

# *Romeo & Juliet*

## THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

William Shakespeare

## ORIGINAL TEXT VERSION

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Romeo & Juliet: The Graphic Novel  
Original Text Version

William Shakespeare

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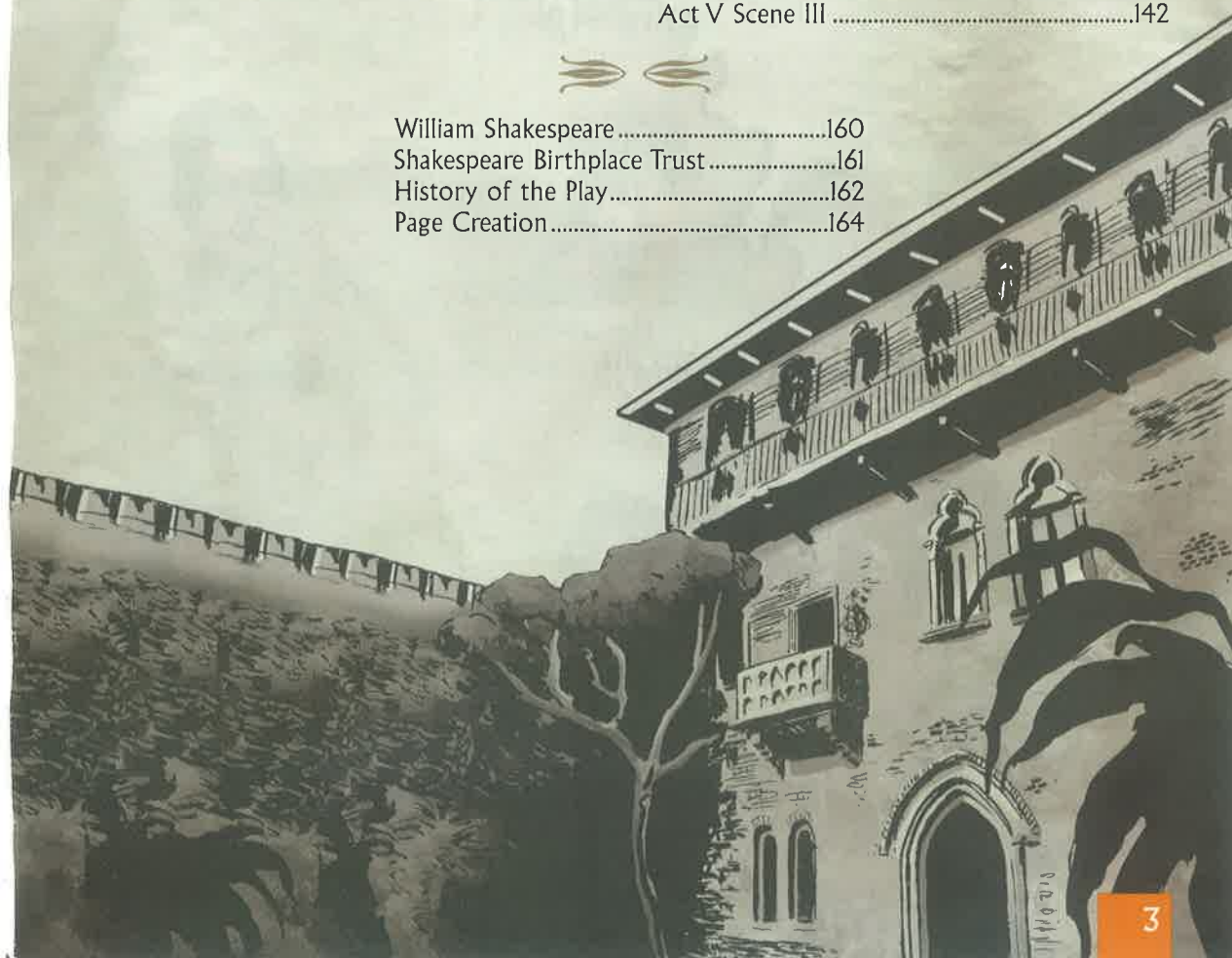


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# Dramatis Personæ



Romeo  
*Son to Montague*



Chorus  
*Introduces the first two acts  
of the play*



Lord Montague  
*Head of the Montague house  
(a Veronese family), at feud  
with the Capulet family*



Lady Montague  
*Wife to Montague*



Benvolio  
*Nephew to Montague and friend  
to Romeo and Mercutio*



Balthasar  
*Servant to Romeo*



Abraham  
*Servant to Montague*



Escalus  
*Prince of Verona*



Mercutio  
*Kinsman to Escalus, Prince of  
Verona, and friend to Romeo  
and Benvolio*



Paris  
*A young nobleman, kinsman to  
Escalus, Prince of Verona*





Juliet  
*Daughter to Capulet*



Lord Capulet  
*Head of the Capulet house  
(a Veronese family), at feud  
with the Montague family*



Lady Capulet  
*Wife to Capulet*



Tybalt  
*Nephew to Lady Capulet*



Nurse  
*A Capulet servant and Juliet's  
foster-mother*



Peter  
*A Capulet servant to Juliet's nurse*



Sampson  
*Servant to Capulet*



Gregory  
*Servant to Capulet*



Friar Laurence  
*A monk of the Franciscan Order*



Friar John  
*A monk of the Franciscan Order*

# Romeo & Juliet

## A Note on Pronunciation

As you go through this Original Text version, you will notice how some words that usually end in “-ed” are written “-d” whereas others are written out in full.

Shakespeare wrote much of his plays in verse, where the rhythm of the speech formed strings of “iambic pentameters”, each line being five pairs of syllables, with the second syllable in each pair being the most dominant in the rhythm.

To help with enunciation and voice projection in early theaters, words that ended with “-ed” had that last syllable accented — unless to do so would have spoiled the iambic rhythm, in which case it was spoken just as we say the word today.

This speech by Prince Escalus at the end of the play:

*Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*  
would have been said as:

*Some shall be pardon'd, and some punish-ed:*  
so that the syllable pairs (five of them in the line) are correct in number and in emphasis (if you say it as “punishd” you'll see how the rhythm of the line is destroyed).

Whereas, the “pardon'd” cannot be pronounced “pardon-ed” because to do so would give eleven syllables in the line, and would not allow the right emphasis to be placed on each syllable. In short, whenever you see a word ending “-ed” it should have its ‘e’ pronounced to preserve the rhythm of the speech.



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 UNCLEAR.

FROM  
FORTH THE FATAL  
LOINS OF THESE TWO FOES  
A PAIR OF STAR-CROSS'D  
LOVERS TAKE THEIR  
LIFE;

WHOSE  
MISADVENTUR'D  
PITEOUS OVERTHROWS  
DOTH WITH THEIR DEATH  
BURY THEIR PARENTS'  
STRIFE.





THE FEARFUL  
PASSAGE OF THEIR  
DEATH-MARK'D LOVE,  
AND THE CONTINUANCE  
OF THEIR PARENTS'  
RAGE,

WHICH, BUT  
THEIR CHILDREN'S END,  
NOUGHT COULD REMOVE,  
IS NOW THE TWO HOURS'  
TRAFFIC OF OUR  
STAGE;



THE WHICH  
IF YOU WITH  
PATIENT EARS ATTEND,  
WHAT HERE SHALL MISS,  
OUR TOIL SHALL STRIVE  
TO MEND.

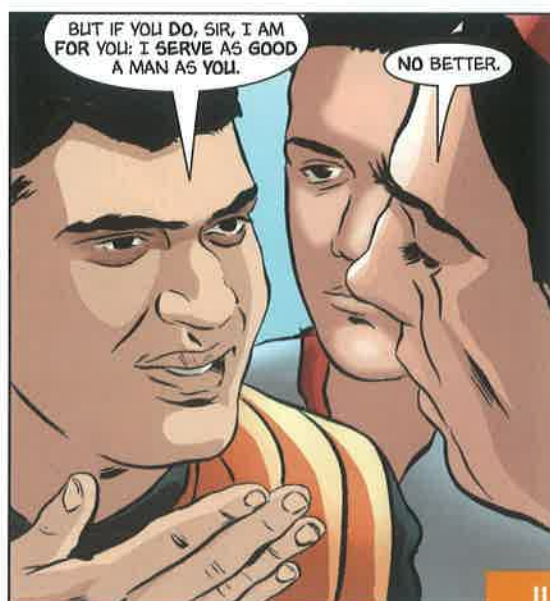










































O! WHERE  
IS ROMEO? SAW  
YOU HIM TO-DAY?  
RIGHT GLAD I AM  
HE WAS NOT AT  
THIS FRAY.

MADAM, AN  
HOUR BEFORE THE  
WORSHIP'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, WHICH THEN  
MOST SOUGHT WHERE  
MOST MIGHT NOT BE  
FOUND,

BEING ONE  
TOO MANY BY MY  
WEARY SELF, PURSU'D MY  
HUMOUR, NOT PURSUING HIS,  
AND GLADLY SHUNN'D  
WHO GLADLY FLED  
FROM ME.





































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.



MORE LIGHT, YOU KNAVES! AND TURN THE TABLES UP, AND QUENCH THE FIRE, THE ROOM IS GROWN TOO HOT.



AH! SIRRAH, THIS UNLOOK'D-FOR SPORT COMES WELL. NAY, SIT, NAY, SIT, GOOD COUSIN CAPULET, FOR YOU AND I ARE PAST OUR DANCING DAYS.

HOW LONG IS'T NOW SINCE LAST YOURSELF AND I WERE IN A MASK?

BY 'R LADY, THIRTY YEARS.



WHAT, MAN! 'TIS NOT SO MUCH, 'TIS NOT SO MUCH. 'TIS SINCE THE NUPITAL OF LUCENTIO, COME PENTECOST AS QUICKLY AS IT WILL, SOME FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS; AND THEN WE MASK'D.

'TIS MORE, 'TIS MORE: HIS SON IS ELDER, SIR; HIS SON IS THIRTY.





WILL YOU  
TELL ME  
THAT?

HIS SON WAS  
BUT A WARD  
TWO YEARS  
AGO.



WHAT  
LADY'S THAT, WHICH  
DOETH ENRICH THE  
HAND OF YONDER  
KNIGHT?

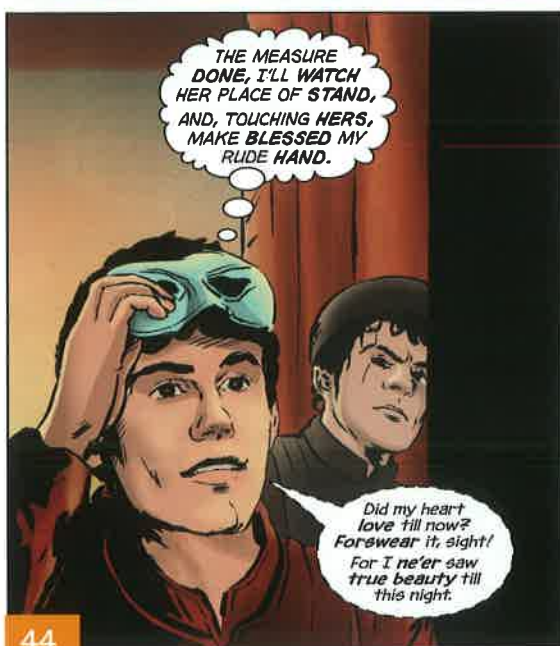
I KNOW  
NOT, SIR.



O! SHE DOETH TEACH THE  
TORCHES TO BURN BRIGHT.  
IT SEEMS SHE HANGS UPON  
THE CHEEK OF NIGHT

AS A RICH  
JEWEL IN AN ETHIOP'S EAR;  
BEAUTY TOO RICH FOR USE,  
FOR EARTH TOO DEAR!

SO SHOWS A SNOWY  
DOVE TROOPING WITH CROWS,  
AS YONDER LADY O'ER HER  
FELLOWS SHOWS.



THE MEASURE  
DONE, I'LL WATCH  
HER PLACE OF STAND,  
AND, TOUCHING HERS,  
MAKE BLESSED MY  
RUDE HAND.

Did my heart  
love till now?  
Forewear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw  
true beauty till  
this night.



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.





WHY! HOW NOW, KINSMAN? WHEREFORE STORM YOU SO?

UNCLE, THIS IS A MONTAGUE, OUR FOE;

A VILLAIN, THAT IS HITHER COME IN SPITE, TO SCORN AT OUR SOLEMNITY THIS NIGHT.



YOUNG ROMEO, IS 'T?

'TIS HE, THAT VILLAIN ROMEO.

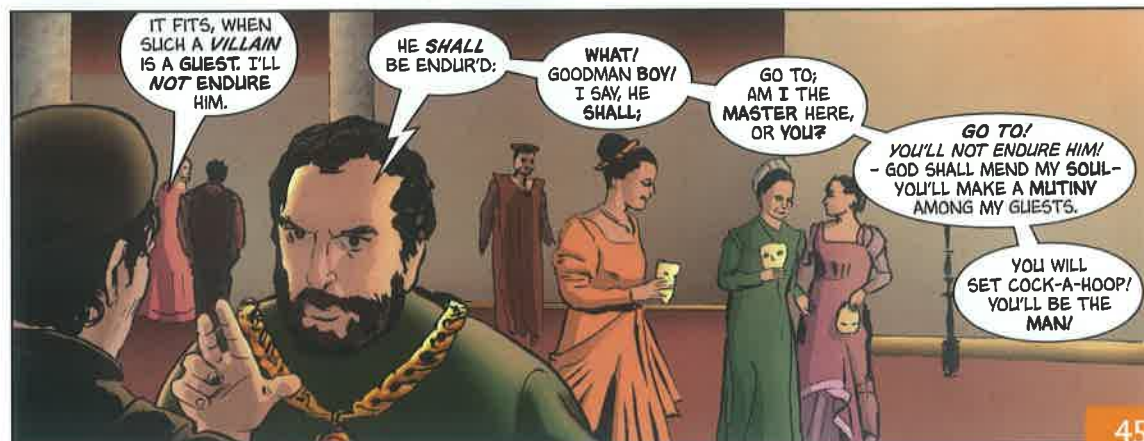
CONTENT THEE, GENTLE COZ, LET HIM ALONE: A BEARS HIM LIKE A PORTLY GENTLEMAN;

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 THIS 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, AN ILL-BESEEMING SEMBLANCE FOR A FEAST.



