

Act II

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Scene I: An open place adjoining Capulet's garden.

Romeo

My heart is here. Where else can I be?

(He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.)

(Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.)

Benvolio

Romeo! Where are you?

Mercutio

He is too smart to be here. He must have gone home and is in bed by now.

Benvolio

I saw him run this way and leap over this orchard wall. Call him, Mercutio.

Mercutio

I will conjure him up with my magic powers. Romeo! Oh, Passionate Lover! If you are there let us hear a sigh or some rhyme and I will be satisfied. If you are in a compromising situation, just cry out, "Ah me! Or, say love and dove. Cry out to Venus, the goddess of love or to her red-headed son, Cupid, who shoots so well. Romeo does not hear me. He does not move. He must be dead, and I must bring him magically forth. I call you by the name of the bright-eyed Rosaline with the high forehead and red lips, the fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, and the area between those thighs. Appear before us now!

Romeo

Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

[Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.]

Benvolio

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mercutio

He is wise; And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Benvolio

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall: Call, good Mercutio.

Mercutio

Nay, I'll conjure too.-- Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh: Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied; Cry but 'Ah me!' pronounce but Love and dove; Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nickname for her purblind son and heir, Young auburn Cupid, he that shot so trim When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!-- He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.-- I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Benvolio

If he hears you, he will be mad.

Mercutio

He shouldn't be. I am speaking truthfully when I conjure him in the name of his beloved. Now, if I were conjuring a man for her, then he should be angry.

Benvolio

Come on. He has hidden himself among these trees. He is blinded by love so he longs for the dark.

Mercutio

If love were blind, it would never find someone. He sits under a tree and wishes his love were its fruit that looks like a woman's private parts. Good night, Romeo. I'm going to my house, to my bed. This field is too cold for me to sleep upon. Come on. Are you ready to go?

Benvolio

I'm ready. It's pointless to try and find him, if he does not want to be found.

(Exit all.)

Benvolio

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mercutio

This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle, Of some strange nature, letting it there stand Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down; That were some spite: my invocation Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name, I conjure only but to raise up him.

Benvolio

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees, To be consorted with the humorous night: Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mercutio

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. Now will he sit under a medlar tree, And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.-- Romeo, good night.--I'll to my truckle-bed; This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: Come, shall we go?

Benvolio

Go then; for 'tis in vain To seek him here that means not to be found.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II: Capulet's garden.

(Enter Romeo)

Romeo

He laughs at me, but he has never been scarred by love.

(Juliet appears above at a window.)

Whose soft light in the window do I see?
Is it the rising sun of the east or my
Juliet? Arise fair sun, and kill the jealous
moon. The moon is jealous of your
beauty, so do not be a maid of the moon.
Her virginity is intact and this makes her
green with envy. So do not be a fool, cast
off your love—It is my lady; Oh, my
love! I wish she knew how I love her!
She is talking, but I can't hear her words.
Her eyes are weary, so I will comfort her.
But, maybe she would be offended if I
try. Her eyes twinkle like two of the
fairest stars in all the heavens. How I
long to be reflected in those spheres. It
appears the stars have traded places with
her eyes, but the brightness of her cheek
would outshine the stars. Like daylight,
brighter than a lamp, she brightens the
night so that the birds think it is day.
Now, she leans her cheek upon her hand,
and I wish I were a glove upon that hand,
touching her cheek.

Juliet

Ah me!

Romeo

She speaks: Please speak again, bright
angel? You are as glorious as an angel,
flying through the air, upon which mortal

Romeo

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.--
[Juliet appears above at a window.] 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 daylight doth a
lamp; her eyes 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

Ah me!

Romeo

She speaks:-- O, speak again, bright
angel! for thou art As glorious to this
night, being o'er my head, As is a winged

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eyes gaze.

Juliet

Oh Romeo, Romeo! Where are you Romeo? Do not take the name of your father. Better yet, I will change my name, if you only swear your love to me.

Romeo

Do I dare speak or should I listen longer?

Juliet

It is only your name that is my enemy. Not you. What is a Montague? It is not a hand or foot, arm or face, or any other part of a man. Why couldn't you be someone besides a Montague! What is a name anyway? Wouldn't a rose smell just as sweet, if we called it something else? Wouldn't you be just as perfect, if your name was different? Exchange your name, Romeo, and I will give myself to you.

Romeo

I hope what you say is true. If you call me your lover, then I will change my name like I have been re-baptized.

Juliet

Who's out there? Who is listening to my private thoughts?

Romeo

I do not know what to call myself, since I hate my name, because it is offensive to you. If I saw it written on a piece of paper, I would tear it up.

messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo

[Aside.] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;--
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title:--Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo

I take thee at thy word: Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet

What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee. Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet

Even though we have only just met, I know that voice. Aren't you Romeo, a Montague?

Romeo

Not any longer, if you don't want me to be.

Juliet

Why are you here? How did you get here? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, and you will be killed, if you are discovered.

Romeo

On the wings of Cupid, I flew over those walls. Nothing could keep my love from you, because it gives me strength to do the unthinkable and courage to face your kinsmen.

Juliet

If they see you, they will kill you.

Romeo

A harsh look from you would kill me, but twenty of their swords cannot touch me.

Juliet

I would not have them find you for anything.

Romeo

The night hides me from their sight, but if you love me, who cares if they find me? I would rather die knowing you loved me than live without you.

Juliet

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound; Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Juliet

How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb; And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo

With love's light wings did I o'erperch 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.

Juliet

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Romeo

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight; 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.

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Juliet

How did you find me?

Romeo

My love guided me here. Even though I am not a sailor, I would travel the furthest and most dangerous sea to find you.

Juliet

If the night did not hide my face, you would see me blush. I did not intend for you to hear my words. I could deny what I have said, but I can't. Do you love me? I know you will say "yes," and I will believe you. You might swear it, and turn out to be a liar. You know, they say the king of the gods, Jove, laughs when lovers lie to each other. So don't lie to me. If you love me, tell me, but don't think that I am easy. Perhaps, I should play hard-to-get, so you have to prove you love me. However, I'm not that kind of girl. I am truer than the one who acts evasive. I probably should have acted that way, but what I have said here tonight is genuine.

Romeo

Juliet, I swear by the moon that shines upon these fruit trees...

Juliet

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Romeo

By love, that first did prompt me to enquire; He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise.

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 'haviour light: But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware, My true-love passion: therefore pardon me; And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,--

Juliet

No, do not swear by the moon, because it is constantly changing. I don't want your love to be like the moon.

Romeo

What do you want me to swear by?

Juliet

You don't have to swear at all. Your word is good enough.

Romeo

Then I will swear by my heart...

Juliet

Do not swear at all. I can't take all of this tonight. It is too soon, too dangerous, too hurried. I do not want our love to be like lightning, quickly here and quickly gone. I want our love to be like the budding of a beautiful flower. So, good night. Good night and rest peacefully. I know I will.

Romeo

You can't leave me like this, so unsatisfied.

Juliet

How can I satisfy you tonight?

Romeo

Let's exchange lover's vows.

Juliet

I already vowed my love to you, but I would do it again, if I had to.

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo

What shall I swear by?

Juliet

Do not swear at all; Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee.

Romeo

If my heart's dear love,--

Juliet

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night; It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say It lightens. Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Romeo

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Romeo

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo

You would take back what you said?
Why?

Juliet

Only to give it to you again. My only wish is for your love, which you have given me. The more you love me, the more love I have to give to you. Our love is infinite. I hear someone inside, dear love. Farewell! (Nurse calls from inside.) Here I am, Nurse! (To Romeo.) Sweet Montague, be true. Stay for a little while. I will be right back.

(Exit.)

Romeo

What a great night! I am afraid that I am dreaming, because this is too good to be true.

(Enter Juliet above.)

Juliet

Listen, I only have a few minutes; then you must leave. If you honestly love me and want to marry me, send me word tomorrow. I will send someone to bring me the message. I will meet you wherever and whenever you choose to become your wife. Then, I will put my future in your hands and follow you all the days of my life.

Nurse

(From inside.) Madam!

Juliet

(To Nurse.) I am coming! (To Romeo.) But if you do not mean what you say, I beg you...

Romeo

Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet

But to be frank and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have; My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!-- [Nurse calls within.] Anon, good nurse!--Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.]

Romeo

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[Enter Juliet above.]

Juliet

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If that thy bent of love be honourable, Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow, By one that I'll procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite; And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse

[Within.] Madam!

Juliet

I come anon.-- But if thou meanest not well, I do beseech thee,--

Nurse
(From inside.) Madam!

Juliet
(To Nurse.) Okay, already. I'm coming!
(To Romeo.) I beg you to leave. I will send someone tomorrow.

Romeo
I will think of nothing else!

Juliet
Okay. Go. A thousand times goodnight!

(Exit.)

Romeo
I do not want to leave you. It is a thousand times worse when you are not near. Lovers aren't meant to be separated like a schoolboy from his books. And, when they are, it is as terrible as having to go to school.

(Retiring slowly.)

(Re-enter Juliet, above.)

Juliet
Psst, Romeo! Psst! Oh, I wish I could make a bird call to bring him back again. I am suffocating in this house. I wish I could find the place where Echo lives and make her repeat my Romeo's name.

Romeo
My love, my soul is calling my name.
Her voice is like music to my ears.

Juliet

Nurse
[Within.] Madam!

Juliet
By-and-by I come:-- To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief: To-morrow will I send.

Romeo. So thrive my soul,--

Juliet
A thousand times good night!

[Exit.]

Romeo
A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!-- Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books; But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.]

[Re-enter Juliet, above.]

Juliet
Hist! Romeo, hist!--O for a falconer's voice To lure this tassel-gentle back again! Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud; Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies, And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo
It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears!

Juliet

Romeo!

Romeo
My dear?

Juliet
What time do you want me to send my messenger?

Romeo
At nine o'clock.

Juliet
I will not fail. It feels like tomorrow is twenty years from now. I have forgotten why I called you back.

Romeo
Let me wait here till you remember.

Juliet
I will never remember with you standing there. All I can think about is how much I love you being here.

Romeo
Then, I will never leave. I will forget any other place but this.

Juliet
It is almost morning. You must go. I don't want you to, but you must. I don't want to be like the owner of a little pet bird that lets it freely hop around only to be pulled back in by a string.

Romeo
I wish I were your pet.

Juliet
Sweetie, so do I. However, I would probably smother you with my love. Good night, good night! Separating is so

Romeo!

Romeo
My dear?

Juliet
At what o'clock to-morrow Shall I send to thee?

Romeo
At the hour of nine.

Juliet
I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then. I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.

Romeo
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.

Juliet
'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone: And yet no farther than a wanton's bird; That lets it hop a little from her hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Romeo
I would I were thy bird.

Juliet
Sweet, so would I: Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow That I

hard, and it fills me with sorrow, but we must say good night until tomorrow.

(Exit.)

Romeo

Sleep peacefully tonight. I wish I could stay with you. I will go to my priest, tell him my story, and ask for his help.

(Exit all.)

shall say good night till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

Romeo

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!-- Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.]

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Scene III: Friar Lawrence's cell

(Enter Friar Lawrence with a basket.)

Friar Lawrence

The dawn of morning smiles upon the frowns of night, streaking the eastern sky with light. Like a drunk, the darkness stumbles away. Now, before the sun comes up, heating up the earth, drying the dew, I must fill this basket with poisonous weeds and precious flowers. The earth is nature's mother and her tomb. From her womb, I will collect many different types of natural items that have medicinal qualities so helpful to her children. But, even good things can come to no good, if they are abused. This small flower smells so sweet, but if one were to eat it, their heart would cease to beat. Men, like this flower, possess both natures; good and evil.

