ACT 4, SCENE 1

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and 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.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
You say you do not know the lady's mind.
UNEVEN is the course. I like it not.
PARIS
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastens our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears—
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
(aside) I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET

JULIET
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS
Happily met, my lady and my wife.

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.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
On Thursday, sir? That's very soon.
PARIS
That's how my future father-in-law Capulet wants it, and I'm not dragging my feet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
You say you don't know what the girl thinks. That's a rocky road to be riding. I don't like it.
PARIS
She's grieving too much over the death of Tybalt. So I haven't had the chance to talk to her about love. Romantic love doesn't happen when people are in mourning. Now, sir, her father thinks it's dangerous that she allows herself to become so sad. He's being smart by rushing our marriage to stop her from crying. She cries too much by herself. If she had someone to be with her, she would stop crying. Now you know the reason for the rush.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
(to himself) I wish I didn't know the reason why the marriage should be slowed down.
Look, sir, here comes the lady walking toward my cell.

PARIS
I'm happy to meet you, my lady and my wife.

JULIET
That might be the case sir, after I'm married.

PARIS
That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday.

JULIET
What must be will be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
That is a certain truth.
PARIS
Come you to make confession to this Father?

JULIET
To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS
Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET
I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS
If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

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,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered 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?

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

PARIS
God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.
(kisses her) Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.
Romeo and Juliet Act 4

**JULIET**

45 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 strains me past the compass of my wits.  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

**JULIET**

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
*(shows him a knife)*

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands.  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore out of thy long-experienced time,  
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
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.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

70 Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Romeo and Juliet Act 4

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it.
An if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

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

JULIET
Oh, you can tell me to jump off the battle posts of any tower, or to walk down the crime-ridden streets of a slum. Or tell me to sit in a field full of poisonous snakes. Chain me up with wild bears. Hide me every night in a morgue full of dead bodies with wet, smelly flesh and skulls without jawbones. Or tell me to climb down into a freshly dug grave, and hide me with a dead man in his tomb. All those ideas make me tremble when I hear them named. But I will do them without fear or dread in order to be a pure wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
(shows her a vial)
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death from shame. And if you dare to do it, I'll give you the solution.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold on, then. Go home, be cheerful, and tell them you agree to marry Paris. Tomorrow is Wednesday. Tomorrow night make sure that you are alone. Don't let the Nurse stay with you in your bedroom. (showing her a vial) When you're in bed, take this vial, mix its contents with liquor, and drink. Then a cold, sleep-inducing drug will run through your veins, and your pulse will stop. Your flesh will be cold, and you'll stop breathing. The red in your lips and your cheeks will turn pale, and your eyes will shut. It will seem like you're dead. You won't be able to move, and your body will be stiff like a corpse. You'll remain in this deathlike state for forty-two hours, and then you'll wake up as if from a pleasant sleep. Now, when the bridegroom comes to get you out of bed on Thursday morning, you'll seem dead. Then, as tradition demands, you'll be dressed up in your best clothes, put in an open coffin, and carried to the Capulet family tomb. Meanwhile, I'll send Romeo word of our plan. He'll come here, and we'll keep a watch for when you
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come, and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

**JULIET**  
Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!  
**FRIAR LAWRENCE**  
(gives her a vial)  
Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.  
**JULIET**  
Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear Father.

**JULIET**  
Give me the vial. Give it to me! Don't talk to me about fear.  
**FRIAR LAWRENCE**  
(giving her the vial) Now go along on your way. Be strong and successful in this decision. I'll send a friar quickly to Mantua with my letter for Romeo.  

**JULIET**  
Love will give me strength, and strength will help me accomplish this plan. Goodbye, dear Father.  

*Exeunt, separately*
SCENE 2

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and two or three SERVINGMEN

CAPULET
(gives paper to FIRST SERVINGMAN) So many guests invite as here are writ.

Exit FIRST SERVINGMAN
(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

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

CAPULET
How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVINGMAN
Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET
Go, be gone. We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

Exit SECOND SERVINGMAN
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-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET

JULIET enters.

