

Romeo and Juliet

The greatest love story of all time. . .

by William Shakespeare

Adapted for round-table reading by Lewy Olfson

Characters

PRINCE ESCALUS

SERVANT

ROMEO

MERCUTIO

LORD CAPULET

TYBALT

JULIET

HER NURSE

FRIAR LAURENCE

BALTHASAR

LORD MONTAGUE

NARRATOR

NARRATOR: Against the colorful life of fifteenth-century Verona, William Shakespeare unfolded the greatest love story of all time. In an age of passionate pride and family feuds, there lived two noble houses, both wealthy, both cultured—the Capulets and the Montagues. Alike in many things, these two great families were mortal

enemies. Yet, from these opposed families came two star-crossed lovers—she a Capulet, he a Montague. And against the clash of family pride, the tragic romance was enacted of this unhappy pair—Romeo and Juliet.

Not a week went by but the peace of fair Verona was disturbed by fighting among men of both houses—each determined to prove the superiority of his own family. Finally, in an effort to end the bloodshed, Prince Escalus, ruler of Verona, came before an angry crowd to issue a decree.

PRINCE (*Angrily*):

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained
steel,

Throw your mistempered 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 disturbed the quiet of our
streets.

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

For this time, all the rest depart away.
Once more, on pain of death, all men
depart!

NARRATOR: In an attempt to soothe his angered household, which is roused by the judgment imposed by the Prince of Verona, old Capulet plans a masquerade ball, and sends his servant through the streets with a list of those who are to be invited.

SERVANT: My master, Lord Capulet, orders me to visit all whose names are written here. But how am I to find whose names are here writ? I cannot read! I must to the learned! Ah, here come two gentlemen; I shall ask them. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO (*Pleasantly*): Aye, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT: Pray thee, then, sir: read this list for me.

ROMEO: Why, 'tis a list of names that here are writ. "Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt." A fair assembly; whither should they come?

SERVANT: Up. To supper; at our house.

ROMEO: Whose house?

SERVANT: My master's. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montague, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry, gentlemen! Adieu.

ROMEO:
Didst hear, Mercutio? A feast tonight,
Given by my old foe, Lord Capulet!

MERCUTIO:
Aye, Romeo, I did mark the fellow well.
Let us proceed to feast at Capulet's.

Though we be Montagues, his ancient
foes,
We'll hide our faces with the aid of
masks,
And feast away the night in merri-
ment.

ROMEO: Aye, good Mercutio. To
Capulet's!

NARRATOR: And so Romeo and
Mercutio, although of the enemy house
of Montague, don costumes and masks,
and go to the ball at rich Lord
Capulet's.

CAPULET:
Welcome, gentlemen! Welcome to my
house!
Come, musicians, play! A hall! Give
room!
Come, gentlemen and ladies. Come
and dance!
What ho, Tybalt!

TYBALT (*Angrily*): Uncle Capulet.

CAPULET: Why, how now, kinsman?
Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT:
Uncle, see yon gentleman that wears a
mask?
He that dances with your daughter,
Juliet?
Uncle, that is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that is hither come to spite.
That villain Romeo has come to scorn!

CAPULET (*Pacifying him*):
Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd
youth.
Show a fair presence and put off these
frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT: It fits, when such a villain is a
guest.

CAPULET:

Tybalt! I tell thee, he shall be endured!
Am I master here, or you? Go to.

TYBALT:

Patience perforce with willful choler
meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their
different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this instruction
shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter
gall.

NARRATOR: At the ball, Romeo continues to dance with Lord Capulet's beautiful young daughter, Juliet.

ROMEO (*Tenderly*):

If I profance with my unworthiest
hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready
stand
To smooth that rough touch with a
tender kiss.

JULIET (*Softly*):

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hands
too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in
this:
For saints have hands that pilgrims'
hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO: Have not saints lips? And holy
palmers too?

JULIET: Aye, pilgrim. Lips that they
must use in prayer.

NURSE: Madam, your mother craves a
word with you.

JULIET: I go at once, to hear my lady's
words.

ROMEO: What is her mother?

NURSE:

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house.

ROMEO:

The lady of the house! Is she a
Capulet?
Oh dear account! My life is my foe's
debt.

CAPULET (*Jovially*):

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be
gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet
towards.

ROMEO:

Nay, good my host. We must!
Mercutio, come!

CAPULET: More torches here! Good
night! It waxes late!