(Enter Romeo.)

Friar

The grey-ey'd 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: Non, 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 gave, that is her womb: And from her womb children of divers kind We sucking on her natural bosom find; Many for many virtues excellent, None but for some, and yet all different. O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies In plants, herbs, 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. Within the infant rind of this small flower Poison hath residence, and medicine power: For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. Two such opposed kings encamp them still In man as well as herbs,--grace and rude will; And where the worser is predominant, Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo

Good morning, father!

Friar Laurence

May God bless you! What causes you to be in such a good mood? Why are you up so early? This hour is for old men who worry, not young men who should be living the care-free life. Are you unwell or have you not been to bed at all?

Romeo

It is true. I haven't been to bed.

Friar Laurence

I pray you have not been with Rosaline.

Romeo

No, I have not been with Rosaline. I am over her!

Friar Laurence

That's good, my son, but where were you then?

Romeo

I'll tell you. I have been at the Capulet party. I have fallen in love and someone has fallen in love with me. And, you are just the person to help us out. I no longer carry any hatred, father, for the love of my life was once my enemy.

Friar Laurence

Romeo

Good morrow, father!

Friar

Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?-- Young son, it argues a distemper'd head So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed: Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, And where care lodges sleep will never lie; But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign: Therefore thy earliness doth me assure Thou art uprous'd with some distemperature; Or if not so, then here I hit it right,-- Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Romeo

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Friar

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Romeo

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no; I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Friar

That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Romeo

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again. I have been feasting with mine enemy; Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me That's by me wounded. Both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies; I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo, My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Friar

I don't understand. Who are you talking about?

Romeo

I am talking about the fair daughter of rich Capulet. We are in love and want to get married. That is how you can help us. Perform the ceremony.

Friar Laurence

Holy Saint Francis! What a turnaround. Have you forgotten how much in love you were with Rosaline, and how you cried when she didn't return your feelings? I certainly have not. I'm afraid you are not being rational in saying you have changed. How can you expect a woman to fall in love with you when you are so wishy-washy?

Romeo

You have often rebuked me for loving Rosaline.

Friar Laurence

Not for loving her, my student, but being crazy about her.

Romeo

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift; Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Romeo

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet: As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; And all combin'd, save what thou must combine By holy marriage: when, and where, and how We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow, I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray, That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Friar

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 wash'd 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 ring yet in mine ancient ears; Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet: If e'er thou wast thyself, 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.

Romeo

Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Romeo

You told me to bury my love for her.

Friar Laurence

I did not mean for you to bury your love for her and replace it with another.

Romeo

Don't start scolding me for who I love now. This girl feels the same for me as I do for her. Rosaline didn't.

Friar Laurence

Oh, Rosaline knew how you felt about her, and she knew you didn't know anything about love. However, I think I can be of assistance. Come with me. Perhaps, this marriage will bring an end to the feuds held by your families.

Romeo

Good, let's go. I am in a hurry.

Friar Laurence

But, let's go slowly and wisely, for those who rush into such ceremonies stumble and fall.

(They exit.)

And bad'st me bury love.

Friar

Not in a grave To lay one in, another out to have.

Romeo

I pray thee chide not: she whom I love now Doth grace for grace and love for love allow; The other did not so.

Friar

O, she knew well Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell. But come, young waverer, come go with me, In one respect I'll thy assistant be; For this alliance may so happy prove, To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Romeo

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Friar

Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV: A street.

(Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.)

Mercutio

Where in the devil is Romeo? Did he not come home last night?

Benvolio

I spoke with his servant this morning, and he did not go to his father's house.

Mercutio

Rosaline is a hard-hearted wench. I'm afraid she is going to drive him mad.

Benvolio

Tybalt, old Capulet's nephew, sent a letter to Romeo's father's house.

Mercutio

A challenge for his life, I suppose.

Benvolio

Yes, and Romeo will accept the challenge.

