

Two households, both of the same rank,
 In fair Verona, where we set our scene,
 From an old grudge, break out again in violence
 And civil blood dirties civil hands.
 From these two families
 A pair of star-crossed lovers come to life;
 And their piteous misadventure
 Will bury their parents' hatred with their deaths.



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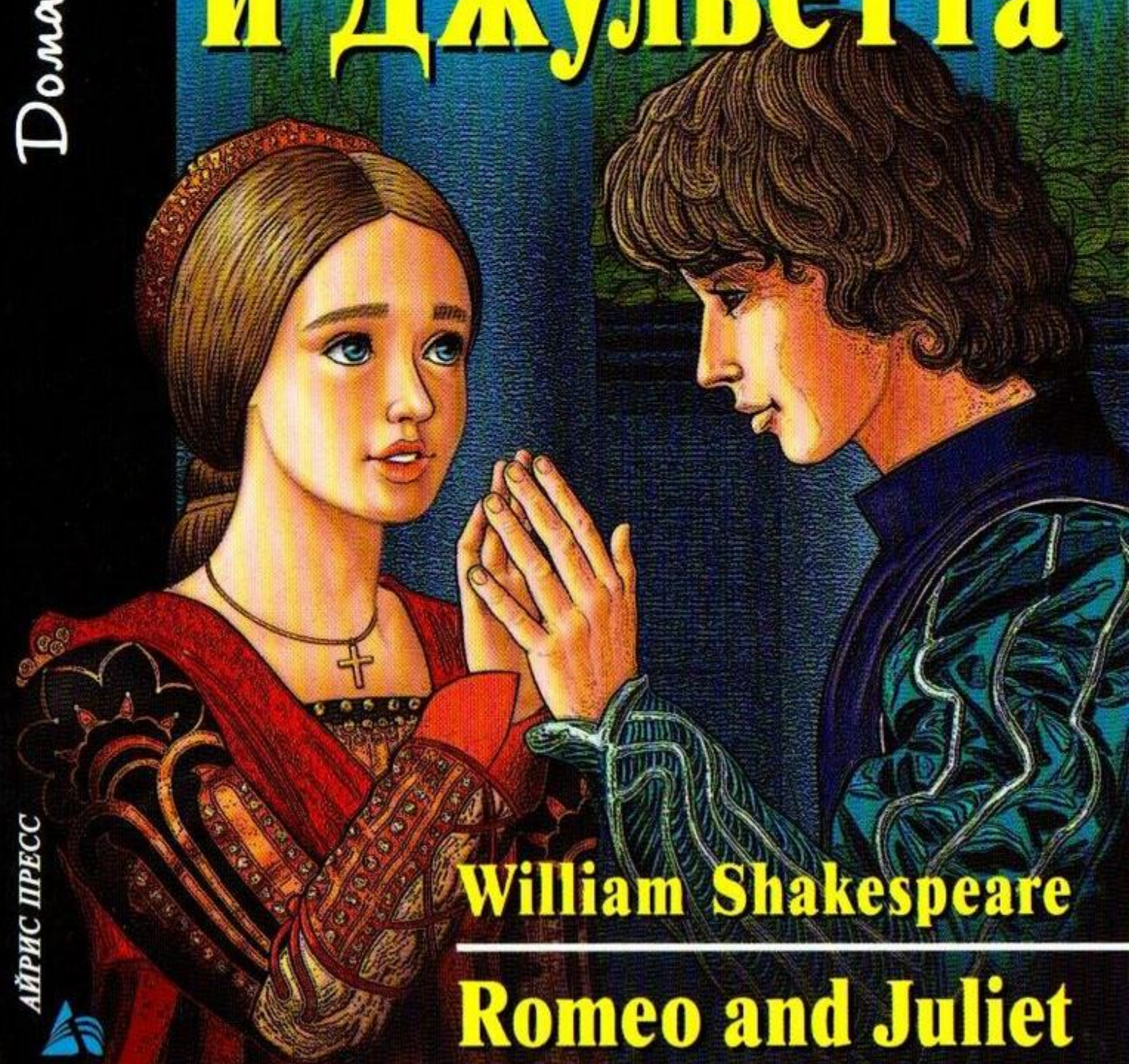
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Уильям Шекспир

Ромео и Джульетта



William Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

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Английский клуб

Домашнее чтение

Уильям Шекспир Ромео и Джульетта

*Адаптация текста, предисловие,
комментарий, упражнения и словарь
Г. И. Бардиной*

Москва



АЙРИС ПРЕСС

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Ш41

Серия «Английский клуб» включает книги и учебные пособия, рассчитанные на пять этапов изучения английского языка: Elementary (для начинающих), Pre-Intermediate (для продолжающих первого уровня), Intermediate (для продолжающих второго уровня), Upper Intermediate (для продолжающих третьего уровня) и Advanced (для совершенствующихся).

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Трагедия «Ромео и Джульетта» была написана Уильямом Шекспиром в 1595 году. В основе ее сюжета лежит старинная итальянская народная легенда. События, описанные в пьесе, длятся всего около двух недель, но для Ромео и Джульетты — это целая жизнь. Трагизм их судьбы — не в простой случайности событий. Злая судьба Ромео и Джульетты — окружающий их жестокий мир. И своей трагедией У. Шекспир выразил вечное противоречие между гуманистическими идеалами и действительностью.

Текст книги адаптирован, снабжен лексико-грамматическим комментарием, переводом трудных слов, а также упражнениями, направленными на отработку и закрепление навыков речевой деятельности.

Книга рассчитана на учащихся 10–11 классов школ, гимназий, лицеев, а также на широкий круг лиц, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно.

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Летом 2008 года британские археологи обнаружили вблизи Лондона остатки средневекового театра, построенного в 1576 году, где, по их мнению, и была впервые поставлена трагедия У. Шекспира «Ромео и Джульетта», а не в театре *Globe* в Стрэдфорде, как это считалось ранее.

В средние века театр существенно отличался от театра нашего времени. Во времена Шекспира у актерских трупп не было своих театральных помещений. Для своих представлений они их снимали. Труппы были невелики. Обычно ядро составляли 6–8 актеров, а для исполнения второстепенных ролей нанимались дополнительные актеры. В расширенном составе труппы играли только в Лондоне. Актрис во времена Шекспира тоже не было. Все женские роли исполняли мальчишки-актеры, прошедшие такую подготовку, что становились прекрасными исполнителями женских ролей. Как известно, в восточном театре многих стран и по сей день женские роли исполняются мужчинами.

Актерская профессия в тот период была сравнительно новой. В средние века профессионалами были только клоуны и жонглеры-акробаты. Однако в стране существовал такой порядок, что люди любого звания должны были входить в состав каких-то общественных групп или сословий. В противном случае они оказывались в положении бродяг, которых преследовали и подвергали всяким наказаниям. И актеры вынуждены были искать покровителей.

Трагедия «Ромео и Джульетта» была написана Уильямом Шекспиром в 1595 году. В основе ее сюжета лежит старинная итальянская народная легенда. И по сей день в Вероне туристам показывают легендарную

«гробницу Джульетты». Но великий английский драматург вдохнул в нее новую жизнь. События, описанные в пьесе, длятся всего около двух недель, но для Ромео и Джульетты — это целая жизнь. Трагизм судьбы Ромео и Джульетты — не в простой случайности событий. Конечная причина гибели главных героев этой трагедии не в том, что посланный в Мантую монах задержался в дороге из-за карантина, и не в том, что брат Лоренцо на несколько минут опоздал на кладбище. Если бы даже Ромео удалось похитить из гробницы живую Джульетту и увезти ее в Мантую, все равно беспощадная месть леди Капулетти настигла бы их и там. Злая судьба Ромео и Джульетты — окружающий их жестокий мир. И своей трагедией «Ромео и Джульетта» У. Шекспир выразил вечное противоречие между гуманистическими идеалами и действительностью.

Characters

CHORUS

ESCALUS — Prince of Verona

PARIS — a young count, kinsman to the Prince

MONTAGUE

CAPULET

An old man of the Capulet family

ROMEO — son Montague

MERCUTIO — kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo

BENVOLIO — nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo

TYBALT — nephew to Lady Capulet

FRIAR LAWRENCE } Franciscans

FRIAR JOHN }

BALTHASAR — servant to Romeo

SAMPSON } servants to Capulet

GREGORY }

PETER — servant to Juliet's nurse

ABRAM — servant to Montague

An APOTHECARY

Three MUSICIANS

An OFFICER

LADY MONTAGUE — wife to Montague

LADY CAPULET — wife to Capulet

JULIET — daughter to Capulet

NURSE to Juliet

Citizens of Verona, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of
both houses, Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards,
Watchmen, Servants and Attendants

Scene: Verona; Mantua

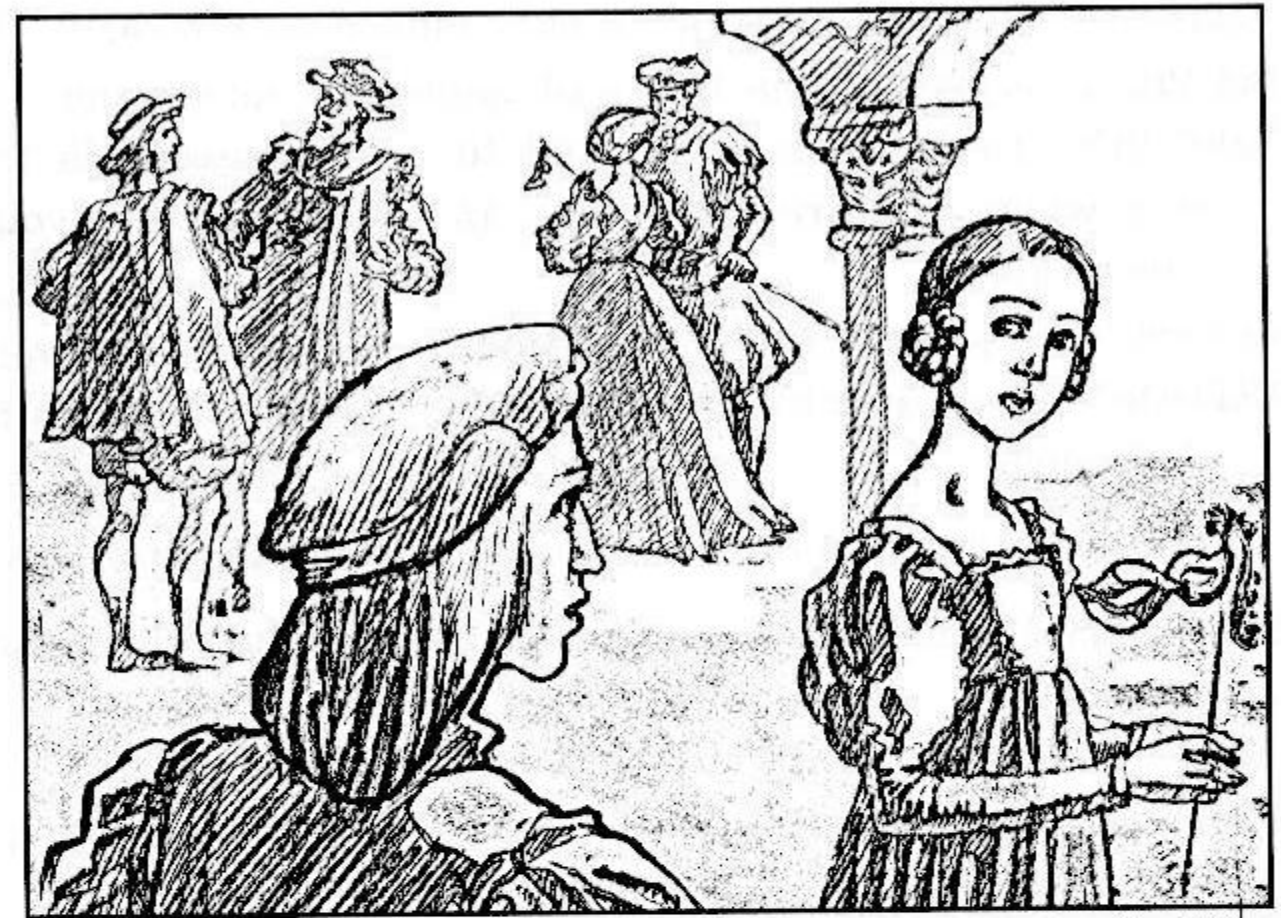
THE PROLOGUE

(Enter Chorus)

CHORUS

Two households, both of the same rank,
In fair Verona, where we set our scene,
From an old grudge, break out again in violence
And civil blood dirties civil hands.
From these two families
A pair of star-crossed lovers come to life;
And their piteous misadventure
Will bury their parents' hatred with their deaths.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which only their children's death will remove,
Is now the business of this play.

(Exit)



ACT I

Scene I

(Verona. A public place)

(Enter Sampson and Gregory with swords and small shields, of the house of Capulet)

SAMPSON Gregory, on my word, we'll not endure insults.

GREGORY No, for then we'd be as low as colliers.

SAMPSON I mean, if we are angry, we'll draw our swords.

GREGORY Ay, and while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

SAMPSON I strike quickly when I'm moved.

GREGORY But you are not quickly moved to strike.
SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
GREGORY To move is to go, and to be courageous is to stay where you are. Therefore, if you are moved, you run away.
SAMPSON A dog of that house shall move me to stay.
GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

(Enter two other Servingmen, Abram and Balthasar)

SAMPSON My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back you.
GREGORY How? Turn your back and run?
SAMPSON Don't worry about me.
GREGORY No, marry. I am worried!
SAMPSON We must be in the right. Let them start it.
GREGORY I will frown as I pass by, and they can take it as they like.
SAMPSON They can take it as they dare! **I will bite my thumb at them.** They'll be disgraced if they stand for that.
ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.
ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at *us*, sir?
SAMPSON *(Aside to Gregory)* Are we in the right if I say yes?
GREGORY *(Aside to Sampson)* No.
SAMPSON No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?
ABRAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir.
SAMPSON But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.
ABRAM No better.

(Enter Benvolio)

GREGORY Say "better". Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.
ABRAM You lie.
SAMPSON Draw if you be men. *(They fight)*
BENVOLIO Part, fools! Put away your swords. You don't know what you are doing.

(Enter Tybalt)

TYBALT What, have you drawn your sword among these cowardly rustics? Turn, Benvolio, and look upon your death.
BENVOLIO I'm only keeping the peace. Put away your sword, or use it to part these men with me.
TYBALT What, with your sword drawn you talk of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all Montagues and you. Come on, you coward! *(They fight)*

(Enter an Officer and three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans)

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

(Enter old Capulet in his gown with his Wife)

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 has come and flourishes his blade to defy me.

(Enter old Montague and his Wife)

MONTAGUE You villain, Capulet! Don't hold me back; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE You shall not move one step to go after an enemy.