JULIET: Come hither, Nurse. What is
yon gentleman?

NURSE: I know not, Madam Juliet.

JULIET:

Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE:

His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy!

JULIET (*In despair*):

My only love sprung from my only
hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known
too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE (*Taken aback*): What's this,
Juliet? What's this?

JULIET: A rhyme I learned even now, of
one I danced withal.

CAPULET (*Calling*): Juliet!

NURSE: Anon, anon! Come, let's away.
The strangers all are gone.

NARRATOR: Too full of his new love and thoughts of beautiful Juliet, Romeo does not join Mercutio after the ball, but slips into the Capulet orchard, to breathe the perfumed air, sigh beneath the moon, and gaze up at the few lights left burning in the windows of the great mansion.

ROMEO:

O, that my love be captured by my foe,
And being held a foe, I have not access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to
swear;

I must content myself with standing
here,

In darkness, 'neath my lady's balcony.
But soft! What light through yonder
window breaks?

It is east, and Juliet is the sun!

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

See, how she leans her cheek upon her
hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch her cheek.

JULIET (*Sadly*): Ay me!

ROMEO: She speaks! O, speak again,
bright angel!

JULIET (*Sighing*):

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 in a name? That which we call
a rose

By any other name would smell as
sweet.

Romeo, beloved, doff thy name,

And for thy name, which is no part of
thee,

Take all myself.

ROMEO (*Boldly*):

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new bap-
tized;

Henceforth, I never will be Romeo.

JULIET:

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words

Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know
the sound:

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO: Neither, fair maid; if either
thee dislike.

JULIET:

This place is death, considering who
thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO: And but thou love me, let
them find me here!

JULIET:

Although I joy in thee, sweet
Montague,

I have no joy of this contract tonight:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sud-
den.

This bud of love, by summer's ripening
breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when
next we meet.

Sweet, good night!

ROMEO: O, wilt thou leave me so
unsatisfied?

JULIET: What satisfaction canst thou
have tonight?

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

JULIET:

I gave thee mine before thou didst
request it.

Three words, dear Romeo, and good
night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word
tomorrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout
the world.

NURSE (*Calling*): Ladybird! Madam!

JULIET (*Tenderly*): A thousand times
good night!

ROMEO: A thousand times the worse,
to want thy light.

JULIET:
Good night, good night! Parting is such
sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be
morrow.

NARRATOR: The following day, Juliet
sends her Nurse to find young Romeo
to discover if he had been serious in his
protestations of love the night before.

NURSE:
I pray thy pardon, sir, for interruption.
But canst tell me where to find young
Romeo?

ROMEO: I am the youngest of that
name, good woman.

NURSE:
If you be he, sir, I desire to talk,
In confidence, about my lady, Juliet.

ROMEO:
Good Nurse, commend me to thy lady
mistress,
And bid the beauteous Juliet to devise
Some means to come to shrift this
afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar
Laurence's cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy
pains.

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

ROMEO: Farewell; commend me to thy
lady.

NURSE: I warrant thee, I shall, a thou-
sand times.

NARRATOR: That afternoon, Romeo
goes to Friar Laurence and informs
him of his desire to be married to
Juliet. The good priest, seeing in the
marriage the possibility of reconciling
the enmity of the Capulets and
Montagues, is highly pleased, and
agrees to marry them as soon as Juliet
should appear.

FRIAR LAURENCE:
So smile the heavens upon this holy
act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us
not!

ROMEO:
Amen, amen! But come what sorrow
can,
Do thou but close our hands with holy
words,
Then love-devouring death do what he
dare,
It is enough I may but call her mind.

FRIAR LAURENCE: Here comes the lady.
O, so light a foot!

JULIET: Good even to my ghostly con-
fessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE: Romeo shall thank
thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET: As much to him, else is his
thanks too much.

FRIAR LAURENCE:
Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay
alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

NARRATOR: And so, in secret, Juliet of
Capulet becomes the bride of Romeo of

Montague. Shortly thereafter, Tybalt, a cousin to Juliet, who had been offended by seeing Romeo at the Capulet ball, encounters Romeo's kinsman, Mercutio, in the central square of the city.

TYBALT (*Angrily*): Mercutio, good day. A word with you.

MERCUTIO:
Only a word, Tybalt Capulet?
Could you couple it not with a blow?

TYBALT:
Mercutio, I simply wish to know. . .
But, peace be with you, sir. Here comes
my man.

