



*The Tragedy of*

ROMEO

AND

JULIET



ACT I



## Characters in the Play

ROMEO  
MONTAGUE, his father  
LADY MONTAGUE, his mother  
BENVOLIO, their kinsman  
ABRAM, a Montague servingman  
BALTHASAR, Romeo's servingman  
JULIET  
CAPULET, her father  
LADY CAPULET, her mother  
NURSE to Juliet  
TYBALT, kinsman to the Capulets  
PETRUCHIO, Tybalt's companion  
Capulet's Cousin  
SAMPSON }  
GREGORY } *servingmen*  
PETER }  
Other Servingmen  
ESCALUS, Prince of Verona  
PARIS, the Prince's kinsman and Juliet's suitor  
MERCUTIO, the Prince's kinsman and Romeo's friend  
Paris' Page  
PRIAR LAWRENCE  
PRIAR JOHN  
APOTHECARY  
Three or four Citizens  
Three Musicians  
Three Watchmen  
CHORUS  
Attendants, Maskers, Torchbearers, a Boy with a drum,  
Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Tybalt's Page, Servingmen.

0 **SD. Chorus:** a character who addresses the audience, commenting on the action (Here this commentary is in the form of a sonnet.)

1. **dignity:** social position.

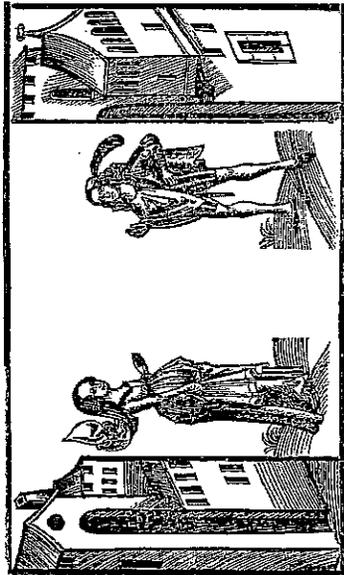
3. **mutiny:** riot

4. **civil:** of citizens; also (ironically here) civilized  
5-6. **From . . . life:** i.e., from these warring families were born two ill-fated lovers **fatal:** fateful; deadly **star-crossed:** thwarted by fate through the malign influence of the stars

7. **misadventured:** unlucky

11. **but:** except for

12. **two . . . stage:** i.e., the subject of our two-hour performance



"Two households, both alike in dignity." (Prologue.1)  
From Publius Terentius Afer, *Comediae* . . . (1496).

6

## THE PROLOGUE

[Enter] Chorus.

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

[Chorus exits.]

7

1.1 A street fight breaks out between the Montagues and the Capulets, which is broken up by the ruler of Verona, Prince Escalus. He threatens the Montagues and Capulets with death if they fight again.

A melancholy Romeo enters and is questioned by his cousin Benvolio, who learns that the cause of Romeo's sadness is unrequited love.

0 SD. **bucklers:** small shields (See picture, page 10.)

1. **carry coals:** i.e., suffer humiliation patiently

2. **colliers:** carriers of coal

3. **an . . . draw:** if we are angry, we will draw our swords

5. **collar:** i.e., the hangman's noose

6. **moved:** provoked

8. **A dog:** i.e., even a dog

10. **stand:** i.e., stand one's ground

13. **take the wall:** i.e., walk close to the wall (forcing others into the middle of the street)

15. **goes to the wall:** proverbial for "is shoved aside"

16-17. **women . . . vessels:** biblical: 1 Peter 3.7 (Here begins a series of sexual puns on **thrust**, **heads**, and **stand** [lines 17-30].)

20-21. **The quarrel . . . men:** i.e., the maids are not involved

22. **one:** the same

23. **civil:** gentle, humane

## ACT I

### Scene 1

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers, of the house of Capulet.*

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

GREGORY No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

SAMPSON I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

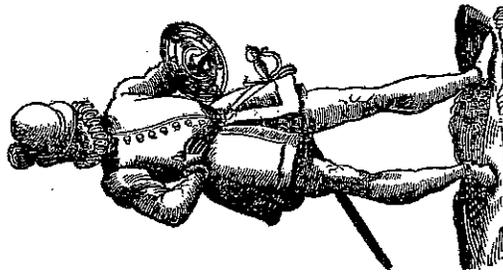
GREGORY That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON 'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

27. **what sense:** whatever meaning  
 28. **take it in sense:** wordplay on **sense** as physical sensation  
 32. **poor-john:** dried, salted fish, of poor quality;  
**tool:** sword; **comes:** i.e., come men  
 37. **Fear:** mistrust  
 38. **marry:** i.e., indeed; **fear:** am afraid of  
 39. **take . . . sides:** have the law on our side  
 42. **list:** please  
 43. **bite my thumb:** a gesture of defiance



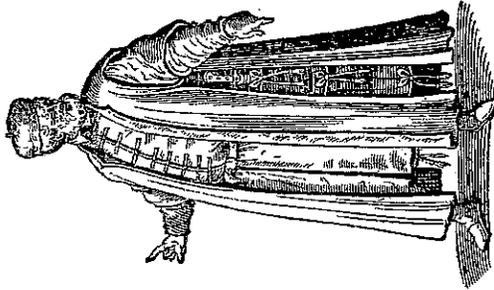
A gentleman with sword and buckler. (1.1.0 SD)  
 From Cesare Vecellio, *Habiti antichi et moderni* . . . [1598].

GREGORY The heads of the maids?  
 SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-  
 heads. Take it in what sense thou wilt.  
 GREGORY They must take it [in] sense that feel it.  
 SAMPSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand,  
 and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.  
 GREGORY 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou  
 hadst been poor-john. Draw thy tool. Here comes  
 of the house of Montagues.

