

# Romeo & Juliet

# The Unit

## SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.

*The Capulet party is going well, ROMEO along with his friends are disguised and enjoying the Capulet hospitality.*

### **ROMEO**

[To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth  
enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

### **Servant**

I know not, sir.

### **ROMEO**

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

### **TYBALT**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our party?  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

### **CAPULET**

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

### **TYBALT**

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  
A villain that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our party this night.

### **CAPULET**

Young Romeo is it?

### **TYBALT**

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

### **CAPULET**

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 polite and well-govern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all the town  
Here in my house do him dishonour:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
And ill-beseeming manners for a feast.

**TYBALT**

It fits, when such a villain is a guest:  
I'll not endure him.

**CAPULET**

He shall be endured:  
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to;  
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed? For shame!  
I'll make you quiet!

**TYBALT**

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I profane 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**

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand 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**

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**ROMEO**

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

**JULIET**

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

**ROMEO**

Then 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? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again.

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**

What is her mother?

**Nurse**

Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and good  
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my family's foe.

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

**ROMEO**

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse*

**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

**Nurse**

I know not.

**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**

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.

*Exeunt*