MERCUTIO: 'Tis Romeo; he wears your
livery not!

TYBALT:
Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—thou art a
villain.

ROMEO (*Controlling himself*):
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining
rage
To such a greeting; villain am I none.

TYBALT:
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn
and draw.

ROMEO:
I do protest, I never injured thee.
And so, good Capulet—which name I
tender
As dearly as mine own—be satisfied.

MERCUTIO (*Angrily*):
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, draw your
arms!

TYBALT: I am for you!

NARRATOR: And so Tybalt and
Mercutio draw swords and duel.

ROMEO:
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this
outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly
hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona's
streets:
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

MERCUTIO (*Gasping suddenly*):
I am hurt!
A plague on both your houses. I am
sped!
They have made worms' meat of me: I
have it,
And soundly too: your houses. . .

NARRATOR: Mercutio, mortally wound-
ed, falls to the ground.

ROMEO:
My friend and kinsman, brave
Mercutio, dead!
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back
again
That late thou gavest me; for
Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him
company.
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with
him.

TYBALT: This shall decide that!

NARRATOR: Romeo, drawing his sword,
lunges at Tybalt, who defends himself
until he is wounded by Romeo.

TYBALT (*Gasping*):
There! I'm hurt! I fear that I am slain.
Slain by Romeo, the Montague.

NARRATOR: So Tybalt and Mercutio
both are killed. The Prince, in anger
that the peace had been so broken,
banishes Romeo to far-off Mantua. The
news spreads fast; and soon, the new-
made bride, fair Juliet, learns from her

nurse of her cousin's death and husband's punishment.

NURSE (*Moaning*):

Ah, well-a-day! He's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.

JULIET: Can Heaven be so envious?

NURSE:

Romeo can, though Heaven cannot.
Whoever would have thought it?
Romeo!

JULIET:

What devil art thou that dost torment
me thus?
Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE:

O Tybalt! Tybalt! The best friend I
had!
That ever I should live to see thee
dead!

JULIET:

What storm is this that blows so
contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt
dead?
My dear-loved cousin and my dearer
lord?
O, who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE:

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that killed him, he is banished,
Banished by the order of the Prince.

JULIET: O God! Did Romeo's hand shed
Tybalt's blood?

NURSE: It did, it did; alas the day, it
did!

JULIET:

O, serpent heart, hid with a flowering
face!
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

NURSE: O, shame come to Romeo!

JULIET: Blistered by thy tongue!

NURSE: Will you speak well of him that
killed your cousin?

JULIET: Shall I speak ill of him that is
my husband?

NURSE:

Hie to your chamber, then: I'll find
Romeo,
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at
night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

JULIET:

O, find him! Give this ring to my true
knight,
And bid him come to take his last
farewell.

NARRATOR: That night, the banished
Romeo creeps in the dark stillness to
take his farewell of his bride.

JULIET (*Softly, tenderly*):

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near
day.
It was the nightingale, and not the
lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine
ear.

ROMEO:

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
I must be gone and live, or stay and
die.
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills
it so.
How is't, my soul! Let's talk. It is not
day.

JULIET:

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away.
O, now be gone, more light and light it
grows.

ROMEO: More light and light: more
dark and dark our woes.

NURSE (*Calling softly*): Madam!

JULIET: Nurse?

NURSE: Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

JULIET:

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

Romeo, thou must leave for Mantua,
Under the order of our city's Prince.

ROMEO: Farewell, farewell. One kiss,
and I'll descend.

JULIET: O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO:

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come. Adieu!

NARRATOR: With her cousin dead and husband banished, Juliet is inconsolable. Not understanding the real reason for her grief, her father, Lord Capulet, plans for her to marry a rich nobleman, the County Paris.

CAPULET:

How now, my daughter Juliet. Still in tears?

Still grieving for thy cousin Tybalt's death?

Come, come, my daughter. Dry your eyes awhile.

JULIET: You let me weep for such a feeling loss.

CAPULET:

I bring thee happy news to dry thy eyes.

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET: A bride! O Father, pray that word unsay.

No, no, I will have none, aye, none of him.

CAPULET (*Angrily*):

How! You will none? Do you not give me thanks?

Are you not proud? Do you not count you blest,

Unworthy as you are, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be your bridegroom?

JULIET:

Proud can I never be of what I hate:

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET:

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

NARRATOR: Not knowing which way to turn, Juliet goes, once more, to holy Friar Laurence's cell, to seek advice.

JULIET (*Miserably*):

Good Friar Laurence, give my grief your ear.

To you, and you alone, I turn for help.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

I hear thou must on Thursday next be married.

JULIET:

Tell me not Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Then with this knife I'll help me presently.

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

Now, holy Friar Laurence, give me counsel.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

JULIET:

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower,

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

Hold then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is tomorrow;

Tomorrow night, look that thou lie alone.

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When presently through all thy veins shall run

A drowsy humor, simulating 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.

On thy marriage morn, they'll find thee dead.

Then, as the manner of our country is,
Thou shalt be borne, uncovered, to the

tomb.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift:

And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

JULIET:

Give me, give me the vial of liquid death.

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear Father!

NARRATOR: Seeing it as her only escape, Juliet does as she is instructed. The next morning—that day which was to have been her wedding day—her Nurse comes early to rouse her from her bed.

NURSE (*Calling*):

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Ladybird!

Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!

Madam, Juliet, 'tis your marriage day. I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady!

Lady!
(*Shrieks*) What's this? Alas, alas! My lady's dead!

CAPULET: What noise is here?

NURSE (*In tears*): O lamentable day!

CAPULET: For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

NURSE: She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

CAPULET:

Her blood is settled. . .and her joints are stiff.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

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

CAPULET (*Mournfully*):

Ready to go, but never to return.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded. Juliet's dead!
Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

FRIAR LAURENCE:

Dry up your tears, and as the custom is,
Give word to bear the corpse unto the tomb.
Sir, go you in, and madam, go with him;
Make Lady Capulet, and Paris, 'ware,
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

NARRATOR: Word of Juliet's death spreads rapidly; within a short time, it is to reach even Romeo, who, lonely in his banishment in Mantua, pines eagerly for news of his lovely bride.

ROMEO:

How long, these exiled days in Mantua.
Each minute from my Juliet seems a year.
But here's news from Verona!
Balthasar!
Welcome, my servant. How fares Juliet?

BALTHASAR:

Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindered's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO:

O, cursed Heavens! Is it even so?
My love, my Juliet dead? Hie, get thee gone!
Hire me horses; I'll be with thee straight!

NARRATOR: Believing his servant's word of Juliet's death, the heartbroken Romeo makes his way back to Verona, and to the tomb of the Capulets.

ROMEO:

How dank a tomb,
How dark a vault is this.
O, cruel resting place for Juliet!
And there lies she. Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And keeps thee here to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee.
Here will I remain. 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! I drink this poison off!
(*Gasps*) The drugs are quick!
Thus with a kiss, I die.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

Saint Francis be my speed!
I pray there's time!
I must arrive in time to meet him.
(*Gasps*) Romeo!
What's this? Is Romeo here. . .and is he dead?

JULIET (*Arising as if from sleep*):

O comfortable friar!
Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE:

I hear some noise. Lady, come from here.

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.

JULIET:

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips; Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

Thy lips are warm.

PRINCE (*As if from a distance*): Lead, boy; which way?

JULIET:

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O, happy dagger!

This is thy sheath! (*Gasps*) There rust, and let me die.

BALTHASAR: This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

PRINCE:

What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our early rest?

CAPULET: The people in the street cry Romeo,

And others shriek out Juliet, and all run

With open outcry to our monument.

What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

O Lord! O heavens, see how my daughter bleeds!

PRINCE:

Here comes old Montague, father to Romeo.

Come, Montague; for thou art early up, To see thy son and heir more early down.

MONTAGUE:

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.

What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE:

Look, and thou shalt see.

Let someone tell the tale of what has passed!

FRIAR LAURENCE:

I am best fit to tell the sorry tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet.

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

To avoid her marriage to the County Paris,

I gave to her, as tutored by my art,

A sleeping potion, which wrought on her

The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave.

By some unhappy accident, that letter Never reached the husband, Romeo.

I came to fetch poor Juliet to my cell, But when I came, some minute 'ere the time

Of her unawaking, here, beside her, lay True Romeo, dead beyond a hope.

She wakes, and I entreated her to fly.
But then a noise did scare me from the
tomb,
And, desperate lady, she then killed
herself.

CAPULET:

O, brother Montague, give me thy
hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no
more
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE:

But I can give thee more,

For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
Poor sacrifice of our past enmity.

PRINCE:

A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show its
head:

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

Some shall be pardoned, and some
punished.

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet, and her Romeo.

THE END