

Romeo and Juliet Act 4

ACT 4, SCENE 1

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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 LAWRENCE

You say you do not know the lady's mind.
5 Uneven is the course. I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
10 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.
15 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(aside) I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS

20 That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That's a certain text.

FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS enter.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? That's very soon.

PARIS

That's how my future father-in-law Capulet wants it, and I'm
not dragging my feet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you don't know what the girl thinks. That's a rocky
road to be riding. I don't like it.

PARIS

She's grieving too much over the death of Tybalt. So I haven't
had the chance to talk to her about love. Romantic love doesn't
happen when people are in mourning. Now, sir, her father
thinks it's dangerous that she allows herself to become so sad.
He's being smart by rushing our marriage to stop her from
crying. She cries too much by herself. If she had someone to be
with her, she would stop crying. Now you know the reason for
the rush.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(to himself) I wish I didn't know the reason why the marriage
should be slowed down.
Look, sir, here comes the lady walking toward my cell.

JULIET enters.

PARIS

I'm happy to meet you, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

That might be the case sir, *after* I'm married.

PARIS

That “may be” must be, love, on Thursday.

JULIET

What must be will be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That is a certain truth.

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PARIS

Come you to make confession to this Father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

25 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

30 Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

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

PARIS

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

JULIET

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

PARIS

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered 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 LAWRENCE

40 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 ye.
(*kisses her*) Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

PARIS

Have you come to make confession to this father?

JULIET

If I answered that question, I'd be making confession to you.

PARIS

Don't deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I'll confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

You will also confess, I'm sure, that you love me.

JULIET

If I do so, it will mean more if I say it behind your back than if I
say it to your face.

PARIS

You poor soul, your face has suffered many tears.

JULIET

The tears haven't done much because my face looked bad
enough before I started to cry.

PARIS

You're treating your face even worse by saying that.

JULIET

What I say isn't slander, sir. It's the truth. And what I said, I
said to my face.

PARIS

Your face is mine, and you have slandered it.

JULIET

That may be the case, because my face doesn't belong to me.—
Do you have time for me now, Father, or should I come to you
at evening mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I have time for you now, my sad daughter. (*to PARIS*) My lord,
we must ask you to leave us alone.

PARIS

God forbid that I should prevent sacred devotion! Juliet, I will
wake you early on Thursday. (*kissing her*) Until then, good-
bye, and keep this holy kiss.

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Exit **PARIS**

JULIET

45 O, shut the door! And when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O Juliet, I already know thy grief.
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
50 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.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
55 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
(shows him a knife)
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands.
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
60 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
65 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring.
Be not so long to speak. I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR

LAWRENCE

70 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,

PARIS exits.

JULIET

Oh, shut the door, and after you shut it, come over here and weep with me. This mess is beyond hope, beyond cure, beyond help!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, Juliet, I already know about your sad situation. It's a problem too hard for me to solve. I hear that you must marry this count on Thursday, and that nothing can delay it.

JULIET

Don't tell me that you've heard about this marriage, Friar, unless you can tell me how to prevent it. If you who are so wise can't help, please be kind enough to call my solution wise. *(she shows him a knife)* And I'll solve the problem now with this knife. God joined my heart to Romeo's. You joined our hands. And before I—who was married to Romeo by you—am married to another man, I'll kill myself. You are wise and you have so much experience. Give me some advice about the current situation. Or watch. Caught between these two difficulties, I'll act like a judge with my bloody knife. I will truly and honorably resolve the situation that you can't fix, despite your experience and education. Don't wait long to speak. I want to die if what you say isn't another solution.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold on, daughter, I see some hope. But we must act boldly because the situation is so desperate. If you've made up your mind to kill yourself instead of marrying Count Paris, then you'll probably be willing to try something like death to solve this shameful problem. You can wrestle with death to escape

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75 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 copes with death himself to 'scape from it.
An if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
80 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'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
85 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,
90 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
95 *(shows her a vial)*
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
100 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.
105 Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death

from shame. And if you dare to do it, I'll give you the solution.

