



William Shakespeare

*The tragedy
of Romeo and Juliet*



Kharkiv
«Folio»
2024

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.

PARIS, a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.
Page to Paris.

MONTAGUE, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Capulets.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

ABRAM, servant to Montague.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

CAPULET, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Montagues.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

CAPULET'S COUSIN, an old man.

NURSE to Juliet.

PETER, servant to Juliet's Nurse.

SAMPSON, servant to Capulet.

GREGORY, servant to Capulet.

Servants.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.

An Apothecary.

CHORUS.

Three Musicians.

An Officer.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women,
relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards,
Watchmen and Attendants.

*SCENE. During the greater part of the Play in Verona;
once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.*

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS

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 misadventur'd 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.

[Exit.]

ACT I

S_cene I

A PUBLIC PLACE.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory armed
with swords and bucklers.*

SAMPSON

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave,
for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our
masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
when I have fought with the men
I will be civil with the maids,
I will cut off their heads.

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:
and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,
thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool;
here comes of the house of Montagues.

[Enter Abram and Balthasar.]

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON

Fear me not.

GREGORY

No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

I will frown as I pass by,
and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them,
which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

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

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREGORY

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.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

[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.
Gregory, remember thy washing blow.

[They fight.]

BENVOLIO

Part, fools! Put up your swords,
you know not what you do.

[Beats down their swords.]

[Enter Tybalt.]

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace, put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace?
I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward.

[They fight.]

[Enter three or four Citizens with clubs.]

FIRST CITIZEN

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

[Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.]

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