

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO AND JULIET

Bird Publisher, 2012

About this eBook

ROMEO AND JULIET

William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare, 1595

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Dramatis Personae

CHORUS.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince.

MONTAGUE, heads of two houses at variance with each other.

CAPULET, heads of two houses at variance with each other.

AN OLD MAN, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, Franciscan.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

ABRAM, servant to Montague.

SAMPSON, servant to Capulet.

GREGORY, servant to Capulet.

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

AN APOTHECARY.

THREE MUSICIANS.

AN OFFICER.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

NURSE TO JULIET.

CITIZENS OF VERONA; GENTLEMEN AND GENTLEWOMEN of both houses;

MASKERS, TORCHBEARERS, PAGES, GUARDS, WATCHMEN, SERVANTS, and

ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.

Verona; Mantua.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

[Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house of Capulet.

SAMPSON. Gregory, on 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 of 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. 'Tis 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- I will 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
Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].

SAMPSON. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee.

GREGORY. How? turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON. Fear me not.

GREGORY. No, marry. I fear thee!

SAMPSON. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GREGORY. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is
disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. [*aside to Gregory*] Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREGORY. [*aside to Sampson*] No.

SAMPSON. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON. But if you do, sir, am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM. No better.

SAMPSON. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

GREGORY. [aside to Sampson] Say 'better.' Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON. Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM. You lie.

SAMPSON. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

They fight.

BENVOLIO. Part, fools! [*Beats down their swords.*]
Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

TYBALT. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee Benvolio! look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

They fight.

Enter an officer, and three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! beat them down!

CITIZENS. Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife.

CAPULET. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

WIFE. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old Montague and his Wife.

MONTAGUE. Thou villain Capulet!- Hold me not, let me go.

MONTAGUE. Wife. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.

PRINCE. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel-
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,