JULIET

Oh, you can tell me to jump off the battle posts of any tower, or to walk down the crime-ridden streets of a slum. Or tell me to sit in a field full of poisonous snakes. Chain me up with wild bears. Hide me every night in a morgue full of dead bodies with wet, smelly flesh and skulls without jawbones. Or tell me to climb down into a freshly dug grave, and hide me with a dead man in his tomb. All those ideas make me tremble when I hear them named. But I will do them without fear or dread in order to be a pure wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold on, then. Go home, be cheerful, and tell them you agree to marry Paris. Tomorrow is Wednesday. Tomorrow night make sure that you are alone. Don't let the Nurse stay with you in your bedroom. *(showing her a vial)* When you're in bed, take this vial, mix its contents with liquor, and drink. Then a cold, sleep-inducing drug will run through your veins, and your pulse will stop. Your flesh will be cold, and you'll stop breathing. The red in your lips and your cheeks will turn pale, and your eyes will shut. It will seem like you're dead. You won't be able to move, and your body will be stiff like a corpse. You'll remain in this deathlike state for forty-two hours, and then you'll wake up as if from a pleasant sleep. Now, when the bridegroom comes to get you out of bed on Thursday morning, you'll seem dead. Then, as tradition demands, you'll be dressed up in your best clothes, put in an open coffin, and carried to the Capulet family tomb. Meanwhile, I'll send Romeo word of our plan. He'll come here, and we'll keep a watch for when you

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Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
110 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 uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
115 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, 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
120 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 valor in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

125 *(gives her a vial)*

Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

130 Farewell, dear Father.

Exeunt, separately

wake up. That night, Romeo will take you away to Mantua.
This plan will free you from the shameful situation that
troubles you now as long as you don't change your mind, or
become scared like a silly woman and ruin your brave effort.

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JULIET

Give me the vial. Give it to me! Don't talk to me about fear.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(giving her the vial) Now go along on your way. Be strong and
successful in this decision. I'll send a friar quickly to Mantua
with my letter for Romeo.

JULIET

Love will give me strength, and strength will help me
accomplish this plan. Goodbye, dear Father.

They exit separately.

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SCENE 2

Enter **CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and two or three SERVINGMEN**

CAPULET

(gives paper to FIRST SERVINGMAN) So many guests invite as here are writ.

Exit **FIRST SERVINGMAN**

(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

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

CAPULET

How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVINGMAN

- 5 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, be gone.

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

Exit **SECOND SERVINGMAN**

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

- 10 Well, he may chance to do some good on her. A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter **JULIET**

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong? Where have you been gadding?

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin

CAPULET *enters with* **LADY CAPULET, the NURSE, and two or three SERVINGMEN.**

CAPULET

(giving the FIRST SERVINGMAN a piece of paper) Invite all the guests on this list.

The **FIRST SERVINGMAN** *exits.*

(to SECOND SERVINGMAN) Boy, go hire twenty skilled cooks.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

You won't get any bad cooks from me. I'll test them by making them lick their fingers.

CAPULET

How can you test them like that?

SECOND SERVINGMAN

Easy, sir. It's a bad cook who can't lick his own fingers. So the cooks who can't lick their fingers aren't hired.

CAPULET

Go, get out of here.

The **SECOND SERVINGMAN** *exits.*

We're unprepared for this wedding celebration. *(to the NURSE)* What, has my daughter gone to see Friar Lawrence?

NURSE

Yes, that's true.

CAPULET

Well, there's a chance he may do her some good. She's a stubborn little brat.

JULIET *enters.*

NURSE

Look, she's come home from confession with a happy look on her face.

CAPULET

So, my headstrong daughter, where have you been?

JULIET

I went somewhere where I learned that being disobedient to

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15 Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoined
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here
To beg your pardon. (*falls to her knees*)
Pardon, I beseech you!

20 Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for the county. Go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on 't. This is well. Stand up.

JULIET *stands 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!

