

ONE

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

ROMEO

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

JULIET

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.
'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 call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
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:
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou?

ROMEO

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;

JULIET

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

JULIET

O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love--

JULIET

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;

Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

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

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.

ROMEO

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.

Being in night, all this is but a dream,

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit above

TWO

earlier that night

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

JULIET

How now! who calls?

Nurse

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter:--Nurse, Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

Nurse

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,--

And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four--

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--

Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: but, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,--

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua:--

Nay, I do bear a brain:--but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband--God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man--took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'
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.'

THREE

later that day

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

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.
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:

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,

And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, 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, drybeat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher
by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

I am for you.
Drawing

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses!

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

A plague o' both your houses! Why the devil came you between us? I
was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN HERE

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

OR **HERE**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
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.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.
They fight; TYBALT falls

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

ENTER OTHER ROMEO

NO, *I* am fortune's fool!

FOUR

the next day
after Romeo is banished
and Juliet is promised to another guy

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then;
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

JULIET

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

Drinks and Drops. Other Romeos and Juliets enter.

FIVE

in the tomb

I think we all know how this ends...

Romeos with the Juliets

ROMEO

Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!

Here's to my love!

Drinks

O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Dies

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo!

Romeo! O, pale! The lady stirs.

JULIET wakes

JULIET

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

FRIAR LAURENCE

I hear some noise. I dare no longer stay.

Exit FRIAR LAURENCE

JULIET

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after?

Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

Snatching ROMEO's dagger

This is thy sheath;

Stabs herself

there rust, and let me die.

Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies

SIX

Love and Violence. Sex and Death. In other words: Othello!

Othello, the Moor of Venice ACT III

SCENE III. The garden of the castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA

DESDEMONA

Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CASSIO

Ay, but, lady,
I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

DESDEMONA

be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

EMILIA

Madam, here comes my lord.

CASSIO

Madam, I'll take my leave.

OTHELLO

Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO

I cannot think it,

DESDEMONA

my lord!

I have been talking with your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
For he that truly loves you,
His present reconciliation take;
I prithee, call him back.

OTHELLO

Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

DESDEMONA

But shall't be shortly?

OTHELLO

The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA

Shall't be to-night at supper?

OTHELLO

No, not to-night.

DESDEMONA

To-morrow dinner, then?

OTHELLO

I shall not ...

DESDEMONA

Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

OTHELLO

Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA

IAGO

My noble lord--

OTHELLO

What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

OTHELLO

O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Is he not honest?

IAGO

Honest, my lord!

OTHELLO

Honest! ay, honest.

What dost thou think?

IAGO

Think, my lord!

OTHELLO

Thou dost mean something:

if thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

IAGO

My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO

I think thou dost;

for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

IAGO

For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTHELLO

I think so too.

Nay, yet there's more in this:

Speak to me as to thy thinkings,

IAGO

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
To let you know my thoughts.
By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

IAGO

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on; But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTHELLO

Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a lie of jealousy,
No; For she had eyes, and chose me.

IAGO

I am glad of it;
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTHELLO

Dost thou say so?

IAGO

She did deceive her father, marrying you;

OTHELLO

And so she did.

IAGO

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak-
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love.

OTHELLO

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO

Ay, there's the point:

OTHELLO

Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

IAGO

[Going] My lord, I take my leave.

IAGO

[Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat
your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:

I once more take my leave.

Exit

SEVEN

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

Enter MACBETH (hand covered in blood)

My husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. (REPEAT. CROWD "CRIES")

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

Looking on his hands

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers:
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

(CROWD POUNDS LIKE THUNDER)

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? *Re-enter LADY MACBETH*
LADY MACBETH
My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

I shame.

I shame.

EIGHT

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

Doctor

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen
her rise from her bed, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon't, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor

In this slumbery agitation, besides her
walking and other actual performances, what, at any
time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;

and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor

You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

Exit

NINE

Macbeth gets his.

MACBETH

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON (**ALL?**)

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.



MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

They fight

MACBETH

Thou losest labour:
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm;
Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,

MACBETH

I will not yield,
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

They fight.

ALL: HOLD, ENOUGH!

They pause, then fight again. Macbeth goes down.

ALL: HOLD ENOUGH!

Macduff cuts off Macbeth's head.