

William Shakespeare

The Tragedy Of Romeo And Juliet

Dramatis Personae

Escalus, Prince of Verona.

Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.

Paris, a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.

Page to Paris.

Montague, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Capulets.

Lady Montague, wife to Montague.

Romeo, son to Montague.

Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

Abram, servant to Montague.

Balthasar, servant to Romeo.

Capulet, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Montagues.

Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet.

Juliet, daughter to Capulet.

Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.

Capulet's Cousin, an old man.

Nurse to Juliet.

Peter, servant to Juliet's Nurse.

Sampson, servant to Capulet.

Gregory, servant to Capulet.

Servants

Friar Lawrence, a Franciscan.

Friar John, of the same Order.

An Apothecary

Chorus

Three Musicians

An Officer

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women,
relations to both houses;

Maskers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants.

SCENE. During the greater part of the Play in
Verona; once, in the Fifth Act, at 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, nought 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

A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory armed with
swords and bucklers.

Sampson

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gregory

No, for then we should be colliers.

Sampson

I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gregory

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the 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

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 civil 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 of the house of
Montagues.

Enter 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

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Gregory

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

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 washing blow.

[They fight.]

Benvolio

Part, fools! put up your swords, you know not what you do.

[Beats down their swords.]

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 three or four Citizens with clubs.

First citizen

Clubs, bills and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the
Montagues!

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Capulet

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

Lady Capulet

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 Montague and his Lady Montague.

Montague

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

Lady Montague

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with Attendants.

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 mistemper'd 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,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet,
Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens and Servants.]

Montague

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvolio

Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Montague

O where is Romeo, saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Benvolio

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be
found,

Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Montague

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Benvolio

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Montague

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Benvolio

Have you importun'd him by any means?

Montague

Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself-I will not say how true -
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benvolio

See, where he comes. So please you step aside;
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

Montague

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away,

[Exeunt Montague and Lady Montague.]

Benvolio

Good morrow, cousin.

Romeo

Is the day so young?

Benvolio

But new struck nine.

Romeo

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

Benvolio

In love?

Romeo

Out.

Benvolio

Of love?

Romeo

Out of her favour where I am in love.

Benvolio

Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

Romeo

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Benvolio

No coz, I rather weep.

Romeo

Good heart, at what?

Benvolio

At thy good heart's oppression.

Romeo

Why such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

Benvolio

Soft! I will go along:
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Romeo

Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here.
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Benvolio

Tell me in sadness who is that you love?

Romeo

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Benvolio

Groan! Why, no; but sadly tell me who.

Romeo

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Benvolio

I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Romeo

A right good markman, and she's fair I love.

Benvolio

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Romeo

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives
uncharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms
Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O she's rich in beauty, only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Benvolio

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Romeo

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Benvolio

Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Romeo

O teach me how I should forget to think.

Benvolio

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Romeo

'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Benvolio

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II

A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris and Servant.

Capulet

But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Paris

Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now my lord, what say you to my suit?

Capulet

But saying o'er what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Capulet

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
And she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper*]
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.]

Servant

Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Benvolio

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Benvolio

For what, I pray thee?

Romeo

For your broken shin.

Benvolio

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Romeo

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and-God-den, good fellow.

Servant

God gi' go-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Romeo

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant

Perhaps you have learned it without book.
But I pray, can you read anything you see?

Romeo

Ay, If I know the letters and the language.

Servant

Ye say honestly, rest you merry!

Romeo

Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

_Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Utruvio;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly. [*Gives back the paper*] Whither
should they come?

Servant

Up.

Romeo

Whither to supper?

Servant

To our house.

Romeo

Whose house?

Servant

My master's.

Romeo

Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

Servant

Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

[Exit.]

Benvolio

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Romeo

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;
And these who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Benvolio

Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Romeo

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of my own.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III

Room in Capulet's House.
Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Lady Capulet

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

Nurse

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! What ladybird!
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, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again,
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou knowest 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 teen be it spoken, I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

Lady Capulet

A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse

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 dovehouse 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 dovehouse: '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 th'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, and 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.'

Lady Capulet

Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse

Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay';
And yet I warrant it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous 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'.

Juliet

And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

Nurse

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
And I might live to see thee married once, I have
my wish.

Lady Capulet

Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Juliet

It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse

An honour! Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
teat.

Lady Capulet

Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world-why he's a man of wax.

Lady Capulet

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse

Nay, he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Lady Capulet

What say you, can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.

Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse

No less, nay bigger. Women grow by men.

Lady Capulet

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Juliet

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Servant

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,

you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse
cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I
must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Lady Capulet

We follow thee.

[Exit Servant.]

Juliet, the County stays.

Nurse

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV

A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with
five or six Maskers; Torch-bearers and others.

Romeo

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Benvolio

The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Romeo

Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy I will bear the light.

Mercutio

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Romeo

Not I, believe me, you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mercutio

You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Romeo

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mercutio

And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Romeo

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mercutio

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask.*]
A visor for a visor. What care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Benvolio

Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo

A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,
I'll be a candle-holder and look on,

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Or save your reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Romeo

Nay, that's not so.

Mercutio

I mean sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Romeo

And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mercutio

Why, may one ask?

Romeo

I dreamt a dream tonight.

Mercutio

And so did I.

Romeo

Well what was yours?

Mercutio

That dreamers often lie.

Romeo

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mercutio

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies
straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscados, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage:
This is she, -

Romeo

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mercutio

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

Benvolio

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves:
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Romeo

I fear too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But he that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my suit. On, lusty gentlemen!

Benvolio

Strike, drum.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

First Servant

Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

Second Servant

When good manners shall lie all in one or two
men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul
thing.

First Servant

Away with the join-stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save
me a piece of marchpane; and as thou loves me, let
the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony
and Potpan!