

## ACT 3

## SCENE 1: A PUBLIC PLACE IN VERONA

*Enter* MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, PAGE, *and* MEN.

**BENVOLIO.** I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.  
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad,  
And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl,  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

5 **MERCUTIO.** Thou art like one of these fellows that,  
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> when indeed there is no need.

10 **BENVOLIO.** Am I like such a fellow?

**MERCUTIO.** Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy  
mood as any in Italy, and as soon mov'd to be moody, and  
as soon moody<sup>3</sup> to be mov'd.

**BENVOLIO.** And what to?

15 **MERCUTIO.** Nay, and there were two<sup>4</sup> 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  
20 reason but because 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,<sup>5</sup> and yet thy head  
hath been beaten as addle<sup>6</sup> as an egg for quarrelling. Thou  
hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street,  
25 because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in  
the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing  
his new doublet<sup>7</sup> before Easter? with another for tying his  
new shoes with old riband?<sup>8</sup> and yet thou wilt tutor me  
from<sup>9</sup> quarrelling!

30 **BENVOLIO.** And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,  
any man should buy the fee-simple<sup>10</sup> of my life for an  
hour and a quarter.

## ACT 3, SCENE 1

1. **claps me.** Throws down
2. **draws . . . drawer.** Prepares to sword fight with the bartender
3. **moody.** Irritable
4. **two.** Retort to Benvolio's *to*
5. **meat.** Matter that can be eaten
6. **addle.** Confused, rotten (with reference to eggs)
7. **doublet.** Close-fitting jacket, with or without sleeves
8. **riband.** Shoelace
9. **tutor me from.** Instruct me not to be
10. **fee-simple.** Complete ownership



## Literary TOOLS

**PLOT AND CRISIS.** A **plot** is a series of events related to a central conflict or struggle. The **crisis** is the point in the plot where something decisive happens to determine the future course of events and the eventual working out of the conflict. In a tragedy, the main character's fortunes improve until the crisis. After the crisis, the main character's fortunes decline, or get worse. As you read, look for the crisis.

**IRONY AND DRAMATIC IRONY.** **Irony** is a difference between appearance and reality. In **dramatic irony**, something is known by the reader or audience but is unknown to the characters. There are several instances of **dramatic irony** in act 3. As you read, note the situations in which the audience knows something that the character does not know.

DRAMATIC IRONY	
Act, Scene, Line	Act 1, Scene 5, lines 59–80
Character who is unaware	Romeo
What audience knows	Capulet tells Tybalt to leave Romeo alone. Capulet finds Romeo an honorable man to whom he wishes no harm.
What would character do differently if he/she knew?	Romeo and Juliet might have been honest with Juliet's father and not married in secret.



## Reader's Journal

In what ways is society threatened if people settle their differences by fighting or dueling?

MERCUTIO. The fee-simple! O simple!

*Enter* TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, *and others*.

BENVOLIO. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

35 MERCUTIO. By my heel, I care not.

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

MERCUTIO. And but one word with one of us?  
Couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

40 TYBALT. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo—

MERCUTIO. Consort!<sup>11</sup> what, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick,<sup>12</sup> here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds,<sup>13</sup> consort!

45 BENVOLIO. We talk here in the public haunt of men.  
Either withdraw unto some private place;  
Or reason coldly of<sup>14</sup> your grievances,  
Or else depart,<sup>15</sup> here all eyes gaze on us.

50 MERCUTIO. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter* ROMEO.

TYBALT. Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.

MERCUTIO. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.<sup>16</sup>  
Marry, go before to field,<sup>17</sup> he'll be your follower;  
55 Your worship in that sense may call him man.<sup>18</sup>

TYBALT. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

*How does Tybalt try to insult Romeo?*

11. **Consort.** Mercutio means to “play music with.” *Consort* refers to a group of musicians.

12. **fiddlestick.** Rapier, a type of sword

13. **'Zounds.** By God's (Christ's) wounds

14. **reason coldly of.** Speak about dispassionately

15. **depart.** Separate

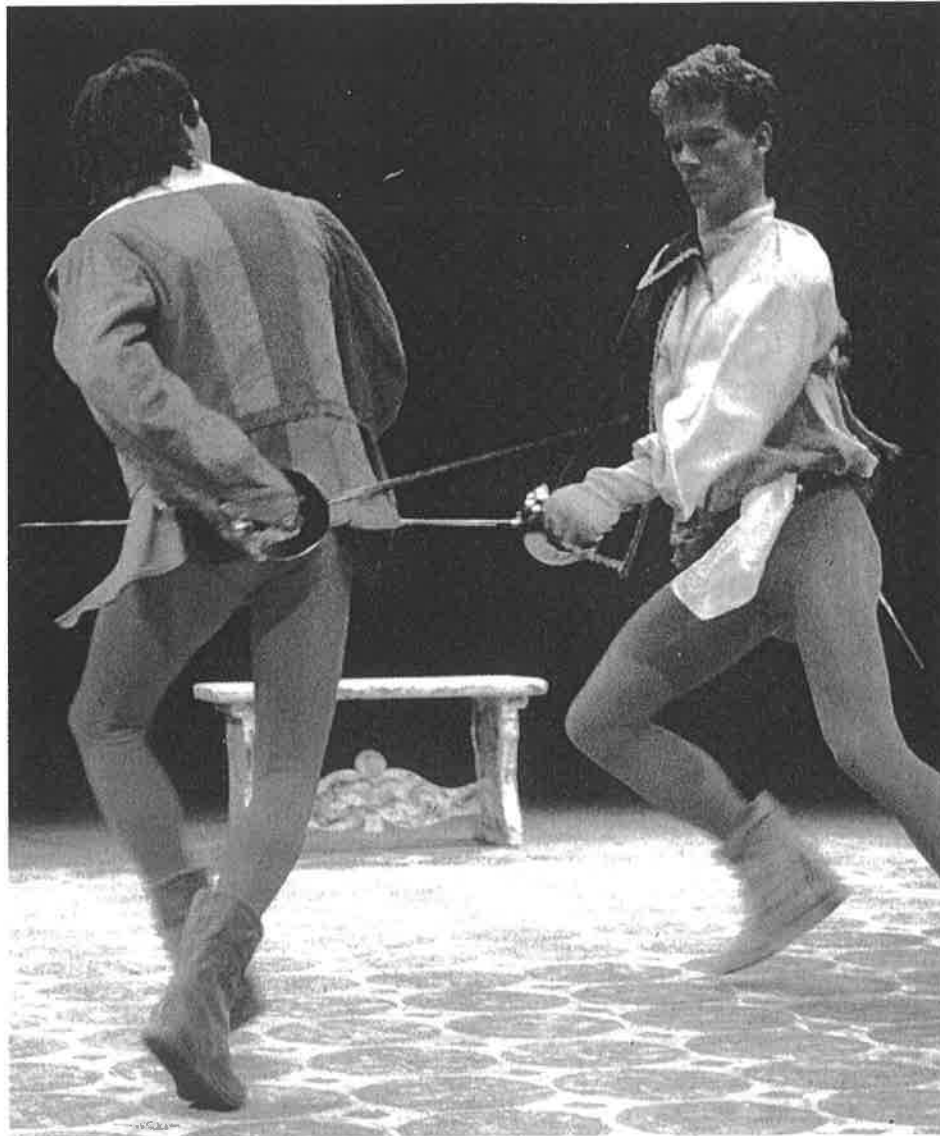
16. **livery.** Mercutio responds as if Tybalt used *my man* to mean “my servant.”

17. **field.** Setting for a duel

18. **man.** One deserving to be described as a man

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

**min • strel** (min'stral) *n.*, medieval entertainer who traveled from place to place. *The minstrel traveled from Paris to Aix, singing songs of love on his stops.*



60 **ROMEO.** Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage<sup>19</sup>  
To such a greeting. Villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

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

65 **ROMEO.** I do protest<sup>20</sup> I never injured<sup>21</sup> thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,<sup>22</sup>  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love,

*What does Romeo know  
that Tybalt does not?*

19. **excuse . . . rage.** Lessen the appropriate anger

20. **protest.** Assert

21. **injured.** Harmed

22. **devise.** Imagine

And so, good Capulet—which name I tender<sup>23</sup>  
As dearly as mine own—be satisfied.

70 **MERCUTIO.** O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
*Alla stoccato*<sup>24</sup> carries it away.  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher,<sup>25</sup> will you walk?<sup>26</sup>

*Draws.*

**TYBALT.** What wouldst thou have with me?

75 **MERCUTIO.** 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,<sup>27</sup> dry-beat<sup>28</sup> the rest of the eight.  
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher<sup>29</sup> by the ears?<sup>30</sup> Make haste, lest mine  
be about your ears ere it be out.

**TYBALT.** I am for you.

*Drawing.*

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

**MERCUTIO.** Come, sir, your *passado*.<sup>31</sup>

*They fight.*

80 **ROMEO.** Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath  
Forbid this bandying<sup>32</sup> in Verona streets.

What do Tybalt and  
Mercutio do? How does  
Romeo respond?

*ROMEO steps between them.*

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*TYBALT under ROMEO'S arm thrusts MERCUTIO in.  
Away TYBALT with his followers.*

85 **MERCUTIO.** I am hurt.  
A plague a' both houses! I am sped.<sup>33</sup>  
Is he gone and hath nothing?

**BENVOLIO.** What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO.** Ay, ay, a scratch,<sup>34</sup> a scratch, marry, 'tis enough.  
Where is my page? Go, villain,<sup>35</sup> fetch a surgeon.

*Exit PAGE.*

**ROMEO.** Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

23. **tender.** Cherish

24. *Alla stoccato.* Literally, "at the thrust" (fencing term). Mercutio suggests that Tybalt's attack has unarmed Romeo.

25. **rat-catcher.** Reference to his name

26. **walk.** Leave the premises

27. **as . . . hereafter.** Depending on how you treat me in the future

28. **dry-beat.** Beat up (without drawing blood)

29. **his pilcher.** Its sheath

30. **by the ears.** Implying that the sword resists being unsheathed

31. *passado.* Thrust

32. **bandying.** Fighting

33. **sped.** Spent, finished

34. **a scratch.** Another reference to Tybalt's name

35. **villain.** Person of lower class; boy

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

sub • mis • sion (sub mish'an) *n.*, yielding or surrendering. *The husband's submission was evident after he lost the argument with his wife.*

90 **MERCUTIO.** No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door,  
but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me  
a grave man.<sup>36</sup> I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague a' both  
your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death!  
95 a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the  
dev'l came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

**ROMEO.** I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO.** Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague a' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,  
100 And soundly too. Your houses!

