Romeo and Juliet
Act IV
Scene 1

**ORIGINAL TEXT**

Enter **FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS**

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

**PARIS**
My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
You say you do not know the lady’s mind.

Uneven is the course. I like it not.

**PARIS**
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt’s death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears—
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
(aside) I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

**PARIS**
Happily met, my lady and my wife.

**JULIET**
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

**PARIS**
That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday next.

**JULIET**
What must be shall be.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
That’s a certain text.

**PARIS**
Come you to make confession to this Father?

**JULIET**
To answer that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS**
Do not deny to him that you love me.

**JULIET**
I will confess to you that I love him.

**PARIS**

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**MODERN TEXT**

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
On Thursday, sir? That’s very soon.

**PARIS**
That’s how my future father-in-law Capulet wants it, and I’m not dragging my feet.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
You say you don’t know what the girl thinks. That’s a rocky road to be riding. I don’t like it.

**PARIS**
She’s grieving too much over the death of Tybalt. So I haven’t had the chance to talk to her about love. Romantic love doesn’t happen when people are in mourning. Now, sir, her father thinks it’s dangerous that she allows herself to become so sad. He’s being smart by rushing our marriage to stop her from crying. She cries too much by herself. If she had someone to be with her, she would stop crying. Now you know the reason for the rush.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
(to himself) I wish I didn’t know the reason why the marriage should be slowed down.

Look, sir, here comes the lady walking toward my cell.

**JULIET entrés.**

**PARIS**
I’m happy to meet you, my lady and my wife.

**JULIET**
That might be the case sir, after I’m married.

**PARIS**
That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday.

**JULIET**
What must be will be.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**
That is a certain truth.

**PARIS**
Have you come to make confession to this father?

**JULIET**
If I answered that question, I’d be making confession to you.

**PARIS**
Don’t deny to him that you love me.

**JULIET**
I’ll confess to you that I love him.

**PARIS**

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So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

**JULIET**

If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

**PARIS**

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

**JULIET**

The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

**PARIS**

Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

**JULIET**

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

**PARIS**

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

**JULIET**

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?

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

**PARIS**

God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.
(kisses her) Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

Exit **PARIS**

**JULIET**

O, shut the door! And when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

O Juliet, I already know thy grief.
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

**JULIET**

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
(shows him a knife)

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands.
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

You will also confess, I'm sure, that you love me.

**JULIET**

If I do so, it will mean more if I say it behind your back than if I say it to your face.

**PARIS**

You poor soul, your face has suffered many tears.

**JULIET**

The tears haven't done much because my face looked bad enough before I started to cry.

**PARIS**

You're treating your face even worse by saying that.

**JULIET**

What I say isn't slander, sir. It's the truth. And what I said, I said to my face.

**PARIS**

Your face is mine, and you have slandered it.

**JULIET**

That may be the case, because my face doesn't belong to me.—
Do you have time for me now, Father, or should I come to you at evening mass?

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

I have time for you now, my sad daughter. (to **PARIS**) My lord, we must ask you to leave us alone.

**PARIS**

God forbid that I should prevent sacred devotion! Juliet, I will wake you early on Thursday. (kissing her) Until then, goodbye, and keep this holy kiss.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Oh, Juliet, I already know about your sad situation. It's a problem too hard for me to solve. I hear that you must marry this count on Thursday, and that nothing can delay it.

**JULIET**

Don't tell me that you've heard about this marriage, Friar, unless you can tell me how to prevent it. If you who are so wise can't help, please be kind enough to call my solution wise. (she shows him a knife) And I'll solve the problem now with this knife. God joined my heart to Romeo's. You joined our hands. And before I—who was married to Romeo by you—am married to another man, I'll kill myself. You are wise and you have so much experience. Give me some advice about the current situation. Or watch. Caught between these two difficulties, I'll act like a judge with my bloody knife. I will truly and honorably
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, 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 honor bring.
Be not so long to speak. I long to die
If what thou speakest speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold, daughter. 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 chide away this shame,
That copes with death himself to ‘scape from it.
An if thou darest, I’ll give thee remedy.

JULIET
O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder 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’ercovered 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 unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.

(shows her a vial)
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, 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 paly ashes, thy eyes’ windows fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.

Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
And in this borrowed 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 uncovered 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 hither 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 shame,
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET
Give me the vial. Give it to me! Don't talk to me about fear.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET
Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear Father.

Exeunt, separately

the Capulet family tomb. Meanwhile, I'll send Romeo word of our plan. He'll come here, and we'll keep a watch for when you wake up. That night, Romeo will take you away to Mantua. This plan will free you from the shameful situation that troubles you now as long as you don't change your mind, or become scared like a silly woman and ruin your brave effort.
### Original Text

**Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and two or three SERVINGMEN**

CAPULET  
*(gives paper to FIRST SERVINGMAN)*  
So many guests invite as here are writ.  
Exit FIRST SERVINGMAN

(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SECOND SERVINGMAN  
You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET  
How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVINGMAN  
Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET  
Go, be gone.  
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

Exit SECOND SERVINGMAN

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE  
Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET  
Well, he may chance to do some good on her.  
A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET

**Modern Text**

CAPULET enters with LADY CAPULET, the NURSE, and two or three SERVINGMEN.

CAPULET  
*(giving the FIRST SERVINGMAN a piece of paper)*  
Invite all the guests on this list.  
The FIRST SERVINGMAN exits.

(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Boy, go hire twenty skilled cooks.

SECOND SERVINGMAN  
You won't get any bad cooks from me. I'll test them by making them lick their fingers.

CAPULET  
How can you test them like that?

SECOND SERVINGMAN  
Easy, sir. It's a bad cook who can't lick his own fingers. So the cooks who can't lick their fingers aren't hired.

CAPULET  
Go, get out of here.

The SECOND SERVINGMAN exits.

We're unprepared for this wedding celebration. *(to the NURSE)* What, has my daughter gone to see Friar Lawrence?

NURSE  
Yes, that's true.

CAPULET  
Well, there's a chance he may do her some good. She's a stubborn little brat.

JULIET enters.

NURSE  
Look, she's come home from confession with a happy look on her face.

CAPULET  
So, my headstrong daughter, where have you been?

JULIET  
I went somewhere where I learned that being disobedient to my father is a sin. Holy Father Lawrence instructed me to fall on my knees and beg your forgiveness. *(she kneels down)*  
Forgive me, I beg you. From now on I'll do whatever you say.

CAPULET  
Send for the Count. Go tell him about this. I'll make this wedding happen tomorrow morning.
JULIET
I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell,
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o’er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET
Why, I am glad on ’t. This is well. Stand up.  

JULIET stands up

This is as ’t should be.—Let me see the county.
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar!

CAPULET
Our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET
Go, Nurse. Go with her. We’ll to church tomorrow.

JULIET
Nurse, will you come with me to my closet and help me pick out the clothes and the jewelry I’ll need to wear tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
No, not until Thursday. There’s plenty of time.

CAPULET
Go, Nurse, go with her. We’ll have the wedding at the church tomorrow.

JULIET
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet and help me sort such needful ornaments as you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
What, ho? They are all forth?—Well, I will walk myself to County Paris, to prepare him up against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

CAPULET
Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
I’ll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.
I’ll play the housewife for this once.

LADY CAPULET
—What, ho?
They are all forth?—Well, I will walk myself to County Paris, to prepare him up against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

JULIET
Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know’st, is cross and full of sin.

LADY CAPULET
What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET
I met the young man at Lawrence’s cell. I treated him with the proper love, as well as I could, while still being modest.

CAPULET
Well, I’m glad about this. This is good. Stand up.  

JULIET stands up.

This is the way is should be. I want to see the count. Yes, alright, go, I say, and bring him here. Now, before God, our whole city owes this friar a great debt.

JULIET
Nurse, will you come with me to my closet and help me pick out the clothes and the jewelry I’ll need to wear tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
No, not until Thursday. There’s plenty of time.

CAPULET
Go, Nurse, go with her. We’ll have the wedding at the church tomorrow.

JULIET
Nurse, will you go with me into my closet and help me sort such needful ornaments as you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET
What, ho? They are all gone? Well, I will walk by myself to Count Paris to get him ready for tomorrow. My heart is wonderfully happy because this troubled girl has been taken back and now will be married.

CAPULET
Exit.

JULIET and the NURSE enter.

JULIET
Yes, those are the best clothes. But, gentle Nurse, please leave me alone tonight. I have to say a lot of prayers to make the heavens bless me. You know that my life is troubled and full of sin.

LADY CAPULET enters.

LADY CAPULET
What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

JULIET
Exit.
No, madam. We have culled such necessaries
As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.
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.

**LADY CAPULET**
Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

**JULIET**
Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint 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?

**LADY CAPULET**
Good night. Go to bed and get some rest. I’m sure you need it.

**JULIET**
Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
There is a slight cold fear cutting through my veins. It almost freezes the heat of life. I’ll call them back here to comfort me. Nurse!—Oh, what good would she do here?

In my desperate situation, I have to act alone.

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**Scene 3**

**ORIGINAL TEXT**

Enter **JULIET and NURSE**

**JULIET**
Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know’st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter **LADY CAPULET**

**LADY CAPULET**
What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

**JULIET**
No, madam. We have culled such necessaries
As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.
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.

**LADY CAPULET**
Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

**MODERN TEXT**

Enter **JULIET and NURSE**

**JULIET**
Yes, those are the best clothes. But, gentle Nurse, please leave me alone tonight. I have to say a lot of prayers to make the heavens bless me. You know that my life is troubled and full of sin.

**LADY CAPULET**
What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

**JULIET**
No, madam, we’ve figured out the best things for me to wear tomorrow at the ceremony. So if it’s okay with you, I’d like to be left alone now. Let the Nurse sit up with you tonight. I’m sure you have your hands full preparing for the sudden festivities.

**LADY CAPULET**
Good night. Go to bed and get some rest. I’m sure you need it.

**LADY CAPULET** enters.

**LADY CAPULET**
Good night. Go to bed and get some rest. I’m sure you need it.

**LADY CAPULET and the NURSE** exit.
JULIET
Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint 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, vial. (holds out the vial)
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no. This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is. And yet, methinks, 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 comes 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 strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are

JULIET
Good-bye. Only God knows when we'll meet again. There is a slight cold fear cutting through my veins. It almost freezes the heat of life. I'll call them back here to comfort me. Nurse!—Oh, what good would she do here?
In my desperate situation, I have to act alone.

Alright, here's the vial. What if this mixture doesn't work at all? Will I be married tomorrow morning? No, no, this knife will stop it. Lie down right there.

What if the Friar mixed the potion to kill me? Is he worried that he will be disgraced if I marry Paris after he married me to Romeo? I'm afraid that it's poison. And yet, it shouldn't be poison because he is a trustworthy holy man. What if, when I am put in the tomb, I wake up before Romeo comes to save me? That's a frightening idea. Won't I suffocate in the tomb? There's no healthy air to breathe in there. Will I die of suffocation before Romeo comes? Or if I live, I'll be surrounded by death and darkness. It will be terrible. There will be bones hundreds of years old in that tomb, my ancestors' bones. Tybalt's body will be in there, freshly entombed, and his corpse will be rotting. They say that during the night the spirits are in tombs. Oh no, oh no. I'll wake up and smell awful odors. I'll hear screams that would drive people crazy.
packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green
in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where,
as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits
resort—?
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with
loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn
out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them,
run mad—?

Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environèd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefather’s joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman’s bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
Oh, look! Methinks I see my cousin’s ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier’s point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here’s drink. I drink to thee.

She drinks and falls down on the bed, hidden by her bed curtains

If I wake up too early, won’t I go insane with all these horrible, frightening things around me, start playing with my ancestors’ bones, and pull Tybalt’s corpse out of his death shroud? Will I grab one of my dead ancestor’s bones and bash in my own skull? Oh, look! I think I see my cousin Tybalt’s ghost. He’s looking for Romeo because Romeo killed him with his sword. Wait, Tybalt, wait! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here’s a drink. I drink to you.

She drinks from the vial and falls on her bed, hidden by her bed curtains.
**Scene 4**

**Original Text**

*Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE*

**LADY CAPULET**
Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, Nurse.

**NURSE**
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET*

**CAPULET**
Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed.
The curfew bell hath rung. ’Tis three o’clock.—
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for the cost.

**NURSE**
Go, you cot-quean, go.
Get you to bed, faith. You’ll be sick tomorrow
For this night’s watching.

**CAPULET**
No, not a whit, what. I have watched ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne’er been sick.

**LADY CAPULET**
Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE*

**CAPULET**
A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

*Enter three or four SERVINGMEN with spits and logs and baskets*

**FIRST SERVINGMAN**
Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

**CAPULET**
Make haste, make haste, sirrah.

(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Fetch drier logs.
Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

**SECOND SERVINGMAN**
I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

*Exit SECOND SERVINGMAN*

**CAPULET**
Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, ’tis day.
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.—

Music plays within

25 Nurse! Wife! What? Hey, Nurse! What, Nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE

Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up.
I’ll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste. The bridegroom he is come already.
Make haste, I say.

Exeunt

Music plays offstage.

Nurse! Wife! What? Hey, Nurse! What? Hey, Nurse!

The NURSE returns.

Go wake Juliet. Go and get her dressed. I’ll go and chat with Paris. Hey, hurry up, hurry up! The bridegroom is already here. Hurry up, I say.

They exit.

Scene 5

ORIGINAL TEXT

Enter NURSE

NURSE
Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.—
Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed.
Why, love, I say. Madam! Sweet-heart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.

Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen. How sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed.
He’ll fright you up, i’ faith. Will it not be?
(opens the bed curtains)
What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady’s dead!—
Oh, welladay, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET
What noise is here?

NURSE
O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET
What is the matter?

NURSE
Look, look. O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET
20 O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

MODERN TEXT

Enter LADY CAPULET

NURSE
Mistress! Hey, mistress! Juliet! I bet she’s fast asleep. Hey, lamb! Hey, lady! Hey, you lazy bones! Hey, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Hey, bride! What, you don’t say a word? You take your beauty sleep now. Get yourself a week’s worth of sleep. Tomorrow night, I bet, Count Paris won’t let you get much rest. God forgive me. Alright, and amen. How sound asleep she is! I must wake her up. Madam, madam, madam! Yes, let the count take you in your bed. He’ll wake you up, I bet. Won’t he?

(she opens the bed curtains)
What? You’re still dressed in all your clothes. But you’re still asleep. I must wake you up. Lady! Lady! Oh no, oh no! Help, help! My lady’s dead! Oh curse the day that I was born! Ho! Get me some brandy! My lord! My lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET
What’s all the noise in here?

NURSE
Oh, sad day!

LADY CAPULET
What is the matter?

NURSE
Look, look! Oh, what a sad day!

LADY CAPULET
Oh my, Oh my! My child, my reason for living, wake up, look up, or I’ll die with you! Help, help! Call for help.
Help, help! Call help.

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

**NURSE**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

**LADY CAPULET**
Alack the day. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

**CAPULET**
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Life and these lips have long been separated. Death lies on her like an untimely frost

30 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

**NURSE**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

**CAPULET**
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Death lies on her like an untimely frost.

**NURSE**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**LADY CAPULET**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**CAPULET**
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. She's been dead for some time. She's dead, like a beautiful flower, killed by an unseasonable frost.

**NURSE**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**LADY CAPULET**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**CAPULET**
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Death lies on her like an untimely frost.

**NURSE**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**LADY CAPULET**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**CAPULET**
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Death lies on her like an untimely frost.

**NURSE**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**LADY CAPULET**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**CAPULET**
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**CAPULET**
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Death lies on her like an untimely frost.

**NURSE**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**LADY CAPULET**
She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**CAPULET**
Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold. Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Death lies on her like an untimely frost.
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.

55 O woeful day, O woeful day!

**PARIS**

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death.

**CAPULET**

Despised, distrestèd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,

65 And with my child my joys are buried.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.

70 Your part in her you could not keep
from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced.
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

75 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
Oh, in this love, you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary

80 On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church.

Oh day! Oh hateful day! There has never been so black a day as
today. Oh painful day, Oh painful day!

**PARIS**

She was tricked, divorced, wronged, spited, killed! Death, the
most despicable thing, tricked her. Cruel, cruel Death killed
her. Oh love! Oh life! There is no life, but my love is dead!

**CAPULET**

Despised, distrest, hated, martyred, killed! Why did this
have to happen now? Why did Death have to ruin our
wedding? Oh child! Oh child! My soul and not my child! You
are dead! Oh no! My child is dead. My child will be buried, and
so will my joys.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Be quiet, for shame! The cure for confusion is not yelling and
screaming. You had this child with the help of heaven. Now
heaven has her.
She is in a better place. You could not prevent her from dying
someday, but heaven will give her eternal life. The most you
hope for was for her to marry wealthy and rise up the social
ladder—that was your idea of heaven. And now you cry, even
though she has risen up above the clouds, as high as heaven
itself? Oh, in this love, you love your child so badly, that you go
mad, even though she is in heaven. It is best to marry well and
die young, better than to be married for a long time. Dry up
your tears, and put your rosemary on this beautiful corpse.
And, in accordance with custom, carry her to the church in her
best clothes. It's natural for us to shed tears for her, but the
truth is, we should be happy for her.
For though some nature bids us all
lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's
merriment.

**CAPULET**

85 All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast.
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
90 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

95 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE*

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

**NURSE**

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

Exit the Nurse.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

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

*Enter PETER*

**PETER**

Musicians, O musicians, “Heart’s Ease,” “Heart’s Ease.” O, an you
will have me live, play “Heart’s Ease.”

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Why “Heart’s Ease?”

**PETER**

O musicians, because my heart itself plays “My Heart is Full.” O,
play me some merry dump to comfort me.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Not a dump, we. ’Tis no time to play now.

**PETER**

You will not then?

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

No.

**PETER**

I will then give it you soundly.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

What will you give us?

**CAPULET**

All the things that we prepared for the wedding party will now
be used for the funeral. Our happy music will now be sad. Our
wedding banquet will become a sad burial feast. Our
celebratory hymns will change to sad funeral marches. Our
bridal flowers will cover a buried corpse. And everything will
be used for the opposite purpose from what we intended.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Sir, you go in. And, madam, go with him. And you go too, Sir
Paris. Everyone prepare to take this beautiful corpse to her
grave. The heavens hang threateningly over you for some past
sin. Don’t disturb the heavens any more by trying to go against
heaven’s will.

**CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE** exit.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Well, we can put away our pipes and go home.

**NURSE**

Honest good boys, ah, put ’em away, put ’em away. As you
know, this is a sad case.

*The Nurse exits.*

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Yes, well, things could get better.

**PETER**

Musicians, oh, musicians, play “Heart’s Ease,” “Heart’s Ease.”
Oh, I’ll die if you don’t play “Heart’s Ease.”

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

Why “Heart’s Ease”?

**PETER**

Oh, musicians, because my heart is singing “My
Heart is Full of Woe.” Oh, play me some happy sad song to
comfort me.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

No, not a sad song. It’s not the right time to play.

**PETER**

You won’t, then?

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

No.

**PETER**

Then I’ll really give it to you.

**FIRST MUSICIAN**

What will you give us?
PETER
No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Then I will give you the serving creature.

PETER
Then I will lay the serving creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN
An you re us and fa us, you note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN
Pray you, put up your dagger and put out your wit.

PETER
Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men.

(sings)
When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—
(speaks) Why “silver sound”? Why “music with her silver sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?

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

PETER
Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN
I say, “silver sound” because musicians sound for silver.

PETER
Prates too.—What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN
Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER
Oh, I cry you mercy, you are the singer. I will say for you. It is “music with her silver sound” because musicians have no gold for sounding.

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

Exit PETER

FIRST MUSICIAN
What a pestilential knave is this same!

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

Exit

PETER
No money, I swear. But I'll play a trick on you. I'll call you a minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN
Then I'll call you a serving-creature.

PETER
Then I'll smack you on the head with the serving-creature's knife. I won't mess around. I'll make you sing. Do you hear me?

FIRST MUSICIAN
If you make us sing, you'll hear us.

SECOND MUSICIAN
Please, put down your knife and stop kidding around.

PETER
So you don't like my kidding around! I'll kid you to death, and then I'll put down my knife. Answer me like men.

(sings)
When sadness wounds your heart,
And pain takes over your mind,
Then music with her silver sound—
(speaks) Why the line “silver sound”? What do they mean, “music with her silver sound”? What do you say, Simon CATLING?

FIRST MUSICIAN
Well, sir, because silver has a sweet sound.

PETER
That's a stupid answer! What do you say, Hugh REBECK?

SECOND MUSICIAN
I say “silver sound,” because musicians play to earn silver.

PETER
Another stupid answer! What do you say, James SOUNDPOST?

THIRD MUSICIAN
Well, I don't know what to say.

PETER
Oh, I beg your pardon. You're the singer. I'll answer for you. It is “music with her silver sound,” because musicians have no gold to use to make sounds.

(sings)
Then music with her silver sound
makes you feel just fine.

Exit PETER

FIRST MUSICIAN
What an annoying man, this guy is!

SECOND MUSICIAN
Forget about him, Jack! Come, we'll go in there. We'll wait for the mourners and stay for dinner.

The MUSICIANS exit