



ACT 4

SCENE 1: FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE *and* COUNTY PARIS.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS. My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.¹

FRIAR LAWRENCE. You say you do not know the lady's mind?
5 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

ACT 4, SCENE 1

1. I am . . . haste. I have no desire to cause him to act less hastily.



Literary TOOLS

PLOT AND CLIMAX. A **plot** is a series of events related to a central conflict, or struggle. The **climax** 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. As you read act 4, look for the decisive action—the climax—of the plot.

FORESHADOWING. **Foreshadowing** is the act of presenting materials that hint at events to occur later in a story. When Juliet first sees Romeo in act 1, she says to her Nurse, "Go ask his name.—If he be married, / My grave is like to be my wedding-bed." This is an example of foreshadowing which hints at the fate of the lovers. As you read act 4, try to find the lines from Capulet that echo or repeat Juliet's line from act 1.



Reader's Journal

If you were Juliet, secretly married to Romeo and being pressured to marry Paris by parents who threaten to disown you, what would you do?

PARIS. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
 10 That she do give her sorrow so much sway;
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears,
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society.²
 15 Now do you know the reason of this haste.
FRIAR LAWRENCE. [*Aside.*] I would³ I knew not why it should
 be slowed.—
 Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.
Enter JULIET.
PARIS. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
 20 **JULIET.** That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
PARIS. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
JULIET. What must be shall be.
FRIAR LAWRENCE. That's a certain text.
PARIS. Come you to make confession to this father?
JULIET. To answer that, I should confess to you.
 25 **PARIS.** Do not deny to him that you love me.
JULIET. I will confess to you that I love him.
PARIS. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
JULIET. If I do so, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
 30 **PARIS.** Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
JULIET. The tears have got small victory by that,
 For it was bad enough before their spite.
PARIS. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.
JULIET. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
 35 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.⁴

2. **too much . . . society.** Paris suggests that Juliet's sorrow is worse because she is alone and that she would feel better in the company of others.

3. **would.** Wish

4. **to my face.** About my own face

**words
for
everyday
use**

in • un • da • tion (in'ən dā'shən) *n.*, flood; deluge. *The inundation destroyed homes along the riverbank.*

slan • der (slan'dər) *n.*, false statement damaging another person's character or reputation. *Mr. Parker was accused of slander for assassinating Mr. Mattingly's character.*

PARIS. Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland' red it.

JULIET. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

40 FRIAR LAWRENCE. My leisure serves me, pensive⁵ daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS. God shield⁶ I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye;
Till then adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

Exit.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE. O Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains⁷ me past the compass⁸ of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue⁹ it,
50 On Thursday next be married to this County.

What "pressures" does
Friar Lawrence feel?

JULIET. Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
55 And with this knife I'll help it presently.¹⁰

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
Shall be the label¹¹ to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
60 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire,¹² arbitrating¹³ that
65 Which the commission¹⁴ of thy years and art¹⁵
Could to no issue of true honor bring.
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

What does Juliet
threaten to do if Friar
Lawrence has no remedy
for her situation?

5. **pensive.** Sad and thoughtful
6. **shield.** Forbid
7. **strains.** Forces
8. **compass.** Boundaries or borders
9. **prorogue.** Argue against or prevent
10. **presently.** At this moment

11. **label.** Seal
12. **umpire.** Umpire
13. **arbitrating.** Deciding
14. **commission.** Authority
15. **art.** Ability

**words
for
everyday
use**

res • o • lu • tion (rez 'ə lū 'shən) *n.*, expression of will or intent; determination. *Jamie made a New Year's resolution to lose ten pounds.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
 70 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If rather than to marry County Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 75 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with Death himself to scape from it;¹⁶
 And if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of any tower,
 80 Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,¹⁷
 O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky¹⁸ shanks and yellow chapless¹⁹ skulls;
 85 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble—
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

90 FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris. We'n'sday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 95 And this distilling liquor drink thou off,
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humor;²⁰ for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress,²¹ but surcease;²²
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
 100 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To wanny²³ ashes, thy eyes' windows²⁴ fall,
 Like death when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,²⁵

What does Friar
Lawrence give Juliet?
What will she use it for?