Mercutio

Anyone who can write may answer a letter.

Benvolio

Romeo won't shy away from Tybalt. He will be enraged at being dared.

Mercutio

Oh well. Poor Romeo is as good as dead, stabbed by the white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with a love song, and pierced through the heart by Cupid's bow.

Mercutio

Where the devil should this Romeo be?-- Came he not home to-night?

Benvolio

Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mercutio

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Benvolio

Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mercutio

A challenge, on my life.

Benvolio

Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Benvolio

Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mercutio

Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind

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He is no match for Tybalt.

Benvolio

Why not? What's so great about Tybalt?

Mercutio

He is certainly charming, but he is also brutal. In three strikes, his opponents are dead. He is a well-studied fencist. He knows passado, the forward thrust, punto reverso, the backhand thrust, and hay, the thrust to the heart.

Benvolio

He knows what?

Mercutio

I hate people like Tybalt with their fancy way of talking, "What a good sword, what a very tall man, what a good whore!" Why should we have to put up with men like him who dress in high fashion and say, "Pardon me?" They cannot even sit down without groaning about an ache in their bones.

Benvolio

Here comes Romeo! Here comes Romeo!

Mercutio

He looks dried up like a fish. He looks ready to drop! Oh, what women can do to men. Like Laura, the kitchen slave, the shabbily-dressed Dido, Cleopatra, the gypsy, the sluts, Helen and Hero, or

bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Benvolio

Why, what is Tybalt?

Mercutio

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song--keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,--of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay.--

Benvolio

The what?

Mercutio

The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!--'By Jesu, a very good blade!--a very tall man!--a very good whore!--Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardonnez-moi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bons, their bons!

Benvolio

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

Mercutio

Without his roe, like a dried herring.--O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!--Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench,--marry, she had a better love to

Thisbe with her gray eyes.

(Enter Romeo.)

Bon jour, Signor Romeo. There is a French salutation to match your sloppy French look. You certainly gave us the slip last night.

Romeo

Good morning to both of you. How did I give you the slip?

Mercutio

The slip, sir. You don't understand the meaning of the word?

Romeo

I beg your pardon, Mercutio. I had important business to take care of so please forgive my bad manners.

Mercutio

(Referring to sex.) Was it so important that you had to "stretch your legs?"

Romeo

You mean did I have to "curtsy?"

Mercutio

Exactly.

Romeo

Well, that's one way to say it politely.

Mercutio

I am nothing but polite, fresh like a virgin's untouched body.

Romeo

be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose,--

[Enter Romeo.]

Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo

Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mercutio

The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Romeo

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mercutio

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo

Meaning, to court'sy.

Mercutio

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo

A most courteous exposition.

Mercutio

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Romeo

Oh, you are a gentleman as fresh as a woman's blooming parts.

Mercutio
Right.

Romeo
Well then, my shoe is decorated with flowers.

Mercutio
Well said. This joke is worn out like the sole of your shoe.

Romeo
You're right. I'm just playing around.

Mercutio
Come on Benvolio. Join us and break up this battle of the wits.

Romeo
If you give up, I'll declare myself the winner, the smartest of us all.

Mercutio
You are on a wild-geese chase, if you are trying to challenge me.

Romeo
You are the goose I'm trying to chase.

Mercutio
I will bite you for saying that.

Romeo
No, good goose, don't bite me.

Pink for flower.

Mercutio
Right.

Romeo
Why, then is my pump well-flowered.

Mercutio
Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Romeo
O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mercutio
Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Romeo
Swits and spurs, swits and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mercutio
Nay, if thy wits run the wild-geese chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Romeo
Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mercutio
I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Romeo
Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mercutio

You think you are so smart!

Romeo

Well, that is good for you, since you are a goose.

Mercutio

Ha-ha-ha! Your jokes are spreading a little thin.

Romeo

I have to spread them thinly, word for word, for those who aren't as smart as me.

Mercutio

I prefer this joking over your previous groaning for love. Aren't you more sociable now? You are more like your old self. Love made you a babbling idiot.

