence 192  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleed-  
ing;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 196  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;  
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 201  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.* CAPULET'S Orchard.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner  
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 4  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites 8  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match, 12  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown  
bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty. 16  
Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day in  
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd  
night, 20

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night, 24  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O! I have bought the mansion of a love,

But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day 28  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O! here comes my  
nurse,

*Enter Nurse with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue that  
speaks 32  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
Now nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
the cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

*Jul.* Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring  
thy hands?

*Nurse.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,  
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Alack the day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot. O! Romeo, Romeo;  
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou that dost torment  
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. 44  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'  
And that bare vowel, 'I,' shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
I am not I, if there be such an 'I.' 48  
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer 'I,'  
If he be slain, say 'I,' or if not 'no.'

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.  
*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
eyes, 52

God save the mark! here on his manly breast:  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight. 56

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,  
break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so con-  
trary? 64

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dearest cousin, and my dearest lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general  
doom!

For who is living if those two are gone? 68

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did. 72

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

SCENE II]

Despised substance of divinest show! 77  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!  
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell 80  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O! that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace.

*Nurse.* There's no trust, 85  
No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,  
All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn.  
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua*  
*vite*: 88

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make  
me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; 92  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O! what a beast was I to chide at him.

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd  
your cousin? 96

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-  
band?

Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth  
thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my 100  
cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-  
band:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. 104

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my  
husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's 108  
death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
But O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!' 112

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship, 116  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 119

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?  
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished!' to speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, 124

All slain, all dead: 'Romeo is banished!'  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound  
In that word's death; no words can that woe  
sound.—

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's  
corse: 128

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

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears: mine  
shall be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are be-  
guil'd, 132

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding  
bed; 136

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!  
*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here to-night: 140  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

*Jul.* O! find him; give this ring to my true  
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same.* FRIAR LAURENCE'S  
Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*

*Fri. L.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou  
fearful man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's  
doom? 4

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri. L.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom. 8

*Rom.* What less than doomsday is the prince's  
doom?

*Fri. L.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his  
lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.  
*Rom.* Ha! banishment! be merciful, say 12  
'death.'

For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banish-  
ment.'

*Fri. L.* Hence from Verona art thou banished.  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. 16

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death; then 'banished,' 20  
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death 'banished,'  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri. L.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
prince, 25

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banish-  
ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 28

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven 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; 32  
But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, 36  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly: 40  
They are free men, but I am banished.  
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground  
knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so  
mean, 44  
But 'banished' to kill me? 'Banished!'  
O friar! the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, 48  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word 'banished?'  
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but  
speak a word.  
Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banish-  
ment. 52  
Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that  
word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.  
Rom. Yet 'banished!' Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, 57  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.  
Fri. L. O! then I see that madmen have no  
ears. 60  
Rom. How should they, when that wise men  
have no eyes?  
Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.  
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost  
not feel:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 64  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou  
tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 68  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.  
[Knocking within.]  
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo,  
hide thyself.  
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick  
groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. 72  
[Knocking.]  
Fri. L. Hark! how they knock. Who's  
there? Romeo arise;  
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;  
[Knocking.]  
Run to my study. By and by! God's will!  
What wilfulness is this! I come, I come! 76  
[Knocking.]  
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's  
your will?  
Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you  
shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L.

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo? 81  
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own  
tears made drunk.  
Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!  
Fri. L. O woeful sympathy! 84  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-  
ing.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 89  
Rom. Nurse!  
Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir! Well, death's the end  
of all.  
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with  
her? 92  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what  
says 96  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?  
Nurse. O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps  
and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries, 100  
And then down falls again.  
Rom. As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O! tell me, friar, tell  
me, 104  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.]  
Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man;  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! 112  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives, 116  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and  
earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do  
meet  
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst  
lose. 120  
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit,  
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy  
wit. 124  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man

Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to  
cherish; 128  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
To set a-fire by thine own ignorance, 132  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What! rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy  
too: 137  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy  
friend,  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back; 140  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 144  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua; 148  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
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. 153  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto: 156  
Romeo is coming.  
Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all  
the night  
To hear good counsel: O! what learning is.  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come. 160  
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to  
chide.  
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,  
sir.  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit.]  
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by  
this! 164  
Fri. L. Go hence; good-night; and here  
stands all your state:  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:  
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man, 168  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you that chances here.  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good-  
night.  
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief so brief to part with thee: 173  
Farewell. [Exeunt.]  
SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in CAPULET'S  
House.  
Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.  
Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I: well, we were born to die. 4  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.  
Par. These times of woe afford no time to  
woo. 8  
Madam, good-night: commend me to your  
daughter.  
Lady Cap. I will, and know her mind early  
to-morrow;  
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.  
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate ten-  
der 12  
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love; 16  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday  
next—  
But, soft! what day is this?  
Par. Monday, my lord.  
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is  
too soon;  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, 20  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, 24  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-  
day? 28  
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were  
to-morrow.  
Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it  
then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. 32  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me! it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by. [Exeunt.]  
Good-night.

SCENE V.—The Same. JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree: 4  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: 8  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  
Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales, 13  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.  
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
death; 17  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.



I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. 24  
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division; 29  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change  
eyes;

O! now I would they had chang'd voices too, 32  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.  
O! now be gone; more light and light it grows.  
Rom. More light and light; more dark and  
dark our woes. 36

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse!

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your  
chamber: 39

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.  
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll  
descend. [Descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my  
friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour, 44  
For in a minute there are many days:  
O! by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo.  
Rom. Farewell! 48

I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O! think'st thou we shall ever meet  
again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall  
serve 52

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: 56

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.  
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee  
fickle: 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back. 64

Lady Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you  
up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well. 69

Lady Cap. Evermore weeping for your cou-  
sin's death?

What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with  
tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him  
live; 72

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much  
of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.  
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not  
the friend 76

Which you weep for.  
Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.  
Lady Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so  
much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.  
Jul. What villain, madam?

Lady Cap. That same villain, Romeo.  
Jul. [Aside.] Villain and he be many miles  
asunder. 82

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady Cap. That is because the traitor mur-  
derer lives. 85

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my  
hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's  
death!

Lady Cap. We will have vengeance for it,  
fear thou not: 88

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: 92

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.  
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: 96  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O! how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,  
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Lady Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find  
such a man. 104

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.  
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy  
time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful  
father, child; 108

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.  
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady Cap. Marry, my child, early next  
Thursday morn 113

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. 116

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter  
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 121  
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! 124

Lady Cap. Here comes your father; tell him  
so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle  
dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son 128  
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind; 132

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with  
them, 136

Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?  
Lady Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she  
gives you thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!  
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with  
you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought 145

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?  
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that  
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate; 148  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What  
is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you  
not;'

And yet 'not proud;' mistress minion, you, 152  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no  
prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 156

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-  
gage!

You tallow face!

Lady Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; 164  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us  
bless'd

That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her. 168

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your  
tongue, 171

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.  
Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O! God ye good den.  
Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;

For here we need it not.

Lady Cap. You are too hot. 176  
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage, 181

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a  
man; 184

And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,' 188

'I am too young,' 'I pray you, pardon me;'  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with  
me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise. 192

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the  
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. 196

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.  
[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O! sweet my mother, cast me not away: 200  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak  
a word. 204

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God! O nurse! how shall this be pre-  
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth, 208

Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack! that heavens should practise strata-  
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself! 212  
What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse?

Nurse. Faith, here it is. Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. 217

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.

O! he's a lovely gentleman;  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam, 220