16. That cop'st . . . from it. You who would have dealings with death in order to escape the death of a marriage to one whom you do not love

17. charnel-house. House where corpses are kept

18. reeky. Reeking, smelly

19. chapless. Jawless

20. humor. Fluid

21. keep . . . progress. Occur as usual

22. surcease. Cease

23. wanny. Pale

24. windows. Lids

25. supple government. Control over movements

words
for
everyday
use

shroud (shroud) *n.*, cloth used to wrap a corpse for burial. *The deceased was buried in a black shroud.*

Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death,
 105 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
 110 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,
 Thou shall be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against²⁶ thou shalt awake,
 115 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,²⁷
 And hither shall he come, an' he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 120 If no inconstant toy,²⁸ nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valor in the acting it.

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

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

JULIET. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
 Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt.

SCENE 2: CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter FATHER CAPULET, *Mother* LADY CAPULET, NURSE, *and* SERVINGMEN, *two or three.*

CAPULET. So many guests invite as here are writ.

Exit FIRST SERVANT.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

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

5 **CAPULET.** How canst thou try them so?¹

2. SERVANT. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers² goes not with me.

26. **against.** To prepare for the moment when

27. **drift.** Intentions

28. **inconstant toy.** Change of mind

2. **lick . . . fingers.** The servant is suggesting that a good cook will be willing to taste his own cooking by licking his fingers.

ACT 4, SCENE 2

1. **try them so.** By that means tell whether they can cook

CAPULET. Go, be gone. *Exit* SECOND SERVANT.
 We shall be much unfurnish'd³ for this time.
 10 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?
 NURSE. Ay forsooth.
 CAPULET. Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.
Enter JULIET.
 NURSE. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.
 15 CAPULET. How now, my headstrong, where have you been gadding?⁴
 JULIET. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
 Of disobedient opposition
 To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
 By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here
 20 To beg your pardon. [*She kneels down.*] Pardon, I beseech you!
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
 CAPULET. Send for the County, go tell him of this.
 I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.
 JULIET. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell,
 25 And gave him what becomed⁵ love I might,
 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
 CAPULET. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, stand up.
 This is as't should be. Let me see the County;
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
 30 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.
 JULIET. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet⁶
 To help me sort such needful ornaments
 As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?
 35 LADY CAPULET. No, not till Thursday, there is time enough.
 CAPULET. Go, nurse, go with her, we'll to church tomorrow.
Exeunt JULIET and NURSE.

LADY CAPULET. We shall be short in our provision,
 'Tis now near night.
 CAPULET. Tush, I will stir about,

3. unfurnish'd. Unprepared

4. gadding. Going in a purposeless manner

5. becomed. Fitting

6. closet. Room

**words
for
everyday
use**

pee • vish (pēv'ish) *adj.*, hard to please; irritable. *Because her son was peevis*h, Mrs. Samson made him play alone in his room.
 pros • trate (prās'trāt) *adj.*, lying with the face downward in demonstration of great humility. *Marlene lay prostrate* on the floor.

40 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife;
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
I'll not to bed tonight; let me alone,
I'll play the huswife⁷ for this once. What ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare up him
45 Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Why does Capulet
rejoice?

Exeunt.

SCENE 3: CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

JULIET. Ay, those attires are best, but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons¹
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
5 Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Mother LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET. No, madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoofeful² for our state³ tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
10 And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Why does Juliet send the
Nurse away?

LADY CAPULET. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

JULIET. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
15 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
20 Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

Laying down her dagger.

25 What if it be a poison which the friar
Subtilly hath minist'red to have me dead,

7. **huswife.** Housewife
ACT 4, SCENE 3
1. **orisons.** Prayers

2. **behoofeful.** Needed
3. **state.** Ceremony

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,
 For he hath still⁴ been tried⁵ a holy man.
 30 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 35 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or if I live, is it not very like
 The horrible conceit⁶ of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 40 Where for this many hundred years the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd,
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,⁷
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud, where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort—
 45 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
 So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes⁸ torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 50 Environed with all these hideous fears,
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
 55 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink—I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.

According to Juliet, why might Friar Lawrence want to poison her?

What fears does Juliet have about awakening from her sleep in the Capulet burial vault?

4. **still.** Always
 5. **been tried.** Been shown to be
 6. **conceit.** Idea
 7. **green in earth.** Newly buried

8. **shrieks like mandrakes.** Shrieks like those made by mandrakes. The mandrake root, used in magic because of its supposed resemblance to a human being, was believed to shriek when pulled out of the ground.

**words
for
everyday
use**

re • cep • ta • cle (ri sep'tə kəl) *n.*, anything used to contain or hold something else. *The receptacle held odds and ends for the road trip.*

loath • some (lōth'səm) *adj.*, disgusting; detestable. *Bette put aside her loathsome homework assignment and watched TV.*

SCENE 4: CONTINUES IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter lady of the house LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE *with herbs.*

LADY CAPULET. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.¹

Enter old CAPULET.

CAPULET. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three a' clock.

5 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica,²
Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean,³ go,
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow
For this night's watching.⁴

10 CAPULET. No, not a whit. What, I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt⁵ in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exeunt LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

CAPULET. A jealous hood,⁶ a jealous hood!

Enter three or four SERVINGMEN *with spits and logs and baskets.*

Now, fellow, what is there?

15 1. SERVANT. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Exit FIRST SERVANT.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2. SERVANT. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

20 CAPULET. Mass, and well said, a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.⁷ Good faith, 'tis day. *Exit* SECOND SERVANT.

The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. [*Play music within.*] I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What ho! What, nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE.

25 Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridegroom he is come already,
Make haste, I say.

Exit.

ACT 4, SCENE 4

1. **pastry.** Pastry-room
2. **Angelica.** The Nurse
3. **cot-quean.** Male housekeeper
4. **watching.** Wakefulness

5. **mouse-hunt.** Mouse-hunter; one who is up all night, like a cat
6. **jealous hood.** Jealous person
7. **logger-head.** Blockhead

SCENE 5: CONTINUES IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

NURSE. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!—Fast,¹ I warrant her, she.—
 Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweet heart! why, bride!
 What, not a word? You take your pennyworths² now;
 5 Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
 The County Paris hath set up his rest
 That you shall rest but little. God forgive me!
 Marry and amen! How sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
 10 Ay, let the County take you in your bed,
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be? *Draws back the curtains.*
 What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down again?
 I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
 15 O, weraday, that ever I was born!
 Some aqua-vitae ho! My lord! my lady!

What does the Nurse find?

Enter Mother, LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET. What noise is here?

NURSE. O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET. What is the matter?

NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET. O me, O me, my child, my only life!
 20 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
 Help, help! Call help.

Enter Father CAPULET.

CAPULET. For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

NURSE. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead, alack the day!

LADY CAPULET. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

25 CAPULET. Hah, let me see her. Out alas, she's cold,
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 Life and these lips have long been separated.
 Death lies on her like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE. O lamentable day!

30 LADY CAPULET. O woeful time!

ACT 4, SCENE 5

2. pennyworths. Small amounts (of sleep)

1. Fast. Fast asleep

**words
for
everyday
use**

lam • en • ta • ble (lam ən 'tə bəl) *adj.*, grievous; deplorable; distressing. *The argument between Bill and Larry was lamentable, and it upset them both.*

CAPULET. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and the COUNTY PARIS with the MUSICIANS.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET. Ready to go, but never to return.—

35 O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
40 And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
45 In lasting labor of his pilgrimage:³
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd⁴ it from my sight!

