THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
William Shakespeare

ORIGINAL TEXT VERSION

Script Adaptation: John McDonald
Character Designs & Original Artwork: Will Volley
Coloring: Jim Devlin
Lettering: Jim Campbell
Design & Layout: Jo Wheeler & Jenny Placentino

Associate Editor: Joe Sutliff Sanders
Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant
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**Romeo & Juliet**

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Dramatis Personæ

Romeo
Son to Montague

Lord Montague
Head of the Montague house (a Veronese family), at feud with the Capulet family

Chorus
Introduces the first two acts of the play

Lady Montague
Wife to Montague

Benvolio
Nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo and Mercutio

Balbasar
Servant to Romeo

Abraham
Servant to Montague

Escalus
Prince of Verona

Mercutio
Kinsman to Escalus, Prince of Verona, and friend to Romeo and Benvolio

Paris
A young nobleman, kinsman to Escalus, Prince of Verona
Juliet
Daughter to Capulet

Lord Capulet
Head of the Capulet house
(a Veronese family), at feud
with the Montague family

Lady Capulet
Wife to Capulet

Tybalt
Nephew to Lady Capulet

Nurse
A Capulet servant and Juliet’s
foster-mother

Peter
A Capulet servant to Juliet’s nurse

Sampson
Servant to Capulet

Gregory
Servant to Capulet

Friar Laurence
A monk of the Franciscan Order

Friar John
A monk of the Franciscan Order
A Note on Pronunciation

As you go through this Original Text version, you will notice how some words that usually end in "-ed" are written "-id" whereas others are written out in full.

Shakespeare wrote much of his plays in verse, where the rhythm of the speech formed strings of "iambic pentameters", each line being five pairs of syllables, with the second syllable in each pair being the most dominant in the rhythm.

To help with enunciation and voice projection in early cheaters, words that ended with "-ed" had that last syllable accented — unless to do so would have spoiled the iambic rhythm, in which case it was spoken just as we say the word today.

This speech by Prince Escalus at the end of the play:
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

would have been said as:
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punish-ed:

so that the syllable pairs (five of them in the line) are correct in number and in emphasis [If you say it as "punish-ed" you'll see how the rhythm of the line is destroyed].

Whereas, the "pardon-ed" cannot be pronounced "pardon-er" because to do so would give eleven syllables in the line, and would not allow the right emphasis to be placed on each syllable.

In short, whenever you see a word ending "-ed" it should have its-'e' pronounced to preserve the rhythm of the speech.
TWO HOUSEHOLDS, BOTH ALIKE IN DIGNITY, IN FAIR VERONA, WHERE WE LAY OUR SCENE, FROM ANCIENT GRUDGE BREAK TO NEW MUTINY, WHERE CIVIL BLOOD MAKES CIVIL HANDS UNCLEAN.

FROM FORTH THE FATAL LOINS OF THESE TWO FOES A PAIR OF STAR-CROSSED LOVERS TAKE THEIR LIFE; WHOSE MISADVENTUR'D PITEOUS OVERTHROWS BOTH WITH THEIR DEATH BURY THEIR PARENTS' STRIFE.
THE FEARFUL PASSAGE OF THEIR DEATH—MARK'D LOVE, AND THE CONTINUANCE OF THEIR PARENTS' RAGE, WHICH, BUT THEIR CHILDREN'S END, NOTHUGHT COULD REMOVE, IS NOW THE TWO HOURS' TRAFFIC OF OUR STAGE.

THE WHICH IF YOU WITH PATIENT EARS ATTEND, WHAT HERE SHALL MISS, OUR TOIL SHALL STRIVE TO MEND.
Act I - Scene I

A PUBLIC PLACE IN VERONA - EARLY SUNDAY MORNING.

GREGORY: ON MY WORD, WE'LL NOT CARRY COALS.
NO, FOR THEN WE SHOULD BE COLLIERS.

I MEAN, AN WE BE IN CHOLER, WE'LL DRAW.
AY, WHILE YOU LIVE, DRAW YOUR NECK OUT OF THE COLLAR.

I STRIKE QUICKLY, BEING MOVED.

A DOG OF THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUE MOVES ME.
THOU ART NOT QUICKLY MOVED TO STRIKE.

TO MOVE IS TO STIR, AND TO BE VALENT IS TO STAND.

THAT SHOWS THEE A WEAK SLAVE; FOR THE WEAKEST GOES TO THE WALL.

TIS TRUE, AND THEREFORE WOMEN, BEING THE WEAKER VESSELS, ARE EVER THURST TO THE WALL.

THEREFORE I WILL PUSH MONTAGUE'S MEN FROM THE WALL,

AND THURST HIS MAIDS TO THE WALL.

A DOG OF THAT HOUSE SHALL MOVE ME TO STAND.
I WILL TAKE THE WALL OF ANY MAN OR MAID OF MONTAGUE'S.

THE QUARREL IS BETWEEN OUR MASTERS, AND US THEIR MEN.

TIS ALL ONE, I'LL SHOW MYSELF A TYRANT.

WHEN I HAVE FOUGHT WITH THE MEN, I WILL BE CRUEL WITH THE MAIDS;
I WILL CUT OFF THEIR HEADS.
THE HEADS OF THE MAIDS?

AY, THE HEADS OF THE MAIDS, OR THEIR MAIDENHEADS, TAKE IT IN WHAT SENSE THOU WILT.

THEY MUST TAKE IT IN SENSE, THAT FEEL IT.

NEVER SHALL FEEL WHILE I AM ABLE TO STAND; AND 'TIS KNOWN, I AM A PRETTY PIECE OF FLESH.

'TIS WELL, THOU ART NOT FISH; IF THOU HADST, THOU HADST BEEN POOR JOHN. DRAW THY TOOLS, HERE COMES TWO OF THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUES.

MY NAKED WEAPON IS OUT; QUARREL, I WILL BACK THEE.

HOW TURN THY BACK, AND RUN?

FEAR NOT.
NO, MARRY, I FEAR THEE!

LET US TAKE THE LAW OF OUR SIDES, LET THEM BEGIN.

I WILL FROWN AS I PASS BY, AND LET THEM TAKE IT AS THEY LIST.

NAY, AS THEY DARE. I WILL BITE MY THUMB AT THEM, WHICH IS A DISGRACE TO THEM, IF THEY BEAR IT.
DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?

I DO BIT MY THUMB, SIR.

DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?

W THE LAW OF OUR SIDE, IF I SAY SO?

NO.

NO, SIR, I DO NOT BIT MY THUMB AT YOU, SIR, BUT I BIT MY THUMB, SIR.

DO YOU QUARREL, SIR?

QUARREL, SIR?

NO, SIR.

BUT IF YOU DO, SIR, I AM FOR YOU: I SERVE AS GOOD A MAN AS YOU.

NO BETTER.
WELL, SIR. SAY "BETTER!, HERE COMES ONE OF MY MASTER'S KINSMEN.

YES, BETTER, SIR.

YOU LIE.

DRAW, IF YOU BE MEn.

GREGORY REMEMBER THY SWASHING BLOW.
PUT UP YOUR SWORDS: YOU KNOW NOT WHAT YOU DO.

WHAT ART THOU DRAWN AMONG THESE HEARTLESS HINDEES?

TURN THEE, BENVOLIO; LOOK UPON THY DEATH.

I DO BUT KEEP THE PEACE: PUT UP THY SWORD, OR MANAGE IT TO PART THESE MEN WITH ME.

WHAT?

DRAWN, AND TALK OF PEACE? I HATE THE WORD, AS I HATE HELL, ALL MONTAUGES, AND THEE.

HAVE AT THEE, COWARD!
CLUBS, BILLS, AND PARTISANS! STRIKE! BEAT THEM DOWN!
DOWN WITH THE CAPULETS!
THUD
DOWN WITH THE MONTAGUES!
THWAK

WHAT NOISE IS THIS?
GIVE ME MY LONG SWORD, NO!
A CRUTCH, A CRUTCH!
WHY CALL YOU FOR A SWORD?

MY SWORD, I SAY!
OLD MONTAGUE IS COME,
AND FLOURISHES HIS BLADE IN SPITE
OF ME.

THOU VILLAIN, CAPULET!

- HOLD ME NOT;
LETT ME GO.

THOU SHALT NOT STIR
ONE FOOT TO SEEK A FOE.
TA-TAN-TARA!
REBELLIOUS SUBJECTS, ENEMIES TO PEACE, PROFANERS OF THIS NEIGHBOUR-STAINED STEEL.

WHAT, NO! YOU MEN, YOU BEASTS, THAT QUEENCH THE FIRE OF YOUR PERNICIOUS RAGE WITH PURPLE FOUNTAINS ISSUING FROM YOUR VEINS.

ON PAIN OF TORTURE, FROM THOSE BLOODY HANDS THROW YOUR MISSTEMPERD WEAPONS TO THE GROUND, AND HEAR THE SENTENCE OF YOUR MOVED PRINCE.

THREE CIVIL BRAWLS, BRED OF AN ARY WORD, BY THESE OLD CAPULET AND MONTAGUE, HAVE THrice DISTURBD THE QUIET OF OUR STREETS, AND MADE VERONA'S ANCIENT CITIZENS CAST BY THEIR GRAVE BESWWING ORNAMENTS, TO WIELD OLD PARTISANS, IN HANDS AS OLD, CANKER'D WITH PEACE, TO PART YOUR CANKER'D HATE.

IF EVER YOU DISTURB OUR STREET'S AGAIN, YOUR LIVES SHALL PAY THE FORFEIT OF THE PEACE.

FOR THIS TIME, ALL THE REST DEPART AWAY:

YOU, CAPULET, SHALL GO ALONG WITH ME.
AND, MONTAGUE, COME YOU THIS AFTERNOON, TO KNOW OUR FURTHER PLEASURE IN THIS CASE, TO OLD FREE-TOWN, OUR COMMON JUDGEMENT-PLACE.

ONCE MORE, ON PAIN OF DEATH, ALL MEN DEPART.

WHO SET THIS ANCIENT QUARREL NEW ABOA? SPEAK, NEPHEW, WERE YOU BY WHEN IT BEGAN?

HERE WERE THE SERVANTS OF YOUR ADVERSARY, AND YOURS, CLOSE FIGHTING ERE I DID APPROACH.

I DREW TO PART THEM; IN THE INSTANT CAME THE FIERY TYBALT, WITH HIS SWORD PREPARED.

WHICH, AS HE BREATH'D DEFiance TO MY EARS, HE SWUNG ABOUT HIS HEAD, AND CUT THE WANDS, WHO, NOTHING HURT WITHAL, HISS'D HIM IN SCORN.

WHILE WE WERE INTERCHANGING THRUSTS AND BLOWS, COME MORE AND MORE, AND FUGHT ON PART AND PART.

TILL THE PRINCE CAME, WHO PARTED EITHER PART.
O' WHERE IS ROMEO? SAW YOU HIM TO-DAY? RIGHT GLAD I AM HE WAS NOT AT THIS FAY.

MADAM, AN HOUR BEFORE THE WORSHIP'D SUN PEER'D FORTH THE GOLDEN WINDOW OF THE EAST. A TROUBLED MIND DRIVE ME TO WALK ABOARD.

WHERE, UNDERNEATH THE GROVE OF SYCAMORE, THAT WESTWARD ROOTETH FROM THE CITY'S SIDE, SO EARLY WALKING DID I SEE YOUR SON.

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, PURSU'D MY HUMOURS, NOT PURSUING HIS, AND GLADLY SHUNN'D WHO GLADLY FLED FROM ME.
MANY A MORNING HATH HE THERE BEEN SOWN, WITH TEARS AUGMENTING THE FRESH MORNING'S DEW, ADDING TO CLOUDS MORE CLOUDS WITH HIS DEEP SIGHS:

BUT ALL SO SOON AS THE ALL-CHEERING SUN SHOULD IN THE FAR THEAST 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;

SHUNTS UP HIS WINDOWS, LOCKS FAIR DAYLIGHT OUT, AND MAKES HIMSELF AN ARTIFICIAL NIGHT.

BLACK AND PORTENTOUS MUST THIS HUMOUR PROVE, UNLESS GOOD COUNSEL WAY THE CAUSE REMOVE.

MY NOBLE UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW THE CAUSE?

I NEITHER KNOW IT, NOR CAN LEARN OF HIM.

HAVE YOU IMPORTUNED HIM BY ANY MEANS?

BOTH BY MYSELF, AND MANY OTHER FRIENDS.

BUT HE, HIS OWN AFFECTIONS' COUNSELOR, IS TO HIMSELF - I WILL NOT SAY HOW TRUE - 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.

COULD WE BUT LEARN FROM WHENCE HIS SORROWS GROW, WE WOULD AS WILLINGLY GIVE CURE, AS KNOW.

SEE, WHERE HE COMES: SO PLEASE YOU STEP ASIDE; I'LL KNOW HIS GRIEVANCE, OR BE MUCH DENIED.
I WOULD
THOU WERT SO HAPPY
BY THY STAY, TO HEAR
TRUE SHRIFT.

GOOD
MORROW, COUSIN.

COME, MADAM,
LET'S AWAY.

IS
THE DAY SO
YOUNG?

BUT
NEW STRUCK
NINE.

BY ME!
SAD HOURS
SEEM LONG.

WAS THAT
MY FATHER THAT
WENT HENCE
SO FAST?

IT WAS.
WHAT SADNESS
LENETHENS ROMEO'S
HOURS?

NOT HAVING THAT
WHICH, HAVING,
MAKES THEM
SHORT.

OUT -
OF LOVE?

IN LOVE?

OUT OF
HER FAVOUR,
WHERE I AM
IN LOVE.

ALAS, THAT
LOVE SO GENTLE IN
HIS VIEW, SHOULD BE SO
TYRANNOUS AND ROUGH
IN PROOF!
ALAS THAT LOVE.
WHOSE VIEW IS MURFLED
STILL, SHOULD WITHOUT
EYES SEE PATHWAYS
TO HIS WILL?
WHERE
SHALL WE
DINE?

- O ME! -
WHAT
FRAY WAS
HERE?

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-SEEMLING
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?

No, coz, I rather weep.

Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own
Lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagace,
To have it pressed.

With more of thine;
This love
That thou hast shown
Doth add more grief
to too-much of
mine own.

Love is a
smoke made with
the fume of sighs;
Being purs'd, a fire
sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd
with lovers' tears;
What is it else?

