

Romeo and Juliet

1.1

*Enter Samson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet,
with swords and bucklers*

SAMSON Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMSON I mean an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

SAMSON I strike quickly, being moved. 5

GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand,
therefore if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMSON A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I 10
will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest
goes to the wall.

SAMSON 'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker
vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will 15
push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his
maids to the wall.

GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their
men.

SAMSON 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant: when I 20
have fought with the men I will be civil with the
maids±±I will cut off their heads.

GREGORY The heads of the maids?

SAMSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads,
take it in what sense thou wilt. 25

GREGORY They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and
'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY 'Tis well thou art not fish. If thou hadst, thou
hadst been poor-john. 30

*Enter Abraham and another servingman of the
Montagues*

Draw thy tool. Here comes of the house of Montagues.

SAMSON My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back

thee.

GREGORY How±±turn thy back and run?

SAMSON Fear me not. 35

GREGORY No, marry±±I fear thee!

SAMSON Let us take the law of our side. Let them begin.

GREGORY I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it
as they list.

SAMSON Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, 40
which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

He bites his thumb

ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMSON I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMSON (to Gregory) Is the law of our side if I say `Ay'? 45

GREGORY No.

SAMSON (to Abraham) No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at
you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY (to Abraham) Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir. 50

SAMSON But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good
a man as you.

ABRAHAM No better.

SAMSON Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio

GREGORY Say `better'. Here comes one of my master's 55
kinsmen.

SAMSON (to Abraham) Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM You lie.

SAMSON Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy
washing blow. 60

They draw and fight

BENVOLIO (drawing) Part, fools. Put up your swords. You
know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt

TYBALT (drawing)

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio. Look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, 65
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward.

*They fight. Enter three or four Citizens [of the
watch], with clubs or partisans*

[CITIZENS OF THE WATCH]

Clubs, bills and partisans! Strike! Beat them down! 70
Down with the Capulets. Down with the Montagues.
Enter Capulet in his gown, and his Wife

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

CAPULET'S WIFE

A crutch, a crutch±±why call you for a sword?
*Enter Montague [with his sword drawn], and his
Wife*

CAPULET

My sword, I say. Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me. 75

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!
[His Wife holds him back]

Hold me not, let me go.

MONTAGUE'S WIFE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.
*[The Citizens of the watch attempt to part
the factions.]*
Enter Prince Escalus with his train

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel±±
Will they not hear? What ho, you men, you beasts, 80
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moveÁd Prince. 85
*[Montague, Capulet, and their followers throw down
their weapons]*

Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments 90
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away. 95
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon
To know our farther pleasure in this case
To old Freetown, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 100
*Exeunt all but Montague,
his Wife, and Benvolio*

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew: were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came 105
The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, 110
Came more and more, and fought on part and part
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

MONTAGUE'S WIFE

O where is Romeo±±saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun 115
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son. 120
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,

And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own±±
Which then most sought where most might not be
found,
Being one too many by my weary self±± 125
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs. 130
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself, 135
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause? 140

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends,
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself±±I will not say how true, 145
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. 150
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo

BENVOLIO

See where he comes. So please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

155

Exeunt Montague and his Wife

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

160

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO In love.

ROMEO Out.

BENVOLIO Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour where I am in love.

165

BENVOLIO

Alas that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will.
Where shall we dine? *[Seeing blood]* O me! What fray
was here?

170

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create;
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

175

BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.

180

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO Why, such is love's transgression.
 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
 Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed
 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown 185
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs,
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes,
 Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.
 What is it else? A madness most discreet, 190
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO Soft, I will go along;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO
 Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.
 This is not Romeo; he's some other where. 195

BENVOLIO
 Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO
 Groan? Why no; but sadly tell me who.

ROMEO
 Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,
 A word ill urged to one that is so ill. 200
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO
 I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO
 A right good markman; and she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO
 A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO
 Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit 205
 With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,
 And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes, 210
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste; 215

For beauty starved with her severity

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair.

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow 220

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way 225

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. 230

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve but as a note

Where I may read who passed that passing fair?

Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. 235

Exeunt