NURSE. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
50 Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woeful day, O woeful day!

55 **PARIS.** Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love, O life! not life, but love in death!

CAPULET. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
60 Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?⁵
O child, O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried.

65 **FRIAR LAWRENCE.** Peace ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

3. Most miserable . . . pilgrimage. The worst hour since the beginning of time

4. catch'd. Stolen, taken

5. solemnity. Festivity, ceremony

**words
for
everyday
use**

pil • grim • age (pil'grim ij) *n.*, long journey. *The parishioners made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, France.*

Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid.
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
 70 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was her promotion,
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd,
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 75 O, in this love, you love your child so ill
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
 She's not well married that lives married long,
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary⁶
 80 On this fair corse, and as the custom is,
 And in her best array, bear her to church;
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.⁷

How does Friar Lawrence attempt to console Capulet?

CAPULET. All things that we ordained festival,
 85 Turn from their office⁸ to black funeral:
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;⁹
 90 And all things change them to the contrary.

What does the planned wedding become?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him;
 And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
 The heavens do low'r upon you for some ill;
 95 Move them no more by crossing¹⁰ their high will.

They all, but the NURSE and the MUSICIANS, go forth, casting rosemary on her, and shutting the curtains.

1. MUSICIAN. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
 For well you know this is a pitiful case.

Exit.

1. MUSICIAN. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.¹¹

Enter PETER.

6. **rosemary.** Herb associated with remembrance

7. **nature's . . . merriment.** Human nature weeps at things that reason considers joyful.

8. **office.** Purpose or function

9. **corse.** Corpse, dead body

10. **crossing.** Going against, challenging

11. **amended.** Mended, fixed, repaired

**words
for
everyday
use**

la • ment (lə ment ') vi., feel deep sorrow. *The townspeople lamented when two of its young men died in battle.*

100 PETER. Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's ease," "Heart's ease"!¹² O, and you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."
 1. MUSICIAN. Why "Heart's ease"?
 PETER. O musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full." O, play me some merry dump¹³ to comfort me.

105 1. MUSICIAN. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
 PETER. You will not then?
 1. MUSICIAN. No.
 PETER. I will then give it you soundly.
 1. MUSICIAN. What will you give us?

110 PETER. No money, on my faith, but the gleek;¹⁴ I will give you the minstrel.¹⁵
 1. MUSICIAN. Then will I give you the serving-creature.
 PETER. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate.¹⁶ I will carry no crotchets,¹⁷ I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you.¹⁸ Do you note¹⁹ me?
 1. MUSICIAN. And²⁰ you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.²¹

115 2. MUSICIAN. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out²² your wit.
 PETER. Then have at you with my wit! I will drybeat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:
 "When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 120 Then music with her silver sound"—
 why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"?
 What say you, Simon Catling?

1. MUSICIAN. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
 PETER. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

125 2. MUSICIAN. I say, "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.
 PETER. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?
 3. MUSICIAN. Faith, I know not what to say.
 PETER. O, I cry you mercy,²³ you are the singer; I will say for you; it is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:

130 "Then music with her silver sound
 With speedy help doth lend redress." *Exit.*

1. MUSICIAN. What a pestilent knave is this same!
 2. MUSICIAN. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay²⁴ dinner. *Exeunt.*

12. "Heart's ease." Title of a popular ballad

13. dump. Song

14. gleek. Jest, insult

15. give . . . minstrel. Call you names

16. pate. Head

17. carry no crotchets. Pun meaning both "sing no quarternotes" and "endure no gibes"

18. I'll *re* . . . you. Pun meaning both "I'll sing the

notes *re* and *fa* to you" and "I'll mess you up and clean you up," from *ray*, "to befoul," and *fa*y, "to clean up"

19. note. Hear, listen to

20. And. If

21. note us. Set us to music

22. put out. Bring out

23. cry you mercy. Beg your pardon

24. stay. Wait for