

Act Three

SCENE 1 *A public place.*

Act Two ends with the joyful Romeo and Juliet secretly married. Their happiness, however, is about to end abruptly. In this scene, Mercutio, Benvolio, and Romeo meet Tybalt on the street. Tybalt insults Romeo, but Romeo, who has just returned from his wedding, remains calm. Mercutio, on the other hand, is furious with Tybalt, and they begin to fight. As Romeo tries to separate them, Tybalt stabs Mercutio, who later dies. Romeo then challenges Tybalt, kills him, and flees. The prince arrives and demands an explanation. He announces that Romeo will be killed if he does not leave Verona immediately.

[Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.]

Benvolio. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

5 **Mercutio.** Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

10 **Benvolio.** Am I like such a fellow?

Mercutio. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Benvolio. And what to?

15 **Mercutio.** Nay an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes.

20 What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst
25 thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

3–4 we shall . . . stirring: We shall not avoid a fight, since the heat makes people ill-tempered.

7–8 by the . . . drawer: feeling the effects of a second drink, is ready to fight (**draw on**) the waiter who's pouring the drinks (**drawer**).

12–13 as soon moved . . . to be moved: as likely to get angry and start a fight.

15–27 Mercutio teases his friend by insisting that Benvolio is quick to pick a fight, though everyone knows that Benvolio is gentle and peace loving.

25 doublet: jacket.

26 riband: ribbon or laces.

Mercutio and Tybalt duel in the 2004 coproduction of the Chicago Shakespeare Theater and Second City.



Benvolio. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

30 **Mercutio.** The fee simple? O simple!

[Enter Tybalt and others.]

Benvolio. By my head, here come the Capulets. **A**

Mercutio. By my heel, I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den. A word with one of you.

35 **Mercutio.** And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tybalt. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mercutio. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

40 **Tybalt.** Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Mercutio. Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

45 **Benvolio.** We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

Mercutio. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

50 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

[Enter Romeo.]

Tybalt. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mercutio. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower!
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

55 **Tybalt.** Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Romeo. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.

60 Therefore farewell. I see thou knowst me not. **B**

Tybalt. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Romeo. I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise

28–29 An I . . . quarter: If I picked fights as quickly as you do, anybody could own me for the smallest amount of money.

A TRAGEDY

As you read lines 31–79, think about the play's mounting **conflict**. Ask yourself: Who is responsible for starting this sword fight? Cite evidence to support your viewpoint.

40–44 consortest: keep company with. Tybalt means "You are friends with Romeo." Mercutio pretends to misunderstand him, assuming that Tybalt is insulting him by calling Romeo and him a **consort**, a group of traveling musicians. He then refers to his sword as his **fiddlestick**, the bow for a fiddle.

45–48 *What does Benvolio want Tybalt and Mercutio to do?*

51–54 When Romeo enters, Mercutio again pretends to misunderstand Tybalt. By **my man**, Tybalt means "the man I'm looking for." Mercutio takes it to mean "my servant." (**Livery** is a servant's uniform.) He assures Tybalt that the only place Romeo would follow him is to the dueling field.

57–59 I forgive your anger because I have reason to love you.

B CHARACTER

What **motive** does Romeo have for not wanting to fight Tybalt? Who else knows about this motive?

61 boy: an insulting term of address.

65 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

Mercutio. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.

[*draws*]

70 Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

Tybalt. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mercutio. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.
That I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me
hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your
75 sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be
about your ears ere it be out.

Tybalt. I am for you.

[*draws*]

Romeo. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio. Come, sir, your *passado!*

[*They fight.*]

80 **Romeo.** Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame! forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt, under Romeo's arm, thrusts Mercutio in, and flies with his Men.*]

Mercutio. I am hurt.

85 A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Benvolio. What, art thou hurt?

Mercutio. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Romeo. Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

90 **Mercutio.** No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church
door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you
shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this
world. A plague o' both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a
mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a

66 tender: cherish.

68–70 Mercutio assumes that Romeo is afraid to fight. *Alla stoccata* is a move used in sword fighting; Mercutio is suggesting that Tybalt has won the battle of words with Romeo. Mercutio then dares Tybalt to step aside and fight (**walk**).

72–74 nothing but . . . eight: I intend to take one of your nine lives (as a cat supposedly has) and give a beating to the other eight.