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

**ROMEO.** This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,<sup>37</sup>  
My very<sup>38</sup> friend, hath got this mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour  
105 Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper<sup>39</sup> soft'ned valor's steel!

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

**BENVOLIO.** O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd<sup>40</sup> the clouds,  
110 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*What news does Benvolio bring of Mercutio?*

**ROMEO.** This day's black fate on moe days doth depend,<sup>41</sup>  
This but begins the woe others must end.

*Enter TYBALT.*

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

**ROMEO.** He gone in triumph, and Mercutio slain!  
115 Away to heaven, respective<sup>42</sup> lenity,  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct<sup>43</sup> now!  
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again  
That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,

*Why does Romeo challenge Tybalt?*

36. **grave man.** Pun stating that he may be found in a grave tomorrow  
37. **ally.** Relative  
38. **very.** Absolute  
39. **temper.** Nature

40. **aspir'd.** Ascended to  
41. **on . . . depend.** Affects days in the future  
42. **respective.** Thoughtful  
43. **conduct.** Guide

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

**plague** (plāg) *n.*, anything that afflicts or troubles. *Alistair was troubled by a plague of money worries.*

**val • or** (val'ər) *n.*, marked courage or bravery. *The knight demonstrated his valor when he stormed the castle to free the princess.*

120 Staying for thine to keep him company.  
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.  
TYBALT. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO. This shall determine that.

*They fight; TYBALT falls.*

BENVOLIO. Romeo, away, be gone!  
125 The citizens are up,<sup>44</sup> and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed,<sup>45</sup> the Prince will doom thee death  
If thou art taken. Hence be gone, away!

Why must Romeo  
escape?

ROMEO. O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO. Why dost thou stay? *Exit* ROMEO.

*Enter* CITIZENS.

1. CITIZEN. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
130 Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO. There lies that Tybalt.

1. CITIZEN. Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

*Enter* PRINCE, *old* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* WIVES, *and all*.

PRINCE. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO. O noble Prince, I can discover<sup>46</sup> all  
135 The unlucky manage<sup>47</sup> of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd  
140 Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

What does Lady Capulet  
demand?

PRINCE. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay!  
145 Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
How nice<sup>48</sup> the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high displeasure; all this, uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
150 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

44. **up.** Have taken arms

45. **amazed.** Bewildered, astounded

46. **discover.** Uncover, divulge

47. **manage.** Process

48. **nice.** Slight

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  
 155 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,  
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
 160 An envious<sup>49</sup> thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
 Of stout<sup>50</sup> Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
 Who had but newly entertain'd<sup>51</sup> revenge,  
 And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
 165 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
 And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

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

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

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

**PRINCE.** And for that offense  
 Immediately we do exile him hence.  
 180 I have an interest<sup>52</sup> in your heart's proceeding;  
 My blood<sup>53</sup> for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
 But I'll amerce<sup>54</sup> you with so strong a fine  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,  
 185 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out<sup>55</sup> abuses;

Of what does Lady Capulet accuse Benvolio?

What is Romeo's punishment? What could it have been?

What further punishment does the Prince levy on both families?

49. **envious.** Spiteful

50. **stout.** Brave

51. **entertain'd.** Considered

52. **interest.** Concern

53. **My blood.** Mercutio and the prince are related

54. **amerce.** Inflict a fine

55. **purchase out.** Make amends for

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

**dex • ter • i • ty** (deks ter'ə tē) *n.*, skill in using one's hands or body. *Mark's dexterity in making a beautiful shelf impressed his shop teacher.*

**ag • ile** (aj'əl) *adj.*, quick and easy of movement. *The agile movements of the aerobics teacher were hard for Christabel to imitate.*

Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will;<sup>56</sup>  
Mercy but murders,<sup>57</sup> pardoning those that kill.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE 2: CAPULET'S HOUSE

*Enter JULIET alone.*

**JULIET.** Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,<sup>1</sup>  
Towards Phoebus' lodging;<sup>2</sup> such a waggoner  
As Phaëton<sup>3</sup> would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
5 Spread thy close<sup>4</sup> curtain, love-performing night,  
That th' runaway's<sup>5</sup> eyes may wink,<sup>6</sup> and Romeo  
Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen!  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,  
10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil<sup>7</sup> night,  
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood<sup>8</sup> my unmann'd blood, bating<sup>9</sup> in my cheeks,  
15 With thy black mantle; till strange<sup>10</sup> love grow<sup>11</sup> bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.<sup>12</sup>  
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night,  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.  
20 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo, and, when I 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,  
25 And pay no worship to the garish sun.

56. **attend our will.** Listen to my judgment

57. **murders.** Encourages future murders

### ACT 3, SCENE 2

1. **steeds.** Horses that pull the chariot of the sun-god

2. **Phoebus' lodging.** Beyond the western horizon

3. **Phaëton.** Phaëthon, son of the sun-god, who lost control of the sun-chariot and was killed by Zeus

4. **close.** Protective

5. **runaway's.** Meaning is unclear, word possibly changed

6. **wink.** Close and so not see

7. **civil.** Solemn

8. **Hood.** Hide

9. **bating.** Beating

10. **strange.** Restrained

11. **grow.** Becomes

12. **modesty.** Virtuousness

### words for everyday use

**am • o • rous** (am'ə res) *adj.*, relating to love. Durrell's amorous words did not soften Shamika's heart.

**ma • tron** (mā'trən) *n.*, married woman or widow. The funeral director gave the matron the book that mourners had signed at her husband's funeral.



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  
 As is the night before some festival  
 30 To an impatient child that hath new robes  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
*Enter NURSE wringing her hands, with the ladder of cords in her lap.*  
 And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords  
 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

35 **NURSE.** Ay, ay, the cords. *Throws them down.*

**JULIET.** Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

**NURSE.** Ah, weraday,<sup>13</sup> he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
 Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

**JULIET.** Can heaven be so envious?<sup>14</sup>

40 **NURSE.** Romeo can,  
 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!  
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

**JULIET.** What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

45 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay,  
 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.<sup>15</sup>  
 I am not I, if there be such an ay,  
 Or those eyes shut,<sup>16</sup> that makes thee answer ay.  
 50 If he be slain, say ay, or if not, no.  
 Brief sounds determine my weal or woe.<sup>17</sup>

**NURSE.** I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—  
 God save the mark!<sup>18</sup>—here on his manly breast.

A piteous corse,<sup>19</sup> a bloody piteous corse,  
 55 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood; I sounded<sup>20</sup> at the sight.

13. **weraday.** Pity

14. **envious.** Spiteful

15. **cockatrice.** Basilisk, mythical serpent that could kill with a glance

16. **Or . . . shut.** If Romeo dies

17. **determine . . . woe.** Decide whether I am happy or sad

18. **God . . . mark.** Expression used to ward off bad omens

19. **corse.** Dead body

20. **sounded.** Fainted

What misunderstanding occurs with the Nurse's words?

**words  
 for  
 everyday  
 use**

**el • o • quence** (el'ə kwəns) *n.*, speech or writing that is vivid, forceful, and persuasive. *The president's eloquence convinced Congress to pass the bill.*

**pit • e • ous** (pit'ē əs) *adj.*, arousing or deserving pity or compassion. *The piteous cries of the mourners were heard in the streets the day the civil rights leader was slain.*

- JULIET.** O, break, my heart, poor bankrout,<sup>21</sup> break at once!  
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth,<sup>22</sup> to earth resign,<sup>23</sup> end motion here,  
60 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
- NURSE.** O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
- JULIET.** What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
65 Is Romeo slaught' red? and is Tybalt dead?  
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet,<sup>24</sup> sound the general doom,  
For who is living, if those two are gone?
- NURSE.** Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,  
70 Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.
- JULIET.** O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
- NURSE.** It did, it did, alas the day, it did!
- JULIET.** O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring<sup>25</sup> face!  
Did ever dragon keep<sup>26</sup> so fair a cave?  
75 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish ravening lamb!  
Despised substance<sup>27</sup> of divinest show!<sup>28</sup>  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,<sup>29</sup>  
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
- 80 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell  
When thou didst bower<sup>30</sup> 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!
- 85 **NURSE.** There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men, all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught,<sup>31</sup> all dissemblers.  
Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua-vitae;<sup>32</sup>

To whom does Juliet refer when she says "Beautiful tyrant!"? What other oxymorons does she use to express her conflicting feelings?

21. **bankrout.** Emptiness

22. **Vile earth.** Body

23. **resign.** Relinquish yourself

24. **trumpet.** Signal of Judgment Day

25. **flow'ring.** Young, attractive

26. **keep.** Reside in

27. **substance.** Contemptible being

28. **show.** Appearance

29. **Just . . . seem'st.** Exactly the opposite of what you appear to be

30. **bower.** Enclose

31. **naught.** Evil

32. **aqua-vitae.** Strong liquor

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

**bier** (bir) *n.*, coffin and its supporting platform. *The bier was lowered into the ground at the family's cemetery plot.*

**dis • sem • bler** (di sem 'blir) *n.*, pretender. *Alex accused Jerry of being a dissembler when he pretended to support the Coyotes.*

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo!

90 JULIET. Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

95 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JULIET. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
100 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,<sup>33</sup>  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.<sup>34</sup>  
105 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 death,  
That murd'ered me; I would forget it fain,  
110 But O, it presses to my memory  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished."  
That "banished," that one word "banished,"  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
115 Was woe enough if it had ended there;  
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly<sup>35</sup> will be rank'd<sup>36</sup> with other griefs,  
Why followed not, when she said, "Tybalt's dead,"  
Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both,  
120 Which modern<sup>37</sup> lamentation might have moved?  
But with a rearward<sup>38</sup> following Tybalt's death,  
"Romeo is banished," to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead: "Romeo is banished"!

33. **belong to woe.** Indicate sadness

34. **joy.** Romeo's survival

35. **needly.** Inevitably

36. **rank'd.** Grouped

37. **modern.** Customary

38. **rearward.** Rear guard

What does Juliet do  
when the Nurse wishes  
harm to Romeo?

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

mon • arch (mān'ark) *n.*, ruler. *The monarch ruled her country with a firm hand.*

lam • en • ta • tion (lam'an tā'shən) *n.*, outward expression of grief. *The lamentation after the massacre moved the journalist, who interviewed some of the grieving crowd members.*

125 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death, no words can that woe sound.<sup>39</sup>  
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

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

130 **JULIET.** 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 beguil'd,<sup>40</sup>  
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a highway to my bed,  
135 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords, come, nurse, I'll to my wedding-bed,  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

**NURSE.** Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you, I wot<sup>41</sup> well where he is.

140 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.  
I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence' cell.

