

Act IV

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## Scene I: Friar Lawrence's Cell

(Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.)

**Friar Lawrence**

On Thursday, sir? That doesn't give you much time.

**Paris**

My soon-to-be father-in-law, Capulet, wants it done quickly. So, I see no reason to stop him.

**Friar Lawrence**

But, you say you barely know the lady. That makes me think it is not such a good idea to rush into things.

**Paris**

She is grieving the death of her cousin Tybalt, so I haven't had time to really win her affections. The goddess of love, Venus, cannot work her magic on someone in mourning. I think that is the reason her father is in such a hurry, to help her heal. She will not cry so much with me around.

**Friar Lawrence**

(To himself.) I wish I didn't know why this marriage can't happen. (To Paris.) Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my home.

(Enter Juliet.)

**Paris**

It's so good to see you, my lady, my wife!

**Friar**

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**

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 talk'd 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**

[Aside.] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.-- Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

[Enter Juliet.]

**Paris**

Happily met, my lady and my wife!



**Juliet**

It will be good to see you, sir, when I am able to become a wife.

**Paris**

You must be ready by Thursday.

**Juliet**

What must be must be.

**Friar Lawrence**

So true.

**Paris**

Are you here to make confession?

**Juliet**

I should confess to you.

**Paris**

Do not deny your love for me.

**Juliet**

I will not deny that I am in love.

**Paris**

I'm sure you will tell him you are in love with me.

**Juliet**

If I do, it will be more meaningful if I do it in private.

**Paris**

You poor thing, your face shows how much you've been crying.

**Juliet**

Tears have little to do with how my face looks. It always looks like this.

**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**

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**

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 abus'd with tears.

**Juliet**

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

**Paris**

That is not true.

**Juliet**

I am telling the truth about my face to your face.

**Paris**

Your face is mine and I will not have you talking ugly about it.

**Juliet**

My face is definitely not my own. May I speak with you, holy father? Or, should I come back at evening mass?

**Friar Lawrence**

No, now is fine. Paris, my lord, we must have some privacy.

**Paris**

God forbid I should disturb devotion. Until Thursday, Juliet. Goodbye, and until then remember this holy kiss.

(Exit Paris.)

**Juliet**

Oh, shut the door and come cry with me. I am hopelessly without cure or help!

**Friar Lawrence**

Ah, Juliet, I already know your grief. I have racked my brain trying to figure out a way for you to get out of this marriage, but you must marry this man on Thursday.

**Juliet**

Please don't tell me you know about it; tell me what we're going to do. Or, I will

**Paris**

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

**Juliet**

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth; And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

**Paris**

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd 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**

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 you: Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.]

**Juliet**

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

**Friar**

Ah, 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:



use this knife to prevent this marriage. Please give me some advice or watch me die.

**Friar Lawrence**

Hold on. I may have an idea, but it will take some desperate measures to prevent this marriage. If you are willing to really kill yourself before you get married again, then you will probably go along with my idea.

**Juliet**

I would rather leap to my death, or become a thief, or live with serpents, than marry Paris. I will do whatever it takes to prevent this marriage and stay true to my love.

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. God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd, Shall be the label to another deed, Or my true heart with treacherous revolt Turn to another, this shall slay them both: Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, Give me some present counsel; or, behold, 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife Shall play the empire; arbitrating that Which the commission of thy years and art Could to no issue of true honour bring. Be not so long to speak; I long to die, If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**Friar**

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 dar'st, 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'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones, With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls; Or bid me go into a new-made grave, And hide me with a dead man in his shroud; Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble; And I will do it without fear or doubt, To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.



**Friar Lawrence**

Go home then, act happy, and tell your parents you agree to marry Paris. Tomorrow night, make sure you are alone. Take this vial and drink it. You will fall into a deep sleep, and appear to have no breath or pulse. You will appear cold and lifeless, and even the color from your face will fade. You will remain like this for forty-two hours, so when your new husband comes to find you, he will think you are dead. You will be put into the Capulet's death vault. In the meantime, I will send Romeo word of our plan. He and I will be with you when you wake, and the two of you may go to Mantua. Can you go through with this plan?