A madness
most discreet,
A choking gall,
And a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

Soft! I will go alone:
An if you leave
me so, you do
me wrong.

I have lost myself;
I am not here:

This is not Romeo,
He's some other where.

Tell me in sadness,
Who is that you love?

Tell me in sadness,
Who is that you love?

What! shall
I groan, and
tell thee?

GROAN! Why no?
But sadly
tell me, who.
DO A SICK MAN IN SADNESS MAKE HIS WILL; A WORD ILL URG'D TO ONE THAT IS SO ILL.

IN SADNESS, COUSIN, I DO LOVE A WOMAN.

I AMD SO NEAR, WHEN I SUPPOSED YOU LOVD.

A RIGHT GOOD MARK-MAN! AND SHE'S FAIR I LOVE.

A RIGHT FAIR MARK. FAIR COZ. IS SOONEST HIT.

WELL, IN THAT HIT YOU MISS: SHE'LL NOT BE HIT WITH CUPID'S ARROW; SHE HATH SWAN'S WIT;

AND, IN STRONG PROOF OF CHASTITY WELL ARM'D, FROM LOVE'S WEAK CHILDISH BOW SHE LIVES UNHARM'D.

SHE WILL NOT STAY THE SIEGE OF LOVING TERMS, NOR BIDE THE ENCOUNTER OF ASSAILING EYES,
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.

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste.
She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

For beauty, starvd 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 forewarned me of love; and in that vow
do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Be rul’d by me; forget to think of her.

O’ teach me now I should forget to think.
BY GIVING LIBERTY UNTO THINE EYES, EXAMINE OTHER BEAUTIES.

TIS THE WAY 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 STRUCKEN BLIND CANNOT FORGET THE PRECIOUS TREASURE OF HIS EYESIGHT LOST.

SHOW ME A MISTRESS THAT IS PASSING FAIR, WHAT DO THE HER BEAUTY SERVE BUT AS A NOSE WHERE I MAY READ WHO PAID THAT PASSING FAIR?

FAREWELL: THOU CANT NOT TEACH ME TO FORGET.

I'LL PAY THAT DOCTRINE, OR ELSE DIE IN DEBT.
Act I - Scene V

Inside the Capulets' House - Sunday Evening.

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

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

Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good troll gave me a piece of marchpane;

And, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.

Antony and Potpan!

Welcome, gentlemen/ladies, that have their toes unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you!

Ah ha, 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 you now?
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 A HALL, A HALL! GIVE ROOM, AND FOOT IT, GIRLS.

MORE LIGHT, YOU KNAVES! AND TURN THE TABLES UP, AND QUIENCA THE FIRE, THE ROOM IS GROWN TOO HOT.

AW! SHRAALL, THIS UNLOCK'D-UP SPORT COMES WELL, NAV SHIT, NAV, SHIT, GOOD COUSIN CAPULET, FOR YOU AND I ARE PAST OUR DANCING DAYS;

HOW LONG IS'T NOW SINCE LAST YOURSELF AND I WERE IN A MASK?

WHAT, MAN? 'TIS NOT SO MUCH, 'TIS NOT SO MUCH. 'TIS SINCE THE Nuptial of Lucentio, come Pentecost as quick as it will, some five-and-twenty years and then we mask'd.

'TIS MORE, 'TIS MORE: HIS SON IS ELDER, SIR; HIS SON IS THIRTY.
WILL YOU TELL ME THAT? HIS SON WAS BUT A WARD TWO YEARS AGO.

WHAT LADY'S THAT WHICH DOTH ENRICH THE HAND OF YONDER KNIGHT? I KNOW NOT, SIR.

O! SHE DOTH TEACH THE TORCHES TO BURN BRIGHT, IT SEEMS SHE HANGS UPON THE CHEEK OF NIGHT.

AS A RICH JEWEL IN AN ETHIOPI'S EAR, BEAUTY TOO RICH FOR USE, FOR EARTH TOO DEAR!

SO SHOWS A SNOWY DOVE TROPPING WITH CROWS, AS YONDER LADY OER HER FELLOWS SHOWS.

THE MEASURE DONE, I'LL WATCH HER PLACE OF STAND, AND, TOUCHING HERS, MAKE BLESSED MY RUDE HAND.

THIS, BY HIS VOICE, SHOULD BE A MONTAGUE. FETCH ME MY RAPIER, BOY.

WHAT? DARES THE SLAVE COME HITHER, COVERED WITH AN ANTIC FACE, TO PLEAS AND SCORN AT OUR SOLEMNITY?

NOW, BY THE STOCK AND HONOUR OF MY KIN, TO STRIKE HIM DEAD I HOLD IT NOT A SIN.

Did my heart love till now? Foreswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
WHY do you give way to such a storm of anger? 
A VILLAIN, THAT IS HITHER COME IN SPITE, TO SCORN AT OUR SOLEMNITY THIS NIGHT.

UNCLE, THIS IS A MONTAGUE, OUR FOE;

YOUNG ROMEO, it is he,

Tis he, that villain Roméo.

I WOULD not FOR THE WEALTH OF ALL THIS TOWN HERE, IN MY HOUSE, DO HIM DISPARAGMENTS; THEREFORE BE PATIENT, TAKE NO NOTE OF HIM!

IT IS MY WILL: THE WACH IF THOU RESPECT, SHOW A FAIR PRESENCE AND PUT OFF THESE FROWNS, AN ILL-BESEEING GESIMFACE FOR A FEAST.

CONTENT THEE, GENTLE COZ., LET HIM ALONE: A BEARS HIM LIKE A PORTLY GENTLEMAN;

AND, TO SAY TRUTH, VERONA BRAGS OF HIM TO BE A VIRTUOUS AND WELL-SEVERED YOUTH.

IT FITS WHEN SUCH A VILLAIN IS A GUEST; I WILL NOT ENDURE HIM.

HE SHALL BE ENDURED;

WHAT! GOODMAN BOY! I SAY HE SHALL;

GO TO: ON I THE MASTER HERE, OR YOURS;

GO TO! YOU'LL NOT ENDURE HIM! GOD SHALL NEND MY SOUL - YOU'LL MAKE A MUTINY AMONG MY GUESTS.

YOU WILL GET COCK-A-HOO! YOU'LL BE THE MAN!
WHY, UNCLE, 'TIS A SHAME.
GO TO, GO TO; YOU ARE A SAUCY BOY.
- I'ST SO. INDEED?

THIS TRICK MAY CHANCE TO SCATH ME; I KNOW WHAT YOU MUST CONTRARY ME! MARRY, TO TIME.

MORE LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!
FOR SHAME! I'LL MAKE YOU QUIET.

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 BITTEREST GALL.
IF I PROFANE WITH MY UNWORTHIEST HAND THIS HOLY SHRINE, THE GENTLE SIN IS THIS;

MY LIPS, TWO BLUSHING PILGRIMS, READY STAND TO SMOOTH THAT ROUGH TOUCH WITH A TENDER KISS.

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.

HAVE NOT SAINTS' LIPS, AND HOLY PALMERS TOO?

AY, PILGRIM, LIPS THAT THEY MUST USE IN PRAYER.

O, THEN, DEAR SAINT, LET LIPS DO WHAT HANDS DO, THEY PRAY: GRANT THOU, LEST FAITH TURN TO DESPAIR.
SAINTS DO NOT MOVE, THOUGH GRANT FOR PRAYER'S SAKE.

THEN MOVE NOT, WHILE MY PRAYER'S EFFECT I TAKE.
THUS FROM MY LIPS, BY THINE, MY SIN IS PURGED.
THEN HAVE MY LIPS THE SIN THAT THEY HAVE TOOK.

YOU KISS BY THE BOOK.

MADAM, YOUR MOTHER CRAVES A WORD WITH YOU.

SIN FROM MY LIPS?
O TRESPASS SWEETLY URGE/ GIVE ME MY SIN AGAIN.

WHAT IS HER MOTHER?
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 TALK'D WITHAL;
I TELL YOU - HE THAT CAN LAY HOLD OF HER SHALL HAVE THE CHINKS.

IS SHE A CAPULET? O DEAR ACCOUNT: MY LIFE IS MY FOE'S DEBT.
AWAY, BE GONE: THE SPORT IS AT THE BEST.
AY, SO I FEAR, THE MORE IS MY UNREST.
NAY, GENTLEMEN, PREPARE NOT TO BE GONE; WE HAVE A TRIFLING FOOLISH BANQUET TOWARDS.

IS IT EEN SOF WAY THEN, I THANK YOU ALL;

I THANK YOU, HONEST GENTLEMAN; GOOD NIGHT.

MORE TORCHES HERE!

COME ON, THEN LET'S TO BED.

AH, SIRRAH, BY MY FAY, IT MAKES LATE; TILL TO MY REST.

COME HITHER, NURSE.

WHAT'S HE, THAT NOW IS GOING OUT OF DOOR?

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

WHAT'S HE THAT COMES THERE, THAT WOULD NOT DANCE?

I KNOW NOT.
GO ASK HIS NAME, IF HE BE MARRIED, MY GRAVE IS LIKE TO BE MY WEDDING BED.

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

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 loathed enemy.

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS?

A RHYME I LEARN'D EVEN NOW OF ONE I DANCE'D WITHAL...

JULIET!

ANON, ANON!

COME, LET'S AWAY. THE STRANGERS ALL ARE GONE.
AN IF HE HEAR THEE, THOU WILT ANGER HIM.

THIS CANNOT ANGER HIM: 'TWOULD ANGER HIM TO RAISE A SPIRIT IN HIS MISTRESS' CIRCLE OF SOME STRANGE NATURE, LETTING IT THERE STAND TILL SHE HAD LAID IT AND CONJURED IT DOWN; THAT WERE SOME SPITE!

MY INVOCATION IS FAIR AND HONEST, AND, IN HIS MISTRESS' NAME I CONJURE ONLY BUT TO RAISE UP HIM.

COME, HE HATH HID HIMSELF AMONG THESE TREES, TO BE CONSORTED WITH THE HUMOUROUS NIGHT: BLIND IS HIS LOVE, AND BEST B E FITS THE DARK.

IF LOVE BE BLIND, LOVE CANNOT HIT THE MARK. NOW WILL HE SIT UNDER A PEACH-TREE, AND WISH HIS MISTRESS WERE THAT KIND OF FRUIT AS MAIDS CALL PEACHES WHEN THEY LAUGH ALONE.

ROMEO, GOOD NIGHT; I'LL TO MY TRUCKLE-BED; THIS FIELD-BED IS TOO COLD FOR ME TO SLEEP.

O ROMEO! THAT SHE WERE O' THAT SHE WERE AN OPEN-ARSE, AND THOU A POPERIN PEAR!

COME, SHALL WE GO? GO THEN; FOR 'TS IN VAIN TO SEEK HIM HERE, THAT MEANS NOT TO BE FOUND.

THE ORCHARD AT CAPULET'S HOUSE - PAST MIDNIGHT, MONDAY MORNING.

...SMASH...

HE JESTS AT SCARS THAT NEVER FELT A WOUND.
ARISE, FAIR SUN, AND KILL THE ENVIOUS MOON, WHO IS ALREADY SICK AND PALE WITH GRIEF, THAT THOU, HER MAID, ART FAR MORE FAIR THAN SHE.

BE NOT HER MAID, SINCE SHE IS ENVIOUS; HER VESTAL LIVERY IS BUT SICK AND GREEN, AND NONE BUT POOLS DO WEAR IT, CAST IT OFF.

IT IS MY LADY; O! IT IS MY LOVE; O, THAT SHE KNEW SHE WERE!

SHE SPEAKS, YET SHE SAYS NOTHING: WHAT OF THAT? HER EYE DISCOURSES, I WILL ANSWER IT.

I AM TOO BOLD, 'TIS NOT TO ME SHE SPEAKS; TWO OF THE FAIREST STARS IN ALL THE HEAVEN, HAVING SOME BUSINESS, DO ENTREAT HER EYES TO TWINKLE IN THEIR SPHERES TILL THEY RETURN.

WHAT IF HER EYES WERE THERE, THEY IN HER HEAD! THE BRIGHTNESS OF HER CHEEK WOULD SHAME THOSE STARS, AS DAYLIGHT DOTH A LAMP.

HER EYES IN HEAVEN WOULD THROUGH THE Aairy REGION STREAM SO BRIGHT, THAT BIRDS WOULD SING AND THINK IT WERE NOT NIGHT.

SEE, HOW SHE LEANS HER CHEEK UPON HER HAND!

O THAT I WERE A GLOVE UPON THAT HAND, THAT I MIGHT TOUCH THAT CHEEK!
Ah me!

She speaks. O, speak again, bright angel!

For thou art as glorious to this night being o'er my head, as is a winged messenger of heaven unto the white-upturned wondering eyes of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him, when he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds and sails upon the bosom of the air.

O Romeo. Romeo!

Wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name; or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Tis but thy name that is my enemy; thou art thyself though not a Montague.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other word would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, retain that dear perfection which he owes, without that title.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other word would smell as sweet;

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other word would smell as sweet;

Romeo, of low name and might, which is no part of thee, take all myself!

I take thee at thy word, call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd:

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night, so stumblest on my counsel?
BY A NAME
I KNOW NOT NOW TO TELL THEE WHO
I AM.
MY NAME,
DEAR SWEET, IS FATEFUL TO MYSELF, BECAUSE IT IS
AN ENEMY TO THEE: HAD I IT WRITTEN, I WOULD
TEAR THE WORD.

NEITHER,
FAIR NAID, IF EITHER THEE DISLIKE.

MY EARS
HAVE YET NOT DRUNK A HUNDRED WORDS OF
THY TONGUE'S UBERINGS, YET I KNOW THE
SOUND.

ART THOU
NOT ROMEO, AND A
MONTAGUE?

HOW CAN'ST
THOU RITHER, TELL ME, AND
WHEREFORE?

THE ORCHARD
WALLS ARE HIGH, AND
HARD TO CLIMB; AND THE
PLACE DEATH, CONSIDERING
WHO THOU ART, IF ANY
OF MY KINSMEN FIND
THEE HERE.

WITH LOVE'S LIGHT
WINGS DID I O'ERPERCH
THOSE WALLS; FOR STONY
LIMITS CANNOT HOLD
LOVE OUT:

AND WHAT LOVE
CAN DO, THAT DARES LOVE
ATTEMPT; THEREFORE THY
KINSMEN ARE NO STOP
TO ME.

IF THEY DO
SEE THEE, THEY WILL MURDER
THEE.

ALACK!
THERE LIES MORE
PERIL IN THINE EYE THAN
TWENTY OF THEIR
SWORDS:

LOOK THOU
BUT SWEET, AND
I AM PROOF AGAINST
THEIR ENMITY.

I WOULD
NOT FOR THE
WORLD THEY SAW
THEE HERE.

I HAVE NIGHT'S CLOAK TO
HIDE ME FROM THEIR EYES;
AND, BUT THOU LOVE ME,
LET THEM FIND
ME HERE:

MY LIFE WERE
BETTER ENDED BY
THEIR HATE, THAN DEATH
PROLOGUED, WANTING
OF THY LOVE.

3 BY WHOSE
DIRECTION FOUND'ST
THOU OUT THIS
PLACE?
BY LOVE, THAT FIRST DID PROMPT ME TO ENQUIRE; HE LEN'T ME COUNSEL, AND I LENT HIM EYES.

I AM NO PILOT; YET WERT THOU AS FAR AS THAT VAST SHORE WASH'D WITH THE FARTHEST SEA, I SHOULD ADVENTURE FOR SUCH MERCHANDISE.

THOU KNOW'EST THE MASK OF NIGHT IS ON MY FACE. ELSE WOULD A MAIDEN BLUSH BEEPINT MY CHECK, FOR THAT WHICH THOU WAST HEARD ME SPEAK TO-NIGHT.

[Scene] MONTAGUE HOUSE

O GENTLE ROMEO! IF THOU DOST LOVE, PRONOUNCE IT FAITHFULLY:

OR, IF THOU THINK'ST I AM TOO QUICKLY WROUGHT, I'LL POWN, AND BE PERVERSE, AND SAY THINE NAME SO THOU WILT WOO;

BUT ELSE, NOT FOR THE WORLD.

IN TRUTH, FAIR MONTAGUE, I AM TOO FOND, AND THEREFORE THOU MAY'ST THINK MY BEHAVIOR LIGHT.

LADY BY VANDER, BLESSED MOON I SWEAR, THAT TIPS WITH SILVER ALL THESE FRUIT-TREE TOPS, --

O, SWEAR NOT BY THE MOON, THAT CONSTANT MOON, THAT MONTHLY CHANGES IN HER CIRCLED SPHERE, LEST THAT THY LOVE PROVE LIKewise VARIABLE.

FAN WOULD I DWELL ON FORM, FAN, FAN DENY WHAT I HAVE SPOKE; BUT FAREWELL COMPLIMENT.

DOST THOU LOVE ME? I KNOW THOU WILT SAY "AY," AND I WILL TAKE THY WORD.

YET, IF THOU SWEAR'ست, THOU MAY'ست PROVE FALSE; AT LOVERS' PERJURIES, THEY SAY, LOVE LAUGHS.
DO NOT SWEAR AT ALL; OR, IF THOU WILT, SWEAR BY THY GRACIOUS SELF, WHICH IS THE GOD OF MY IDOLATRY, AND I'LL BELIEVE THEE.

IF MY HEART'S DEAR LOVE -

WELL, DO NOT SWEAR. ALTHOUGH I JOY IN THEE, I HAVE NO JOY OF THIS CONTRACT TO-NIGHT: IT IS TOO RASH, TOO UNADVIS'D, TOO SUDDEN; TOO LIKE THE LIGHTNING, WHICH BOTH CEASE TO BE ERE ONE CAN SAY "IT LIGHTENS".

SWEET GOOD NIGHT!

THIS BUD OF LOVE, BY SUMMER'S RISING BREATH, MAY PROVE A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER WHEN NEXT WE MEET.

GOOD NIGHT,

GOOD NIGHT! AS SWEET REPOSE AND REST COME TO THY HEART AS THAT WITHIN MY BREAST!

WOULDST THOU WITHDRAW IT? FOR WHAT PURPOSE, LOVE?

I GAVE THEE MINE BEFORE THOU DOST REQUEST IT; AND YET I WOULD IT WERE TO GIVE AGAIN.

WHAT SATISFACTION CANST THOU HAVE TO-NIGHT?

THE EXCHANGE OF THY LOVE'S FAITHFUL VOW FOR MINE.

BUT TO BE FRANK, AND GIVE IT THEE AGAIN.

AND YET I WISH BUT FOR THE THING I HAVE.

MY BOUNTY IS AS BOUNDLESS AS THE SEA,

MY LOVE AS DEEP; THE MORE I GIVE TO THEE,

THE MORE I HAVE, FOR BOTH ARE INFINITE.
I HEAR SOME NOISE WITHIN: DEAR LOVE, ADIEU!

SWEET MONTAGUE, BE TRUE. STAY BUT A LITTLE, I WILL COME AGAIN.

O BLESSED, BLESSED NIGHT! I AM AFEARD, BEING IN NIGHT, ALL THIS IS BUT A DREAM, TOO FLATTERING-SWEET TO BE SUBSTANTIAL.

JULIET!

ANON! GOOD NURSE!

THREE WORDS, DEAR ROMEO, AND GOOD NIGHT INDEED.

IF THAT THY BENT OF LOVE BE HONOURABLE, THY PURPOSE MARRIAGE, SEND ME WORD TO-MORROW, BY ONE THAT I'LL PROCUERE TO COME TO THEE, WHERE, AND WHAT TIME, THOU WILT PERFORM THE RITE, AND ALL MY FORTUNES AT THY FOOT I'LL LAY, AND FOLLOW THEE MY LORD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

MADAM!

I COME ANON.

MADAM!

BY AND BY! I COME-

- TO CEASE THY SUIT, AND LEAVE ME TO MY GRIEFS TO-MORROW I WILL SEND.

- BUT IF THOU MEAN' ST NOT WELL, I DO BESPEECH THEE-

- SO THREW MY SOUL,-

A THOUSAND TIMES GOOD NIGHT!
A THOUSAND TIMES THE WORSE, TO WANT THY LIGHT.
LOVE GOES TOWARD LOVE, AS SCHOOLBOYS FROM THEIR BOOKS,
BUT LOVE FROM LOVE, TOWARD SCHOOL, WITH HEAVY LOOKS.

HIST! ROMEO, HISTY!

O, FOR A FALCONER'S VOICE, TO LURE THIS TASSEL-GENTLE BACK AGAIN!
BONDAGE IS HOARSE, AND MAY NOT SPEAK ALoud!
ELSE WOULD I TEAR THE CAVE WHERE ECHO LIES, AND MAKE HER AIRY TONGUE
MORE HOARSE THAN MINE WITH REPETITION OF MY ROMEO'S NAME.

ROMEO!

IT IS MY SOUL THAT CALLS UPON MY NAME:
HOW SILVER-SWEET SOUND LOVERS' TONGUES BY NIGHT,
LIKE SOFTEST MUSIC TO ATTENDING EARS!

I WILL NOT FAIL 'TIS TWENTY YEARS TILL THEN.
I HAVE FORGOT WHY I DID CALL THEE BACK.
LETT ME STAND HERE TILL THEE REMEMBER IT.

I SHALL FORGET TO HAVE THEE STILL STAND THERE, REMEMBERING HOW I LOVE THY COMPANION.
AND I'LL STILL STAY TO HAVE THEE STILL FORGET, FORGETTING ANY OTHER HOME BUT THIS.
Tis almost morning,
I would have thee gone.

And yet no
farther than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little
from her hand, like a poor
prisoner in his twisted eyes,
and with a silk thread plucks it
back again, so loving-jealous
of his liberty.

I would I were thy bird.

Sweet,
sweet.

So would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much
cherishing.

Good night,
good night:
Parting
is such sweet sorrow,
that I shall say good
night, till it be
morrow.

Sleep dwell
upon thine eyes,
peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep
and peace, so sweet
to rest!

Hence
will I to my
ghostly father's cell,
his help to crave,
and my dear hap
to tell.
Act II - Scene III

Friar Laurence's Church, near Verona - Early Monday morning.

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's burning wheels.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

And from her womb children of divers kind
We suckling on her natural bosom find:

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

O' Mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
What is her burying grave, that is her womb.
FOR NOUGHT SO VILE THAT ON THE EARTH DOETH LIVE, BUT TO THE EARTH SOME SPECIAL GOOD DOETH GIVE.

NOR AUGHT SO GOOD, BUT, STRANDED FROM THAT FAIR USE, REVOLTS FROM TRUE BIRTH, STUMBLING ON ABUSE.

VIRTUE ITSELF TURNS VICE, BEING MISAPPLIED, AND VICE SOMETIME BY ACTION DISHONORED.

WITHIN THE INFANT RIND OF THIS WEAK FLOWER, POISON HATH RESIDENCE, AND MEDICINE POWER:

FOR THIS, BEING SMELT, WITH THAT PART CHEERS EACH PART: BEING TASTED, SLAYS ALL SENSES WITH THE HEART.

TWO SUCH OPPOSED KINDS ENCAMP THEM STILL IN MAN AS WELL AS HERBS, GRACE AND RUDE WILL:

AND WHERE THE WORSE IS PREDOMINANT, FULL SOON THE CANKER DEATH EATS UP THAT PLANT.

BENEDICITE! WHAT EARLY TONGUE SO SWEET SALUTETH ME?

YOUNG SON, IT ARRESTS A DISTEMPER'D HEAD, SO SOON TO BID GOOD MORROW TO THY BED:

CARE KEEPS HIS WATCH IN EVERY OLD MAN'S EYE, AND WHERE CARE LODGES, SLEEP WILL NEVER LIE.

GOOD MORROW, FATHER.

BUT WHERE UNBRUISED YOUTH WITH UNSTUFF'D BRAIN DOOTH COUCH HIS LIMBS, THERE GOLDEN SLEEP DOOTH REIGN.

THEFORE, THY EARLINESC DOOTH ME ASSURSE, OR, IF NOT SO, THEN HERE I HIT IT RIGHT, OUR ROMEO HATH NOT BEEN IN BED TO-NIGHT.

THOU ART UP-ROUSE'D WITH SOME DISTEMPERATURE?

WAST THOU WITH ROSALINE?

WITH ROSALINE, MY GHOSTLY FATHER? NO! I HAVE FORGOT THAT NAME, AND THAT NAME'S WOE.

THAT LAST IS TRUE; THE SWEETER REST WAS MINE.

THAT'S MY GOOD SON:
I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy, where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me, that's by me wounded: both our remedies within thy help and holy physic lies.

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo! my intercession likewise steads my foe.

Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set on the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; and all combin'd, save what thou must combine by holy marriage.

When, and where, and how we met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow. I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray that thou consent to marry us to-day.

Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here! is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, so soon forsaken?

Young men's love, then, lies not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste, to season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy signs from heaven clears, thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears;

Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If ever thou wast myself and these woes thine, thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
AND ART THOU CHANCEFORD PRONOUNCE THIS SENTENCE, THEN: WOMEN MAY FALL, WHEN THERE'S NO STRENGTH IN MEN.

THOU CHIDST ME OFT FOR LOVING ROSALINE.

FOR DOTING, NOT FOR LOVING, PUPIL MINE.

AND BADO'T ME BURY LOVE.

NOT IN A GRAVE, TO LAY ONE IN, ANOTHER OUT TO HAVE.

I PRAY THEE, CHIDE ME NOT: HER I LOVE NOW DOTH GRACE FOR GRACE AND LOVE FOR LOVE ALLOW: THE OTHER DID NOT SO.

O SHE KNEW WELL, THY LOVE DID READ BY ROTE THAT COULD NOT SPELL.

BUT COME, YOUNG WEVERER, COME, SO WITH ME, IN ONE RESPECT I'LL THY ASSISTANT BE;

FOR THIS ALLIANCE MAY SO HAPPY PROVE, TO TURN YOUR HOUSEHOLD'S RANCOUR TO PURE LOVE.

O' LET US HENCE: I STAND ON SUDDEN HASTE.

WISELY, AND SLOW: THEY STUMBLE THAT RUN FAST.

CRASH
Act II - Scene VI

Friar Laurence's Church - Monday afternoon.

So smile, the heavens upon this holy act, that after-hours with sorrow cease.

Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can, it cannot countervail the exchange of joy that one short minute gives me in her sight.

Do thou but close our hands with holy words, then love-doing purging death do what he dare; it is enough I may but call her mine.

These violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die like fire and powder which, as they kiss, consume.

The sweetest honey is loathsome in his own deliciousness, and in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so; too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Here comes the lady. O! so light a foot will never wear out the everlasting flint.

A lover may bestride the gossamers that idles in the wanton summer air, and yet not fall; so light is vanity.
SOON EVEN TO MY GHOSTLY CONFESSOR.

ROMEO SHALL THANK THEE, DAUGHTER, FOR US BOTH.

AS MUCH TO HIM, ELSE IS HIS THANKS TOO MUCH.

AH, JULIET! IF THE MEASURE OF THY JOY BE MEASURED LIKE MINE, AND THAT THY SKILL BE MORE TO BLAZON IT.

THEN SWEETEN WITH THY BREATH THIS NEIGHBOUR AIR, AND LET RICH MUSIC'S TONGUE UNFOLD THE IMAGINED HAPPINESS, THAT BOTH RECEIVE IN EITHER BY THIS DEAR ENCOUNTER.

CONCEIT, MORE RICH IN MATTER THAN IN WORDS, BRANGS OF HIS SUBSTANCE, NOT OF ORNAMENT:

THEY ARE BUT BEGGARS THAT CAN COUNT THEIR WORTH:

BUT MY TRUE LOVE IS GROWN TO SUCH EXCESS, I CANNOT SUM UP SUM OF HALF MY WEALTH.

COME, COME WITH ME, AND WE WILL MAKE SHORT WORK;

FOR, BY YOUR LEAVES, YOU SHALL NOT STAY ALONE, TILL HOLY CHURCH INCORPORATE TWO IN ONE.
Act III - Scene I

A PUBLIC PLACE IN VERONA - LATER, MONDAY AFTERNOON.

I PRAY THEE, GOOD MERCUTIO, LET'S RETIRE: THE DAY IS HOT, THE CAPULETS ABROAD, AND, IF WE MEET, WE SHALL NOTscape a BRAWL; FOR NOW THESE HOT DAYS IS THE MAD BLOOD STIRRING.

THOU ART LIKE ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS THAT WHEN HE ENTERS THE CONFINES OF A TAVERN, CLAPS ME HIS SWORD UPON THE TABLE, AND SAYS "GOD SEND ME NO NEED OF THEE!"

AND, BY THE OPERATION OF THE SECOND CUP, DRAWS IT ON THE DRAPER, WHEN INDEED THERE IS NO NEED.

AM I LIKE SUCH A FELLOW?

COME, COME, THOU ART AS HOT A JACK IN THY MOOD, AS ANY IN ITALY, AND AS SOON MOVED TO BE MOODY, AND AS SOON MOODY TO BE MOVED.

AND WHAT TO?

NAY, AN THERE WERE TWO SUCH, WE SHOULD HAVE NONE SHORTLY, FOR ONE WOULD KILL THE OTHER.
THOU WILT QUARREL WITH A MAN THAT HATH A HAIR MORE, OR A HAIR LESS, IN HIS BEARD, THAN THOU HAST.

THOU HAST QUARRELLED WITH A MAN FOR CRACKING NUTS, HAVING NO OTHER REASON BUT BECAUSE THOU HAST HAZEL EYES.

WHAT EYE, BUT SUCH AN EYE, WOULD SPY OUT SUCH A QUARREL?

THY HEAD IS AS FULL OF QUARRELS AS AN EGG IS FULL OF MEAT; AND YET THY HEAD HATH BEEN BEATEN AS ADDLE AS AN EGG FOR QUARRELLING.

THOU HAST QUARRELLED WITH A MAN FOR Coughing in the street, because he hath WAKENED thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.

DIDST THOU NOT FALL OUT WITH A TAILOR FOR WEARING HIS NEW DOUBLET BEFORE EASTER?

WITH ANOTHER, FOR TYING HIS NEW SHOES WITH OLD RIBAND?

AND YET THOU WILT TUTOR ME FROM QUARRELLING!

AN I WERE SO APT TO QUARREL AS THOU ART, ANY MAN SHOULD BUY THE FEE-SIMPLE OF MY LIFE FOR AN HOUR AND A QUARTER.

THE FEE-SIMPLE? O SIMPLE!
BY MY HEAD, HERE COMES THE CAPULETS.

BY MY HEEL, I CARE NOT.

FOLLOW ME CLOSE, FOR I WILL SPEAK TO THEM.

GENTLEMEN, GOOD DEN! A WORD WITH ONE OF YOU.

AND BUT ONE WORD WITH ONE OF US?

COUPLE IT WITH SOMETHING: MAKE IT A WORD AND A BLOW.

YOU SHALL FIND ME APT ENOUGH TO THAT, SIR, AN YOU WILL GIVE ME OCCASION.

COULD YOU NOT TAKE SOME OCCASION WITHOUT GIVING?

MERCI'TIO, THOU CONSORT'ST WITH ROMEO, -

CONSORT?

WHAT?

DOST THOU MAKE US MINSTRELS? AN THOU MAKE MINSTRELS OF US, LOOK TO HEAR NOTHINGS BUT DISCORDS.

HERE'S MY FIDDLESTICK, HERE'S THAT SHALL MAKE YOU DANCE.

ZOUND'S, CONSORT?

WE TALK HERE IN THE PUBLIC HAUNT OF MEN: EITHER WITHDRAW Unto SOME PRIVATE PLACE, OR REASON COLDLY Of your GRIEVANCES, OR ELSE DEPART.

HERE ALL EYES GAZE ON US.
MEN'S EYES WERE MADE TO LOOK, AND LET THEM GAZE: I WILL NOT BUDGE FOR NO MAN'S PLEASURE, I.

WELL, PEACE BE WITH YOU, SIR: HERE COMES MY MAN.

BUT I'LL BE HANGED, SIR, IF HE WEAR YOUR LIVERY.

MARRY, GO BEFORE TO FIELD, HE'LL BE YOUR FOLLOWER; YOUR WORSHIP IN THAT SENSE, MAY CALL HIM "MAN".

ROMEO, THE LOVE I BEAR THEE CAN AFFORD NO BETTER TERM THAN THIS, - THOU ART A VILLAIN.

TYBALT, THE REASON THAT I HAVE TO LOVE THEE DO THOU MUCH EXCUSE THE APPERTAINING RAGE TO SUCH A GREETING. VILLAIN AM I NONE.

I DO PROTEST, I NEVER INJURED THEE; BUT LOVE THEE BETTER THAN THOU CANST DEVISE, TILL THOU SHALT KNOW THE REASON OF MY LOVE.

AND SO, GOOD CAPULET, WHICH NAME I TENDER AS DEARLY AS MINE OWN, BE SATISFIED.

O CALM DISHONOURABLE, VILE SUBMISSION! ALLA STOCACCA CARRIES IT AWAY.
TYBALT, YOU RAT-CATCHER, WILL YOU WALK?

WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE WITH ME?

GOOD KING OF CATS, NOTHING BUT ONE OF YOUR NINE LIVES THAT I MEAN TO MAKE BOLD WITHAL. AND, AS YOU SHALL USE ME HEREAFTER, DRY-BEAT THE REST OF THE EIGHT.

WILL YOU PLUCK YOUR SWORD OUT OF HIS PILCHER BY THE EARS? MAKE HASTE, LEST MINE BE ABOUT YOUR EARS BE IT BE OUT.

I AM FOR YOU.

GENTLE MERCUTIO, PUT THY RAPIER UP.

COME, OR YOUR PASSADO.

DRAWW, BENVÖLIO, BEAT DOWN THEIR WEAPONS.
GENTLEMEN, FOR SHAME, FORBEAR THIS OUTRAGE!

TYBALT, MERCUTIO, THE PRINCE EXPRESSLY HATH FORBID THIS BANDYING IN VERONA STREETS.

HOLD, TYBALT!

GOOD MERCUTIO!

AARGH!

AWAY TYBALT.

I AM HURT;
A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!
I AM SPRED;
IS HE GONE, AND HATH NOTHINGS?

WHAT? ART THOU HURT?

AY, A SCRATCH; A SCRATCH, MARRY, T'IS ENOUGH. WHERE IS MY PAGE?

COURAGE, MAN; THE HURT CANNOT BE MUCH.

NO, 'TIS NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL, NOR SO WIDE AS A CHURCH-DOOR; BUT 'TIS ENOUGH, 'TWILL SERVE. ASK FOR ME TO-MORROW, AND YOU SHALL FIND ME A GRAVE MAN. I AM PEPPERED, I WARRANT, FOR THIS WORLD.

A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!

ZOUNDS!
A DOG, A RAG, A MOUSE, A CAT, TO SCRATCH A MAN TO DEATH! A BRAGGART, A ROGUE, A VILLAIN; THAT FIGHTS BY THE BOOK OF ARITHMETIC!
Why the devil
came you between us?
I was hurt under
your arm.

I thought
all for the
best.

Help me
into some house.
Benvolio, or
I shall faint.

They
have made
worm's meat
of me;
I have it
and soundly
too.

A plague
o' both your
houses!

This gentleman,
The prince's near ally,
my very friend, hath got
this mortal hurt in my
behalf. My reputation
stain'd with Tybalt's
slander.

Tybalt,
that an hour
hath been my
cousin.

O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath
made me effeminate,
and in my temper
softened valour's
steel.

O Romeo, Romeo! Brave
Mercutio is
dead!

That gallant
spirit hath aspir'd
the clouds, which
too untimely here
do scorn the
earth.

This day's
black fate on
more day's both depend:
this but begins the woe
others must
end.

Here comes
the furious Tybalt
back again.

Alive!
In triumph!
And Mercutio
slain!

Away to
heaven, respective
lenity, and fire-eyed
fury be my conduct
now!
NOW, TYBALT, TAKE THE VILLAIN BACK AGAIN THAT LATE THOU GAV'ST ME; FOR MERCUTIO'S SOUL IS BUT A LITTLE WAY ABOVE OUR HEADS, STAYING FOR THINGS TO KEEP HIM COMPANY:

EITHER THOU, OR I, OR BOTH, MUST GO WITH HIM.

THOU, WRETCHED ROY THAT DIDST CONSORT HIM HERE, SHALT WITH HIM HENCE.

THIS SHALL DETERMINE THAT.

ROMEO: AWAY, BE GONE!

THE CITIZENS ARE UP, AND TYBALT SLAIN; STAND NOT AMAZED: THE PRINCE WILL DOOM THESE DEATH IF THOU ART TAKEN; HENCE, BE GONE, AWAY!!

THOU, I AM FORTUNE'S FOOL!

WHY DOST THOU STAY?
Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderER, which way ran he?

There lies that Tybalt.

Up, sir; go with me: I charge thee in the Prince’s name, obey.

A few minutes later...

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Tybalt, my cousin! O, my brother’s child!

O noble prince! I can discover all the unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

There lies the man slain by young Romeo, that slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

O prince! O cousin! Husband!
O, the blood is spill'd of my dear kinsman.

Tyrant, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay!

BENVOLIO, who began this bloody fray?

Prince, as thou art true, for blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, and, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats' cold death aside, and with the other sends it back to Tybalt, whose dexterity retorts it.

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink how nice the quarrel was and urged withal your high displeasure:

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, and, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats' cold death aside, and with the other sends it back to Tybalt, whose dexterity retorts it.

All this uttered with gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed; could not take truce with the unkindly spleen of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tills with piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;

Romeo he cries aloud, "Hold, friends! friends, part!"

And, swifter than his tongue, his agile arm beats down their fatal points, and "Twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm an envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

But by-and-by comes back to Romeo, who had but newly entertain'd revenge, and to them so like lightning;

For ere I could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain; and, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
HE IS A KINSMAN TO THE MONTAGUE, AFFECTION MAKES HIM FALSE, HE SPEAKS NOT TRUE:

SOME TWENTY OF THEM FOUGHT IN THIS BLACK STRIFE, AND ALL THOSE TWENTY COULD BUT KILL ONE LIFE.

I BEG FOR JUSTICE, WHICH THOU PRINCE, MUST GIVE:
ROMEO SLEW TYBALT, ROMEO MUST NOT LIVE.

ROMEO SLEW HIM, HE SLEW MERCUTIO; WHO NOW THE PRICE OF HIS DEAR BLOOD DOTH OWE?

NOT ROMEO, PRINCE, HE WAS MERCUTIO'S FRIEND; HIS FAULT CONCLUDES BUT WHAT THE LAW SHOULD END,

THE LIFE OF TYBALT.

AND FOR THAT OFFENCE, IMMEDIATELY WE DO EXILE HIM HENCE.

I HAVE AN INTEREST IN YOUR NATE'S PROCEEDING, MY BLOOD FOR YOUR RIDE BRAWLS DOTH LIE A-BLEEDING,

BUT I'LL AMERCHE YOU WITH SO STRONG A FINE, THAT YOU SHALL ALL REPENT THE LOSS OF MINE.

I WILL BE DEAF TO PLEADING AND EXCUSES; NOR TEARS NOR PRAYERS SHALL PURCHASE OUT ABUSES;

THEREFORE USE NONE; LET ROMEO HENCE IN HASTE, ELSE, WHEN HE IS FOUND, THAT HOUR IS HIS LAST.

BEAR HENCE THIS BODY, AND ATTEND OUR WILL: MERCY BUT MURDERS, PARDONING THOSE THAT KILL.
Act III - Scene V

THE CAPULETS’ HOUSE - JULIET'S CHAMBER. EARLY TUESDAY MORNING.

Wilt thou be gone?

It is not yet near day; it was the nightingale, and not the lark, that pierc’d the fearful hollow of thine ear.

Nighly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree; believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

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 tip toe on the misty mountain tops:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Yond light is not daylight, I know it: it is some meteor that the sun exhalés, to be to thee this night a torch-bearer, and light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore stay yet; thou need’st not to be gone.

Let me be ta’en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so. I'll say thou grey is not the morning’s eye, ’tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow; 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.

SOME SAY THE LARK MAKES SWEET DIVISION; THIS DOOTH NOT SO, FOR SHE OWIDETH US.
SOME SAY THE LARK AND LOATHED TOAD CHANGE EYES; O Y NOW I WOULD THEY HAD CHANGED VOICES TOO.

IT IS THE LARK THAT SINGS SO OUT OF TUNE, STRAINING HARSH DISCORDS AND UNPLEASING SHARPS.

O Y NOW BE GONE; MORE LIGHT AND LIGHT IT GROWS.
MORE LIGHT AND LIGHT; MORE DARK AND DARK OUR WDES.

NURSE?
YOUR LADY MOTHER IS COMING TO YOUR CHAMBER.

THE DAY IS BROKE; BE WARY, LOOK ABOUT.

THEN, WINDOW, LET DAY IN, AND LET LIFE OUT.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL!
ONE KISS, AND I'LL DESCEND.
ART THOU GONE SOF' LOVE! LORD MY HUSBAND, FRIENDY!

I MUST HEAR FROM THEE EVERY DAY IN THE HOUR. FOR IN A MINUTE THERE ARE MANY DAYS.

O BY THIS COUNT I SHALL BE MUCH IN YEARS, ERR I AGAIN REHOI MY ROMEO.

FAREWELL! I WILL O'NLY NO OPPORTUNITY THAT MAY CONVEY MY GREETINGS, LOVE, TO THEE.

O! THINK'ST THOU WE SHALL EVER MEET AGAIN?

I DOUBT IT NOT; AND ALL THESE WOES SHALL SERVE FOR SWEET DISCOURSES IN OUR TIME TO COME.

O GOD! I HAVE AN ILL-DINNING SOUL. METHINKS, I SEE THEE, NOW THOU ART SO LOW, AS ONE DEAD IN THE BOTTOM OF A TOMB: EITHER MY EYESIGHT FAILS, OR THOU LOOK'ST PALE.

AND TRUST ME, LOVE, IN MY EYE SO DO YOU! DRY SORROW DRANKS OUR BLOOD, ADIEU! ADIEU!

O FORTUNE, FORTUNE! ALL MEN CALL THEE PICKLE: IF THOU ART PICKLE, WHAT DOST THOU WITH HIM THAT IS RENOWN'D FOR FAITH?'

BE PICKLE, FORTUNE; FOR THEN, I HOPE, THOU WILT NOT KEEP HIM LONG, BUT SEND HIM BACK.
MADAM, I AM NOT WELL.
EVERMORE WEEPING FOR YOUR COUSIN'S DEATH?

WHAT? WILT THOU WASH HIM FROM HIS GRAVE WITH TEARS? 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.
YET LET ME WEEP FOR SUCH A FEELING LOSS.

SO SHALL YOU FEEL THE LOSS, BUT NOT THE FRIEND WHICH YOU WEEP FOR.
FEELING SO THE LOSS, I CANNOT CHOOSE BUT EVER WEEP THE FRIEND.
Well, girl. Thy weeping not so much for his death as that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

What villain, madam? That same villain, Romeo.

God pardon him!

I do, with all my heart; and yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

As, madam. From the reach of these my hands: 'Would, none but I might revenge my cousin's death!

We will have vengeance for it; fear thou not: then weep no more.

I'll send to one in Mantua; where that same banish'd runagate doth live, shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram that he shall soon keep Tybalt company; and then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him—dead—is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.

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 holy my heart alarms to hear him nay'd, and cannot come to him, to wreak the love I bore my cousin upon her body that hath slaughter'd him!

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

AND JOY COMES WELL IN SUCH A NEEDY TIME. WHAT ARE THEY? I BESIEG YOUR LADYSHIP?

WELL, WELL, THOU HAST A CAREFUL FATHER, CHILD:

ONE WHO, TO PUT THY FROM THY HEAVINESS, HATH SORTED OUT A SUDDEN DAY OF JOY, THAT THOU EXPECTS NOT, NOR I LOOK'D NOT FOR.

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.

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, I WILL NOT MARRY YET.
AND, WHEN
I DO, I SWEAR,
IT SHALL BE ROMEO,
WHOM YOU KNOW I HATE,
RATHER THAN
PARIS.

HERE COMES
YOUR FATHER, TELL HIM
SO YOURSELF, AND SEE
HOW HE WILL TAKE IT AT
YOUR HANDS.

WHEN THE
SUN SETS, THE AIR
DOTH DRIZZLE DREW, BUT
FOR THE SUNSET OF MY
BROTHERS SON, IT RAINS
DOWNRIGHT.

NOW NOW!
A CONDUIT, GIRL? WHAT,
STILL IN TEARS? EVERMORE
SHOWERING IN ONE LITTLE
BODY IN THE COUNTERFEIT
BARB, A SEA,
A WIND.

FOR STILL
THY EYES, WHICH I MAY
CALL THE SEA, DO BBB AND
FLOW WITH TEARS; THE BARK
THY BODY IS, SAILING IN
THIS SALTY FLOOD.

THY WINDS, THY SIGHS, WHO, RAGING
WITH THY TEARS, AND THEY
WITH THEM, WITHOUT A SUDDEN
CALM, WILL OVERSET THY
TEMPEST-TOSSED
BODY.

SOFT!
TAKE ME WITH YOU.
TAKE ME WITH YOU.
WIFE.

HOW!
WIFE? HAVE
YOU DELIVERED
TO HER OUR
DEGREE?

AY SIR, BUT
SHE WILL NONE, SHE
GIVES YOU THANKS.
I WOULD, THE FOOL
WERE MARRIED TO
HER GRAVE.

WILL SHE NONE?
DOETH SHE NOT GIVE
US THANKS?

IS SHE NOT
PROUD? DOETH SHE
NOT COUNT HER BLESSED,
UNWORTHY AS SHE IS, THAT
WE HAVE WROUGHT SO WORTHY
A GENTLEMAN TO BE HER
BRIDEGROOM?

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.
HOW, HOW, HOW?

CHOPPED LOGIC?
WHAT IS THIS?

"Proud", and "I thank you";
and "I thank you not";
and yet "not proud"?

MISTRESS
MINION, YOU THANK ME NO
THANKS; NOR PROUD ME NO
PROUDS, BUT PETTLE YOUR FINE
JINTS AGAINST THURSDAY NEXT,
TO GO WITH PARIS TO SAINT
PETER'S CHURCH, OR I WILL
DRAG THEE ON A HURDLER
THITHER.

OUT, YOU
GREEN-SICKNESS
CARRION! OUT, YOU
BAGGAGE! YOU
TALLOW FACE!

CRASH

HANG
THEE, YOUNG
BAGGAGE!

DISOBEDIENT
WRETCH!

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;
MY FINGERS
ITCH.

WIFE, WE
SCARCE THOUGHT US
BLESS'D, THAT GOD HAD
LENT US BUT THIS
ONLY CHILD;

BUT NOW
I SEE THIS ONE IS
ONE TOO MUCH, AND
THAT WE HAVE A CURSE
IN HAVING HER,

OUT ON HER,
HILDING!

GOD IN
HEAVEN BLESS HER!
YOU ARE TO BLAME,
MY LORD, TO RATE
HER SO.
AND WHY, MY LADY WISDOM? HOLD YOUR TONGUE, GOOD PRUDENCE: SMATTER WITH YOUR GOSSIP!

GO.

I SPEAK NO TREASON.

O' GOD YE GOOD DEN. MAY NOT ONE SPEAK?

GOD'S BREAD! IT MAKES ME MAD.

PEACE, YOU MUMBLING FOOL!

UTTER YOUR GRAVITY O'ER A GOSSIP'S BOWL: FOR HERE WE NEED IT NOT.

YOU ARE TOO HOT.

DAY, NIGHT, HOUR, TIDE, TIME, WORK, PLAY, ALONE, IN COMPANY, STILL MY CARE HATH BEEN TO HAVE HER MATCH'D:

AND HAVING NOW PROVIDED A GENTLEMAN OF NOBLE PARENTAGE, OF FAIR DEMESNES, YOUTHFUL, AND NOBLY LIKENED, STUFFED, AS THEY SAY, WITH HONOURABLE PARTS, PROPORTION'D AS ONE'S THOUGHT WOULD WISH A MAN.

AND THEN TO HAVE A WRETCHED PULING FOOL, A WHINING MAMMET, IN HER FORTUNE'S TENDER, TO ANSWER —

'I'LL NOT WED. I CANNOT LOVE, 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 AN YOU BE MINE.
I'LL GIVE YOU TO MY FRIEND;
AN YOU BE NOT, HANG, BEG, STARVE,
DIE IN THE STREETF! For, BY MY SOUL,
I'LL NEVER ACKNOWLEDGE THEE;
NOR WHAT IS MINE SHALL NEVER
DO THEE GOOD.

TRUST TO 'T, BETHINK YOU;
I'LL NOT BE FORSWORN.

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 IN
THAT DAM MONUMENT
WHERE TYBALT LIES.

TALK NOT
TO ME, FOR I'LL
NOT SPEAK A WORD:
DO AS THOU WILT, FOR
I HAVE DONE WITH
THEE.

MY HUSBAND
IS ON EARTH, MY FAITH
IN HEAVEN; 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 PRACTICE STRATAGEMS
UPON SO SOFT A SUBJECT
AS MYSELF!

O GOD! -
O NURSE! HOW
SHALL THIS BE
PREVENTED?

WHAT
SAY'ST THOU?
HAST THOU NOT
A WORD OF JOY?
SOME COMFORT,
NURSE.

FAITH, HERE IT IS.
ROMEO IS
BANISHED, AND ALL
THE WORLD TO RETURN,
THAT HE DARES NEVER COME
BACK TO CHALLENGE YOU;
OH, IF HE HAVE, IT MIGHT
MUST BE BY
STRENGTH.

THY
SINCE THE CASH SO
STANDS AS NOW IT DOETH,
I THINK IT TRUST YOU
MARRIED WITH THE
COUNTY.
O! he's a lovely gentleman. Romeo's a dishonour to him an eagle, madam. Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye 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 were as good he were as living here and you no use of him.

Speakest thou from thy heart?

And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

Amen!

What?

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me this 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 tymann, till to the friar, to know his remedy if all else fail, myself have power to me.

Mary, I will, and this is wisely done.
Act IV - Scene 1

FRIAR LAURENCE'S
CHURCH - TUESDAY
MORNING.

ON
THURSDAY,
sighs the
TIME IS
VERY
SHORT.
MY FATHER
CAPULET WILL HAVE
IT SO; AND I AM NOTHING
SLOW TO SLACK HIS
HASTE.

YOU SAY
YOU DO NOT
KNOW THE LADY'S
MIND: UNEVEN IS THE
COURSE: I LIKE
IT NOT.

IMMODERATELY
SHE WEEPS FOR TYBALT'S
DEATH, AND THEREFORE HAVE
I LITTLE TALK'D OF LOVE;
FOR VENUS SMILES NOT
IN A HOUSE OF
TEARS.

AND IN HIS
WISDOM HASTENS OUR
MARRIAGE, TO STOP THE
INUNDATION OF HER TEARS,
WHICH TOO MUCH MINDED
BY HERSELF ALONE, MAY
BE PUT FROM HER
BY SOCIETY.

NOW, SIR,
HER FATHER COUNTS
IT DANGEROUS THAT
SHE DOTH GIVE HER
SORROW SO MUCH
SHY:

NOW DO
YOU KNOW THE
REASON OF THIS
HASTE.

I WOULD
I KNEW NOT WHY
IT SHOULD BE
SLOW'D.

LOOK, SIR,
HERE COMES THE
LADY TOWARD
MY CELL.

HAPPILY
MET, MY LADY
AND MY WIFE!

THAT MAY
BE, SIR, WHEN
I MAY BE A
WIFE.

THAT
MAY BE,
MUST BE LOVE,
ON THURSDAY
NEXT.

WHAT
MUST BE
SHALL BE.

THAT'S
A CERTAIN
TEXT.
COME YOU TO MAKE CONFESSION TO THIS FATHER?

DO NOT DENY TO HIM THAT YOU LOVE ME.

SO WILL YE, I AM SURE, THAT YOU LOVE ME.

IF I DO SO, IT WILL BE OF MORE PRICE, BEING SPOKEN BEHIND YOUR BACK, THAN TO YOUR FACE.

TO ANSWER THAT, I SHOULD CONFESS TO YOU.

I WILL CONFESS TO YOU THAT I LOVE HIM.

POOR SOUL, THY FACE IS MUCH ABUSED WITH TEARS.

THOU WROGST IT MORE THAN TEARS, WITH THAT REPORT.

THAT IS NO SLANDER, SIR, WHICH IS A TRUTH: AND WHAT I SPOKE, I SPOKE IT TO MY FACE.

THE TEARS HAVE GOT SMALL VICTORY BY THAT; FOR IT WAS BAD ENOUGH BEFORE THEIR SPITE.

THY FACE IS MINE, AND THOU HAST SLANDER'D IT.

IT MAY BE SO, FOR IT IS NOT MINE OWN.

ARE YOU AT LEISURE, HOLY FATHER, NOW; OR SHALL I COME TO YOU AT EVENING MASS.

MY LEISURE SERVES ME, PENSIVE DAUGHTER, NOW.

MY LORD, WE MUST ENTREAT THE TIME ALONE.

GOD SHIELD I SHOULD DISTURB DEVOTION!

JULIET: ON THURSDAY EARLY WILL I ROUSE YE;

TILL THEN, ADIEU; AND KEEP THIS HOLY KISS.
OF SHUT THE DOOR.
AND WHEN THOU HAST DONE SO, COME, WEEP WITH ME;
PAST HOPE, PAST CURE, PAST HELP!

AH, JULIET! I ALREADY KNOW THY GRIEF; IT STRAINS ME PAST THE COMPASS OF MY WITS.
I HEAR THOU MUST, AND NOTHING MAY PRODUCSE IT ON THURSDAY NEXT BE MARRIED TO THIS COUNTY.

TELL ME, NOT FOOL, THAT THOU HEARST OF THIS, UNLESS THOU TELL ME NOW I MAY PREVENT IT.
IF IN THY WISDOM THOU CANST GIVE NO HELP SO THOU BUT CALL MY RESOLUTION WISE, AND WITH THIS KNIFE I'LL HELP IT PRESENTLY.

GOD JOIN MY HEART AND ROMEO'S, THOU OUR HANDS.
AND ERE THIS HAND, BY THEE TO ROMEO'S SEAL'D, SHALL BE THE LABEL TO ANOTHER DEED, OR MY TRUE HEART WITH TREACHEROUS REVOLT TURN TO ANOTHER, THIS SHALL SLAY THEM BOTH.

THEFORE, OUT OF THY LONG-EXPERIENCED TIME, GIVE ME SOME PRESENT COUNSEL.

OH, BEHOLD, 'TWIXT MY EXTREMES AND ME THIS BLOODY KNIFE SHALL PLAY THE UMPIRE, ARBITRATING THAT WHICH THE COMMISSION OF THY YEARS AND ART COULD TO NO ISSUE OF TRUE HONOUR BRING.

I DO SPY A KIND OF HOPE, WHICH CRAVES AS DESPERATE AN EXECUTION AS THAT IS DESPERATE WHICH WE WOULD PREVENT.

IF, RATHER THAN TO MARRY COUNTY PARIS, THOU HAST THE STRENGTH OF WILL TO SLAY THYSELF; THEN IS IT LIKELY THOU WILT UNDERTAKE A THING LIKE DEATH TO CAUSE AWAY THIS SHAME, THAT COST WITH DEATH HIMSELF TO 'SCAPE FROM IT;

BE NOT SO LONG TO SPEAK; I LONG TO DIE, IF WHAT THOU SPEAK'ST SPEAK NOT OF REMEDY.

HOLD, DAUGHTER:
AND, IF
THOU DAR'ST,
I'LL GIVE THEE
REMEDY.

O! BID ME
LEAP RATHER
THAN MARRY PAPA,
FROM OFF THE
BATTLEMENTS
OF VIVID
TOWER;

OR WALK
IN THIEVISH WAYS; OR
BID ME LURK WHERE
SERPENTS ARE, CHAIN
ME WITH ROARING
BEARS;

OR SHUT ME NIGHTLY IN A
CHARNEL-HOUSE, O'ER-COVER'D
QUITE WITH DEAD MEN'S RATTLING
BONES, WITH REEKY SHANKS
AND YELLOW CHAPLESS
SKULLS;

OR BID
ME GO INTO A
NEW-MADE GRAVE,
AND HIDE ME WITH A
DEAD MAN IN HIS
SHROUD;

THINGS THAT,
TO HEAR THEM TOLD,
HAVE MADE ME TREMBLE;
AND I WILL DO IT WITHOUT
FEAR OR DOUBT, TO LIVE AN
UNSTAND WIFE TO MY
SWEET LOVE.

HOLD, THEN;
COME HOME,
BE MERRY, GIVE
CONSENT TO MARRY
PAPA.

WEDNESDAY
IS TO-MORROW;
TO-MORROW NIGHT LOOK
THAT THOU LIE ALONE, LET
NOT THY NURSE LIE
WITH THEE IN THY
CHAMBER;

TAKE
THOU THIS WAX,
BEING THEN IN BED,
AND THIS DISTILLING
LIQUID DRINK THOU
OFF;

WHEN
PRESENTLY, THROUGH
ALL THY VEINS SHALL RUN
A COLD AND DROWSY HUMOUR;
FOR NO PULSE SHALL KEEP HIS
NATIVE PROGRESS; BUT
SURCEASE;

NO WARMTH,
NO BREATH, SHALL TESTIFY
THOU LIVEST; THE ROSES IN THY
LIPS AND CHEEKS SHALL FADE TO
PALS ASHES; THY EYES' WINDOWS
FALL, LIKE DEATH, WHEN HE
SHUT'S IN THE DAY
OF LIFE;

EACH PART
DEPRIVED OF SUPPLE
GOVERNMENT, SHALL,
STIFF AND STARK AND
COLD, APPEAR LIKE
DEATH;

AND IN
THIS BORROW'D
LIKENESS OF SHRUNK
DEATH THOU SHALT CONTINUE
TWO AND FORTY HOURS,
AND THEN AWAKE AS
FROM A PLEASANT
SLEEP.
NOW WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM IN THE MORNING COMES TO ROUSE THEE FROM THY BED, THERE ART THOU DEAD:

THEN AS THE MANNER OF OUR COUNTRY IS, IN THY BEST ROBES UNCOVERD ON THE BIER, THOU SHALT BE BORNE TO THAT SAME ANCIENT VAULT WHERE ALL THE KINDRED OF THE CAPULETS LIE.

IN THE MEANTIME, AGAINST THOU SHALT Awake, SHALL ROMEO BY MY LETTERS KNOW OUR DRIFT; AND RATHER SHALL HE COME:

AND HE AND I WILL WATCH THY WAKING, AND THAT VERY NIGHT SHALL ROMEO BEAR THEE HENCE TO MANTUA.

AND THIS SHALL FREE THEE FROM THIS PRESENT SNAKE, IF NO INCONSTANT TOY NOR WOMANISH FEAR, ABATE THY VALOUR IN THE ACTING IT.

O! TELL NOT ME OF FEAR.

GIVE ME, GIVE ME!

AND A FRIAR WITH SPEED TO MANTUA, WITH MY LETTERS TO THY L ORD.

LOVE, GIVE ME STRENGTH! AND STRENGTH SHALL HELP AFFORD.

FAREWELL, DEAR FATHER.
Act IV - Scene III

THE CAPULETS' HOUSE - JULIET'S CHAMBER, TUESDAY NIGHT.

WHAT ARE YOU BUSY, MOP? NEED YOU MY HELP?

AY, THOSE ATTIRE'S ARE BEST; BUT, GENTLE NURSE, I PRAY THIS, LEAVE ME TO MYSELF TO-NIGHT;

FOR I HAVE NEED OF MANY ORISONS TO MOVE THE HEAVENS TO SMILE UPON MY STATE. WHICH, WELL THOU KNOWST, IS CROSS AND FULL OF SIN.

NO, MADAM: WE HAVE CULLED SUCH NECESSARIES AS ARE REMOVABLE FOR OUR STATE TO-MORROW;

SO PLEASE YOU LET ME NOW BE LEFT ALONE, AND LET THE NURSE THIS NIGHT SIT UP WITH YOU; FOR, I AM SURE, YOU HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL ALL IN THIS SO SUDDEN BUSINESS.

GOOD NIGHT: GET THEM TO BED, AND REST; FOR THOU HAST NEED.

FAREWELL!

GOD KNOWS WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN. I HAVE A PAIN COLD FEAR THRILLS THROUGH MY VEINS, THAT ALMOST FREEZES UP THE HEAT OF LIFE!

I'LL CALL THEM BACK AGAIN TO COMFORT ME.

NURSE!

WHAT SHOULD SHE DO HERE? MY DISMAL SCENE I NEEDS MUST ACT ALONE.
COME, VIOL.

WHAT IF THIS MIXTURE DO NOT WORK AT ALL? SHALL I BE MARRIED THEN TO-MORROW MORNING?

NO, NO: THIS SHALL FORBID IT.

LIE THOU THERE.

WHAT IF IT BE A POISON, WHICH THE PRIAR SUBTLY HATH MINISTER'D TO HAVE ME DEAD, LEST IN THIS MARRIAGE HE SHOULD BE DISHONOUR'D, BECAUSE HE MARRIED ME BEFORE TO ROMEO?

I FEAR IT IS: AND YET, METYNSKS, IT SHOULD NOT, FOR HE HATH STILL BEEN TRIED A HOLY MAN.

HOW IF, WHEN I AM LAID INTO THE TOMB, I WAKE BEFORE THE TIME THAT ROMEO COME TO REDEEM ME?

THERE'S A FEARFUL POINT!

SHALL I NOT THEN BE STIFLED IN THE VAULT, TO WHOSE FOUL MOUTH NO HEALTHSOME AIR BREATHES IN, AND THERE DIE STRANGL'D ERE MY ROMEO COMES?

OR, IF I LIVE, IS IT NOT VERY LIKELY, THE HORRIBLE CONCEPT OF DEATH AND NIGHT TOGETHER WITH THE TERROR OF THE PLACE?

AS IN A VAULT, AN ANCIENT RECEPTACLE, WHERE, FOR THIS MANY HUNDRED YEARS, THE BONES OF ALL MY BURIED ANCESTORS ARE PACK'D, WHERE BLOODY TYRA'T, YET BUT GREEN IN EARTH, LIES FEST'RING IN HIS SHROUD.
WHERE, AS THEY SAID, AT SOME HOURS IN THE NIGHT SPIRITS RESORT?

ALACK, ALACK! IS IT NOT LIKE THAT I SO EARLY WAKING—WHAT WITH LOATHSOME SMELLS AND SRIKES LIKE MANDRACKES TORN OUT OF THE EARTH, THAT LIVING MORTALS, HEARING THEM, RUN MAD.

O, IF I WAKE, SHALL I NOT BE DISTRAUGHT, ENVIRONED WITH ALL THESE HIDEOUS PEAES AND MADLY FLAY WITH MY FOREPARENTS' JOINTS, AND PLUCK THE MANLED TIBALD FROM HIS SHRROUS?

AND, IN THIS RAGE, WITH SOME GREAT RINGMAN'S BONE, AS WITH A CLUB, DASH OUT MY DESPERATE BRAINS?

O, LOOK! MENTHINS I SEE MY COUSIN'S GHOST SEEKING OUT ROMEO, THAT DID SPIT HIS BODY UPON A RAPIER'S POINT: STAY TIBALD, STAY!

ROMEO, I COME!

THIS DO I DRINK TO THEE.
Act V - Scene I

THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANTUA - WEDNESDAY MORNING.

I DREAMT MY LADY CAME AND FOUND ME DEAD - STRANGE DREAM, THAT GIVES A DEAD MAN LEAVE TO THINK! - AND BREATH'D SUCH LIFE WITH KISSES IN MY LIPS, THAT I REVIVED AND WAS AN EMPEROR.

AH ME! HOW SWEET IS LOVE ITSELF POSSESS'D, WHEN BUT LOVE'S SHADOWS ARE SO RICH IN JOY!

IF I MAY TRUST THE FLATTERING TRUTH OF SLEEP, MY DREAMS PRESAGE SOME JOYFUL NEWS AT HAND.

MY BOSOM'S LORD SITS LIGHTLY IN HIS THRONE; AND, ALL THIS DAY, AN UNACCUSTOM'D SPIRIT LIFTS ME ABOVE THE GROUND WITH CHEERFUL THOUGHTS.

NEWS FROM VERONA!

HOW NOW, BALTHAGAR!

DOST THOU NOT BRING ME LETTERS FROM THE FRIAR?

HOW DOTH MY LADY?

IS MY FATHER WELL?

HOW DOTH MY LADY JULIET?

THAT I ASK AGAIN; FOR NOTHINGS CAN BE ILL, IF SHE BE WELL.

THEN SHE IS WELL, AND NOTHING CAN BE ILL; HER BODY SLEEPS IN CAPPIS' MONUMENT, AND HER IMMORTAL PART WITH ANGELS LIVES.

I SAW HER LAID LOW IN HER KINDRED'S VAULT, AND PRESENTLY TOOK POST TO TELL IT YOU.

O, PARDON ME FOR BRINGING THESE ILL NEWS, SINCE YOU DID LEAVE IT FOR MY OFFICE, SIR.
Tush, thou art deceived!
Leave me, and do the things I bid thee do.

Thou knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper, and hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

I do beseech you, sir, have patience: your looks are pale and wild, and do import some misadventure.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means: - o mischief! thou art swift to enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts a dwells, which late I noted in tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows, culling of simples.

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, an alligator stuffed, and other skins of ill-shap'd fishes.

And about his shelves a beggary account of empty boxes, green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses, were thinly scattered, to make up a show.

Phew!
NOTING THIS PENURY, TO MYSELF I SAID - AN IF A MAN DID NEED A POISON NOW, WHOSE SALE IS PRESENT DEATH IN MANTUA, HERE LIVES A CATHER WRETCH WOULD SELL IT HIM.

OF THIS SAME THOUGHT DID BUT FORERUN MY NEED, AND THIS SAME NEEDY MAN MUST SELL IT ME.

AS I REMEMBER, THIS SHOULD BE THE HOUSE.

BEING HOLIDAY, THE BEGGAR'S SHOP IS SHUT.

WHO CALLS SO LOUD?

COME HITHER, MAN!

NOTICE THAT THOU ART POOR, HOLD, THERE IS FORTY DUCATS, LET ME HAVE A DRAM OF POISON!

SUCH SOON-SPEEDING GEAR AS WILL DISPERSE ITSELF THROUGH ALL THE VEINS, THAT THE LIFE-WEARIE TAKER MAY FALL DEAD, AND THAT THE TRUNK MAY BE DISCHARGED OF BREATHE AS VIOLENTLY, AS HASTY POWDER FIRD DOOTH HURRY FROM THE FATAL CANNON'S WOMB.

ART THOU SO BARE, AND FULL OF WRETCHEDNESS, AND FEAR'ST TO DIE PANINE IS IN THY CHEEKS, NEED AND OPPRESSION STARVETH IN THY EYES, CONTEMPT AND BEGGARY HANGS UPON THY BACK.

THE WORLD IS NOT THY FRIEND, NOR THE WORLD'S LAW; THE WORLD AFFORDS NO LAW TO MAKE THEE RICH, THEN BE NOT POOR, BUT BREAK IT AND TAKE THIS.

SUCH MORTAL DRUGS I HAVE, BUT MANTUA'S LAW IS DEATH TO ANY HE THAT UTTERS THEM.
POVERTY, BUT NOT MY WILL CONSENTS.

I PAY THY POVERTY, AND NOT THY WILL.

PUT THIS IN ANY LIQUID THINGS YOU WILL, AND DRINK IT OFF;

AND, IF YOU HAD THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN, IT WOULD DISPARATE YOU STRAIGHT.

THERE IS THY GOLD;

WORSE POISON TO MEN'S SOULS, DOING MORE MURDER IN THIS LOATHSOME WORLD, THAN THESE POOR COMPOUNDS THAT THOU HAST NOT SELL;

I SELL THEE POISON, THOU HAST SOLD ME NONE.

FAREWELL: BUY FOOD, AND GET THYSELF IN FLESH.

COME, CORDIAL AND NOT POISON, GO WITH ME TO JULIET'S GRAVE: FOR THERE MUST I USE THEE.
FRIAR LAURENCE'S CHURCH - 
WEDNESDAY EVENING.

KNOCK KNOCK

HOLY FRANCISCAN FRIAR!
BROTHER, HO!

THIS SAME
SHOULD BE THE
VOICE OF FRIAR
JOHN.

WELCOME
FROM MANTUA:
WHAT SAY'S ROMEO?
OR, IF HIS MIND BE
WRIT, GIVE ME HIS
LETTER.

GOING TO FIND
A BARE-FOOT BROTHER OUT,
ONE OF OUR ORDER, TO ACCOMPANY ME;
HERE IN THIS CITY VISITING THE SICK,
AND FINDING HIM, THE SEARCHERS OF THE
TOWN, SUSPECTING THAT WE BOTH WERE
IN A HOUSE WHERE THE INFECTIOUS
PESTILENCE DID REGIN, SEAL'D UP THE
DOORS AND WOULD NOT LET US FORTH;
SO THAT MY SPEED TO MANTUA
THERE WAS STAY'D.

WHO BARE
MY LETTER THEN
TO ROMEO?

I COULD
NOT SEND IT,
HERE IT IS AGAIN, -
NOR GET A MESSANGER
TO BRING IT THEE, SO
FEARFUL WERE THEY OF
INFECTION.

UNHAPPY
FORTUNE!

BY MY
BROTHERHOOD,
THE LETTER WAS NOT NICE,
BUT FULL OF CHARGE,
OF DEAR IMPORT; AND THE
NEGLECTING IT May DO
MUCH DANGER.

FRIAR
JOHN, SO HENCE,
GET ME AN IRON
CROW, AND BRING IT
STRAIGHT UNTO
MY CELL.

BROTHER,
I'LL SO AND
BRING IT
THEE.

NOW
MUST I TO THE
MONUMENT ALONE,
WITHIN THIS THREE
HOURS WILL FAIR
JULIET WAKE.

SHE WILL
BESHREW ME MUCH
THAT ROMEO HATH HAD
NO NOTICE OF THESE
ACCIDENTS; BUT I WILL
WRITE AGAIN TO MANTUA,
AND KEEP HER AT MY
CELL TILL ROMEO
COME.

POOR LIVING CORSE,
CLOSE'D IN A
DEAD MAN'S
TOMB!
Act V - Scene III

A CHURCHYARD CONTAINING THE CAPULET FAMILY TOMB - WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

GIVE ME THY TORCH, BOY, HENCE, AND STAND ALOOP; YET PUT IT OUT, FOR I WOULD NOT BE SEEN.

