

ACT 4, SCENE 5

Enter NURSE

NURSE

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her,
she.—

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

Why, love, I say. Madam! Sweet-heart! Why, bride!

What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.

5 Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

Marry, and amen. How sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!

10 Ay, let the county take you in your bed.

He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

(opens the bed curtains)

What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?

I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!—

15 Oh, welladay, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look. O heavy day!

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NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 4, SCENE 5

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Mistress! Hey, mistress! Juliet! I bet she's fast asleep. Hey, lamb! Hey, lady! Hey, you lazy bones! Hey, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Hey, bride! What, you don't say a word? You take your beauty sleep now. Get yourself a week's worth of sleep. Tomorrow night, I bet, Count Paris won't let you get much rest. God forgive me. Alright, and amen. How sound asleep she is! I must wake her up. Madam, madam, madam! Yes, let the count take you in your bed. He'll wake you up, I bet. Won't he? *(she opens the bed curtains)* What? You're still dressed in all your clothes. But you're still asleep. I must wake you up. Lady! Lady! Lady! Oh no, oh no! Help, help! My lady's dead! Oh curse the day that I was born! Ho! Get me some brandy! My lord! My lady!

LADY CAPULET enters.

LADY CAPULET

What's all the noise in here?

NURSE

Oh, sad day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! Oh, what a sad day!

LADY CAPULET

20 O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.

NURSE

She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET

25 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.

NURSE

30 O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time.

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, County PARIS, and MUSICIANS

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

35 Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! The night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

LADY CAPULET

Oh my, Oh my! My child, my reason for living, wake up, look up, or I'll die with you! Help, help! Call for help.

CAPULET *enters.*

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet out here. Her bridegroom is here.

NURSE

She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

LADY CAPULET

Curse the day! She's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET

No! Let me see her. Oh no! She's cold. Her blood has stopped, and her joints are stiff. She's been dead for some time. She's dead, like a beautiful flower, killed by an unseasonable frost.

NURSE

Oh, sad day!

LADY CAPULET

Oh, this is a painful time!

CAPULET

Death, which has taken her away to make me cry, now ties up my tongue and won't let me speak.

FRIAR LAWRENCE *and* PARIS *enter with* MUSICIANS.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

She's ready to go, but she'll never return. *(to PARIS)* Oh son! On the night before your wedding day, death has taken your wife. There she lies. She was a flower, but death deflowered her.

40 Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET

45 Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!

NURSE

50 O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woeful day, O woeful day!

PARIS

55 Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death.

CAPULET

60 Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

65 Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir. My daughter married death. I will die and leave Death everything. Life, wealth, everything belongs to Death.

PARIS

Have I waited so long to see this morning, only to see this?

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! This is the most miserable hour of all time! I had only one child, one poor child, one poor and loving child, the one thing I had to rejoice and comfort myself, and cruel Death has stolen it from me!

NURSE

Oh pain! Oh painful, painful, painful day! The saddest day, most painful day that I ever, ever did behold! Oh day! Oh day! Oh day! Oh hateful day! There has never been so black a day as today. Oh painful day, Oh painful day!

PARIS

She was tricked, divorced, wronged, spited, killed! Death, the most despicable thing, tricked her. Cruel, cruel Death killed her. Oh love! Oh life! There is no life, but my love is dead!

CAPULET

Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed! Why did this have to happen now? Why did Death have to ruin our wedding? Oh child! Oh child! My soul and not my child! You are dead! Oh no! My child is dead. My child will be buried, and so will my joys.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Be quiet, for shame! The cure for confusion is not yelling and screaming. You had this child with the help of heaven. Now heaven has her.

And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
70 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced.
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
75 Oh, in this love, you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary
80 On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church.
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival
85 Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast.
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
90 And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.
95 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET,
PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE*

FIRST MUSICIAN

Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone,

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NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

She is in a better place. You could not prevent her from dying someday, but heaven will give her eternal life. The most you hope for was for her to marry wealthy and rise up the social ladder—that was your idea of heaven. And now you cry, even though she has risen up above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? Oh, in this love, you love your child so badly, that you go mad, even though she is in heaven. It is best to marry well and die young, better than to be married for a long time. Dry up your tears, and put your rosemary on this beautiful corpse. And, in accordance with custom, carry her to the church in her best clothes. It's natural for us to shed tears for her, but the truth is, we should be happy for her.