79 *passado*: a sword-fighting maneuver.

80–84 Romeo wants Benvolio to help him stop the fight. They are able to hold back Mercutio.

83 bandying: fighting.

85 A plague . . . sped: I curse both the Montagues and the Capulets. I am destroyed.

90–96 Even as he lies dying, Mercutio continues to joke and make nasty remarks about Tybalt. He makes a pun on the word *grave*.

95 villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo. I thought all for the best.

Mercutio. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! **C**

100 They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses!

[*Exit, supported by Benvolio.*]

Romeo. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf—my reputation stained
105 With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman, O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper softened valor's steel!

[*Reenter Benvolio.*]

Benvolio. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
110 That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Romeo. This day's black fate on mo days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

[*Reenter Tybalt.*]

Benvolio. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

115 **Romeo.** Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul
120 Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him. **D**

Tybalt. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Romeo. This shall determine that.

[*They fight. Tybalt falls.*]

125 **Benvolio.** Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

C TRAGEDY

What curse does Mercutio repeat three times in this scene? Explain what this ominous curse might foreshadow.

102–108 This gentleman . . . valor's steel: My friend has died protecting my reputation against a man who has been my relative for only an hour. My love for Juliet has made me less manly and brave.

110 aspired: soared to.

112–113 This day's . . . must end: This awful day will be followed by more of the same.

116 respective lenity: considerate mildness.

D CHARACTER

What drives Romeo to challenge Tybalt to fight?

124 The sword fight probably goes on for several minutes, till Romeo runs his sword through Tybalt.

Romeo. O, I am fortune's fool!

Benvolio. Why dost thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.]

[Enter Citizens.]

130 **Citizen.** Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Benvolio. There lies that Tybalt.

Citizen. Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

[Enter Prince with his Attendants, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.]

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

135 **Benvolio.** O noble Prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Capulet. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

140 O Prince! O cousin! O husband! O, the blood is spilled

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

145 **Benvolio.** Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal

Your high displeasure. All this—uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed—

150 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

155 Cold death aside and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,

“Hold, friends! friends, part!” and swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,

160 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

129 **I am fortune's fool:** Fate has made a fool of me.

135–136 **Benvolio** says he can tell (**discover**) what happened.

141–142 **as thou . . . Montague:** If your word is good, you will sentence Romeo to death for killing a Capulet.

146–147 **Romeo, that . . . was:** Romeo talked calmly (**fair**) and told Tybalt to think how trivial (**nice**) the argument was.

150–151 **could . . . peace:** could not quiet the anger of Tybalt, who would not listen to pleas for peace.

156–157 **whose dexterity retorts it:** whose skill returns it.

159–160 **his agile . . . rushes:** He rushed between them and pushed down their swords.

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,
But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
165 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lady Capulet. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
170 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live. **E**

175 **Prince.** Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Montague. Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

164 **entertained:** thought of.

E TRAGEDY

Why does Lady Capulet think Benvolio is lying? **Paraphrase** the accusation she makes, and explain what she begs the prince to do.

178–179 Romeo is guilty only of avenging Mercutio's death, which the law would have done anyway.



Lady Capulet mourns Tybalt in the Royal Shakespeare Company's 2004 production.

Prince. And for that offense
 180 Immediately we do exile him hence.
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 185 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will.
 190 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2 *Capulet's orchard.*

The scene begins with Juliet impatiently waiting for night to come so that Romeo can climb to her bedroom on the rope ladder. Suddenly the nurse enters with the terrible news of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment. Juliet mourns for the loss of her cousin and her husband and threatens to kill herself. To calm her, the nurse promises to find Romeo and bring him to Juliet before he leaves Verona.

[*Enter Juliet alone.*]

Juliet. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Toward Phoebus' lodging! Such a wagoner
 As Phaëton would whip you to the West,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen. **F**
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
 Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks
 15 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night; come, Romeo, come; thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 20 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night;
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,

179–190 The prince banishes Romeo from Verona. He angrily points out that one of his own relatives is dead because of the feud and declares that Romeo will be put to death unless he flees immediately.

COMMON CORE L 4c

Language Coach

Etymology The word *amerce* (line 183), meaning “punish,” is rare today. It comes from the Old French phrase *a merci*, which means “completely in the power of.” What common English word in line 190 is also related to this French expression? Use a dictionary to check your answer.

