

Romeo and Juliet

1.5

[Peter] and other Servingmen come forth with napkins

[PETER] Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher!

FIRST SERVINGMAN When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul
thing. 5

[PETER] Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece
of marzipan, and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in
Susan Grindstone and Nell. Anthony and Potpan!

SECOND SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready. 10

[PETER] You are looked for and called for, asked for and
sought for, in the great chamber.

[FIRST] SERVINGMAN We cannot be here and there too.
Cheerly, boys! Be brisk a while, and the longest liver
take all. 15

*[They come and go, setting forth tables and chairs]
Enter [Musicians, then] at one door Capulet, [his
Wife,] his Cousin, Juliet, [the Nurse,] Tybalt, his
page, Petruccio, and all the guests and gentlewomen;
at another door, the masquers: [Romeo, Benvolio and
Mercutio]*

CAPULET *(to the masquers)*

Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.
Aha, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near ye now? 20
Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen. Come, musicians, play. 25

*Music plays, and the masquers, guests, and
gentlewomen dance. [Romeo stands apart]*

A hall, a hall! Give room, and foot it, girls.

(*To Servingmen*) More light, you knaves, and turn the
tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

(*To his Cousin*) Ah sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes
well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, 30

For you and I are past our dancing days.

[*Capulet and his Cousin sit*]

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a masque?

CAPULET'S COUSIN By'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, 35

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years; and then we masqued.

CAPULET'S COUSIN

'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir.

His son is thirty.

CAPULET Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago. 40

ROMEO (*to a Servingman*)

What lady's that which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear±± 45

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blesseÁd my rude hand. 50

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy.

[Exit page]

What, dares the

slave

Come hither, covered with an antic face, 55
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET *[standing]*

Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe, 60
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo, is it?

TYBALT 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
A bears him like a portly gentleman, 65
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him. 70
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

CAPULET He shall be endured. 75

What, Goodman boy, I say he shall. Go to,
Am I the master here or you? Go to±±
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul.
You'll make a mutiny among my guests,
You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man! 80

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what,
You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time±±

*[A dance ends. Juliet retires to her place of stand,
where Romeo awaits her]*

(To the guests) Well said, my hearts! *(To Tybalt)* You

are

a princex, go.

85

Be quiet, or±± *(to Servingmen)* more light, more light!±±

(to Tybalt) for shame,

I'll make you quiet. *(To the guests)* What, cheerly, my
hearts!

[The music plays again, and the guests dance]

TYBALT

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall.

90

Exit

ROMEO *(to Juliet, touching her hand)*

If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentler sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

95

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this.
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers, too?

100

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

105

He kisses her

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

He kisses her

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

110

[Juliet departs to her mother]

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

115

Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO *(aside)* Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO

Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.

120

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

[They whisper in his ear]

Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

(To his Cousin) Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late. 125

I'll to my rest.

Exeunt Capulet, [his Wife,] and his Cousin. The
guests, gentlewomen, masquers, musicians, and
servingmen begin to leave

JULIET

Come hither, Nurse. What is yon gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruccio. 130

JULIET

What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name.

The Nurse goes

If he be marrieÁd,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE *(returning)*

His name is Romeo, and a Montague, 135
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET *[aside]*

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loatheÁd enemy. 140

NURSE

What's tis? what's tis?

JULIET A rhyme I learnt even now
Of one I danced withal.

One calls within `Juliet!'

NURSE

Anon, anon.

Come, let's away. The strangers all are gone.

Exeunt