THE TRAGEDY OF
Romeo & Juliet

http://englishclass.altervista.org/
ACT I

PROLOGUE

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 misadventured piteous overthrows
Do 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.

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

(There's a quarrel between the House of Montague and the House of Capulets, which we skip).

[...]BENVOLIO (from the House of Montague)

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

Beats down their swords
Enter TYBALT (from the House of Capulet)

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 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 LADY MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE

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

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, 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 beseeming 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 further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
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 the city's 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,  
That most are busied when they're most alone,  
Pursued 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 dew.  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw

EXEUNT → parola di derivazione latina. Al singolare viene invece utilizzato “EXIT”.

SAW YOU HIM → costruzione arcaica dell’interrogativa con il “past tense”: verbo e soggetto sono invertiti come con un verbo ausiliare. La forma corretta, nell’inglese moderno, è: “DID YOU SEE HIM?”

TO-DAY → notare la lineetta fra TO e DAY usata nell’inglese arcaico.

FORTH → molto utilizzato da Shakespeare, meno utilizzato oggi.

ROOTETH → “TH”, desinenza della terza persona singolare, usata al posto della “s”.

TOWARDS HIM I MADE → forma arcaica per tradurre “I WENT TOWARDS HIM”

WARE → forma arcaica per il più utilizzato “AWARE”, cioè “consapevole”.

BUSIED → forma arcaica per “BUSY”

MANY A MORNING → nell’inglese corrente si traduce “MANY MORNINGS”.

HATH HE → notare la coniugazione di “to have” alla terza persona singolare, terminante in “th”; notare inoltre l’inversione del verbo col soggetto in una frase affermativa.
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks far 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 importuned 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?
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 any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen 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 raised with the fume of sighs; Being purged, 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.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along;
An 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:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

SHE’S FAIR I LOVE → l’esatta forma sarebbe “SHE’S FAIR THE ONE THAT I LOVE”.
FAIR → nell’inglese shakespeariano traduce “BELLO/A”.
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 unharm'd. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: O, she is 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 starved 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 ruled 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 put us in mind they hide the fair; He that is strucken 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 lived 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[...]
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Where 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-apparel'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

WHAT SAY YOU → costruzione arcaica dell’interrogativa: verbo e soggetto sono invertiti come con un verbo ausiliare. La forma corretta, nell’inglese moderno, è: “WHAT DO YOU SAY?”

O’ER → forma poetica per “OVER”.
ERE → parola di origine germanica (“EHE”) per tradurre “BEFORE”.

YOUnger THAN SHE → sottinteso “WOMEN”.
THAN SHE → notare come dopo “THAN” venga usato il pronome al soggetto e non al complemento oggetto. “She” al posto di “her” è una forma arcaica.

WHEREto → forma arcaica per “WHERE” come complemento di moto a luogo. In alternativa l’inglese moderno traduce “WHICH... TO”.

SHALL YOU INHERIT → letteralmente significa “ereditare”, ma qui è usato per tradurre “avere, ricevere”. Si noti inoltre l’inversione del verbo “shall” col soggetto in una frase affermativa.
May stand in number, though in reckoning none,
Come, go with me.

*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS

*Enter* BENVOLIO and ROMEO

**BENVOLIO**

Why, Romeo, *art thou mad?*

**ROMEO**

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

**Servant**

God gi’ god-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 any thing 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.

Reads

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Servant

Up.

ROMEO

Whither?

Servant

To supper; 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 Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest. 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
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

Exeunt
SCENE III. A 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 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

LADY CAPULET

To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days. [...]

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse

Yes, madam[...]

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 nursed: An 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

| **STINT THOU** → anche in questo caso, come nei precedenti, l'imperativo è accompagnato dal suo soggetto.  |
| **SAY I** → L'inversione del soggetto con il verbo in una frase affermativa è utilizzata per dare enfasi al pronomne. Significa: “Dico io!” |
| **WAST** → Anche al “past tense” il verbo è coniugato. Aggiunge “ST” alla seconda persona singolare. |
| **F’ER** → **EVER** |
| **AN** → contrazione di “AND”. |
| **ONCE** → qui significa non “una volta” ma “un giorno” (SOMEDAY). |
| **HOW STAND...MARRIED?** → letteralmente “come sta la tua disposizione (o carattere) a essere sposata?”, forma poetica per dire “Te la sentiresti a sposarti?”. |
| **WERE I NOT** → forma arcaica per tradurre “IF I WERE NOT”. |
| **THINE** → usato al posto di “THY” davanti a parola che inizia per vocale. |
| **HADST** → “Anche al “past tense” il verbo è coniugato. Aggiunge “ST” alla seconda persona singolare. |
| **I WAS YOUR MOTHER....YEARS** → il significato è “sono diventata tua madre quand’ero molto più giovane di te”. Al posto di “upon” l’inglese moderno utilizza “before”. |
| **THUS** → forma arcaica per tradurre “SO”. |
| **IN BRIEF** → in breve |
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 obscured 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

Nay → forma arcaica che traduce “no, anzi”. E’ il contrario di “ay”.
A VERY FLOWER → “very” posto prima del sostantivo rafforza il significato della parola. Traduce un’espressione simile a “fior fiore”.

WHAT SAY YOU → costruzione arcaica dell’interrogativa: verbo e soggetto sono invertiti come con un verbo ausiliare. La forma corretta, nell’inglese moderno, è: “WHAT DO YOU SAY?”
O’ER → OVER
WRIT → forma arcaica di WRITTEN, utilizzato successivamente: le due forme coesistevano.
WRITTEN → in questo caso è usata la forma corrente
’TIS → IT IS
DOTH SHARE → il verbo “TO DO” rafforza “TO SHARE”. Anche in questo caso il verbo è coniugato alla terza persona singolare con il “TH”.
SHALL YOU SHARE → si noti l’inversione del verbo “shall” col soggetto in una frase affermativa.
DOTH POSSESS → Anche in questo caso il verbo è coniugato alla terza persona singolare con il “TH”. Il verbo “TO DO” rafforza il verbo che lo segue.
MAKING ... NO LESS → letteralmente “facendo di te stessa niente di meno”, forma poetica per intendere “non perdi niente”.

BY → complemento d’agente introdotto da “BY”. Significa “Attraverso gli uomini”.
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 [...] 

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

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 [...]

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

[...] Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so [...]

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night.
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 athwart men's noses as they lie asleep; her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs, the cover of the wings of grasshoppers, the 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 wagnere a small grey-coated gnat, not so big as a round little worm prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid; her chariot is an empty hazel-nut 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 court'sies 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, ambuscadoes, 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 elflocks 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 wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger’d, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face 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 closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! Oh, lusty gentlemen.

BENVOLIO

Strike, drum.

Exeunt

SCENE V. A hall in Capulet’s house [...]

BEGOT → “CONCEPITO”; è il corrispettivo anglosassone della più utilizzata parola di origine latina “CONCEIVED”.
ANGER’D → l’inglese moderno utilizza ANGRY.
THENCE → arcaicismo per “THERE”.

BENGOT → “CONCEPITO”; è il corrispettivo anglosassone della più utilizzata parola di origine latina “CONCEIVED”.
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THENCE → arcaicismo per “THERE”.
Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagged with corns will have about with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

Music plays, and they dance [...]  

ROMEO

[To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Servant

I know not, sir.

ROMEO
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

’Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET
Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone; He bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth: I would not for the wealth of all the town Here in my house do him disparagement: Therefore be patient, take no note of him: It is my will, the which if thou respect, Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits, when such a villain is a guest: I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured: What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to; Am I the master here, or you? go to. You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul! You'll make a mutiny among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to: You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed? This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must **contrary me**! marry, 'tis time.

*Well said, my hearts!* You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or--More light, more light! **For shame!**
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

**TYBALT**

Patience perforce with wilful **choler** meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion **shall**
Now seeming sweet **convert** to bitter gall.

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I profane with my **unworthiest** hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**JULIET**

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands **do touch**,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

**ROMEO**

**Have not** saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET**

**CONTRARY** → verbo di origine latina

**WELL SAID MY HEARTS** → notare l'esclamazione arcaica.
**FOR SHAME** → notare l'esclamazione arcaica.

**CHOLER** → parola di chiara derivazione francese.
**SHALL** → notare come “shall” venga usato per formare il futuro anche alla terza persona singolare, al posto di “**WILL**”
**CONVERT** → parola di origine francese che sostituisce “**TURN**”. La preposizione è “TO” anzichè “INTO”.

**UNWORTHIEST** → forma poetica che traduce “*indegnissima*”.

**DO TOUCH** = “**TO DO**” è rafforzativo di “**TOUCH**”.

**HAVE NOT** → notare la mancanza di contrazione tra “have” e “not”, sempre utilizzata invece nell’inglese moderno per le frasi interrogative-negative.
Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**ROMEO**

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do; They pray, *grant thou*, *lest* faith turn to despair.

**JULIET**

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

**ROMEO**

Then *move not*, while my prayer's effect I take. *Thus* from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have *took*.

**ROMEO**

Sin from thy lips? *O trespass sweetly urged!* Give me my sin again.

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**
What is her mother?

Nurse

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse
**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

**Nurse**

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

**JULIET**

What’s he that now is going out of door?

**Nurse**

Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

**JULIET**

What’s he that follows there, that would not dance?

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

Go ask his name: if he be married.

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

**Nurse**

His name is Romeo, and a Montague; The only son of your great enemy.
JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse

What's this? what's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.
One calls within 'Juliet.'

Nurse

Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt

ACT II

PROLOGUE

(Which we skip)

SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO
ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise;
And, on my lie, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove,'
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!

THY CENTER OUT → “OUT” va in fondo alla frase e non legato al verbo, in quanto preposizione. Legato al verbo sarebbe invece un avverbio e ne cambierebbe il significato.

ON MY LIE → notare l’espressione arcaica.

APPEAR THOU → altro esempio di imperativo seguito dal soggetto.
BUT → come già osservato in precedenza, è usato al posto di “JUST”/“ONLY”.
TRIM → al posto di “TRIMLY” “curatamente, ordinatamente”.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not:

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. 
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, 
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, 
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh 
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

**BENVOLIO**

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

**MERCUTIO**

This cannot anger him: *'twould anger him 
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle 
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 
Till she had laid it and conjured it down; 
That were some spite: my invocation 
Is fair and honest, and in his mistres' name 
I conjure only but to raise up him.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees, 
To be consorted with the humorous night: 
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

**MERCUTIO**

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. 
Now will he sit under a medlar tree, 
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit 
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
Romeo, that she were, O, that she were

An open et caetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
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.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

**JULIET**
O Romeo, Romeo! _wherefore art thou Romeo?_ 
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.

**ROMEO**

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

_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: 
Call me _but_ love, and I’ll be _new_ baptized; 
Henceforth _I never will_ be Romeo.

**JULIET** [...]

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**
Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls; For stony limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do that dares love attempt: Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight; And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate, 
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. [...]

JULIET

Thou know'est the mask of night is on my face, 
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek 
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night 
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny 
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment! 
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay.' 
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st, 
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries 
Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, 
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: 
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 
I'll frown and be perverse an say thee nay, 
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world. 
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, 
And therefore thou mayst think my behavior light: 
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. 
I should have been more strange, I must confess, 
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, 
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me, 
And not impute this yielding to light love, 
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear 
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--

JULIET

WERE → usato al posto di “WOULD BE”. 
PROROGUED → parola di origine latina. 
WANTING OF... → notare come il verbo “to want” è seguito dalla preposizione “of”.