30 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 tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

35 Go, Nurse. Go with her. We'll to church 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.

my father is a sin. Holy Father Lawrence instructed me to fall
on my knees and beg your forgiveness. (*she kneels down*)
Forgive me, I beg you. From now on I'll do whatever you say.

CAPULET

Send for the Count. Go tell him about this. I'll make this
wedding happen tomorrow morning.

JULIET

I met the young man at Lawrence's cell. I treated him with the
proper love, as well as I could, while still being modest.

CAPULET

Well, I'm glad about this. This is good. Stand up.

JULIET *stands up.*

This is the way it should be. I want to see the count. Yes,
alright, go, I say, and bring him here. Now, before God, our
whole city owes this friar a great debt.

JULIET

Nurse, will you come with me to my closet and help me pick
out the clothes and the jewelry I'll need to wear tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not until Thursday. There's plenty of time.

CAPULET

Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll have the wedding at the church
tomorrow.

JULIET and the **NURSE** *exit.*

LADY CAPULET

Our supplies will be short for the party. It's already almost
night.

CAPULET

Don't worry, I will set things in motion. And everything will be
alright, I promise you, wife. You should go to Juliet and dress

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Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
40 I'll not to bed tonight. Let me alone.
I'll play the housewife for this once.

LADY CAPULET *exits.*

—What, ho?
They are all forth?—Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light
45 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

Exit

her up. I'm not going to bed tonight. Leave me alone. I'll
pretend to be the housewife for once.

LADY CAPULET *exits.*

Hey! What? They're all gone? Well, I will walk by myself to
Count Paris to get him ready for tomorrow. My heart is
wonderfully happy because this troubled girl has been taken
back and now will be married.

CAPULET *exits.*

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SCENE 3

Enter JULIET and NURSE

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
5 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 culled such necessities
As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
10 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.
15 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.
20 Come, vial. (*holds out the vial*)
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no. This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
(*lays her knife down*)
25 What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

JULIET and the NURSE enter.

JULIET

Yes, those are the best clothes. But, gentle Nurse, please leave
me alone tonight. I have to say a lot of prayers to make the
heavens bless me. You know that my life is troubled and full of
sin.

LADY CAPULET enters.

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

JULIET

No, madam, we've figured out the best things for me to wear
tomorrow at the ceremony. So if it's okay with you, I'd like to
be left alone now. Let the Nurse sit up with you tonight. I'm
sure you have your hands full preparing for the sudden
festivities.

LADY CAPULET

Good night. Go to bed and get some rest. I'm sure you need it.

LADY CAPULET and the NURSE exit.

JULIET

Good-bye. Only God knows when we'll meet again. There is a
slight cold fear cutting through my veins. It almost freezes the
heat of life. I'll call them back here to comfort me. Nurse!—Oh,
what good would she do here?
In my desperate situation, I have to act alone.
Alright, here's the vial. What if this mixture doesn't work at all?
Will I be married tomorrow morning? No, no, this knife will
stop it. Lie down right there.
(*she lays down the knife*) What if the Friar mixed the potion to
kill me? Is he worried that he will be disgraced if I marry Paris
after he married me to Romeo? I'm afraid that it's poison. And
yet, it shouldn't be poison because he is a trustworthy holy
man. What if, when I am put in the tomb, I wake up before

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Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is. And yet, methinks, it should not,
30 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault
35 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—
40 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
45 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—?
50 Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environèd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefather's joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
55 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
Oh, 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, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to thee.
She drinks and falls down on the bed, hidden by the bed curtains

Romeo comes to save me? That's a frightening idea. Won't I suffocate in the tomb? There's no healthy air to breathe in there. Will I die of suffocation before Romeo comes? Or if I live, I'll be surrounded by death and darkness. It will be terrible. There will be bones hundreds of years old in that tomb, my ancestors' bones. Tybalt's body will be in there, freshly entombed, and his corpse will be rotting. They say that during the night the spirits are in tombs. Oh no, oh no. I'll wake up and smell awful odors. I'll hear screams that would drive people crazy.

If I wake up too early, won't I go insane with all these horrible, frightening things around me, start playing with my ancestors' bones, and pull Tybalt's corpse out of his death shroud? Will I grab one of my dead ancestor's bones and bash in my own skull? Oh, look! I think I see my cousin Tybalt's ghost. He's looking for Romeo because Romeo killed him with his sword. Wait, Tybalt, wait! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's a drink. I drink to you.

She drinks from the vial and falls on her bed, hidden by her bed curtains.

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SCENE 4

Enter **LADY CAPULET** and **NURSE**

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 crowed.

The curfew bell hath rung. 'Tis three o'clock.—

5 Look to the baked meats, good Angelica.

Spare not for the cost.

NURSE

Go, you cot-quean, go.

Get you to bed, faith. You'll be sick tomorrow

For this night's watching.

CAPULET

No, not a whit, what. I have watched ere now

10 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!

Enter three or four **SERVINGMEN** *with spits and logs and*
baskets

Now, fellow,

What is there?

FIRST SERVINGMAN

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

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste, sirrah.

Exit **FIRST SERVINGMAN**

(*to* **SECOND SERVINGMAN**) Fetch drier logs.

Call Peter. He will show thee where they are.

LADY CAPULET and the **NURSE** *enter*.

LADY CAPULET

Wait. Take these keys and get more spices, Nurse.

NURSE

They're calling for dates and quinces in the pastry kitchen.

CAPULET *enters*.

CAPULET

Come on, wake up, wake up, wake up! The second cock crowed.

The curfew-bell rang. It's three o'clock. Go get the baked

meats, good Angelica. Don't worry about the cost.

NURSE

Go, you old housewife, go. Go to bed, dear. You'll be sick

tomorrow because you've stayed up all night.

CAPULET

No, not at all. What? I've stayed up all night many times before
for less important matters, and I've never gotten sick.

LADY CAPULET

Yes, you've been a ladies' man in your time. But I'll make sure
you don't stay up any later now.

LADY CAPULET and the **NURSE** *exit*.

CAPULET

A jealous woman, a jealous woman!

Three or four **SERVINGMEN** *enter with spits, logs, and*
baskets.

Now, fellow, what have you got there?

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Things for the cook, sir. But I don't know what they are.

CAPULET

Hurry up, hurry up.

The **FIRST SERVINGMAN** *exits*.

(*to* **SECOND SERVINGMAN**) You, fetch logs that are drier
than these. Call Peter, he'll show you where they are.

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SECOND SERVINGMAN

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

Exit **SECOND SERVINGMAN**

CAPULET

Mass, and well said. A merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day.
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.—

Music plays within

25 Nurse! Wife! What, ho? What, Nurse, I say!

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

NURSE

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.—
Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed.
Why, love, I say. Madam! Sweet-heart! Why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.
5 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 must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
10 Ay, let the county take you in your bed.
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
(opens the bed curtains)
What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—
15 Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!—
Oh, welladay, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!

SECOND SERVINGMAN

I'm smart enough to find the logs myself without bothering
Peter.

The **SECOND SERVINGMAN** *exits.*

CAPULET

Right, and well said. That guy's funny. He's got a head full of
logs. Goodness, it's daylight. The count will be here soon with
music. At least he said he would. I hear him coming near.

Music plays offstage.

Nurse! Wife! What? Hey, Nurse!

The **NURSE** *returns.*

Go wake Juliet. Go and get her dressed. I'll go and chat with
Paris. Hey, hurry up, hurry up! The bridegroom is already here.
Hurry up, I say.

They exit.