(Enter Prince Escalus with his Train)

PRINCE Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace. Won't they listen? What, ho! You men, you beasts that quench the fire of your rage with blood! On pain of torture, throw your mistempered weapons to the ground and hear the sentence of your Prince. Three civil brawls, by you old Capulet and Montague, have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets and forced Verona's ancient and dignified citizens to take up their weapons to separate your hatred. If ever you disturb our streets again, your lives shall pay the price of peace. For now, go, all of you. You, Capulet, shall come along with me; and Montague, you come this afternoon, to hear me speak further on this. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

(Exeunt all but Montague, his Wife and Benvolio)

MONTAGUE Who stirred up this old quarrel again? Speak, nephew, were you here when it began?

BENVOLIO Here were the servants of your **adversary** and yours, fighting closely when I arrived. I drew my sword to part them. In that instant fiery Tybalt came, with his sword prepared; which, as he defied me and my explanations, he swung about his head and cut the air, who, not being hurt hissed at him in scorn. While we were exchanging thrusts and blows, more and more men arrived and fought on either side, until the Prince came and parted all.

LADY MONTAGUE O, where is Romeo? Have you seen him today? I'm so glad he was not in this brawl.

BENVOLIO Madam, an hour before dawn, I could no longer sleep and so went to walk about outside. And under

the grove of sycamores, on the west side of this city, I saw your son walking. I made to go towards him, but he saw me, and stole into the wood. I understood he wanted to be alone and so I gladly left him to himself.

MONTAGUE Many mornings he has been seen, adding to the fresh morning dew with his tears and adding clouds to clouds with his deep sighs. But as soon as the all-cheering sun begins to rise in the east, my melancholy son steals home, and shuts himself up in his chamber and locks out the fair daylight, making himself an artificial night. Black and unfortunate will this mood prove to be, unless we can remove it with some good advice.

BENVOLIO My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE I neither know it nor will he tell me.

BENVOLIO Have you pressed him?

MONTAGUE Both I and many other friends have pressed him to tell us, but **he is his own counsellor** and keeps his affections secret. If we could only learn from where his sorrows grow, we would as willingly cure them as seek to know.

(Enter Romeo)

BENVOLIO See where he comes. Please step aside. I'll do whatever I can to find out what troubles him.

MONTAGUE I hope you will be lucky and find the cause of his unhappiness. Come, madam, let's go away. *(Exeunt Montague and Wife)*

BENVOLIO Good morning, cousin.

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO It's just struck nine.

ROMEO Ah me! Sad hours seem long. Was that my father going away so fast?

BENVOLIO It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO Not having that which 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, who seems so gentle, should prove to be such a tyrant!

ROMEO Alas that love, who is always blindfolded, should see pathways to his will without eyes! 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 heavy lightness, misshaped chaos of well-seeming forms! This love feel I, that feel no love in this. Do you not laugh?

BENVOLIO No, coz, I weep.

ROMEO Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO At your good hearts oppression.

ROMEO Why, that's the transgression of love. Grievings of my own lie heavy in my breast, and you will increase them by adding more of your own. This love that you have shown me adds more sorrow to my heart. Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs; being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears. What else is it? A madness! Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO Wait, I will come with you. You cannot leave me like this.

ROMEO Tut! I have lost myself This is not Romeo, he is somewhere else.

BENVOLIO Tell me seriously, who is it that you love?

ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell you?

BENVOLIO Groan? Why no. But tell me seriously who.

ROMEO Seriously cousin, I love a woman.

BENVOLIO I guessed that when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO Well, she'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow. She has the cunning of **Diana**, and is well-armed with chastity against love's bow. Neither loving words or looks can charm her.

BENVOLIO Has she sworn that she will always live **chaste**?

ROMEO She has, and it is such a waste. For beauty starved with her severity, **cuts beauty off from all posterity**. She has sworn never to love.

BENVOLIO Listen to me, forget about her.

ROMEO How can I forget about her?

BENVOLIO By thinking about other beauties.

ROMEO But thinking of other beauties only brings her beauty to mind.

BENVOLIO I'll teach you to forget her, if it's the last thing I do. (*Exeunt*)

Scene II

(A street)

(*Enter Capulet, Count Paris, and the clown, his servant*)

CAPULET But Montague is bound by this penalty, as well as I, and I do not think it is hard for men as old as us to keep the peace.

PARIS You are both of honourable reputation, and it is a pity that you have been at odds for so long. But now, my lord, what do you say to my request?

CAPULET I say what I have said before. My child is still a stranger in the world, and is scarcely fourteen. Let two more summers pass before she is married.

PARIS Girls still younger than her have become happy mothers.

CAPULET And they have often become unhappy as a result. The earth has swallowed all my children except for her, and she is my only heir. But woo her, gentle Paris and get her heart; if she agrees, then you will have my consent. This night I hold a feast, as is my custom, and I have invited many guests to it. If you join us, you will be most welcome. At my poor house you will see this night **Earth-treading stars** that make dark heaven light. Hear all, see all, and like her most, who most deserves to be liked. In seeing so many beautiful girls, mine may no longer seem so special.
(*To servant, giving him a paper*) Go, sirrah, walk about through fair Verona, find those persons, whose names are written there and tell them they are welcome to my house.

(*Exit with Paris*)

SERVANT Find those persons whose names are written here? But I can't read! I must find someone more learned, and quickly!

(*Enter Benvolio and Romeo*)

BENVOLIO Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning; one pain is lessened by the anguish of another. Take some new infection to your eye, and the rank poison of the old will die. Come, Romeo, you are mad.

ROMEO Not mad, but bound more than a madman is; whipped and tormented and — Good evening, good fellow.

SERVANT Good evening. I pray you, sir, can you read?

ROMEO Ay, my own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT Perhaps you learned that without books. But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO Yes, fellow, I can read. (*He reads the letter*)

"Signor Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselm and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
My uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline; Livia;
Signor Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly. Where should they come?

SERVANT Up.

ROMEO Where? To supper?

SERVANT To our house.

ROMEO Whose house?

SERVANT My master's.

ROMEO Indeed I should have asked you that before.

SERVANT Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you are not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and have a drink of wine. May God keep you merry.

BENVOLIO At this same feast of Capulet's sups the fair Rosaline, whom you so love, with all the admired beauties of Verona. Let's go. You can compare her to some others that I will show. And I will make your swan seem like a crow.

ROMEO When my eyes lie to me so falsely, then may my tears turn to fires! One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun never saw her match since the world was first begun. I'll come with you, not fairer beauties to be shown, but rather to rejoice in the splendour of my own. (*Exeunt*)

Scene III

(A room in Capulet's house)

(Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse)

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

NURSE I just now told her to come. What, lamb! What, ladybird! God forbid where is that 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, leave us a while, we must talk in secret. No, wait, come back again. You shall hear our counsel. You know my daughter is of a good age.

NURSE I know her age to the hour.

LADY CAPULET She's not fourteen.

NURSE I'd swear by fourteen of my teeth — and yet, to my sorrow, I've only got four — She's not fourteen. How long is it now to **Lammastide**?

LADY CAPULET A fortnight and a few days.

NURSE Well, come Lammas Eve at night she shall be fourteen. Susan and she were of the same age. Well, Susan is with God; she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eve at night she shall be fourteen. Eleven years have passed now since the **earthquake**, and she was weaned, I shall never forget it, of all the days of the year, on that day. **For I had put wormwood on my dug**, sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall. My lord and you were both at Mantua. But as I said, she tasted the wormwood on the nipple, and was so tetchy, the pretty fool. And then the dovehouse

began to shake, and there was no need to tell me to run for it! And since that time eleven years have passed, for she could walk about by herself. Indeed she fell and cut her head.

LADY CAPULET Enough of this. I pray you be quiet.

NURSE Peace, I've finished. But I swear you were the prettiest baby I ever nursed, and I hope I might live to see you married.

LADY CAPULET Marry, that "marry" is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, are you inclined to be married?

JULIET It is an honour I dream not of.

NURSE An honour? If I hadn't been your only nurse, I'd say **you'd sucked wisdom from the breast**.

LADY CAPULET Well, think of marriage now. Girls younger than you, here in Verona, have already become mothers. I was a mother myself at your age. In brief, the valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE A man, young lady! Lady, such a man as all the world — why he's a fine figure of a man.

LADY CAPULET Verona's summer has not a flower more beautiful than he.

NURSE Oh he's a flower, all right, a real flower.

LADY CAPULET What do you say? Can you love the gentleman? This night you will see him at our feast. Look at his face and see delight written there with beauty's pen. Examine every harmonious lineament, and what you cannot read there, read it in the depths of his eyes. This lover needs only a wife to beautify him still more. And you shall share all that he possesses. Speak briefly, can you be favourable to Paris's love?

JULIET I'll look to be favourable, if looking can move my favour, but I will look no deeper than your permission grants.

(Enter Servingman)

SERVINGMAN Madam, the guests have arrived, supper is served, you are called, and my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the kitchen and everything is in extremity. I must go and serve, I beseech you to come immediately. *(Exit)*

LADY CAPULET We're coming. Juliet, the Count is waiting for you.

NURSE Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *(Exeunt)*

Scene IV

(A street)

Romeo, Benvolio and Mercutio, together with five or six other men wearing masks go along the street to Capulet's house. Benvolio and Mercutio are in high spirits thinking of the feast and the dancing, but Romeo is sad. He says he doesn't want to dance but will carry a torch and watch. He is also worried, as he has a feeling that this night will bring him bad luck.

Scene V

(A hall in Capulet's house)

(Servingmen come forth with napkins)

FIRST SERVINGMAN Where's Potpan? He's not helping to clear away!

SECOND SERVINGMAN It's a foul thing when good manners lie all in one or two men's hands, and they're unwashed too.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Away with the stools, remove the plates. Save me a piece of marzipan and if you love me, tell the porter to let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Anthony and Potpan!

SECOND SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVINGMAN You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

THIRD SERVINGMAN We cannot be here and there at the same time. Come on, boys, look lively!

(Exeunt. Enter Capulet, his Wife, Juliet, Tybalt, Nurse and all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers)

CAPULET Welcome, gentlemen! The ladies that have no corns on their toes will dance a turn with you. Ah, my mistresses, who of you all will refuse to dance? She who hesitates I'll swear has corns. Welcome gentlemen! There was a time when I would wear a mask and tell a whispering tale in a fair lady's ear. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone. You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

(Music plays and they dance)

Clear the floor, make room! Come dance, girls. Now sit down, good cousin Capulet; for you and I are past our dancing days. How long is it now since we were last in masks?

ROMEO *(To a servingman)* Who is that lady, who enriches the hand of that knight over there?

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.

ROMEO Oh, she teaches the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiopian's ear. Among her fellows she is like a snowy dove among crows. When the dance is over I will go to her and I will bless my hand by touching hers. Did my heart love till now? Deny

it my sight! For I never saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT This, by his voice, sounds like a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! Does the slave dare to come here in a mask, to jeer and scorn at our festivity? Now, by the honour of my kin, to strike him dead would not be a sin.

CAPULET Why, what's the matter, kinsman? Why do you storm so?

TYBALT Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe, a villain that has come here in spite, to scorn at our festivity this night.

CAPULET Young Romeo, is it?

TYBALT It's him, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET Be content, gentle coz, leave him alone. He seems to behave well, and to speak the truth, Verona brags of him to be a virtuous and well-governed youth. I would not, for all the wealth of this town, do him wrong here in my house. Therefore be patient. Take no notice of him. It is my will, and if you respect that, stop frowning. That's an ugly look for a feast.

TYBALT It's a suitable look 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, indeed! You'll make a disturbance among my guests!

TYBALT Why uncle 'tis a shame.

CAPULET Go to, go to! You are an impudent boy. This trick may bring harm to you. Do you contradict me? Marry, it's time — Well said, my hearts! — You are an impudent youngster — go! Be quiet or — More light, more light! — For shame! I'll make you quiet! — Cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT Forced patience meeting with eager anger make my flesh tremble. I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, though it seems sweet, turn to bitterest gall.
(Exit)

ROMEO If I profane with my unworthiest hand this holy shrine, it is the sin of well-bred people. My lips stand ready, like two blushing pilgrims, to smooth that rough touch with a kiss.

JULIET Good pilgrim, you treat your hand badly, for saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, and palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

ROMEO Don't saints have lips and holy palmer's too?

JULIET Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO Oh then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do! They pray; grant me this, in case my faith should turn to despair.

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

ROMEO Then don't move, while my prayer's effect I take. Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purged. (He kisses her)

JULIET Then have my lips taken the sin from yours.

ROMEO Sin from my lips? Oh then you must give it back to me. (He kisses her)

JULIET You kiss by the book.

NURSE Madam, your mother wants to speak with you.

ROMEO Who is her mother?

NURSE Goodness me, bachelor, her mother is the lady of the house, and a good lady, both wise and virtuous. I nursed her daughter that you spoke to just now. I tell you, he that shall get her, shall have plenty of gold.

ROMEO Is she a Capulet? Oh no, my foe now owns my life.

BENVOLIO Away, let's go, the sport is at the best.
 ROMEO Ay, so I fear; and it gives me more unrest.
 CAPULET Nay, gentlemen, don't leave now; we wanted to prepare a little banquet. Do you insist on leaving? Well then, I thank you all. I thank you honest gentlemen. Good night. More torches here! Come on then; let's to bed. By my faith it's getting late. (*Exit all but Juliet and Nurse*)
 JULIET Come here, nurse. Who is that gentleman over there?
 NURSE The son and heir of old Tiberio.
 JULIET And that one going out of the door?
 NURSE Why, I think that's young Petruchio.
 JULIET Who is the one following him, that would not dance?
 NURSE I don't know.
 JULIET Go and ask his name.—If he is married, my grave is likely to be my wedding bed.
 NURSE His name is Romeo and he's a Montague, the only son of your great enemy.
 JULIET **My only love sprung from my only hate!** I saw you too soon without knowing you, and when I knew you it was 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 learned just now, from one I danced with. (*Someone calls from within*) "Juliet."
 NURSE We're coming! Come, let's go. The strangers have all gone home. (*Exeunt*)

Helpful Words & Notes

I will bite my thumb at them. — Я покажу им кукиш. (*жест, выражающий презрение*)

adversary *n* — противник, враг
he is his own counsellor — он молчит
fray *n* — ссора
Diana — Диана; в древнеримской мифологии олицетворение Луны, богиня охоты и природы, давшая обет девственности
chaste *adj* — целомудренный, не состоящий в браке, девственный
cuts beauty off from all posterity — не будет иметь детей, которые бы унаследовали ее красоту
Earth-treading stars — *зд.* красивые женщины (*букв.* звезды, ходящие по Земле)
Lammastide — Лугнасад или Ламмас (1-ое августа); один из самых значимых кельтских праздников, происходящий с разнообразными игрищами, песнями и плясками. Назван в честь кельтского бога Луга, покровителя земледелия и ремесел.
earthquake *n* — землетрясение
For I had put wormwood on my dug — Кормилица положила горькую траву на свой сосок, чтобы Джульетта больше не сосала ее грудь.
sucked wisdom from the breast — *зд.* впитала мудрость с молоком (Кормилица намекает на то, что Джульетта пошла такая умная в нее, ее кормилицу.)
beseech *v* — просить, умолять
foe *n* — враг
brag *v* — хвастаться, кичиться, бахвалиться
pilgrim *n* — пилигрим; странник или паломник, ходящий по святым местам
You kiss by the book. — *зд.* Ты понимаешь слишком буквально, чтобы меня еще раз поцеловать.
My only love sprung from my only hate! — *зд.* Я полюбила того, кого должна ненавидеть!

Activities

1 Answer the pre-reading questions.

- 1) Have you seen any of the film versions of "Romeo and Juliet"? What do you think of them?
- 2) Do you think a modern audience would appreciate the play in a way different from an Elizabethan audience? Why?

2 Read Act I and answer the questions.

- 1) Where is the scene set?
- 2) What do we learn about the two houses: Capulet and Montague?
- 3) What sort of person is Tybalt?
- 4) Why is Romeo sad at the beginning?
- 5) What does County Paris ask old Capulet?
- 6) Why does the servant need Romeo's help?
- 7) What news does Lady Capulet have for Juliet?
- 8) Why is old Capulet angry with Tybalt during the feast?
- 9) What happens to Romeo's mood when he sees Juliet at the feast?
- 10) Why does Juliet say, "My only love sprung from my only hate"?

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) Mercutio and Benvolio are Romeo's friends.
- 2) Benvolio tells Romeo to ask Rosaline to marry him.
- 3) Juliet is eager to marry Paris.
- 4) Juliet's nurse thinks County Paris would be a great husband.

- 5) The nurse is very intelligent.
- 6) Romeo doesn't want to dance at the feast.
- 7) Romeo kisses Juliet.
- 8) Juliet is sad when she discovers Romeo is a Montague.

4 Match the words in the left-hand column with the definitions in the right one.

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| 1) grudge | a) enemy, opponent |
| 2) misadventure | b) make a noise as if of pain and suffering |
| 3) earthquake | c) unlucky accident |
| 4) adversary | d) beg |
| 5) grove | e) bitterness, resentment |
| 6) fray | f) frustrated |
| 7) vexed | g) relations, family |
| 8) moan | h) fight, involving many people |
| 9) beseech | i) small group of trees |
| 10) kin | j) tremor of convulsion of the earth surface |

5 Match the two halves of the sentences adapted from the text.

- 1) If ever you disturb our streets again,
 - 2) If we are angry,
 - 3) They'll be disgraced,
 - 4) If we could only learn from where his sorrows grow,
 - 5) I'll teach you to forget her,
 - 6) If she agrees to marry you,
 - 7) If I hadn't been your only nurse,
- a) I'd say you'd sucked wisdom from the breast.
b) your lives shall pay the price of peace.

- c) then you will have my consent.
- d) if they stand for that.
- e) we'll draw our swords.
- f) if it's the last thing I do.
- g) we would willingly cure them.

6 Give a name to each scene of Act I. Explain your choice.

7 Say as much as you can about the following characters from Act I:

- 1) Tybalt
- 2) Montague
- 3) Capulet
- 4) Benvolio
- 5) Romeo
- 6) Lady Capulet
- 7) Nurse
- 8) Juliet



ACT II

Prologue

(Enter Chorus)

CHORUS

Now old desire does in his deathbed lie,
And the new affection is eager to be his heir.
That fair one, for whom love groaned and would die,
Compared to tender Juliet seems no longer fair.
Now Romeo is loved and loves in return,
And both are bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe must Romeo make love,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.

Being a foe, **he may not have access**
To breathe such vows as lovers usually swear,
And she, as much in love, is even less able
To meet her new beloved anywhere;
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Making their difficulties extremely sweet.

(Exit)

Scene I

(Near Capulet's orchard)

(Enter Romeo alone)

ROMEO Can I go away when my heart is here? Turn back
and find her.

(Enter Benvolio with Mercutio. Romeo retires)

BENVOLIO Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO He is wise, and I swear he has gone home to
bed.

BENVOLIO He ran this way and leapt over the orchard
wall. Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO Romeo! Madman! Passion! Lover! Appear in
the likeness of a sigh; speak just one rhyme and
I'll be satisfied! Just cry "Ah me!", only say "love".
I conjure you by Rosaline's bright eyes, by her
high forehead and her scarlet lips, by her fine foot,
straight leg and quivering thigh, that you should ap-
pear to us!

BENVOLIO If he hears you, he'll be angry. Come, he has
hidden himself among these trees. His love is blind
and suits the dark best.

MERCUTIO If love is blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now he will sit under a medlar tree and wish his mis-

tress were that kind of fruit that maids call medlars
when they laugh alone. Romeo, goodnight. I'm off to
my bed. Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO Go then, for we shall not find him if he
doesn't want to be found. *(Exit with others)*

Scene II

(Capulet's orchard)

ROMEO *(Coming forward)* He never felt a wound, yet
laughs at my scars. *(Enter Juliet 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 you, her **maid** are more fair than she.

Do not be her maid, since she is envious.

Her virginity is but sick and green,

And only fools wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady! Oh, it is my love!

Oh, if only she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye speaks for her; 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, entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their orbits till they return.

What if her eyes were there, being in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight does 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!

Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET Ah me!

ROMEO She speaks. Oh, speak again bright angel, for you
are as glorious to this night, being over my head, as
a winged messenger from heaven is to the white, up-
turned eyes of mortals who gaze at him.

JULIET Oh Romeo, Romeo! Why are you called Romeo?
Deny your father and refuse your name; or if you
will not, swear to be my love and I'll no longer be
a Capulet.

ROMEO Shall I wait to hear more, or shall I speak?

JULIET It is only your name that is my enemy. You are
yourself, even if you were not a Montague. What's
a Montague? It is not a hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor
face. Oh, have some other name. What's in a name?
That which we call a rose, by any other word would
smell as sweet. So Romeo, if he were not called
Romeo, would keep that dear perfection which he
owns. Romeo, take off your name, and take all of me.

ROMEO **I take you at your word.** Only call me love and
I'll be baptized again. From now on, I'll never be
Romeo.

JULIET Who are you that come hidden in the dark and
hear my secrets?

ROMEO I hardly know how to tell you my name. My name,
dear saint, is hateful to me, because it is your enemy.
If I had it written down I would tear the word.

JULIET My ears have not yet heard a hundred words spo-
ken by you, and yet I know the sound. Are you not
Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO I am neither, dear maid, if either displeases you.

JULIET How did you come here, and why? The orchard
walls are high and hard to climb, and, considering who

you are, this place is death to you if any of my kins-
men find you.

ROMEO I flew over these walls with love's light wings; for
stony barriers cannot keep love out, and love dares to
try anything. Therefore your kinsmen cannot stop me.

JULIET If they see you they will murder you.

ROMEO Alas, there is more danger in your eyes than in
twenty of their swords! Look at me sweetly, and I will
be protected against their enmity.

JULIET I wouldn't have them see you for the world.

ROMEO I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
and if only you will love me, let them find me here.
I would rather have my life ended by their hate, than
put death off by forgoing your love.

JULIET Who told you how to find this place?

ROMEO Love did. He told me where to go, and I lent him
my eyes. I am no pilot, yet if you were as far as that
vast shore washed by the furthest sea, I would risk
the journey for such a prize.

JULIET You know the mask of night is on my face; or
you would see me blush for that which you have heard
me say. I would deny everything, but cannot. Do you
love me? I know you will say "Ay", and I will believe
you. But you may prove false. They say **Jove** laughs
at lovers' lies. Oh, gentle Romeo, if you love me, tell
me faithfully. Or if you think I am too easily won, I'll
frown and be perverse and say "no" to you. The truth is,
fair Montague, that I am too affectionate, and you may
think my behaviour light. But trust me, gentleman, I'll
prove more true than those who are more cunning and
remain aloof. I would have been more aloof with you,
but you heard my passionate speech before I was aware
of you. Therefore, pardon me, and don't attribute my
yielding to a light love, revealed by the dark night.

ROMEO Lady, I swear by the blessed moon, that tips all these fruit-tree tops with silver—

JULIET Oh, don't swear by the moon, that inconstant moon, that changes every month in her orbit, in case your love should prove equally unreliable.

ROMEO What shall I swear by?

JULIET Do not swear at all, or if you will, swear by your gracious self, which is my god, and I'll believe you.

ROMEO If my heart's dear love—

JULIET Well, do not swear. Although you bring me joy, I have no joy in this contract tonight. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; too like the lightning, which ceases to be before we can say it lightens. Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, may prove a beautiful flower when we next meet. Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest come to your heart, as that within my breast.

ROMEO Oh, will you leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET What satisfaction can you have tonight?

ROMEO The exchange of your love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET I gave you mine before you asked for it. And I wish it were mine again.

ROMEO Would you take it away? For what purpose, love?

JULIET To give it to you again. I would give you anything. My love is as deep as the sea. The more I give to you, the more I have. I hear some noise within. Dear love, goodbye!

(Nurse calls from within)

I'm coming, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true. Wait a little and I'll come straight back. *(Exit)*

ROMEO Oh, blessed, blessed night. I am afraid, it being night, that this is but a dream, too sweet to be true.

(Enter Juliet again)

JULIET Three words, good Romeo, and goodnight indeed. If your love is honourable, and you aim at marriage, send me word tomorrow by a messenger that I will send to you, and tell me where and when you will perform the rite. And I will lay all my fortunes at your feet and follow you, my lord, throughout the world.

NURSE *(Within)* Madam!

JULIET I'm coming! — But if you are not true, I beseech you—

NURSE *(Within)* Madam!

JULIET At once! — to cease your efforts and leave me to my grief. I will send to you tomorrow. A thousand times goodnight. *(Exit)*

ROMEO A thousand times the worse, for lack of your light!

(Enter Juliet again)

JULIET Hist! Romeo, hist! Oh for a falconer's voice to lure this hawk back again. I dare not cry aloud.

ROMEO It is my soul that calls my name. How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, like softest music to attentive ears!

JULIET Romeo!

ROMEO My sweet?

JULIET What time shall I send the messenger tomorrow?

ROMEO By nine o'clock.

JULIET I will not fail. It seems like twenty years rill then. I have forgotten why I called you back.

ROMEO Let me stand here until you remember.

JULIET I shall forget on purpose to make you stand there, remembering how I love your company.

ROMEO And I shall stay to make you forget, forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET It is almost morning. I would have you go, and yet no further than a capricious child will let a bird hop a little from his hand and then pulls it back with a silken thread, so loving-jealous of its liberty.

ROMEO I wish I were your bird.

JULIET Sweet, so do I. Yet I would kill you with too much loving. Good night, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I could say goodnight until the morrow. (*Exit*)

ROMEO Sleep fill your eyes, peace your breast! If only I were sleep and peace, so sweetly to rest! I will go to my ghostly friar's cell, to ask his help and my good fortune to tell. (*Exit*)

Scene III

(Friar Lawrence's cell)

(*Enter Friar Lawrence alone with a basket*)

FRIAR The grey-eyed morning smiles at the frowning night, covering the Eastern clouds with streaks of light. Now before the sun advances his burning eye, to cheer the day and nights dank dew to dry, I must fill up this willow basket of ours, with poisonous weeds and precious-juiced flowers. The earth that is nature's mother is also her tomb. Her grave is her womb; and many kinds of children spring from it. Many have excellent virtues and yet all are different. Much grace lies in plants, herbs and stones. For there is nothing so vile that lives on the earth, that does not do the earth some good, nor anything so good, that, when used for evil purposes does not do harm. Virtue becomes vice, if misapplied, and vice can sometimes be dignified.

(*Enter Romeo*)

Within the tender skin of this weak flower, there is both poison and medicinal power. When smelled, this flower will stimulate every part. If eaten, it kills all senses with the heart. In herbs as well as in man there is both grace and rude will. And when the worse of these is predominant, soon the canker death will eat that plant.

ROMEO Good morning, father.

FRIAR Bless you! What early tongue salutes me so sweetly? Young son, you must be troubled in your mind to be up at this hour. Every old man is full of cares, and where care lodges sleep cannot lie. But when a youth with an untroubled brain lies down, there sleep reigns. Therefore I think you must have some trouble, young Romeo, to be up so early, and yet I think you have not been to bed at all.

ROMEO You are right and my rest was sweeter for it.

FRIAR God pardon sin! Were you with Rosaline?

ROMEO No, father, I have forgotten the name of Rosaline.

FRIAR That's good, my son, but where have you been then?

ROMEO I'll tell you straightaway. I have been feasting with my enemy, and there I was wounded by one that's wounded by me. You can help both of us with your holy medicine. I feel no hatred, for you see I plead also for my foe.

FRIAR **Speak plainly, my son. You are speaking in riddles.**

ROMEO Then let me tell you that my heart is set on the daughter of rich Capulet. And hers is set on me. And we are united, except by marriage, which you must perform. When and where and how we met, wooed and

exchanged our vows, I'll tell you as we go; but this I pray, that you consent to marry us today.

FRIAR Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here! Have you forsaken Rosaline so soon? Young men's love lies in their eyes, not in their hearts. Jesu Maria! **What a lot of brine washed your sallow cheeks for Rosaline!** What a waste of salt water! Look, here on your cheek there is the stain of an old tear. How changed you are. No wonder women are fickle when men are so inconstant.

ROMEO But you often reprov'd me for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR For doting on her, not for loving her.

ROMEO And you told me to bury love.

FRIAR But not to lay one in the grave and have another out straightaway.

ROMEO I pray you, don't chide me. The one I love now loves me too. The other did not.

FRIAR Because she knew you didn't know the meaning of the word "love". But come with me, young waverer, come with me. In one respect I will be your assistant. For this alliance may so happy prove, that it turn's your families' hatred to love.

ROMEO Oh let us go! Make haste!

FRIAR Wisely and slowly. They stumble that run fast.
(*Exeunt*)

Scene IV

(A street)

(*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio*)

Mercutio and Benvolio are still looking for Romeo. They think that Rosaline is the cause of his trouble and say she will drive him mad. They also say that Tybalt has sent a letter to Romeo's father's house, challenging him to a duel.

Mercutio mocks Tybalt, saying that he is a very fashionable, precise kind of swordsman. Romeo arrives. His friends are happy to discover that he has recovered his good humour, and Mercutio and he joke together for some time. Then the Nurse arrives with her servingman, Peter.

NURSE Peter!

PETER Coming.

NURSE My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's better-looking.

NURSE Good morning, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO Good afternoon, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE Is it afternoon?

MERCUTIO Why yes, for **the bawdy hand of the clock is now upon the prick of noon.**

NURSE How dare you! What a rude man you are!

ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that God has made to ruin himself.

NURSE Well said. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I might find 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 want of a worse.**

NURSE You say well.

MERCUTIO Is the worst well? Very well understood, by my faith! Very wise!

NURSE If you be he, sir, I desire some **confidence** with you.

BENVOLIO She will **indite** him to supper.

