

# Romeo and Juliet Act 4 Scene 1

## Annotations

*Enter Juliet*

*Paris.* Happily met, my lady and my wife!

5 *Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Friar Lawrence.* That's a certain text.

10 *Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.

15 *Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price, Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

20 *Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,

25 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland' red it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

30 Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri. L.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield I should disturb devotion!

35 *Juliet,* on Thursday early will I rouse ye;  
Till then adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *Exit.*

*Jul.* O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,

40 Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!

*Fri. L.* O Juliet, I already know thy grief,  
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this County.

45 *Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,

50 And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,

55 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

60 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honor bring.

Be not so long to speak, I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

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65 *Fri. L.* Hold, 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 County Paris,  
70 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with Death himself to scape from it;  
And if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.  
75 *Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of any tower,  
Or walk in thievish ways or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,  
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
80 O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud--  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
85 tremble--  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.  
*Fri. L.* Hold then. Go home, be merry,  
give consent  
90 To marry Paris. We'n'sday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drink thou off,  
95 When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor; 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  
100 To wanny ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death,  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
105 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, as the manner of our country is,  
110 In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,  
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,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
115 And hither shall he come, an' 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,  
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
120 Abate thy valor in the acting it.  
*Jul.* Give me, give me! O, tell me not of  
fear!  
*Fri. L.* Hold, get you gone. Be strong and  
prosperous  
125 In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.  
*Jul.* Love give me strength! and strength  
shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father! *Exeunt.*