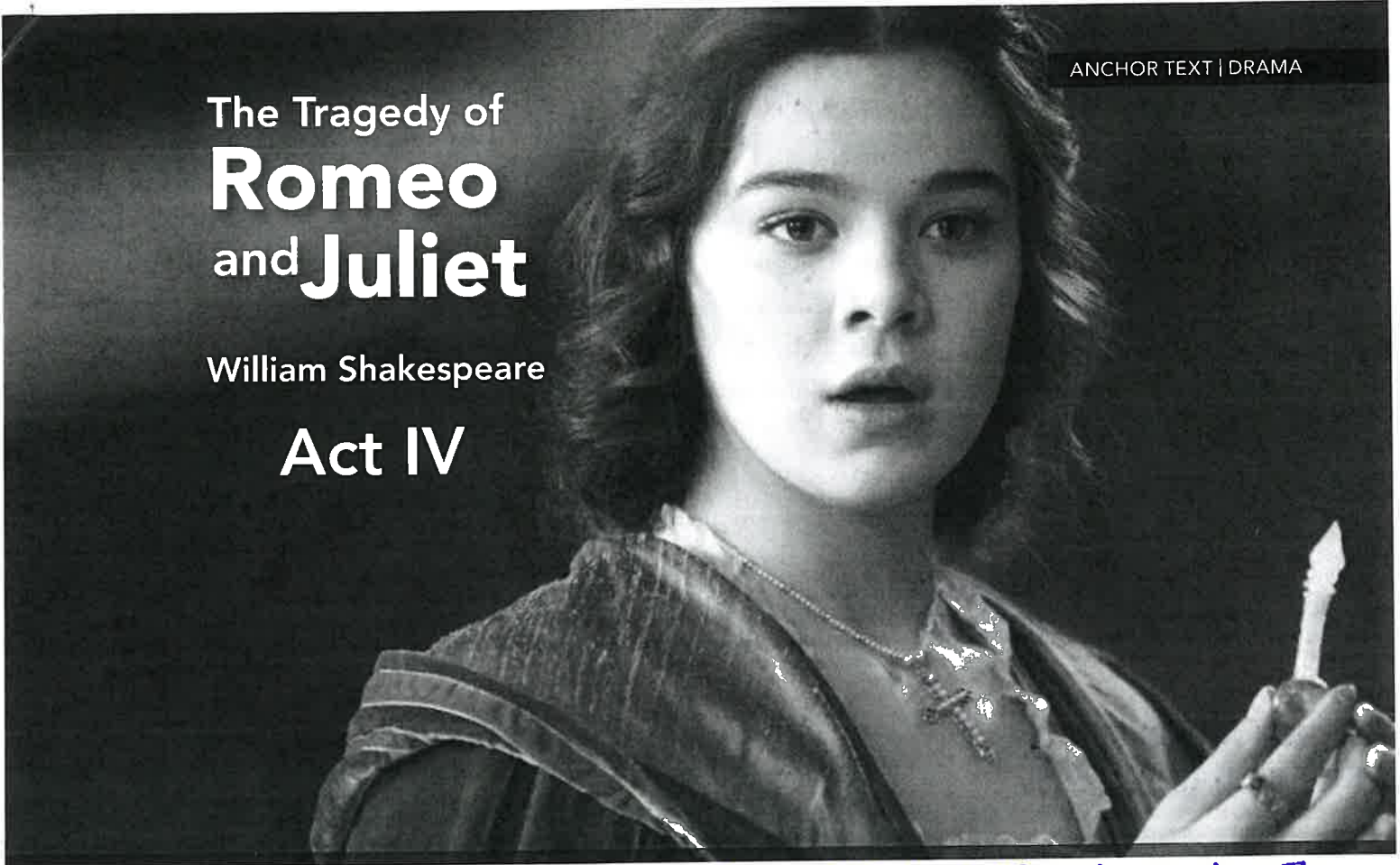


The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet

William Shakespeare

Act IV



REVIEW AND ANTICIPATE

Romeo and Juliet are married for only a few hours when disaster strikes. In Act III, Juliet's cousin Tybalt kills Mercutio, and then Romeo kills Tybalt. This leads to Romeo's banishment from Verona. To make matters worse, Juliet's parents are determined to marry her to Paris. As you read Act IV, consider the passions and conflicts that motivate Romeo and Juliet as their situation becomes increasingly desperate.