2–3 Phoebus: Apollo, the god of the sun;
Phaëton: a mortal who lost control of the sun's chariot when he drove it too fast.

F ALLUSION
 Paraphrase lines 1–7. Why does Juliet allude to Phoebus and Phaëton in this **soliloquy**?

14–16 Hood . . . modesty: Juliet asks that the darkness hide her blushing cheeks on her wedding night.

And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 25 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possessed it; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 30 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them. Oh, here comes my nurse,
 [*Enter Nurse, wringing her hands, with the ladder of cords in her lap.*]
 And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
 35 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Juliet. Ay me! what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

40 **Juliet.** Can heaven be so envious? **G**

Nurse. Romeo can,
 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Juliet. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
 This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

45 Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "I,"
 And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of a cockatrice.
 I am not I, if there be such an "I,"
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer "I."

50 If he be slain, say "I," or if not, "no."
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
 (God save the mark!) here on his manly breast.
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

55 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
 All in gore blood. I swounded at the sight.

Juliet. O, break, my heart! poor bankrout, break at once!
 To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,

60 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

26–27 I have . . . possessed it: Juliet protests that she has gone through the wedding ceremony (**bought the mansion**) but is still waiting to enjoy the rewards of marriage.

34 the cords: the rope ladder.

37–42 well-a-day: an expression used when someone has bad news. The nurse wails and moans without clearly explaining what has happened, leading Juliet to assume that Romeo is dead.

G DRAMATIC IRONY

How is Juliet's belief that her new husband is dead an example of dramatic irony?

45–50 Juliet's "I" means "aye," or "yes." A cockatrice is a mythological beast whose glance kills its victims.

51 my weal or woe: my happiness or sorrow.

53–56 God . . . mark: an expression meant to scare off evil powers, similar to "Knock on wood"; **corse:** corpse; **swounded:** fainted.

57–60 Juliet say her heart is broken and bankrupt (bankrout**). She wants to be buried with Romeo, sharing his burial platform (**bier**).**

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Juliet. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
65 Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
70 Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

Juliet. O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did! it did! alas the day, it did!

Juliet. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
75 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seemst,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
80 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
85 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
90 Shame come to Romeo!

Juliet. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

95 O, what a beast was I to chide at him! **H**

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

Juliet. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
100 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.

73–85 Juliet's contradictory phrases here show her conflicting feelings about the events the nurse has described. *What is Juliet's first reaction to the news that Romeo has killed Tybalt?*

81 bower . . . fiend: give a home to the spirit of a demon.

87 all . . . dissemblers: All are liars and pretenders.

88 aqua vitae: brandy.

H TRAGEDY

Compare Juliet's initial reaction to the news of Tybalt's death with her response to the nurse in lines 90–95. What **internal conflict** is Juliet wrestling with in this scene?

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

105 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murdered me. I would forget it fain;

110 But O, it presses to my memory
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds!
 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished."
 That "banished," that one word "banished,"
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

115 Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
 And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
 Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

120 Which modern lamentation might have moved?
 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
 "Romeo is banished"—to speak that word
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished"—

125 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

130 **Juliet.** Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
 He made you for a highway to my bed;

135 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

140 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Juliet. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

102–106 Juliet is uncertain whether her tears should be of joy or of sorrow.

114–127 Juliet says that if the news of Tybalt's death had been followed by the news of her parents' deaths, she would have felt normal (**modern**), or expected, grief. To follow the story of Tybalt's death with the terrible news of Romeo's banishment creates a sorrow so deep it cannot be expressed in words.

132 beguiled: cheated.

135–137 I . . . maidenhead: I will die a widow without ever really having been a wife. Death, not Romeo, will be my husband.

139 wot: know.

SCENE 3 *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Friar Laurence tells Romeo of his banishment, and Romeo collapses in grief. When he learns from the nurse that Juliet, too, is in despair, he threatens to stab himself. The friar reacts by suggesting a plan. Romeo is to spend a few hours with Juliet and then escape to Mantua. While he is away, the friar will announce the wedding and try to get a pardon from the prince.

[Enter Friar Laurence.]

Friar Laurence. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamored of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

2 affliction . . . parts: Trouble loves you.

