

### **Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Juliet (Act 1, Scene 3)**

#### **Nurse**

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:  
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

#### **JULIET**

And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

#### **Nurse**

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

#### **LADY CAPULET**

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme  
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

#### **JULIET**

It is an honour that I dream not of.

#### **Nurse**

An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

#### **LADY CAPULET**

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

#### **Nurse**

A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world--why, he's a man of wax.

#### **LADY CAPULET**

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

#### **Nurse**

Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

#### **LADY CAPULET**

What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the margent of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride  
For fair without the fair within to hide:  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

**Nurse**

No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

## **Benvolio, Mercutio, Tybalt, and Romeo (Act 3, Scene 1)**

### **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?

### **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: 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 quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst 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 quarrelling!

### **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.

### **MERCUTIO**

The fee-simple! O simple!

### **BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

### **MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others*

### **TYBALT**

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

### **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?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consort'st 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!

**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;  
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.'

**TYBALT**

Romeo, the hate 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;  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

**TYBALT**

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

## **Romeo and Juliet (Act 2, Scene 2)**

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

**JULIET**

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
And but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

**JULIET**

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO**

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

### **JULIET**

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

## **Friar Laurence and Romeo (Act 2, Scene 3 and Act 3, Scene 3)**

### **ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

### **FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite!

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

### **ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

### **FRIAR LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

### **ROMEO**

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

### **FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

### **ROMEO**

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

### **FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

### **ROMEO**

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where and how  
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

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**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

**ROMEO**

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:  
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,  
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:  
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,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

**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.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;  
Run to my study. By and by! God's will,  
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

## **Sampson and Gregory (Act 1, Scene 1)**

**SAMPSON**

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

**GREGORY**

No, for then we should be colliers.

**SAMPSON**

I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

**GREGORY**

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

**SAMPSON**

I strike quickly, being moved.

**GREGORY**

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**GREGORY**

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:  
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will  
take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

**GREGORY**

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes  
to the wall.

**SAMPSON**

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels,  
are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push  
Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids  
to the wall.

**GREGORY**

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

**SAMPSON**

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I  
have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the  
maids, and cut off their heads.

**GREGORY**

The heads of the maids?

**SAMPSON**

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;  
take it in what sense thou wilt.

**GREGORY**

They must take it in sense that feel it.

**SAMPSON**

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and  
'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

**GREGORY**

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou  
hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes  
two of the house of the Montagues.