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. 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! 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!— 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!

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
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, County PARIS, and MUSICIANS

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET
Ready to go, but never to return.

LADY CAPULET
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, 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
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
O woe! O 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, divorced, wronged, 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! 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.

PRIEST LAWRENCE
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,
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?
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
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
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,
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.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Exit CAPULET, LADY CAPULET.
PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE

FIRST MUSICIAN
Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

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 cus-
tom, 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 bur-
ed corpse. And everything will be used for the oppo-
site 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.

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

Enter Peter

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

FIRST MUSICIAN
Then I will give you the serving creature.

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.
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?

If you make us sing, you’ll hear us.

Please, put down your knife and stop kidding around.

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.

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

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

Well, sir, because silver has a sweet sound.

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

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

Faith, I know not what to say.
ACT 4, SCENE 5

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
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