

'Romeo and Juliet' L6 - Act I, Scene v Text

ROMEO

40 *(to a SERVINGMAN)* What lady is that which doth
enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
45 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.
50 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.—
(to his PAGE) Fetch me my rapier, boy.—
What, dares the slave
55 Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you
so?

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

ROMEO

(to a SERVINGMAN) Who is the girl on the arm of
that lucky knight over there?

SERVINGMAN

I don't know, sir.

ROMEO

Oh, she shows the torches how to burn bright! She
stands out against the darkness like a jeweled
earring hanging against the cheek of an African.
Her beauty is too good for this world; she's too
beautiful to die and be buried. She outshines the
other women like a white dove in the middle of a
flock of crows. When this dance is over, I'll see
where she stands, and then I'll touch her hand with
my rough and ugly one. Did my heart ever love
anyone before this moment? My eyes were liars,
then, because I never saw true beauty before
tonight.

TYBALT

I can tell by his voice that this man is a Montague.
(to his PAGE) Get me my sword, boy.—What, does
this peasant dare to come here with his face
covered by a mask to sneer at and scorn our
celebration? Now, by the honor of our family, I do
not consider it a crime to kill him.

CAPULET

Why, what's going on here, nephew? Why are you
acting so angry?

TYBALT

Uncle, this man is a Montague—our enemy. He's a
scoundrel who's come here out of spite to mock
our party.

CAPULET

Is it young Romeo?

TYBALT

That's him, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.

65 He bears him like a portly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.

70 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,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest.

75 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.

80 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?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what.

You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time.—

85 Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox, go.

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!

CAPULET

Calm down, gentle cousin. Leave him alone. He carries himself like a dignified gentleman, and, to tell you the truth, he has a reputation throughout Verona as a virtuous and well-behaved young man. I wouldn't insult him in my own house for all the wealth in this town. So calm down. Just ignore him. That's what I want, and if you respect my wishes, you'll look nice and stop frowning because that's not the way you should behave at a feast.

TYBALT

It's the right way to act when a villain like him shows up. I won't tolerate him.

CAPULET

You *will* tolerate him. What, little man? I say you will. What the—Am I the boss here or you? What the—You won't tolerate him! God help me! You'll start a riot among my guests! There will be chaos! It will be your fault, you'll be the rabble-rouser!

TYBALT

But, uncle, we're being disrespected.

CAPULET

Go on, go on. You're an insolent little boy. Is that how it is, really? This stupidity will come back to bite you. I know what I'll do. You have to contradict me, do you? I'll teach you a lesson. (*to the GUESTS*) Well done, my dear guests! (*to TYBALT*) You're a punk, get away. Keep your mouth shut, or else—(*to SERVINGMEN*) more light, more light! (*to TYBALT*) You should be ashamed. 'll shut you up. (*to the guests*) Keep having fun, my dear friends!

Music plays again, and the guests dance

TYBALT

Patience performe with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different
greeting.

90 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.

Exit TYBALT

The music plays again, and the guests dance

TYBALT

The combination of forced patience and pure rage
is making my body tremble. I'll leave here now, but
Romeo's prank, which seems so sweet to him now,
will turn bitter to him later.

TYBALT exits.

Glossary

Ethiop: African person.

Measure: dance.

Rude: rough, basic.

Rapier: sword.

Antic: silly.

Fleer: sneer.

Coz: cousin (used to refer to relatives generally).

Portly: dignified.

Ill-beseeming semblance: improper look.

Goodman boy: badly-behaved child.

Cock-a-hoop: showing off.

Saucy: cheeky.

Princox: rude youngster.

Gall: bitterness.