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo. Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?

4 doom: sentence.

5 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?

Friar Laurence. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Romeo. What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

9 doomsday: death.

10 **Friar Laurence.** A gentler judgment vanished from his lips—
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

10 vanished: came.

Romeo. Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death";
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say "banishment."

15 **Friar Laurence.** Hence from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Romeo. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,

17–23 There is . . . murders me: Being exiled outside Verona's walls is as bad as being dead. And yet you smile at my misfortune.

20 And world's exile is death. Then "banishment,"
Is death misterm'd. Calling death "banishment,"
Thou cuttst my head off with a golden axe
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Friar Laurence. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

25 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

24–28 The angry friar reminds Romeo that by law he should have gotten the death penalty. The prince has shown Romeo mercy.

30 **Romeo.** 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,

More honorable state, more courtship lives
 35 In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 40 But Romeo may not—he is banished.
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?
 Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
 45 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But "banished" to kill me—"banished"?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howling attends it! How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 50 A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
 To mangle me with that word "banished"?

Friar Laurence. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Romeo. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Friar Laurence. I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
 55 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Romeo. Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 60 It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

Friar Laurence. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Romeo. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Friar Laurence. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Romeo. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
 65 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 70 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Nurse *knocks within.*]

Friar Laurence. Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

Romeo. Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans
 Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

[*knock*]

33–35 More validity . . . than Romeo:
 Even flies that live off the dead (**carrion**)
 will be able to get closer to Juliet than
 Romeo will.

44–46 Hadst . . . to kill me: Couldn't
 you have killed me with poison or a
 knife instead of with that awful word
banished? *Why does Romeo think*
banishment is a worse punishment
than death?

52 fond: foolish.

54–56 The friar offers philosophical
 comfort and counseling (**adversity's sweet**
milk) as a way to overcome hardship.

63 dispute: discuss; **estate:** situation.

72–73 Romeo will hide only if his sighs
 create a mist and shield him from sight.

Friar Laurence. Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
75 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;

[*knock*]

Run to my study.—By-and-by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this.—I come, I come!

[*knock*]

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

Nurse [*within*]. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.
80 I come from Lady Juliet.

Friar Laurence. Welcome then.

[*Enter Nurse.*]

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Friar Laurence. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
85 Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbing.
Stand up, stand up! Stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
90 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Romeo [*rises*]. Nurse—

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

Romeo. Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
95 Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My concealed lady to our canceled love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
100 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Romeo. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
105 Murdered her kinsman. O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

[*draws his dagger*]

84–85 he is even . . . her case: He is acting the same way that Juliet is.

90 into so deep an O: into such deep grief.

96 blood . . . from her own: the blood of a close relative of hers.

98 concealed lady: secret bride.

102 that name: the name Romeo.

106–108 in what vile part . . . mansion: Romeo asks where in his body (**anatomy**) his name can be found so that he can cut the name out. [What is Romeo about to do?](#)

Friar Laurence. Hold thy desperate hand.
 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
 110 Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
 Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
 Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
 115 I thought thy disposition better tempered.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why railst thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
 120 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
 Which, like a usurer, aboundst in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 125 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valor of a man;
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
 130 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismembered with thine own defense.
 135 What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy.
 The law, that threatened death, becomes thy friend
 140 And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou poutst upon thy fortune and thy love.
 145 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 150 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

108–125 Hold thy . . . bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit: You're not acting like a man. Would you send your soul to hell by committing suicide (**doing damned hate upon thyself**)? Why do you curse your birth, heaven, and earth? You are refusing to make good use of your advantages, just as a miser refuses to spend his money.

126–134 The friar explains how by acting as he is, Romeo is misusing his shape (his outer form or body), his love, and his wit (his mind or intellect).

135–140 The friar tells Romeo to count his blessings instead of feeling sorry for himself. He lists the things Romeo has to be thankful for. *What three blessings does the friar mention?*

COMMON CORE L 4a

Language Coach

Multiple Meanings The words *court* and *array* (line 142) both have multiple meanings. Here, *courts* means “woos”; try to figure out the meaning here of *array*.

148–149 look . . . Mantua: Leave before the guards take their places at the city gates; otherwise you will not be able to escape to Mantua.

151 blaze . . . friends: announce your marriage and get the families (**friends**) to stop feuding.

Than thou wentst forth in lamentation.
155 Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
160 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Romeo. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
[Nurse *offers to go and turns again.*]

Nurse. Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit.*]

165 **Romeo.** How well my comfort is revived by this!

Friar Laurence. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your
state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,
170 And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell; good night.

Romeo. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee.

175 Farewell. ❶

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4 *Capulet's house.*

In this scene, Paris visits the Capulets, who are mourning the death of Tybalt. He says he realizes that this is no time to talk of marriage. Capulet, however, disagrees; he decides that Juliet should marry Paris on Thursday, three days away. He tells Lady Capulet to inform Juliet immediately.

[*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.*]

Capulet. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
5 'Tis very late; she'll not come down tonight.

162 bid . . . chide: Tell Juliet to get ready to scold me for the way I've behaved.

166–171 and here . . . here: This is what your fate depends on: either leave before the night watchmen go on duty, or get out at dawn in a disguise. Stay awhile in Mantua. I'll find your servant and send messages to you about what good things are happening here.

❶ TRAGEDY

Despite Romeo and Juliet's anguish, their problem at this point seems solvable. **Summarize** the plan that has been made to resolve their dilemma.

1–2 Things have . . . our daughter: Such terrible things have happened that we haven't had time to persuade (**move**) Juliet to think about your marriage proposal.

I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been abed an hour ago.

Paris. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

10 **Lady Capulet.** I will, and know her mind early tomorrow;
Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness.

[Paris offers to go and Capulet calls him again.]

Capulet. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

15 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love
And bid her (mark you me?) on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my lord.

Capulet. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.

20 A Thursday let it be—a Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two;

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
25 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

30 **Capulet.** Well, get you gone. A Thursday be it then. **1**

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very very late

35 That we may call it early by-and-by.
Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

8 Sad times are not good times for talking of marriage.

11 Tonight she is locked up with her sorrow. *What do Juliet's parents think is causing this sorrow?*

12 **desperate tender:** bold offer.

16 Capulet is so sure that Juliet will accept Paris that he calls Paris "son" already.

23 **no great ado:** no big festivity.

1 TRAGEDY

Predict how Juliet will react to the news that her parents have promised her to Paris. How might this turn of events add to the play's mounting **conflict**?

34–35 **it is . . . by-and-by:** It's so late at night that soon we'll be calling it early in the morning.

Behind the Curtain

The Clarence Brown Theatre's 2003 production



The Seattle Repertory Theatre's 2003 production



The Bolshoi Ballet's 2004 production



Stage Combat

A character's movements can convey as much as his or her words. In fight scenes, **blocking** is used to decide exactly how the actors will move. From a stylistic point of view, how are the movements captured in these photographs different? Which fight looks most realistic, and why?

SCENE 5 *Capulet's orchard.*

Romeo and Juliet have spent the night together, but before daylight, Romeo leaves for Mantua. As soon as he leaves, Lady Capulet comes in to tell Juliet of her father's decision—that she will marry Count Paris on Thursday. Juliet is very upset and refuses to go along with the plan. Juliet's father goes into a rage at her disobedience and tells her that she will marry Paris or he will disown her.

The nurse advises Juliet to wed Paris, since her marriage to Romeo is over and Paris is a better man anyway. Juliet, now angry with the nurse, decides to go to Friar Laurence for help.

[Enter Romeo and Juliet above, at the window.]

Juliet. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.

Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.

5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet. Yond light is not daylight; I know it, I.

It is some meteor that the sun exhales

To be to thee this night a torchbearer

15 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Therefore stay yet; thou needst not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death.

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,

20 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care to stay than will to go.

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

25 How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

Juliet. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;

30 This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Some say the lark and loathed toad changed eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too,

2 It was . . . lark: The nightingale sings at night; the lark sings in the morning. *What is Juliet trying to get Romeo to believe?*

9 night's candles: stars.

12–25 Juliet continues to pretend it is night to keep Romeo from leaving. Romeo gives in and says he'll stay if Juliet wishes it, even if staying means death.

20 reflex of Cynthia's brow: reflection of the moon. Cynthia is another name for Diana, the Roman goddess of the moon. She was often pictured with a crescent moon on her forehead.

26 Romeo's mention of death frightens Juliet, and she urges him to leave quickly.

29 division: melody.