CAPULET

All the things that we prepared for the wedding party will now be used for the funeral. Our happy music will now be sad. Our wedding banquet will become a sad burial feast. Our celebratory hymns will change to sad funeral marches. Our bridal flowers will cover a buried corpse. And everything will be used for the opposite purpose from what we intended.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Sir, you go in. And, madam, go with him. And you go too, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare to take this beautiful corpse to her grave. The heavens hang threateningly over you for some past sin. Don't disturb the heavens any more by trying to go against heaven's will.

CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,
and FRIAR LAWRENCE exit.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Well, we can put away our pipes and go home.

NURSE

Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

*Exit***FIRST MUSICIAN**

Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter PETER***PETER**

100 Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's Ease," "Heart's Ease."
O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's Ease."

FIRST MUSICIAN

Why "Heart's ease?"

PETER

O musicians, because my heart itself plays "My Heart is Full." O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN

105 Not a dump, we. 'Tis no time to play now.

PETER

You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN

No.

PETER

I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What will you give us?

PETER

110 No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Then I will give you the serving creature.

ACT 4, SCENE 5

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

NURSE

Honest good boys, ah, put 'em away, put 'em away. As you know, this is a sad case.

The NURSE exits.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Yes, well, things could get better.

PETER enters.

PETER

Musicians, oh, musicians, play "Heart's Ease," "Heart's Ease." Oh, I'll die if you don't play "Heart's Ease."

FIRST MUSICIAN

Why "Heart's Ease"?

PETER

Oh, musicians, because my heart is singing "My Heart is Full of Woe." Oh, play me some happy sad song to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN

No, not a sad song. It's not the right time to play.

PETER

You won't, then?

FIRST MUSICIAN

No.

PETER

Then I'll really give it to you.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What will you give us?

PETER

No money, I swear. But I'll play a trick on you. I'll call you a minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN

Then I'll call you a serving-creature.

PETER

Then will I lay the serving creature's dagger on your pate.
I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note
115 me?

FIRST MUSICIAN

An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN

Pray you, put up your dagger and put out your wit.

PETER

Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you
with an iron wit and put up my iron dagger. Answer
120 me like men.

(*sings*)

*When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—*

(*speaks*) Why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver
125 sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

FIRST MUSICIAN

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER

Prates.—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN

I say, "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver.

PETER

Prates too.—What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN

130 Faith, I know not what to say.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

PETER

Then I'll smack you on the head with the serving-creature's knife. I won't mess around. I'll make you sing. Do you hear me?

FIRST MUSICIAN

If you make us sing, you'll hear us.

SECOND MUSICIAN

Please, put down your knife and stop kidding around.

PETER

So you don't like my kidding around! I'll kid you to death, and then I'll put down my knife. Answer me like men.

(sings)

*When sadness wounds your heart,
And pain takes over your mind,
Then music with her silver sound—*

Catling =
a violin string

(speaks) Why the line "silver sound"? What do they mean, "music with her silver sound"? What do you say, Simon Catling?

FIRST MUSICIAN

Well, sir, because silver has a sweet sound.

PETER

Rebeck = a fiddle

That's a stupid answer! What do you say, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN

I say "silver sound," because musicians play to earn silver.

PETER

Soundpost =
part of a violin

Another stupid answer! What do you say, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN

Well, I don't know what to say.

PETER

Oh, I cry you mercy, you are the singer. I will say for you.
It is "music with her silver sound" because musicians have
no gold for sounding.

(sings)

135

*Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

Exit **PETER**

FIRST MUSICIAN

What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN

Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners
and stay dinner.

Exeunt

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NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

PETER

Oh, I beg your pardon. You're the singer. I'll answer for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold to use to make sounds.

(sings)

*Then music with her silver sound
makes you feel just fine.*

PETER exits.

FIRST MUSICIAN

What an annoying man, this guy is!

SECOND MUSICIAN

Forget about him, Jack! Come, we'll go in there. We'll wait for the mourners and stay for dinner.

The MUSICIANS exit.