UNDER YOND YEW-TREES LAY THEE ALL ALONG, HOLDING THY EAR CLOSE TO THE HOLLOW GROUND: SO SHALL NO FOOT UPON THE CHURCHYARD TREAD, BEING LOOSE, UNFORM, WITH DIGGING UP OF GRAVES, BUT THOU SHALT HEAR IT:

WHISTLE THEN TO ME, AS SIGNAL THAT THOU HEAR'ST SOMETHING APPROACH.

SWEET FLOWER, WITH FLOWERS THY BRIDAL BED I STREW, - O WOE! THY CANOPY IS DUST AND STONES! -

WHICH WITH SWEET WATER, NIGHTLY I WILL DEW, OR, WANTING THAT WITH TEARS DISTILLED BY MOANS:

THE OBSEQUIES THAT I FOR THEE WILL KEEP, NIGHTLY SHALL BE, TO STREW THY GRAVE AND WEEP!

THE BOY GIVES WARNING SOMETHING GOTH APPROACH, WHAT CURSED FOOT WANDERS THIS WAY TO-NIGHT, TO CROSS MY OBSEQUIES AND TRUE LOVE'S RITE?

WHAT! WITH A TORCH? MUFFLE ME, NIGHT, A WHILE.

GIVE ME THAT MATTOCK AND THE WRENCHING IRON.

HOLD, TAKE THIS LETTER, EARLY IN THE MORNING SEE THOU DELIVER IT TO MY LORD AND FATHER.
Give me the light:
Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof, and
Do not interrupt me in
my course.

Therefore hence, be gone!
But if thou be jealous, cost
Return to pry in what I intend
to do, by heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint and
Strew this hungry churchyard
With thy limbs.

The time
And my intents are
Savage-wild, more fierce,
And more inexorable
Far, than empty tigers,
or the roaring
sea.

I will be
Gone, sir, and
Not trouble
you.

For all
This same, I'll
Hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear,
And his intents
I doubt.

So shalt
Thou show me
Friendship.

Take
Thou that: live,
And be prosperous,
And farewell, good
fellow.

Thou
Detestable
Maw! thou womb
Of death, bored
With the dearest
Morsel of the
Earth.

This is that
Barnard Haughty
Montague, that murder'd
My love's cousin — with which
Grief it is supposed, the fair
Creature died, — and here is
Come to do some Villainous
Shame to the
Dead bodies.

I will
Apprehend
Him.

Thus
I enforce thy
Rotten jaws to
Open, and, in despite,
I'll cram thee
With more
Poxy.
STOP
THY SHAMELESS TOIL, VILE MONTAGUE!

CAN VENGEANCE BE PURSUED FURTHER THAN DEATH?

CONDEMNED VILLAIN, I DO APPREHEND THEE: OBAY AND GO WITH ME;

FOR THOU MUST DIE.

I MUST, INDEED; AND THEREFORE CAME I HITHER.

GOOD GENTLE YOUTH, TEMP'T NOT A DESPERATE MAN: FLY HENCE, AND LEAVE ME.

THINK UPON THESE GONE; LET THEM AFFRIGHT THEE.

I BESEECH THEE, YOUTH; PUT NOT ANOTHER SIN UPON MY HEAD, BY URGENCY ME TO FURY: O, BE GONE! BY HEAVEN, I LOVE THEE BETTER THAN MYSELF, FOR I COME HITHER AGAINST MYSELF:

STAY NOT; BE GONE; LIVE, AND HEREAFTER SAV' A MADMAN'S MERCY; BID THEE RUN AWAY.

I DO DEIFY' THY CONJURATIONS

AND APPREHEND THEE FOR A FELON HERE.

WILT THOU PROVOKE ME?

THEN, HAVE AT THEE, BOY!
CLANG

AAAAAAAAH!!

THUMP

O LORD! THEY FIGHT! I WILL GO CALL THE WATCH.

SWISH
AAARGH!

O! I am slain!

If thou be mercifull, open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

IN FAITH, I WILL.

AAAAARGH!!

WHAT SAID MY MAN, WHEN MY RETOSSED SOUL DID NOT ATTEND HIM AS WE RODE?

I THINK, HE TOLD ME, PARIS SHOULD HAVE MARRIED JULIET: SAD HE NOT SoY OR DID I DREAM IT SO?

OR AM I MAD, HEARING HIM TALK OF JULIET TO THINK IT WAS SO?

O! GIVE ME THY HAND, ONE WRIT WITH ME IN SOUR MISFORTUNE'S BOOK!

I'LL BURY THEE IN A TRIUMPHANT GRAVE.

LET ME PERUSE THIS FACE: MERCUTIO'S KINSMAN, NOBLE COUNTY PARIS!
A GRAVER
O, NO! A LANTERN,
Slaughter'd youth! for
here lies Juliet, and her
beauty makes this vault
a feasting presence
full of light.

DEATH,
lie thou there,
by a dead man inter'd,
how oft, when men are at
the point of death, have they
seen mirth? which their
keepers call a lightning
before death!

O! how
may I call this
a lightning?

O, MY LOVE! MY WIFE!
Death, that hath suck'd
the honey of thy breath,
hath had no power yet
upon thy beauty.

THOU ART
not conquer'd;
beauty's ensign yet
is crimson in thy lips
and in thy cheeks, and
death's pale flag
is not advanced
there.

TYBALT,
liest thou there
in thy bloody
sheet?

O! what
more favour can I
do to thee, than with
that hand that cut thy
youth in twain to sunder
his that was thine
enemy?

FORGIVE ME,
cousin!

Ah! dear Juliet, why
art thou yet so fair?
shall I believe that
unsubstantial death is
amorous, and that the lean
abhorred monster keeps
thee here in dark to be
his paramour?

Here, here
Will I remain
with worms
that are thy
chambermaids;

Oh! here
Will I set up my
everlasting rest,
and shake the vike
of auspicious stars
from this world-wearied
flesh.
EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE! AND, LIPS, O YOU, THE DOORS OF BREATH, SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS KISS A DATELESS BARGAIN TO ENGROSSING DEATH!

COME, BITTER CONDUCT, COME, UNSAVOURY GUIDE! THOU DESPERATE PILOT, NOW AT ONCE RUN ON THE DASHING ROCKS THY SEA-SICK WEARY BARK!

HERE'S TO MY LOVE! O TRUE APOTHECARY! THY DRUGS ARE QUICK.

THUS WITH A KISS I DIE.

SAINT FRANCIS BE MY SPEED! HOW OFT TO-NIGHT HAVE MY OLD FEET STUMBBLED AT GRANYES!

WHO'S THERE?

HERE'S ONE, A FRIEND, AND ONE THAT KNOWS YOU WELL.

BLISS BE UPON YOU! TELL ME, GOOD MY FRIEND, WHAT TORCH IS YON, THAT VANLY LENDS HIS LIGHT TO GRUES AND EYELESS SKULLS?

AS I DISCERN, IT BURNETH IN THE CAPELS' MONUMENT.

IT DOETH SO, HOLY SIR, AND THERE'S MY MASTER, ONE THAT YOU LOVE.

WHO IS IT?

ROMEO.

HOW LONG HATH HE BEEN THERE?

FULL HALF AN HOUR.

I DARE NOT, SIR: MY MASTER KNOWS NOT BUT I AM GONE HENCE; AND FEARFULLY DID MENACE ME WITH DEATH, IF I DID STAY TO LOOK ON HIS INTENTS.

STAY, THEN! I'LL GO ALONE; FEAR COMES UPON ME; O' MUCH I FEAR SOME ILL UNLUCKY THINGS.

SO WITH ME TO THE VAULT.
As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, and that my master slew him.

Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains the stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords to lie discolor'd by this place of peace?

Who else?

Romeo! Pales!

What, Paris too? and steep'd in blood?

Ah! what an unkind hour is guilty of this lamentable chance?

The lady stirs.

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be, and there I am; where is my Romeo?

I hear some noise.

Lady, come from that nest of death, contagion and unnatural sleep: a greater power than we can contradict hath thwarted our intents.

Come, come away: thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; and Paris too.

Come, I'll dispose of thee among a sisterhood of holy nuns; stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

Come, so. Good Juliet, I dare no longer stay.

So, get thee hence, for I will not away.
WHAT'S HERE?
A CUP CLOSET IN
MY TRUE LOVE'S
HAND?

POISON,
I SEE, HATH BEEN
HIS TIMELESS
END.

O CHURL!
DRUNK ALL, AND
LEFT NO FRIENDLY
DROP TO HELP ME
AFTERS?

I WILL KISS
THY LIPS; HAPLY
SOME POISON YET
BOTH HANG ON THEM,
TO MAKE ME DIE WITH
A RESTORATIVE.

THY LIPS
ARE WARM!
O happy dagger!

Yes, noise? Then I'll be brief.

This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.
This is the place; there, where the torch hath burn.

The ground is bloody! Search about the churchyard. Go, some of you. Whoever you find, attatch.
PITIFUL SIGHT!

HERE LIES THE COUNTY CLAUS, AND JULIET BLEEDING, WARM, AND NEWLY DEAD, WHO HERE HATH LAIN THIS TWO DAYS BURIED.

GO, TELL THE PRINCE; RUN TO THE CAPULETS, RAISE UP THE MONTAIGUES; SOME OTHERS SEARCH!

WE SEE THE GROUND WHEREON THESE WOES DO LIE; BUT THE TRUE GROUND OF ALL THESE PITEOUS WOES WE CANNOT WITHOUT CIRCUMSTANCE DESCRIBE.

HERE'S ROMEO'S MAN; WE FOUND HIM IN THE CHURCHYARD.

HERE IS A PRIEST, THAT TREMBLES, SIGHS, AND WEEPS: WE TOOK THIS MATTACK AND THIS SPADE FROM HIM, AS HE WAS COMING FROM THIS CHURCHYARD'S SIDE.

A GREAT SUSPICION: STAY THE PRIEST TOO.

WHAT MISADVENTURE IS SO EARLY UP, THAT CALLS OUR PERSON FROM OUR REST?

WHAT SHOULD IT BE THAT THEY SO SHRIEK ABROAD?

O, THE PEOPLE IN THE STREET CRY "ROMEO", SOME "JULIET", AND SOME "PRIEST", AND ALL RUN WITH OPEN OUTCRY TOWARD OUR MONUMENT.
WHAT FEAR IS THIS, WHICH STARTLES IN OUR EARS?

SOVEREIGN, HERE LIES THE COUNTY MARSHAL SLAIN;
AND ROMEO DEAD AND JULIET, DEAD BEFORE,
WARM AND NEW KILL'D.

SEARCH, SEEK, AND KNOW HOW THIS FOUL MURDER COMES.

HERE IS A FIRE, AND SLAUGHTER'D ROMEO'S MAN,
WITH INSTRUMENTS UPON THEM FIT TO OPEN
THESE DEAD MEN'S TOMBS.

O HEAVENS!
O WIFE! LOOK HOW OUR DAUGHTER BLEEDS!

THIS DAGGER HATH MISTAKEN, FOR, LO!
THIS HOUSE IS EMPTY ON THE BACK OF MONTAGUE,
AND IT MIS-SHEATHED IN MY DAUGHTER'S BOSOM!

COME, MONTAGUE! FOR THOU ART EARLY UP TO SEE THY SON AND
HEIR MORE EARLY DOWN.

ALAS, MY LIEGE, MY WIFE IS DEAD TO-NIGHT; GRIEF OF
MY SON'S EXILE HATH STOPP'D HER BREATH.

WHAT FURTHER WOE CONSPIRES AGAINST MINE AGES?

LOOK, AND THOU SHALT SEE.

O THOU UNTAUGHT! WHAT MANNERS IS IN
THIS, TO PRESS BEFORE THY FATHER TO A
GRAVE?

SEAL UP THE MOUTH OF OUTRAGE FOR A WHILE,
TILL WE CAN CLEAR THESE AMBIGUITIES,
AND KNOW THEIR SPRING, THEIR HEAD;
THEIR TRUE DESCENT.
THE PIAZZA, VERONA—
EARLY THURSDAY MORNING.

AND THEN WILL I BE GENERAL OF YOUR WIVES, AND LEAD YOU EVEN TO DEATH.
MEANTIME FORBEAR, AND LET MISCHANCE BE SLAVE TO PATIENCE.

THEN SAY AT ONCE WHAT THOU DOST KNOW IN THIS.

I AM THE GREATEST, ABLE TO DO LEAST, YET MOST SUSPECTED, AS THE TIME AND PLACE BOTH MAKE AGAINST ME, OF THIS DREADFUL MURDER.

AND HERE I STAND, BOTH TO IMPROACH AND PURGE MYSELF CONDEMNED AND MYSELF EXCUS'D.

I WILL BE BRIEF, FOR MY SHORT DATE OF BREATH IS NOT SO LONG AS IS A TEDIOS TALE.

ROMEO, THERE DEAD, WAS HUSBAND TO THAT JULIET; AND SHE, THERE DEAD, THAT ROMEO'S FAITHFUL WIFE.

I MARRIED THEM; AND THERON STOLN marriage-day was TYBALT'S DOOMSDAY, WHOSE UNTIMELY DEATH BANISH'D THE NEW-MADE BRIDEGROOM FROM THIS CITY, FOR WHOM, AND NOT FOR TYBALT, JULIET PINED.
YOU TO REMOVE THAT SIEGE OF GRIEF FROM HER, BETROTHED AND WOULD HAVE MARRIED HER PERFORCE, TO COUNTY PARIS.

THEN COMES SHE TO ME, AND, WITH WILD LOOKS, DID ME DEVISE SOME MEANS TO RID HER FROM THIS SECOND MARRIAGE, OR IN MY CELL THERE WOULD SHE KILL HERSELF.

THEN SAW I HER, SO TUTOR'D BY MY ART, A SLEEPING POTION WHICH SO TOOK EFFECT AS I INTENDED, FOR IT WRAPHE ON HER THE FORM OF DEATH.

MEANTIME I WROTE TO ROMEO, THAT HE SHOULD EITHER COME AS THIS DILE NIGHT, TO HELP TO TAKE HER FROM HER BORROW'D GRAVE, OR, AT THE TIME THE POTION'S FORCE SHOULD CEASE.

