

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Romeo, Act II scene 2

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

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

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

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

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it. I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

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

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

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O, that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Romeo, Act III scene 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;

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;

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 'banished'?

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Romeo, Act V scene 3

O my love! My wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Ah, dear Juliet, Why are thou yet so fair?

I still will stay with thee, And never from this palace of dim night Depart again:

here, will I remain With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O here will I set up my everlasting rest.

Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! And lips, O you the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Here's to my love...O true apothecary, thy drugs are quick.

Thus with a kiss I die.



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Romeo & Juliet

Prologue

PRINCE:

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Prince, Act I scene 1

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-
stained steel,--
Will they not hear?

What, ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious
rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd
weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and
Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's
ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, To wield old
partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You Capulet; shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Mercutio, Act I scene 4

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 Over men's
noses as they lie asleep;

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

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' 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;

And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers' brains, and then they
dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight, O'er lawyers' fingers, who
straight dream on fees, O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, Which oft
the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breaths with sweetmeats
tainted are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, And then dreams he of smelling out a
suit;

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies
asleep, Then dreams, he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, And then dreams he of cutting foreign
throats, Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, Of healths five-fathom deep;
and then anon Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, And being thus
frighted swears a prayer or two And sleeps again.

This is that very Mab That plaits the manes of horses in the night, And bakes the
elflocks in foul sluttish hairs, Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, That presses them and learns them
first to bear, Making them women of good carriage: This is she!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Mercutio, Act II scene 4

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the
courageous captain of compliments.

He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance,
and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and
the third in your bosom:

the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;

a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and
second cause:

ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! The hai!

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

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

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?

O, their bones, their bones!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Juliet, Act II scene 2

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay", And I will take thy word.

Yet if thou swear'st Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries, They say, Jove laughs.

O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light.

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, My true-love passion.

Therefore pardon me, And not impute this yielking to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Juliet, Act III scene 2

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever
dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven!
wolvish-ravening lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned
saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, When thou didst
bower the spirit of a fiend In moral paradise of such
sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter So fairly
bound?

O that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Friar, Act III scene 2

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

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

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for
Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste, To season love, that of it
doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, Thy old groans ring yet in
my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not
wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine, Thou and these woes
were all for Rosaline:

And art thou changed?

pronounce this sentence then, Women may fall, when there's no strength
in men.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Juliet, Act III scene 2

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, civil night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And
learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of
stainless maidenhoods:

Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks, With thy black
mantle; till strange love, grown bold, Think true love acted
simple modesty.

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, 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.

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The Nurse, Act I, scene 3

Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

I remember it well...

She was wean'd and since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before, she broke her brow: and then my husband--God be with his soul! A' was a merry man-- took up the child:

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holiday, the pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'

To see, now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it:

'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

