

**ROMEO AND JULIET: A LOVE SONG**

Text by William Shakespeare

Music by Michael O'Neill and Peter van der Fluit

Additional text by Michael O'Neill

**DARK CLOUDS**

SAMPSON

Listen, now we don't carry coals

GREGORY

Then we would be sorry colliers of old

SAMPSON

Therefore in dark choler we would have to draw

GREGORY

Draw your neck out of the collar like you are on all fours

SAMPSON

I strike quickly man, just a matter of being moved

GREGORY

Not quickly moved to strike, that just aint your groove

SAMPSON

Well a dog from the house of Montague

something that could get me up, make me want to move

GREGORY

To move is to stir; to be valiant is to stand

Therefore, when you're moved, it's because you ran

SAMPSON

A dog from that house certainly moves me to stand

I'll take to the wall Montague maid or man

GREGORY

That shows a weak slave, go the weakest to the wall

SAMPSON

Yes, a Montague concern where at the stake are all

GREGORY

The quarrel's between our masters and us their men

SAMPSON

They are simply all one, I'll be a tyrant to them

SAMPSON

And when I've fought all the men, I'll be cruel to the maids, and cut off their heads, what you got to say

GREGORY

The heads of the maids, or their maidenheads?

SAMPSON

Baby, take it as you like you can interpret what is said

GREGORY

It's the maids that need to get a feel of what you mean

SAMPSON

Don't you worry they'll get to feel of pretty prime beef

GREGORY

Well here's your chance to prove it, better draw your tool, put money where your mouth is, here come the Montagues

GREGORY

I will frown as they pass by, they will see my hate

SAMPSON

No, it's a bite of the thumb that they won't tolerate

GREGORY

So let's have some fun, for a minute or two

With these dogs from the house of Montague

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb

ABRAHAM

I'll ask again, is it at us, you think I'm dumb?

SAMPSON

Is law on our side if I answer yes?

GREGORY

Unfortunately not that's a negative

SAMPSON

If you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

You'd better cut to the chase

SAMPSON

'Cause I'm the man that's gonna put you firmly back in your place

ABRAHAM

You think you're better than me

SAMPSON

Yeah of that I'm sure

SAMPSON

Well it's time to find out, baby, draw your sword

BENVOLIO

Listen, for you know not what you do

Better put down your swords better follow the rules

TYBALT

Benvolio drawn I shan't hold my breath

See you are moments away from meeting your death

BENVOLIO

I do keep the peace, this ain't what it seems

I'm here to stop this situation from reaching extremes

TYBALT

What, sword in hand and cheap talk of peace

I hate the word, all Montagues and especially thee

Citizens

*Do you know what really started this feud*

*It's been so long now, can't remember who's who*

*I just hope all this fighting will stop before someone is killed*

*See these dark clouds are looming*

**PAIN OF DEATH**

PRINCE

*Ah, on pain of death*

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 from the anger you feel  
With purple fountains flowing from your veins  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground  
And listen to your prince from where he stands

*Ah, on pain of death*

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word  
By old Capulet, and Montague  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets  
And plagued Verona's ancient citizens  
If ever your hate disturbs our streets again  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace  
For this time, everybody needs to go away  
You Capulet; now come along with me

*Ah, on pain of death*

**SAY IT'S ALRIGHT NOW**

BENVOLIO

Good morning cousin

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine

ROMEO

Sad hours seem long

BENVOLIO

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which makes them short

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out

BENVOLIO

Out of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour, where I'm in love

ROMEO AND BENVOLIO

*You say it's alright now*

*But how should I forget*

*To think of her, it's so easily said*

*By giving liberty unto thine eyes*

*You say it's alright now*

*You say it's alright*

ROMEO

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes  
Being vexed a sea nourished with lovers' tears  
Why, such is my love's transgression  
What is it else? A madness most discreet  
A choking gall and a preserving sweet

ROMEO AND BENVOLIO

*You say it's alright now  
But how should I forget  
To think of her, it's so easily said  
By giving liberty unto thine eyes  
You say it's alright now  
You say it's alright*

**PARIS GET HER HEART**

LORD CAPULET

But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and it's not hard, I think  
For men so old as we to keep the peace

PARIS

Of honourable reckoning are you both?  
And pity you've lived at odds so long  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

LORD CAPULET

I'll say again what I've said before  
My child's still a stranger in the world  
She has not seen the change of fourteen years  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Before we think her ripe to be a bride

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made

CAPULET

Too soon wed are those so early made

CHORUS

*Woo her gently, Paris get her heart  
His will to her consent is but a part*

LORD CAPULET

She agreed, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast  
For I have invited many a guest,  
As I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light

Come, go with me  
Go, forth, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay

**INVITE TO A PARTY**

SERVANT

God gi' god-den. I pray, Sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery

Servant

Perhaps you have learned it without book but, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language

SERVANT

Ye say honestly!

ROMEO

Stay, I can read

'Signor Martino and his wife and daughters

County Anselme and his beauteous sisters

The lady widow of Vitravio

Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces

Mercutio and his brother Valentine, Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters Rosaline

A fair assembly, whither should they come?

SERVANT

Up

ROMEO

Whither?

SERVANT

To supper to our house

ROMEO

Whose house?

SERVANT

My master's

ROMEO

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before

SERVANT

Now I'll tell you without asking my master is the great rich Capulet and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

**DISPOSITION TO BE MARRIED**

LADY CAPULET

Tell me, daughter Juliet, how stands your disposition to be wed?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of

NANNY

An honour child

You speak with such wisdom

LADY CAPULET AND NANNY

*You've got to face it today*

*You've got to face that you are now of the age*

*The valiant Paris seeks your love*

*So share all that he possess*

*By making yourself no less*

NANNY

No less! Nay, bigger; women grow by men

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly

*Do I need to face it today*

*Do I need to face that I now am of the age*

*The valiant Paris seeks my love*

*To share all that he doth possess*

*By him making myself no less*

**QUEEN MAB**

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough

Too rude, too boisterous and it pricks like thorn

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down

ROMEO

We mean well in going to this mask

But 'tis no wit to go

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night

MERCUTIO

And so did I

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true

MERCUTIO

Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you

She is the fairies' midwife

In shape no bigger than a stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream

And sleeps again, this is that very Mab

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs

That presses them and learns them first to bear

Making them all women of good carriage

ROMEO

Peace, Mercutio

Thou talk'st of nothing

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams

Which are the children of an idle brain

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy

And more inconstant than the wind

BENVOLIO

This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves

Supper is done, and we shall come too late

#### **SUMMER'S DAY**

PARIS

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May

And summer's lease hath all too short a date

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines

By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest

Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade

#### **STAY CALM**

ROMEO

Oh she does teach, the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel, in an Ethiop's ear

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

A snowy dove, trooping out with crows

Her beauty over all else shows

The measure done, I'll watch her where she stands

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand

BENVOLIO

*Stay calm*

*Nothing's happening here*

*Stay calm*

*Nothing's happening here*

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague

Fetch me my rapier, boy

What dares this slave to come around here

covered with an antic face

To fleer and scorn at our so-lem-ni-ty?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin

To strike him down, I hold it not as a sin

Cause I'm really gonna strike him dead

CAPULETS

*Stay calm*

*Nothing's happening here*

*Stay calm*

*Nothing's happening here*

LORD CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so?

Tybalt

Uncle, this is a Montague, and he's our foe

A villain that is hither come in spite

To scorn our dignity this night

LORD CAPULET

Young Romeo, you know?

TYBALT

Tis he, that villain Romeo

LORD CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

To tell the truth, Verona brags of him to be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth

I would not for the wealth of all the town

Here in my house do him disparagement

Therefore be patient, take no note of him

It is my will, which you will respect

TYBALT

But Uncle, patience by force with wilful dark meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting

I will withdraw, but this intrusion before all

Now seemingly sweet converts to bitter gall

But I will stay calm

ROMEO

Did my heart love, till now? Forswear it, sight!

For I have never seen true beauty til this night

**GIVE ME MY SIN AGAIN**

ROMEO

If I with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle find is this

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss  
JULIET  
Good pilgrim, you wrong your hand too much  
Which manly devotion shows in this  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch  
And palm to palm is holy palmers, a holy palmers' kiss  
ROMEO  
Saints have lips, and palmers too?  
Dear saint, let lips do what hands do  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair  
JULIET  
Saints don't move, grant for prayers' sake  
ROMEO  
Move not, while my prayer's effect I take  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged  
JULIET  
Then have my lips the sin that they have took  
ROMEO  
Sin from thy lips? Oh trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again  
ROMEO AND JULIET  
Give me my sin again

**CAN'T BELIEVE IT**

ROMEO  
You say she's a Capulet  
Oh dear account! My life is my foe's debt  
I really can't believe  
BENVOLIO  
Away, begone; the sport is at it's best  
ROMEO  
Ay, and so I fear; the more is my unrest  
Oh no, I can't believe it  
JULIET  
Go ask his name  
NANNY  
His name is Romeo, and a Montague  
Only son of your great foe  
JULIET  
My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Oh no, I can't believe it

**IT IS MY LOVE**

ROMEO  
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  
*It is my lady, Oh, it is my love!*  
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 business, do entreat her eyes  
*It is my lady, Oh, it is my love!*

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!  
Oh, that I were a glove on that hand  
That I might touch that cheek!  
*It is my lady, Oh, it is my love!*

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks

Oh, speak again, bright angel! You are  
As glorious to this night, being over my head  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of air  
*It is my lady, Oh, it is my love!*  
Oh, that she knew she were!