ELSE → OTHERWISE 
BEPAIN = forma poetica di “PAINT”. 
FOR THAT... TO-NIGHT → la forma corretta nell’inglese moderno è “FOR WHAT YOU HAVE HEARD ME SAY TONIGHT” 
FAIN = “Lieta, volentieri”. 
FAIN... FAIN DENY → FAIN I WOULD DENY. 
SPOKE → forma arcaica di “SPOKEN”. 
DOST THOU LOVE ME → forma interrogativa resa con l’ausiliare “do”, anziché con l’espressione “Lovest thou me?”. 
AY e NAY sono usati al posto di “YES” e “NO”. 
THINK → è usato nel senso di “considerare”. 
‘HAVIOR → “BEHAVIOUR”. 
LIGHT → “leggero”, qui significa “avventato”. 
OVERHEARD’ST → “OVER” indica eccesso dell’azione 
ERE → BEFORE 
WARE → AWARE 
NOT IMPUTE → parola derivante dal latino. Si noti la forma negativa con il “not” anziché “DON’T IMPUTE”.

YONDER → arcaico “ABOVE”.
O, *swear not by the moon*, the inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, *Lest* that thy love prove likewise variable.

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

*Do not* swear at all; Or, *if thou wilt*, swear by thy gracious *self*, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee.

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well, *do not* swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which *dooth* cease to be *Ere* one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May *prove* a *beauteous* flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest *Come* to thy heart as that within my breast!

**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

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it: And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank, and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have: 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.

Nurse calls within

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit, above

ROMEO
O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard. Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above

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, By one that I'll procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite; And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon. But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee--

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come:-- To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief: To-morrow will I send.
ROMEO

So thrive my soul--

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

Exit, above

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.  Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,  But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Retiring

Re-enter JULIET, above [...]  LOVE GOES... LOOKS → Notare come il verbo “to go” viene omesso dopo quello della prima frase.

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock to-morrow  WHAT O’CLOCK → a che ora? Shall I send to thee?

THRIVE → verbo arcaico, usato in forma imperativa.
ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO


FORGOT al posto di “FORGOTTEN”.

STAND al posto di “STANDING”.

FORGET al posto di “FORGETTING”.
I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit above

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket

FRIAR LAURENCE [...]
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worse is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!  
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed [...]  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO
With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no; I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again. I have been feasting with mine enemy, Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, That's by me wounded: both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies [...] 

FRIAR LAURENCE

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift; Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet: As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; And all combined, save what thou must combine By holy marriage: when and where and how We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow, I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray, That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy swallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste! [...] If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine, Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO
Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO
And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO
I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
FRIAR LAURENCE

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow;
they stumble that run fast.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. A street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO
Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline. Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO

Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO
Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

BENVOLIO

The what?

[...]

*Enter ROMEO*

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

[...]

Signior
Romeo, bon jour! there’s a French salvation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO
Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MERCUTIO

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO

Meaning, to court'sy.

MERCUTIO

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO

A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

GOOD MORROW → arcaico “GOOD MORNING”.

GOOD MERCUTIO → come in uso negli scritti shakespeariani, ogni personaggio è spesso accompagnato da un aggettivo, il quale gli è più volte attribuito lungo il testo: FAIR JULIET, GENTLE ROMEO, GOOD MERCUTIO.....

AS MUCH AS TO SAY → L’inglese moderno direbbe “as much as/like saying”.

COURTEOUS → aggettivo di derivazione latina

PINK → “fior fiore”.
Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

[...]

MERCUTIO

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO

Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO

Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO
O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

**MERCUTIO**

A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO**

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

**Nurse**

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

My fan, Peter.

**MERCUTIO**

Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the *fairer* face.

*I WAS COME* → al posto di “I HAD COME”.

**FAIRER** → superlativo di “FAIR”. Di nuovo “fair” è usato nell’inglese shakespeariano con il significato di “bello”.

56
Nurse

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse

Is it good den?

MERCUTIO

'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse

Out upon you! what a man are you!

ROMEO

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse

By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO
I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse
You say well.

MERCUTIO
Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse
if you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BENVOLIO
She will invite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho! [...] Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

ROMEO
I will follow you.

MERCUTIO
Farewell, ancient lady; farewell.