Benvolio

Stop there. Stop there.

Mercutio

You want me to stop telling my story. I have only just begun.

Benvolio

That's what I'm afraid of, a long story.

Mercutio

You're wrong, this time. I would have made it short.

Mercutio

Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Romeo

And is it not, then, well served in to a sweet goose?

Mercutio

O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Romeo

I stretch it out for that word broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mercutio

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; not art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Benvolio

Stop there, stop there.

Mercutio

Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Benvolio

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mercutio

O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Romeo

Here comes something good.

(Enter Nurse and Peter.)

Mercutio

It looks like a ship's sail is coming.

Benvolio

No, it looks like a man and a woman.

Nurse

Peter!

Peter

Here I am.

Nurse

Give me my fan.

Mercutio

Please, Peter, give her the fan to hide her face, because the fan is much better looking.

Nurse

Good morning, gentleman.

Mercutio

Good afternoon, gentlewoman.

Nurse

Is it afternoon already?

Mercutio

Yes, it is. The great hand of the clock is now upon his prick at twelve.

Nurse

You are a disgusting man. Get out of here.

Romeo

My dear woman, made by God, only He

Romeo

Here's goodly gear!

[Enter Nurse and Peter.]

Mercutio

A sail, a sail, a sail!

Benvolio

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse

Peter!

Peter

Anon.

Nurse

My fan, Peter.

Mercutio

Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mercutio

God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse

Is it good-den?

Mercutio

'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse

Out upon you! what a man are you!

Romeo

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made

can destroy you.

Nurse

At least you are honest. Can anyone tell me where is young Romeo?

Romeo

I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you find him than he was when you started looking him. I am the youngest person who goes by that name.

Nurse

Don't you speak well?

Mercutio

And he is wise.

Nurse

If you are the Romeo I'm looking for, I need to speak with you in private.

Benvolio

She will probably "indite" him to supper.

Mercutio

Perhaps Romeo is her pimp. I have found him out.

Romeo

What have you found out?

Mercutio

She can't be a prostitute. She's too ugly.

(Sings.)

Hairy Rabbit, hairy rabbit,
Is good meat to eat during Lent.
But if it gets too old,

for himself to mar.

Nurse

By my troth, it is well said;--for himself to mar, quoth 'a?--Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo

I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse

You say well.

Mercutio

Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse

If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Benvolio

She will indite him to some supper.

Mercutio

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Romeo

What hast thou found?

Mercutio

No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [Sings.] An old hare hoar, And an old hare hoar, Is very good meat in Lent; But a hare that is hoar Is too much for a score When it hoars ere it be spent.

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Your money is already spent.
Hey Romeo, are you going to your
father's house for lunch?

Romeo

Yes, you go ahead. I'll be right behind
you.

Mercutio

Farewell, old lady. Farewell.

(Singing.)

Lady, lady, lady.

(Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.)

Nurse

Good Lord! Who was that crazy fellow,
so full of himself?

Romeo

He is a gentleman, Nurse. He just loves
to hear himself talk and boy, can he talk!

Nurse

If he says anything against me, I'll kick
his butt. And, if I can't do it, I'll find
someone who can. I am not one of his
buddies or slutty girlfriends. And you,
Peter, you just stood by and let him talk to
me that way.

Peter

I didn't see any harm in him. If I had, I
would surely have come to your defense.
I promise you, I am as quick as any man
to defend a lady.

Romeo, will you come to your father's?
we'll to dinner thither.

Romeo

I will follow you.

Mercutio

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,--
[singing] lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.]

Nurse

Marry, farewell!--I pray you, sir, what
saucy merchant was this that was so full
of his ropery?

Romeo

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear
himself talk; and will speak more in a
minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse

An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take
him down, an'a were lustier than he is,
and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll
find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am
none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his
skains-mates.--And thou must stand by
too, and suffer every knave to use me at
his pleasure!

Peter

I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I
had, my weapon should quickly have been
out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as
another man, if I see occasion in a good
quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse

I swear! I am so angry that I am shaking all over. Romeo, I still need to have a word with you. My young lady asked me to find you and what she said I will keep to myself if you tend to hurt her in any way. Remember she is young and naïve when it comes to love.

Romeo

Nurse, I promise you I...

Nurse

I think you have a good heart, sir, and I will tell her. Lord, she will be a happy girl.

Romeo

What are you going to tell her? You won't let me finish what I have to say.

Nurse

I'll tell her that you propose marriage to her, the gentlemanly thing to do.

Romeo

Tell her to find some way to come to the abbey this afternoon. By Friar Lawrence, we will confess our sins and be married. (Giving her money.) Please take this for your trouble.

Nurse

I can't take your money.

Romeo**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 enquire you out; what she bade 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 behaviour, 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.

Romeo

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,--

Nurse

Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Romeo

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse

I will tell her, sir,--that you do protest: which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo

Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse

No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Romeo

But, I insist.

Nurse

(Taking the money.) You said this afternoon, right? She will be there.

Romeo

Wait, good Nurse. I'll send someone within an hour to meet you behind the abbey wall. He will bring a rope so I may meet Juliet secretly. Goodbye now and I will pay you for your help. Don't forget to talk me up to Juliet.

Nurse

God bless you. And, one more thing...

Romeo

What did you say?

Nurse

Are you sure you can trust the man you are sending? You know what they say about keeping secrets.

Romeo

I promise you. I trust him.

Nurse

My mistress is the sweetest lady. When she was just little thing--There is a man in town who also wants her by the name of Paris. I told her he would make a better husband than you, but she would rather marry a toad as to marry him. Doesn't rosemary and Romeo start with the same letter?

Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Romeo

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains: Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse

Now God in heaven bless thee!--Hark you, sir.

Romeo

What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Romeo

I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse

Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady.--Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,--O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Romeo

Yes ma'am. They both begin with 'r'.

Nurse

You are so silly. 'R' is for the name of a dog. They must begin with a different letter. You should hear Juliet talk about you and rosemary.

Romeo

Okay, please send my message to your lady.

Nurse

Certainly, a thousand times, I will. (Exit Romeo.) Peter!

Peter

Yes?

Nurse

Peter, take my fan, and go ahead.

(Exit all.)

Romeo

Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse

Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog: no; I know it begins with some other letter:--and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Romeo

Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse

Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.]-- Peter!

Peter

Anon?

Nurse

Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V: Capulet's garden.

(Enter Juliet.)

Juliet

I sent the nurse at nine o'clock. She promised to return in thirty minutes. Perhaps, she cannot find him. She is so inept! Love's messengers should be as fast as thoughts, like sunbeams, moving shadows or the wings of a dove. Now it's noon. Three hours have passed. Still, she is not here. Maybe if she were younger, she would be faster, inspired by my words of love and my love's to me. But old folks act as if they were dead, slow and heavy as lead. Oh God, here she comes!

(Enter Nurse and Peter.)

Oh sweet Nurse, what did you find out? Did you find Romeo? Send your man away.

Nurse

Stay at the gate.

(Exit Peter.)

Juliet

Why do you look so sad? If it's bad news, break it to me gently. If it's good news, then why do you come in here with such a sour face?

Nurse

Juliet

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse; In half an hour she promis'd to return. Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.-- O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over lowering hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highest hill Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve Is three long hours,-- yet she is not come. Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me: But old folks, many feign as they were dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.-- O God, she comes! [Enter Nurse and Peter]. O honey nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse

Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter.]

Juliet

Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse

I am weary. Just give me a minute. My bones ache and I have had quite a journey!

Juliet

I would give you my bones for some news. Please, I beg you, speak. Good, good Nurse, tell me.

Nurse

You're in a hurry. Can't you wait a minute? Don't you see I am out of breath?