IT FITS, WHEN SUCH A VILLAIN IS A GUEST. I'LL NOT ENDURE HIM.

HE SHALL BE ENDUR'D:

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-HOO! YOU'LL BE THE MAN!









IF I PROFANE  
WITH MY UNWORTHY 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.



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.



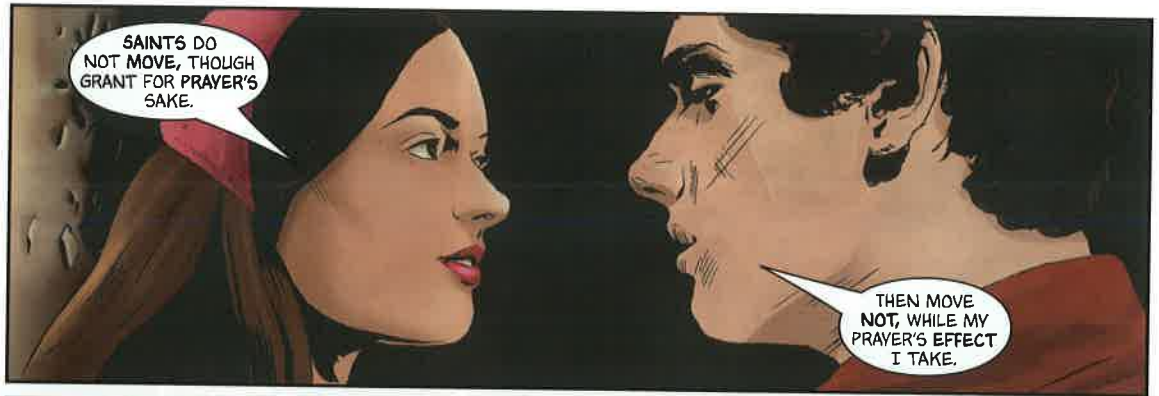
HAVE NOT  
SAINTS LIPS, AND  
HOLY PALMERS  
TOO?



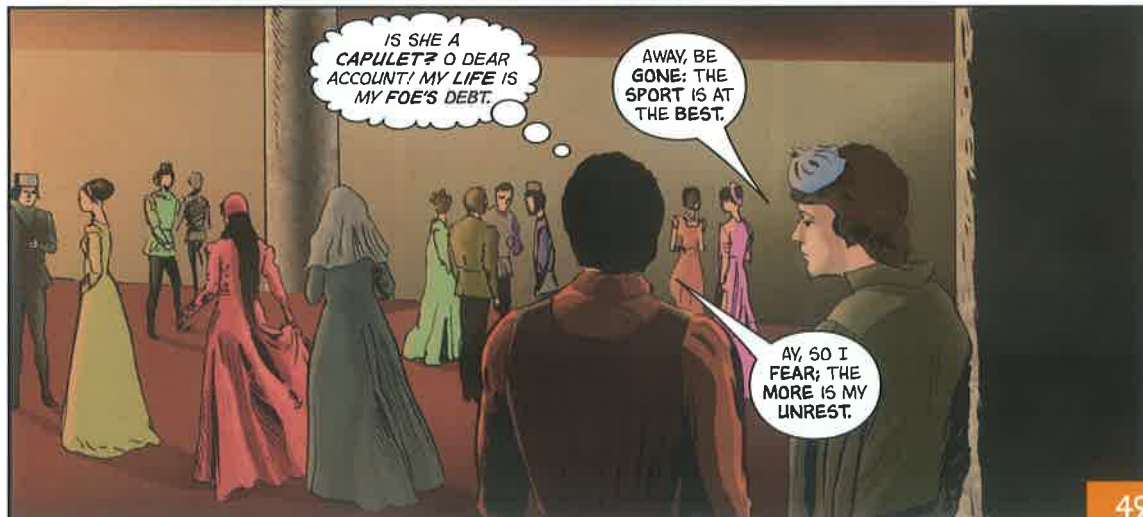
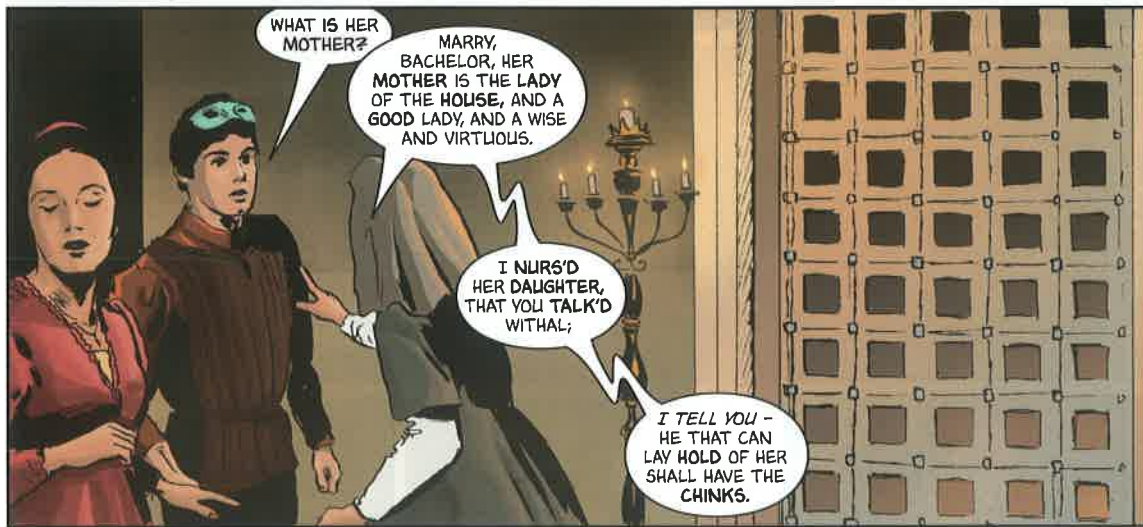
AY, PILGRIM,  
LIPS THAT THEY  
MUST USE IN  
PRAYER.

O, THEN, DEAR  
SAINT, LET LIPS DO  
WHAT HANDS DO; THEY  
PRAY, GRANT THOU, LEST  
FAITH TURN TO  
DESPAIR.





















AN IF HE HEAR  
THEE, THOU WILT  
ANGER HIM.

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 CONJUR'D  
IT DOWN; THAT WERE  
SOME SPITE:



MY INVOCATION  
IS FAIR AND HONEST,  
AND, IN HIS MISTRESS' NAME  
I CONJURE ONLY BUT TO  
RAISE UP HIM.

COME, HE  
HATH HID HIMSELF  
AMONG THESE TREES,  
TO BE CONSORTED WITH  
THE HUMMOUROUS NIGHT:  
BLIND IS HIS LOVE,  
AND BEST BEFITS  
THE DARK.



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.

O ROMEO!  
THAT SHE WERE, O!  
THAT SHE WERE AN  
OPEN-ARSE, AND 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?


GO THEN,  
FOR 'TIS IN VAIN  
TO SEEK HIM HERE,  
THAT MEANS NOT  
TO BE FOUND.

## Act II - Scene II

THE ORCHARD AT  
CAPULET'S HOUSE  
- PAST MIDNIGHT,  
MONDAY MORNING.

HE JESTS  
AT SCARS THAT  
NEVER FELT A  
WOUND.





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!







AY ME!



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  
WOND'RING 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.



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.



SHALL I  
HEAR MORE, OR  
SHALL I SPEAK  
AT THIS?



'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 WORD  
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 THY NAME, WHICH  
IS NO PART OF THEE,  
TAKE ALL MYSELF!



I TAKE THEE  
AT THY WORD.  
CALL ME BUT LOVE,  
AND I'LL BE NEW  
BAPTIS'D;

HENCEFORTH  
I NEVER WILL  
BE ROMEO.



WHAT MAN ART  
THOU, THAT, THUS  
BESCREEN'D IN NIGHT,  
SO STUMBLEST ON MY  
COUNSEL?





BY A NAME  
I KNOW NOT HOW  
TO TELL THEE WHO  
I AM:

MY NAME,  
DEAR SAINT, IS HATEFUL  
TO MYSELF, BECAUSE IT IS  
AN ENEMY TO THEE: HAD  
I IT WRITTEN, I WOULD  
TEAR THE WORD.

MY EARS  
HAVE YET NOT DRUNK  
A HUNDRED WORDS OF  
THY TONGUE'S UTTERING,  
YET I KNOW THE  
SOUND.


ART THOU  
NOT ROMEO, AND A  
MONTAGUE?



NEITHER,  
FAIR MAID, IF  
EITHER THEE  
DISLIKE.

HOW CAN'ST  
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.



WITH LOVE'S LIGHT  
WINGS DID I O'ERPERCH  
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.

IF THEY DO  
SEE THEE, THEY  
WILL MURDER  
THEE.



ALACK!  
THERE LIES MORE  
PERIL IN THINE EYE THAN  
TWENTY OF THEIR  
SWORDS:

LOOK THOU  
BUT SWEET, AND  
I AM PROOF AGAINST  
THEIR ENMITY.

I WOULD  
NOT FOR THE  
WORLD THEY SAW  
THEE HERE.




I HAVE NIGHT'S CLOAK TO  
HIDE ME FROM THEIR EYES;  
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.

BY WHOSE  
DIRECTION FOUND'ST  
THOU OUT THIS  
PLACE?





BY LOVE, THAT FIRST DID  
PROMPT ME TO ENQUIRE;  
HE LENT ME COUNSEL, AND  
I LENT HIM EYES.

I AM NO  
PILOT; YET, WERT  
THOU AS FAR AS THAT VAST  
SHORE WASH'D WITH THE  
FARTHEST SEA, I SHOULD  
ADVENTURE FOR SUCH  
MERCHANDISE.

THOU KNOW'ST  
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 MAY'ST  
PROVE FALSE: AT LOVERS'  
PERJURIES, THEY 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, AND SAY  
THEE NAY, SO THOU WILT WOO;  
BUT, ELSE, NOT FOR  
THE WORLD.

IN TRUTH, FAIR  
MONTAGUE, I AM TOO  
FOND; AND THEREFORE  
THOU MAY'ST THINK MY  
'HAVIOUR 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.

LADY,  
BY YONDER  
BLESSED MOON I  
SWEAR, THAT TIPS  
WITH SILVER ALL  
THESE FRUIT-TREE  
TOPS, --



**GASP!**



O, SWEAR NOT BY THE MOON,  
TH'INCONSTANT MOON, THAT  
MONTHLY CHANGES IN HER  
CIRCLED ORB, LEAST THAT THY  
LOVE PROVE LIKEWISE  
VARIABLE.

WHAT SHALL  
I SWEAR BY?



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.

IF MY  
HEART'S DEAR  
LOVE -

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  
DOETH CEASE TO BE  
ERE ONE CAN SAY  
"IT LIGHTENS".

SWEET  
GOOD NIGHT!

THIS BLUD OF LOVE, BY  
SUMMER'S RIPENING BREATH,  
MAY PROVE A BEAUTEIOUS  
FLOWER WHEN NEXT  
WE MEET.

GOOD NIGHT,  
GOOD NIGHT! AS SWEET  
REPOSE AND REST COME  
TO THY HEART AS THAT  
WITHIN MY BREAST!

O! WILT  
THOU LEAVE ME  
UNSATISFIED?

WHAT  
SATISFACTION  
CANST THOU HAVE  
TO-NIGHT?

THE  
EXCHANGE  
OF THY LOVE'S  
FAITHFUL VOW  
FOR MINE.

I GAVE THEE MINE BEFORE  
THOU DIDST REQUEST IT;  
AND YET I WOULD IT WERE  
TO GIVE AGAIN.

WOULDST  
THOU WITHDRAW IT?  
FOR WHAT PURPOSE,  
LOVE?

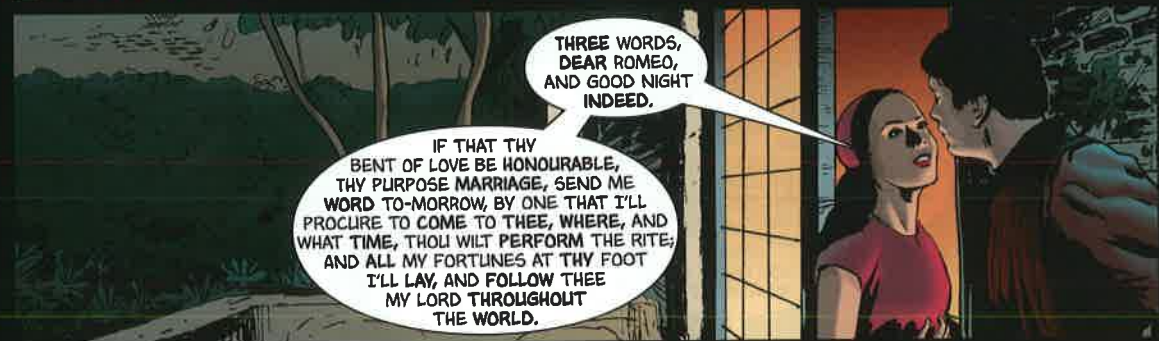
BUT TO BE  
FRANK, AND  
GIVE IT THEE  
AGAIN.

