

Act 3, Scene 3 – ROMEO

(Romeo, devastated after learning of his banishment from Verona, pleads with Friar Laurence.)

ROMEO:

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banished" to kill me? "Banished"?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word "banished"?

Act 2, Scene 2 – ROMEO

(Romeo speaks to Juliet from beneath her balcony, expressing his devotion and courage.)

ROMEO:

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let 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 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 prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Act 3, Scene 2 – JULIET

(Juliet wrestles with her emotions after learning that Romeo has killed her cousin Tybalt.)

JULIET:

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;"

That "banished," that one word "banished,"

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.

Act 4, Scene 3 – JULIET

(Juliet prepares to drink the potion that will make her appear dead.)

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.—

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 friar

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, 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

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Act 3, Scene 1 – MERCUTIO

(Mercutio curses the Montagues and Capulets after being mortally wounded.)

MERCUTIO:

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

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 rat, 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.

Act 1, Scene 4 – MERCUTIO

(Mercutio gives his famous, vivid Queen Mab speech, mocking Romeo's romanticism.)

MERCUTIO:

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces of the smallest spider's web,

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.

Act 4, Scene 1 – FRIAR LAURENCE

(Friar Laurence persuades Juliet to fake her death rather than marry Paris, revealing his plan.)

FRIAR LAURENCE:

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 cop'st with death himself to scape from it:
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

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, depriv'd 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.

Act 2, Scene 3 – FRIAR LAURENCE

(Friar Laurence reflects on nature's dualities and the power of herbs before meeting Romeo.)

FRIAR LAURENCE:

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery 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.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for virtue excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;

And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Act 2, Scene 4 – NURSE

(The Nurse meets with Romeo and dramatically complains about her aches before delivering Juliet's message.)

NURSE:

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.

Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out;

What she bid me say, I will keep to myself:

But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,

It were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say:

For the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her,

Truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman,

And very weak dealing.

Act 3, Scene 5– LORD CAPULET

(Furious after Juliet has denied her wish and want to marry the Lord Paris)

God's bread! It makes me mad. day, night; hour, tide, time; work, play;
Alone, in company; still my care hath been To have her matched.
And having now provided A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly trained Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one's thoughts 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 streets, For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

Act 3. Scene 1- BENVOLIO

(Manic, depressed, and desperately trying to explain the fight between Mercutio, Tybalt and Romeo to save your own hide and speak on Romeo's behalf)

Benvolio

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal

Your high displeasure: all this uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,

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 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 't they go 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.

Act 1. Scene 5 - TYBALT (Reading done for Lord and Lady Capulet

TYBALT This, by his voice, should be a Montague.— Fetch me my rapier, boy. Page exits. What, dares the slave? Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET Why, how now, kinsman?

LADY CAPULET Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe, A villain that is hither come in spite To scorn at our solemnity this night.

LADY CAPULET Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone. He bears him like a portly gentleman.

LADY CAPULET And, to say truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

CAPULET I would not for the wealth of all this town Here in my house do him disparagement.

TYBALT It fits when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him.

CAPULET He shall be endured. What, goodman boy? I say he shall. Go to. Am I the master here or you? Go to.

TYBALT Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET Go to, go to. You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed? Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame, I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT Patience perforce with willful choler meeting Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.

Act 1. Scene 3- LADY CAPULET (Exploring Juliet to marry the County Paris)

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast.

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.

Examine every married lineament

And see how one another lends content,

And what obscured in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him only lacks a cover.

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

So shall you share all that he doth possess

By having him, making yourself no less.

Act 5. Scene 3- PARIS

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 thine ear close to the hollow ground,

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread — Being loose, un-firm 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.

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 Page whistles]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way tonight,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.

Act 1. Prologue - CHORUS

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 misadventured piteous overthrows

Doth, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-marked love

And the continuance of their parents' rage —

Which, but their children's end, nought 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.