Scene i • Friar Lawrence's cell.

The wedding is planned for Thursday
[Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris.]

↳ **Friar.** On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

Paris. My father! Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.²

Friar. You say you do not know the lady's mind.

↳ **Uneven** is the course;³ I like it not. *— why does he actually not like it?*

Paris. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talked of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she do give her sorrow so much sway,

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage

To stop the inundation⁴ of her tears,

Which, too much minded⁵ by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

↳ **Now** do you know the reason of this haste.

Complete who knows what chart prior to reading this Act

Irony - when something other than what we expect occurs

3 types:

- situational - Fire truck on fire
- verbal - "Bless your heart"
- dramatic - we know something characters don't all know

1. father future father-in-law.

2. I... haste I will not slow him down by being slow myself.

3. Uneven... course irregular is the plan.

4. inundation n. flood

5. minded v. thought about.

Paris says Juliet is too upset to fall in love and that Lord Capulet thinks that arranging this marriage is in her best interest because she's too upset

Paris visited Friar Lawrence to arrange his wedding to Juliet

TO PARIS

6. That's . . . text That is a certain truth.

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In lines 18–38, mark speeches that are no more than one sentence in length.

QUESTION: Why is Paris and Juliet's conversation composed primarily of short lines?

CONCLUDE: How does this scene make the audience feel about Paris?

7. price n. value.

refuses again to say she loves Paris

8. before their spite before the harm that the tears did.

Slander = lies that are harmful and paint an unflattering picture

9. entreat . . . alone ask to have this time to ourselves.

10. shield v. forbid.

Friar isn't sure how to help her with Paris

11. past . . . wits beyond the ability of my mind to find a remedy.

12. prorogue (proh ROHG) v. delay.

13. presently adv. at once.

to himself

I wish I didn't know why these plants

Friar. [Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—

should be slowed down

— Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. [Enter Juliet.]

Paris. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Juliet. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife. #TOOSOON

20 Paris. That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.

Juliet. What must be shall be.

Friar. That's a certain text.⁶

Paris. Come you to make confession to this father?

Juliet. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Juliet is very much giving Paris the cold-shoulder — to the point of being obviously rude

Paris. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Romeo vague pronoun

Juliet. I will confess to you that I love him.

Paris. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Juliet. If I do so, it will be of more price,⁷ Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Paris. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Juliet. The tears have got small victory by that, For it was bad enough before their spite.⁸ my face wasn't as that pretty to begin with

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

Juliet. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth; And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Paris. Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland' red it. as his wife

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

Are you at leisure, holy father, now, Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Friar. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.⁹ — trying to get Paris to

Paris. God shield¹⁰ I should disturb devotion!

have so they can discuss Romeo/plot

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.]

Juliet. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so, Come weep with me—past hope, past cure, past help!

—she feels hopeless

Friar. O Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits.¹¹

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue¹² it, On Thursday next be married to this County.

— I know of your father's plans for you to marry Paris

Juliet. 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

And with this knife I'll help it presently.¹³

threatening self-harm if they can't find a solution

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

you can't join me in marriage to Paris after you already married me to Romeo. If you, in your age, position, honor, & wisdom, can't find a solution, I'll solve the problem by killing myself with this knife.

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,
 Shall be the label to another deed,¹⁴
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me¹⁵ this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating¹⁶ that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honor bring.¹⁷
 Be not so long to speak. I long to die
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.]

Friar. Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves¹⁸ as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,
 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,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;¹⁹
 And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Juliet. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of any tower,
 Or walk in thievish ways,²⁰ or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,²¹
 O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky²² shanks and yellow chapless²³ 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 tremble—
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Friar. Hold, then. Go home, be merry, ^① give consent
 To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
^② Tomorrow 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 distilled liquor drink thou off; ^③
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humor,²⁴ for no pulse
 Shall keep his native²⁵ progress, but surcease;²⁶
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To wanny ashes,²⁷ thy eyes' windows²⁸ fall
 Like death when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,²⁹

14. Shall . . . deed shall give the seal of approval to another marriage contract.

15. 'Twixt . . . me between my misfortunes and me.

16. arbitrating v. deciding.