**JULIET.** O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Why does the Nurse  
promise to find Romeo?

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE 3: FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL

*Enter* FRIAR LAWRENCE.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful<sup>1</sup> man:  
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,<sup>2</sup>  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter* ROMEO.

**ROMEO.** Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?<sup>3</sup>  
5 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company!  
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

39. **sound.** Define; measure

40. **beguil'd.** Deceived

41. **wot.** Know

ACT 3, SCENE 3

1. **fearful.** Frightened

2. **parts.** Traits

3. **doom.** Judgment

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

**cham • ber** (chām'bar) *n.*, bedroom. *Melanie's chamber has curtains that match the bedspread.*

**ca • lam • i • ty** (kā lam'ə tē) *n.*, disaster, misery. *"We must keep this calamity from recurring," stated the mayor after the city bus accident.*

ROMEO. What less than dooms-day<sup>4</sup> is the Prince's doom?

10 FRIAR LAWRENCE. A gentler judgment vanish'd<sup>5</sup> from his lips—  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO. Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death";  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death. Do not say "banishment"!

15 FRIAR LAWRENCE. Here from Verona art thou banished.  
Be patient,<sup>6</sup> for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO. There is no world without<sup>7</sup> Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence "banished" is banish'd from the world,  
20 And world's exile<sup>8</sup> is death; then "banished"  
Is death misterm'd. Calling death "banished,"  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
25 Thy fault our law calls death,<sup>9</sup> but the kind Prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd<sup>10</sup> aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word "death" to "banishment."  
This is dear<sup>11</sup> mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO. 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here  
30 Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not. More validity,<sup>12</sup>  
More honorable state, more courtship<sup>13</sup> lives  
35 In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
40 But Romeo may not, he is banished.  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly;

4. **dooms-day.** Death

5. **vanish'd.** Uttered without possibility of recall

6. **Be patient.** Calm yourself

7. **without.** Beyond

8. **world's exile.** Banishment from the world

9. **death.** Capital offense

10. **rush'd.** Pushed

11. **dear.** Unusual

12. **validity.** Honor, worth

13. **courtship.** Courtliness

What sentence would  
Romeo choose for  
himself?

What does Friar  
Lawrence think of the  
prince's sentence?

Why does Romeo think  
banishment is worse  
than death?

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

car • ri • on (kar'ē an) *n.*, decaying flesh of a dead body when regarded as food for scavenging animals. *The ravens ate the carrion at the side of the highway.*

They are free men, but I am banished:  
 And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
 45 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,<sup>14</sup>  
 But "banished" to kill me? "Banished"?  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,  
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
 50 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
 To mangle me with that word "banished"?

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Thou fond<sup>15</sup> mad man, hear me a little speak.

**ROMEO.** O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** I'll give thee armor to keep off that word:  
 55 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee though thou art banished.

**ROMEO.** Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
 Displant<sup>16</sup> a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
 60 It helps not, it prevails not.<sup>17</sup> Talk no more.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** O then I see that madmen have no ears.

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

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Let me dispute<sup>18</sup> with thee of thy estate.<sup>19</sup>

**ROMEO.** Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.  
 65 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
 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,  
 70 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Enter NURSE within and knock.*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

**ROMEO.** Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans  
 Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

*Knock.*

14. **mean . . . mean.** Means . . . ignoble

15. **fond.** Naïve

16. **Displant.** Relocate

17. **prevails not.** Has no effect

18. **dispute.** Talk

19. **estate.** Situation

words  
 for  
 everyday  
 use

ad • ver • si • ty (ad vər' sə tē) *n.*, wretchedness or misfortune. *Mr. Olson bemoaned his adversity after he lost his job.*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Hark how they knock!—Who's there?—  
 75 Romeo, arise,  
 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while!<sup>20</sup>—Stand up; *Loud knock.*  
 Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,  
 What simpleness<sup>21</sup> is this?—I come, I come! *Knock.*  
 Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

80 **NURSE.** [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errant.<sup>22</sup>  
 I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Welcome then. *Unlocks the door.*

*Enter NURSE.*

**NURSE.** O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
 Where's my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

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

85 **NURSE.** O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
 Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!<sup>23</sup>  
 Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
 Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.  
 Stand up, stand up, stand, and you be a man.  
 90 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
 Why should you fall into so deep an O?<sup>24</sup>

**ROMEO.** Nurse!

*He rises.*

**NURSE.** Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

**ROMEO.** Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?  
 95 Doth not she think me an old<sup>25</sup> murderer,  
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
 With blood removed but little from her own?  
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
 My conceal'd lady<sup>26</sup> to our cancell'd love?

100 **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,  
 And then down falls again.

**ROMEO.** As if that name,  
 Shot from the deadly level<sup>27</sup> of a gun,  
 105 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand  
 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
 In what vile part of this anatomy  
 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack  
 The hateful mansion.