'Singing 'lady, lady, lady.'

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

Nurse

Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse

An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

PETER

I saw no man use you a pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

FAREWELL → termine arcaico: “addio, arrivederci”.

WARRANT → l'inglese moderno utilizzerrebbe preferibilmente “to grant”.

FAREWELL → termine arcaico: “addio, arrivederci”.

WARRANT → l'inglese moderno utilizzerrebbe preferibilmente “to grant”.
Nurse

[...] Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee--

Nurse

Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse

I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO

Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse

No truly sir; not a penny.

ROMEO

Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills. [...] Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead. 
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and PETER

O honey nurse, what news? 
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse

Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit PETER

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad? 
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; 
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news 
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse

I am a-weary, give me leave awhile; 
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news: 
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse

HAST THOU MET WITH HIM? → “MEET” è nell’inglese moderno un verbo transitivo. Qui è usato per tradurre “incontrarsi” e regge la preposizione “with”.

DA QUESTO PUNTO IN POI QUASI TUTTE LE PRINCIPALI DIFFERENZE CON L’INGLESE MODERNO E LE PERCULIARITÀ DELL’INGLESE ARCAICO SONO GIA’ STATE ILLUSTRATE IN PRECEDENZA, E SE NE TRALASCIA DUNQUE LA DESCRIZIONE, SEBBENE TUTTE QUANTE ANCORA INDICATE NEL TESTO ORIGINALE.

A-WEAR Y → la “a” serve a dare più ritmo all’aggettivo. 
GIVE ME LEAVE → dammi congedo 
FIE → esclamazione “Toh!” 
WOULD → condizionale presente del verbo “will”.

62
Jesus, what haste? can you not stay awhile? Do you not see that I am out of breath?

**JULIET**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath To say to me that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance: Let me be satisfied, is’t good or bad?

**Nurse**

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

**JULIET**

No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

**Nurse**
Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about. To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JULIET

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother! why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest! 'Your love says, like an honest gentleman, Where is your mother?'

Nurse

O God's lady dear! Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

WOULD FALL − condizionale usato al posto del congiuntivo.

O' T' → ON THE
BESHREW → verbo arcaico, ormai scomparso nell’inglese moderno, che adopera invece “to curse”.

I' FAITH → IN FAITH

GOD'S LADY DEAR → “GOD'S DEAR LADY”.
MARRY → esclamazione.
TROW → verbo arcaico, ormai scomparso nell’inglese moderno.
POULTICE → parola di origine francese.
HENCEFORWARD → forma arcaica per tradurre “da qui in avanti/d’ora in poi”.
Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse
Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JULIET
I have.

Nurse
Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell; There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark: I am the drudge and toil in your delight, But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

JULIET
Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE
So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROMEO

Amen, amen! [...]  

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

[...]  

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both. [...]  

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Exeunt
ACT III

SCENE I. A public place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire: The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl; For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved. [...

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.
MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

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

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

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: 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.

**APPERTAINING** → verbo di derivazione latina, sostituito nell’inglese moderno da “to belong”.  
**AM I NONE** → “I AM NOT”  
**THEREFORE** → “DUNQUE”  

**...DONE ME** → nell’inglese moderno si tradurrebbe “DONE TO ME”.
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.[...]

TYBALT

I am for you.

Drawing

ROMEO
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

They fight

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies
with his followers

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
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.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

*Help me into some house*, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too: your houses!

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

ROMEO

*COURAGE* → parola di derivazione francese. Questa esortazione non è utilizzata nell’inglese moderno, che preferisce invece “come on”.

*HELP ME... HOUSE* → sottinteso il verbo “TO GO”.
This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,- -Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBAL
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.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

Exit ROMEO
Enter Citizens, & c [...]  

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
O my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered

FOR BLOOD OF OURS → oggi si direbbe “FOR OUR BLOOD”.

SPOKE HIM FAIR → espressione arcaica per dire “SPOKE/TALKED TO HIM WITH GOOD INTENTIONS/CLEARLY”.