**Juliet**

Of course, I can. Give me! Give me!

**Friar Lawrence**

(Giving her the vial.) Here, now go and stay strong. I'll send word to Romeo.

**Friar**

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow; To-morrow night look that thou lie alone, Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber: Take thou this vial, being then in bed, And this distilled liquor drink thou off: When, presently, through all thy veins shall run A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse Shall keep his native progress, but surcease: No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest; The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade To 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. 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, uncover'd, on the bier, Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the mean time, 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 valour in the acting it.

**Juliet**

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

**Friar**

Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed To Mantua, with my letters to

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**Juliet**

Love give me strength, and strength help  
me get through this. Goodbye, dear  
Father.

(Exit all.)

thy lord.

**Juliet**

Love give me strength! and strength shall  
help afford. Farewell, dear father.

[Exeunt.]



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## Scene II: Hall in Capulet's house.

(Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.)

**Capulet**

Here, invite the guests on this list.

(Exit first Servant.)

Sir, go find and hire twenty chefs.

**Second Servant**

I will get only the best. I'll test them by making them lick their fingers.

**Capulet**

How does that test them?

**Second Servant**

Only good cooks can lick their fingers. Anyone who cannot will not come with me.

**Capulet**

Well, go already.

(Exit second Servant.)

We are not going to be prepared for this wedding in time. Where is my daughter, Friar Lawrence's?

**Nurse**

Yes, true.

**Capulet**

Good, I hope he has some influence on that spoiled brat.

**Nurse**

**Capulet**

So many guests invite as here are writ.--

[Exit first Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

**2 Servant**

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

**Capulet**

How canst thou try them so?

**2 Servant**

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, begone.--

[Exit second Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.--  
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

**Nurse**

Ay, forsooth.

**Capulet**

Well, be may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

**Nurse**



Here she comes now with a smile on her face.

(Enter Juliet.)

**Capulet**

Where have you been, my headstrong daughter?

**Juliet**

I have been where I could repent the sin of disobedience to my parents. Now, at Friar Lawrence's urgings, I am here to beg your forgiveness. (On her knees.) Please, forgive me. From now on, I will listen to you and do whatever you wish.

**Capulet**

Send for the Count. Tell him he is to wed tomorrow morning.

**Juliet**

I saw him at Friar Lawrence's cell and told him how I felt without being too forthcoming.

**Capulet**

That is good. Stand up. Everything is as it should be. Now, go fetch Paris and bring him here. We all owe the friar for this one.

**Juliet**

Nurse, will you go with me to my closet and help pick out the wedding attire for tomorrow?

**Lady Capulet**

There's plenty of time. The wedding is not until Thursday.

**Capulet**

Go Nurse, go with her. We are going to have

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

[Enter Juliet.]

**Capulet**

How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

**Juliet**

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here, To beg your pardon:-- pardon, I beseech you! Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

**Capulet**

Send for the county; go tell him of this: I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

**Juliet**

I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell; And gave him what becomed love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

**Capulet**

Why, I am glad on't; this is well,--stand 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, All 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 to-morrow?

**Lady Capulet**

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

**Capulet**

Go, nurse, go with her.--We'll to church to-



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the wedding tomorrow.

(Exit Juliet and Nurse.)

**Lady Capulet**

We are not going to have enough food for the party. It's almost night.

**Capulet**

Don't worry. I will get things ready. I promise. Go help Juliet get ready. I'll be working all night so don't expect me to come to bed. I'll be the housewife for once. Where is everyone? I will go get Paris myself and prepare him for tomorrow. I feel like a heavy weight has been lifted now that my wayward daughter is going to be married.

(Exit Capulet.)

tomorrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

**Lady Capulet**

We shall be short in our provision: 'Tis now near night.

**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 to-night;--let me alone; I'll play the housewife for this once.-- What, ho!-- They are all forth: well, I will walk myself To County Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]



### Scene III: Juliet's bedroom.

(Enter Juliet and Nurse.)

**Juliet**

Those outfits are best, but gentle Nurse, I need to be alone now. I need time to pray for blessings upon tomorrow because you know I am full of sin.

(Enter Lady Capulet.)

**Lady Capulet**

Are you busy? Do you need my help?

**Juliet**

No ma'am. We have figured everything out. So, if you don't mind, I want to be alone. Let the Nurse stay with you tonight, because I know how busy you are with the preparations.

**Lady Capulet**

Good night then. Go to bed and get some rest because you are going to need it.

(Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.)

**Juliet**

Goodnight. God only knows when we will see each other again. I am cold with fear. Maybe I'll call them back. Nurse! Oh, what good can she do me? I must do this alone. Here is the vial. What if this doesn't work? What if I have to get married tomorrow? I will lay my knife beside me in case it doesn't. What if this is a poison the friar has given me so he will not be dishonored, because he married me to Romeo? No, he would not do such a terrible thing

**Juliet**

Ay, those attires are best:--but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou 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 cull'd such necessities As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For I am sure you have your hands full all In this so sudden business.

**Lady Capulet**

Good night: Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

**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.--



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because he is a righteous man. I will not think negatively of him. What if I wake up in the tomb before Romeo gets there? Will I suffocate in the vault? Or, if I live, be surrounded by the terror of death and darkness, and the dead, decomposing bodies of my ancestors. Perhaps, Tybalt, just now laid to rest, will stir like they say of new spirits. So if I wake early, the terrible smells and spirits' howls will drive me crazy. I will play with the joints of my ancestors, try to wake Tybalt, and finally bash my brains out with a bone. I think I see Tybalt now, looking for Romeo, his murderer. Stay Tybalt, stay. Romeo, I am coming. I drink to you.

(Throws herself on the bed.)

[Laying down her dagger.]

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:-- I will not entertain so bad a thought.-- How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point! Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, And there die 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 this many hundred years, the bones Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd; 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;-- O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears? And madly play with my forefathers' 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?-- O, 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, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[Throws herself on the bed.]



## Scene IV: Hall in Capulet's house.

(Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.)

**Lady Capulet**

Nurse, hold these keys and go get more spices.

**Nurse**

The recipe calls for dates and quinces.

(Enter Capulet.)

**Capulet**

Hurry, hurry! It's three o'clock already. Get the meats ready, Angelica. Don't worry about the costs.

**Nurse**

Go to bed, you old housewife. You'll be sick tomorrow, if you stay up all night.

**Capulet**

Nonsense! I have stayed up all night before for much lesser reasons and not been sick.

**Lady Capulet**

Yes, you used to chase the ladies once upon a time, but I'll make sure you don't anymore.

(Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.)

**Capulet**

Jealous, jealous woman. Now, fellow...

(Enter Servants, with spits, logs and baskets.)

...what do you have there?

**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 crow'd, The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:-- Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica; Spare not for cost.

**Nurse**

Go, you cot-quean, go, Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching.

**Capulet**

No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd 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!--Now, fellow,

[Enter Servants, with spits, logs and baskets.]

What's there?



**First Servant**

Stuff for the cook, sir. I'm not sure what it is.

**Capulet**

Well, hurry up.

(Exit first Servant.)

Sir, go get drier logs. Peter can tell you where they are.

**Second Servant**

I'm not dense, sir. I can find the logs without Peter's help.

(Exit second Servant.)

**Capulet**

Right, good fellow. He's funny. Oh my, it is already daylight. Paris will be here with the music soon. I think I hear him coming. (Music plays within.) Nurse! Wife! Nurse!

(Enter Nurse.)

Go wake Juliet. Get her ready. I'll go and chat with Paris. Hurry up! The groom is here already. Hurry up, I say.

(Exit all.)

**1 Servant**

Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

**Capulet**

Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Servant.] -- Sirrah, fetch drier logs: Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

**2 Servant**

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

[Exit.]

**Capulet**

Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be logger-head.--Good faith, 'tis day. The county will be here with music straight, For so he said he would:--I hear him near. [Music within.] Nurse!--wife!--what, ho!--what, nurse, I say!

[Re-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.]



## Scene V: Juliet's bedroom with Juliet lying on the bed.

(Enter Nurse.)