MERCUTIO A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! Romeo, are you coming to your father's? We're going to dinner there.

ROMEO I will follow you.

MERCUTIO Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell.

NURSE I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was that, that was so full of rascally talk?

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

NURSE If he says anything against me, I will knock him down, even if he were bigger than he is, and twenty such **Jacks**. And if I can't, I'll find those that can. Scurvy knave! I'm no flirty wench. I'm no harlot. And you stand by and see every knave treat me at his pleasure.

PETER I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon would have been out, I assure you. I dare to draw as soon as any other man, if I see the reason and the law is on my side.

NURSE Now, before God, I am so vexed that every part of me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady told me to come and find you. What she told me to say I will keep to myself; but let me first tell you, that if you should try to seduce her, it would be terrible of you; for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it would be a bad thing, and very unmanly behaviour.

ROMEO Nurse, commend me to you lady and mistress. I protest—

NURSE Good heart, and in faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO What will you tell her, nurse? You are not listening to me.

NURSE I will tell her, sir, that you protest, which I take to be a gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO Tell her to go to confession this afternoon, and then to meet me at Friar Lawrence's cell, where we shall be married. Here, this is for your trouble.

NURSE No, truly, sir, not a penny.

ROMEO Go to! I say you shall.

NURSE This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

ROMEO And wait, good nurse, behind the abbey wall. My man shall be with you within this hour and will bring you a rope ladder, which to the peak of my joy in the secret night must be my conveyance. Farewell. Be faithful, and I'll reward you for your trouble. Farewell. Commend me to your mistress.

NURSE Now God in heaven bless you! Listen, sir.

ROMEO What is it, dear nurse?

NURSE Can your man be trusted? Sometimes it's better for only two to have a secret together.

ROMEO I promise you, my man is as true as steel.

NURSE Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord! When she was a little chattering thing — Oh, there is a nobleman in town, a certain Paris, that would like to have a slice of her; but she, good soul, would rather see a toad than him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the better man; but I promise you that when I do, she looks as white as any sheet in the universe.

ROMEO Commend me to your lady.

NURSE Ay, a thousand times. (*Exit Romeo*) Peter!

PETER Coming.

NURSE Go on ahead of me. (*Exit, after Peter*)

Scene V

(Capulet's orchard)

(*Enter Juliet*)

JULIET The clock struck nine when I sent the nurse. She promised to be back in half an hour. Perhaps she

could not find him. That's not so. Oh, she is lame! Love's messengers should be like thoughts that glide ten times faster than the sun's beams drive shadows back over the hills. It's noon and from nine to twelve are three long hours, yet she still hasn't come back. If she had affections and warm youthful blood, she would be as swift in motion as a ball. My words would speed her to my love, and his to me. But many old folks move about as if they were almost dead — clumsy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

(Enter Nurse and Peter)

Oh God, she comes! Oh honey nurse, what news? Have you seen him? Send your man away.

NURSE Peter, wait at the gate. *(Exit Peter)*

JULIET Now, good, sweet nurse — Oh Lord, why do you look so sad? If the news is bad, yet tell it merrily. If it's good, then you shame the music of sweet news, by playing to me with such a sour face.

NURSE I am weary. Let me rest a while. Oh, how my bones ache! What a long walk I've had.

JULIET I wish you had my bones and I had your news.

Nay, come, I pray you speak. Good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE Jesu, what haste! Can't you wait a while. Can't you see I'm out of breath?

JULIET How can you be out of breath when you've got breath enough to tell me you are out of breath? Your excuse is longer than the tale you have to tell. Is your news good or bad? Answer that. Say either and I'll wait for the rest. Let me be satisfied, is it good or bad?

NURSE Well, you have made a foolish choice. You don't know how to choose a man. Romeo? No not he. Though his face is better than any man's, and his leg

excels any other I know. Yes, his body is past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but yet he is gentle as a lamb. Go and serve God, wench. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET No, no. But I knew all this before. What did he say about our marriage? What of that?

NURSE Lord, how my head aches! It beats as if it would fall in twenty pieces. And my back is hurting. For shame, how could you send me about to catch my death with running up and down?

JULIET In faith, I'm sorry you are not well. Sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what does my love say?

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

JULIET My mother? Why she is indoors? Where should she be? How oddly you reply! 'Your love says like an honest gentleman, "Where is your mother?"'

NURSE Oh goodness me! Are you so angry? Come now, is this the cure for my aching bones? From now on you can take your own messages.

JULIET Oh, what a fuss! Come, what did Romeo say?

NURSE Have you got leave to go to confession today?

JULIET I have.

NURSE Then go to Friar Lawrence's cell; there a husband waits to make you a wife. Now you blush! Your cheeks are quite scarlet. Go to church; I must go another way, to fetch a ladder, by which your love must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark. I am the drudge and work hard for your delight; but you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'm going to dinner; go to the cell.

JULIET Oh what good fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

(Exeunt)

Scene VI

(Friar Lawrence's cell)

(Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo)

FRIAR May the heavens smile upon this holy act, so that we may not be sorry afterwards.

ROMEO Amen, amen! But whatever sorrow may come, it cannot equal the joy that one short minute in her sight gives me. If you will only join our hands with holy words, then let love-devouring death do what he dares. It will be enough for me to be able to call her mine.

FRIAR These violent delights have violent ends and die in their triumph, like fire and gun powder, which are consumed as they kiss. Therefore, love moderately long love is like that. Too fast a love consumes itself too quickly.

(Enter Juliet)

Here comes the lady. Ah, so light a foot will never wear out these stones. A lover may walk across cobwebs suspended in air without falling, for vanity is light.

JULIET Good evening to my holy confessor.

FRIAR Romeo will thank you, daughter, for us both.

ROMEO Ah, Juliet, if your joy is as great as mine, and you are better able than I to express it, then sweeten the air with thy breath and let me hear the music of your words as you speak of the happiness of this meeting.

JULIET True understanding of joy, needs no words and my love has grown too much to be described.

FRIAR Come, come with me, and we'll make short work of this. For you two shall not be alone, until the Holy Church has made you one. (*Exeunt*)

Helpful Words & Notes

he may not have access to breathe such vows — он не может дать такую клятву

maid *n* — служанка; *зд.* Луна — богиня целомудрия и девственности Диана, а Джульетта — ее служанка

Deny your father and refuse your name — Откажись от своего отца и от своего имени

I take you at your word. — Словлю тебя на слове.

Jove — Яхве; Бог-отец, царь великий над всеми богами

friar *n* — монах нищенствующего ордена

Speak plainly... you are speaking in riddles. — Говори яснее... ты говоришь загадками.

What a lot of brine washed your sallow cheeks for Rosaline! — Как много слез ты пролил по Розалине!

the bawdy hand of the clock is now upon the prick of noon — жестокая стрелка часов указывает на полдень
for want of a worse — *зд.* искаженное выражение "for want of a better" — за неимением лучшего. Ромео считает свое имя своим врагом.

confidence *n* — уверенность, доверие; *зд.* Кормилица подразумевает слово "conference" — разговор

indite *v* — писать, требовать, командовать; *зд.* Бенволио подразумевает слово "invite" — приглашать

Jack — *зд.* нахал

Have you got leave... ? — Тебе разрешили... ?

Activities

1 Answer the pre-reading questions.

- 1) How will Romeo manage to see Juliet again?
- 2) Will the nurse approve of Juliet's love for Romeo?

2 Read Act II. Answer the questions.

- 1) Why does Juliet feel embarrassed when Romeo hears her talking on the balcony?
- 2) Why do they both want to change their names?
- 3) Why does Friar Lawrence think that Romeo has some trouble?
- 4) What does Friar Lawrence say when Romeo tells him of his love for Juliet?
- 5) What message does Romeo send to Juliet?
- 6) Who marries them and where?

3 Read Romeo's monologue at the beginning of Act II, scene II.

- 1) How does he speak of his love?
- 2) Why does Romeo say that the moon is envious?
- 3) Why does he say he wants to be a glove?

4 Agree or disagree with the following statements. Give your comments.

- 1) Where care lodges, sleep cannot lie.
- 2) They stumble that run fast.
- 3) Love moderately long love is like that. Too fast a love consumes itself too fast.
- 4) True understanding of joy needs no words.
- 5) Virtue becomes vice if misapplied and vice can sometimes be dignified.

5 Who said it and in connection with what?

- 1) If love is blind, love cannot hit the mark.
- 2) He never felt a wound, yet laughs at my scars.
- 3) Deny your father and refuse your name.
- 4) Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I could say goodnight until the morrow.

- 5) Young men's love lies in their eyes, not in their hearts.
- 6) Love's messengers should be like thoughts that glide ten times faster than the sun's beams drive shadows back over the hills.
- 7) If you will only join our hands with holy words, then let love-devouring death do what he dares.

6 Act out Romeo's monologue.

7 Act out Romeo and Juliet's dialogue, starting with the words:

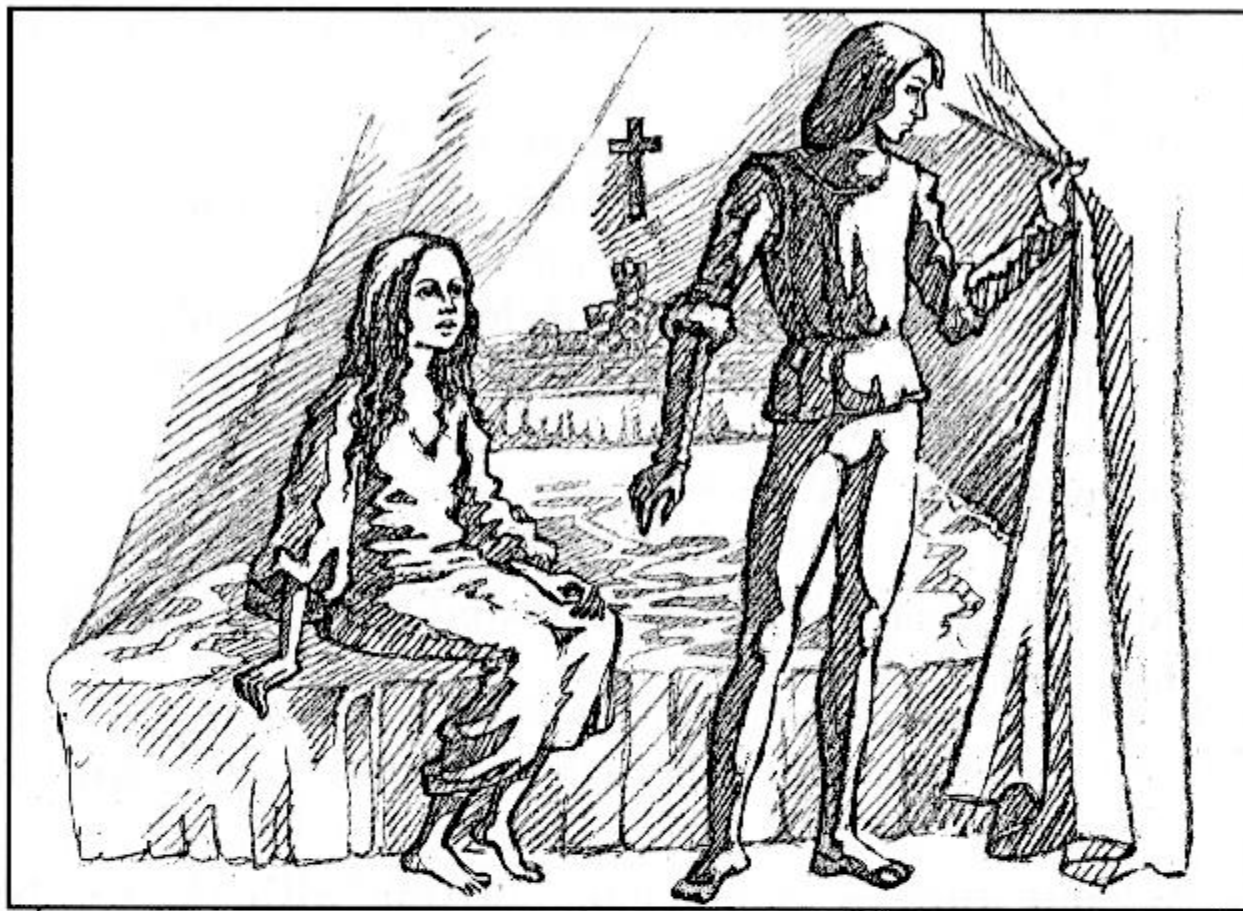
"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?.."

8 Act out Juliet's monologue, starting with the words:

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo! Why are you called Romeo?.."

9 Act out Juliet and Romeo's dialogue, starting with the words:

"I take you at your word. Only call me love, and I'll be baptized again..."



ACT III

Scene I

(A public place)

Mercutio, Benvolio and their men are in the street, Benvolio wisely says they should go home, as he has heard that bait is in town, but Mercutio laughs at him. Tybalt and his men arrive and he and Mercutio begin to argue about Romeo. Romeo arrives and Tybalt calls him a villain, but Romeo attempts to make peace.

ROMEO Tybalt, the reason I have to love you excuses any rage I might feel at such a greeting. I am no villain. Therefore farewell. I see you do not know me.

TYBALT Boy, there is no excuse for the insults you have given me. Therefore turn and draw your sword.

ROMEO I protest I never insulted you, and I love you better than you can imagine, until you learn the reason for my love; and so, good Capulet, which name I value as dearly as my own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO Oh, dishonourable calm, vile submission. That fop is getting away with it. Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you step aside?

TYBALT What do you want with me?

MERCUTIO Nothing but your life, which I mean to take. Will you draw your sword? Make haste, before you find mine about your ears.

TYBALT I am for you. *(He draws his sword)*

ROMEO Gentle Mercutio, put away your rapier.

MERCUTIO Come, sir. Let me see you lunge.

(They fight)

ROMEO Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons. Gentlemen for shame! Stop this outrage! Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince has expressly forbidden this brawling in Verona's streets. Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

(Tybalt under Romeo's arm, strikes Mercutio and runs away)

MERCUTIO I am hurt! **A plague on both houses**, I am wounded. Has he gone without a scratch?

BENVOLIO What, are you hurt?

MERCUTIO Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. It is enough. Where is my page? Go, villain and fetch a surgeon. *(Exit page)*

ROMEO Courage, man, it can't be that bad.

MERCUTIO No, it's not very deep, but it is enough. It will serve. Ask for me tomorrow and you will find me a grave man. It is a death-blow, I'm sure. A plague on

both your houses! God, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights by formal rules! Why the devil did you come between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO I thought it was for the best.

MERCUTIO Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint. A plague on both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me. I am dead. Your houses! (*Exit Mercutio and Benvolio*)

ROMEO This gentleman, the Prince's close relative, my true friend, has been mortally hurt on my behalf — my reputation has been stained with Tybalt's **slander** — Tybalt, that has been my cousin for an hour. Oh sweet Juliet, your beauty has made me effeminate and softened the valorous parts of my character!

(*Enter Benvolio*)

BENVOLIO Oh Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead! That gallant spirit has climbed to the clouds too early.

ROMEO This day's black fate will hang over other days. This episode only begins the woe others must end.

(*Enter Tybalt*)

BENVOLIO Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO Alive in triumph and Mercutio dead? Away with you, mercifulness, and fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! Now Tybalt, I'll call you villain as you just now called me; for Mercutio's soul is just a little way above our heads, waiting for you to keep him company. Either you or I or both must go with him.

TYBALT Your wretched boy that kept company with him here, shall do so there.

ROMEO We shall see.

(*They fight. Tybalt falls*)

BENVOLIO Romeo away, be gone! The citizens are up and Tybalt is slain. Don't stand there staring. The Prince will condemn you to death if you are taken. Be gone, away!

ROMEO Oh, I am fortune's fool.

BENVOLIO What are you waiting for?

(*Exit Romeo. Enter citizens*)

CITIZEN Which way did Mercutio's murderer run?

BENVOLIO Tybalt is lying there.

CITIZEN Up, sir, go with me. I charge you in the Prince's name, obey.

(*Enter Prince, Old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all*)

PRINCE Where are those vile men that began this fray?

BENVOLIO Oh noble Prince, I can reveal the whole unlucky course of this fatal brawl. There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, that killed your kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET Tybalt, my cousin! Oh my brother's child! Oh Prince! Oh husband! Oh my dear kinsman's blood is spilled. Oh Prince, as you are true, for blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. Oh cousin, cousin!

PRINCE Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO Tybalt here, killed by Romeo. Romeo spoke fairly to him and urged him to think how trivial the quarrel was and reminded him of your displeasure. All this — said calmly and humbly — could not move Tybalt's bad temper, for **he was deaf to peace**, and he thrust with piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast. Mercutio, as angry as he, returned blow for blow. Romeo cried 'Hold, friends, part!' and faster than his tongue, his agile arm beat their weapons down and he rushed between them. But under his arm, Tybalt struck Mercutio and fled. Then, after

a while, he came back to Romeo, who had just decided on **revenge**, and they went to it like lightning. For, before I could part them, Tybalt was slain; and as he fell, Romeo turned and fled. This is the truth or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET He is a kinsman to the Montagues and affection makes him false. He does not speak the truth. Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, and all those twenty could only take one life. I beg for justice, which you, Prince, must give. Romeo killed Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

PRINCE Romeo killed him; he killed Mercutio. Who now owes the price of his dear blood?

CAPULET Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's friend. His fault concludes what only the law should have ended, the life of Tybalt.

PRINCE And for that offence we do immediately exile him. I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, my kinsman, for your rough brawl lies bleeding. But I shall punish you with so heavy a fine, that you will repent the loss of mine. I will be deaf to pleading and excuses. No tears or prayers shall purchase our abuses. Therefore, use none. Let Romeo be gone in haste, or when he is found, that hour shall be his last. Take this body away and respect our will. Mercy only murders, when it pardons those that kill.

(Exeunt)

Scene II

(Capulet's orchard)

(Enter Juliet alone)

JULIET Come, sun, set. Spread your curtain, love-performing night, that eyes may shut and Romeo leap

into these arms untalked of and unseen. Lovers can see to do their amorous rites by the light of their own beauty. Come, night, with your black cloak, hide the blood fluttering in my cheeks, until unfamiliar love grows bold. Come night, come Romeo, and, when I 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 a mansion of love, but not possessed it. And, though I am sold, I have not yet been enjoyed. This day is as tedious as the night before some festival to an impatient child that has new clothes and may not wear them. Oh, here comes my nurse.

(Enter Nurse with cords)

And she brings news; and every tongue that only mentions Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. Now, nurse, what news? What have you there? The rope that Romeo told you to fetch?

NURSE Ay, ay, the rope.

JULIET Ay, me! What's the news? Why are you wringing your hands?

NURSE Ah alas! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead! **We are undone**, lady, we are undone! Alas the day! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE Romeo can, though heaven cannot. Oh Romeo, Romeo! Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET What devil are you to torment me in this way? This torture should be roared in dismal hell. Has Romeo killed himself? If you say 'Ay', there will be more poison in that 'Ay' than in the eye of a cockatrice.

NURSE I saw the wound. I saw it with my eyes, there on his manly breast. a piteous corpse; pale, pale as ashes, all covered in blood. I fainted at the sight.

JULIET Oh, break my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once! To prison, eyes; never look at liberty! Vile body, return to earth; end motion here and you and Romeo fill one heavy coffin.

NURSE Oh Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! Oh courteous Tybalt! Honest gentleman! That I should ever live to see you dead!

JULIET What storm is this that changes direction so? Are Romeo *and* Tybalt dead? My dearest cousin and my dearer lord? Then dreadful trumpet sound for **Dooms-day**, for who should live if those two are dead?

NURSE Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished. Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

JULIET Oh God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalts blood?

NURSE It did, it did! Alas the day, it did!

JULIET Oh serpent heart, hidden behind a flowering face! Did any dragon ever have such a beautiful cave? Beautiful tyrant! Angelic fiend! Dove-feathered raven! You are the opposite to what you seemed. A damned saint, an honourable villain! Did ever a book with such vile contents have such a beautiful cover? Oh, that deceit should live in such a beautiful palace!

NURSE There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men. They are all nothing. Give me some *aqua vitae*. These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old. Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET May your tongue blister for saying such a thing! He was not born to shame. Oh what a beast I was to chide at him.

NURSE Will you speak well of the man who killed your cousin?

JULIET Shall I speak badly of my husband? Ah, my poor lord, what tongue shall smooth your name, when I, only three hours your wife, have mistreated it? But why did you kill my cousin, villain? Back, foolish tears. Your drops belong to woe, not to joy. My husband lives, and Tybalt would have slain him; and Tybalt's dead, that wanted to kill my husband. All this is comfort; so why am I weeping? There was a word, worse than Tybalts death. I would prefer to forget it, but it presses on my memory, as guilty acts press on sinners' minds. 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished.' That 'banished', that one word 'banished', has killed ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death was terrible enough by itself. 'Romeo banished' is like having Tybalt, mother, father, Romeo, Juliet all dead, all slain. Where are my father and mother, nurse?

NURSE Weeping and wailing over Tybalts corpse. Will you go to them? I will take you there.

JULIET Do they wash his wounds with tears? I will use mine, when theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment. Take up those cords. Poor ropes you have been cheated, both you and I, for Romeo has been exiled. He made you for a highway to my bed, but I shall die a maid. Come, cords, come nurse. I'll go to my bed. And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE Go to your chamber. I'll find Romeo to comfort you. I know where he is. Listen, your Romeo will be here at night. I'll go to him. He is hidden at Lawrence's cell.

JULIET Oh find him! Give him this ring and tell him to come and say his last farewell.

(Exit with Nurse)

Scene III

(Friar Lawrence's cell)

(Enter Friar Lawrence)

FRIAR Come forth, come forth, you frightened man.
Trouble is in love with you and you are **wedded** to calamity.

(Enter Romeo)

ROMEO Father, what news? What is the Prince's decision? What sorrows await me? Has he decided upon my death?

FRIAR A gentler judgement escaped his lips — not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death'; for exile has more terror in his look. Much more than death. Do not say 'banishment'.

FRIAR You are banished from Verona. But be patient, the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO There is no world beyond Verona's walls, but purgatory, torture, hell itself. So 'banished', is banished from the world, and the world's exile is death. 'Banished' is only another word for death.

FRIAR Oh deadly sin! Oh rude unthankfulness! Your sin is punishable by death according to the law; but the kind Prince, taking your part, has pushed aside the law, and turned that black word 'death' to 'banishment'. This is dear mercy and you do not see it.

ROMEO This is torture, not mercy. Heaven is here, where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog and little mouse, every unworthy thing lives here in heaven and may look on her; but Romeo may not. There is more value in carrion flies than in Romeo. They may rest on the white wonder of Juliet's hand or steal immortal bless-

ings from her lips that blush when they touch each other. But Romeo may not, he is banished. How do you have the heart, being a holy man and my friend, to hurt me with that word, 'banished'?

FRIAR You foolish, mad man. Listen to me.

ROMEO Oh, you will speak of banishment.

FRIAR I'll give you armour to keep off that word; philosophy, to comfort you, though you have been banished.

ROMEO Again 'banished'? Hang philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, move a town and reverse a Prince's decision, it cannot help me. Talk no more.

FRIAR Oh, then I see that madmen have no ears. Let me discuss the situation with you.

ROMEO You cannot discuss what you cannot feel. Were you as young as I, Juliet your love, and had you been married just an hour ago and then been banished, then you might speak. Then you might tear out your hair and fall upon the ground, as I do now.

(Nurse enters and knocks)

FRIAR Get up. Someone is knocking at the door.

ROMEO Not I. (*Knock*)

FRIAR Hear how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise; you will be taken — get up! (*Knock*) Run to my study — just a moment! — God's will, what foolishness is this? — I'm coming, I'm coming! (*Knock*) Who knocks so hard? Where do you come from? What do you want?

(Enter Nurse)

NURSE Let me come in and you shall know my **errand**.
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR Welcome then.

NURSE Oh, holy friar, oh tell me, where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRIAR There on the ground, drunk with his own tears.

NURSE Oh, my mistress is just the same. Oh, what a pit-
eous **predicament**! She lies just the same, blubbering
and weeping. Stand up, stand up! Stand, if you are
a man. For Juliets sake, rise and stand! Why should
you fall into such a fit of moaning?

ROMEO (*Rises*) Nurse—

NURSE Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all.

ROMEO Did you not speak of Juliet? How is she? Does
she not think me an old murderer, now that I have
stained the childhood of our joy with blood so close to
her own? Where is she? And how is she? What does
she say to our cancelled love?

NURSE Oh, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps
and falls on her bed and then starts up again. Some-
times she calls 'Tybalt', and sometimes 'Romeo', and
then falls down again.

ROMEO As if that name, shot from the deadly aim of
a gun, had murdered her, as that name's cursed hand
murdered her kinsman. Oh tell me, friar, tell me, in
what vile part of my body does that name lodge? Tell
me, that I may plunder the hateful mansion. (*He tries
to stab himself, and Nurse snatches the dagger away*)

FRIAR Hold your desperate hand. Are you a man? You
look like a man, but your tears are womanish, your
wild acts are like those of a beast. This is inappro-
priate behaviour. You have amazed me. By my holy
order, I thought better of your character. Have you
killed Tybalt? And will you kill yourself? And kill
your lady that lives in your life, by doing damnation
on yourself? Why do you cry out so? Fie, fie, you
shame your shape, your love and your wit. Your no-
ble shape is but a form of wax, without manly quali-
ties. Your dear love sworn, is but an empty lie, kill-

ing that love which you have vowed to cherish. Your
wit, like powder in a soldier's flask, is set afire by
your own ignorance. What, get up man! Your Juliet
is alive; in that at least you are fortunate. The law
that threatened death, becomes your friend and turns
it to exile; in that you are fortunate. Tybalt wanted
to kill you, but you killed him; in that you are for-
tunate. You have a pack of blessings upon your back!
Go to your love, as was planned. Climb to her cham-
ber and comfort her. But be careful not to stay un-
til the watch is set, or you will not be able to go to
Mantua, where you shall live till we can find a way to
announce your marriage, reconcile your friends, beg
pardon of die Prince, and call you back with twenty
hundred thousand times more joy than you went forth
in lamentation. Go on ahead, nurse. Commend me to
your lady, and tell her to hurry all the house to bed,
which heavy sorrow will make them apt to do. Romeo
is coming.

NURSE Oh Lord, I could have stayed here all night to
hear good counsel. Oh, what a good thing learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come. (*Nurse turns
to go and then turns back again*) Here, sir, a ring she
told me to give you. Now hurry, for it's getting late.
(*Exit*)

ROMEO How I am comforted by this!

FRIAR Go, good night. Either be gone before the watch
is set, or leave in disguise before the break of day.
Go to Mantua. I'll find your man and he shall tell
you, from time to time, every good thing that hap-
pens here. Give me your hand. 'Tis late. Farewell;
good night.

ROMEO If I were not going to a great joy, it would be
a grief to part with you. Farewell. (*Exit*)

Scene IV

(A room in Capulet's house)

Old Capulet and his Wife talk to Paris about Juliet. They apologize for the delay regarding their marriage and say it is due to Tybalt's death. They say they will talk to Juliet and try to get her to agree to marry Paris. They decide that she shall be married on Thursday.

Scene V

(Capulet's orchard)

(Enter Romeo and Juliet above)

JULIET Must you go? It is not yet near day. It was the **nightingale** and not the **lark** that pierced the frightened hollow of your ear. Nightly she sings on that pomegranate tree. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO It was the lark, the **herald** of the morning; no nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks lace the clouds in the East. Night's candles are burnt out, and merry day stands on the mountain tops. I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET That light over there is not daylight. It is some meteor that the sun has sent to be your torchbearer, this night, and light your way to Mantua. Therefore stay awhile. You don't need to go yet.

ROMEO Let me be taken, let me be put to death. I am content if you will have it so. I'll say that grey in the sky is not the morning. I'll say it is the reflection of the moon. I would rather stay than go. Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. Come, my love, let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET It is, it is! Be gone, away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune. Some say the lark sings sweetly,

but it is not so, for she must separate us. Oh, now, be gone! It grows lighter and lighter.

ROMEO Lighter and lighter — and darker and darker our woes.

(Enter Nurse)

NURSE Madam!

JULIET Nurse?

NURSE Your lady mother is coming to your chamber. The day has broken; be careful, look about. *(Exit)*

JULIET Then, window, let in the day, and let life out.

ROMEO Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. *(He goes down)*

JULIET Have you gone then, my love-lord, my husband? I must hear from you every day, for the days are so long. Oh, how old I shall be before I see my Romeo again!

ROMEO Farewell, I shall miss no chance of sending my greetings to you.

JULIET Oh, do you think we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO I do not doubt it; and all these woes shall be the subject of sweet conversations in times to come.

JULIET Oh God, my soul foresees some evil! I seem to see you, now that you are so low, as one dead in the bottom of a tomb. Either my eyesight is failing, or you are very pale.

ROMEO And trust me, love, to my eyes so do you. Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *(Exit)*

JULIET Oh fortune, fortune! All men call you fickle. I hope you are, for then you will not keep him long, but send him back.

(Enter Mother)

LADY CAPULET Ho, daughter! Are you up?

JULIET Who is it that calls? It is my lady mother. She is very late going to bed, or up very early. What strange cause brings her here?

LADY CAPULET What's the matter, Juliet?

JULIET Madam I am not well.

LADY CAPULET Still weeping for your cousin's death? What, will you wash him from his grave with tears? Even if you could, you could not make him live. Therefore stop now. A little grief shows much love; but too much grief shows some want of wit.

JULIET Yet I cannot choose but weep.

LADY CAPULET Well, girl, you weep not so much for his death than for the fact that the villain who killed him still lives.

JULIET What villain, Madam?

LADY CAPULET That villain Romeo. That treacherous murderer still lives.

JULIET Ay, **out of reach of my hands**. I wish that none but I might revenge my cousins death!

LADY CAPULET We will be revenged for it, fear not. I'll send someone to Mantua, where that banished renegade lives, and he'll give him some poison, so that he'll soon keep Tybalt company; and then I hope you will be satisfied.

JULIET Indeed I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him — dead — is my poor heart to have lost such a kinsman. Madam, if you could only find a man to carry such a poison, I would temper it, that Romeo should, having drunk it, soon sleep quietly. Oh how my heart hates to hear him named and not be able to reach him.

LADY CAPULET If you find the means, then I'll find such a man. But now I'll tell you some joyful news, girl.

JULIET Joy is welcome at such a time. What is the news, madam?

LADY CAPULET Well, you have a caring father, child, one who, to distract you from your grief, has arranged a sudden day of joy, which you did not expect.

JULIET Madam, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET Well, my child, early next Thursday morning, the gallant, young and noble gentleman, the County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church shall happily make you 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 marry, before my husband evenj comes to woo me. I pray you tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear I would rather marry Romeo, whom you know I hate, than Paris. This is news indeed!

LADY CAPULET Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, and see how he will take it from you.

(Enter Capulet and Nurse)

CAPULET When the sun sets, the earth drizzles dew, but for the sunset of my brother's son, there is a downpour. How now? Are you a water pipe, girl? Still in tears? Still showering? Well, wife, have you told her our decision?

LADY CAPULET Ay, sir, but she'll have none of it. I wish the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET Wait, let me understand you, wife. She won't have it? Doesn't she give us thanks? Doesn't she count herself blessed, unworthy as she is, that we have found so worthy a gendeman to be her husband?

JULIET I am not pleased, but thankful that you have. I can never be pleased with what I hate, but thankful even for hate that is meant as love.

CAPULET How, how, how, how, what false argument is this? 'Pleased' — and 'I thank you' — and 'I thank you not'? Mistress minx, you may be pleased or not, but you must make ready for next Thursday to go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, or I will drag you there on a hurdle. Out, you anaemic carrion! Out, you strumpet!

LADY CAPULET Fie, fie! Are you mad?

JULIET Good father, I beseech you on my knees to let me say just one word.

CAPULET Hang you, young strumpet! Disobedient wretch! I tell you what — get yourself to church on Thursday, or never look at me again. Don't speak, don't answer! **My fingers itch.** Wife, we thought ourselves blessed that God had left us this one child; but now I see that this one is one too much, and that we only have a curse in having her!

NURSE God in heaven bless her! You are wrong, my lord, to scold her so.

CAPULET And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue, good prudence. Save your chatter for your friends, go!

NURSE I speak no treason.

CAPULET Oh, get away with you!

NURSE May one not speak?

CAPULET Silence, you mumbling fool! We don't want your gossip here.

LADY CAPULET You are too hot!

CAPULET By God it makes me mad! All my life I have only desired to see her married well, and now, having found a gentleman of **noble parentage**, of a good house, youthful and nobly trained, stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts, and then to hear a wretched, whining fool answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love; I am too young, I pray you, pardon me!' Listen to me.

If you are mine, I give you to my friend. If you are not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, for by my soul, I will disown you. Think about it! I will not be denied. (*Exit*)

JULIET Is there no pity in the clouds that sees into the bottom of my grief? Oh sweet my mother, do not throw me out! Delay this marriage for a month, a week; or if you do not, make the bridal bed in that dark monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET Don't talk to me, for I'll not speak a word. Do as you will, for I have done with you. (*Exit*)

JULIET Oh God! — Oh nurse, how shall this be prevented? My husband is on earth, my vow recorded in heaven. As long as he lives, I cannot break that vow. Comfort me, counsel me. Alas, alas, that heaven should play tricks on such a soft subject as myself! What do you say? Have you no word of comfort?

NURSE Well, here it is. Romeo is banished, and it's a sure thing he'll never come back to challenge you; or, if he does, he must do it by stealth. Then, with things being as they are, I think it would be best for you to marry the County. Oh, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dishcloth compared to him. There isn't an eagle with such a fair, quick green eye as Paris has. Bless me, I think you will be happy in this second match, for it's better than your first, and your first might as well be dead.

JULIET Do you speak from your heart?

NURSE Yes, from my soul to, or curse them both.

JULIET Amen!

NURSE What?

JULIET Well, you are a marvellous comfort. Go in and tell my lady I have gone, having displeased my father,

to Friar Lawrence's cell, to make confession and be absolved.

NURSE Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. (*Exit*)

JULIET Damned old woman! Oh most wicked fiend! Is it more sinful to wish me to break my vow, or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue with which you praised him so highly, so many thousand times? Go, counsellor! I may no longer trust you. I'll go to the friar to see what he has to say. If all else fails, I have the power to die. (*Exit*)

Helpful Words & Notes

A plague on both houses — Будь прокляты оба эти дома
slander *n* — клевета

I'm fortune's fool. — Я игрушка в руках судьбы.

he was deaf to peace — не хотел слышать о перемирии
revenge *n* — месть

We are undone! — Мы погибли!

Doomsday *n* — Судный день

acqua vitae (*Lat*) — живая вода; зд. напиток, способный вернуть ей жизненные силы

wed *v* — венчать

A gentler judgement escaped his lips — not body's death, but body's banishment. — Он вынес более мягкий приговор — не смерть, а только изгнание.

errand *n* — задание, поручение

predicament *n* — трудное положение

nightingale *n* — соловей

lark *n* — жаворонок

herald *n* — вестник

treacherous *adj* — коварный

Out of reach of my hands. — И я не могу до него добраться.

My fingers itch. — У меня чешутся руки.

noble parentage — благородное происхождение, из благородной семьи

Activities

1 Answer the pre-reading questions.

- 1) Now that Romeo and Juliet are married what will their families' reaction be?
- 2) Will any of Juliet's relatives be particularly angry?

2 Answer the questions.

- 1) In your opinion, who is more sensible, Benvolio or Mercutio?
- 2) Why does Romeo tell Tybalt he loves him more than he knows?
- 3) How exactly is Mercutio killed?
- 4) How does Tybalt die?
- 5) What is Lady Capulet's version of events?
- 6) How is Romeo punished?
- 7) What is Juliet's reaction to the news?
- 8) Why is Friar Lawrence impatient with Romeo?
- 9) Why does Capulet decide to hasten Juliet's marriage?
- 10) How does Capulet react when Juliet says she doesn't want to get married?
- 11) Who does Juliet turn to for comfort and advice?

3 Who said it and in connection with what?

- 1) Tybalt, the reason I have to love you excuses any rage I might feel at such a greeting.
- 2) This day's black fate will hang over other days.

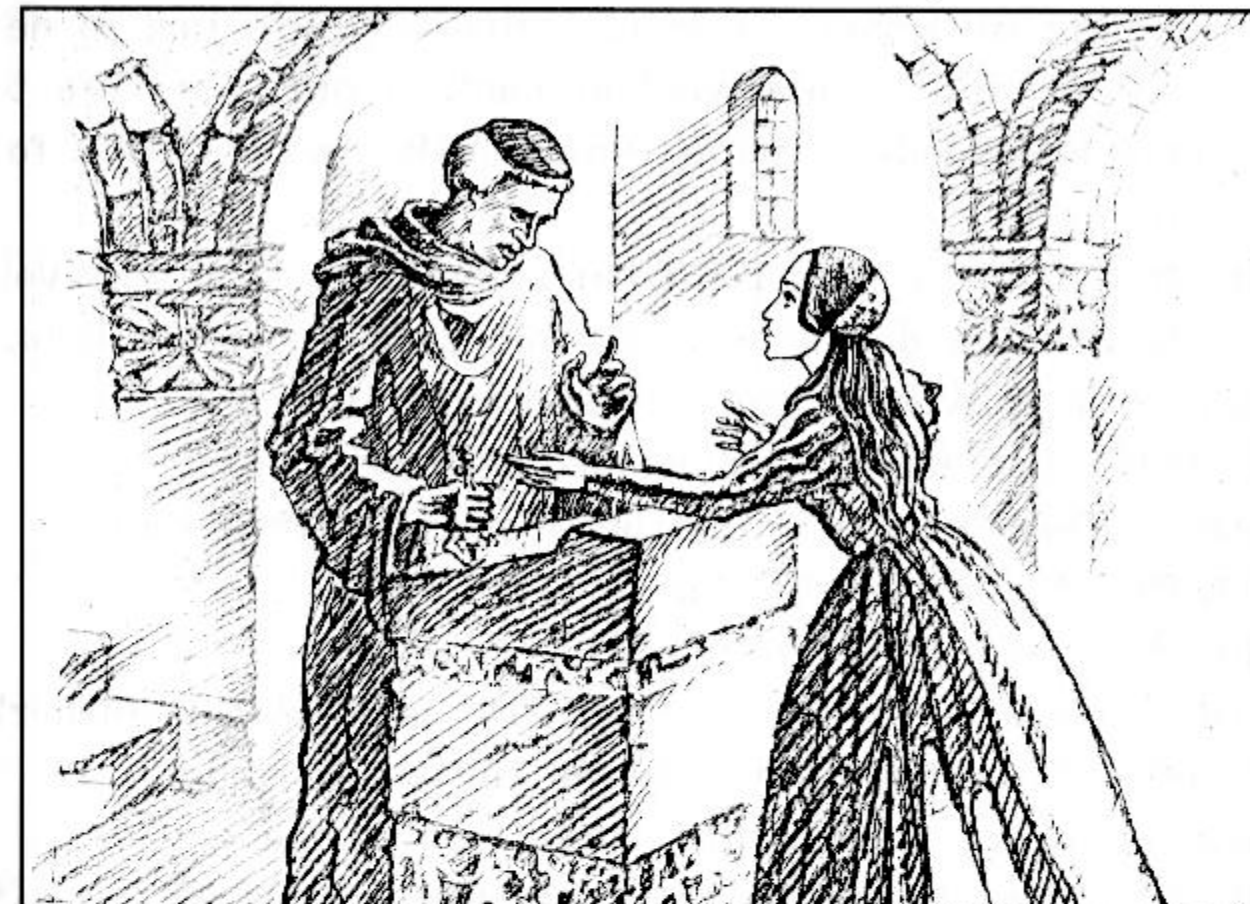
- 3) I beg for justice, which you, Prince, must give. Romeo killed Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
- 4) O, I have bought a mansion of love, but not possessed it.
- 5) Trouble is in love with you and you are wedded to calamity.
- 6) Hang philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, move a town and reverse a Prince's decision, it cannot help me.
- 7) That light over their is not daylight. It is some meteor that the sun has sent to be your torch-bearer...
- 8) I think you will be happy in this second match, for it's better than your first, and your first might as well be dead.

4 Reorganize the letters on the left to spell words from the text and match them to their definitions on the right. All the words can be found in Act III.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1) APERDICMENT | a) reprove, tell off |
| 2) EWO | b) die of hunger |
| 3) LLGAANT | c) great trouble |
| 4) OSCOLD | d) infancy |
| 5) FOCFIN | e) box in which a dead body is buried |
| 6) VASTRE | f) one of bad character, villain |
| 7) IEAGL | g) brave, courageous |
| 8) HICHLDOOD | h) quick, flexible |

5 Give a title to each scene of Act III and explain your choice.

6 Sum up all events of Act III in 10–15 sentences.



ACT IV

Scene I

(Friar Lawrence's cell)

(Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris)

FRIAR On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS My father Capulet will have it so, and I shall not check his haste by being slow myself.

FRIAR You say you do not know what the lady thinks about it. This course seems irregular and I don't like it.

PARIS She weeps immoderately for Tybalt's death, and therefore I have talked little of love; Venus does not smile in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father thinks

it dangerous that she should give way so much to her sorrow, and in his wisdom hastens our marriage to stop her floods of tears. Now you know the reason for our hurry.

FRIAR (*Aside*) I wish I did not know the reason why you should slow down. — Look, sir, here comes the lady.

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, next Thursday.

JULIET What must be shall be.

FRIAR That's for certain.

PARIS Have you come 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 you, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET If I do so, it will be of greater value, being spoken behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS Poor soul, tears have much **abused** your face.

JULIET The tears have a small victory by that, for it was bad enough before they spoiled it.

PARIS You wrong it more than the tears by saying so. Your face is mine and you slander it.

JULIET It may be so, for it is not my own. Are you free, now, holy father, or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR I am free now, my **pensive** daughter. My lord, we must ask to have this time to ourselves.

PARIS God prevent that I should disturb devotion! Juliet, I will wake you early on Thursday. Adieu till then, and keep this holy kiss. (*Exit*)

JULIET Oh shut the door, and when you have done so, come and weep with me — past hope, past care, past help!

FRIAR Oh Juliet, I already know your grief, it strains me beyond my wits. I hear you must be married to this County Paris next Thursday, if nothing may delay it.

JULIET Do not tell me that you have heard this, unless you can also tell me how we may prevent it. If in your wisdom you can give me no help, then I will help myself at once with this knife. God joined my heart and Romeo's and you joined our hands, and before I give this hand to another, or my heart be treacherous to him I will slay myself. Therefore, out of your long experience, give me some good advice. Be quick and speak. I long to die if what you say is not a remedy.

FRIAR Stop, daughter. I see a kind of hope, which requires a desperate action. If, rather than marry County Paris, you have the strength of will to slay yourself, then it is likely you will **undertake** a thing like death to escape this shame. If you dare do it, I'll give you the remedy.

JULIET Oh, tell me to leap from the battlements of any tower, rather than marry Paris; or walk where serpents I are, or chain me to roaring bears; or hide me in the charnel house, by night, covered with dead men's rattling bones; or tell me to go into a newly made grave and hide me with a dead man in his shroud — and I will do it without fear or doubt, to live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent to marry Paris. Tomorrow is Wednesday. Tomorrow night make sure you sleep alone; do not let your nurse lie with you in your chamber. Take this **vial**, and when you are in bed, drink the liquid in it. Soon, through all your veins a cold and **drowsy** fluid shall run; your

pulse will stop, no warmth or breath will prove you are alive; the roses in your lips and cheeks shall fade to pale ashes; your eyelids shall fall like death when he shuts up the day of life; each part deprived of motion, shall appear stiff and cold like death; and in this appearance of death you will continue for forty-two hours, and then awake as if from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the **bridegroom** comes in the morning to rouse you from your bed, you will be found dead. Then, as the manner of our country is, in your best robes, uncovered on the bier, you shall be carried to the ancient **vault** where all the **kindred** of the Capulets lie. In the meantime, before you wake up, I shall inform Romeo of our purpose by letter. He shall come here and he and I will be present when you wake up, and that very night Romeo shall take you away to Mantua. This shall free you from your present trouble, if no whim or womanish fear prevent you from going through with it.

JULIET Give me, give me! Oh do not speak to me of fear!

FRIAR Wait! Go now, be strong in your resolve. I'll send a friar quickly with letters to your lord.

JULIET Lord give me strength. Farewell dear father.
(Exit with Friar)

Scene II

(Hall in Capulet's house)

*The Capulets are arranging Juliet's wedding feast. Juliet comes back from confession and tells her father she has learnt to repent her **sinful** disobedience. Capulet is very pleased. Juliet goes to her room with her nurse in order to sort out her clothes and jewellery for the wedding.*

Scene III

(Juliet's chamber)

(Enter Juliet and Nurse)

JULIET Yes, those clothes are best; but, gentle nurse, I pray you leave me by myself tonight, for I need many prayers to move the heavens to smile upon me. As you know I am very perverse and full of sin.

(Enter Lady Capulet)

LADY CAPULET What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

JULIET No, madam, we have done all that is necessary for the ceremony tomorrow. Let me be alone, now, and let the nurse sit up with you this night, for I am sure you have your hands full with this sudden business.

LADY CAPULET Good night. Go to bed and rest, for you need it. (Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse)

JULIET Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. I have a cold fear that thrills through my veins and makes me so faint it almost freezes up the heat of life. I'll call them back again to comfort me. Nurse! — What can she do here? I must act my dismal scene alone. Come, vial. What if this mixture does not work at all? Shall I be married then, tomorrow morning? No, no! This shall forbid it. You lie there. (Lays down a **dagger**) What if it is a poison which the friar has given me, in case he should be dishonoured by this marriage, because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is, and yet I think it cannot be, for he has always been a holy man. What if, when I am laid in the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo comes to get me? That would be a fearful thing! Shall I not be stifled in the vault with its foul air, and **suffocate** there before my Romeo comes? Or, if I live, isn't it very likely, with

the horrible thought of death and night, together with the terror of the place — a vault, where for many hundreds of years the bones of all my buried ancestors are packed; where bloody Tybalt, so newly buried, lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say, at some hours of the night spirits come out — alas, alas, is it not likely that I, waking so early — what with loathsome smells and shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth, that living mortals hearing them, run mad — oh, if I wake, shall I not be driven mad, closed in with all these hideous fears, and madly play with my **ancestors'** joints, and pluck the rotting Tybalt from his shroud; and in this madness, with some great kinsman's bone, as with a club, dash out my desperate brains? Oh look! I think I see my cousin's ghost seeking out Romeo, that killed him with his rapier. Stop, Tybalt, stop! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to you. *(She falls upon her bed within the curtains)*

Scene IV

(Hall in Capulet's house)

It is very early on Thursday morning. The Capulets have been up all night preparing for the wedding. Capulet sends the nurse to go and wake Juliet, while he goes and chats to Paris.

Scene V

(Juliet's chamber)

NURSE Mistress! What Mistress! Juliet! I bet she's fast asleep. Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you **sleepyhead**. Why, love, I say! Madam; sweetheart! Why, bride!

What, not a word? Have a good sleep now, for you shall rest little with County Paris this night. God forgive me! How sound asleep she is! I must wake her. Madam, madam, madam! Shall the County Paris come and find you still in bed? *(Draws aside the curtains)* What, are you still dressed? I must wake you. Lady! Lady! Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead! Oh, alas that ever I was born! Bring me some *aqua vitae*, ho! My lord! My lady!

(Enter Lady Capulet)

LADY CAPULET What noise is this?

NURSE Oh dreadful day!

LADY CAPULET What is the matter?

NURSE Look, look! Oh heavy day!

LADY CAPULET Oh me, Oh me! My child, my only life! Revive, look up, or I will die with you! Help, help! Call help.

(Enter Capulet)

CAPULET For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord has arrived.

NURSE She's dead, **deceased**; she's dead, alas the day!

LADY CAPULET Alas the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET Ha! Let me see her. Out alas! She's cold, her blood is settled and her joints are stiff; life and these lips have long been separated. Death lies on her like an untimely frost on the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE Oh, dreadful day!

LADY CAPULET Oh, woeful time!

CAPULET Death that has taken her away to make me **wail**, ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

(Enter Friar Lawrence and the County Paris with musicians)

FRIAR Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET Ready to go, but never to return. Oh son, the night before your wedding day, death has lain with your wife. There she lies, flower that she was, deflowered by him. Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir; he has wedded my daughter. I will die and leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS Love, have I looked forward to see this morning, only to see such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! The most miserable hour that time ever saw. Just one, poor one, one poor and loving child, just one thing to rejoice and find comfort in, and cruel Death has stolen it from my sight.

NURSE Oh woe! Oh woeful, woeful, woeful day! The most dreadful day, the most woeful day that I ever saw. Oh day, Oh day, Oh day! Oh hateful day! There was never seen such a black day as this. Oh woeful day! Oh woeful day!

PARIS Tricked, divorced, wronged, killed! Most **detestable** Death, tricked by you. How cruel! Oh love! Oh life! — not life, but love in death!

CAPULET Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed! Discomforting time, why did you come now, to murder our festivity? Oh child, Oh child! My soul and not my child! You are dead — alas, my child is dead, and with my child my joys are buried!

FRIAR Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure does not lie in these confusions. Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid — now heaven has all, and all the better it is for the maid. You could not keep your

part of her from death, but heaven keeps his part in eternal life. The most you sought was her promotion, it was your heaven that she should be advanced; do you weep now, seeing that she has advanced beyond the clouds, as high as heaven itself? Oh, in this love, you love your child so badly that you run mad seeing that she is well. Dry up your tears and stick your **rosemary** on this fair corpse, as the custom is, and in her best clothes carry her to the church; for though foolish human nature makes us want to weep, yet we have cause to be merry. *(Exeunt casting rosemary on her and shutting the curtains)*

The Nurse's servingman, Peter argues with the musicians, who are no longer required and therefore will not be paid. They decide to stay for a free dinner at least.

Helpful Words & Notes

abuse *v* — *зд.* причинять вред

pensive *adj* — задумчивый и обеспокоенный

undertake *v* — предпринимать

vial *n* — пузырек

drowsy *adj* — *зд.* нагоняющий сон

bridegroom *n* — жених

vault *n* — склеп

kindred *n* — семейство

sinful *adj* — грешный

dagger *n* — кинжал

suffocate *v* — задыхаться

ancestor *n* — предок

sleepyhead *n* — соня

decease *v* — умирать

wail *v* — выть, рыдать

detestable *adj* — ненавистный

rosemary *n* — розмарин; стойкий запах розмарина отождествляется с памятью, с постоянством и приверженностью к воспоминаниям. Напиток из этого цветка древние греки употребляли для улучшения памяти — отсюда студенческий обычай вплетать себе в волосы веточку розмарина. На языке цветов он обозначает верность, а также считается цветком траура.

Activities

1 Answer the pre-reading questions.

- 1) What advice do you think Friar Lawrence will give Juliet?
- 2) What might go with his plan?

2 Answer the questions.

- 1) What exactly does Friar Lawrence tell Juliet to do?
- 2) Why are Juliet's parents happy with her when she returns from the Friar's cell?
- 3) What fears does Juliet express before she drinks the contents of the vial?
- 4) What does the nurse think at first when Juliet doesn't answer her calls?
- 5) Juliet's family are filled with grief when they think she is dead. Why does Friar Lawrence say that they should be merry?

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Paris loves Juliet.

- 2) Friar Lawrence tells Juliet she will wake up after 48 hours.
- 3) Juliet is quite relaxed when she drinks the contents of the vial.
- 4) Lady Capulet goes to wake Juliet.
- 5) Basil is placed on Juliet's dead body.
- 6) Peter invites the musicians to dinner.

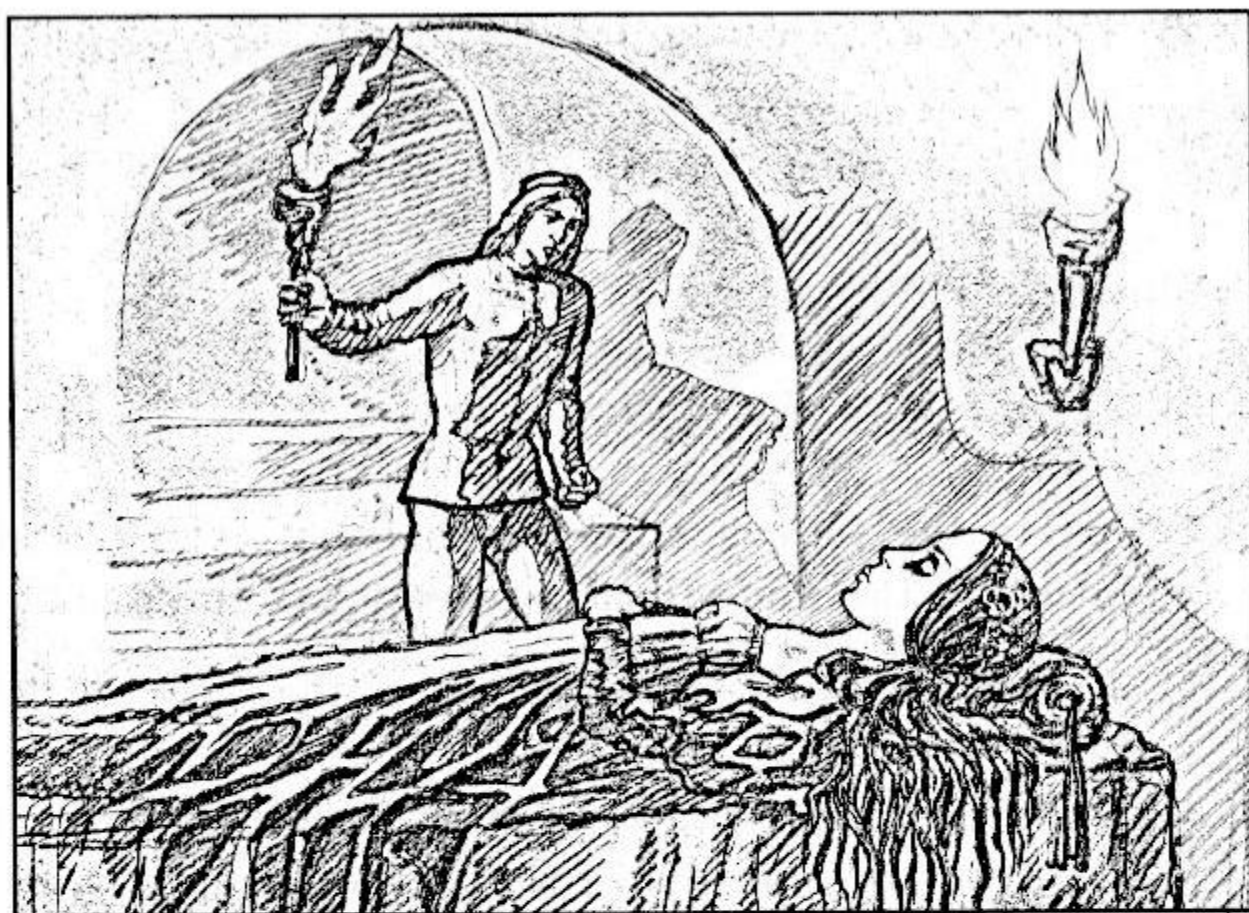
4 Translate the following sentences from Act IV. Pay attention to the underlined prepositional phrases.

- 1) I need many prayers to move the heavens to smile upon me.
- 2) This shall free you from your present trouble if no whim or womanish fear prevent you from going through with it.
- 3) Now you know reason for our hurry.
- 4) If I do so, it will be of greater value, being spoken behind your back, than to your face.
- 5) Oh Juliet, I already know your grief, it strains me beyond my wits.
- 6) In the meantime, before you wake up, I shall inform Romeo of our purpose by letter.

Use the prepositional phrases *to smile upon, to prevent from, a reason for, to speak to one's face, by letter, beyond one's wits* in the sentences of your own.

5 Write out all the adjectives Lady Capulet, the nurse, Paris and Capulet use to describe the day they think Juliet died on. Translate them into Russian.

6 Sum up the events of Act IV in 10–15 sentences.



ACT V

Scene I

(Mantua, a street)

(Enter Romeo)

ROMEO If I may trust the illusory truth of sleep, my dreams told me of some joyful news. My heart is very light, and all this day unusually light spirits lift me from the ground with cheerful thoughts. I dreamt my lady came and found me dead (Strange dream that lets a dead man think!) and she breathed such life with kisses in my lips that I revived and was an emperor. Ah me! How sweet is love itself, when its dreams are so rich in joy!

(Enter Romeo's man, Balthasar, booted)

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar? Do you bring me letters from the friar? How is my lady? Is my father well? How is my Juliet? I ask you that again, for nothing can be ill if she is well.

MAN Then she is well, and nothing can be ill. Her body sleeps in the Capulets' tomb, and her immortal part lives with the angels. I saw her laid low in her family's vault and came away immediately to tell you. Oh, pardon me for bringing you this terrible news, it is only my duty, sir.

ROMEO Is it really so? Then I defy you, stars! You know where I live. Get me ink and paper and hire some horses. I will leave here tonight.

MAN I beg you, sir, have patience. Your looks are pale and wild, and suggest some misadventure.

ROMEO Hush, you are mistaken. Leave me and do the things I told you to do. Have you no letters for me from the friar?

MAN No, my good lord.

ROMEO It doesn't matter. Go and hire those horses. I'll be with you straightaway.

(Exit Balthasar)

Well, Juliet, I will lie with you tonight. Let us find the way. Ah **mischief**, you are quick to enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I remember an apothecary, who lives nearby, and who I recently saw in tattered rags, collecting medicinal herbs. His looks were very meagre, sharp misery had worn him to the bones, and in his needy shop a tortoise hung, a stuffed alligator, and other skins of badly-shaped fish, and about his shelves a beggarly number of empty boxes, green earthen pots, bladders and mouldy seeds. A few rose petals had been scattered to make up the show. Noting

this poverty, I said to myself, 'If ever a man needed to buy poison, whose sale is punishable by death here in Mantua at present, here lives a miserable wretch who would sell it to him.' Oh, this thought came just before my need, and this needy man shall sell it to me. As I remember this should be the house. Being a holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, ho! Apothecary!

(Enter Apothecary)

APOTHECARY Who calls so loud?

ROMEO Come here, man, I see that you are poor. Here are forty ducats. Let me have a dose of poison, such fast-working stuff, that will spread itself through all the veins that the life-weary taker may fall dead, and his breath may leave his body, as violently as hasty gunpowder, when fired, hurries from the cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY I have such mortal drugs, but Mantua's law punishes by death anyone who sells them.

ROMEO Do you fear to die, even though you are so bare and wretched? Famine is in your cheeks, need and oppression stand starving in your eyes, contempt and beggary hang upon your back. The world is not your friend, nor the world's law; the world has no law to make you rich; therefore, don't be poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY My poverty but not my will agrees.

ROMEO I pay your poverty and not your will.

APOTHECARY Put this in any liquid and drink it down, and even if you had the strength of twenty men, it would kill you straightaway.

ROMEO There is your gold — worse poison to men's souls, doing more murder in this loathsome world, than these poor compounds that you may not sell.

I sell you poison, you have sold me none. Farewell, buy food and get some flesh on your bones. Come cordial, not poison, go with me to Juliet's grave; for there I must use you. *(Exit)*

Scene II

(Friar Lawrence's cell)

Friar John comes to see Friar Lawrence. Friar Lawrence thinks that Friar John has taken his letter to Romeo, but Friar John explains that, before he went, he had been visiting the sick and was detained in a house where the health inspectors thought there was the plague. He was not allowed to leave for some time, nor even to send the letter by another messenger. Friar Lawrence decides to run to the Capulets' vault, rescue Juliet himself, and keep her in his cell until he can unite her with Romeo.

Scene III

(A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets)

(Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and sweet water)

PARIS Give me your torch, boy. Go and stand over there, yet put it out, for I don't want to be seen. Under those yew trees, lie down flat on the ground. If you hear any footsteps, whisde to me. Give me those flowers. Do as I tell you, go.

PAGE I am almost afraid to be here alone in the churchyard; yet I will risk it. *(He retires)*

PARIS Sweet flower, with flowers I covered your bridal bed, (oh woe, your canopy is dust and stones) and

I will **sprinkle** it nightly with perfumed water. Or if I have no water, then with my tears. This I will do every night. (*The boy whistles*) The boy warns me that someone is approaching. What cursed foot wanders this way tonight to interrupt my obsequies and love's true rite? What, with a torch? Hide me a while, night. (*Retires*)

(*Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch, a mattock and a crowbar*)

ROMEO Give me that mattock and the crowbar. Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning see you give it to my lord and father. Give me the light. Upon your life, I charge you, whatever you hear or see, keep back and do not interrupt me in my course. The reason why I descend into this bed of death, is partly to behold my lady's face, but chiefly to take from her finger a precious ring — a ring which I must use on important business. Therefore go; but if you are curious, and come back to **pry** into what I am doing, by heaven I shall tear you joint from joint and cover this hungry churchyard with your limbs. The time and my intentions are savage-wild, far fiercer and more inexorable than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR I will be gone, sir and not trouble you.

ROMEO So shall you show me friendship. Take that. Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR (*Aside*) Whatever he says, I'll hide myself nearby. I fear his looks and suspect his intentions. (*Retires*)

ROMEO You detestable maw, you womb of death, gorged with the dearest morsel on earth, thus I force your rotten jaws to open, and to spite you, I'll stuff you with more food. (*Romeo opens the tomb*)

PARIS This is that banished, arrogant Montague that murdered my love's cousin — it is supposed that the fair creature died of grief from that. And here he has come to do some villainous shame to the dead bodies. I will arrest him. Stop your unholy work, vile Montague! Can revenge be pursued further than death? Condemned villain, I arrest you. Obey, and go with me, for you must die.

ROMEO I must indeed, and that is the reason I came here. Good gentle youth, don't tempt a desperate man. Fly from here and leave me. Think upon these deaths, and let them warn you. I beseech you, don't put another sin upon my head by pushing me to fury. Oh, be gone! By heaven, I love you more than myself, for I came here armed against myself. Don't stay here, be gone. Live, and later say, a madman's mercy told you to run away.

PARIS I defy your solemn charges and arrest you as a criminal.

ROMEO Will you provoke me? Then have at you, boy! (*They fight*)

PAGE Oh Lord, they are fighting! I will go and call the watch. (*Exit. Paris falls*)

PARIS Oh, I am slain. If you are merciful, open the tomb and lay me with Juliet. (*Dies*)

ROMEO In faith, I will. Let me see this face. Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! What did my man say when my agitated soul did not pay attention to him as we rode? I think he told me that Paris should have married Juliet. Did he say that, or did I dream it? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, to think it was so? Oh give me your hand, you share my story in sour misfortune's book! I'll bury you in a triumphant grave. a grave? Oh no, a lantern, dead youth, for here

lies Juliet, and her beauty makes this vault a festive chamber, full of light. Death, lie there, buried by a dead man. (*He lays him in the tomb*)

How often, when men are at the point of death, have they been merry? Oh my love, my wife! Death, that has sucked the honey of your breath, has had no effect yet upon your beauty. You are not conquered. Beauty's banner is still crimson in your lips and in your cheeks, and Death's pale flag has not advanced there. Tybalt, do you lie there in your bloody sheet? Oh, what greater favour can I do you, than with that hand that cut your youth in two, to kill him that was your enemy? Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet, why are you still so fair? Shall I believe that insubstantial Death is amorous and that the thin, hateful monster keeps you here in the dark to be his lover? Is he afraid that I will stay with you and never leave this dark bed again? Here I will stay, with the worms that are your chambermaids. Oh, here I will set up my everlasting rest and shake off the burden of misfortune from this world-weary body. Eyes, look your last! Arms, embrace her for the last time! And, lips, you doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss an eternal bargain with engrossing death! Come, bitter guide; you desperate pilot, now at once, dash your weary, sea-sick boat onto the rocks! Here's to my love! (*Drinks*) Oh true apothecary! Your drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. (*Falls*)

(*Enter Friar Lawrence, with a lantern, crowbar and spade*)

FRIAR Saint Francis help me! How often my old feet
have stumbled over graves! Who's there?

BALTHASAR A friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR Bliss be upon you! Tell me, my good friend, what
torch is that, that vainly gives his light to worms and

eyeless skulls? It seems to me to be burning in the
Capulet's monument.

BALTHASAR It is, holy sir, and there is my master, one
that you love.

FRIAR Who is it?

BALTHASAR Romeo.

FRIAR How long has he been there?

BALTHASAR A good half an hour.

FRIAR Come with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR I dare not, sir. My master thinks I have
gone away, and he threatened me with death if
I stayed to watch him.

FRIAR Stay here, then. I'll go alone. I am afraid, terribly
afraid of some bad unlucky thing.

BALTHASAR As I slept under this yew tree here,
I dreamt I saw my master and another fighting, and
that my master killed him.

FRIAR Romeo! Alas, alas, what blood is this that stains
the stony entrance of this tomb? What mean these
swords lying bloody on the ground in this place of
peace? (*Enters the tomb*) Romeo! Oh pale! Who else?
What, Paris too? And covered in blood? Ah, what
an unnatural hour is guilty of this dreadful happening!
The lady stirs. (*Juliet rises*)

JULIET Oh comforting friar! Where is my lord? I remem-
ber well, where I should be, and here I am. Where is
my Romeo?

FRIAR I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest of
death, contagion and unnatural sleep. a greater pow-
er than we can oppose has thwarted our intentions.
Come, come away. Your husband lies there dead, and
Paris too. Come, I'll take you to a sisterhood of nuns.
Do not wait to question me, for the watch is coming.
Come, good Juliet. I dare not stay any longer.

JULIET Go, then, for I will not leave. (*Exit Friar*)
What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, has been his end. Oh churl! Have you
drunk it all and left no friendly drop for me? I will
kiss your lips. May be some poison hangs on them to
help me die. (*Kisses him*) Your lips are warm!

CHIEF WATCHMAN (*Within*) Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET What's that noise? Then I'll be quick. Oh happy
dagger! (*She snatches Romeo's dagger*) This is your
sheath; rust there and let me die. (*She stabs herself
and falls*)

(*Enter Paris's Boy and the Watch*)

BOY This is the place. There, where the torch is burning.

CHIEF WATCHMAN The ground is bloody. Search about
the churchyard. Go, some of you, stop whoever you
find. (*Exeunt some of the Watch*) Pitiful sight! Here
lies the County slain; and Juliet bleeding, warm and
newly dead, who has lain here buried for two days. Go
and tell the Prince; run to the Capulets; raise up the
Montagues; some others search.

(*Exeunt others of the Watch*)

We see these bloody deeds, but cannot see the reason
for them.

(*Enter some of the Watch with Romeo's man, Balthasar*)

SECOND WATCHMAN Here's Romeo's man. We found him
in the churchyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN Keep him safe till the Prince arrives.

(*Enter Friar Lawrence and another Watchman*)

THIRD WATCHMAN Here is a friar that trembles, sighs
and weeps. We took this mattock and this spade from
him as he was coming from this side of the churchyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN Very **suspicious**! Keep the friar too.
(*Enter Prince and Attendants*)

PRINCE What misadventure happens so early that it calls
us from our morning rest?

(*Enter Capulet and his Wife with others*)

CAPULET What is the news that is so shrieked about?

LADY CAPULET Oh the people in the streets cry 'Romeo',
some 'Juliet' and some 'Paris', and all run crying to-
wards our monument.

PRINCE What fear is this which startles in your ears?

CHIEF WATCHMAN Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain; and Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, warm
and newly killed.

PRINCE Search, and find out how this foul murder has
come about.

CHIEF WATCHMAN Here is a friar and dead Romeo's
man, with tools upon them fit to open these dead
men's tombs.

CAPULET Oh heavens! Oh wife, look how our daughter
bleeds! Look how his sheath is empty on Montague's
back, and how it has been missheathed in my daugh-
ter's bosom!

LADY CAPULET Oh me, this sight is as a **bell that tolls**
the end of my life.

(*Enter Montague and others*)

MONTAGUE Alas, my lord, my wife is dead. Grief for her
son's exile has stopped her breath. What other woe
conspires against my old age?

PRINCE Look and you shall see.

MONTAGUE Oh you rude boy, what manners are these, to
rush before your father to the grave?

PRINCE Cease these violent cries for a while, till we can
clear up these **ambiguities** and find out what has hap-

pened here. And then I will lead you in your sorrows. For now be patient. Bring forward the suspicious parties.

FRIAR I am the greatest, able to do least, yet most suspected, as the time and place of this terrible murder are against me. And here I stand, both to make charges and **exonerate**, myself condemned and myself excused.

PRINCE Then tell us at once what you know.

FRIAR I will be brief, for I have not enough life left for a long and tedious tale. Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet; and she, there dead, Romeo's faithful wife. I married them; and their secret wedding day was Tybalt's doomsday, whose early death banished the newmade bridegroom from this city. For him and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. You, to remove her terrible grief, would have forced her to marry County Paris. She came to me and with wild looks, begged me to devise some plan to help her avoid this second marriage, threatening, otherwise, to kill herself there in my cell. Then I gave her a sleeping **potion**, which took effect as I intended, for it made her seem dead. In the meantime, I wrote to Romeo, telling him to come here this night to help take her from her borrowed grave for at that time the effect of the **potion** would cease. But the man who carried my letter, Friar John, was detained by accident, and last night brought my letter back to me. So I came here all alone at the fixed time of her awakening, to take her from her kindred's vault; meaning to hide her in my cell till I could send word to Romeo. But when I arrived, a few minutes before she woke up, here lay noble Paris and true Romeo dead. She woke up and I entreated her to come away and bear this

work of heaven with patience; but then a noise scared me from the tomb. And she, too desperate, would not come with me, but, as it seems, did violence upon herself. All this I know, and her nurse was an **accessory** to the marriage. If anything here has happened because of my fault, let my old life be **sacrificed** according to the law.

PRINCE We have always known you to be a holy man. Where is Romeo's man? What does he have to say to this?

BALTHASAR I brought my master news of Juliet's death; and he rushed from Mantua to this monument. He old me to give this letter to his father, and threatened me with death if I did not leave him here alone.

PRINCE Give me the letter. I will read it. Where is the County's page that called the watch? Sirrah, what was your master doing in this place?

BOY He came with flowers to lay on his lady's grave; and told me to stand a little way off, and so I did. After some time, a man came by with a light to open the tomb; and soon my master drew his sword on him. Then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE This letter **confirms** the friar's words, their course of love, the news of her death; and here he writes that he bought a poison from a poor apothecary and with it came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet. Where are these enemies? Capulet, Montague, see what a **scourge** has been laid upon your hate, that heaven has found a way of killing your joys with love. And I, closing my eyes at your quarrels, have lost a pair of kinsmen. All are punished.

CAPULET Oh brother Montague, give me your hand. This is my daughter's marriage settlement, for I can ask nothing else.

MONTAGUE But I can give you more, for I will raise her statue in pure gold. And, for as long as Verona is known by that name, Juliet's statue shall have no rival.

CAPULET Romeo shall have just such a rich statue, lying by his lady's. These are the poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRINCE This morning brings a gloomy peace with it. The sun will not show his head for sorrow. Go, and we will talk further of these sad things. Some shall be pardoned and some punished. There never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

(Exit)

Helpful Words & Notes

mischief *n* — зло

sprinkle *v* — опрыскивать, окроплять

pry *v* — шпионить, вынюхивать

have stumbled over graves — спотыкался о могилы и падал (плохая примета, дурное предзнаменование)

suspicious *adj* — подозрительный

a bell that tolls — колокол, возвещающий смерть

conspire *v* — устраивать заговор

ambiguity *n* — неясность, неопределенность

exonerate *v* — оправдать; восстановить честь, репутацию

potion *n* — зелье

accessory *n* — соучастник преступления

sacrifice *v* — жертвовать

confirm *v* — подтверждать

scourge *n* — наказание

rival *n* — соперник, противник

Activities

1 Answer the pre-reading questions.

- 1) Do you think Juliet will really wake up or the Friar has given her poison?
- 2) How do you think the play will end? Remember, it is a tragedy.

2 Answer the questions.

- 1) What news does Balthazar break to Romeo?
- 2) Why does the apothecary sell Romeo poison though it is punishable by death?
- 3) Why did Friar Lawrence's letter to Romeo never arrive?
- 4) Why does County Paris go to Juliet's grave?
- 5) How is he killed?
- 6) When Juliet wakes up, where does Friar Lawrence say he will take her?
- 7) How does she die?
- 8) How has the Prince been affected by the deaths?
- 9) What does Montague offer to do for Juliet as a sign of peace?
- 10) How does Friar Lawrence explain this tragedy?

3 Complete these sentences with the correct form of the verbs *lie* or *lay*. Remember: *to lie* (*lied, lied*) means to make a statement, which is untrue; *to lie* (*lay, lain*) means to be resting flat on something; *to lay* (*laid, laid*) — to put on a surface or in a certain position.

- 1) Oh I am slain, if you are merciful, open the tomb and _____ me with Juliet.
- 2) He came with flowers to _____ on the lady's grave.

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- 3) Under those yew yew trees, _____ down flat on the ground.
 - 4) I will _____ all my fortunes at your feet.
 - 5) But when I arrived, a few minutes before she woke up, here _____ noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 - 6) Oh son, the night before your wedding day, death has _____ with your wife.
 - 7) Juliet bleeding, warm and newly dead, who has _____ here buried for two days.
 - 8) Your husband _____ there dead, and Paris too.
- 4 Give a title to each scene of Act V. Explain your choice.
 - 5 Sum up the events of Act V in 10–15 sentences.
 - 6 The final phrase of the tragedy is *There never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and Romeo*. Do you agree or disagree? Why?

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