

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

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

30 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;  
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

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.  
40 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

41 God shield I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.  
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *Exit.*

JULIET

O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me – past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR

O, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
47 It strains me past the compass of my wits.

41 shield forbid 47 the compass . . . wits my wit's end

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

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JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

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If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

[CUT TEXT]

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FRIAR

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,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;  
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

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JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

48 prorogue postpone 57 label i.e., strip of parchment bearing the seal, attached to a deed 60 time age 62 extremes difficulties 64 commission . . . art authority of your age and skill 75 cop'st encounterest

From off the battlements of any tower,  
[CUT TEXT]

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And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

## FRIAR

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.  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse  
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 wanny ashes, thy eyes' windows fall  
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.

79 *thievish ways* roads frequented by robbers 81 *charnel house* depository of human bones 83 *reeky* smelly; *chapless* jawless 94 *distilling* infusing 96 *humor* moisture 97 *surcease* cease 100 *wanny* pale; *windows* i.e., eyelids (the figure derives from the covering of shop fronts at the close of the day) 102 *supple government* the control of movement

Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier 110  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault 111  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake, 113  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift, 114  
And hither shall he come, and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear 119  
Abate thy valor in the acting it. 120

## JULIET

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

## FRIAR

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.  
Farewell, dear father. *Exit [with Friar].*

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◊ IV.2 *Enter [Capulet, his Wife], Nurse, and Servingmen, two or three.*

## CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.  
*[Exit a Servingman.]*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

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

111 *Thou . . . vault* (in Q2 this line is preceded by "Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave," evidently a canceled version of the line, printed in error) 113 *against . . . awake* in preparation for your awaking 114 *drift* intention 119 *toy* whim

IV.2 Capulet's house s.d. *two or three* (but only two are needed for the scene)