*Enter Abram with another Servingman.*

SAMPSON My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back  
 thee. 35  
 GREGORY How? Turn thy back and run?  
 SAMPSON Fear me not.  
 GREGORY No, marry. I fear thee!  
 SAMPSON Let us take the law of our sides; let them  
 begin. 40  
 GREGORY I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it  
 as they list.  
 SAMPSON Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at  
 them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.  
 [He bites his thumb.]  
 ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 45  
 SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.  
 ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
 SAMPSON, [aside to Gregory] Is the law of our side if I  
 say "Ay"?  
 GREGORY, [aside to Sampson] No. 50  
 SAMPSON No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir,  
 but I bite my thumb, sir.  
 GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?  
 ABRAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir.  
 SAMPSON But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as  
 good a man as you. 55  
 ABRAM No better.

64. **washing**: slashing with great force  
 67. **heartless hinds**: cowardly servants  
 70. **manage**: use  
 73. **Have at thee**: i.e., on guard!  
 73 SD. **partisans**: long-handled bladed weapons  
 (See picture, page 14.)  
 74. **Clubs, bills**: a rallying cry to apprentices,  
 who carried heavy staffs or **clubs**, and watchmen,  
 who carried long-handled weapons or **bills**  
 76. **long sword**: heavy, old-fashioned weapon



Italian citizen in long gown. (1.1.75 SD)  
 From Cesare Vecellio, *De gli habit antichi et moderni* . . . (1590).

SAMPSON Well, sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

GREGORY, [*aside to Sampson*] Say "better"; here comes  
 one of my master's kinsmen.

60

SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw if you be men.—Gregory, remember  
 thy washing blow.

*They fight.*

BENVOLIO Part, fools! [*Drawing his sword.*]

65

Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

*Enter Tybalt, [drawing his sword.]*

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  
 Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,  
 Or manage it to part these men with me.

70

TYBALT

What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word  
 As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.  
 Have at thee, coward!

*They fight.*

*Enter three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.*

[CITIZENS]

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!  
 Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

75

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.*

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a  
 sword?

*Enter old Montague and his Wife.*

CAPULET

My sword, I say. Old Montague is come  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

80

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince Escalus with his train.*

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel—  
Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.

85

90

Three civil brawls bred of an airy word  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets  
And made Verona's ancient citizens

95

Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments  
To wield old partisans in hands as old,  
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time all the rest depart away.

100

You, Capulet, shall go along with me,  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon  
To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

105

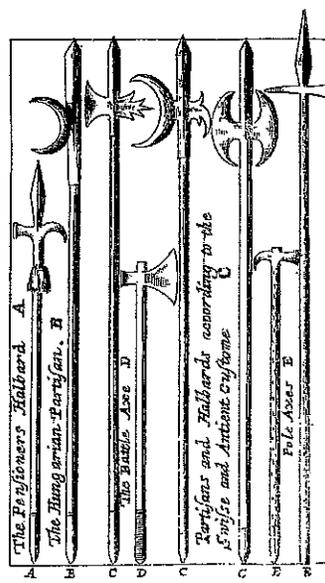
*[All but Montague, Lady Montague,  
and Benvolio exit.]*

80. **spite:** defiance  
84. **Profaners . . . steel:** i.e., you who put weapons to degrading use by shedding your neighbors' blood

87. **purple:** crimson  
89. **mistempered:** (1) tempered (hardened) for bad purposes; (2) ill-tempered, angry

90. **movèd:** angry  
95. **grave-beseeming:** appropriately sober  
97. **Cankered . . . cankered:** rusted . . . virulent  
99. **forfeit of the peace:** penalty for disturbing the peace

103. **our:** The prince uses the royal "we."  
104. **common:** public



Partisans and other weapons. (1.1.73 SD)  
From Louis de Gaya, *A treatise of the arms . . .* (1678).

MONTAGUE, [to Benvolio]  
 Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?  
 BENVOLIO  
 Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.  
 I drew to part them. In the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared,  
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,  
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows  
 Came more and more and fought on part and part,  
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE  
 O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?  
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO  
 Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun  
 Peered forth the golden window of the east,  
 A troubled mind I drove me to walk abroad,  
 Where underneath the grove of sycamore  
 That westward rooteth from this city side,  
 So early walking did I see your son.  
 Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me  
 And stole into the covert of the wood.  
 I, measuring his affections by my own  
 (Which then most sought where most might not be  
 found,  
 Being one too many by my weary self),  
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE  
 Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

- 106. set . . . new abroad: i.e., stirred up the old quarrel anew (literally, started it flowing again)
- 114. Who: i.e., which; withal: with it, i.e., with the sword (line 111)
- 116. on . . . part: on one side and on the other
- 117. either part: both sides
- 122. abroad: out of doors
- 124. That . . . side: that grows on the west side of the city
- 126. made: went; 'ware: aware
- 128. affections: desires
- 129-30. Which . . . found: i.e., which wanted most to find a place to be alone
- 132. Pursued . . . his: followed my own inclination by not questioning him about his
- 133. who: one who

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son  
 And private in his chamber pens himself.  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night.  
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

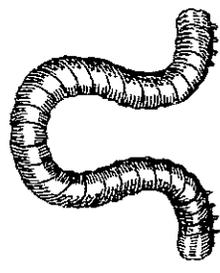
BENVOLIO  
 My noble uncle, do you know the cause?  
 MONTAGUE  
 I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
 BENVOLIO  
 Have you importuned him by any means?  
 MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends.  
 But he, [his] own affections' counselor,  
 Is to himself—I will not say how true,  
 But to himself so secret and so close,  
 So far from sounding and discovery,  
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the same.  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter Romeo.*  
 BENVOLIO  
 See where he comes. So please you, step aside.  
 I'll know his grievance or be much denied.  
 MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay  
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.  
 [Montague and Lady Montague] exit.

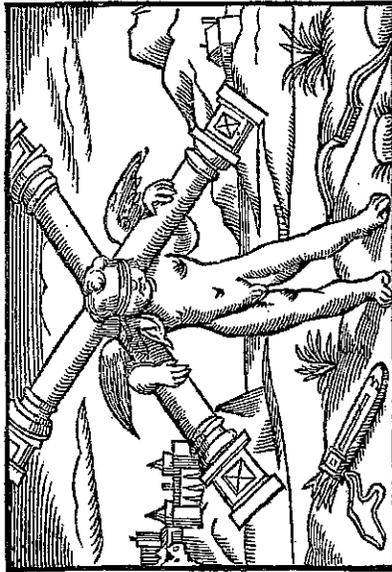
- 137. **all so soon**: just as **soon**
- 139. **Aurora's**: Aurora is goddess of the dawn.
- 140. **heavy**: sorrowful
- 144. **humor**: state of mind
- 148. **importuned**: questioned (accent on second syllable)
- 151. **Is . . . true**: i.e., **is** perhaps **not** being **true** or faithful to **himself**
- 152. **close**: synonymous with **secret**
- 153. **sounding**: being sounded or searched into
- 154. **envious**: malicious; **worm**: cankerworm, a caterpillar that destroys buds (See picture, below.)
- 155. **he**: i.e., it; **his**: its; **leaves**: petals
- 160. **his grievance**: the cause of his distress
- 161. **happy**: fortunate
- 162. **shrift**: confession



A cankerworm. (1.1.154; 2.3.31)  
 From John Johnstone, *Opera aliquot . . .* (1650-62).

163. **morrow**: morning  
 174. **view**: appearance  
 175. **in proof**: in our experience of it  
 176. **love . . . still**: Cupid, god of love, is often pictured with his eyes blindfolded. (See picture, below.) **view**: ability to see **still**: always  
 177. **his will**: his purposes  
 182. **create**: created  
 183. **vanity**: foolishness  
 184. **well-seeming**: attractive in appearance  
 186. **Still-waking**: always wakeful  
 189. **coz**: cousin
- BENVOLIO  
 Good morrow, cousin.  
 Is the day so young?  
 165  
 ROMEO  
 But new struck nine.  
 Ay me, sad hours seem long.  
 ROMEO  
 Was that my father that went hence so fast?  
 BENVOLIO  
 It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?  
 ROMEO  
 Not having that which, having, makes them short.  
 BENVOLIO  
 In love?  
 170  
 ROMEO  
 Out—  
 BENVOLIO  
 Of love?  
 ROMEO  
 Out of her favor where I am in love.  
 BENVOLIO  
 Alas that love, so gentle in his view,  
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!  
 175  
 ROMEO  
 Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,  
 Should without eyes see pathways to his will!  
 Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here?  
 Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
 Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,  
 O anything of nothing first 'create!'  
 O heavy lightness, serious vanity,  
 Misshapen chaos of 'well-seeming' forms,  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,  
 185  
 Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!  
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
 Dost thou not laugh?  
 BENVOLIO  
 No, coz, I rather weep.  
 ROMEO  
 Good heart, at what?

163. **morrow**: morning  
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 175. **in proof**: in our experience of it  
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A blindfolded Cupid. (1.1.176; 1.4.4)  
 From Henry Peacham, *Minerva Britannia* . . . [1612].

BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.  
 ROMEO Why, such is love's transgression.  
 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
 Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed  
 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown 195  
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;  
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
 Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.  
 What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
 Farewell, my coz.  
 BENVOLIO Soft, I will go along.  
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.  
 ROMEO Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.  
 This is not Romeo. He's some other where.  
 BENVOLIO Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?  
 ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell thee?  
 BENVOLIO Groan? Why, no. But sadly tell me who.  
 ROMEO A sick man in sadness makes his will—  
 A word ill urged to one that is so ill.  
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.  
 BENVOLIO I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.  
 ROMEO A right good markman! And she's fair I love.  
 BENVOLIO A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.  
 ROMEO Well in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit  
 With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,  
 And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,

193-95. **Griefs . . . thine:** i.e., you increase the weight of grief in my breast by adding your own griefs to it (The words **propagate**, **breast**, and **pressed** lend Romeo's words a sexual implication, as if the new **griefs** are bred upon his existing **griefs**.)

198. **Being purged:** i.e., **love**, **being purged**, is (The image is of the **smoke of love being cleansed** of impurities.)

200. **discreet:** judicious

203. **Soft:** i.e., wait

204. **An if:** if

207. **in sadness:** seriously (Romeo responds [line 208] as if **in sadness** meant "sadly" or "mournfully." The wordplay continues in lines 209-12.)

211. **ill urged to:** unkindly pressed upon

215. **fair mark:** target plainly in sight

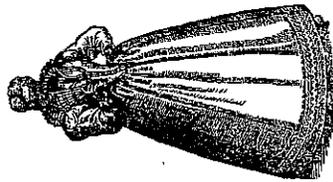
217. **Cupid's arrow:** See picture, below. **Dian's wit:** the wisdom of Diana, goddess of chastity, who was opposed to love and marriage

218. **proof:** i.e., well-tested armor



Cupid shooting an arrow. (1.1.217)  
 From Francesco Petrarca, *Opera* . . . [1508].

219. **uncharmed:** i.e., not subject to (love's) spell  
 224. **with . . . store:** **Beauty dies when she does,** and so does beauty's **store**, the reserve of **beauty** that has been deposited with her so that she may bestow it upon her offspring.  
 225. **still:** always  
 226. **sparing:** refusal to marry  
 229. **fair . . . fair:** beautiful . . . just  
 231. **forsworn to:** sworn not to  
 238. **To . . . more:** i.e., to force me to dwell even more upon her **exquisite** beauty  
 243. **a mistress:** any woman; **passing:** surpassingly  
 244. **but as a note:** except as a marginal **note**  
 245. **who:** i.e., the one **who;** **passed:** surpassed  
 247. **I'll . . . debt:** i.e., I will **teach** you **to forget** or **die** in the attempt



Italian lady in a mask. (1.1.239)  
 From Cesare Vecellio, *De gli habitii antichi et moderni . . .* (1590).

From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.  
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
 220 Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,  
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.  
 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor  
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO  
 Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? 225

ROMEO  
 She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;  
 For beauty, starved with her severity,  
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
 230 To merit bliss by making me despair.  
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO  
 Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO  
 O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO  
 By giving liberty unto thine eyes.  
 235 Examine other beauties.

ROMEO  
 'Tis the way  
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more.  
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
 Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.  
 240 He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair;  
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
 Where I may read who passed that passing fair?  
 Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO  
 I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt.

*They exit.*

## [Scene 2]

*Enter Capulet, County Paris, and [a Servingman.]*

CAPULET

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

PARIS

Of honorable reckoning are you both,  
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before.  
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  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.  
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;  
She's the hopeful lady of my earth.  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;  
My will to her consent is but a part.  
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love; and you among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-appareled April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight

20

25

26

1.2 In conversation with Capulet, Count Paris declares his wish to marry Juliet. Capulet invites him to a party that night.

Capulet gives a servant the guest list for the party and orders him off to issue invitations. The servant cannot read the list and asks for help from Romeo and Benvolio. When they find out that Rosaline, on whom Romeo dotes, is invited to the party, they decide to go too.

0 SD. **County:** Count

1. **bound:** under bond to keep the peace

4. **reckoning:** reputation

7. **o'er:** over again

15. **hopeful lady of my earth:** perhaps, the only surviving child of my body, and thus my only heir

**earth:** body; or, land and possessions

18. **agreed:** i.e., consenting

18-19. **within . . . voice:** i.e., I will consent to her marrying only someone she has chosen herself

**fair:** favorable

**according:** assenting

20. **accustomed:** customary

22-23. **and . . . number more:** Capulet invites and welcomes Paris to be one more guest among the great many already invited.

**store:** abundance

26. **lusty:** vigorous

29. **fennel**: herb believed to inspire: passion (See picture, page 30.)

30. **Inherit**: receive

32-33. **Which . . . none**: i.e., when you gaze upon the women present, you may find my daughter to be merely one of the crowd **reck'ning**: reckoning, distinction, estimation

35. **sirrah**: term of address to a social inferior

41. **meddle**: busy himself; **yard**: yardstick; **last**: model of the foot

42. **pencil**: artist's paintbrush

46. **In good time**: at just the right moment

48. **another's anguish**: another pain's anguish

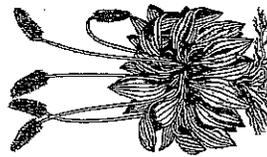
50. **another's**: i.e., another grief's

52. **rank**: virulent

53. **Your plantain leaf**: a leaf used to staunch bleeding (**Your** is impersonal, meaning "the" or "a.") See picture, below.

55. **your broken shin**: a cut shin

57. **bound**: in bonds, imprisoned



Plantain. (1.2.53)

From John Gerard, *The herball* . . . (1597).

Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,

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.  
Come go with me. <sup>1</sup>To *Servingham*, giving *him a list*.<sup>1</sup>

Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona, find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

<sup>1</sup>*Capulet and Paris*<sup>1</sup> exit.

SERVINGMAN Find them out whose names are written  
here! It is written that the shoemaker should  
meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the  
fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets.  
But I am sent to find those persons whose names  
are here writ, and can never find what names the  
writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.  
In good time!

*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, <sup>1</sup>To *Romeo*<sup>1</sup>

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;  
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.  
Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning.  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

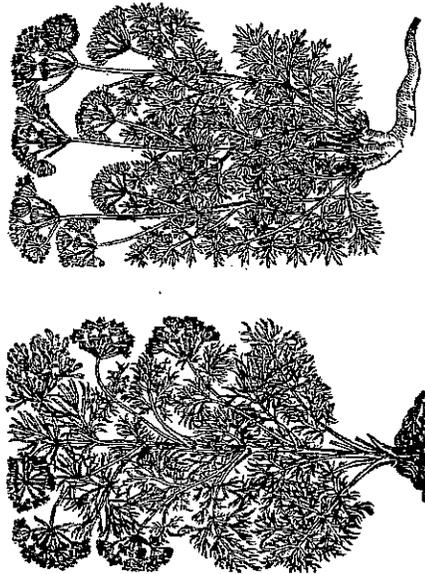
BENVOLIO

Why Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,

59. **e'en**: evening (i.e., afternoon)  
 61. **God . . . e'en**: **God** give you **good** afternoon  
 64-65. **without book**: by memory, by rote  
 67. **Rest you merry**: i.e., good-bye  
 87. **crush**: i.e., drink  
 89. **ancient**: traditional



Fennel. (1.2.29)  
 From John Gerard, *The herbal* . . . (1597).

- Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
 Whipped and tormented, and—good e'en, good  
 fellow. 60
- SERVINGMAN God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you  
 read?
- ROMEO  
 Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
- SERVINGMAN Perhaps you have learned it without  
 book. But I pray, can you read anything you see? 65
- ROMEO  
 Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
- SERVINGMAN You say honestly. Rest you merry.
- ROMEO Stay, fellow. I can read. (*He reads the letter.*)  
*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,*  
*County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,*  
*The lady widow of Viruvio,*  
*Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,*  
*Mercutio and his brother Valentine,*  
*Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,*  
*My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,*  
*Signior Valentino and his cousin Tybalt,*  
*Lucio and the lively Helena.*  
 A fair assembly. Whither should they come?  
 SERVINGMAN Up. 70
- ROMEO Whither? To supper?
- SERVINGMAN To our house.
- ROMEO Whose house?
- SERVINGMAN My master's. 75
- ROMEO  
 Indeed I should have asked thee that before.
- SERVINGMAN 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 crush a  
 cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*He exits.*]
- BENVOLIO  
 At this same ancient feast of Capulet's 85

90  
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,  
With all the admirèd beauties of Verona.  
Go thither, and with unattainted eye  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO  
95  
When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;  
And these who, often drowned, could never die,  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.  
One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO  
100  
Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself poised with herself in either eye;  
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO  
105  
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

¶*They exit.* ¶

¶Scene 3¶

*Enter* ¶*Lady Capulet*¶ and Nurse.

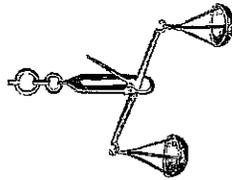
LADY CAPULET  
Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.  
NURSE  
Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,  
I bade her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!  
God forbid. Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

*Enter Juliet.*

92. **unattainted:** impartial  
97. **these who:** i.e., **these** eyes which  
101. **fair:** i.e., to be beautiful  
102. **poised:** weighed  
103. **scales:** i.e., Romeo's eyes (**Scales** is treated as a singular noun.) See picture, below.  
104. **maid:** maiden  
106. **scant:** scarcely  
108. **mine own:** i.e., the **sight of** my love, Rosaline

1.3 Lady Capulet informs Juliet of Paris's marriage proposal and praises him extravagantly. Juliet says that she has not even dreamed of marrying, but that she will consider Paris as a possible husband if her parents wish her to.

3. **What:** an interjection, here perhaps suggesting impatience; **ladybird:** sweetheart



Scales. (1.2.103)  
From Silvestro Pierrasantia, . . . *Symbola heroica*. . . (1682).

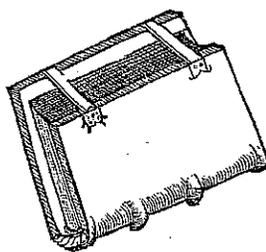
JULIET How now, who calls? 5  
 NURSE Your mother.  
 JULIET Madam, I am here. What is your will?  
 LADY CAPULET This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile.  
 We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again.  
 I have remembered me, thou'st hear our counsel. 10  
 Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.  
 NURSE Faith, I can tell her age unto 'an' hour.  
 LADY CAPULET She's not fourteen.  
 NURSE I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my teen,  
 be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen. 15  
 How long is it now to Lammastide?  
 LADY CAPULET A fortnight and odd days.  
 NURSE Even or odd, of all days in the year;  
 Come Lammass Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
 Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!) 20  
 Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;  
 She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
 On Lammass Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
 That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.  
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,  
 And she was weaned (I never shall forget it)  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day.  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.  
 Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
 To see it tetchy and fall out with 'the' dug.  
 "Shake," quoth the dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I  
 throw, 30  
 35

5. **How now:** an exclamation, here expressing, perhaps, surprise  
 8. **give leave:** i.e., excuse us  
 10. **thou'st:** thou shalt  
 14. **teen:** suffering  
 16. **Lammastide:** August 1 is Lammass Day. **Lammastide** (i.e., Lammass time) may refer either to that day or to the time around it. **Lammass Eve** [line 19] is July 31.  
 17. **odd:** a few  
 24. **Marry:** a mild interjection (originally, an oath "by the Virgin Mary")  
 28. **wormwood:** a bitter-tasting plant; **dug:** breast  
 33. **fool:** term of endearment  
 34. **fall out with:** become irritated with  
 35. **"Shake" . . . dovehouse:** i.e., **the dovehouse** shook with the earthquake **quoth:** said  
 35-36. **I throw:** an exclamation meaning "I'm sure" or "I believe".

To bid me trudge.  
 And since that time it is eleven years.  
 For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th'  
 rood, 40  
 She could have run and waddled all about,  
 For even the day before, she broke her brow,  
 And then my husband (God be with his soul,  
 He was a merry man) took up the child.  
 "Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?" And, by my holidam,  
 The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."  
 To see now-how a jest shall come about!  
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
 I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?"  
 quoth he.  
 And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."  
 LADY CAPULET  
 Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace.  
 NURSE 55  
 Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh  
 To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."  
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,  
 A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.  
 "Yea," quoth my husband. "Fallst upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."  
 JULIET  
 And stint thou, too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.  
 NURSE  
 Peace. I have done. God mark thee to his grace,  
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.  
 An I might live to see thee married once,  
 I have my wish. 65

39. **high-lone:** i.e., by herself  
 39-40. **by th' rood:** a mild oath **rood:** cross  
 42. **even:** just; **broke her brow:** cut her forehead  
 47. **by my holidam:** a mild oath **holidam:** pre-  
 sumably "holy dame" (Mary)  
 50. **an:** if  
 53. **stinted:** quit (crying)  
 58. **stone:** testicle  
 66. **once:** one day

- 70. **disposition:** liking
- 73-74. **thy teat:** the nipple at which you nursed
- 78. **much . . . years:** i.e., at about the same age
- 79. **maid:** maiden, virgin
- 82. **man of wax:** the ideal form of a man such as an artist might fashion in wax
- 87. **Read o'er the volume:** Here begins a very affected description of Paris as if he were a beautiful but unbound book in need of a cover (line 94). See picture, below.
- 89. **married lineament:** perfectly matched feature
- 90. **content:** (1) pleasure (for the viewer); (2) substance (as in the contents of a book)
- 92. **margent:** margin, where obscure passages are explained
- 93. **unbound:** (1) not within a binding; (2) unmarried
- 95. **pride:** glory, magnificence



A bound book with clasps. (1.3.87; 3.2.89-90)  
 From *Notitia vtraque cum Orientis tum Occidentis . . .* (1552).

LADY CAPULET  
 Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme  
 I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
 How stands your 'disposition' to be married? 70

JULIET  
 It is an 'honor' that I dream not of.

NURSE  
 An 'honor'? Were not I thine only nurse,  
 I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy  
 teat.

LADY CAPULET 75  
 Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you  
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
 Are made already mothers. By my count  
 I was your mother much upon these years  
 That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:  
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. 80

NURSE  
 A man, young lady—lady, such a man  
 As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

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

NURSE  
 Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET 85  
 What say you? Can you love the gentleman?  
 This night you shall behold him at our feast.  
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.  
 Examine every married lineament  
 And see how one another lends content,  
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes. 90  
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
 To beautify him only lacks a cover.  
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride 95

96. **fair without . . . within:** a beautiful outside to **hide** the beauty **within**  
 97-98. **That book . . . story:** In the opinion of many, a beautifully bound **book** shares **the glory of the story** printed on its pages.

103. **move:** evokes, prompts  
 104. **endart:** throw or cast (as if it were a dart)  
 108-9. **in extremity:** is urgent  
 109. **wait:** be in attendance, do service  
 110. **straight:** immediately

1.4 Romeo and Benvolio approach the Capulets' party with their friend Mercutio and others, wearing the disguises customarily donned by "maskers." Romeo is anxious because of an ominous dream. Mercutio mocks him with a speech about a dream-giving queen of fairies.

0 SD. **Maskers:** participants in an impromptu masquerade of their own devising (They wear masks and fancy clothes, and offer to dance.)

1. **What:** an interjection that here introduces a question; **this speech:** i.e., an apology to their host for intruding
2. **on:** i.e., go forward with our masquerade
3. **The . . . profixity:** **such** wordiness **is** out-of-date

For fair without the fair within to hide.  
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess  
 By having him, making yourself no less. 100

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make [it] fly. 105

Enter [Servingman.]

SERVINGMAN Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you, follow straight. 110

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

[Servingman exits.]

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.  
*They exit.*

[Scene 4]

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torchbearers, [and a Boy with a drum.]

ROMEO

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
 Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such profixity.

4-8. **We'll . . . entrance:** i.e., we will not prefer our dancing with speeches given by someone dressed up as **Cupid** or with a timidly spoken **prologue hoodwinked:** blindfolded (See picture, page 20.) **Tartar's . . . bow:** an Oriental lip-shaped bow (See picture, page 48.) **of lath:** made from a thin strip of wood like a stage prop **crowkeeper:** scarecrow **without-book:** memorized

10. **measure . . . measure:** i.e., give them a dance  
 11. **ambling:** i.e., dancing  
 12. **heavy:** sad (Romeo goes on to pun on **light, sole/soul, soar/sore, and bound.**)  
 13. **gentle:** a complimentary epithet  
 16. **So:** i.e., that so  
 18. **bound:** (1) leap; (2) limit  
 19. **sore:** sorely, painfully  
 21. **bound a pitch:** i.e., leap to any height  
 23. **should you:** you would  
 28. **Prick . . . down:** i.e., wound **love for** wounding you and you thus defeat it (with a suggestion that "pricking" may satisfy desire and thus deflate it)  
 30. **for a visor:** for a face that is itself a mask  
 31. **cote:** observe

We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,  
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5  
 Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,  
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance.<sup>1</sup>  
 But let them measure us by what they will.  
 We'll measure them a measure and be gone. 10

ROMEO

Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.  
 Being but heavy I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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. 15

MERCUTIO

You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings  
 And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound  
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.  
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink. 20

MERCUTIO

And to sink in it should you burden love—  
 Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
 Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn. 25

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.  
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
 Give me a case to put my visage in.—

A visor for a visor. What care I  
 What curious eye doth cote deformities?  
 Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me. 30

BENVOLIO  
 Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in  
 But every man betake him to his legs. 35

ROMEO  
 A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart  
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,  
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:  
 I'll be a candle holder and look on;  
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am 'done.'

MERCUTIO 40  
 Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.  
 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire—  
 Or, save 'your' reverence, love—wherein thou  
 stickest  
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO 45  
 Nay, that's not so.  
 MERCUTIO I mean, sir; in delay  
 We waste our lights; in vain, 'light' lights by day.  
 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
 Five times in that ere once in our 'five' wits.

ROMEO 50  
 And we mean well in going to this masque,  
 But 'tis no wit to go.  
 MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?  
 ROMEO I dreamt a dream tonight.  
 MERCUTIO And so did I.

ROMEO 55  
 Well, what was yours?  
 MERCUTIO That dreamers often lie.  
 ROMEO In bed asleep while they do dream things true.  
 MERCUTIO O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

34. **betake . . . legs:** i.e., dance  
 35. **wantons:** playful persons  
 37. **I . . . phrase:** i.e., I am the subject of the following old sayings  
 38. **I'll . . . on:** Proverbial: "He that worst may must hold the candle."  
 39. **The . . . done:** Proverbial: "When game is best it is time to leave."  
 40. **dun's . . . word:** Proverbial: "Dun's the mouse" (i.e., "Be still"), a fitting motto for a constable on night watch **dun's:** gray-brown is  
 41. **dun:** a play on **done** (line 39, with a reference to the game called "Dun the horse is in the mire")  
 42. **save your reverence:** a request to be excused for mentioning an indecent word, in this case **love**, which, for Mercutio, is equivalent to **mire**  
 44. **we burn daylight:** i.e., we waste time (Romeo takes him literally and objects, presumably because it is evening. In lines 46-47 Mercutio explains his sense: using up torchlight in **delay** is as wasteful as using **lights** in daytime.)  
 48. **good:** proper  
 49. **in that:** i.e., in our meaning (line 48); **wits:** senses  
 51. **wit:** wisdom  
 53. **tonight:** last night

44

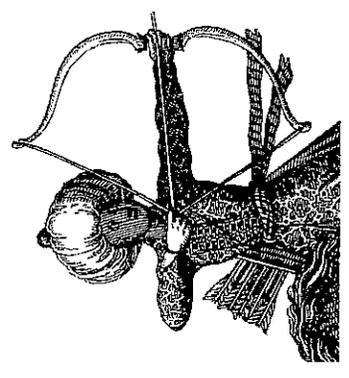
60. **agate stone:** quartz crystal set in a ring  
 62. **Drawn with:** pulled by; **atomi:** minute creatures, atoms  
 64. **spinnners':** spiders'  
 65. **cover of:** cover made of  
 66. **traces:** harness straps  
 67. **collars:** neck-rolls of the harnesses  
 68. **film:** fine thread, filament  
 69. **wagoner:** driver  
 72-74. These lines are printed by many editors between lines 63 and 64.  
 73. **joiner:** cabinetmaker; **grub:** grubworm  
 75. **in this state:** in this ceremonial splendor  
 77. **on cur'sies:** of curtsies (**On** means "of" in lines 78 and 79 as well.); **straight:** immediately  
 81. **sweetmeats:** candies or candied fruit  
 83. **smelling out a suit:** i.e., finding someone who will pay him to present a petition to the king  
 84. **tithe-pig's tail:** tail of a pig due to the church as part of one's tithe  
 89. **breaches:** gaps in fortifications; **ambusca-**  
**does:** ambushes; **Spanish blades:** swords of Toledo steel  
 90. **healths:** toasts; **anon:** straightaway  
 91. **Drums:** i.e., he dreams of drums  
 94. **plats:** plaits, braids

- 60  
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the forefinger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little 'atomi'<sup>1</sup>  
 Over men's noses as they lie asleep.  
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
 Her traces of the smallest spider web,  
 Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,  
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a 'maid.<sup>1</sup>  
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues  
 Because their 'breaths' with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep;  
 Then he dreams of another benefice.  
 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

95 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.  
 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 side to the dew-dropping south.  
 110  
 BENVOLIO  
 This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.  
 ROMEO  
 I fear too early, for my mind misgives  
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 115  
 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.' On, lusty gentlemen.  
 120  
 BENVOLIO Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage  
 and then withdraw to the side.*

- 95. **bakes the elflocks in:** i.e., mats, tangles
- 98. **learns:** teaches
- 105. **vain fantasy:** insubstantial imagination
- 107. **who:** which
- 110. **his:** its
- 113. **misgives:** is apprehensive that
- 115. **his fearful date:** its dreadful term
- 116. **expire:** cause to end
- 118. **forfeit:** penalty paid by the debtor at the end of the term of a loan he cannot pay; **untimely:** premature
- 120. **lusty:** lively
- 121. **drum:** drummer
- 121 SD. Even though the Maskers seem not to exit, the entrance of the Servingmen indicates that the scene changes to a room in Capulet's house.



A Tartar's bow. (1.4.5)  
 From Balthasar Kichler,  
*Repraesentatio der fürstlichen Auffzug . . .* [1611].

[Scene 5]

*Servingsmen come forth with napkins.*

[FIRST] SERVINGMAN Where's Potpan that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher? He scrape a trencher?

[SECOND] SERVINGMAN When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

[FIRST] SERVINGMAN Away with the joint stools, remove the court cupboard, look to the plate.—

Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan!

[THIRD] SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready.

[FIRST] SERVINGMAN You are looked for and called for; asked for and sought for; in the great chamber.

[THIRD] SERVINGMAN We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. *[They move aside.]*

*Enter Capulet and his household, all the guests and gentlewomen to Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and the other Maskers.*

CAPULET  
Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will walk 'a bout' with  
you.—

Ah, my mistresses, which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,  
She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you  
now?—

Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day  
That I have worn a visor and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

1.5 Capulet welcomes the disguised Romeo and his friends. Romeo, watching the dance, is caught by the beauty of Juliet. Overhearing Romeo ask about her, Tybalt recognizes his voice and is enraged at the intrusion.

Romeo then meets Juliet, and they fall in love. Not until they are separated do they discover that they belong to enemy houses.

2. take away: i.e., take away the dirty dishes

7. joint stools: stools made of joined parts

8. court cupboard: sideboard; plate: utensils

9. marchpane: marzipan

16. longer liver: survivor (proverbial)

17. SD. Enter . . . to . . . Maskers: direction to those entering to approach others already onstage—here, the Maskers

19. walk a bout: i.e., dance a round

22. makes dainty: coyly refuses (to dance)

23–24. Am . . . now?: i.e., have I hit close to home?

You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,  
*Music plays and they dance.* 30  
 A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.—  
 More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,  
 And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—  
 Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.— 35  
 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  
 For you and I are past our dancing days.  
 How long is 't now since last yourself and I  
 Were in a mask?

CAPULET'S COUSIN By 'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.  
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,<sup>1</sup> 40  
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
 Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.

CAPULET'S COUSIN

'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir.

45

His son is thirty.

Will you tell me that?

CAPULET

His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO, *To a Servitor*

What lady's that which doth enrich the hand  
 Of yonder knight?

50

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
 As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—  
 Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear.  
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows  
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand  
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
 Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,  
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

55

60

- 31. **A hall:** i.e., clear the hall for dancing
- 32. **turn . . . up:** i.e., remove the boards and trestles
- 39. **By 'r Lady:** an oath, "by our Lady"
- 47. **ward:** one under the care of a guardian
- 54. **dear:** precious
- 57. **measure done:** dance ended; her . . . stand: where she stands
- 58. **rude:** roughly formed



Masked gentlemen and ladies. (1.5.38)  
 From Giacomo Franco,  
*Habiti d'huomini et donne venetiane* . . . (1609).

TYBALT  
 This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—  
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. [Page exits.]  
 What, dares the slave  
 Come lither covered with an antic face  
 To f leer and scorn at our solemnity?  
 Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET  
 Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?  
 TYBALT  
 Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  
 A villain that is hither come in spite  
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

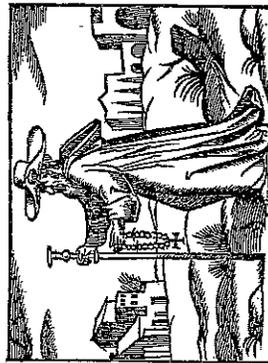
CAPULET  
 Young Romeo is it?  
 TYBALT  
 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.  
 CAPULET  
 Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.  
 He bears him like a portly gentleman,  
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
 To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.  
 I would not for the wealth of all this town  
 Here in my house do him disparagement.  
 Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.  
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT  
 It fits when such a villain is a guest.  
 I'll not endure him.  
 CAPULET  
 He shall be endured.  
 What, Goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to.  
 Am I the master here or you? Go to.  
 You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,

65  
 70  
 75  
 80  
 85

61. **should be**: must be  
 64. **antic face**: grotesque or fantastic mask  
 65. **f leer**: sneer; **solemnity**: festivity  
 66. **stock**: line of descent  
 70. **in spite**: out of malice  
 75. **bears . . . portly**: comports himself like a dignified or handsome  
 80. **patient**: calm  
 82. **fair presence**: attractive, pleasing manner  
 83. **ill-beseeming semblance**: unsuitable way to appear  
 87. **goodman**: a man below the rank of gentleman; **Go to**: an expression of anger  
 89. **God . . . soul**: i.e., God save me

91. **You . . . cock-a-hoop:** i.e., you will be reckless; you'll . . . man: i.e., you will take charge
92. **shame:** disgrace, loss of esteem
94. **saucy:** insolent
97. Capulet begins to intersperse his rebuke of Tybalt with comments to his guests (**my hearts**) and servants. **prince:** insolent boy
100. **Patience perforce:** i.e., enforced calmness; **willful choler:** obstinate anger
104. **If . . . hand:** The fourteen lines of dialogue that begin with this line have the structure and rhyme scheme of a sonnet. In its central metaphor, Romeo is a **pilgrim** (line 108) visiting a **holy shrine** (line 105). See picture, below.
109. **Which . . . this:** i.e., **your hand** shows seemly (**mannerly**) **devotion** in touching mine
111. **palmers':** Palmers were pilgrims returning with palm branches from the Holy Land.
116. **move:** initiate (blessings or favors)



A pilgrim. (1.5.104-18)

From Henry Peacham, *Minerva Britannia* . . . [1612].

90  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests,  
You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Go to, go to.

CAPULET

You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.

You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts.—You are a princ Cox, go.

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame,

I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.

*He exits.*

ROMEO, [*taking Juliet's hand*]

If I profane with my unwortheist hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, 110

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.

They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. 115

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

117. **move not:** keep still  
 122. **by th' book:** i.e., according to rule  
 124. **What is:** who is  
 128. **I nursed:** i.e., I was wet nurse to; **withal:** with  
 130. **the chinks:** plenty of coin (money)  
 132. **dear:** costly; **my foe's debt:** owed to a foe, i.e., Juliet  
 133. **The . . . best:** alluding to the proverb Romeo cited at 1.4.39: "When game is **best** it is time to leave."  
 136. **banquet:** a light meal; or, dessert; **towards:** i.e., about to be served  
 137. **Is it e'en so:** i.e., must you go  
 140. **by my fay:** a mild oath, "by my faith"

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

[*He kisses her.*]

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again. [*He kisses her.*]

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

[*Juliet moves toward her mother.*]

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,

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.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks. [*Nurse moves away.*]ROMEO, [*aside*]

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO

Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear: The more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

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.—

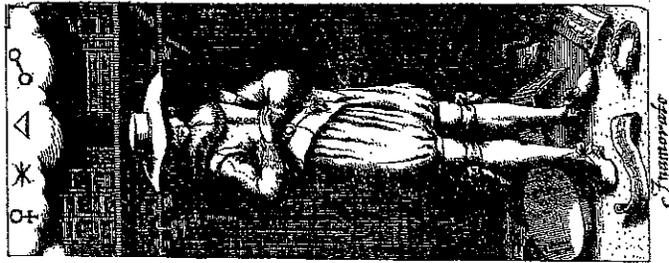
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my rest.

[*All but Juliet and the Nurse begin to exit.*]

149. **like:** likely

154. **Prodigious:** monstrous, unnatural



A melancholy lover.

From Robert Burton, *The anatomy of melancholy* . . . (1638).

JULIET  
Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE  
The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET  
What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE  
Marry, that, I think, be young Petruccio. 145

JULIET  
What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE  
I know not.

JULIET  
Go ask his name. [*The Nurse goes.*] If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE, [*returning*]  
His name is Romeo, and a Montague, 150

The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET  
My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me  
That I must love a loathed enemy. 155

NURSE  
What's this? What's this?

JULIET  
A rhyme I learned even now  
Of one I danced withal. *One calls within "Juliet."*

NURSE  
Anon, anon.

Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone. 160  
*They exit.*