CAPULET enters with LADY CAPULET, the NURSE, and two or three SERVINGMEN.

CAPULET
(giving the FIRST SERVINGMAN a piece of paper) Invite all the guests on this list.

The FIRST SERVINGMAN exits.
(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Boy, go hire twenty skilled cooks.

SECOND SERVINGMAN
You won't get any bad cooks from me. I'll test them by making them lick their fingers.

CAPULET
How can you test them like that?

SECOND SERVINGMAN
Easy, sir. It's a bad cook who can't lick his own fingers. So the cooks who can't lick their fingers aren't hired.

CAPULET
Go, get out of here.

The SECOND SERVINGMAN exits.

We're unprepared for this wedding celebration. (to the NURSE) What, has my daughter gone to see Friar Lawrence?

NURSE
Yes, that's true.

CAPULET
Well, there's a chance he may do her some good. She's a stubborn little brat.

JULIET enters.

NURSE
Look, she's come home from confession with a happy look on her face.

CAPULET
So, my headstrong daughter, where have you been?

JULIET
I went somewhere where I learned that being disobedient to
Romeo and Juliet Act 4

15 Of disobedient opposition
   To you and your behests, and am enjoined
   By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here
   To beg your pardon. (falls to her knees)
   Pardon, I beseech you!
20 Henceforward I am ever ruled 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,
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET
Why, I am glad on 't. This is well. Stand up.

JULIET stands up
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county.
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar!

Our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET
Go, Nurse. Go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

LADY CAPULET
We shall be short in our provision.
'Tis now near night.

CAPULET
Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

JULIET
I met the young man at Lawrence's cell. I treated him with the proper love, as well as I could, while still being modest.

CAPULET
Send for the Count. Go tell him about this. I'll make this wedding happen tomorrow morning.

JULIET
Nurse, will you come with me to my closet and help me pick out the clothes and the jewelry I'll need to wear tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
No, not until Thursday. There's plenty of time.

CAPULET
Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll have the wedding at the church tomorrow.

LADY CAPULET
Our supplies will be short for the party. It's already almost night.

CAPULET
Don't worry, I will set things in motion. And everything will be alright, I promise you, wife. You should go to Juliet and dress...
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
I'll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.
I'll play the housewife for this once.

—What, ho?
They are all forth?—Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

LADY CAPULET exits.

Hey! What? They're all gone? Well, I will walk by myself to
Count Paris to get him ready for tomorrow. My heart is
wonderfully happy because this troubled girl has been taken
back and now will be married.

CAPULET exits.
SCENE 3

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 orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter **LADY CAPULET**

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

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

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

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

Come, vial. *(holds out the 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.
*(she lays down the knife)*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is. And yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There’s a fearful point.
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—?
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—?
Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environèd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefather’s 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 desperate brains?
Oh, 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.

Romeo comes to save me? That’s a frightening idea. Won’t I suffocate in the tomb? There’s no healthy air to breathe in there. Will I die of suffocation before Romeo comes? Or if I live, I’ll be surrounded by death and darkness. It will be terrible. There will be bones hundreds of years old in that tomb, my ancestors’ bones. Tybalt’s body will be in there, freshly entombed, and his corpse will be rotting. They say that during the night the spirits are in tombs. Oh no, oh no. I’ll wake up and smell awful odors. I’ll hear screams that would drive people crazy.

If I wake up too early, won’t I go insane with all these horrible, frightening things around me, start playing with my ancestors’ bones, and pull Tybalt’s corpse out of his death shroud? Will I grab one of my dead ancestor’s bones and bash in my own skull? Oh, look! I think I see my cousin Tybalt’s ghost. He’s looking for Romeo because Romeo killed him with his sword. Wait, Tybalt, wait! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here’s a drink. I drink to you.

She drinks and falls down on the bed, hidden by the bed curtains.
SCENE 4

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE

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

NURSE
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET

CAPULET
Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed.
The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.—

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for the cost.

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

CAPULET
No, not a whit, what. I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

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

Exit LADY CAPULET and NURSE

CAPULET
A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Enter three or four SERVINGMEN with spits and logs and baskets

Now, fellow,

What is there?

FIRST SERVINGMAN
Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET
Make haste, make haste, sirrah.

Exit FIRST SERVINGMAN

(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Fetch drier logs.
Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

LADY CAPULET and the NURSE enter.

LADY CAPULET
Wait. Take these keys and get more spices, Nurse.

NURSE
They're calling for dates and quinces in the pastry kitchen.

CAPULET enters.

CAPULET
Come on, wake up, wake up, wake up! The second cock crowed.
The curfew-bell rang. It's three o'clock. Go get the baked meats, good Angelica. Don't worry about the cost.

NURSE
Go, you old housewife, go. Go to bed, dear. You'll be sick tomorrow because you've stayed up all night.

CAPULET
No, not at all. What? I've stayed up all night many times before for less important matters, and I've never gotten sick.

LADY CAPULET
Yes, you've been a ladies' man in your time. But I'll make sure you don't stay up any later now.

Exit LADY CAPULET and the NURSE.

CAPULET
A jealous woman, a jealous woman!

Three or four SERVINGMEN enter with spits, logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow, what have you got there?

FIRST SERVINGMAN
Things for the cook, sir. But I don't know what they are.

CAPULET
Hurry up, hurry up.

The FIRST SERVINGMAN exits.

(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) You, fetch logs that are drier than these. Call Peter, he'll show you where they are.
SECOND SERVINGMAN
I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.
Exit SECOND SERVINGMAN

CAPULET
Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day.
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.—
Music plays within

Nurse! Wife! What, ho? What, Nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE

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.
Exeunt

NURSE
Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, 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 pennworths now.
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 must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed.
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
(opens the bed curtains)
What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!—
Oh, welladay, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!

SECOND SERVINGMAN
I'm smart enough to find the logs myself without bothering
Peter.
The SECOND SERVINGMAN exits.

CAPULET
Right, and well said. That guy's funny. He's got a head full of
logs. Goodness, it's daylight. The count will be here soon with
music. At least he said he would. I hear him coming near.
Music plays offstage.

Nurse! Wife! What? Hey, Nurse!
The Nurse returns.

Go wake Juliet. Go and get her dressed. I'll go and chat with
Paris. Hey, hurry up, hurry up! The bridegroom is already here.
Hurry up, I say.

They exit.

NURSE
Mistress! Hey, mistress! Juliet! I bet she's fast asleep. Hey,
lamb! Hey, lady! Hey, you lazy bones! Hey, love, I say! Madam!
Sweetheart! Hey, bride! What, you don't say a word? You take
your beauty sleep now. Get yourself a week's worth of sleep.
Tomorrow night, I bet, Count Paris won't let you get much rest.
God forgive me. Alright, and amen. How sound asleep she is! I
must wake her up. Madam, madam, madam! Yes, let the count
take you in your bed. He'll wake you up, I bet. Won't he?
(she opens the bed curtains) What? You're still dressed in all
your clothes. But you're still asleep. I must wake you up. Lady!
Lady! Lady! Oh no, oh no! Help, help! My lady's dead! Oh
curse the day that I was born! Ho! Get me some brandy! My
lord! My lady!

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LADY CAPULET
What noise is here?

NURSE
O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET
What is the matter?

NURSE
Look, look. O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET
Enter CAPULET
For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.

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

LADY CAPULET
Enter LADY CAPULET
What's all the noise in here?

NURSE
Oh, sad day!

LADY CAPULET
What is the matter?

NURSE
Look, look! Oh, what a sad day!

LADY CAPULET
Enter CAPULET
Oh my, Oh my! My child, my reason for living, wake up, look up, or I'll die with you! Help, help! Call for help.

CAPULET
For shame, bring Juliet out here. Her bridegroom is here.

NURSE
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

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

CAPULET
Ha? 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

LADY CAPULET
20
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

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

CAPULET
Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, County PARIS, and MUSICIANS
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

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

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

NURSE
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

LADY CAPULET
Enter LADY CAPULET
What's all the noise in here?

NURSE
Oh, sad day!

LADY CAPULET
What is the matter?

NURSE
Look, look! Oh, what a sad day!

LADY CAPULET
Enter CAPULET
Oh my, Oh my! My child, my reason for living, wake up, look up, or I'll die with you! Help, help! Call for help.

CAPULET
For shame, bring Juliet out here. Her bridegroom is here.

NURSE
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

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

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

CAPULET
Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, County PARIS, and MUSICIANS
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
CAPULET
35 Ready to go, but never to return.
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.
40 My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
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
Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e’er time saw
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catched it from my sight!
NURSE
50 O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
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.
PARIS
Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death.
CAPULET
Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
65 And with my child my joys are buried.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.

70 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced.
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

75 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
Oh, 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.

80 Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church.
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

**CAPULET**

85 All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast.
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,

90 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

**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.

95 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR*
LAWRENCE exit.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Well, we can put away our pipes and go home.

NURSE
Honest good boys, ah, put 'em away, put 'em away. As you know, this is a sad case.

First NURSE exits.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Yes, well, things could get better.

PETER enters.

PETER
Musicians, O musicians, “Heart’s Ease,” “Heart’s Ease.” O, an you will have me live, play “Heart’s Ease.”

FIRST MUSICIAN
Why “Heart’s ease”?

PETER
O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My Heart is Full.” O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Not a dump, we. ’Tis no time to play now.

PETER
You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN
No.

PETER
I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN
What will you give us?

PETER
No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Then I will give you the serving creature.

PETER
Then will I lay the serving creature’s dagger on your pate. I will
carry no crotchets. I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me?

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

An you re us and fa us, you note us.

**SECOND MUSICIAN**

Pray you, put up your dagger and put out your wit.

**PETER**

Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men.

(sings)

When gripping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—

(speaks) Why “silver sound”? Why “music with her silver sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

**PETER**

Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

**SECOND MUSICIAN**

I say, “silver sound” because musicians sound for silver.

**PETER**

Prates too.—What say you, James Soundpost?

**THIRD MUSICIAN**

Faith, I know not what to say.

**PETER**

Oh, I cry you mercy, you are the singer. I will say for you. It is “music with her silver sound” because musicians have no gold for sounding.

(sings)

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

What a pestilent knave is this same!

knife. I won’t mess around. I’ll make you sing. Do you hear me?

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

If you make us sing, you’ll hear us.

**SECOND MUSICIAN**

Please, put down your knife and stop kidding around.

**PETER**

So you don’t like my kidding around! I’ll kid you to death, and then I’ll put down my knife. Answer me like men.

(sings)

When sadness wounds your heart,
And pain takes over your mind,
Then music with her silver sound—

(speaks) Why the line “silver sound”? What do they mean, “music with her silver sound”? What do you say, Simon Catling?

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Well, sir, because silver has a sweet sound.

**PETER**

That’s a stupid answer! What do you say, Hugh Rebeck?

**SECOND MUSICIAN**

I say “silver sound,” because musicians play to earn silver.

**PETER**

Another stupid answer! What do you say, James Soundpost?

**THIRD MUSICIAN**

Well, I don’t know what to say.

**PETER**

Oh, I beg your pardon. You’re the singer. I’ll answer for you. It is “music with her silver sound,” because musicians have no gold to use to make sounds.

(sings)

Then music with her silver sound
makes you feel just fine.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

What an annoying man, this guy is!

**PETER**

**Exit**
SECOND MUSICIAN
Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners and stay dinner.

SECOND MUSICIAN
Forget about him, Jack! Come, we'll go in there. We'll wait for the mourners and stay for dinner.

Exeunt

The MUSICIANS exit.