

ORIGINAL TEXT	TRANSLATED VERSION
<p><b>ROMEO</b> No matter. Get thee gone, 35And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.</p>	<p><b>ROMEO</b> No matter. Get on your way and hire those horses. I'll be with you right away.</p>
<p><i>Exit</i> <b>BALTHASAR</b></p>	<p><b>BALTHASAR</b> <i>exits.</i></p>
<p>Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight. Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift to enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I do remember an apothecary— 40And hereabouts he dwells—which late I noted in tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows, culling of simples. Meager were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones, And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, 45An alligator stuffed, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds, remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses, 50Were thinly scattered to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said, "An if a man did need a poison now"— Whose sale is present death in Mantua—"Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him." 55Oh, this same thought did but forerun my need, And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house. Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, ho! Apothecary!</p>	<p>Well, Juliet, I'll lie with you tonight. Let's see how. Destructive thoughts come quickly to the minds of desperate men! I remember a pharmacist who lives nearby. I remember he wears shabby clothes and has bushy eyebrows. He makes drugs from herbs. He looks poor and miserable and worn out to the bone. He had a tortoise shell hanging up in his shop as well as a stuffed alligator and other skins of strange fish. There were a few empty boxes on his shelves, as well as green clay pots, and some musty seeds. There were a few strands of string and mashed rose petals on display. Noticing all this poverty, I said to myself, "If a man needed some poison"—which they would immediately kill you for selling in Mantua—"here is a miserable wretch who'd sell it to him." Oh, this idea came before I needed the poison. But this same poor man must sell it to me. As I remember, this should be the house. Today's a holiday, so the beggar's shop is shut. Hey! