

## Romeo and Juliet

**JULIET** -What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night. So stumblest on my counsel?

**ROMEO** - 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.

**JULIET** - My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound: 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 let 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.

### Romeo - memorise

Romeo - 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.

### Juliet- memorise

**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.....

.....'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.

### **Mercutio – memorise**

**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! 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!

### Nurse - memorise

**Nurse** - Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be sixteen. Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!-- Were of an age: well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me: but, as I said, On Lammas-eve at night shall she be sixteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,-- For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, She could have run and waddled all about; I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it:

### Friar Laurence -Memorise

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 sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth 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:  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

### Benvolio – memorise

**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  
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.

### Chorus – memorise

Chorus - Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Folkestone, 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;  
Whole 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.

### Capulet – memorise

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

### Prince - memorise

**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,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,

### Lady Capulet – memorise

**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,

### Montague – memorise

**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  
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.

### Tybalt Romeo and Mercutio– memorise

BENVOLIO - By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO - By my heel, I care not.

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, and you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO - Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT - Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,  
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

## **PARIS**

Paris - 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 thine 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.

### Smaller parts Fearful

FRIAR LAURENCE - Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

BALTHASAR - Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAURENCE - 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.

BALTHASAR - It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

FRIAR LAURENCE - Who is it?

BALTHASAR - Romeo.

FRIAR LAURENCE - How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR - Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAURENCE - Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR - 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.

FRIAR LAURENCE - Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BALTHASAR - As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

### Smaller parts (Cocky and showing off)

SAMPSON - A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY- To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:

SAMPSON- A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY- That shows thee a weak slave;

SAMPSON -True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

SAMPSON -I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

GREGORY -The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON -Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY -Draw thy tool! here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON -My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

SAMPSON -Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

SAMPSON - I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them.

## Romeo, Mercutio

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!

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