

Romeo and Juliet

4.4

Enter Capulet's Wife, and the Nurse [with herbs]

CAPULET'S WIFE

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.

5

Spare not for 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. 10

CAPULET'S WIFE

Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exeunt Capulet's Wife 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.

Exit First Servingman [and one or two others]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

15

Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs

And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET

Mass, and well said! A merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.

Exit Second Servingman

Good faith, 'tis day.

20

The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would.

Music plays within

I hear him near.

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

Enter the Nurse

Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up.

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

25

Make haste, the bridegroom he is come already.

Make haste, I say.

Exit

NURSE

Mistress, what, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she.

Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slug-abed!

Why, love, I say, madam, sweetheart, why, bride!

30

What, not a word? You take your pennyworths 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!

35

I needs must 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?

[She draws back the curtains]

What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?

I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!

40

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead.

O welladay, that ever I was born!

Some aqua-vitae, ho! My lord, my lady!

Enter Capulet's Wife

CAPULET'S WIFE

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

CAPULET'S WIFE

What is the matter?

NURSE Look, look. O heavy day! 45

CAPULET'S WIFE

O me, O me, my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.

Help, help, call help!

Enter Capulet

CAPULET

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

NURSE

She's dead, deceased. She's dead, alack the day! 50

CAPULET'S WIFE

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 55

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

CAPULET'S WIFE O woeful time!

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church? 60

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.

(To Paris) O son, the night before thy wedding day

Hath death lain with thy wife. See, there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowere'd by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir. 65

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leave him all. Life, living, all is death's.

[Paris, Capulet and his Wife, and the Nurse all at once wring their hands and cry out together:]

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?
Beguiled, divorce'd, wrong'd, spited, slain! 70
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown.
O love, O life: not life, but love in death.

CAPULET'S WIFE

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw 75
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
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

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day! 80
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! 85

CAPULET

Despised, distresse'd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st 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, 90
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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. 95
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 100
Above the clouds as high as heaven itself?
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. 105
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corpse, and, as the custom is,
All in her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment. 110

CAPULET

All things that we ordaineÁd 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; 115
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Sir, go you in; and madam, go with him,
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave. 120
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.
[They cast rosemary on Juliet, and shut the curtains.]
Exeunt all but the Nurse and Musicians

[FIRST] MUSICIAN Faith, we may put up our pipes and be
gone.

NURSE

Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up, 125
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

[FIRST] MUSICIAN

Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Exit Nurse

Enter Peter

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'? 130

PETER O, musicians, because my heart itself plays `My heart
is full of woe'. O, play me some merry dump to comfort
me.

[FIRST] MUSICIAN Not a dump, we. 'Tis no time to play
now. 135

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 glee. I will give 140
you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PETER (*drawing his dagger*) Then will I lay the serving-
creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crochets.
I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me? 145

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 150
me like men.

[*Sings*]

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound±±
Why `silver sound', why `music with her silver sound'? 155
What say you, Matthew Minikin?

FIRST MUSICIAN Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet
sound.

PETER Prates! What say you, Hugh Rebec?

SECOND MUSICIAN I say `silver sound' because musicians 160
sound for silver.

PETER Prates too! What say you, Simon Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER O, I cry you mercy, you are the singer. I will say
for you. It is `music with her silver sound' because 165
musicians have no gold for sounding.

[*Sings*]

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

Exit

FIRST MUSICIAN What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN Hang him, jack! Come, we'll in here, 170
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt