

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Ensemble Prologue

**ALL:** Two households...

both alike in dignity,

In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

From ancient grudge

break to new mutiny,

Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

**ALL:** A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;

Whose misadventured piteous overthrows

Do with their death

bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

And the continuance of their parents' rage,

Which, but their children's end,

nought could remove,

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss,

**ALL:** our toil shall strive to mend.

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### *Romeo & Juliet Project*

#### The Prince Rebellious Subjects Soliloquy, Act 1

**BOTH:** Rebellious subjects,

enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--Will they not hear?

What, ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands throw your mistemper'd weapons to the  
ground, and hear the sentence of your moved prince.

**BOTH:** Three civil brawls,

bred of an airy word, by thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, and made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments, to wield old partisans,

in hands as old, canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

**BOTH:** If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You Capulet; shall go along with me: and, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case, yo old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

**BOTH:** Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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### *Romeo & Juliet Project*

#### Mercutio Queen Mab Soliloquy, Act 1

**BOTH:** O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman, drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs, the cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spider's web, the collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat, not so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

**BOTH:** And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains,

and then they dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight, o'er lawyers' fingers, who straight  
dream on fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, which oft the angry Mab with blisters  
plagues, because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, and then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, and then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frighted swears a prayer or  
two and sleeps again.

This is that very Mab!

**BOTH:** This is she!

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*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Romeo Balcony Soliloquy, Act 2

**BOTH:** But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east,

and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious; her vestal livery is but sick and green  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off!

It is my lady, O, it is my love! O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

**BOTH** I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame  
those stars, as daylight doth a lamp;

her eyes in heaven would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

**BOTH** That I might touch that cheek!

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Juliet Balcony Soliloquy, Act 2

**BOTH:** O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man.

**BOTH:** O, be some other name!

What's in a name?

that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes without that title.

Romeo, doff thy name, and for that name which is no part of thee

**BOTH:** Take all myself.

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*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Friar Laurence Benedicite Soliloquy, Act 2

**BOTH:** Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, and where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right, our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.  
Where hast thou been?

**BOTH:** Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear, so soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste, to season love, that of it doth not taste!

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine, thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,

**BOTH:** Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

O, she knew well thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me, in one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love!

**BOTH:** Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

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*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Mercutio Prince of Cats Soliloquy, Act 2

More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.

He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;

rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;

a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause:  
ah, the immortal passado!

**BOTH:** the punto reverso! The hai!

The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!

'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies,

these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot at ease on the old bench?

**BOTH:** O, their bones, their bones!

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*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Juliet Gallop Apace Soliloquy, Act 3

**BOTH:** Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, towards Phoebus' lodging:

such a wagoner as Phaethon would whip you to the west, and bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, that runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites by their own beauties; or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night.

Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night; For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night, give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,

**BOTH:** Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine that all the world will be in love with night And pay no worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love, but not possess'd it, and, though I am sold, Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day as is the night before some festival To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not wear them.

O, here comes my nurse, And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks But Romeo's name

**BOTH:** speaks heavenly eloquence.



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Romeo Banished Soliloquy, Act 3

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here, where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing, live here in heaven and may look on her;

**BOTH:** But Romeo may not:

more validity, more honourable state, more courtship lives in carrion-flies than Romeo:  
they my seize on the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand

And steal immortal blessing from her lips, who even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

**BOTH:** But Romeo may not; he is banished:

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:

They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground  
knife, no sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,

But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell; Howlings attend it:

how hast thou the heart, being a divine, a ghostly confessor, a sin-absolver, and my friend  
profess'd,

To mangle me with that word

**BOTH:** 'banished'?

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Friar Laurence Kind of Hope Soliloquy, Act 4

I do spy a kind of hope, which craves as desperate an execution. And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy. Hold, then; go home, be merry,

**BOTH:** give consent to marry Paris:

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone; let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber: Take thou this vial, being then in bed, and this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run a cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse shall keep his native progress, but surcease:

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest; the roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Each part, deprived of supple government, shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death: And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death thou shalt continue two and forty hours, And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes to rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then, thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

**BOTH:** shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come: and he and I will watch thy waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame;

**BOTH:** Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Romeo Thus with a Kiss Soliloquy, Act 5

Let me peruse this face. Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

**BOTH:** I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;

A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth, for here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

How oft when men are at the point of death have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O, how may I call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd.

**BOTH:** Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?

shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous, and that the lean abhorred monster  
keeps thee here in dark to be his paramour?

**BOTH:** For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;

And never from this palace of dim night depart again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids;

O, here will I set up my everlasting rest, and shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

**BOTH:** Here's to my love!

O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick.

**BOTH:** Thus with a kiss I die.

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The Prince More Woe Soliloquy, Act 5

This letter doth make good the friar's words, their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes that he did buy a poison of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.

**BOTH:** Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate, that heaven finds means to kill your joys with  
love.

**BOTH:** A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe

**BOTH:** Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.