The **NURSE** *enters.*

NURSE

Mistress! Hey, mistress! Juliet! I bet she's fast asleep. Hey,
lamb! Hey, lady! Hey, you lazy bones! Hey, love, I say! Madam!
Sweetheart! Hey, bride! What, you don't say a word? You take
your beauty sleep now. Get yourself a week's worth of sleep.
Tomorrow night, I bet, Count Paris won't let you get much rest.
God forgive me. Alright, and amen. How sound asleep she is! I
must wake her up. Madam, madam, madam! Yes, let the count
take you in your bed. He'll wake you up, I bet. Won't he?
(she opens the bed curtains) What? You're still dressed in all
your clothes. But you're still asleep. I must wake you up. Lady!
Lady! Lady! Oh no, oh no! Help, help! My lady's dead! Oh
curse the day that I was born! Ho! Get me some brandy! My
lord! My lady!

Romeo and Juliet Act 4

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

20 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

For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.

NURSE

She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

25 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

30 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful 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**, *County* **PARIS**, and **MUSICIANS**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

LADY CAPULET *enters.*

LADY CAPULET

What's all the noise in here?

NURSE

Oh, sad day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! Oh, what a sad day!

LADY CAPULET

Oh my, Oh my! My child, my reason for living, wake up, look
up, or I'll die with you! Help, help! Call for help.

CAPULET *enters.*

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet out here. Her bridegroom is here.

NURSE

She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

LADY CAPULET

Curse the day! She's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET

No! Let me see her. Oh no! She's cold. Her blood has stopped,
and her joints are stiff. She's been dead for some time. She's
dead, like a beautiful flower, killed by an unseasonable frost.

NURSE

Oh, sad day!

LADY CAPULET

Oh, this is a painful time!

CAPULET

Death, which has taken her away to make me cry, now ties up
my tongue and won't let me speak.

FRIAR LAWRENCE and **PARIS** *enter with* **MUSICIANS.**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Romeo and Juliet Act 4

CAPULET

35 Ready to go, but never to return.

O son! The night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir.

40 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

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

NURSE

50 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.
55 O woeful day, O woeful day!

PARIS

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death.

CAPULET

60 Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,

CAPULET

She's ready to go, but she'll never return. *(to PARIS)* Oh son!
On the night before your wedding day, death has taken your
wife. There she lies. She was a flower, but death deflowered
her.

Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir. My daughter
married death. I will die and leave Death everything. Life,
wealth, everything belongs to Death.

PARIS

Have I waited so long to see this morning, only to see this?

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! This is the most
miserable hour of all time! I had only one child, one poor child,
one poor and loving child, the one thing I had to rejoice and
comfort myself, and cruel Death has stolen it from me!

NURSE

Oh pain! Oh painful, painful, painful day! The saddest day,
most painful day that I ever, ever did behold! Oh day! Oh day!
Oh day! Oh hateful day! There has never been so black a day as
today. Oh painful day, Oh painful day!

PARIS

She was tricked, divorced, wronged, spited, killed! Death, the
most despicable thing, tricked her. Cruel, cruel Death killed
her. Oh love! Oh life! There is no life, but my love is dead!

CAPULET

Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed! Why did this
have to happen now? Why did Death have to ruin our
wedding? Oh child! Oh child! My soul and not my child! You
are dead! Oh no! My child is dead. My child will be buried, and
so will my joys.

Romeo and Juliet Act 4

65 And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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.

70 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced.
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

75 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
Oh, 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.

80 Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church.
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

85 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,
90 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

Exeunt **CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Be quiet, for shame! The cure for confusion is not yelling and
screaming. You had this child with the help of heaven. Now
heaven has her.

She is in a better place. You could not prevent her from dying
someday, but heaven will give her eternal life. The most you
hope for was for her to marry wealthy and rise up the social
ladder—that was your idea of heaven. And now you cry, even
though she has risen up above the clouds, as high as heaven
itself? Oh, in this love, you love your child so badly, that you go
mad, even though she is in heaven. It is best to marry well and
die young, better than to be married for a long time. Dry up
your tears, and put your rosemary on this beautiful corpse.
And, in accordance with custom, carry her to the church in her
best clothes. It's natural for us to shed tears for her, but the
truth is, we should be happy for her.