**A ROSE**

JULIET

Oh 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 isn't hand, not foot  
Not arm, it's not your face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man  
Or be some other name! What is in a name?  
That which we call a rose by any other name  
Would smell as sweet; so Romeo would, were he not called Romeo,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, remove thy name  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself. Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?  
A rose by any other name

A rose

**LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT**

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word  
Call me but love and I'll be new baptized  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo  
Who's night cloak hides from murderous eyes

JULIET

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Yet I know the sound  
Bescreened in night is this not Romeo  
A Montague I've found

ROMEO

Neither fair maid, if either thee dislike

JULIET

By whose direction found thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire

JULIET

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  
In truth fair Montague I am too fond  
And therefore thou mayst think my behavior light  
But because of you I now believe in love

ROMEO AND JULIET

At first sight

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

And yet I would it were to give again

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose love?

JULIET

But to be frank and give it to thee again

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

JULIET

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow

That I should say good night til it be morrow

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest

ROMEO AND JULIET

Good night, good night

**UNION FROM ABOVE**

ROMEO

Good morrow, Father

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Ben-e-dic-i-te!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art up-roused by some distemperature

Or if not so, then here I hit it right

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night

ROMEO

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine

FRIAR LAWRENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That's my good son but where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee, 'ere thou ask it me again

I have been feasting with mine enemy

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

That's by me wounded: both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo

My intercession likewise steads my foe

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine

And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when and where and how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray

That thou consent to marry us to-day

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE AND FRIAR JOHN

*This union from above*

*Will turn family anger into love*

*Oh now can't you see*

*This love, it's gonna change history*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

And art thou changed? renounce this sentence then

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline

FRIAR LAWRENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine

ROMEO

And bad'st me bury love

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow

The other did not so

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, 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

ROMEO

Oh, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste at last

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast

FRIAR LAWRENCE AND FRIAR JOHN

*This union from above*

*Will turn family anger into love*

*Oh now can't you see*

*This love, it's gonna change history*

**PRINCE OF CATS**

INSTRUMENTAL

**WE WILL BE ONE**

INSTRUMENTAL

**DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON**

BENVOLIO

I pray thee good Mercutio let's retire the day is hot

The Capulets are abroad and if we meet we shall not  
Escape a brawl for now these hot days is the mad blood stirring

MERCUTIO

Like a fellow in a tavern thou art you I'm referring

Who claps me his sword upon the table and says, 'God send me no need of thee!', and by the operation of  
the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there's no need

BENVOLIO

Such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Yeah hardly mellow yellow

Come thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood it's been proved, as soon moved to be moody, as soon moody to be  
moved

BENVOLIO

If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of this man's heart

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! Oh simple! Is all you've got

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not

TYBALT

Follow me close, and I will speak to them

Could I have a word with one of you gentlemen?

MERCUTIO

A word with one of us? And something we trust make it a word and a blow that will certainly gush

TYBALT

You'll find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you must  
just give me occasion for that blow

MERCUTIO

And show you not take some occasion without giving abrasion?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men

Either withdraw unto some private place

And reason coldly of your grievances

Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, Sir: Here comes my man

MERCUTIO

I'll be hanged if he wear your livery

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower

Your worship in that sense may call him 'man

TYBALT

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford

No better, term than this, thou art a villain

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: villain am I none

Therefore farewell; I see it's me that thou cannot gauge

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore you'd better turn and draw

ROMEO

I do protest, I never injured thee

But love thee better than I did before

Till thou know the reason of my love

Good Capulet, be satisfied

MERCUTIO

Oh calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of cats, one of your nine lives

MERCUTIO

I am hurt

A plague on both your houses!

BENVOLIO

Mercutio, art thou alright?

MERCUTIO

Ay, a scratch; a scratch 'tis all it is

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt is only slight

MERCUTIO

A plague on both your houses!

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! And Mercutio dead!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again

Mercutio's soul is above our heads

Staying for thine to keep him company

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him

TYBALT

Thou, wretched boy

Shalt with him hence

ROMEO

This shall determine that

Oh, I am fortune's fool!

