

Romeo and Juliet

3.2

Enter Juliet

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 5
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalked 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 night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle till strange love grown bold 15
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo; come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night, 20
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
And pay no worship to the garish sun. 25
O, I have bought the mansion of a love
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them.

*Enter the Nurse, [wringing her hands,] with the
ladder of cords [in her lap]*

O, here comes my

Nurse,

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?

NURSE *[putting down the cords]* Ay, ay, the cords. 35

JULIET

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

NURSE

Ah, welladay! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.
Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can, 40
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 roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but `Ay', 45
And that bare vowel `I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I if there be such an `Ay',
Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer `Ay'.
If he be slain, say `Ay'; or if not, `No'. 50
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the mark, here on his manly breast±±
A piteous corpse, a bloody, piteous corpse±±
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood, 55
All in gore blood; I swooneÁd at the sight.

JULIET

O, break, my heart, poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty.
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

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?
Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead? 65
My dearest cousin and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,
For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished.
Romeo that killed him—he is banished. 70

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 face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical! 75
Dove-feathered raven, wolvis-ravens lamb!
Despise substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st
A damned saint, an honourable villain.
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell 80
When thou didst bower 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 perjured, all forsworn, all naught, dissemblers all.
Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue 90
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him! 95

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed 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?

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100

That villain cousin would have killed my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; 105

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me. I would forget it fain,

But O, it presses to my memory 110

Like damneÁd guilty deeds to sinners' minds!

`Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banisheÁd.'

That `banisheÁd', that one word `banisheÁd'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there; 115

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship

And needly will be ranked with other griefs,

Why followed not, when she said `Tybalt's dead',

`Thy father', or `thy mother', nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have moved? 120

But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,

`Romeo is banisheÁd'±±to speak that word

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. `Romeo is banisheÁd'±±

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 125

In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.

Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears; mine shall be spent 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widow. 135
Come, cords; come, Nurse; I'll to my wedding bed,
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE *(taking up the cords)*
Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. 140
I'll to him. He is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET *(giving her a ring)*
O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
Exeunt [severally]