Juliet

You can't be out of breath, if you can say you're out of breath. You could have told me by now. Is it good or bad news? Can you answer that? Just tell me one way or the other, and then I'll be patient. Give me something, good or bad.

Nurse

I think you have made a bad choice with Romeo. You don't know how to pick a man. Yes, his face is handsome and his legs are great, but the rest of his body isn't much. He is not courteous, but I think he is gentle. But it is your choice. Remember to serve God. Have you had lunch yet?

Juliet

No, I haven't eaten and I already knew all of this. What did he say about our marriage?

Nurse

Lord, my head hurts. It feels like it is

I am weary, give me leave awhile;-- Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Juliet

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news: Nay, come, I pray thee speak;-- good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse

Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile? Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Juliet

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath To say to me that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good or bad? answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance: Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand and a foot, and a body,--though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,--but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb.--Go thy ways, wench; serve God. -What, have you dined at home?

Juliet

No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse

Lord, how my head aches! what a head

about to burst into twenty pieces. My back is killing me, too! How could you send me on a trip like this knowing what it would do to me?

Juliet

I am sorry that you are not feeling well. Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what he said.

Nurse

He says, like an honest, polite, kind, and handsome man, and I bet a virtuous one, too... Where is your mother?

Juliet

Where is my mother? She is inside. Where else would she be? Quit being so vague.

Nurse

Why are you so angry? Is this how you treat your helper? From now on, you can do your own dirty work.

Juliet

Quit being so fussy. What did Romeo say?

Nurse

Have you figured out how to get to the church today?

Juliet

Yes.

Nurse

Then, go to Friar Lawrence for the ceremony. Romeo will meet you there. Here comes the blood to your cheeks.

have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. My back o' t' other side,--O, my back, my back!-- Beshrew your heart for sending me about To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Juliet

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome; And, I warrant, a virtuous,-- Where is your mother?

Juliet

Where is my mother?--why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest! 'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,-- 'Where is your mother?'

Nurse

O God's lady dear! Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward, do your messages yourself.

Juliet

Here's such a coil!--come, what says Romeo?

Nurse

Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Juliet

I have.

Nurse

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell; There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in

While you go to church, I have to get a ladder from your love so he can come to you after dark. I must do all the work while you get all of the rewards, especially tonight. Go on now. I am going to eat.

Juliet

Thank you, dear Nurse. Wish me luck!

(Exit all.)

your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark: I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Juliet

Hie to high fortune!--honest nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VI: Friar Lawrence's Cell.

(Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.)

Friar Lawrence

The heavens smile down upon the act of marriage. I hope we are not sorry afterwards.

Romeo

Amen. No matter what happens, nothing can change the joy I feel when I see my love. Just marry us, and let death do us part. It's enough that I can call her mine.

Friar Lawrence

Sometimes acts that give us great pleasure bring us great sadness. They quickly ignite and as quickly extinguish. Like honey, too much of a sweet thing can make one sick. Therefore, don't love each other too much. This is the key to a relationship that lasts. Being too passionate can be as bad as loving too slowly. Here comes your lady, now. She is so light on her feet, like she is floating on air. Ah, love.

(Enter Juliet.)

Juliet

Good evening, my father.

Friar Lawrence

Romeo will thank you for both of us.

Friar

So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Romeo

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,--
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady:--
O, so light a foot Will ne'er wear out the
everlasting flint: A lover may bestride the
gossamer That idles in the wanton
summer air And yet not fall; so light is
vanity.

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet

Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet

Then, I will thank him.

Romeo

Ah Juliet, are you as happy as I am? If you are, tell me how you feel about our future.

Juliet

I can't quite put it into words. I can only say that I am filled with a wealth of blessings and happiness.

Friar Lawrence

Come on. Let's go. This will not take long, and since we are in church, I am not leaving you two alone until you are married.

(Exit all.)

Juliet

As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Romeo

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, Brags of his substance, not of ornament: They are but beggars that can count their worth; But my true love is grown to such excess, I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Friar

Come, come with me, and we will make short work; For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.]