CAPULET

All the things that we prepared for the wedding party will now
be used for the funeral. Our happy music will now be sad. Our
wedding banquet will become a sad burial feast. Our
celebratory hymns will change to sad funeral marches. Our
bridal flowers will cover a buried corpse. And everything will
be used for the opposite purpose from what we intended.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, you go in. And, madam, go with him. And you go too, Sir
Paris. Everyone prepare to take this beautiful corpse to her
grave. The heavens hang threateningly over you for some past
sin. Don't disturb the heavens any more by trying to go against
heaven's will.

CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR

LAWRENCE

FIRST 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

FIRST MUSICIAN

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

Enter PETER

PETER

Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's Ease," "Heart's Ease." O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's Ease."

FIRST MUSICIAN

Why "Heart's ease?"

PETER

O musicians, because my heart itself plays "My Heart is Full." O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Not a dump, we. 'Tis no time to play now.

PETER

105 You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN

No.

PETER

I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What will you give us?

PETER

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

FIRST MUSICIAN

110 Then I will give you the serving creature.

PETER

Then will I lay the serving creature's dagger on your pate. I will

LAWRENCE *exit.*

FIRST MUSICIAN

Well, we can put away our pipes and go home.

NURSE

Honest good boys, ah, put 'em away, put 'em away. As you know, this is a sad case.

The NURSE exits.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Yes, well, things could get better.

PETER *enters.*

PETER

Musicians, oh, musicians, play "Heart's Ease," "Heart's Ease." Oh, I'll die if you don't play "Heart's Ease."

FIRST MUSICIAN

Why "Heart's Ease"?

PETER

Oh, musicians, because my heart is singing "My Heart is Full of Woe." Oh, play me some happy sad song to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN

No, not a sad song. It's not the right time to play.

PETER

You won't, then?

FIRST MUSICIAN

No.

PETER

Then I'll really give it to you.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What will you give us?

PETER

No money, I swear. But I'll play a trick on you. I'll call you a minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Then I'll call you a serving-creature.

PETER

Then I'll smack you on the head with the serving-creature's

Romeo and Juliet Act 4

carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN

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

SECOND 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
115 with an iron wit and put up my iron dagger. Answer
me like men.

(sings)

When griping grief the heart doth wound

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound—

(speaks) Why “silver sound”? Why “music with her silver
sound”? What say you, Simon Catling?

FIRST MUSICIAN

120 Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER

Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN

I say, “silver sound” because musicians sound for silver.

PETER

Prates too.—What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN

Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER

125 Oh, 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.

(sings)

Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.

Exit **PETER**

FIRST MUSICIAN

What a pestilent knave is this same!

knife. I won't mess around. I'll make you sing. Do you hear me?

FIRST MUSICIAN

If you make us sing, you'll hear us.

SECOND MUSICIAN

Please, put down your knife and stop kidding around.

PETER

So you don't like my kidding around! I'll kid you to death, and
then I'll put down my knife. Answer me like men.

(sings)

When sadness wounds your heart,

And pain takes over your mind,

Then music with her silver sound—

(speaks) Why the line “silver sound”? What do they mean,
“music with her silver sound”? What do you say, Simon Catling
?

FIRST MUSICIAN

Well, sir, because silver has a sweet sound.

PETER

That's a stupid answer! What do you say, Hugh Rebeck ?

SECOND MUSICIAN

I say “silver sound,” because musicians play to earn silver.

PETER

Another studpid answer! What do you say, James Soundpost ?

THIRD MUSICIAN

Well, I don't know what to say.

PETER

Oh, I beg your pardon. You're the singer. I'll answer for you. It
is “music with her silver sound,” because musicians have no
gold to use to make sounds.

(sings)

Then music with her silver sound

makes you feel just fine.

PETER *exits.*

FIRST MUSICIAN

What an annoying man, this guy is!

Romeo and Juliet Act 4

SECOND MUSICIAN

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

Exeunt

SECOND MUSICIAN

Forget about him, Jack! Come, we'll go in there. We'll wait for the mourners and stay for dinner.

The MUSICIANS exit.