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.







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.



HIST!  
ROMEO,  
HIST!-

O, FOR A  
FALCONER'S VOICE,  
TO LURE THIS TASSEL-  
GENTLE BACK AGAIN!  
BONDAGE IS HOARSE,  
AND MAY NOT SPEAK  
ALOUD;

ELSE WOULD  
I TEAR THE CAVE  
WHERE ECHO LIES, AND  
MAKE HER AIRY TONGUE  
MORE HOARSE THAN MINE  
WITH REPETITION OF MY  
ROMEO'S NAME.



ROMEO!

IT IS MY SOUL  
THAT CALLS UPON  
MY NAME:

HOW  
SILVER-SWEET  
SOUND LOVERS'  
TONGUES BY NIGHT,  
LIKE SOFTEST MUSIC  
TO ATTENDING  
EARS!



ROMEO!

MY  
NYAS?

AT WHAT  
O'CLOCK TO-MORROW  
SHALL I SEND TO  
THEE?

BY THE  
HOUR OF  
NINE.



I WILL  
NOT FAIL: 'TIS  
TWENTY YEARS  
TILL THEN.

I HAVE  
FORGOT WHY I  
DID CALL THEE  
BACK.

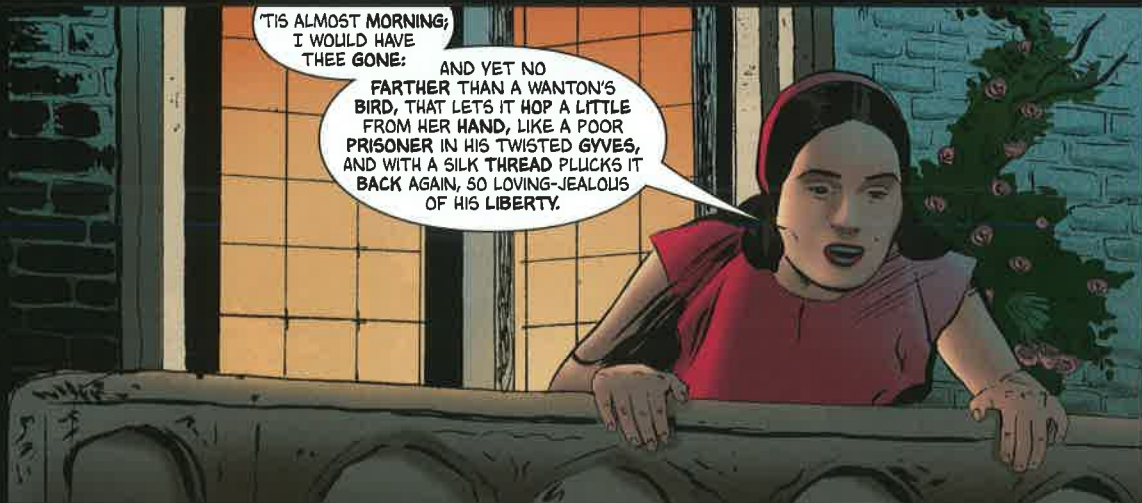
LET ME  
STAND HERE TILL  
THOU REMEMBER  
IT.



I SHALL FORGET, TO HAVE  
THEE STILL STAND THERE,  
REMEMBERING HOW I LOVE  
THY COMPANY.

AND I'LL  
STILL STAY, TO HAVE  
THEE STILL FORGET,  
FORGETTING ANY  
OTHER HOME BUT  
THIS.





'TIS ALMOST MORNING;  
I WOULD HAVE  
THEE GONE:

AND YET NO  
FARTHER THAN A WANTON'S  
BIRD, THAT 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.



I WOULD  
I WERE  
THY BIRD.



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.



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.

Act II - Scene III

FRIAR LAURENCE'S  
CHURCH, NEAR  
VERONA - EARLY  
MONDAY MORNING.

THE GREY-EY'D  
MORN SMILES ON  
THE FROWNING NIGHT,  
CHEQUERING THE EASTERN  
CLOUDS WITH STREAKS  
OF LIGHT;

AND FLECKLED  
DARKNESS LIKE  
A DRUNKARD REELS  
FROM FORTH DAY'S  
PATH AND TITAN'S  
BURNING WHEELS:

NOW, ERE  
THE SUN ADVANCE  
HIS BURNING EYE  
THE DAY TO CHEER  
AND NIGHT'S DANK  
DEW TO DRY,

I MUST  
UP-FILL THIS  
OSIER CAGE OF OURS  
WITH BALEFUL WEEDS  
AND PRECIOUS-JUICED  
FLOWERS.

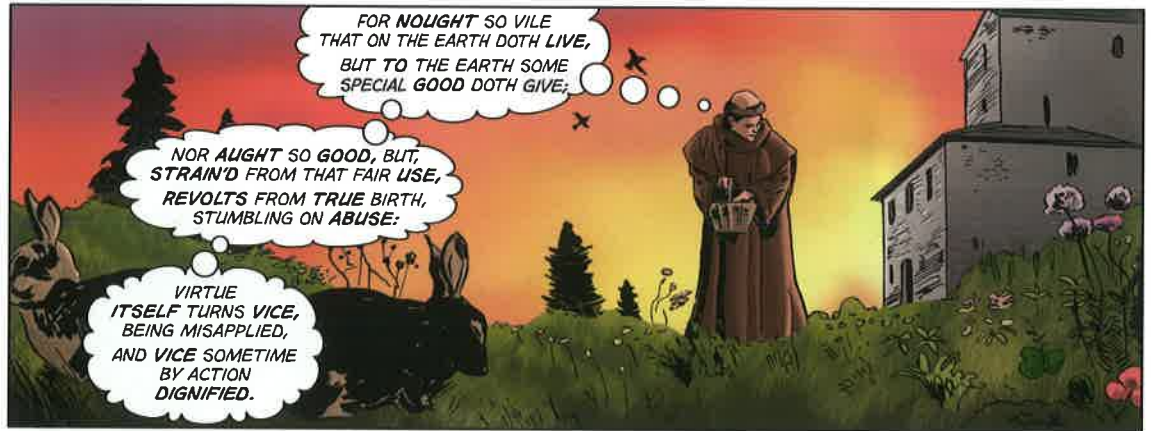
THE EARTH,  
THAT'S NATURE'S  
MOTHER, IS HER TOMB;  
WHAT IS HER BURRING  
GRAVE, THAT IS  
HER WOMB;

AND FROM  
HER WOMB CHILDREN  
OF DIVERS KIND  
WE SUCKING ON HER  
NATURAL BOSOM  
FIND:

MANY  
FOR MANY  
VIRTUES EXCELLENT,  
NONE BUT FOR SOME,  
AND YET ALL  
DIFFERENT.

O! MICKLE  
IS THE POWERFUL  
GRACE THAT LIES  
IN PLANTS, HERBS,  
STONES, AND THEIR  
TRUE QUALITIES:









BUT WHERE  
HAST THOU  
BEEN THEN?

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:

I BEAR NO  
HATRED, BLESSED  
MAN; FOR, LO!  
MY INTERCESSION  
LIKEWISE STEADS  
MY FOE.



BE PLAIN,  
GOOD SON, AND  
HOMELY IN THY DRIFT;  
RIDDLING CONFESSION  
FINDS BUT RIDDLING  
SHRIFT.



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 COMBIN'D,  
SAVE WHAT THOU  
MUST COMBINE

BY HOLY  
MARRIAGE.



WHEN, AND  
WHERE, AND HOW,  
WE MET, WE WOOD'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.

HOLY SAINT  
FRANCIS! WHAT A  
CHANGE IS HERE!  
IS ROSALINE, THAT  
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  
SALLOW CHEEKS FOR  
ROSALINE!

HOW MUCH SALT WATER  
THROWN AWAY IN WASTE,  
TO SEASON LOVE, THAT OF  
IT DOTHT NOT TASTE!



THE SUN  
NOT YET THY SIGHS  
FROM HEAVEN CLEARS,  
THY OLD GROANS RING  
YET IN MINE ANCIENT  
EARS;

LO! HERE  
UPON THY CHEEK  
THE STAIN DOTHT SIT  
OF AN OLD TEAR THAT  
IS NOT WASH'D  
OFF YET.

IF E'ER THOU  
WAST THYSELF AND  
THESE WOES THINE,  
THOU AND THESE WOES  
WERE ALL FOR  
ROSALINE:







## Act II - Scene VI

FRIAR LAURENCE'S  
CHURCH - MONDAY  
AFTERNOON.

SO SMILE  
THE HEAVENS UPON  
THIS HOLY ACT, THAT  
AFTER-HOURS WITH  
SORROW CHIDE  
US NOT.

AMEN, AMEN/  
BUT COME WHAT  
SORROW CAN, IT CANNOT  
COUNTERVAIL THE EXCHANGE  
OF JOY THAT ONE SHORT  
MINUTE GIVES ME IN  
HER SIGHT:

DO THOU BUT  
CLOSE OUR HANDS  
WITH HOLY WORDS, THEN  
LOVE-DEVOURING DEATH  
DO WHAT HE DARE; IT IS  
ENOUGH I MAY BUT  
CALL HER MINE.

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.

HERE  
COMES THE  
LADY.

O/ SO  
LIGHT A FOOT WILL  
NE'ER WEAR OUT THE  
EVERLASTING  
FLINT.

A LOVER  
MAY BESTRIDE THE  
GOSSAMERS THAT IDLES IN  
THE WANTON SUMMER AIR,  
AND YET NOT FALL;  
SO LIGHT IS  
VANITY.





GOOD EVEN  
TO MY GHOSTLY  
CONFESSOR.

ROMEO  
SHALL THANK THEE,  
DAUGHTER, FOR US  
BOTH.

AS MUCH  
TO HIM, ELSE IS  
HIS THANKS TOO  
MUCH.



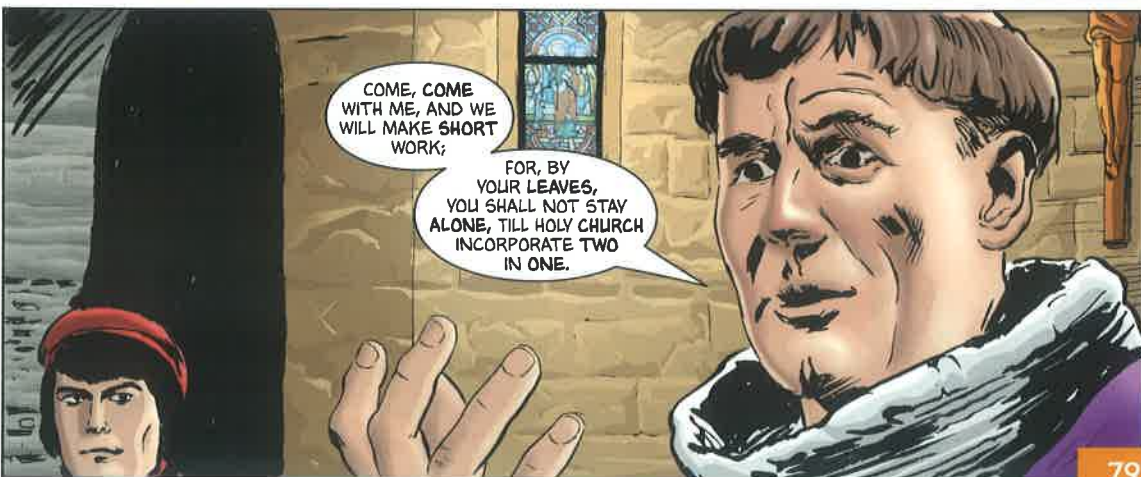
AH, JULIET! IF  
THE MEASURE OF THY  
JOY BE HEAP'D LIKE MINE,  
AND THAT THY SKILL BE  
MORE TO BLAZON IT,

THEN SWEETEN  
WITH THY BREATH THIS  
NEIGHBOUR AIR, AND LET  
RICH MUSIC'S TONGUE UNFOLD  
THE IMAGIN'D HAPPINESS,  
THAT BOTH RECEIVE IN  
EITHER BY THIS DEAR  
ENCOUNTER.

CONCEIT, MORE  
RICH IN MATTER THAN  
IN WORDS, BRAGS OF HIS  
SUBSTANCE, NOT OF  
ORNAMENT:

THEY ARE  
BUT BEGGARS  
THAT CAN COUNT  
THEIR WORTH;

BUT MY  
TRUE LOVE IS GROWN TO  
SUCH EXCESS, I CANNOT  
SUM UP SUM OF HALF MY  
WEALTH.



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.



Act III - Scene I

A PUBLIC PLACE  
IN VERONA -  
LATER, MONDAY  
AFTERNOON.



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.



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.

AM I  
LIKE SUCH A  
FELLOW?



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.

AND  
WHAT  
TO?

NAY, AN THERE  
WERE TWO SUCH, WE  
SHOULD HAVE NONE SHORTLY, FOR  
ONE WOULD KILL THE OTHER.









