

ROMEO

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun,
Arise fair Sun and kill the envious Moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her Maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her Maid since she is envious,
Her Vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Love, O that she knew she were,
She speaks, yet she says nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the Heaven,
Having some business do entreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their Spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a Lamp, her eye in heaven,
Would through the airy Region stream so bright,
That Birds would sing, and think it were not night:
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
O that I were a Glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain, deny
What I have spoke, but farewell Compliment,
Dost thou Love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at Lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost Love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: But else not for the world.
In truth fair Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou mayst think my behaviour light,
But trust me Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have the coying to be strange,
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true Love's passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light Love,
Which the dark night hath so discoveréd.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here?
Is Rosaline that thou didst Love so dear
So soon forsaken? young men's Love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season Love that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy sighs, from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ringing in my ancient ears:
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit,
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year come
Lamas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan & she,
God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well Susan
is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on
Lamas Eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she marry,
I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now
eleven years, and she was wean'd I never shall forget it,
of all the days of the year, vpon that day: for I had then
laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sun under
the Dovehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at
Mantua, nay I do beare a braine. And since that time it is
a eleven years, for then she could stand alone, nay by the
rood she could have run and waddled all about: for even
the day before she broke her brow and then my Husband,
God be with his soul, a was a merry man, took up the
Child, 'yea' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? thou
wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou
not Jule?' And by my holidame, the pretty wretch left
Crying, and said 'Ay'. To see now how a Jest shall come about.
I warrant, an' I shall live a thousand years, I never should
forget it: 'wilt thou not Jule quoth he?' and, pretty fool, it
stinted, and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET

What say you, can you love the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our Feast;
Read ore 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 obscur'd 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.

LORD CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, ride, time, work, play,
Alone in company, still my care hath bin
To have her matched, and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of fair Domain, Youthful, and Nobly Allied,
Stuffed as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot Love:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look too't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, I'll give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soule, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust too't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

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 fore-finger 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,
Her Whip of Cricket's bone, the Lash of Film,
Her Wagoner a small grey-coated Gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through Lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er Lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
Sometime she driveth o'er a Soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting Foreign throats,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of Horses in the night,
And bakes the Elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes;
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.

PRINCE

Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,
Profaners of this Neighbor-stained Steel,
Will they not here? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountains issuing from your Veins:
On pain of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And hear the Sentence of your mooved Prince.
Three civil Brawls, bred of an Airy word,
By thee old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient Citizens
Cast by their Grave beseeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your Canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Capulet shall go along with me,
And Mountague come you this afternoon,
To know our Further pleasure in this case:
To old Free-town, our common judgement place:
Once more on pain of death, all men depart.