20. *Stay a while.* Wait

21. *simpleness.* Absurdity

22. *errant.* Purpose

23. *sympathy.* Piteous suffering

24. *O.* State of despair

25. *old.* Experienced

26. *conceal'd lady.* Secret wife

27. *level.* Aim

According to the Nurse and Friar Lawrence, how does Romeo and Juliet respond in comparable ways to news of Romeo's banishment?

*He offers to stab himself, and the NURSE snatches the dagger away.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hold thy desperate hand!  
110 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable<sup>28</sup> fury of a beast.  
Unseemly woman<sup>29</sup> in a seeming man,  
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,  
115 Thou hast amaz'd me! By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.<sup>30</sup>  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
120 Why rail'st thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?<sup>31</sup>  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,<sup>32</sup>  
Which<sup>33</sup> like a usurer<sup>34</sup> abound'st in all,  
125 And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,<sup>35</sup>  
Digressing from the valor of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
130 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen<sup>36</sup> in the conduct<sup>37</sup> of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,<sup>38</sup>  
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  
135 And thou dismemb'ed with thine own defense.  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:  
There art thou happy.<sup>39</sup> Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.  
140 The law that threat'ned death becomes thy friend,  
And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,

What does Romeo attempt to do? Who stops him?

For what does Friar Lawrence scold Romeo?

For what should Romeo be grateful?

28. **unreasonable.** Irrational

29. **Unseemly woman.** Romeo's behavior is like that of a woman who offends good taste.

30. **temper'd.** Composed; controlled

31. **heaven and earth.** Soul and body

32. **wit.** Mind

33. **Which.** Who

34. **usurer.** One who misuses possessions

35. **form of wax.** Lifeless figure

36. **Misshapen.** Badly trained

37. **conduct.** Use

38. **flask.** Powder horn, container for gunpowder

39. **happy.** Lucky

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

de • note (dē nōt') vt., indicate. "The symbol denotes repetition of this bar," explained the piano teacher.

dis • po • si • tion (dis'pə zish'ən) n., one's customary frame of mind. Sarah's teacher told her parents that she always had a sunny disposition.



Happiness courts thee in her best array,  
 But like a mishaved<sup>40</sup> and sullen wench,  
 145 Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go get thee to thy love as was decreed,<sup>41</sup>  
*Ascend* her chamber, hence and comfort her.  
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,<sup>42</sup>  
 150 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,  
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time  
 To blaze<sup>43</sup> your marriage, reconcile your friends,<sup>44</sup>  
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 155 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
 Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.  
 Romeo is coming.

160 **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.

**ROMEO.** Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*NURSE offers to go in, and turns again.*

165 **NURSE.** Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

**ROMEO.** How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

*Exit NURSE.*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Go hence, good night; and here stands all your state:<sup>45</sup>  
 Either be gone before the watch be set,  
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.  
 170 Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,  
 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.

175 **ROMEO.** But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
 It were a grief, so brief<sup>46</sup> to part with thee.  
 Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

40. **mishaved.** Misbehaved  
 41. **decreed.** Ordered  
 42. **watch be set.** Guard is posted  
 43. **blaze.** Announce

44. **friends.** Family  
 45. **here . . . state.** Your situation is this  
 46. **brief.** Quickly

What is Friar Lawrence's plan?

**words  
 for  
 everyday  
 use**

as • cend (ə sendʹ) vt., move upward along; mount; climb; rise. *The tourists ascended the steps that led to the basilica at the top of the hill.*

SCENE 4: CAPULET'S HOUSE

*Enter old CAPULET, his WIFE, and PARIS.*

**CAPULET.** 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.

5 '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.

**PARIS.** These times of woe afford no times to woo.  
Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

10 **LADY CAPULET.** I will, and know her mind early tomorrow;  
To-night she's mew'd up to<sup>1</sup> her heaviness.<sup>2</sup>

*PARIS offers to go in, and CAPULET calls him again.*

**CAPULET.** Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender<sup>3</sup>  
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.  
15 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,  
And bid her—mark you me?—on We'n'sday next—  
But soft, what day is this?

**PARIS.** Monday, my lord.

**CAPULET.** Monday! ha, ha!<sup>4</sup> Well, We'n'sday is too soon,  
20 A<sup>5</sup> Thursday let it be—a' Thursday, tell her,  
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,  
25 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 Thursday?

**PARIS.** My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

30 **CAPULET.** Well, get you gone, a' Thursday be it then.—  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against<sup>6</sup> this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber ho!  
Afore me,<sup>7</sup> it is so very late that we  
35 May call it early by and by. Good night.

Why does Capulet believe he can offer Paris Juliet's hand in marriage?

*Exeunt.*

ACT 3, SCENE 4

1. mew'd up to. Shut up with (falconry term)
2. heaviness. Sadness
3. desperate tender. Daring offer

4. ha, ha. Sound he mutters as he thinks
5. A'. On
6. against. For
7. Afore me. I say

SCENE 5: CAPULET'S ORCHARD

Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft at the window.

JULIET. 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 yond pomegranate tree.

5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I;  
It is some meteor that the sun exhal'd<sup>1</sup>  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer

15 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
20 'Tis but the pale reflex<sup>2</sup> of Cynthia's<sup>3</sup> brow;  
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care<sup>4</sup> to stay than will to go.  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

25 How is't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

JULIET. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps.<sup>5</sup>

30 Some say the lark makes sweet division;<sup>6</sup>  
This doth not so, for she divideth us.  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change<sup>7</sup> eyes;  
O now I would they had chang'd voices too,

ACT 3, SCENE 5

1. **exhal'd.** Meteors were believed to be vapors from earth that were ignited by the sun's heat.