BETHINK → “THINK”.
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true;
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;  
His fault concludes but what the law should end, 
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste.  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

JULIET

[...] Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse

Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down

JULIET

Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse

Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

JULIET

TEDIOUS → parola di origine latina, poco utilizzato nell’inglese moderno.
Can heaven be so envious?

**Nurse**

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

**JULIET**

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

**Nurse**

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

**JULIET**

O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter’d, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo that kill’d him, he is banished.

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!  
[...] 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
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?
[...] 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!

Nurse
**Hie to your chamber:** I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
**Hark ye,** your Romeo will be here at night:
**I'll to him;** he is **hid** at Laurence' cell.

**JULIET**

O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And **bid him come** to take his last farewell.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo, **come forth; come forth,** thou fearful man:
Affliction is **enamour’d** of **thy parts.**
And **thou art wedded** to calamity.

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet **know not**?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**
Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE

A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAURENCE
O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not.

[...] *Knocking within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[...] Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

**Nurse**

[Within] Let me come in, and you shall know  
my errand;  
I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse*
Nurse

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

[...]

ROMEO

Nurse!

Nurse

Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Speakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROMEO
As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
**Doth** my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

*Drawing his sword*

**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**.
[...]
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:

---

**HOLD THY DESPERATE HAND** → “trattieni la tua mano disperata”.
**CRYES OUT** → “grida”; sottinteso “THAT”.
**WHY RAIL’ST THOU...** → in inglese moderno si dovrebbe utilizzare il pronome riflessivo “yourself”.
**WOULDST LOSE** → si noti come anche “would” risulta coniugato alla seconda persona singolare.
**ROUSE THEE** → sta per “ROUSE YOURSELF”.
**THERE ART THOU HAPPY** → “non ne sei felice?”. 
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou poust 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.

[...]

Nurse

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE
Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PARIS
These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--
[...] But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night.

Exeunt
SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark, [...] I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn, [...] 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:

**BE GONE** → forma poetica per tradurre “GO”.
**NEAR DAY** → “vicino al giorno”.

**YON LIGHT** → in inglese moderno si traduce “LIGHT ABOVE”.
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.

**ROMEO**

More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

*Enter Nurse, to the chamber*

**Nurse**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**Nurse**

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber: The day is broke; be wary, look about.

*Exit*

**JULIET**

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
ROMEO
Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

He goeth down

JULIET
Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO
Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET
O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO
I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET
O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO
And trust me, love, in my eye so do you: Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

Exit

JULIET

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him. That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune; For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back.

LADY CAPULET

[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET

Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother? Is she not down so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET [...]

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child; One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn, The gallant, young and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

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!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself, And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

CAPULET

[...]. How now, wife! Have you deliver’d to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks. I would the fool were married to her grave!
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

[...] Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next, To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage! You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET

Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET

IS MEANT → “significa”.

THANK ME ... PROUDS → l’autore usa giochi di parole per dire “non mi ringraziare, non essere fiera”.

FIE, FIE! → “VERGOGNA, VERGOGNA!”

BESEECH → “BEG”.

BUT TO SPEAK → da notare come dopo il verbo di percezione l’infinito il verbo sia presente non nella sua forma base, ma all’infinito (preceduto da “to”).
Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch! I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face: Speak not, reply not, do not answer me [...]

Nurse

God in heaven bless her! You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue, Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

O, God ye god-den.

Nurse

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool! [...] An you be mine, I’ll give you to my friend;

HANG THEE → letteralmente “appenditi”, perchè il padre di Giulietta la considera come un bagaglio (BAGGAGE) inutile.
GET THEE → “GO”.

I SPEAK NO TREASON → “non parlo di nessun tradimento”.

AN YOU BE MINE → “an” è la forma contratta di “and”, che però qui è sinonimo di “if”. Perciò “be” è usato nella forma all’infinito senza “TO”.
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

Exit

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, That sees into the bottom of my grief? O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! Delay this marriage for a month, a week; Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word: Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit

JULIET

O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented? My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven; How shall that faith return again to earth, Unless that husband send it me from heaven By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me. Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems Upon so soft a subject as myself! 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

Amen!

Nurse

STEALTH → oggi si usa di preferenza “THEFT”.
I THINK IT BEST... MARRIED → la forma corretta è “I THINK IT’S BETTER THAT”.
HATH NOT...SO FAIR AN EYE → “AN EYE” è messo volutamente alla fine della frase per una licenza poetica.
‘TWERE = IT WERE.
AND YOU NO USE OF HIM → letteralmente “NON NE HAI USO”, cioè “non lo rivedi”.

98
What?

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.

Exit [...]
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
[...]

Enter JULIET

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS

That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?
JULIET
To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS
Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET
I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS
So will ye, I am sure, that you love me. [...] 

JULIET
[...] 
Are you at leisure, holy father, now; 
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

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

PARIS
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 LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:

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

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.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel. [...] 

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speakest speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE
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 is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That copes with death himself to escape from it:  
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.[...]

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
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;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly 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 borrow'd 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:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,

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,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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.

[...]

Exeunt

SCENE II. [...]

Which we skip.

SCENE III. Juliet's chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse [...]

KINDRED → “stirpe”, da “KIND”.
AGAINST → “al contrario”.
AWAKE → nell’inglese moderno si perferisce “WAKE UP”.

HOLD → aspetta!
GET YOU GONE → vai!
Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam; we have cull’d such necessaries As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET

Good night: Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. [...] Nurse! What should she do here? My dismal scene I need must act alone. Come, vial. What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

Laying down her dagger
[...] Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed, within the curtains

SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet's house.[...]

Which we skip.

SCENE V. Juliet's chamber.

Which we skip: Juliet is found dead by her family and then taken to the vault.

ACT V

SCENE I. Mantua. A street.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

[...] And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave
to think!--
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, booted
News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel’s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred’s vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know’st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR
No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

No matter: *get thee gone*,
And hire those horses; *I'll be with thee straight*.

*Exit BALTHASAR*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

[...]

What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary*

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO**

Come *hither*, man. I see that *thou art* poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead

[...]

**Apothecary**

Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that *utters* them.

**ROMEO**
Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks, Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes, Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back; The world is not thy friend nor the world's law; The world affords no law to make thee rich; Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apothecary

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apothecary

Put this in any liquid thing you will, And drink it off; and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, Doing more murders in this loathsome world, Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. [...]
FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John. Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a bare-foot brother out One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth; So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it,—here it is again,— Nor get a messenger to bring it thee. So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit

FRIAR LAURENCE

Now must I to the monument alone;
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

Exit

SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch
[...]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, & c [...]

IMPORT → arcaico “IMPORTANCE”, parola di origine latina.

NOW MUST I TO → sottinteso “GO”; inversione del verbo col soggetto per ragioni poetiche, come nella frase successiva “WILL FAIR JULIET WAKE”.
Paris recognizes Romeo and they start to fight.

Romeo manages to hit Paris and kill him.

PARIS

O, I am slain!

Falls

If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Dies

[...]

ROMEO

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
*Why art thou yet so fair?* shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. 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!
*Thou desperate pilot*, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!

*Drinks*

O true apothecary!
*Thy* drugs are quick. *Thus* with a kiss I die.

*Dies*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade*

[...]

**RIGHT**EOUS → “**RIGHT**”
**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo!

*Advances*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

*Enters the tomb*

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

*JULIET wakes*

**JULIET**

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

*Noise within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

[...]. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming; Come, go, good Juliet,

Noise again

I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

Exit FRIAR LAURENCE

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? I will kiss thy lips; Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, To make die with a restorative.

Kisses him

Thy lips are warm.

First Watchman

[Within] Lead, boy: which way?

JULIET

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*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS*

[...] *Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and*

[...] *Enter MONTAGUE and others*

**PRINCE**

[...] Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are *punish'd*.

**CAPULET**

O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's *jointure*, for no more
Can I demand.

**MONTAGUE**

But I can give *thee* more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo’s by his lady’s lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon’d, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt