**Act** III

**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**

I do protest, I never injured thee,

But love thee better than thou canst devise,

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender

As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away.

[Draws]

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.

**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. I

am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'

both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a

cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a

rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of

arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I

was hurt under your arm.

**JULIET**

O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

**Nurse**

It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

**JULIET**

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

**Nurse**

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae:

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

**Nurse**

Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentations might have moved?

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

**Nurse**

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

**JULIET**

Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!

Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man;

Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Misshapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skitless soldier's flask,

Is set afire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,

Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

**JULIET**

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

**ROMEO**

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

**ROMEO**

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go:

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

**JULIET**

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

**LADY CAPULET**

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

**LADY CAPULET**

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

**JULIET**

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--

Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex'd.

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him named, and cannot come to him.

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that slaughter'd him!

**JULIET**

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

**CAPULET**

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

**JULIET**

Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

**CAPULET**

God's bread! it makes me mad:

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,

I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'

But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Graze where you will you shall not house with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in

the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

**JULIET**

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

**Nurse**

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart?

**Nurse**

And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

**JULIET**

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

**Nurse**

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

**JULIET**

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die.