2. **reflex.** Reflection

3. **Cynthia's.** The moon's

4. **care.** Wish

5. **sharps.** High-pitched sounds

6. **division.** Melodic variations

7. **change.** Exchange

words  
for  
everyday  
use

**night • In • gale** (nīt'ən gāl) *n.*, reddish-brown songbird noted for the sweet song of the male. *The nightingale ate at Adam's bird feeder.*

**pome • gran • ate** (pām'grān'it) *n.*, round fruit with a red, leathery rind and many seeds covered with red, juicy, edible flesh. *For dessert the hostess offered pomegranates and other fresh fruit.*

**dis • cord** (dis'kôrd) *n.*, lack of harmony in tones sounded together. *"Let's try again," said the choir director, pointing out discord in the first verse.*

- Since arm from arm<sup>8</sup> that voice doth us affray,<sup>9</sup>  
 Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up<sup>10</sup> to the day.  
 35 O now be gone, more light and light it grows.  
**ROMEO.** More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!  
*Enter NURSE hastily.*  
**NURSE.** Madam!  
**JULIET.** Nurse?  
**NURSE.** Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.  
 40 The day is broke, be wary, look about. *Exit.*  
**JULIET.** Then, window, let day in, and let life out.  
**ROMEO.** Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. *He goeth down.*  
**JULIET.** Art thou gone so, love, lord, ay, husband, friend!<sup>11</sup>  
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
 45 For in a minute there are many days.  
 O, by this count I shall be much in years<sup>12</sup>  
 Ere I again behold my Romeo!  
**ROMEO.** [*From below.*] Farewell!  
 I will omit no opportunity  
 50 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.  
**JULIET.** O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?  
**ROMEO.** I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve  
 For sweet discourses in our times to come.  
**JULIET.** O God, I have an ill-divining<sup>13</sup> soul!  
 55 Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low,  
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.  
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.  
**ROMEO.** And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;  
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood.<sup>14</sup> Adieu, adieu! *Exit.*  
 60 **JULIET.** O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle;  
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou<sup>15</sup> 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.  
**LADY CAPULET.** [*Within.*] Ho, daughter, are you up?  
 65 **JULIET.** Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.  
 Is she not down<sup>16</sup> so late, or up so early?

8. **arm from arm.** From each other's arms  
 9. **affray.** Startle, scare  
 10. **hunt's-up.** Song to waken hunters  
 11. **friend.** Dear one, sweetheart  
 12. **much in years.** Old

13. **ill-divining.** Sensing evil  
 14. **Dry . . . blood.** Sorrow was thought to deplete the blood.  
 15. **what dost thou.** What do you have to do  
 16. **not down.** Still awake

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*She goeth down from the window.*<sup>17</sup>

*Enter Mother* LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET. Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET. Madam, I am not well.

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

What does Lady Capulet believe is causing Juliet's sorrow?

JULIET. Yet let me weep for such a feeling<sup>18</sup> loss.

75 LADY CAPULET. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
Which you weep for.

JULIET. Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JULIET. What villain, madam? ' "

80 LADY CAPULET. That same villain Romeo.

JULIET. [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—  
God pardon him! I do with all my heart;  
And yet no man like<sup>19</sup> he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

85 JULIET. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate<sup>20</sup> doth live,  
90 Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram<sup>21</sup>  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;  
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

What does Lady Capulet plan for Romeo? Why?

JULIET. Indeed I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

17. *She . . . window.* Apparently she descends and re-enters the main stage, which is no longer the garden but a room in the house.

18. *feeling.* Deep

19. *like.* So much as

20. *runagate.* Renegade

21. *dram.* A unit of weight for apothecaries or druggists; a measure of some drug or drink

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

a • sun • der (ə sun' dər). *adv.*, apart or separate in direction. "On this proposal, we are as wide asunder as the polar regions," stated the candidate to his opponent.

- 95 Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd.  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper<sup>22</sup> it,  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet. O how my heart abhors  
 100 To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin  
 Upon his body that<sup>23</sup> hath slaughter'd him!
- LADY CAPULET.** Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.  
 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
- 105 **JULIET.** And joy comes well in such a needy time.  
 What are they, beseech your ladyship?
- LADY CAPULET.** Well, well, thou hast a careful<sup>24</sup> father, child,  
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
 Hath sorted out a sudden<sup>25</sup> day of joy,  
 110 That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.
- JULIET.** Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
- LADY CAPULET.** Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
 The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
 115 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
- JULIET.** 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.  
 120 I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,  
 I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear  
 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
 Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
- LADY CAPULET.** Here comes your father, tell him so yourself;  
 125 And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter* CAPULET *and* NURSE.

**CAPULET.** When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,  
 But for the sunset of my brother's son  
 It rains downright.

22. **temper.** Prepare

23. **his body that.** Body of the person who

24. **careful.** Caring

25. **sudden.** Fast-approaching

What does Juliet mean?  
 What does her mother  
 think she means?

Why does Juliet's father  
 plan joy for her?

How does Juliet respond  
 to the news that she is  
 to marry Paris?

**words  
 for  
 everyday  
 use**

ab • hor (ab hōr') vt., hate; detest. Nicole abhors doing geometry problems, but she likes algebra equations.

How now, a conduit,<sup>26</sup> girl? What, still in tears?  
130 Evermore show'ring? In one little body  
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind:  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,  
135 Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm,<sup>27</sup> will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife?  
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET. Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.<sup>28</sup>  
140 I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,<sup>29</sup> wife.  
How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud?<sup>30</sup> Doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought<sup>31</sup>  
145 So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?<sup>32</sup>

JULIET. Not proud you have, but thankful<sup>33</sup> that you have.  
Proud can I never be of what I hate,  
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET. How how, how how, chopp'd logic!<sup>34</sup> What is this?  
150 "Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not,"  
And yet "not proud," mistress minion<sup>35</sup> you?  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But fettle<sup>36</sup> your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
155 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle<sup>37</sup> thither.  
Out,<sup>38</sup> you green-sickness<sup>39</sup> carrion! Out, you baggage!<sup>40</sup>  
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET. Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

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

*She kneels down.*

160 CAPULET. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what: get thee to church a' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!  
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest

26. **conduit.** Fountain

27. **Without . . . calm.** Unless they stop soon

28. **but . . . thanks.** She declines with thanks.

29. **take . . . you.** Tell me what you mean

30. **proud.** Happy

31. **wrought.** Obtained

32. **bride.** Bridegroom

33. **thankful.** Politely grateful

34. **chopp'd logic.** Misleading but clever argument

35. **minion.** Spoiled child

36. **fettle.** Ready (term usually used for horses)

37. **hurdle.** Sled on which prisoners were taken

38. **Out.** Exclamation of rebuke

39. **green-sickness.** Pale

40. **baggage.** Worthless being

What response does  
Lady Capulet give to  
Juliet's refusal to wed  
Paris?

- 165 That God had lent us but this only child,  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her.  
Out on her, hilding!
- NURSE. God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate<sup>41</sup> her so.
- 170 CAPULET. And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,  
Good Prudence, smatter<sup>42</sup> with your gossips, go.
- NURSE. I speak no treason.
- CAPULET. O, God-i-goden!<sup>43</sup>
- NURSE. May not one speak?
- CAPULET. Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.
- 175 LADY CAPULET. You are too hot.
- CAPULET. God's bread, it makes me mad! Day, night, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
180 Of fair demesnes,<sup>44</sup> youthful and nobly lien'd,<sup>45</sup>  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,  
And then to have a wretched puling<sup>46</sup> fool,  
A whining mammet,<sup>47</sup> in her fortune's tender,<sup>48</sup>  
185 To answer, "I'll not wed, I cannot love;  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me."  
But and 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<sup>49</sup> to jest.  
190 Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise.<sup>50</sup>  
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
And 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.

What does Capulet think of Juliet's refusal?

What threat does Capulet make?

41. **rate.** Scold

42. **smatter.** Chatter

43. **God-i-goden.** Exclamation of impatience meaning "for God's sake"

44. **demesnes.** Domain

45. **nobly lien'd.** Of good standing

46. **puling.** Whining

47. **mammet.** Doll

48. **in . . . tender.** When good fortune comes

49. **do not use.** Don't usually

50. **advise.** Think carefully

**words  
for  
everyday  
use**

grav • i • ty (grav' i tē) *n.*, seriousness or solemnity. *The gravity of the situation alarmed the homeowner, so he called the police.*



195 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

*Exit.*

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

**LADY CAPULET.** Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

*Exit.*

**JULIET.** O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
205 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;<sup>51</sup>  
How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth?<sup>52</sup> Comfort me, counsel me!  
Alack, alack, that heaven should practice<sup>53</sup> stratagems  
210 Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
What say'st 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<sup>54</sup>  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge<sup>55</sup> you;  
215 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the County.  
O he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout to<sup>56</sup> him. An eagle, madam,  
220 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrow<sup>57</sup> my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first; or if it did not,  
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were  
225 As living here<sup>58</sup> and you no use of him.

**JULIET.** Speak'st thou from thy heart?

**NURSE.** And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

51. **my . . . heaven.** I swore my marriage vow before God.

52. **How . . . earth?** How can I remarry unless Romeo dies?

53. **practice.** Invent, contrive

54. **all . . . nothing.** It is a safe bet, the odds are

55. **challenge.** Claim

56. **to.** Compared to

57. **Beshrow.** Beshrew, curse

58. **here.** On earth

words  
for  
everyday  
use

**strat • a • gem** (strat 'ə jəm) *n.*, trick. *The magician's stratagem delighted the children, who had never seen a rabbit pulled out of a hat.*

*What does the Nurse  
advise Juliet to do?*

JULIET. Amen!<sup>59</sup>

NURSE. What?

230 JULIET. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,  
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

To whom does Juliet  
turn?

NURSE. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

*Exit.*

235 JULIET. [*She looks after* NURSE.] Ancient damnation!<sup>60</sup> O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor,  
240 Thou and my bosom<sup>61</sup> henceforth shall be twain.<sup>62</sup>  
I'll to the friar to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*Exit.*

59. **Amen.** So be it.

60. **Ancient damnation.** Damned old woman

61. **bosom.** Inner thoughts

62. **twain.** Separate

## Respond to the SELECTION

Which character comes closest to behaving according to your own values—Tybalt, Mercutio, Romeo, or Benvolio? Why?