

Act 2, Scene 1 A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard

(Enter ROMEO.)

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

(He climbs the wall, and leaps down into Capulet's orchard.)

(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)

BENVOLIO

Romeo? My cousin Romeo?

MERCUTIO

He is wise, and, on my life, hath stolen home to bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall. Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Romeo! Madman! Lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied. Cry but 'Ay me!' Pronounce but 'love' and 'dove.'

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; the ape is dead, and I must conjure* him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, by her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
by her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh and the domains that there adjacent lie,
that in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees.

Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,*

and wish his mistress were that kind of fruit as maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.

Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed; this field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

Shall we go?

BENVOLIO

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

(Exeunt.)

conjure - summon by magic, *medlar tree* - pear tree with fruit that is commonly compared to sex organs

Act 2, Scene 2 Capulet's orchard

(ROMEO.)

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
 But soft. What light through yonder window breaks?
 (JULIET enters above.) It is my lady. O, it is my love! O, that she knew she were!
 She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
 Her eye discourses;* I will answer it.
 I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
 O that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek.

JULIET

Ay me.

ROMEO

She speaks. O, speak again, bright angel!

JULIET

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

ROMEO

(Aside.) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a man.
 O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
 retain that dear perfection which he owns without that title.
 Romeo, doff* thy name; and for that name, which is no part of thee, take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word! Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized!

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreened 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.

discourses - communicates, *doff* - take off

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 maid, 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 over-perch* these walls;
for stony limits cannot hold love out, and what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes; and but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate than death prolonged, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

Dost thou love me?
I know thou wilt say 'Ay;' and I will take thy word.
Yet if thou swearest, thou mayest prove false. At lovers' perjuries* they 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.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—

JULIET

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

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all.
Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to night. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
too like the lightning, which doth cease to be ere* one can say, 'It lightens.'
Sweet, good night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, may prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

over-perch - fly over *perjuries* - lies, *Jove* - God, *ere* - before

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose love?

JULIET

But to give it to thee again.
My bounty* is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep;
the more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite.

NURSE

Juliet?

JULIET

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

O blessed, blessed night!
I am afeard, being in night, all this is but a dream.

(Re enter JULIET above.)

JULIET

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

NURSE

(Within.) Madam?

bounty - wish to give (love), **bent** - purpose, **procure** - cause

JULIET

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

NURSE

(Within.) Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come!
to cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To morrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

(Re enter JULIET above.)

JULIET

Hist! Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone.

Good night, good night!

Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night till it be morrow.

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

(Exit ROMEO.)

Act 2, Scene 4 A street

(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should Romeo be?
Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye;
shot through the ear with a love-song; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than Prince of Cats, I can tell you.
He fights as you sing prick-song,* keeps time, distance, and proportion;
one, two, and the third in your bosom.
The very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist.
By Jesu, a very good blade.

(Enter ROMEO.)

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

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

prick-song - written music

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?*

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio.

My business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Here's goodly gear!*

(Enter NURSE and PETER.)

MERCUTIO

A sail, a sail!

BENVOLIO

Two, two! A shirt and a smock.*

NURSE

Peter!

PETER

Anon.*

NURSE

My fan, Peter!

MERCUTIO

Good Peter, to hide her face.

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good-den,* fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Is it good-den?

MERCUTIO

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

NURSE

Out upon you! What a man are you?

ROMEO

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

conceive - understand, *gear* - clothing, *smock* - skirt, *Anon* - in a minute, *good-den* - good afternoon

NURSE

By my troth, it is well said.
Can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO

I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him.
I am the youngest of that name.

NURSE

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

BENVOLIO

She will invite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd,* a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, (*Sings.*) 'Lady, lady, lady.'

(*Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*)

NURSE

Farewell!
I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?*

ROMEO

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

NURSE

If he speak anything against me, I'll take him down, and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.
Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills;* I am none of his skains-mates.*
And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

PETER

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

NURSE

Now, before God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!
Pray you, sir, a word.

confidence - the Nurse means conference, **bawd** - a person who keeps a house of prostitution,
ropery - vulgar jokes, **flirt gills** - woman of loose behavior, **skains-mates** - gangster girls

My young lady bade me inquire you out.
 But first let me tell you, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise,* as they say,
 it were a very gross kind of behavior, for the gentlewoman is young.
 If you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing and very weak dealing.

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.
 Bid her devise some means to come to shrift* this afternoon;
 and there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell be married.

NURSE

Lord, lord! She will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO

Here is for thy pains.

NURSE

No truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO

Go to! I say you shall.

NURSE

This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.
 Now God in heaven bless thee!

ROMEO

And good nurse, behind the abbey wall, within this hour my man shall be with thee.
 He shall give thee cords made like a tackled stair* which must be my convoy in the secret night.
 Be trusty and I'll quit thy pains.*
 Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

(Exit Romeo.)

Peter!

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

Peter, take my fan, and go before, and quickly.

(Exeunt.)

fool's paradise - seduce her, *shrift* - confession, *tackled stair* - rope ladder, *quit thy pains* - reward thy efforts