BUT HE WHICH BORE MY LETTER, PRIEST JOHN, WAS STAY'D BY ACCIDENT, AND YESTERDAY RETURN'D MY LETTER BACK.

THEN, ALL ALONE, AT THE PREPARED HOUR OF HER WAKING, CAME I TO TAKE HER FROM HER KINDRED'S VAULT, MEANING TO KEEP HER RECLUSE AT MY CELL TILL I CONVENIENTLY COULD SEND TO ROMEO:

BUT WHEN I CAME, SOME MINUTE ER THE TIME OF HER AWAKENING, HERE UNTIMELY LAY THE NOBLE PARIS, AND TRUE ROMEO, DEAD.

SHE WALES; AND I ENTREATED HER COME FORTH AND BEAR THIS WORK OF HEAVEN WITH PATIENCE; BUT THEN A NOISE DID SCARE ME FROM THE TOMB, AND SHE, TOO DESPERATE, WOULD NOT GO WITH ME, BUT, AS IT SEEMS, DID VIOLENCE ON HERSELF.

ALL THIS I KNOW: AND TO THE MARRIAGE HER NURSE IS PRIVY.

AND, IF AUGHT IN THIS MISCARRIED BY MY FAULT, LET MY OLD LIFE BE SACRIFIC'D SOME HOUR, BEFORE HIS TIME, INTO THE RIGOUR OF SEVEREST LAW.
I brought my master news of Juliet's death; and then in Port he came from Mantua, to this same place, to this same monument. This letter he early bid me give his father, and threatened me with death, going in the vault, if I departed not, and left him there.

WHERE'S ROMEO'S MAN? WHAT CAN HE SAY TO THIS?

GIVE ME THE LETTER; I WILL LOOK ON IT.

WHERE IS THE COUNTY'S PAGE, THAT RAN'D THE WATCH?

SIRrah, what made your master in this place?

HE CAME WITH FLOWERS TO STREW HIS LADY'S GRAVE; AND BID ME STAND ALOOF, AND SO I DID: ANON COMES ONE WITH LIGHT TO OPE THE TOMB; AND, BY-AND-BY, MY MASTER DREW ON HIM; AND THEN I Ran AWAY TO CALL THE WATCH.

THIS LETTER DOETH MAKE GOOD THE FRAY'S WORDS, THEIR COURSE OF LOVE, THE TIDINGS OF HER DEATH: AND HERE HE WRITES THAT HE DID Buy A POISON OF A POOR Pothecary, AND THEREWITHAL CAME TO THIS VAULT TO DIE, AND LIE WITH JULIET.

CAPULET! MONTAGUE! SEE, WHAT A scourge IS LAID UPON YOUR HATE, THAT HEAVEN FINDS MEANS TO KILL YOUR JOYS WITH LOVE!

AND I, FOR WINKING AT YOUR DISCORDS TOO, HAVE LOST A BRACE OF KINSMEN; ALL ARE PUNISH'D.
O BROTHER MONTAGUE! GIVE ME THY HAND: THIS IS MY DAUGHTER'S JON'TURE, FOR NO MORE CAN I DEMAND.

BUT I CAN GIVE THEE MORE: FOR I WILL RAISE HER STATUE IN PURE GOLD;

A GLOOMING PEACE THIS MORNING WITH IT BRINGS, THE SUN FOR SORROW WILL NOT SHOW HIS HEAD.

FOR NEVER WAS A STORY OF MORE WOE, THAN THIS OF JULIET AND HER ROMEO.
Romeo & Juliet

The End
William Shakespeare
(c.1564 - 1616 AD)

Shakespeare is, without question, the world's most famous playwright. Yet, despite his fame, very few records and artifacts exist for him - we don't even know the exact date of his birth! April 23, 1564 (St. George's Day) is taken to be his birthday, as this was three days before his baptism (for which we do have a record). Records also tell us that he died on the same date in 1616, aged fifty-two.

The life of William Shakespeare can be divided into three acts.

Act One - Stratford-upon-Avon
William was the eldest son of tradesman John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and the third of eight children (he had two older sisters). The Shakespeares were a respectable family. The year after William was born, John (who made gloves and traded leather) became an alderman of Stratford-upon-Avon; and four years later he became High Bailiff (or mayor) of the town.

Little is known of William's childhood. He learned to read and write at the local primary school, and later is believed to have attended the local grammar school, where he studied Latin and English Literature. In 1582, aged eighteen, William married a local farmer's daughter, Anne Hathaway. Anne was eight years his senior and three months pregnant.

During their marriage they had three children: Susanna, born on May 26, 1583, and twins, Hamnet and Judith, born on February 2, 1585. Hamnet (William's only son) died in 1596, aged eleven, from Bubonic Plague.

Act Two - London
Five years into his marriage, in 1587, William's wife and children stayed in Stratford, while he moved to London. He appeared as an actor at The Theatre (England's first permanent theater) and gave public recitals of his own poems; but it was his playwriting that created the most interest. His fame soon spread far and wide. When Queen Elizabeth I died in 1603, the new King James I (who was already King James VI of Scotland) gave royal consent for Shakespeare's acting company, The Lord Chamberlain's Men to be called The King's Men in return for entertaining the court. This association was to shape a number of plays, such as Macbeth, which was written to please the Scottish King.

William Shakespeare is attributed with writing and collaborating on 38 plays, 154 sonnets and 5 poems, in just twenty-three years between 1590 and 1613. No original manuscript exists for any of his plays, making it hard to accurately date any of them. Printing was still in its infancy, and plays tended to change as they were performed. Shakespeare would write manuscripts for the actors and continue to refine them over a number of performances. The plays we know today have survived from written copies taken at various stages of each play and usually written by the actors from memory. This has given rise to variations in texts of what is now known as “quarto” versions of the plays, until we reach the first
official printing of each play in the 1623 "Folio" Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. His last solo-authored work was The Tempest in 1611, which was only followed by collaborative work on two plays (Henry VIII and Two Noble Kinsmen) with John Fletcher. Shakespeare is strongly associated with the famous Globe Theatre. Built by his troupe in 1599, it became his "spiritual home", with thousands of people crammed into the small space for each performance. There were 3,000 people in the building in 1613 when a cannon-shot during a performance of Henry VIII set fire to the thatched roof and the entire theater was burned to the ground. Although it was rebuilt a year later, it marked an end to Shakespeare's writing and to his time in London.

Act Three - Retirement
Shortly after the 1613 accident at The Globe, Shakespeare left the capital and returned to live once more with his family in Stratford-upon-Avon. He died on April 23, 1616 and was buried two days later at the Church of the Holy Trinity (the same church where he had been baptized fifty-two years earlier). The cause of his death remains unknown.

Epilogue
At the time of his death, Shakespeare had substantial properties, which he bestowed on his family and associates from the theater. He had no son to inherit his wealth, and he left the majority of his possessions to his eldest daughter Susanna. Curiously, the only thing that he left to his wife Anne was his second-best bed (although she continued to live in the family home after his death). William Shakespeare's last direct descendant died in 1670. She was his granddaughter, Elizabeth.

Shakespeare Birthplace Trust

As so few relics survive from Shakespeare's life, it is amazing that the house where he was born and raised remains intact. It is owned and cared for by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, which looks after a number of houses in the area:
- Shakespeare's Birthplace.
- Mary Arden's Farm: The childhood home of Shakespeare's mother.
- Anne Hathaway's Cottage: The childhood home of Shakespeare's wife.
- Hall's Croft: The home of Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna.
- New Place: Only the grounds exist of the house where Shakespeare died in 1616.
- Nash's House: The home of Shakespeare's granddaughter.

www.shakespeare.org.uk

Formed in 1847, the Trust also works to promote Shakespeare around the world. In early 2009, it announced that it had found a new Shakespeare portrait, believed to have been painted within his lifetime, with a trail of provenance that links it to Shakespeare himself.

It is accepted that Martin Droeshout's engraving (left) that appears on the First Folio of 1623 is an authentic likeness of Shakespeare because the people involved in its publication would have personally known him. This new portrait (once owned by Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton, one of Shakespeare's most loyal supporters) is so similar in all facial aspects that it is now suspected to have been the source that Droeshout used for his famous engraving. www.shakespearefound.org.uk
History of the Play

The tale of ill-fated love between Romeo and Juliet is intrinsically linked with Shakespeare, with the famous "balcony scene" providing some of his most enduring phrases:

"But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!" (p55)

"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?" (p56)

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other word would smell as sweet;" (p56)

However, as with the vast majority of his works, Shakespeare's play is an adaptation of a story that already existed (The Tempest is his only play without a clear source).

Stories of frustrated love are as old as civilization itself and can be found even in ancient myths. The first recognizable form of Romeo and Juliet appeared around 1460 by Masuccio Salernitano. In it, Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni of Siena fall in love and are married in secret by a friar. Shortly afterwards, Mariotto quarrels, fights with and kills a noble citizen. Mariotto is banished from the town, and Gianozza is forced into marriage by her father (who is unaware of her marriage with Mariotto). The friar creates a potion for Gianozza that makes her appear dead, and she is taken to the family tomb. From there, the friar escorts her to husband, who receives word of her death before she can reach him. Mariotto returns to Siena, where he is seized and executed. Gianozza shuts herself away in a convent and soon dies from grief.

Salernitano's story became the inspiration for Luigi da Porto's Giulietta e Romeo. Da Porto set the story in Verona, where he was inspired by the two castles just outside the city, each owned by a different family: the Capulet and the Montecchi, thus introducing the notion of the feuding families. The ending is more tragic than Shakespeare's, with Romeo killing himself by the side of Giulietta, but seeing her revive in his final moments.

In 1554, an Italian writer by the name of Matteo Bandello published his own version of Giulietta e Romeo. This story was much more popular than its predecessors. Not only was it translated into English but, importantly for Shakespeare, it became the basis of a 3,020-line poem by Arthur Brooke called The Tragedy of History of Romeo and Juliet (1562). Brooke's poem has all the main characters, albeit with some spelling differences: Romeo Montague, Juliet Capulet, Prince Escalus, Tybalt, Paris, Friar Lawrence, Juliet's nurse (sic) and even Peter (although he is cited as one of Romeus's men).

Although Shakespeare embellished the story (and of course added his beautiful language) the events can all be found in Brooke's poem — even Friar John being unable to deliver the message to Romeus because of quarantine. It is possible that Shakespeare worked with other sources, too. He may have read the French translation of Bandello's novel, as well as an English version of the story by William Painter called Palace of Pleasure. Yet it is Brooke's poem that most closely matches the Bard's great play, as shown in the excerpt, opposite, in which Juliet discovers the name of her new love as the guests leave the masked ball.
The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet
by Arthur Brooke (1562)

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise
To learne his name, that intertain'd her in so gentle wise,
Of whome her heart receiued so deede, so wyde a wounde,
An aunten Dame she calde to her, and in her care gan rounde.
This olde Dame in her youth, had nust her with her mylke,
With slender nedle taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.
What twayne are those (quoth she) which preste into the doore,
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, two torches light before,
And then as ech of them had of his household name,
So she him nundle yet once againe the song and wyde Dame.
And tell me who is he with vsor in his hand
That yender doth in muskyn weeke by side the window stand.
His name is Romeus (sayd she) a Montegewe.
Whose fathers pryde first arryst the strife which both your
householdes rewe.
The weord of Montegewe, her loyes did overthrowe,
And straight in stead of happy hope, dyspayrre began to growe.
What hap have (quoth she,) to love my fathers foe?
What, am I wary of my wele? what, doe I wishe my wole?
But though her grievous payres disstraide her tender hart.
Yet with an outwark shewe of joye she cloked inward smart.
And of the courtyske daines her feave so countely tooke,
That none had gesse the sodain change by changing of her looke.

Shakespeare contracted the nine months of events within the poem into just five days. While that adds to the tension of the play in performance, it is likely to have been a conscious and practical decision to tailor the story for the stage, as the passing of time is hard to capture in theater.

It was written before the Globe Theatre was built (1599), in the reign of Elizabeth I (which ended in 1603), while Shakespeare was writing for The Lord Chamberlain’s Men.

The Lord Chamberlain’s Men

Until the 1660s, the law prevented women and girls from acting. All parts, even Juliet, were played by males!

Even though Shakespeare’s plays were hugely popular, only sparse records exist of actual performances. The earliest official recording of a production of Romeo and Juliet doesn’t occur until as late as 1662, in a theater in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. The famous diarist Samuel Pepys attended the opening night and thought very poorly of it: “It is a play of itself the worst that I have ever heard in my life, and the worst acted that I ever saw these people do, and am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.”

Despite that early criticism, Romeo and Juliet remains one of Shakespeare’s best-loved plays, being performed regularly throughout the world, as well as being adapted into other media: classical music (Berlioz [1839] and Tchaikovsky [1870]), opera (Gounod [1867]), ballet (Prokofiev [1935]), musical (Leonard Bernstein’s West Side Story [1957]), movie (many), and, of course, this graphic novel.
Page Creation

1. Script

The first stage in creating a graphic novel adaptation of a Shakespeare play is to split the original script into comic book panels, describing the images to be drawn as well as the dialogue and any captions. To do this, not only does the script writer need to know the play well, but he also needs to visualize each page in his head as he writes the art descriptions for each panel (there are over 600 panels in *Romeo and Juliet*).

Once this is created, the dialogue is adapted into Plain Text and Quick Text to create the three versions of the book, which all use the same artwork.

2. Character Sheets

Because *Romeo and Juliet* is such a well-known play, Will Volley needed very little time to familiarize himself with the characters. However, an artist still needs to "climb into the story" while deciding on the right approach for the artwork. Here you can see Will's designs for Romeo and Juliet, which we instantly agreed upon. The whole process moves steadily towards bringing the play to life and, suddenly, the names "Romeo" and "Juliet" are no longer simply names in a script -- they have turned into real people!

3. Rough Sketch

Armed with the character visualizations, the artist begins work on the 152 pages required for the book. Each page is first sketched out quickly in order to check panel layouts, ensure there is enough space for the lettering, explore continuity elements and to establish the pacing of the action. Will's roughs are very descriptive. As you can see here, he is already considering the lighting of the scenes, how the shadows will fall across surfaces, and so on. These rough layouts are then sent to the editor for approval. If any changes need to be made, it is far easier to make them at this stage from the fast rough layouts than to make changes to finished linework.