31–34 I wish the lark had the voice of the hated (**loathed**) toad, since its voice is frightening us apart and acting as a morning song for hunters (**hunt's-up**).

Language Coach

Etymology A word's **etymology** is its history. The word *affray* (line 33) is an archaic (outdated) verb that comes from the Middle English word *affraien*, meaning "to frighten." What common English adjective comes from this same Middle English word? Use a dictionary to check your answer.

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day!
35 O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

Romeo. More light and light—more dark and dark our woes!

[Enter Nurse, *hastily*.]

Nurse. Madam!

Juliet. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
40 The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit*.]

Juliet. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo. Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

[*He starts down the ladder*.]

Juliet. Art thou gone so, my lord, my love, my friend?
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
45 For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Romeo. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity
50 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet. O, thinkst thou we shall ever meet again?

Romeo. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
55 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookst pale.

Romeo. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit*.]

60 **Juliet.** O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long
But send him back.

Lady Capulet [*within*]. Ho, daughter! are you up?

65 **Juliet.** Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

46 **much in years:** very old.

54–56 **I have . . . tomb:** Juliet sees an evil vision of the future. *What is her vision?*

59 **Dry . . . blood:** People believed that sorrow drained the blood from the heart, causing a sad person to look pale.

60–62 **fickle:** changeable in loyalty or affection. Juliet asks fickle Fortune why it has anything to do with Romeo, who is the opposite of fickle.

67 **What . . . hither:** What unusual reason brings her here?

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet. Why, how now, Juliet?

Juliet. Madam, I am not well.

Lady Capulet. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

70 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Juliet. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

75 **Lady Capulet.** So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Juliet. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Capulet. Well, girl, thou weepst not so much for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

80 **Juliet.** What villain, madam?

Lady Capulet. That same villain Romeo.

Juliet [*aside*]. Villain and he be many miles asunder.—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady Capulet. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

85 **Juliet.** Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady Capulet. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banished runagate doth live,

90 Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Juliet. Indeed I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo till I behold him—dead—

95 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

100 To hear him named and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

Lady Capulet. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

69–70 *What does Lady Capulet think Juliet is crying about?*

72–73 **have . . . wit:** Stop crying (**have done**). A little grief is evidence of love, while too much grief shows a lack of good sense (**want of wit**).

81–102 In these lines Juliet's words have double meanings. To avoid lying to her mother, she chooses her words carefully. They can mean what her mother wants to hear—or what Juliet really has on her mind.

89 **runagate:** runaway.

90 **unaccustomed dram:** poison.

93–102 **Dead** could refer either to Romeo or to Juliet's heart. Juliet says that if her mother could find someone to carry a poison to Romeo, she would mix (**temper**) it herself.

105 **Juliet.** And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady Capulet. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy

110 That thou expects not nor I looked not for.

Juliet. Madam, in happy time! What day is that?

Lady Capulet. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

115 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Juliet. Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

120 I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

Lady Capulet. Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,

125 And see how he will take it at your hands.

[*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*]

Capulet. When the sun sets the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now? a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?

130 Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitst a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,
135 Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

Lady Capulet. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

140 I would the fool were married to her grave!

Capulet. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How? Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

145 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

121–123 Juliet mentions Romeo to show her mother how strongly opposed she is to marrying Paris, yet what she really means is that she loves Romeo.

127 the sunset . . . son: the death of Tybalt.

129–137 conduit: fountain. Capulet compares Juliet to a boat (**bark**), an ocean, and the wind because of her excessive crying.

141 take me with you: let me understand you.

Juliet. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Capulet. How, how, how, how, choplogic? What is this?
150 “Proud”—and “I thank you”—and “I thank you not”—
And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,
155 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

Lady Capulet. Fie, fie; what, are you mad?

Juliet. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

[*She kneels down.*]

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

160 **Capulet.** Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what—get thee to church a Thursday
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
165 That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

170 **Capulet.** And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go!

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Capulet. O, God-i-god-en!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Capulet. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl,
175 For here we need it not.

Lady Capulet. You are too hot.

Capulet. God’s bread! it makes me mad. Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her matched; and having now provided
180 A gentleman of princely parentage,

146–148 Not proud . . . meant love:
I’m not pleased, but I am grateful for
your intentions.