**ROMEO MUST DIE**

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, Prince, as thou art true

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo did slay

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague

Affection makes him false; he speaks not true

I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give

Romeo killed Tybalt, he must not live

*Romeo must die*

PRINCE

Romeo slew Mercutio

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, he was Mercutio's friend

BENVOLIO

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him to bethink

PRINCE

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses

Therefore use none: Out let Romeo be cast

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last

LADY CAPULET

*Romeo must die*

PRINCE

Exile Romeo

**HELP ME NOW**

ROMEO

Father, what news? What does the Prince command?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand

FRIAR LAWRENCE

A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips

Not body's death, but body's exile

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed

Ascend her chamber, hence and her comfort be

ROMEO

*Help me now I'm falling apart*

*Won't you help me now*

**OUR FATE IS SET**

LORD CAPULET

O' Thursday let it be: O' Thursday, tell her  
She'll be married to this noble earl  
Do you like this haste?

PARIS

I would that Thursday were tomorrow  
Times of woe afford no time to woo

LORD CAPULET

Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled  
In all respects by me; I doubt it not

LORD CAPULET AND PARIS

*So be it now our fate is set*

*So be it now our fate is set*

PARIS

My Lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow

LORD CAPULET

Thursday be it, then

**THE NIGHTINGALE**

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet day  
It was the nightingale  
And not the lark that pierced the fearful hollow  
Hollow of thine ear

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn  
No nightingale: Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east

JULIET

Some say the lark makes sweet division; this doth not so  
For she divideth us

ROMEO

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads  
I have more care to stay than will to go  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so  
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day

NANNY

The day is broke; be wary, look about

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend

JULIET

Art thou gone so? Love, Lord, yes, husband, friend!  
Oh God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale  
ROMEO  
And trust me, love, in my eye so do you  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu, adieu!

**GET THEE TO THE CHURCH ON THURSDAY**

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET

Madam, I am not well

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss

LADY CAPULET

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl

LADY CAPULET

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

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 wed

and of this would-be husbands, mind

I pray you tell my father, I'll not marry yet and when I do by Lord above I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate

Rather than Paris. Let me make this clear!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself

And see how he will take it at your hands

LORD CAPULET

How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Yes, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks then misbehaves

LORD CAPULET

Soft! Take me with you, take me with you, wife

How! Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? That we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman?

JULIET

Not proud but thankful, how can I ever be of what I hate?

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love

LORD CAPULET

How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not

JULIET

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word  
LORD CAPULET  
*Get thee to the church on Thursday*  
*Tell thee what or never look me in the face again*  
*Get thee to the church on Thursday*  
*Speak not, reply not*  
*Do not answer me*

NANNY  
God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so  
LORD CAPULET  
And why, my Lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go

JULIET  
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
Sweet mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that monument where Tybalt lies dead

LADY CAPULET  
I'll not speak a word do not talk to me for I have done with thee

JULIET  
Oh God! How shall this be prevented?  
Husband is on earth, my faith is in heaven  
Nurse  
Faith, here it is I think it best you married, married with the County Paris

JULIET  
Speakest thou from thy heart?  
Nurse  
And from my soul too

JULIET  
Ancient damnation! Oh most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to  
Wish me thus forsworn, or to dispraise my Lord  
With that same tongue  
Which I hath praised him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain  
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy  
If all else fail, myself have power to die

#### **A MATTER OF FAITH**

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
Now hold on daughter: I do spy a kind of hope  
Which craves as desperate an execution. As  
That is desperate which we would prevent. If,  
Rather than to marry this County Paris man  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, then is it

Likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame, oh, and if  
Thou darest I'll give thee remedy  
*It's just a matter of faith*

Hold, then; go home now, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is tomorrow night  
Take thou this vial, this distilled liquor drink thou off  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou life  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade away  
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall  
Like death, when he shuts up, shuts up the day of life  
Each part, deprived of supple government  
*It's just a matter of faith*  
*We've got the faith*  
*It's just a matter of knowing*  
*That we've got the faith*

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep  
And Romeo shall by my letters know our drift  
And in that ancient vault will be there when you wake  
*It's just a matter of faith*  
*We've got the faith*  
*It's just a matter of knowing*  
*That we've got the faith*

**PLEASE BE THERE**

JULIET

A faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes the heat of life  
What if this mixture does not work at all?  
Then shall I be married, oh tomorrow morn'?'  
*I'd rather not then live*  
*Than to wake here in this bed*  
*I'd rather not then live*  
*Than to Paris I be wed*  
*I'd rather not then live*  
*It freezes me with fear*  
*Oh darling please*  
*Come vial, let it be*  
*Oh Romeo, I come!*  
*This do I drink to thee*  
*Oh Romeo, I come!*  
*This do I drink to thee*

**JULIET IS DEAD**

NANNY

Juliet! Juliet!

My Lord! My Lady!

LADY CAPULET

What is it?

What noise is here?

NANNY

Oh lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NANNY

Look, look! Oh heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

Oh me, Oh me! My child, my only life

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Juliet! Juliet!

Help! Help!

LORD 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

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field

NANNY

Oh lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

Oh woeful time!

LORD CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak

Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest now

To murder, murder our solemnity?

Oh child! Oh child! My soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou! Alack! My child is dead

And with my child my joys they are buried

Alack the day, she's dead, Juliet is dead!

#### **SIMPLY SHELTER**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it, here it is again

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee

FRIAR LAURENCE

Unhappy fortune! The neglecting it

May do much danger, Friar John

*One day you're giving them shelter*

*And the next you're giving them driving rain*

*One day you're giving them shelter*

*And the next you are*

*Running where angels fear to tread*

**APOTHECARY**

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand  
My bosom's Lord sits lightly in his throne  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts  
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave  
To think!

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips  
That I revived, and was an emperor  
Ah me! How sweet is love itself possess'd  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!  
News from Verona! How now  
How doth my Lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well

BENVOLIO

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument  
And her immortal part with angels lives

ROMEO

I defy you, stars!  
Leave me, I'll be with thee straight  
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight  
Oh mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
Apothecary!  
Apothecary!  
Apothecary!  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead  
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
As violently as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb

**TIME AND PLACE**

PARIS

This is that banish'd haughty Montague  
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief  
It is supposed, the fair creature died  
And here he is to do some villianous shame such cheek  
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me?  
Then have at thee, boy, I say you better not get in my way

CHORUS

*This isn't the time nor is it the place*

**HERE'S TO MY LOVE**

ROMEO

Oh here is my love, my dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And the tomb monster wants you for himself  
For fear of that, I will stay with thee  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: Here will I remain  
I will set up my everlasting rest  
*Oh here's to my love*  
*With this last kiss*  
*Oh here's to my love*  
*Thy drugs are quick*  
*Oh here's to my love*  
*I say with a sigh*  
*Oh here's to my love*  
*With a kiss I die*

**LAMENTABLE KISS**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hey, what blood is this that stains the floor?  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discoloured by place of peace?  
Romeo! Oh, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?  
Oh, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty now of this  
lamentable chance!  
I can hear the lady stir

*There's no way to be*  
*There's no way to be*  
*There's no way to be*  
*To be in love*  
*There's no way to be, oh*  
*What chance of an unkind hour*  
*That could hurt more than this*  
*And be guilty of this lamentable kiss*

JULIET

I do well to remember where I should be  
Now tell me, where's my Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away  
Thy husband by your heart lies dead  
Come, go, good Juliet

JULIET

There's a cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, has caused time to stop  
Oh churl! Drunk all, and left no drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips  
Haply some poison still lingers there  
Thy lips are warm  
So I'll be brief to let sweet lovers lie

#### **LEGACY**

PRINCE

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love  
And I for winking at your discords too  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: All in ruins

LORD CAPULET

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

LORD MONTAGUE

Then I will raise her statue in pure gold  
That while Verona by that name is known  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet

LORD CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie  
Poor sacrifices of our hearts' demise!

PRINCE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo

#### **LOVE SONG**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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  
Whole misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife

*With this love song*

*Are we talking 'bout love*

*This is a love song*

*Are we talking 'bout love*

*This is a love song*

#### **ROMEO AND JULIET**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

*Romeo and Juliet*

*Star-crossed lovers put to the test*

*Romeo and Juliet*

*A tale of woe and much regret*

Romeo there dead was husband, to Juliet  
And she there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife  
I married them and their stolen marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom  
From the city, for whom  
And not for Tybalt sweet Juliet pined  
You to remove that siege of grief from her  
Betroth'd and would have married her  
To a second marriage but without love

Cast

*Let their love*

*Let their love*

*Let their love*

*Oh let their love shine on*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Then comes she to me,  
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself  
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, the form of death  
Meantime I write, I write to Romeo  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave  
Being the time the potion's force should cease  
But he which bore my letter, Friar John  
Was stay'd by accident, yesternight  
Return'd my letter back to me

Cast

*Let their love*

*Let their love*

*Let their love*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

*Romeo and Juliet*

*Star-crossed lovers put to the test*

*Romeo and Juliet*

*A tale of woe and much regret*