17. Which . . . bring which the authority that derives from your age and ability could not solve honorably.

My possible solution/plan is just an extreme of suicide

18. craves v. requires.

19. That cop'st . . . it that bargains with death itself to escape from it.

20. thievish ways roads where criminals lurk.

21. charnel house vault for bones removed from graves to be reused.

22. reeky adj. foul-smelling.

23. chapless adj. jawless.

① say you'll happily marry Paris

② make sure you're alone tomorrow night

③ Take this potion I made that will make you seem dead

24. humor n. fluid; liquid.

25. native adj. natural.

26. surcease v. stop.

27. wanny ashes to the color of pale ashes.

28. eyes' windows eyelids.

29. supple government ability for maintaining motion.

I would do any of these extreme things to keep from marrying Paris

THE PLAN

④ This potion will work for ~~40~~⁴² hours

⑤ They'll come to get you for wedding & think you're dead and bury you in the family vault/monument

⑥ I'll send Romeo a letter letting him know what's happening

30. **uncovered on the bier** (bihr) displayed on the funeral platform.

31. **against** *adv.* before.

32. **drift** *n.* purpose; plan.

⑦ he'll come get you from the graveyard and y'all will be together

33. **inconstant toy** passing whim.

34. **Abate thy valor** Lessen your courage.

in Mantua

Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death

④ 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,

⑥ In thy best robes uncovered on the bier³⁰

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault^⑤
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

⑥ In the meantime, **against**³¹ thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;³²

And hither shall he come: and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. ⑦

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy³³ nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valor³⁴ in the acting it.

Juliet. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Friar. Hold! Get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Juliet. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[Exit with Friar.]

✂ ✂ ✂

Scene ii • Hall in Capulet's house.

[Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Servingmen, two or three.]

Capulet. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit a Servingman.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning¹ cooks.

Servingman. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try² if they can lick their fingers.

Capulet. How canst thou try them so?

Servingman. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.³ Therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Capulet. Go, begone.

[Exit Servingman.]

We shall be much **unfurnished**⁴ for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

this wedding is happening so fast that we don't have enough time to prepare

1. **cunning** *adj.* skillful.

2. **try** *v.* test.

3. **'tis . . . fingers** It is a bad cook who will not taste his own cooking.

4. **unfurnished** *adj.* unprepared.

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.⁵

Capulet. Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.⁶

[Enter Juliet.]

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Capulet. How now, my headstrong! Where have you been
gadding?

Juliet. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests,⁷ and am enjoined

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate⁸ here
To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Capulet. Send for the County. Go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

Juliet. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell
And gave him what becomèd⁹ love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Capulet. Why, I am glad on't. This is well. Stand up.
This is as't should be. Let me see the County.

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound¹⁰ to him.

Juliet. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet¹¹
To help me sort such needful ornaments¹²

'As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

Lady Capulet. No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

Capulet. Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

[Exit Juliet and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet. We shall be short in our provision.¹³
'Tis now near night. (Tuesday night)

Capulet. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.¹⁴

I'll not to bed tonight; let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!¹⁵

They are all forth; well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare up him
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

[Exit with Mother.]

NOTES

5. **forsooth** *adv.* in truth.

6. A **peevish** . . . **it is** It is the ill-tempered, selfish behavior of a woman without good breeding.

7. **behests** *v.* requests.

8. **fall prostrate** lie face down in humble submission.

9. **becomèd** *adj.* suitable; proper.

not actually a lie when she has zero love for him

10. **bound** *adj.* indebted.

11. **closet** *n.* private room.

12. **ornaments** *n.* clothes.

13. **short** . . . **provision** lacking time for preparation.

14. **deck up her** dress her; get her ready.

15. **What, ho!** Capulet is calling one of his servants.

he's very happy

Scene iii • Juliet's chamber.

[Enter Juliet and Nurse.]

picking out a gown for the wedding

Juliet. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to my self tonight;
For I have need of many orisons¹
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,²
Which, well thou knowest, is cross³ and full of sin.

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

Juliet. No, madam; we have culled⁴ such necessaries
As are behoveful⁵ for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

Lady Capulet. Good night.
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Juliet. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

Really long soliloquy

what if this potion doesn't work?

[Lays down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison which the friar
Subtly hath minist' red⁶ to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried⁷ a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit⁸ of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle

what if the friar is trying to kill me?

what if I wake up in the tomb alone?

1. **orisons** (AWR uh zuhnz) *n.* prayers.
2. **state** *n.* condition.
3. **cross** *adj.* selfish; disobedient.
4. **culled** *v.* chosen.
5. **behoveful** *adj.* desirable; appropriate.

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In lines 15–58, mark the questions Juliet asks that include the word *if*.

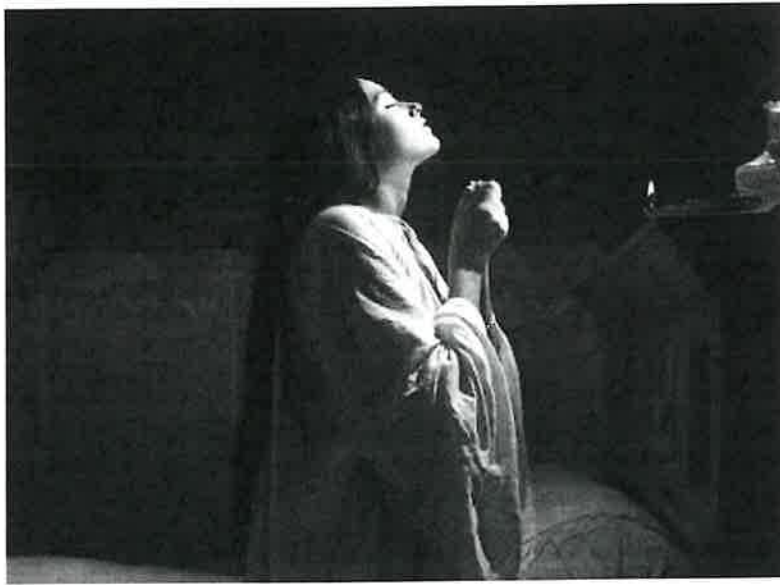
QUESTION: Why does Shakespeare have Juliet ask this series of questions?

CONCLUDE: What does this series of questions show about Juliet's state of mind as she prepares to drink the potion?

6. **minist' red** *v.* given me.

7. **tried** *v.* proved.

8. **conceit** *n.* idea; thought.



NOTES

describing what she thinks the tomb will be like

30 Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
35 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,⁹
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
40 Alack, alack, is it not like¹⁰ that I,
So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes¹¹ torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,¹²
45 Environed¹³ with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
As with a club dash out my desp'rate brains?
50 O, look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to thee!

what if I go crazy?

says she'll see Tybalt's ghost

I drink to be with Romeo

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.]

✂ ✂ ✂

Scene iv • Hall in Capulet's house.

[Enter Lady of The House and Nurse.]

Lady Capulet. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces¹ in the pastry.²

[Enter old Capulet.]

Capulet. Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock,

→ Wednesday morning going to wake Juliet for the wedding but first scrambling with wedding preparations

9. **green in earth** newly entombed.

10. **like** *adv.* likely.

11. **mandrakes** *n.* plants with forked roots that resemble human legs. The mandrake was believed to shriek when uprooted and cause the hearer to go mad.

12. **distraught** *adj.* insane.

13. **Environed** *v.* surrounded.

1. **quinces** *n.* golden, apple-shaped fruits.

2. **pastry** *n.* baking room.

3. **Angelica** this is probably the Nurse's name.
4. **cotquean** (KOT kween) *n.* man who does housework.
5. **watching** *adj.* staying awake.
6. **mouse hunt** woman chaser.
7. **jealous hood** jealousy.

mood of scene is happy, excited, frantic, but we know its about to be bad. This dramatic irony creates suspense / anticipation

8. **Mass** by the Mass (an oath).
9. **loggerhead** blockhead.

CLOSE READ
 ANNOTATE: Mark details in both spoken lines and stage directions of Scene iv that relate to food, joy, and anticipation.

QUESTION: Why does Shakespeare present such a happy scene?

What are the effects of positioning this scene right after Scene iii in which Juliet drinks the potion?

1. **Fast** fast asleep.
2. **slugabed** sleepyhead.

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica;³
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cotquean,⁴ go,
 Get you to bed! Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow
 For this night's watching.⁵

Capulet. No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now
 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Capulet. Ay, you have been a mouse hunt⁶ in your time;
 But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exit Lady and Nurse.]

Capulet. A jealous hood, a jealous hood!⁷
 [Enter three or four Fellows with spits and logs and baskets.]

Now, fellow,

What is there?

First Fellow. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Capulet. Make haste, make haste. [Exit First Fellow.] Sirrah,
 fetch drier logs.
 Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.

Second Fellow. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs
 And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Capulet. Mass,⁸ and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
 Thou shalt be loggerhead.⁹

[Exit Second Fellow, with the others.]

Good faith, 'tis day.

The County will be here with music straight,
 For so he said he would.

[Play music.]

I hear him near.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!
 [Enter Nurse.]

Go waken Juliet; go and trim her up.
 I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
 Make haste! The bridegroom he is come already;
 Make haste, I say.

[Exit.]

⌘ ⌘ ⌘

Scene v • Juliet's chamber.

monologue because technically not alone on stage

Nurse. Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Fast,¹ I warrant her,
 she.

Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slugabed!²
 Why, love, I say! Madam; Sweetheart! Why, bride!
 What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now;
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

nurse is happy and loves Juliet

Copyright © Pearson Learning Company LLC. All Rights Reserved.

dramatic irony

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!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[Draws aside the curtains.]

What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down again?³
I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
O weraday 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!

Lady Capulet. 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. 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. 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 and the County Paris, with Musicians.]

Friar. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Capulet. 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.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

NOTES

dramatic irony

3. down again back in bed.

- realizes she's dead
(doesn't know the fake
death plan)

lamentable (luh MEHN tuh buhl) *adj.*
grievous; mournful; sorrowful

completely
distracted

Juliet is her only child and
Lady Capulet wants to die with her

— verbal irony

And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.

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

Lady Capulet. 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 solace⁴ in,
And cruel Death hath caught it from my sight.

Nurse. 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. Beguiled,⁵ 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. Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable⁶ time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?⁷
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. Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions.⁸ Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid—now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.

Your part in her you could not keep from death,
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?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.⁹
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 rosemary¹⁰
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature¹¹ bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.¹²

Capulet. All things that we ordained festival¹³
Turn from their office to black funeral—

4. **solace** v. find comfort.

5. **Beguiled** *adj.* cheated.

distressed (dihz TREHST) *adj.* full of anxiety and suffering

6. **Uncomfortable** *adj.* painful, upsetting.

7. **solemnity** *n.* solemn rites.

8. **Confusion's . . . confusions** The remedy for this calamity is not to be found in these outcries.

9. **well** *adj.* blessed in heaven.

10. **rosemary** *n.* evergreen herb signifying love and remembrance.

11. **fond nature** mistake-prone human nature.

12. **Yet . . . merriment** While human nature causes us to weep for Juliet, reason should cause us to be happy (since she is in heaven).

13. **ordained festival** planned to be part of a celebration.

verbal irony

chastising them
for their grief
and saying Juliet
is better off
in heaven

Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges¹⁴ change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;

situational irony

20 And all things change them to the contrary.

Friar. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r¹⁵ upon you for some ill;
15 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[Exit, casting rosemary on her and shutting the curtains.
The Nurse and Musicians remain.]

First Musician. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up!
For well you know this is a pitiful case.¹⁶ [Exit.]

First Musician. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.
[Enter Peter.]

20 **Peter.** Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease," "Heart's ease"!
O, and 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 dump¹⁷ to comfort me.

25 **First Musician.** 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?

30 **Peter.** No money, on my faith, but the gleek.¹⁸ I will give
you¹⁹ the minstrel.²⁰

First Musician. Then I will give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on
your pate.

I will carry no crotchets.²¹ I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you
note me?

35 **First Musician.** And 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 me like men.

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

melancholy (MEHL uhn kol ee)
adj. sad and depressed

14. **dirges** *n.* funeral hymns.

15. **low'r** *v.* frown.

16. **case** *n.* situation; instrument case.

17. **dump** *n.* sad tune.

18. **gleek** *n.* scornful speech.

19. **give you** call you.

20. **minstrel** a contemptuous term (as opposed to "musician").

21. **crotchets** *n.* whims; quarter notes.

Peter is angry because they won't play him music after the family leaves