**Nurse**

Miss! Miss! Juliet! Hurry, you sleepyhead! Your love has arrived. Wake up, bride! What not a word? Do you want to sleep because you know with Paris, you will not get much sleep? God forgive me! She is sound asleep and I hate to wake her, but I must. Madam, madam! The Count will wake you up soon enough. Are you dressed already and asleep again? You must wake up, lady! Oh, no! My lady is dead! Help! Oh, curse the day I was born! Someone get me a drink! My lord! My lady!

(Enter Lady Capulet.)

**Lady Capulet**

What is all the noise in here?

**Nurse**

It is a sad day!

**Lady Capulet**

What is the matter?

**Nurse**

Look, look! Oh what a terrible day!

**Lady Capulet**

Oh me, oh me! My child, my only child! Wake her up or I will die right here! Help, help! Get some help!

**Nurse**

Mistress!--what, mistress!--Juliet!--fast, I warrant her, she:-- Why, lamb!--why, lady!--fie, you slug-abad!-- Why, love, I say!--madam! sweetheart!--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 needs must 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? What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again! I must needs wake you.--lady! lady! lady!-- Alas, alas!--Help, help! My lady's dead!-- O, well-a-day 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**

O me, O me!--my child, my only life! Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!-- Help, help!-- call help.



(Enter Capulet.)

**Capulet**

Be ashamed of yourself. Hurry up and bring Juliet!

**Nurse**

She is dead. Deceased. Dead. Curse the day!

**Lady Capulet**

Curse the day. She is dead! She is dead!

**Capulet**

Ha! Let me see her. She's cold. Her heart has stopped and her body is stiff. She has been dead for some time now. She is as dead as the sweetest flower in a field of frost. Cursed time! I am an unfortunate man!

**Nurse**

Oh, what a sad day!

**Lady Capulet**

Oh, what a dreadful day!

**Capulet**

I am speechless.

(Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris, with Musicians.)

**Friar Lawrence**

Hey, is the bride ready to go to the church?

**Capulet**

She is ready to go, but she will not be returning. Oh my son, the night before your wedding day, your bride has died. There she is. Death, who stole her innocence, is my son-in-law now.

[Enter Capulet.]

**Capulet**

For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

**Nurse**

She's dead, deceas'd, 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 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

**Nurse**

O lamentable day!

**Lady Capulet**

O woful time!

**Capulet**

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

[Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris, with Musicians.]

**Friar**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**Capulet**

Ready to go, but never to return:-- O son, the night before thy wedding day Hath death lain with thy bride:--there she lies, Flower as she was, deflowered by him. Death is my son-in-



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Death is my heir. I believe I will die. Death is all there is left.

**Paris**

I have waited so long for this day and this is what I get.

**Lady Capulet**

Curse this awful, dreadful day! This is the most miserable hour time I ever saw. My one and only child, the one thing I had to rejoice, and death has taken her from me.

**Nurse**

Oh, terrible, terrible day! The saddest day! The most painful day, I have ever lived. Oh, hateful day! I have never seen a blacker day than this. Oh, painful day!

**Paris**

Tricked, divorced, wronged, spited, now dead! Death has stolen my love. Oh, love of my life! My love is dead!

**Capulet**

Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed! What a terrible time! Why now? Why does my only child have to die? My child! Oh, child! Take my soul and not my child's. My child is dead and so is my joy.

**Friar Lawrence**

Be at peace, now. What a shame! But, we can't solve anything with all of this confusion. She was a gift from heaven, and now to heaven, she has returned. She is better off. She has eternal life. All you wanted was for her to be married. That was your idea of heaven, but you

law, death is my heir; My daughter he hath wedded: I will die. And leave him all; life, living, all is death's.

**Paris**

Have I thought long to see this morning's face, And doth it give me such a sight as this?

**Lady Capulet**

Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! Most miserable hour that e'er time saw In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, But one thing to rejoice and solace in, And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

**Nurse**

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day! Most lamentable day, most woeful day 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: O woeful day! O woeful day!

**Paris**

Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain! Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd, By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!-- O love! O life!-- not life, but love in death!

**Capulet**

Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!-- Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now To murder, murder our solemnity?-- O child! O child!--my soul, and not my child!-- Dead art thou, dead!--alack, my child is dead; And with my child my joys are buried!

**Friar**

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: Your part in her you could not keep from death; But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. The most you



cry because she has inherited the true heaven. Your love for her makes you crazy. It is better to die young. Dry up your tears and bring your best rosemary to place on her corpse. Take her to the church in her best clothes as the customs demand. Although we are sad, we should be happy for her.

**Capulet**

Everything we prepared for the celebration is now for a funeral. Change the happy music to sad, the wedding food to a burial feast, and the bridal flowers to a funeral spray. Just reverse everything.

**Friar Lawrence**

Go everyone. Let's get prepared for her funeral. Let's not stand in the way of God's will.

(Exit Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.)

**First Musician**

Well, we may put up our instruments and leave.

**Nurse**

Yes, good men. Go ahead and pack up. This is a pitiful day.

(Exit Nurse.)

**First Musician**

I think things could get better.

sought was her promotion; For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd: And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? O, 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 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is, In all her best array bear her to church; For though fond nature bids us all lament, Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

**Capulet**

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; Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse, And all things change them to the contrary.

**Friar**

Sir, go you in,--and, madam, go with him;-- And go, Sir Paris;--every one prepare To follow this fair corse unto her grave: The heavens do lower upon you for some ill; Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.]

**1 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.]

**1 Musician**

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



(Enter Peter.)

**Peter**

Musicians, play "Heart's Ease." If you want me to live, play "Heart's Ease."

**First Musician**

Why "Heart's Ease?"

**Peter**

Because, my heart is filled with sadness. Oh, play me some comforting song.

**First Musician**

This is not the right time to play music.

**Peter**

You will not play?

**First Musician**

No.

**Peter**

Then, you're gonna get it.

**First Musician**

Get what?

**Peter**

You'll get no money, I swear! You minstrel!

**First Musician**

You are nothing but a servant.

**Peter**

Then, I will serve up a dagger for you. I will make you sing do-re-mi. Do you hear me?

**First Musician**

[Enter Peter.]

**Peter**

Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease': O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

**1 Musician**

Why 'Heart's ease'?

**Peter**

O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe': O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

**1 Musician**

Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

**Peter**

You will not then?

**1 Musician**

No.

**Peter**

I will then give it you soundly.

**1 Musician**

What will you give us?

**Peter**

No money, on my faith; but the gleek,--I will give you the minstrel.

**1 Musician**

Then will I give you the serving-creature.

**Peter**

Then will I 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?

**1 Musician**



You can't make us sing!

**Second Musician**

Please, put away your dagger and stop messing around.

**Peter**

You don't like my joking around? I will beat you with my jokes. Answer me this: Doesn't music soothe the soul like the song says, "When grief wounds your heart and sadness grips your mind, listen to the silver sound of music." What do you say to that?

**First Musician**

Because the sound of silver is a happy sound.

**Peter**

(To the second Musician.) What do you say, sir?

**Second Musician**

I think it's because musicians will play for silver.

**Peter**

That's a good answer. (To the third Musician.) What do you think?

**Third Musician**

I have no idea.

**Peter**

Well, I'll tell you. You're the singer, for heaven's sake. If it were not for music, you would have no songs to sing. "Music with her silver sound makes you feel fine."

(Exit Peter.)

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

**2 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:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound, And doleful dumps the mind oppress, Then music with her silver sound'--

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'?-- What say you, Simon Catling?

**1 Musician**

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

**Peter**

Pretty!--What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

**2 Musician**

I say 'silver sound' because musicians sound for silver.

**Peter**

Pretty too!--What say you, James Soundpost?

**3 Musician**

Faith, I know not what to say.

**Peter**

O, 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:--

'Then music with her silver sound With speedy help doth lend redress.'



**First Musician**

What a crazy man!

**Second Musician**

Don't worry about him. Come on. We'll wait for the mourners and stay for dinner.

(Exit all.)

[Exit.]

**1 Musician**

What a pestilent knave is this same!

**2 Musician**

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

[Exeunt.]