149–157 In his rage, Capulet calls Juliet a person who argues unnecessarily over fine points (**choplogic**) and says she is a spoiled child (**minion**). He tells her to prepare herself (**fettle your fine joints**) for the wedding or he’ll haul her there in a cart for criminals (**hurdle**). He calls her an anemic piece of dead flesh (**green-sickness carrion**) and a coward (**tallow-face**).

164 My fingers itch: I feel like hitting you.

168 hilding: a good-for-nothing person.

171 smatter: chatter.

174 Utter . . . bowl: Save your words of wisdom for a gathering of gossips.

179 matched: married.

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
185 A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer "I'll not wed, I cannot love;
I am too young, I pray you pardon me"!
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
190 Look to't, think on't; I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
195 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.
[Exit.]

Juliet. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away!
200 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
Lady Capulet. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
[Exit.]

205 **Juliet.** O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.
How shall that faith return again to earth
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.
210 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing
215 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
220 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,

184 **puling:** crying.

185 **mammet:** doll.

189–195 Capulet swears that he'll kick Juliet out and cut her off financially if she refuses to marry.

196 **I'll not be forsworn:** I will not break my promise to Paris.

207–211 Juliet is worried about the sin of being married to two men. She asks how heaven can play such tricks (**practice stratagems**) on her.

213–222 The nurse gives Juliet advice. She says that since Romeo is banished, he's no good to her; Juliet should marry Paris. Romeo is a dishcloth (**dishclout**) compared to Paris.

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
225 Your first is dead—or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

Juliet. Speakst thou this from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

Juliet. Amen!

230 **Nurse.** What?

Juliet. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

235 **Nurse.** Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

Juliet. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare

240 So many thousand times? Go, counselor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. **K**
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*]

222 beshrew: curse.

223–225 This new marriage will be better than the first, which is as good as over.

229 Amen: I agree—that is, curse your heart and soul.

236–238 ancient damnation: old devil;
dispraise: criticize.

241 Thou . . . twain: I'll no longer tell you my secrets.

K CHARACTER

How has Juliet's relationship with the nurse changed? Citing details from their **interactions**, explain the main reason for the change.

Comprehension

- 1. Recall** How is Romeo accidentally responsible for Mercutio's death?
- 2. Recall** Why does Prince Escalus banish Romeo from Verona?
- 3. Recall** What promise does Lord Capulet make to Paris?
- 4. Clarify** Why does Lord Capulet become so enraged with Juliet?

Text Analysis

- 5. Reading Shakespearean Drama** Review your list detailing the events in Act Three. What event in this act causes the most problems for Romeo and Juliet? Cite evidence to support your answer.
- 6. Analyze Character Motivation** What is Romeo's motivation for killing Tybalt? What are the consequences of this action? Citing evidence, explain whether you think Romeo's behavior is justified revenge or a disastrous mistake.
- 7. Interpret Allusions** Find two allusions in Act Three, and record them in a chart like the one shown. Complete the chart by describing what each allusion is a reference to and explaining what each means.

<i>Scene and Lines</i>	<i>Allusion</i>	<i>Meaning</i>
<i>Scene 1, lines 70–72</i>	<p><i>Mercutio.</i> . . . Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?</p> <p><i>Tybalt.</i> What wouldst thou have with me?</p> <p><i>Mercutio.</i> Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.</p>	<p>In Act Two, Scene 4, there was an allusion to a cat named Tybalt in a common story of the time. Mercutio alludes to this story again here to taunt Tybalt and make him want to fight.</p>

- 8. Evaluate Characters** Compare and contrast the behaviors of the nurse and Friar Laurence in Act Three. On the basis of their actions and interactions with other characters, which of the two would you trust more if you were Romeo or Juliet? Explain, citing evidence from the play.

Text Criticism

- 9. Philosophical Context** In the first three acts of *Romeo and Juliet*, both the Chorus and the characters make frequent references to the role of fate in life. How does this notion of fate differ from contemporary views? Do people still think this way today? Explain your answer.

COMMON CORE

RL 3 Analyze how complex characters develop over the course of a text, interact with other characters, and advance the plot or develop the theme.
RL 6 Analyze a particular point of view or cultural experience reflected in a work of world literature.
RL 9 Analyze how an author draws on source material in a specific work.