BY MY HEAD,  
HERE COMES THE  
CAPULETS.

BY MY  
HEEL, I CARE  
NOT.



FOLLOW  
ME CLOSE, FOR  
I WILL SPEAK TO  
THEM.



GENTLEMEN,  
GOOD DEN! A WORD  
WITH ONE OF  
YOU.

AND BUT  
ONE WORD WITH  
ONE OF US?

COUPLE  
IT WITH SOMETHING;  
MAKE IT A WORD AND  
A BLOW.



YOU  
SHALL FIND ME APT  
ENOUGH TO THAT, SIR,  
AN YOU WILL GIVE ME  
OCCASION.

COULD  
YOU NOT TAKE  
SOME OCCASION  
WITHOUT GIVING?



MERCUTIO,  
THOU CONSORT'ST  
WITH ROMEO, -

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!



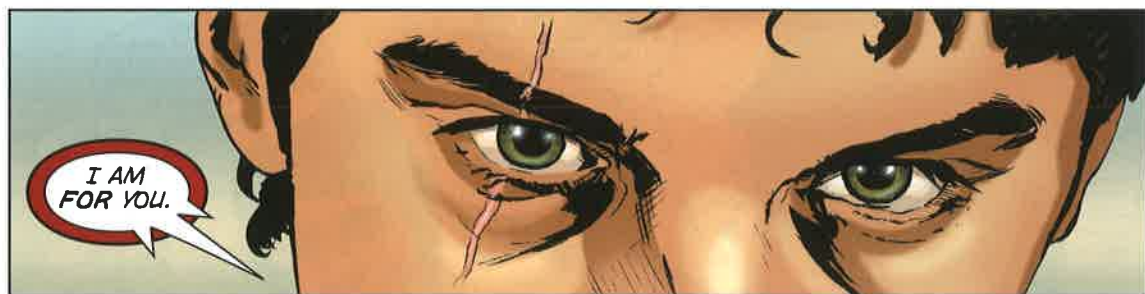
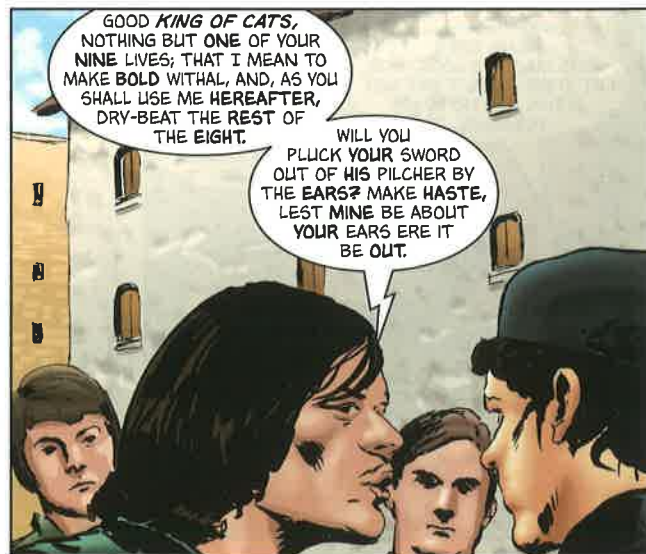
WE TALK  
HERE IN THE  
PUBLIC HAUNT OF MEN:  
EITHER WITHDRAW UNTO  
SOME PRIVATE PLACE, OR  
REASON COLDLY OF YOUR  
GRIEVANCES, OR ELSE  
DEPART;

HERE ALL  
EYES GAZE  
ON US.













GENTLEMEN,  
FOR SHAME,  
FORBEAR THIS  
OUTRAGE!

TYBALT, MERCUTIO,  
THE PRINCE EXPRESSLY  
HATH FORBID THIS  
BANDYING IN VERONA  
STREETS.

HOLD,  
TYBALT!

GOOD  
MERCUTIO!



AARGH!



AWAY  
TYBALT.

I AM HURT;  
A PLAGUE O' BOTH  
YOUR HOUSES!  
I AM SPED:  
IS HE  
GONE, AND HATH  
NOTHING?

WHAT!  
ART THOU  
HURT?

AY, AY,  
A SCRATCH;  
MARRY, 'TIS  
ENOUGH.

WHERE IS  
MY PAGE?



GO, VILLAIN,  
FETCH A  
SURGEON.

COURAGE,  
MAN; THE HURT  
CANNOT BE  
MUCH.



NO, 'TIS NOT  
SO DEEP AS A WELL, NOR  
SO WIDE AS A CHURCH-DOOR;  
BUT 'TIS ENOUGH, 'T WILL 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!

















O, THE BLOOD IS SPILL'D OF MY DEAR KINSMAN!

PRINCE, AS THOU ART TRUE, FOR BLOOD OF OURS, SHED BLOOD OF MONTAGUE.

O COUSIN, COUSIN!



BENVOLIO, WHO BEGAN THIS BLOODY FRAY?



TYBALT, HERE SLAIN, WHOM ROMEO'S HAND DID SLAY:



ROMEO, THAT SPOKE HIM FAIR, BID HIM BETHINK HOW NICE THE QUARREL WAS; AND URG'D WITHAL YOUR HIGH DISPLEASURE:

ALL THIS UTTERED 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 'TWINX THEM RUSHES; UNDERNEATH WHOSE ARM AN ENVIOUS THRUST FROM TYBALT HIT THE LIFE OF STOUT MERCUTIO, AND THEN TYBALT FLED;

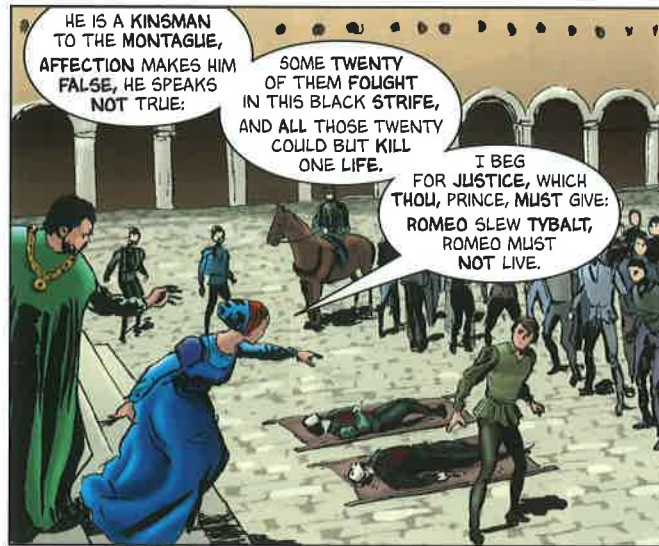


BUT BY-AND-BY COMES BACK TO ROMEO, WHO HAD BUT NEWLY ENTERTAIN'D REVENGE, AND TO'T THEY GO LIKE LIGHTNING:

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.







# Act III - Scene V

THE CAPULETS' HOUSE - JULIET'S CHAMBER, EARLY TUESDAY MORNING.

WILT THOU BE GONE?

IT IS NOT YET NEAR DAY: IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE, AND NOT THE LARK, THAT PIERC'D THE FEARFUL HOLLOW OF THINE EAR;

NIGHTLY SHE SINGS ON YOND POMEGRANATE-TREE: BELIEVE ME, LOVE, IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE.

IT WAS THE LARK, THE HERALD OF THE MORN, NO NIGHTINGALE: LOOK, LOVE, WHAT ENVIOUS STREAKS DO LACE THE SEVERING CLOUDS IN YONDER EAST.

NIGHT'S CANDLES ARE BURNT OUT, AND JOCLUND DAY STANDS TIPTOE ON THE MISTY MOUNTAIN TOPS:

I MUST BE GONE AND LIVE, OR STAY AND DIE.

YOND LIGHT IS NOT DAYLIGHT, 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.

LET ME BE TA'EN, LET ME BE PUT TO DEATH;

I AM CONTENT, SO THOU WILT HAVE IT SO. I'LL SAY YON GREY IS NOT THE MORNING'S EYE, 'TIS BUT THE PALE REFLEX OF CYNTHIA'S BROW; NOR THAT IS NOT THE LARK, WHOSE NOTES DO BEAT THE VAULTY HEAVEN SO HIGH ABOVE OUR HEADS:

I HAVE MORE CARE TO STAY THAN WILL TO GO:





COME,  
DEATH, AND  
WELCOME!

JULIET  
WILLS IT SO.

HOW IS'T,  
MY SOUL? LET'S  
TALK: IT IS NOT  
DAY.

IT IS, IT IS:  
HIE HENCE,  
BE GONE,  
AWAY!

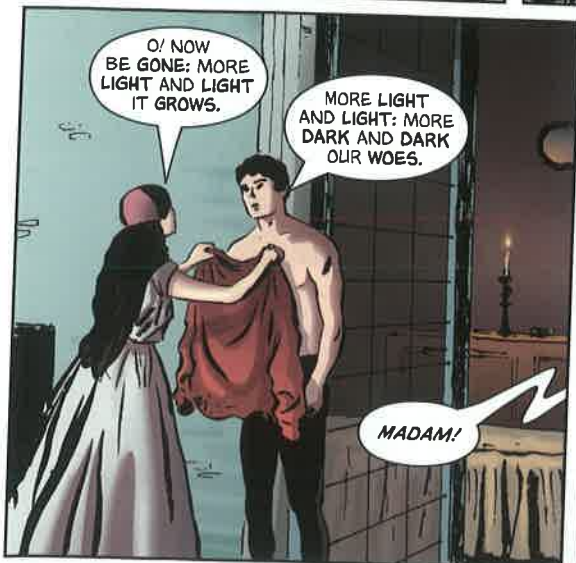
IT IS THE  
LARK THAT SINGS SO  
OUT OF TUNE, STRAINING  
HARSH DISCORDS AND  
UNPLEASING SHARPS.



SOME SAY  
THE LARK MAKES  
SWEET DIVISION; THIS  
DOETH NOT SO, FOR SHE  
DIVIDETH US:

SOME SAY  
THE LARK AND LOATHED  
TOAD CHANGE EYES; O/ NOW  
I WOULD THEY HAD CHANG'D  
VOICES TOO,

SINCE ARM  
FROM ARM THAT  
VOICE DOETH US AFFRAY,  
HUNTING THEE HENCE  
WITH HUNT'S-UP  
TO THE DAY.



O/ NOW  
BE GONE: MORE  
LIGHT AND LIGHT  
IT GROWS.

MORE LIGHT  
AND LIGHT: MORE  
DARK AND DARK  
OUR WOES.

MADAM!



NURSE?

YOUR LADY  
MOTHER IS COMING  
TO YOUR CHAMBER:

THE DAY  
IS BROKE;  
BE WARY, LOOK  
ABOUT.

THEN,  
WINDOW, LET  
DAY IN, AND LET  
LIFE OUT.



FAREWELL,  
FAREWELL!

ONE KISS,  
AND I'LL  
DESCEND.











HO, DAUGHTER/  
ARE YOU UP?

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?



WHY,  
HOW NOW,  
JULIET?

MADAM,  
I AM NOT  
WELL.

EVERMORE  
WEEPING FOR  
YOUR COUSIN'S  
DEATH?



WHAT! WILT  
THOU WASH HIM FROM  
HIS GRAVE WITH TEARS?  
AN IF THOU COULDST, THOU  
COULDST NOT MAKE HIM  
LIVE; THEREFORE,  
HAVE DONE.

SOME  
GRIEF SHOWS MUCH  
OF LOVE, BUT MUCH  
OF GRIEF SHOWS STILL  
SOME WANT OF  
WIT.

YET LET  
ME WEEP FOR  
SUCH A FEELING  
LOSS.



SO SHALL  
YOU FEEL THE LOSS,  
BUT NOT THE FRIEND  
WHICH YOU WEEP  
FOR.

FEELING  
SO THE LOSS,  
I CANNOT CHOOSE  
BUT EVER WEEP  
THE FRIEND.









O! HOW MY HEART ABHORS TO HEAR HIM NAM'D, AND CANNOT COME TO HIM, TO WREAK THE LOVE I BORE MY COUSIN UPON HIS BODY THAT HATH SLAUGHTER'D HIM!

FIND THOU THE MEANS, AND I'LL FIND SUCH A MAN. BUT NOW I'LL TELL THEE JOYFUL TIDINGS, GIRL.



AND JOY COMES WELL IN SUCH A NEEDY TIME: WHAT ARE THEY, I BESEECH YOUR LADYSHIP?

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 EXPECTS NOT, NOR I LOOK'D NOT FOR.



MADAM, IN HAPPY TIME, WHAT DAY IS THAT?



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.



NOW, BY SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, AND PETER TOO, HE SHALL NOT MAKE ME THERE A JOYFUL BRIDE.

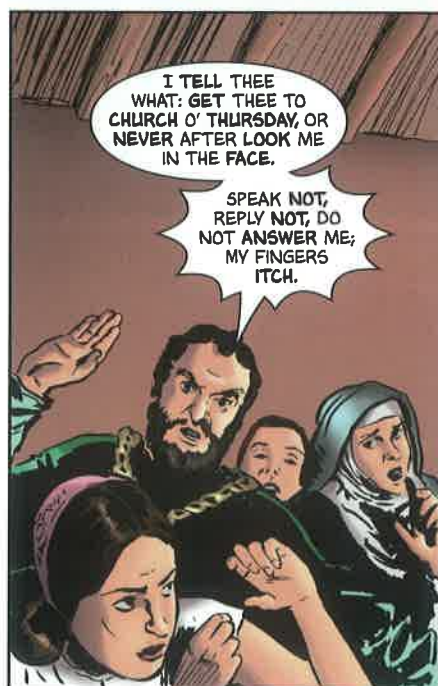
I WONDER AT THIS HASTE; THAT I MUST WED ERE HE, THAT SHOULD BE HUSBAND, COMES TO WOO.

I PRAY YOU, TELL MY LORD AND FATHER, MADAM, I WILL NOT MARRY YET;





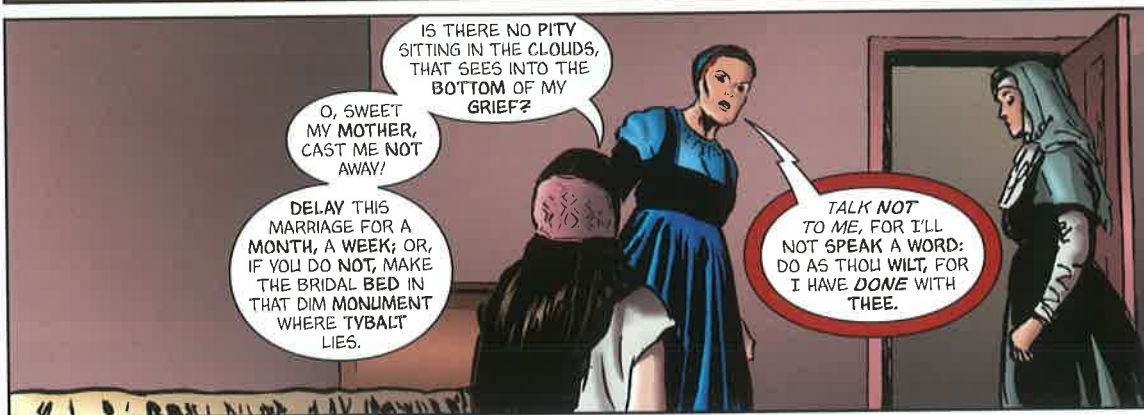
















O! HE'S A  
LOVELY GENTLEMAN;  
ROMEO'S A DISHCLOUT  
TO HIM: AN EAGLE, MADAM.  
HATH NOT SO GREEN, SO  
QUICK, SO FAIR AN EYE  
AS PARIS HATH.

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.



SPEAKEST  
THOU FROM THY  
HEART?

AND FROM  
MY SOUL TOO;  
ELSE BESHREW  
THEM BOTH.

AMEN!

WHAT?



WELL, THOU  
HAST COMFORTED  
ME MARVELLOUS  
MUCH.

GO IN;  
AND TELL MY  
LADY I AM GONE, HAVING  
DISPLEAS'D MY FATHER, TO  
LAURENCE' CELL, TO MAKE  
CONFESSION AND TO BE  
ABSOLV'D.

MARRY,  
I WILL, AND  
THIS IS WISELY  
DONE.



ANCIENT  
DAMNATION!  
O MOST WICKED  
FIEND!

IS IT MORE  
SIN TO WISH ME THIS  
FORSWORN, OR TO DISPRAISE  
MY LORD WITH THAT SAME  
TONGUE WHICH SHE HATH PRAIS'D  
HIM WITH ABOVE COMPARE  
SO MANY THOUSAND  
TIMES?

GO, COUNSELLOR!  
THOU AND MY BOSOM  
HENCEFORTH SHALL BE 'TWIN.  
I'LL TO THE FRIAR, TO KNOW HIS  
REMEDY: IF ALL ELSE FAIL,  
MYSELF HAVE POWER  
TO DIE.



# Act IV - Scene I

FRIAR LAURENCE'S CHURCH - TUESDAY MORNING.

ON THURSDAY, SIR? THE TIME IS VERY SHORT.

MY FATHER CAPULET WILL HAVE IT SO; AND I AM NOTHING SLOW, TO SLACK HIS HASTE.

YOU SAY YOU DO NOT KNOW THE LADY'S MIND: UNEVEN IS THE COURSE; I LIKE IT NOT.

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; WHICH, TOO MUCH MINDED BY HERSELF ALONE, MAY BE PLUT FROM HER BY SOCIETY.

NOW DO YOU KNOW THE REASON OF THIS HASTE.

I WOULD I KNEW NOT WHY IT SHOULD BE SLOW'D.

LOOK, SIR, HERE COMES THE LADY TOWARD MY CELL.

HAPPILY MET, MY LADY AND MY WIFE!

THAT MAY BE, SIR, WHEN I MAY BE A WIFE.

THAT MAY BE, MUST BE, LOVE, ON THURSDAY NEXT.

WHAT MUST BE SHALL BE.

THAT'S A CERTAIN TEXT.









O! SHUT  
THE DOOR;

AND WHEN  
THOU HAST DONE SO,  
COME, WEEP WITH  
ME;

PAST HOPE,  
PAST CURE,  
PAST HELP!



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.



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'S 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-EXPERIENC'D  
TIME, GIVE ME  
SOME PRESENT  
COUNSEL;



OR, BEHOLD,  
'TWIXT MY EXTREMES  
AND ME THIS BLOODY  
KNIFE SHALL PLAY THE UMPIRE,  
ARBITRATING THAT WHICH THE  
COMMISSION OF THY YEARS  
AND ART COULD TO NO  
ISSUE OF TRUE HONOUR  
BRING.

BE NOT  
SO LONG TO  
SPEAK; I LONG TO DIE,  
IF WHAT THOU SPEAK'ST  
SPEAK NOT OF  
REMEDY.

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 COP'ST  
WITH DEATH HIMSELF TO  
'SCAPE FROM IT;

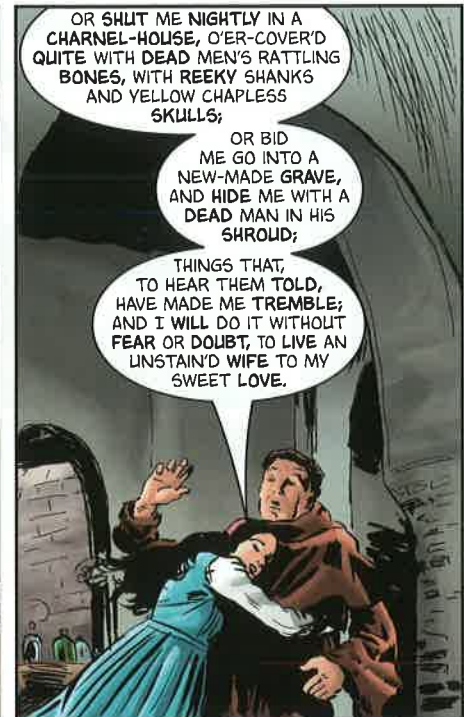




AND, IF  
THOU DAR'ST,  
I'LL GIVE THEE  
REMEDY.

O! BID ME  
LEAP, RATHER  
THAN MARRY PARIS,  
FROM OFF THE  
BATTLEMENTS  
OF YONDER  
TOWER;

OR WALK  
IN THIEVISH WAYS; OR  
BID ME LURK WHERE  
SERPENTS ARE; CHAIN  
ME WITH ROARING  
BEARS;



OR SHUT ME NIGHTLY IN A  
CHARNEL-HOUSE, O'ER-COVER'D  
QUITE WITH DEAD MEN'S RATTLING  
BONES, WITH REEKY SHANKS  
AND YELLOW CHAPLESS  
SKULLS;

OR BID  
ME GO INTO A  
NEW-MADE GRAVE,  
AND HIDE ME WITH A  
DEAD MAN IN HIS  
SHROUD;

THINGS THAT,  
TO HEAR THEM TOLD,  
HAVE MADE ME TREMBLE;  
AND I WILL DO IT WITHOUT  
FEAR OR DOUBT, TO LIVE AN  
UNSTAIN'D WIFE TO MY  
SWEET LOVE.



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 DISTILLING  
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:

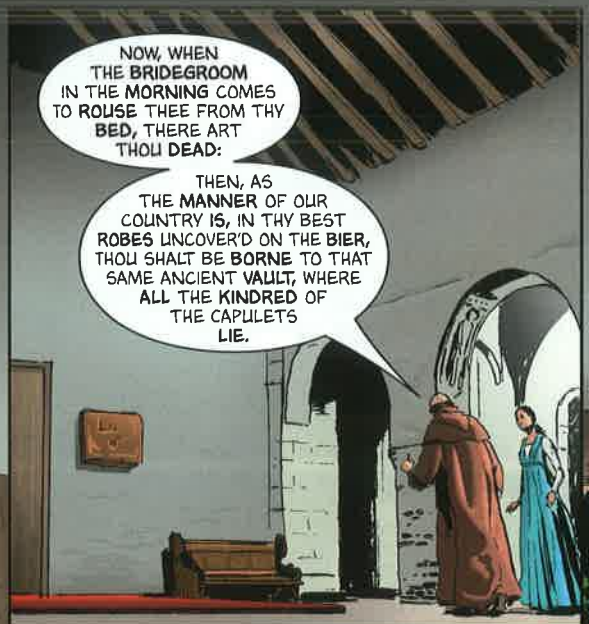
NO WARMTH,  
NO BREATH, SHALL TESTIFY  
THOU LIVEST; THE ROSES IN THY  
LIPS AND CHEEKS SHALL FADE TO  
PALY ASHES; THY EYES' WINDOWS  
FALL, LIKE DEATH, WHEN HE  
SHUTS UP THE DAY  
OF LIFE;



EACH PART,  
DEPRIV'D 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  
MEANTIME,  
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.

GIVE ME,  
GIVE ME!

O! TELL  
NOT ME OF  
FEAR.



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.

LOVE, GIVE  
ME STRENGTH/ AND  
STRENGTH SHALL HELP  
AFFORD.

FAREWELL,  
DEAR  
FATHER.



# Act IV - Scene III

THE CAPULETS' HOUSE - JULIET'S CHAMBER, TUESDAY NIGHT.

AY, THOSE ATTIRE'S ARE BEST: BUT, GENTLE NURSE, I PRAY THEE, LEAVE ME TO MYSELF TO-NIGHT;

FOR I HAVE NEED OF MANY ORISONS TO MOVE THE HEAVENS TO SMILE UPON MY STATE, WHICH, WELL THOU KNOW'ST, IS CROSS AND FULL OF SIN.

WHAT, ARE YOU BUSY, HO? NEED YOU MY HELP?

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.

GOOD NIGHT: GET THEE TO BED, AND REST; FOR THOU HAST NEED.

FAREWELL!

GOD KNOWS WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN. I HAVE A FAINT COLD FEAR THRILLS THROUGH MY VEINS, THAT ALMOST FREEZES UP THE HEAT OF LIFE:

I'LL CALL THEM BACK AGAIN TO COMFORT ME.

NURSE!

WHAT SHOULD SHE DO HERE? MY DISMAL SCENE I NEEDS 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.

WHAT IF  
IT BE A POISON,  
WHICH THE FRIAR SUBTLY  
HATH MINISTER'D TO HAVE ME  
DEAD, LEST IN THIS MARRIAGE  
HE SHOULD BE DISHONOUR'D,  
BECAUSE HE MARRIED  
ME BEFORE TO  
ROMEO?

I FEAR IT IS:  
AND YET, METHINKS,  
IT SHOULD NOT, FOR  
HE HATH STILL BEEN  
TRIED A HOLY  
MAN.

HOW IF,  
WHEN I AM LAID  
INTO THE TOMB, I WAKE  
BEFORE THE TIME THAT  
ROMEO COME TO  
REDEEM ME?

THERE'S  
A FEARFUL  
POINT!

SHALL I NOT  
THEN BE STIFLED IN  
THE VAULT, TO WHOSE FOUL  
MOUTH NO HEALTHSOME AIR  
BREATHES IN, AND THERE DIE  
STRANGL'D ERE MY  
ROMEO COMES?

OR, IF  
I LIVE, IS IT  
NOT VERY LIKE, THE  
HORRIBLE CONCEIT OF  
DEATH AND NIGHT,  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
TERROR OF THE  
PLACE,

AS IN  
A VAULT, AN  
ANCIENT RECEPTACLE,  
WHERE, FOR THIS MANY  
HUNDRED YEARS, THE  
BONES OF ALL MY BURIED  
ANCESTORS ARE  
PACK'D;

WHERE  
BLOODY TYBALT, YET  
BUT GREEN IN EARTH,  
LIES FEST'RING IN HIS  
SHROUD:






WHERE,  
AS THEY SAY,  
AT SOME HOURS IN  
THE NIGHT SPIRITS  
RESORT?

ALACK, ALACK!  
IS IT NOT LIKE, THAT  
I, SO EARLY WAKING -  
WHAT WITH LOATHSOME  
SMELLS AND SHRIEKS LIKE  
MANDRAKES TORN OUT  
OF THE EARTH, THAT  
LIVING MORTALS,  
HEARING THEM,  
RUN MAD:

O! IF I WAKE,  
SHALL I NOT BE DISTRAUGHT,  
ENVIRONED WITH ALL THESE  
HIDEOUS FEARS: AND MADLY  
PLAY WITH MY FOREFATHERS'  
JOINTS, AND PLUCK THE  
MANGLED TYBALT FROM  
HIS SHROUD?

AND, IN  
THIS RAGE, WITH SOME  
GREAT KINSMAN'S BONE,  
AS WITH A CLUB, DASH  
OUT MY DESPERATE  
BRAINS?



O, LOOK!  
METHINKS I SEE MY  
COUSIN'S GHOST SEEKING  
OUT ROMEO, THAT DID SPIT  
HIS BODY UPON A RAPIER'S  
POINT: STAY, TYBALT,  
STAY!

ROMEO,  
I COME!



THIS DO I  
DRINK TO  
THEE.



# Act V - Scene I

THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANTUA -  
WEDNESDAY MORNING.

IF I MAY TRUST  
THE FLATTERING  
TRUTH OF SLEEP,  
MY DREAMS PRESAGE  
SOME JOYFUL NEWS  
AT HAND.

MY BOSOM'S  
LORD SITS LIGHTLY  
IN HIS THRONE; 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 BREATH'D SUCH LIFE WITH  
KISSES IN MY LIPS, THAT  
I REVIV'D AND WAS AN  
EMPEROR.

AH ME!  
HOW SWEET IS LOVE  
ITSELF POSSESS'D, WHEN  
BUT LOVE'S SHADOWS  
ARE SO RICH  
IN JOY!

NEWS FROM  
VERONA!

HOW NOW,  
BALTHASAR!

DOST THOU  
NOT BRING ME  
LETTERS FROM  
THE FRIAR?

HOW DOTTH  
MY LADY?  
IS MY FATHER  
WELL?

HOW DOTTH  
MY LADY JULIET?  
THAT I ASK AGAIN;  
FOR NOTHING CAN  
BE ILL, IF SHE  
BE WELL.

THEN SHE  
IS WELL, AND NOTHING  
CAN BE ILL: HER BODY SLEEPS  
IN CAPELS' 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.







NOTING  
THIS PENURY, TO  
MYSELF I SAID - AN IF A  
MAN DID NEED A POISON  
NOW, WHOSE SALE IS PRESENT  
DEATH IN MANTUA, HERE  
LIVES A CAITIFF WRETCH  
WOULD SELL  
IT HIM.

O! THIS  
SAME THOUGHT DID  
BLIT FORERUN MY NEED,  
AND THIS SAME NEEDY  
MAN MUST SELL  
IT ME.

AS I  
REMEMBER,  
THIS SHOULD BE  
THE HOUSE:

BEING  
HOLIDAY, THE  
BEGGAR'S SHOP  
IS SHUT.







MY  
POVERTY, BUT  
NOT MY WILL,  
CONSENTS.



I PAY  
THY POVERTY,  
AND NOT THY  
WILL.



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.



THERE IS  
THY GOLD;

WORSE POISON  
TO MEN'S SOULS,  
DOING MORE MURDER  
IN THIS LOATHSOME  
WORLD, THAN THESE  
POOR COMPOUNDS  
THAT THOU MAYST  
NOT SELL:

I SELL  
THEE POISON,  
THOU HAST SOLD  
ME NONE.



FAREWELL:  
BUY FOOD, AND  
GET THYSELF IN  
FLESH.

COME,  
CORDIAL AND NOT  
POISON, GO WITH ME TO  
JULIET'S GRAVE: FOR  
THERE MUST I USE  
THEE.



# Act V - Scene II

FRIAR LAURENCE'S CHURCH -  
WEDNESDAY EVENING.

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**

HOLY  
FRANCISCAN FRIAR!  
BROTHER, HO!

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.

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.

WHO BARE  
MY LETTER THEN  
TO ROMEO?

I COULD  
NOT SEND IT,  
- HERE IT IS AGAIN, -  
NOR GET A MESSENGER  
TO BRING IT THEE, SO  
FEARFUL WERE THEY OF  
INFECTION.

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.

BROTHER,  
I'LL GO AND  
BRING IT  
THEE.

NOW  
MUST I TO THE  
MONUMENT ALONE;  
WITHIN THIS 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,  
CLOS'D IN A  
DEAD MAN'S  
TOMB!



# Act V - Scene III

A CHURCHYARD CONTAINING THE CAPULET FAMILY TOMB - WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

GIVE ME  
THY TORCH, BOY:  
HENCE, AND  
STAND ALOOF:

YET  
PUT IT OUT,  
FOR I WOULD  
NOT BE SEEN.

UNDER  
YOND YEW-TREES  
LAY THEE ALL ALONG,  
HOLDING THY EAR CLOSE TO  
THE HOLLOW GROUND: SO SHALL  
NO FOOT UPON THE CHURCHYARD  
TREAD, BEING LOOSE, UNFIRM,  
WITH DIGGING UP OF GRAVES,  
BUT THOU SHALT  
HEAR IT:

WHISTLE  
THEN TO ME, AS  
SIGNAL THAT THOU  
HEAR'ST SOMETHING  
APPROACH.

GIVE ME  
THOSE FLOWERS.  
DO AS I BID THEE;  
GO.

I AM  
ALMOST AFRAID  
TO STAND ALONE HERE  
IN THE CHURCHYARD;  
YET I WILL  
ADVENTURE.

SWEET FLOWER,  
WITH FLOWERS THY  
BRIDAL BED I STREW,  
- O WOE! THY CANOPY  
IS DUST AND  
STONES! -

WHICH WITH  
SWEET WATER  
NIGHTLY I WILL DEW,  
OR, WANTING THAT, WITH  
TEARS DISTILL'D  
BY MOANS:

THE  
OBSEQUIES THAT  
I FOR THEE WILL KEEP,  
NIGHTLY SHALL BE, TO  
STREW THY GRAVE  
AND WEEP!

THE BOY GIVES  
WARNING SOMETHING DOOTH  
APPROACH. WHAT CURSED FOOT  
WANDERS THIS WAY TO-NIGHT,  
TO CROSS MY OBSEQUIES  
AND TRUE LOVE'S  
RITE?

WHAT!  
WITH A TORCH?  
MUFFLE ME, NIGHT,  
A WHILE.

GIVE  
ME THAT MATTOCK  
AND THE WRENCHING  
IRON.

HOLD,  
TAKE THIS LETTER;  
EARLY IN THE MORNING  
SEE THOU DELIVER IT  
TO MY LORD AND  
FATHER.



GIVE ME THE LIGHT:  
UPON THY LIFE, I CHARGE THEE,  
WHATE'ER THOU HEAR'ST OR  
SEEST, STAND ALL ALOOF, AND  
DO NOT INTERRUPT ME IN  
MY COURSE.

WHY I  
DESCEND INTO THIS  
BED OF DEATH IS, PARTLY,  
TO BEHOLD MY LADY'S FACE;  
BUT, CHIEFLY, TO TAKE THENCE  
FROM HER DEAD FINGER A  
PRECIOUS RING, A RING THAT  
I MUST USE IN DEAR  
EMPLOYMENT:

THEREFORE HENCE, BE GONE:  
BUT IF THOU, JEALOUS, DOST  
RETURN TO PRY IN WHAT I FARTHER  
SHALL INTEND TO DO, BY HEAVEN,  
I WILL TEAR THEE JOINT BY JOINT AND  
STREW THIS HUNGRY CHURCHYARD  
WITH THY LIMBS.

THE TIME  
AND MY INTENTS ARE  
SAVAGE-WILD, MORE FIERCE,  
AND MORE INEXORABLE  
FAR, THAN EMPTY TIGERS,  
OR THE ROARING  
SEA.

I WILL BE  
GONE, SIR, AND  
NOT TROUBLE  
YOU.

SO SHALT  
THOU SHOW ME  
FRIENDSHIP.

TAKE  
THOU THAT: LIVE,  
AND BE PROSPEROUS:  
AND FAREWELL, GOOD  
FELLOW.

FOR ALL  
THIS SAME, I'LL  
HIDE ME HEREABOUT:  
HIS LOOKS I FEAR,  
AND HIS INTENTS  
I DOUBT

THOU  
DETESTABLE  
MAW, THOU WOMB  
OF DEATH, GORG'D  
WITH THE DEAREST  
MORSEL OF THE  
EARTH,

THUS  
I ENFORCE THY  
ROTTEN JAWS TO  
OPEN, AND, IN DESPITE,  
I'LL CRAM THEE  
WITH MORE  
FOOD!

RRRGHNNNN!

THIS IS THAT  
BANISH'D HAUGHTY  
MONTAGUE, THAT MURDER'D  
MY LOVE'S COUSIN - WITH WHICH  
GRIEF, IT IS SUPPOSED, THE FAIR  
CREATURE DIED, - AND HERE IS  
COME TO DO SOME VILLAINOUS  
SHAME TO THE  
DEAD BODIES:

I WILL  
APPREHEND  
HIM.





**STOP**  
THY UNHALLOW'D  
TOIL, VILE  
MONTAGUE!

CAN  
VENGEANCE  
BE PURSU'D  
FURTHER THAN  
DEATH?

CONDEMNED  
VILLAIN, I DO  
APPREHEND THEE:  
OBEY, AND GO  
WITH ME;

FOR THOU  
MUST DIE.

I MUST,  
INDEED; AND  
THEREFORE CAME  
I HITHER.

GOOD  
GENTLE YOUTH, TEMPT  
NOT A DESPERATE MAN;  
FLY HENCE, AND  
LEAVE ME:

THINK UPON  
THESE GONE; LET  
THEM AFFRIGHT  
THEE.

**?!?**

I BESEECH THEE,  
YOUTH, PUT NOT ANOTHER SIN  
UPON MY HEAD, BY URGING ME TO  
FURY: O, BE GONE! BY HEAVEN, I  
LOVE THEE BETTER THAN MYSELF,  
FOR I COME HITHER ARM'D  
AGAINST MYSELF:

STAY NOT, BE  
GONE; LIVE, AND  
HEREAFTER SAY,  
A MADMAN'S MERCY  
BID THEE RUN  
AWAY.

I DO DEFY THY  
CONJURATIONS

AND APPREHEND  
THEE FOR A FELON  
HERE.

WILT THOU  
PROVOKE  
ME?

THEN,  
HAVE AT THEE,  
BOY!














A GRAVE?  
O, NO! A LANTERN,  
SLAUGHTER'D YOUTH; FOR  
HERE LIES JULIET, AND HER  
BEAUTY MAKES THIS VAULT  
A FEASTING PRESENCE  
FULL OF LIGHT.

DEATH,  
LIE THOU THERE,  
BY A DEAD MAN INTERR'D.  
HOW OFT, WHEN MEN ARE AT  
THE POINT OF DEATH, HAVE THEY  
BEEN MERRY! WHICH THEIR  
KEEPERS CALL A LIGHTNING  
BEFORE DEATH:



O! HOW  
MAY I CALL THIS  
A LIGHTNING?

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  
CHAMBERMAIDS;

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!



O TRUE  
APOTHECARY!  
THY DRUGS ARE  
QUICK.



THUS  
WITH A KISS  
I DIE.



SAINT FRANCIS  
BE MY SPEED! HOW  
OFT TO-NIGHT HAVE MY  
OLD FEET STUMBLED  
AT GRAVES!

WHO'S  
THERE?

HERE'S ONE,  
A FRIEND, AND ONE  
THAT KNOWS YOU  
WELL.



BLISS BE UPON YOU!  
TELL ME, GOOD MY FRIEND,  
WHAT TORCH IS YOND, THAT  
VAINLY LENDS HIS LIGHT TO  
GRUBS AND EYELESS  
SKULLS?

AS I DISCERN,  
IT BURNETH IN  
THE CAPELS'  
MONUMENT.

IT DOTHS  
SO, HOLY SIR; AND  
THERE'S MY MASTER,  
ONE THAT YOU  
LOVE.



WHO IS IT?

ROMEO.

HOW  
LONG HATH  
HE BEEN  
THERE?

FULL  
HALF AN  
HOUR.




GO WITH  
ME TO THE  
VAULT.

I DARE NOT, SIR:  
MY MASTER KNOWS NOT  
BUT I AM GONE HENCE; AND  
FEARFULLY DID MENACE ME  
WITH DEATH, IF I DID STAY  
TO LOOK ON HIS  
INTENTS.

STAY, THEN!  
I'LL GO ALONE:  
FEAR COMES UPON ME;  
O! MUCH I FEAR SOME  
ILL UNLUCKY THING.





AS I DID  
SLEEP UNDER THIS  
YEW-TREE HERE, I  
DREAMT MY MASTER  
AND ANOTHER FOUGHT,  
AND THAT MY MASTER  
SLEW HIM.



**ROMEO!**

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?



**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.



O COMFORTABLE  
PRIAR! WHERE IS  
MY LORD?

I DO  
REMEMBER WELL  
WHERE I SHOULD BE,  
AND THERE I AM:  
WHERE IS MY  
ROMEO?




**TI-RA TI-RA!**

I HEAR  
SOME NOISE.

LADY, COME FROM  
THAT NEST OF DEATH,  
CONTAGION AND UNNATURAL  
SLEEP: A GREATER POWER  
THAN WE CAN CONTRADICT  
HATH THWARTED OUR  
INTENTS:

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.  
I DARE NO  
LONGER  
STAY.

GO,  
GET THEE  
HENCE, FOR  
I WILL NOT  
AWAY.





WHAT'S HERE?  
A CUP, CLOS'D 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  
DOETH HANG ON THEM,  
TO MAKE ME DIE WITH  
A RESTORATIVE.



THY LIPS  
ARE WARM!









THIS IS  
THE PLACE;  
THERE, WHERE  
THE TORCH  
DOTH BURN.

THE GROUND  
IS BLOODY;  
SEARCH ABOUT  
THE CHURCHYARD.  
GO, SOME OF YOU;  
WHOE'ER YOU FIND,  
ATTACH.





PITIFUL  
SIGHT!

HERE LIES THE  
COUNTY SLAIN; AND  
JULIET BLEEDING; WARM,  
AND NEWLY DEAD, WHO  
HERE HATH LAIN  
THIS TWO DAYS  
BURIED.

GO, TELL  
THE PRINCE: RUN TO  
THE CAPULETS: RAISE  
UP THE MONTAGUES:  
SOME OTHERS  
SEARCH:

WE SEE THE  
GROUND WHEREON  
THESE WOES DO LIE;  
BUT THE TRUE GROUND  
OF ALL THESE PITEOUS WOES  
WE CANNOT WITHOUT  
CIRCUMSTANCE  
DESCRY.



HERE'S  
ROMEO'S MAN; WE  
FOUND HIM IN THE  
CHURCHYARD.

HOLD  
HIM IN SAFETY, TILL  
THE PRINCE COME  
HITHER.



HERE IS  
A FRIAR, THAT  
TREMbles, SIGHS, AND  
WEEPS: WE TOOK THIS  
MATTOCK AND THIS SPADE  
FROM HIM, AS HE WAS  
COMING FROM THIS  
CHURCHYARD'S  
SIDE.

A GREAT  
SUSPICION:  
STAY THE FRIAR  
TOO.



WHAT  
MISADVENTURE  
IS SO EARLY UP, THAT  
CALLS OUR PERSON  
FROM OUR MORNING  
REST?



WHAT  
SHOULD IT BE THAT  
THEY SO SHRIEK  
ABROAD?

O, THE PEOPLE  
IN THE STREET CRY  
"ROMEO", SOME "JULIET",  
AND SOME "PARIS"; AND  
ALL RUN WITH OPEN  
OUTCRY TOWARD OUR  
MONUMENT.





WHAT FEAR  
IS THIS, WHICH  
STARTLES IN OUR  
EARS?

SOVEREIGN,  
HERE LIES THE  
COUNTY PARIS SLAIN;  
AND ROMEO DEAD; AND  
JULIET, DEAD BEFORE,  
WARM AND NEW  
KILL'D.

SEARCH,  
SEEK, AND  
KNOW HOW THIS  
FOUL MURDER  
COMES.

HERE IS  
A FRIAR, AND  
SLAUGHTER'D ROMEO'S  
MAN, WITH INSTRUMENTS  
UPON THEM FIT TO OPEN  
THESE DEAD MEN'S  
TOMBS.



O HEAVENS/  
O WIFE! LOOK HOW  
OUR DAUGHTER  
BLEEDS!

THIS DAGGER  
HATH MISTAY'N, FOR, LO/  
HIS HOUSE IS EMPTY ON  
THE BACK OF MONTAGUE,  
AND IT MIS-SHEATHED  
IN MY DAUGHTER'S  
BOSOM!

O ME!

THIS SIGHT  
OF DEATH IS AS  
A BELL, THAT WARNS  
MY OLD AGE TO A  
SEPOLCHRE.



COME, MONTAGUE;  
FOR THOU ART EARLY UP,  
TO SEE THY SON AND  
HEIR MORE EARLY  
DOWN.

ALAS,  
MY LIEGE, MY WIFE IS  
DEAD TO-NIGHT; GRIEF  
OF MY SON'S EXILE  
HATH STOPP'D HER  
BREATH.

WHAT  
FURTHER WOE  
CONSPIRES AGAINST  
MINE AGE?



LOOK,  
AND THOU  
SHALT SEE.



O THOU  
LINTAUGHT/  
WHAT MANNERS IS IN  
THIS, TO PRESS BEFORE  
THY FATHER TO A  
GRAVE?

SEAL UP  
THE MOUTH OF  
OUTRAGE FOR  
A WHILE,  
TILL  
WE CAN CLEAR  
THESE AMBIGUITIES,  
AND KNOW THEIR  
SPRING, THEIR HEAD,  
THEIR TRUE  
DESCENT;



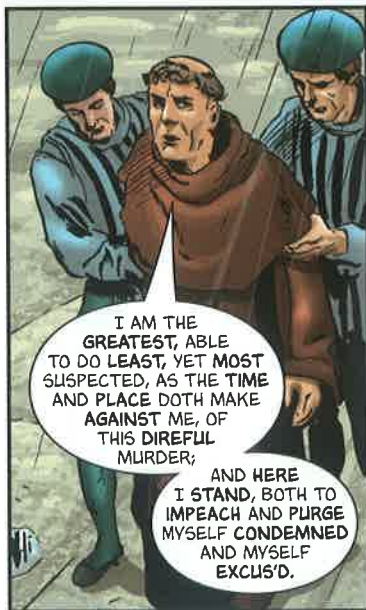


AND THEN  
WILL I BE GENERAL  
OF YOUR WOES, AND  
LEAD YOU EVEN  
TO DEATH:

MEANTIME  
FORBEAR, AND LET  
MISCHANCE BE SLAVE  
TO PATIENCE.

THE PIAZZA, VERONA -  
EARLY THURSDAY MORNING.

BRING  
FORTH THE  
PARTIES OF  
SUSPICION.

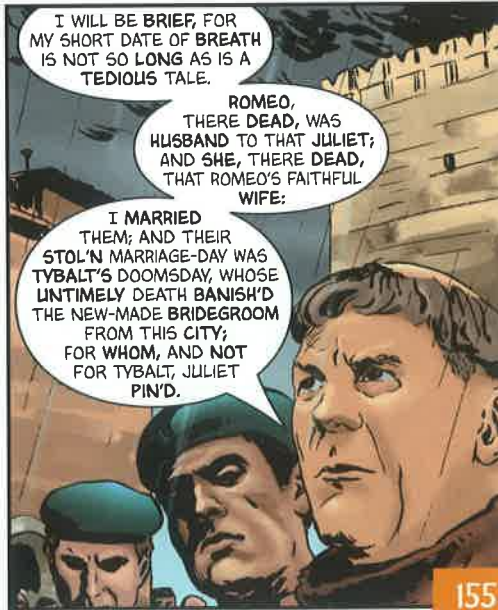


I AM THE  
GREATEST, ABLE  
TO DO LEAST, YET MOST  
SUSPECTED, AS THE TIME  
AND PLACE DOTH MAKE  
AGAINST ME, OF  
THIS DIREFUL  
MURDER;

AND HERE  
I STAND, BOTH TO  
IMPEACH AND PURGE  
MYSELF CONDEMNED  
AND MYSELF  
EXCUS'D.



THEN SAY AT  
ONCE WHAT THOU  
DOST KNOW  
IN THIS.



I WILL BE BRIEF, FOR  
MY SHORT DATE OF BREATH  
IS NOT SO LONG AS IS A  
TEDIOUS TALE.

ROMEO,  
THERE DEAD, WAS  
HUSBAND TO THAT JULIET;  
AND SHE, THERE DEAD,  
THAT ROMEO'S FAITHFUL  
WIFE:

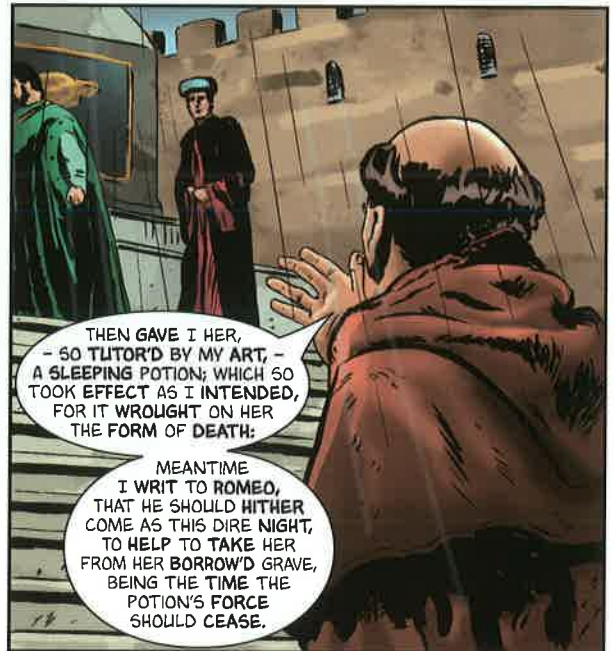
I MARRIED  
THEM; AND THEIR  
STOL'N MARRIAGE-DAY WAS  
TYBALT'S DOOMSDAY, WHOSE  
UNTIMELY DEATH BANISH'D  
THE NEW-MADE BRIDEGROOM  
FROM THIS CITY;  
FOR WHOM, AND NOT  
FOR TYBALT, JULIET  
PIN'D.





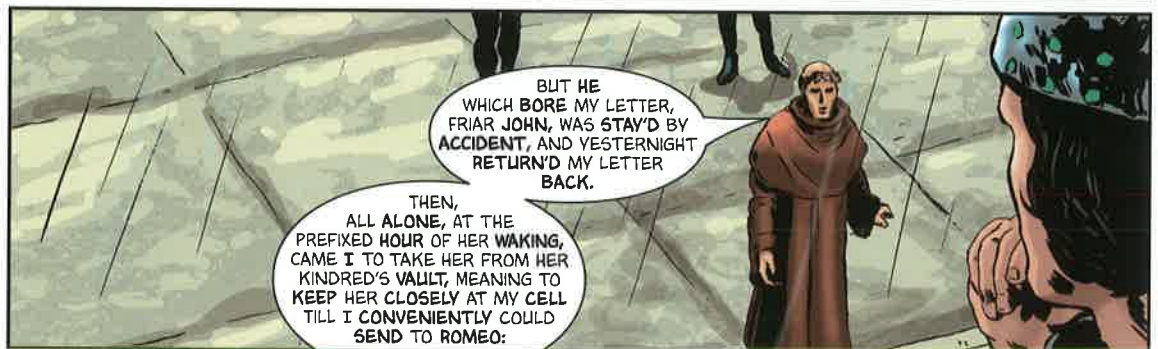
YOU, TO REMOVE THAT SIEGE OF GRIEF FROM HER, BETROTH'D AND WOULD HAVE MARRIED HER PERFORCE, TO COUNTRY PARIS:

THEN COMES SHE TO ME, AND, WITH WILD LOOKS, BID ME DEVISE SOME MEANS TO RID HER FROM THIS SECOND MARRIAGE, OR IN MY CELL THERE WOULD SHE KILL HERSELF.



THEN GAVE I HER, - SO TUTOR'D BY MY ART, - A SLEEPING POTION; WHICH SO TOOK EFFECT AS I INTENDED, FOR IT WROUGHT ON HER THE FORM OF DEATH:

MEANTIME I WROT TO ROMEO, THAT HE SHOULD HITHER COME AS THIS DIRE NIGHT, TO HELP TO TAKE HER FROM HER BORROW'D GRAVE, BEING THE TIME THE POTION'S FORCE SHOULD CEASE.



BUT HE WHICH BORE MY LETTER, FRIAR JOHN, WAS STAY'D BY ACCIDENT, AND YESTERNIGHT RETURN'D MY LETTER BACK.

THEN, ALL ALONE, AT THE PREFIXED HOUR OF HER WAKING, CAME I TO TAKE HER FROM HER KINDRED'S VAULT, MEANING TO KEEP HER CLOSELY AT MY CELL TILL I CONVENIENTLY COULD SEND TO ROMEO:



BUT WHEN I CAME, SOME MINUTE ERE THE TIME OF HER AWAKENING, HERE UNTIMELY LAY THE NOBLE PARIS, AND TRUE ROMEO, DEAD.

SHE WAKES; AND I ENTREATED HER COME FORTH, AND BEAR THIS WORK OF HEAVEN WITH PATIENCE: BUT THEN A NOISE DID SCARE ME FROM THE TOMB, AND SHE, TOO DESPERATE, WOULD NOT GO WITH ME, BUT, AS IT SEEMS, DID VIOLENCE ON HERSELF.

ALL THIS I KNOW; AND TO THE MARRIAGE HER NURSE IS PRIVY:



AND, IF AUGHT IN THIS MISCARRIED BY MY FAULT, LET MY OLD LIFE BE SACRIFIC'D SOME HOUR BEFORE HIS TIME, UNTO THE RIGOUR OF SEVEREST LAW.





WE STILL  
HAVE KNOWN  
THEE FOR A  
HOLY MAN.

WHERE'S  
ROMEO'S MAN?  
WHAT CAN HE SAY  
TO THIS?



I BROUGHT  
MY MASTER NEWS  
OF JULIET'S DEATH; AND  
THEN IN POST HE CAME FROM  
MANTUA, TO THIS SAME  
PLACE, TO THIS SAME  
MONUMENT.

THIS  
LETTER HE EARLY  
BID ME GIVE HIS FATHER,  
AND THREATEN'D ME WITH  
DEATH, GOING IN THE VAULT,  
IF I DEPARTED NOT,  
AND LEFT HIM  
THERE.



GIVE ME  
THE LETTER;  
I WILL LOOK  
ON IT.

WHERE IS  
THE COUNTRY'S PAGE,  
THAT RAIS'D THE  
WATCH?



SIRRAH,  
WHAT MADE YOUR  
MASTER IN THIS  
PLACE?

HE CAME  
WITH FLOWERS  
TO STREW HIS LADY'S  
GRAVE; AND BID ME  
STAND ALOOF, AND  
SO I DID:

ANON COMES  
ONE WITH LIGHT TO OPE  
THE TOMB; AND, BY-AND-BY,  
MY MASTER DREW ON HIM;  
AND THEN I RAN AWAY TO  
CALL THE WATCH.



THIS LETTER  
DOETH MAKE GOOD  
THE FRIAR'S WORDS,  
THEIR COURSE OF LOVE,  
THE TIDINGS OF  
HER DEATH:

AND HERE  
HE WRITES THAT  
HE DID BUY A POISON  
OF A POOR 'POTHECARY,  
AND THEREWITHAL CAME  
TO THIS VAULT TO DIE.  
AND LIE WITH  
JULIET.

WHERE  
BE THESE  
ENEMIES?



**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.





O BROTHER  
MONTAGUE! GIVE ME  
THY HAND: THIS IS MY  
DAUGHTER'S JOINTURE;  
FOR NO MORE CAN  
I DEMAND.

BUT I CAN  
GIVE THEE MORE:  
FOR I WILL RAISE HER  
STATUE IN PURE  
GOLD;



THAT  
WHILES VERONA  
BY THAT NAME IS  
KNOWN,

THERE  
SHALL NO FIGURE  
AT SUCH RATE BE SET,  
AS THAT OF TRUE  
AND FAITHFUL  
JULIET.

AS RICH  
SHALL ROMEO'S  
BY HIS LADY'S LIE;  
POOR SACRIFICES OF  
OUR ENMITY!



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.



# Romeo & Juliet

» The End «



# William Shakespeare

(c.1564 - 1616 AD)

Shakespeare is, without question, the world's most famous playwright. Yet, despite his fame, very few records and artifacts exist for him – we don't even know the exact date of his birth! April 23, 1564 (St George's Day) is taken to be his birthday, as this was three days before his baptism (for which we do have a record). Records also tell us that he died on the same date in 1616, aged fifty-two.

The life of William Shakespeare can be divided into three acts.

## Act One – Stratford-upon-Avon

William was the eldest son of tradesman John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and the third of eight children (he had two older sisters). The Shakespeares were a respectable family. The year after William was born, John (who made gloves and traded leather) became an alderman of Stratford-upon-Avon, and four years later he became High Bailiff (or mayor) of the town.

Little is known of William's childhood. He learned to read and write at the local primary school, and later is believed to have attended the local grammar school, where he studied Latin and English Literature. In 1582, aged eighteen, William married a local farmer's daughter, Anne Hathaway. Anne was eight years his senior and three months pregnant. During their marriage they had three children: Susanna, born on

May 26, 1583, and twins, Hamnet and Judith, born on February 2, 1585. Hamnet (William's only son) died in 1596, aged eleven, from Bubonic Plague.

## Act Two – London

Five years into his marriage, in 1587, William's wife and children stayed in Stratford, while he moved to London. He appeared as an actor at *The Theatre* (England's first permanent theater) and gave public recitals of his own poems; but it was his playwriting that created the most interest. His fame soon spread far and wide. When Queen Elizabeth I died in 1603, the new King James I (who was already King James VI of Scotland) gave royal consent for Shakespeare's acting company, *The Lord Chamberlain's Men* to be called *The King's Men* in return for entertaining the court. This association was to shape a

number of plays, such as *Macbeth*, which was written to please the Scottish King.

William Shakespeare is attributed with writing and collaborating on 38 plays, 154 sonnets and 5 poems, in just twenty-three years between 1590 and 1613. No original manuscript exists for any of his plays, making it hard to accurately date any of them. Printing was still in its infancy, and plays tended to change as they were performed. Shakespeare would write manuscript for the actors and continue to refine them over a number of performances. The plays we know today have survived from written copies taken at various stages of each play and usually written by the actors from memory. This has given rise to variations in texts of what is now known as "quarto" versions of the plays, until we reach the first



National Portrait Gallery, London



official printing of each play in the 1623 "folio" *Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies*. His last solo-authored work was *The Tempest* in 1611, which was only followed by collaborative work on two plays (*Henry VIII* and *Two Noble Kinsmen*) with John Fletcher.

Shakespeare is strongly associated with the famous *Globe Theatre*. Built by his troupe in 1599, it became his "spiritual home", with thousands of people crammed into the small space for each performance. There were 3,000 people in the building in 1613 when a cannon-shot during a performance of *Henry VIII* set fire

to the thatched roof and the entire theater was burned to the ground. Although it was rebuilt a year later, it marked an end to Shakespeare's writing and to his time in London.

#### Act Three - Retirement

Shortly after the 1613 accident at *The Globe*, Shakespeare left the capital and returned to live once more with his family in Stratford-upon-Avon. He died on April 23, 1616 and was buried two days later at the Church of the Holy Trinity (the same church where he had been baptized fifty-two years earlier). The cause of his death remains unknown.

#### Epilogue

At the time of his death, Shakespeare had substantial properties, which he bestowed on his family and associates from the theater. He had no son to inherit his wealth, and he left the majority of his possessions to his eldest daughter Susanna. Curiously, the only thing that he left to his wife Anne was his second-best bed! (although she continued to live in the family home after his death). William Shakespeare's last direct descendant died in 1670. She was his granddaughter, Elizabeth.

*William Shakespeare*

## Shakespeare Birthplace Trust

As so few relics survive from Shakespeare's life, it is amazing that the house where he was born and raised remains intact. It is owned and cared for by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, which looks after a number of houses in the area:

- Shakespeare's Birthplace.
- Mary Arden's Farm: The childhood home of Shakespeare's mother.
- Anne Hathaway's Cottage: The childhood home of Shakespeare's wife.
- Hall's Croft: The home of Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna.
- New Place: Only the grounds exist of the house where Shakespeare died in 1616.
- Nash's House: The home of Shakespeare's granddaughter.



[www.shakespeare.org.uk](http://www.shakespeare.org.uk)



Formed in 1847, the Trust also works to promote Shakespeare around the world. In early 2009, it announced that it had found a new Shakespeare portrait, believed to have been painted within his lifetime, with a trail of provenance that links it to Shakespeare himself.

It is accepted that Martin Droeshout's engraving (left) that appears on the First Folio of 1623 is an authentic likeness of Shakespeare because the people involved in its publication would have personally known him. This new portrait (once owned by Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton, one of Shakespeare's most loyal supporters) is so similar in all facial aspects that it is now suspected to have been the source that Droeshout used for his famous engraving.

[www.shakespearefound.org.uk](http://www.shakespearefound.org.uk)



# History of the Play



The tale of ill-fated love between Romeo and Juliet is intrinsically linked with Shakespeare, with the famous “balcony scene” providing some of his most enduring phrases:

*“But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?*

*It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!”*  
(p55)

*“O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?”* (p56)

*“What’s in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet;”* (p56)

However, as with the vast majority of his works, Shakespeare’s play is an adaptation of a story that already existed (*The Tempest* is his only play without a clear source).

Stories of frustrated love are as old as civilization itself and can be found even in ancient myths. The

first recognizable form of *Romeo and Juliet* appeared around 1460 by Masuccio Salernitano. In it, Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni of Siena fall in love and are married in secret by a friar. Shortly afterwards, Mariotto quarrels, fights with and kills a noble citizen. Mariotto is banished from the town, and Gianozza is forced into marriage by her father (who is unaware of her marriage with Mariotto). The friar creates a potion for Gianozza that makes her appear dead, and she is taken to the family tomb. From there, the friar escorts her to husband, who receives word of her death before she can reach him. Mariotto returns to Siena, where he is seized and executed. Gianozza shuts herself away in a convent and soon dies from grief.

Salernitano’s story became the inspiration for Luigi da Porto’s *Giulietta e Romeo*. Da Porto set the story in Verona, where he was inspired by the two castles just

outside the city, each owned by a different family: the Capuleti and the Montecchi, thus introducing the notion of the feuding families. The ending is more tragic than Shakespeare’s, with Romeo killing himself by the side of Giulietta, but seeing her revive in his final moments.

In 1554, an Italian writer by the name of Matteo Bandello published his own version of *Giulietta e Romeo*. This story was much more popular than its predecessors. Not only was it translated into English but, importantly for Shakespeare, it became the basis of a 3,020-line poem by Arthur Brooke called *The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet* (1562). Brooke’s poem has all the main characters, albeit with some spelling differences: Romeus Montagew, Juliet Capilet, Prince Escalus, Tybalt, Paris, Friar Lawrence, Juliet’s nurse [sic] and even Peter (although he is cited as one of Romeus’s men).

Although Shakespeare embellished the story (and of course added his beautiful language) the events can all be found in Brooke’s poem — even Friar John being unable to deliver the message to Romeus because of quarantine. It is possible that Shakespeare worked with other sources, too. He may have read the French translation of Bandello’s novel, as well as an English version of the story by William Painter called *Palace of Pleasure*. Yet it is Brooke’s poem that most closely matches the Bard’s great play, as shown in the excerpt, opposite, in which Juliet discovers the name of her new love as the guests leave the masked ball.



## The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet by Arthur Brooke (1562)

As carefull was the mayde what way were best deuise  
To learne his name, that intertaind her in so gentle wise.  
Of whome her hart receiued so deepe, so wyde a wounde,  
An auncient dame she calde to her, and in her care gan rounde.  
This olde dame in her youth, had nurst her with her mylke,  
With slender nedle taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.  
What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease vnto the doore,  
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, two tooiches light before,  
And then as eche of them had of his houshold name,  
So she him namde yet once agayne the yong and wyfy dame.  
And tell me who is he with rysor in his hand  
That yender doth in masking weede besyde the window stand.  
His name is Romeus (sayd she) a Montegewe.  
Whose fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your  
housholdes rewe.  
The woord of Montegew, her ioyes did ouerthrow,  
And straight in steade of happy hope, dyspayre began to growe.  
What hap haue I quoth she, to loue my fathers foe?  
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wishe my woe?  
But though her gricuous paynes distraind her tender hart,  
Yet with an outward shewe of ioye she clokod inward smart.  
And of the courtlyke dames her leaue so courtly tooke,  
That none dyd gesse the sodain change by changing of her looke.



Shakespeare contracted the nine months of events within the poem into just five days. While that adds to the tension of the play in performance, it is likely to have been a conscious and practical decision to tailor the story for the stage, as the passing of time is hard to capture in theater.

The play appeared in print for the first time (the *First Quarto*) in 1597. The introduction of that edition tells us that it had already been performed by the time it was published:

*An Excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet, As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the Honourable the L. of Hunsdon and his Seruants.*

It was written before the *Globe Theatre* was built (1599), in the reign of Elizabeth I (which ended in 1603), while Shakespeare was writing for *The Lord Chamberlain's Men*.

### The Lord Chamberlain's Men

Until the 1660s, the law prevented women and girls from acting. All parts, even Juliet, were played by males!

Even though Shakespeare's plays were hugely popular, only sparse records exist of actual performances. The earliest official recording of a production of *Romeo and Juliet* doesn't occur until as late as 1662, in a theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The famous diarist Samuel Pepys attended the

opening night and thought very poorly of it:

*"It is a play of itself the worst that I have ever heard in my life, and the worst acted that I ever saw these people do; and am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less."*

Despite that early criticism, *Romeo and Juliet* remains one of Shakespeare's best-loved plays, being performed regularly throughout the world, as well as being adapted into other media: classical music (*Berlioz* [1839] and *Tchaikovsky* [1870]), opera (*Gounod* [1867]), ballet (*Prokofiev* [1935]), musical (Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* [1957]), movie (many!), and, of course, this graphic novel.



## Page Creation

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Page 55 from the script of *Romeo & Juliet* showing the three text versions.



The rough sketch created from the script.

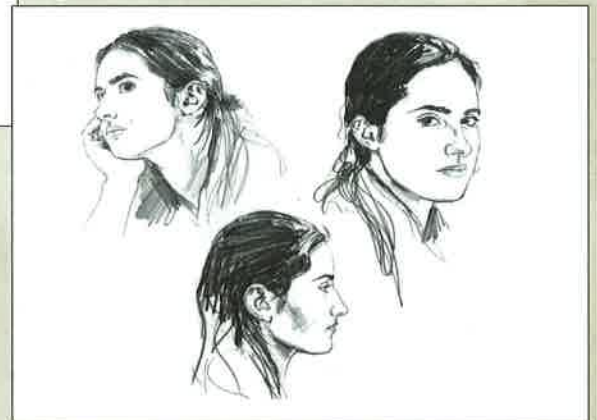
## 1. Script

The first stage in creating a graphic novel adaptation of a Shakespeare play is to split the original script into comic book panels, describing the images to be drawn as well as the dialogue and any captions. To do this, not only does the script writer need to know the play well, but he also needs to visualize each page in his head as he writes the art descriptions for each panel (there are over 600 panels in *Romeo and Juliet*).

Once this is created, the dialogue is adapted into Plain Text and Quick Text to create the three versions of the book, which all use the same artwork.

## 2. Character Sheets

Because *Romeo and Juliet* is such a well-known play, Will Volley needed very little time to familiarize himself with the characters. However, an artist still needs to “climb into the story” while deciding on the right approach for the artwork. Here you can see Will’s designs for *Romeo and Juliet*, which we instantly agreed upon. The whole process moves steadily towards bringing the play to life and, suddenly, the names “Romeo” and “Juliet” are no longer simply names in a script — they have turned into real people!



### 3. Rough Sketch

Armed with the character visualizations, the artist begins work on the 152 pages required for the book. Each page is first sketched out quickly in order to check panel layouts, ensure there is enough space for the lettering, explore continuity elements and to establish the pacing of the action. Will's roughs are very descriptive. As you can see here, he is already considering the lighting of the scenes, how the shadows will fall across surfaces, and so on. These rough layouts are then sent to the editor for approval. If any changes need to be made, it is far easier to make them at this stage from the fast rough layouts than to make changes to finished linework.