

Romeo and Juliet

3.5

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft [with the ladder of cords]

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fear-full hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yon pom'granate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5

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

JULIET

Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhaled
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua. 15
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,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day. 25

JULIET

It is, it is. Hie hence, be gone, away.
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us. 30

Some say the lark and loatheÁd toad changed eyes.
O, now I would they had changed voices, too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

35

ROMEO

More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

Enter the Nurse [hastily]

NURSE Madam.

JULIET Nurse.

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

40

Exit

JULIET

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

[He lets down the ladder of cords and goes down]

JULIET

Art thou gone so, love, lord, my husband, friend?

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

45

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO Farewell.

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

50

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 soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,

55

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

Exit

JULIET *[pulling up the ladder and weeping]*

O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

60

Enter Capulet's Wife [below]

CAPULET'S WIFE Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET

Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

65

[She goes down and enters below]

CAPULET'S WIFE

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET Madam, I am not well.

CAPULET'S WIFE

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? 70
An 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.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

CAPULET'S WIFE

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

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

CAPULET'S WIFE

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

JULIET

What villain, madam?

CAPULET'S WIFE That same villain Romeo. 80

JULIET *(aside)*

Villain and he be many miles asunder.
(To her mother) God pardon him±±I do, with all my
heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

CAPULET'S WIFE

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

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

85

CAPULET'S WIFE

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

90

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him, dead,
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named and cannot come to him
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

95

100

CAPULET'S WIFE

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

105

CAPULET'S WIFE

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

110

JULIET

Madam, in happy time. What day is that?

CAPULET'S WIFE

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman
The County Paris at Saint Peter's Church
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

115

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.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 120
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.

Enter Capulet and the Nurse

CAPULET'S WIFE

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands. 125

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body 130
Thou counterfeit'st a barque, a sea, a wind,
For still thy eyes±±which I may call the sea±±
Do ebb and flow with tears. The barque thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them, 135
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.±±How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

CAPULET'S WIFE

Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave. 140

CAPULET

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

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful 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±±chopped logic? What is this?
`Proud', and `I thank you', and `I thank you not', 150
And yet `not proud'? Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 155
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage,
You tallow-face!

CAPULET'S WIFE Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

JULIET (*kneeling*)

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

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch! 160
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

[Juliet rises]

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child, 165
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 her so.

CAPULET

And why, my lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue, 170
Good Prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go!

NURSE

I speak no treason.

[CAPULET] O, God-i'-good-e'en!

[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.

CAPULET'S WIFE You are too hot. 175

CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad. Day, night; work, play;

Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly lined, 180
Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man±±
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining maumet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer `I'll not wed, I cannot love; 185
I am too young, I pray you pardon me!
But an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't. I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart. Advise. 190
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn. 195

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;
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed 200
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

CAPULET'S WIFE

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?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven. 205
How shall that faith return again to earth
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself! 210
What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE Faith, here it is: Romeo
Is banished, and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth. 215
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye 220
As Paris hath. Beshrew 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
As living hence and you no use of him. 225

JULIET Speak'st thou from thy heart?

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

JULIET Amen.

NURSE What?

JULIET
Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much. 230
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell
To make confession and to be absolved.

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

[Exit]

JULIET (*watching her go*)
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend! 235
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. 240
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit