

Act 5 Workbook

Romeo and Juliet

Act 5, Scene 1

Original Text	Modern 'Translation'
<i>Enter Romeo.</i>	<i>Enter Romeo.</i>
ROMEO	ROMEO
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 unaccustomed spirit Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5	If I can trust the deceptive truth of dreams, Then I sense that good news is coming. My heart feels light and joyful today, And an unfamiliar happiness Lifts my spirit off the ground. Last night, I dreamed my lady found me dead— (A strange dream, where a dead man is allowed to think!)
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead (Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!)	She kissed my lips, And with that kiss, she brought me back to life, So full of power that I became an emperor.
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips That I revived and was an emperor. 10	Ah, love itself must be so sweet— For even the dream of love brings such happiness!
Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!	<i>(Enter Balthasar, wearing riding boots.)</i>
<i>Enter Romeo's man Balthasar, in riding boots.</i>	News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?	Do you bring me letters from the Friar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?	How is my father? How is my Juliet?
How doth my lady? Is my father well? 15	Wait—I ask again of Juliet, For nothing could be wrong, If she is well.
How doth my Juliet? That I ask again, For nothing can be ill if she be well.	
BALTHASAR	BALTHASAR
Then she is well and nothing can be ill. Her body sleeps in Capels' monument, And her immortal part with angels lives. 20	Then she is well, sir— And nothing could be wrong. Her body rests in the Capulet tomb, And her immortal soul lives among the angels.
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.	I saw them lay her to rest in the family vault, And I rode here immediately to tell you. Oh, forgive me for bringing such terrible news— But you left me this duty, my lord.
ROMEO	ROMEO
Is it e'en so?—Then I deny you, stars!— 25	Is this true?! Then I reject the stars! Fate has betrayed me!
Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.	You know my lodgings— Go, get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses. I will leave tonight.
BALTHASAR	BALTHASAR
I do beseech you, sir, have patience. Your looks are pale and wild and do import Some misadventure. 30	I beg you, sir—be patient. Your face is pale, your eyes are wild, This looks like disaster.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived.
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
 Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter. Get thee gone, 35
 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

Balthasar exits.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
 Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
 I do remember an apothecary 40
 (And hereabouts he dwells) which late I noted
 In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples. Meager were his looks.
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, 45
 An alligator stuffed, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves,
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses 50
 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
 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 caitiff wretch would sell it him." 55
 O, 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.—
 What ho, Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Nonsense—you are wrong.
 Leave me, and do as I say.
 Did the Friar send me no letter?

BALTHASAR

No, my lord.

ROMEO

No matter. Just go.
 Hire those horses. I will be with you soon.

(Balthasar exits.)

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
 Now I must find a way.
 Oh, mischief moves quickly
 in the minds of desperate men. I remember an apothecary, 40
 Who lives near here, A man I noticed recently—
 His clothes were ragged, his face was sunken,
 And he was gathering herbs. He looked half-starved,
 Thin as bones from endless misery.
 Inside his poor little shop, 45
 A tortoise shell hung on the wall,
 A stuffed alligator, and the dried skins
 Of strange, deformed fish.
 His shelves were nearly bare— Just old, empty boxes,
 Some green clay pots, shriveled bladders, 50
 Musty seeds, bits of string,
 And faded cakes of pressed roses,
 Scattered about to make the shop look full.
 Seeing his poverty, I thought to myself:
 "If a man ever needed poison—" 55
 (Which is illegal to sell in Mantua),
 "This miserable wretch would sell it to him."
 That thought was a warning of my fate.
 Now, I need such a man. If I remember correctly,
 This is his house. But today is a holiday, 60
 And the poor man's shop is closed.
(Calling out.)
 Hello! Apothecary!

(Enter the Apothecary.)

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loudly?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
He offers money.

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
 As will disperse itself through all the veins, 65
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law 70
 Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. 75
 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.

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will. 80

APOTHECARY, giving him the poison

Put this in any liquid thing you will
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO, handing him the money

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world 85
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
 sell.
 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Apothecary exits.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 90
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

He exits.

ROMEO

Come here, man—I can see that you are poor.
(He holds out money.)

Here, take forty ducats— Give me a dose of poison,
 Something quick and strong,
 That will spread through my veins in an instant, 65
 So that the man who takes it Will drop dead immediately,
 His breath escaping violently,
 Like gunpowder exploding from a cannon.

APOTHECARY

I do have such deadly poison,
 But the law of Mantua forbids me to sell it. 70
 Anyone who does so will be executed.

ROMEO

You are starving, barely alive,
 Yet you fear death? I see famine in your cheeks,
 Hunger in your eyes, Misery clings to your back.
 The world is not your friend— 75
 Nor are the laws of the world.
 There is no law that will make you rich.
 So why stay poor? Break the law and take this gold.

APOTHECARY

My poverty agrees, But not my conscience.

ROMEO

I pay for your poverty, Not for your will.
 80 *(The Apothecary hands him the poison.)*

APOTHECARY

Mix this into any liquid you like, Drink it,
 And even if you had the strength of twenty men,
 It would kill you instantly.
(Romeo hands over the gold.)

ROMEO

Here is your gold— A poison far worse than the one you
 sold me. Gold kills more souls, Destroys more lives,
 And causes more evil in this world Than any simple vial of
 poison. I have sold you poison; You have sold me none.
 Farewell. Take this gold—buy food, eat, and grow strong.
(The Apothecary exits.)

Come, my remedy—not my poison.

Let's go to Juliet's grave,
 For that is where I will use you.
 (He exits.)

Scene Summary (Act 5 Scene 1):

In exile, Romeo wakes up after having a dream in which he dies and is kissed back to life by Juliet. His confidant, Bathasar, arrives to tell him the sad news: Juliet is dead (Balthasar is not in on Juliet's plan). Devastated, Romeo decides to head back to Verona immediately. He plans to commit suicide at Juliet's grave. He procures a deadly poison from an apothecary and plans to drink it in Juliet's tomb. After buying the potion, Romeo leaves for Verona.

1. Identify a moment of dramatic irony in this scene.

2. What is 'foreshadowing'?

3. How does Romeo's introductory soliloquy (Lines 1-17) foreshadow the close of the play? How is that dream different and similar to the ending of the play? If needed, come back to this question once you finish the play!

Act 5, Scene 2

Original Text		Modern 'Translation'
<i>Enter Friar John.</i>		<i>Enter Friar John.</i>
FRIAR JOHN Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho! <i>Enter Friar Lawrence.</i>		FRIAR JOHN Brother, holy Franciscan friar—hello! (<i>Enter Friar Lawrence.</i>)
FRIAR LAWRENCE This same should be the voice of Friar John.— Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.		FRIAR LAWRENCE That voice sounds like Friar John's— Welcome back from Mantua! What news do you bring from Romeo? Or, if he has written to me, give me his letter.
FRIAR JOHN Going to find a barefoot brother out, One of our order, to associate 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 reign, Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth, So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.	5	FRIAR JOHN I went to find another friar, A barefoot brother from our order, So that we could travel together. He was in the city visiting the sick, But when I found him, the town officials— Fearing we had both entered a house Plagued by infection— Sealed the doors and would not let us leave. So my journey to Mantua was stopped.
FRIAR LAWRENCE Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?	10	FRIAR LAWRENCE Then who took my letter to Romeo?
FRIAR JOHN I could not send it—here it is again— <i>Returning the letter.</i> Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they of infection.	15	FRIAR JOHN No one. I could not send it. (<i>He hands the letter back.</i>) And I could not find a messenger willing to take it— Everyone was too afraid of the plague.
FRIAR LAWRENCE 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, go hence. Get me an iron crow and bring it straight Unto my cell.	20	FRIAR LAWRENCE This is a disaster! By my holy vows, that letter was urgent! It contained important instructions, And its failure to arrive Could cause great danger. Friar John, go now— Bring me a crowbar immediately And bring it to my cell.
FRIAR JOHN Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. <i>He exits.</i>		FRIAR JOHN Brother, I will bring it right away. (<i>He exits.</i>)

FRIAR LAWRENCE Now must I to the monument alone. Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake. 25 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, closed in a dead man's tomb! 30 <i>He exits.</i>	FRIAR LAWRENCE Now I must go to the Capulet tomb—alone. In three hours, Juliet will wake up. She will curse me terribly When she finds out Romeo was never told What has happened. But I will write to Mantua again And keep her at my cell until Romeo arrives. Poor living girl, trapped inside a tomb of the dead! <i>(He exits.)</i>
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Scene Summary (Act 5 Scene 2):

Friar Laurence has sent word of the plan to Romeo, but his messenger, Friar John, is waylaid, and the message never makes it to poor Romeo. Hearing this, Friar Lawrence hurries to the tomb so that he can retrieve Juliet from the tomb and bring her back to his cell, where she can await Romeo's arrival.

4. Quick question here, then moving on: What important plot points are given in this short scene?

Act 5, Scene 3

Original Text	Modern 'Translation'
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Paris and his Page.</i></p> PARIS Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof. 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 5 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves) But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me As signal that thou hearest something approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee. Go.	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Paris and his Page.</i></p> PARIS Give me your torch, boy. Stand back and stay away. But put the light out—I don't want to be seen. Go lie down beneath those yew trees, Put your ear to the ground. That way, if anyone steps near the grave— Since the ground is loose from all the digging— You will hear them. Then, whistle to warn me. Now, give me those flowers. Do as I say—go.

PAGE, *aside*

I am almost afraid to stand alone 10
Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.
He moves away from Paris.

PARIS, *scattering flowers*

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. 15
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

Page whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile.
He steps aside.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar.

ROMEO

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, 25
Whate'er thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, begone.
But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35
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.

BALTHASAR

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.
Giving money.
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

PAGE (*aside*)

I don't like standing alone here in the graveyard...
But I'll do it.
(He moves away. Paris begins scattering flowers.)

PARIS

Sweet Juliet, I scatter these flowers upon your grave.
Oh, how cruel that your wedding bed is now the dust and
stones of this tomb!

Every night, I will sprinkle water here—
Or, if I have none, I will water it with my tears.
My only duty now is to visit your grave and weep.

(The Page whistles.)

The boy warns me—someone is coming!
What cursed soul dares walk here tonight,
Disturbing my mourning and my love's last rites?
And carrying a torch? Night, hide me for a moment.
(He steps aside.)

(Enter Romeo and Balthasar.)

ROMEO

Give me the crowbar and the wrenching tool.
Here—take this letter.
In the morning, make sure my father receives it.
Now, give me the torch. 25
Listen to me, on your life—
No matter what you hear or see,
Stay away and do not interfere.
I am breaking into this tomb
Partly so I can look upon Juliet's face,
But mostly so I can take a ring from her finger—
A ring I need for an important purpose.
Now, leave. But if you return to spy on me,
If you try to stop me, 35
I swear by heaven, I will tear you apart limb by limb
And scatter your remains in this graveyard.
I am not myself anymore.
My thoughts are wild, dangerous, violent—
More fierce than a starving tiger or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR

I will go, sir. I won't trouble you.

ROMEO

That is true friendship.
(Giving him money.)
Take this. Live well. Farewell, my friend.

BALTHASAR, *aside*

For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

He steps aside.

ROMEO, *beginning to force open the tomb*

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

PARIS

This is that banished haughty Montague
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief 50
It is supposed the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

Stepping forward.

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO

I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone. 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury. O, begone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither armed against myself. 65
Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy commination
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! 70
They draw and fight.

BALTHASAR (*aside*)

Even so, I will stay nearby and watch.
His face terrifies me. I fear what he is about to do.
(*He hides.*)

(*Romeo begins breaking open the tomb.*)

ROMEO

Oh, hateful tomb, you wretched mouth of death—
You have devoured the most precious life on earth.
Now, I force open your rotten jaws
And shove in more food.

(*Paris steps forward.*)

PARIS

There he is—the banished, arrogant Montague!
He murdered Juliet's cousin,
And the grief of it is said to have killed her.
Now, he has come to do some terrible crime
Against the dead bodies. I will stop him.

(*Paris steps forward.*)

Stop what you're doing, vile Montague!
Can your vengeance go even beyond death?
You are a condemned criminal,
And I am arresting you.
Come with me—you must die.

ROMEO

Yes, I must die—and that is why I am here.
Good young man, do not push a desperate man.
Go away, leave me. 60
Think about the dead lying here—
Let their presence frighten you.
Do not put another sin on my soul
By making me fight you. Please, go!
I swear to heaven, 65
I love you more than I love myself.
For I have come here to destroy myself.
Leave now, live, and later you can say
That a madman's mercy told you to run.

PARIS

I refuse your offer.
I arrest you as a criminal.

ROMEO

You are forcing me to fight you?
Then let's fight!
(*They draw their swords and fight.*)

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O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

He exits.

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb; lay me with Juliet.

He dies.

ROMEO

In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? 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.—

He opens the tomb.

A grave? O, no. A lantern, slaughtered 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 interred.

Laying Paris in the tomb.

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A light'ning before death! O, how may I
Call this a light'ning?—O my love, my wife,
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. 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 favor 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?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night

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Oh Lord, they're fighting! I must go call the watch.

(He exits.)

PARIS

Oh, I am slain!
If you have any mercy,
Open the tomb and lay me beside Juliet.

(He dies.)

ROMEO

I will, I swear. *(He looks at Paris's face.)*

Let me look at this man...
Mercutio's kinsman, the noble Count Paris!
What did my servant say earlier,
When my troubled mind was too distracted to listen?
I think he said Paris was supposed to marry Juliet.
Did he say so? Or did I dream it?
Or am I just mad, hearing Juliet's name
And thinking I heard what I feared? *(He takes Paris's hand.)*
Oh, give me your hand,
Another poor soul like me,
Written in the book of sorrow.

I will bury you in a glorious grave. *(He opens the tomb.)*

A grave? No.
This is not a tomb, but a lantern, dear young man,
For here lies Juliet,
And her beauty fills this dark place with light.
Death, lie there— *(He lays Paris inside.)*

Placed in a grave by another dead man.
How often, when men are about to die,
They suddenly feel strangely happy—
What doctors call "a lightening before death."
But how can I call this a lightening?

Oh, my love! My wife!
Death has stolen the sweetness of your breath,
But it has not touched your beauty.
You are not defeated.

The red of life still lingers in your lips and cheeks,
And death's pale flag has not yet claimed you.
(He looks around the tomb.)

Tybalt—do you lie there in your bloody shroud?
Oh, what better way to honor you
Than for this same hand that killed you

To now end the life of your greatest enemy—myself?
Forgive me, cousin.

(He turns back to Juliet.)

<p>Depart again. Here, here will I remain With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest 110 And shake the yoke of inauspicious 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. 115</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Kissing Juliet.</i></p> <p>Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark! Here's to my love. <i>Drinking.</i> O true apothecary, Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>He dies.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade.</i></p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?</p> <p>BALTHASAR Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend, What torch is yond that vainly lends his light 125 To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, It burneth in the Capels' monument.</p> <p>BALTHASAR It doth so, holy sir, and there's my master, One that you love.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Who is it? 130</p>	<p>Oh, dear Juliet, Why are you still so beautiful? Shall I believe that Death is in love with you? That the pale, monstrous skeleton Keeps you here in the dark To be his lover? I will not let that happen. I will stay with you forever, And never again leave this palace of night. Here, here I will remain, With only the worms for company. Here, I will take my final rest And free myself from cruel fate.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>(He holds Juliet one last time.)</i></p> <p>Eyes—look your last. Arms—take your last embrace. Lips—the doors of breath— Seal this eternal promise With a final, righteous kiss. <i>(He kisses Juliet.)</i></p> <p>Now, come, bitter poison— You are my captain, my final guide. Like a desperate sailor, I will crash my weary ship upon the rocks. <i>(He raises the poison.)</i></p> <p>Here's to my love. <i>(He drinks.)</i></p> <p>Oh, true apothecary— Your drugs work fast. <i>(He kisses Juliet one last time.)</i></p> <p>Thus, with a kiss... I die. <i>(He dies.)</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>(Enter Friar Lawrence, carrying a lantern, a crowbar, and a spade.)</i></p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Saint Francis, help me! How many times tonight have I stumbled over graves? <i>(He stops and looks around.)</i></p> <p>Who's there?</p> <p>BALTHASAR It's me, a friend—someone who knows you well.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Peace be with you. Tell me, good friend— What is that torch burning over there, Pointlessly lighting up the worms and skulls of the dead? As I can tell, It's inside the Capulet tomb.</p> <p>BALTHASAR It is, holy sir. And my master is in there— Someone you love.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Who is it?</p>
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<p>BALTHASAR Romeo.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE How long hath he been there?</p> <p>BALTHASAR Full half an hour.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Go with me to the vault.</p> <p>BALTHASAR 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.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me. O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.</p> <p>BALTHASAR As I did sleep under this yew tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE, <i>moving toward the tomb</i> Romeo!— Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains The stony entrance of this sepulcher? What mean these masterless and gory swords To lie discolored by this place of peace? Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too? And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable chance! The lady stirs.</p> <p>JULIET O comfortable friar, where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. Where is my Romeo?</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE 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</p>	<p>BALTHASAR Romeo.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE How long has he been inside?</p> <p>BALTHASAR A full half hour.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Come with me to the tomb.</p> <p>BALTHASAR I dare not, sir. My master thinks I have left, And he threatened to kill me If I stayed to watch his intentions.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE Then stay here. I will go alone. <i>(He hesitates.)</i> A terrible feeling comes over me... I fear something awful has happened.</p> <p>BALTHASAR As I was sleeping under this yew tree, I dreamed my master fought another man— And that my master killed him.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE <i>(Friar Lawrence hurries to the tomb.)</i> Romeo! <i>(He suddenly stops, gasping.)</i> Oh no, oh no—</p> <p>145 What is this blood on the entrance of the tomb?! Why do these bloody swords lie abandoned, Stained with death in this place of peace? <i>(He steps inside and sees Romeo and Paris.)</i> Romeo! Oh God—so pale! Who else? Paris too?! 150 Both of them, covered in blood?! Oh, what a cruel hour has caused such terrible fate? <i>(Juliet stirs.)</i></p> <p>JULIET Oh, good friar—where is my Romeo? I remember well where I should be, And here I am. Where is my Romeo?</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE I hear someone coming— Lady, you must leave this nest of death, disease, and unnatural sleep! A greater power than we could control Has ruined our plan. Come, come away—your husband lies dead in your arms. And Paris too.</p>
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<p>Among a sisterhood of holy nuns. Stay not to question, for the watch is coming. Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.</p> <p>JULIET</p> <p>Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 165 <i>He exits.</i></p> <p>What's here? A cup closed 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 after! I will kiss thy lips. Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 170 To make me die with a restorative. <i>She kisses him.</i> Thy lips are warm!</p> <p><i>Enter Paris's Page and Watch.</i></p> <p>FIRST WATCH</p> <p>Lead, boy. Which way?</p> <p>JULIET</p> <p>Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O, happy dagger, This is thy sheath. There rust, and let me die. 175 <i>She takes Romeo's dagger, stabs herself, and dies.</i></p> <p>PAGE</p> <p>This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.</p> <p>FIRST WATCH</p> <p>The ground is bloody.—Search about the churchyard. Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach. <i>Some watchmen exit.</i></p> <p>Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, 180 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 Montagues. Some others search. <i>Others exit.</i></p> <p>We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, 185 But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry. <i>Enter Watchmen with Romeo's man Balthasar.</i></p>	<p>Come, I will hide you in a convent of holy nuns. Do not ask questions now, For the guards are coming. Come, Juliet—we must go. I cannot stay here any longer!</p> <p>JULIET</p> <p>Go! Leave me! I will not leave. <i>(Friar Lawrence exits.)</i></p> <p>What's this? A cup, still in my true love's hand? Poison! So this was the cause of his untimely death. Oh, cruel Romeo—you drank it all, And left no friendly drop To help me follow after you. But wait—perhaps some poison still lingers on your lips. I will kiss you— Maybe death will enter me through this final kiss. <i>(She kisses him.)</i></p> <p>Your lips are warm! <i>(Enter Paris's Page and the Watch.)</i></p> <p>FIRST WATCHMAN</p> <p>Come, boy—where? Which way?</p> <p>JULIET</p> <p>Noise? Then I must be quick. Oh, happy dagger— This is your sheath. <i>(She takes Romeo's dagger.)</i></p> <p>There, let me rest forever. <i>(She stabs herself and dies.)</i></p> <p>PAGE</p> <p>This is the place— There, where the torch burns.</p> <p>FIRST WATCHMAN</p> <p>The ground is covered in blood— Search the churchyard! Go, some of you—whoever you find, arrest them. <i>(Some watchmen exit.)</i></p> <p>What a tragic sight! Here lies Count Paris, slain... And Juliet, bleeding— Still warm, and newly dead. But how? She has been buried for two days! Go, tell the Prince. Wake the Capulets. Call the Montagues. Search everywhere. <i>(Others exit.)</i></p> <p>We see the bodies before us, But we do not yet know The full truth of what happened. <i>(Enter Watchmen with Balthasar.)</i></p>
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<p>SECOND WATCH Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.</p> <p>FIRST WATCH Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither. 190 <i>Enter Friar Lawrence and another Watchman.</i></p> <p>THIRD WATCH Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps. We took this mattock and this spade from him As he was coming from this churchyard's side.</p> <p>FIRST WATCH A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too. <i>Enter the Prince with Attendants.</i></p> <p>PRINCE What misadventure is so early up 195 That calls our person from our morning rest? <i>Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.</i></p> <p>CAPULET What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?</p> <p>LADY CAPULET O, the people in the street cry "Romeo," Some "Juliet," and some "Paris," and all run With open outcry toward our monument. 200</p> <p>PRINCE What fear is this which startles in our ears?</p> <p>FIRST WATCH Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain, And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new killed.</p> <p>PRINCE Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes. 205</p> <p>FIRST WATCH Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man, With instruments upon them fit to open These dead men's tombs.</p> <p>CAPULET O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! 210</p>	<p>SECOND WATCHMAN Here is Romeo's servant— We found him in the churchyard.</p> <p>FIRST WATCHMAN Hold him here until the Prince arrives. <i>(Enter Friar Lawrence and another Watchman.)</i></p> <p>THIRD WATCHMAN Here is a friar, trembling, sighing, and weeping. We found these grave-digging tools on him, As he was leaving the tomb.</p> <p>FIRST WATCHMAN That is highly suspicious. Hold the Friar, too. <i>(Enter the Prince with attendants.)</i></p> <p>PRINCE What tragedy has woken us so early, 200 Calling us from our rest? <i>(Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.)</i></p> <p>CAPULET What is happening? Why are people screaming in the streets?</p> <p>LADY CAPULET The people cry out, "Romeo!" Some shout, "Juliet!" Others call, "Paris!" And all of them are rushing toward the tomb!</p> <p>PRINCE What fear is this that shakes our ears?</p> <p>FIRST WATCHMAN My lord, here lies Count Paris, slain. And here—Romeo, dead. And Juliet, dead before, Now warm and newly killed.</p> <p>PRINCE Search—find out how this happened.</p> <p>FIRST WATCHMAN We found this friar, And Romeo's servant, With tools to break open the tomb.</p> <p>CAPULET Oh, heavens! Oh, wife—look!</p>
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<p>This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house Is empty on the back of Montague, And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom.</p> <p>LADY CAPULET O me, this sight of death is as a bell That warns my old age to a sepulcher. 215 <i>Enter Montague.</i></p> <p>PRINCE Come, Montague, for thou art early up To see thy son and heir now early down.</p> <p>MONTAGUE Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight. Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath. What further woe conspires against mine age? 220</p> <p>PRINCE Look, and thou shalt see.</p> <p>MONTAGUE, <i>seeing Romeo dead</i> O thou untaught! What manners is in this, To press before thy father to a grave?</p> <p>PRINCE Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile, Till we can clear these ambiguities 225 And know their spring, their head, their true descent, And then will I be general of your woes And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear, And let mischance be slave to patience.— Bring forth the parties of suspicion. 230</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder. And here I stand, both to impeach and purge 235 Myself condemnèd and myself excused.</p> <p>PRINCE Then say at once what thou dost know in this.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE I will be brief, for my short date of breath</p>	<p>Our daughter is bleeding! This dagger should be in its sheath, But Montague's belt is empty— And instead, the blade is buried in Juliet's heart.</p> <p>LADY CAPULET Oh, this sight of death tolls in my ears, Like a funeral bell calling me to my own grave. <i>(Enter Montague.)</i></p> <p>PRINCE Come, Montague— You have woken early To find your son has fallen even earlier.</p> <p>MONTAGUE Alas, my lord, My wife has died tonight. Grief over Romeo's exile broke her heart. What new sorrow is waiting for me?</p> <p>PRINCE Look—and you will see.</p> <p>MONTAGUE (<i>Montague sees Romeo's body.</i>) Oh, my son—so unwise! What kind of son rushes to the grave before his father?</p> <p>PRINCE Hold back your outrage— Let us first learn the truth. 225 We must understand where this tragedy began, So that I may be the leader of your sorrows And guide you to the full truth. <i>(To the guards.)</i> Bring forth those we suspect. 230</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE I am the guiltiest, Yet also the weakest, And though I am most suspected, I both accuse and defend myself. 235</p> <p>PRINCE Then speak—tell us all you know.</p> <p>FRIAR LAWRENCE I will be brief, for my time on this earth</p>
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Is not so long as is a tedious tale.		Will not last long enough for a drawn-out tale.	
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,	240	Romeo, who lies dead before you,	
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.		Was Juliet's husband.	
I married them, and their stol'n marriage day		And she, who also lies here,	
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death		Was Romeo's faithful wife.	
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city,		I married them in secret.	
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.	245	But on the same day of their wedding,	
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,		Tybalt was killed—	
Betrothed and would have married her perforce		His untimely death led to Romeo's banishment.	
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,		Juliet grieved for Romeo,	
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean		Not for Tybalt, as you believed.	
To rid her from this second marriage,	250	To end her sorrow,	
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.		You forced her to marry Paris.	
Then gave I her (so tutored by my art)		Then she came to me,	
A sleeping potion, which so took effect		With wild desperation,	
As I intended, for it wrought on her		Begging me to find a way out—	
The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo	255	Or else, she swore,	
That he should hither come as this dire night		She would kill herself right there in my cell.	
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,		So, using my knowledge,	
Being the time the potion's force should cease.		I gave her a sleeping potion	
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,		That made her appear dead.	
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight	260	I wrote to Romeo, instructing him	
Returned my letter back. Then all alone		To come that same night	
At the prefixed hour of her waking		And take her from her borrowed grave	
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,		Once the potion wore off.	
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell		But the messenger, Friar John,	
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.	265	Was trapped due to the plague,	
But when I came, some minute ere the time		And returned the letter to me undelivered.	
Of her awakening, here untimely lay		So I went alone to the tomb	
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.		At the exact moment she was to wake.	
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth		But when I arrived—too late—	
And bear this work of heaven with patience.	270	I found Paris and Romeo, dead.	
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,		She woke, and I begged her to come away,	
And she, too desperate, would not go with me		To bear this fate with patience.	
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.		But I heard a noise and had to flee—	
All this I know, and to the marriage		She refused to leave,	
Her nurse is privy. And if aught in this	275	And, as it seems, she took her own life.	
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life		That is all I know.	
Be sacrificed some hour before his time		Juliet's Nurse knew of their marriage, too.	
Unto the rigor of severest law.		If any of this is my fault,	
		Then let me suffer the fullest punishment	
		Of the law.	
PRINCE		PRINCE	
We still have known thee for a holy man.—		We have always known you to be a holy man.	
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?	280	Where is Romeo's servant? What does he say?	

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post 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, 285
 If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE

Give me the letter. I will look on it.—
He takes Romeo's letter.

Where is the County's page, that raised the
 watch?—
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 290

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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. 295

PRINCE

This letter doth make good the Friar'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. 300
 Where be these enemies?—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 punished. 305

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,
 For I will ray her statue in pure gold, 310
 That whiles Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity. 315

PRINCE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings.

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And he rode straight from Mantua to this tomb.
 Before he entered,
 He gave me a letter for his father
 And threatened to kill me if I did not leave him alone.

PRINCE

Give me the letter.
(He takes Romeo's letter.)

Where is Paris's page?
 Boy, why was your master here?

PAGE

He came to place flowers on Juliet's grave
 And told me to stand aside.
 Then, soon after, someone arrived with a torch
 And began opening the tomb.
 My master drew his sword, And I ran to call the watch.

PRINCE

This letter confirms the Friar's words—
 It speaks of Romeo's love for Juliet,
 The news of her death, And how he bought poison
 To come here and die beside her.
(Turning to Capulet and Montague.)
 Where are these enemies? Look at what your hatred has
 done. Heaven has punished you, By killing your children
 through love. And I, for ignoring your feud, Have lost two
 kinsmen. We are all punished.

CAPULET

Brother Montague, give me your hand.
 This is my daughter's dowry, For I can ask for no more.

MONTAGUE

But I can give you more—
 I will raise a statue of Juliet in pure gold,
 So long as Verona stands,
 No monument will be as beautiful
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET

And beside her, shall lie Romeo,
 A poor sacrifice to our hate.

PRINCE

A heavy peace settles over us this morning.

<p>The sun for sorrow will not show his head. Go hence to have more talk of these sad things. Some shall be pardoned, and some punished. For never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.</p>	<p>320 <i>All exit.</i></p>	<p>Even the sun refuses to shine, Too sorrowful to show its face. Let us go, and speak more of these tragic events. Some will be forgiven— And some will be punished. For never was there a story of more woe, Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.</p> <p><i>(All exit.)</i></p>
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Scene Summary (Act 5 Scene 3):

A mourning Paris visits Juliet’s tomb. Romeo arrives, and the two begin a duel outside the vault, which ends in Paris’s death. When Romeo enters the tomb, he sees Juliet in a corpse-like state and launches into a long, sad speech, kisses her, and drinks his poison. Friar Lawrence enters, just a moment too late, and sees Romeo’s corpse lying beside not-dead Juliet. She wakes up, and Friar Lawrence attempts to convince her to flee the scene. But she won’t leave Romeo. She grabs the vial of poison, but there’s none left. Instead, she reaches for her dagger and then stabs herself. She dies by Romeo’s side. Not long after, the Prince, the Montagues, the Capulets, and several others arrive, horrified to see what has become of Romeo and Juliet. The Friar tells them the whole story. The Prince points out to the Montagues and the Capulets that this tragedy stemmed from their feud, and the two families agree to end their ancient grudge.

5. Rank each of the following characters based on how much you like them.

Romeo	HATE THEM!	1	2	3	4	5	LOVE THEM!
Juliet	HATE THEM!	1	2	3	4	5	LOVE THEM!
Paris	HATE THEM!	1	2	3	4	5	LOVE THEM!
Friar Laurence	HATE THEM!	1	2	3	4	5	LOVE THEM!
Capulet (Father to Juliet)	HATE THEM!	1	2	3	4	5	LOVE THEM!
Lady Capulet (Mother to Juliet)	HATE THEM!	1	2	3	4	5	LOVE THEM!
Montague (Father to Romeo)	HATE THEM!	1	2	3	4	5	LOVE THEM!

6. Of all of the above characters, which one has driven you the most crazy? Which one annoys you the most and why?

7. Of the above characters, which one do you like the most and why? What makes them particularly likeable? If you liked no one, explain which character seems the most innocent or least to blame.

8. How do you feel about the duel between Paris and Romeo? Do you find any of them to be particularly virtuous or chivalrous or honorable? Why? Explain.

9. Re-read the following passage (Lines 74-82). Afterwards, explain: How does Romeo see Paris's and his own fate tied together?

*In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? 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!*

10. Does Romeo take responsibility or control of his actions? Or does he instead blame 'fate' for his behavior? Explain. Provide a quote for proof.

11. How do you feel about Friar Laurence's actions and explanation in this act? Do you feel he takes accountability for Romeo and Juliet's death? Paris's? Do you feel he is responsible in any way? For additional help, check out this passage starting at line 232, spoken by Friar Laurence:

*I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder.
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd and myself excused.*

12. Explain the close of the play: does Capulet and Montague learn their lesson? Is the feud over, or freshly reborn? Do you feel they have any remorse for any of their actions? Are they to blame in any way?

Connect-A-Poem

Directions: Annotate the poem below, then ask the follow-up questions.

The Vampire

By Charles Baudelaire (*Translated by Atti Viragh*)

You who, keen as a carving blade,
Into my plaintive¹ heart has plunged,
You who, strong as a wild array
Of crazed and costumed cacodaemons²,

Storming into my helpless soul
To make your bed and your domain;
— Tainted jade³ to whom I'm joined
Like a convict to his chain,

Like a gambler to his game,
Like a drunkard to his bottle,
Like maggot-worms to their cadaver,
Damn you, oh damn you I say!

I pleaded with the speedy sword
To win me back my liberty;
And finally, a desperate coward,
I turned to poison's perfidy⁴.

Alas, but poison and the sword
Had only scorn to offer me:
"You're not worthy to be free
Of your wretched slavery,

You imbecile! — For if our means
Should release you from her reign,
You with your kisses would only breathe
New life into the vampire slain!"

¹ Sad; Mournful

² Wicked or evil spirit

³ A bad-tempered woman with a bad reputation

⁴ Lack of trust; untrustworthiness

13. What are 2 lines that stand out from the above poem? Rewrite them below.

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14. What is the vampire in “The Vampire” by Baudelaire? Who or what is he talking about?

15. What is the overall meaning of the poem? Think about the central idea + the author’s perspective on that idea.

16. Lastly: Does this poem support Romeo’s vision of love or mock it? Explain.

Final Practice Exam! Acts 4 + 5

17. Write a paragraph exploring the overall purpose of the play, as Shakespeare intended. Obviously, you cannot read Shakespeare's mind. However, as a literary analyst, your job is to hypothesize and infer: What message is Shakespeare attempting to convey? For what purpose? Provide evidence via quoted passages from the play.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.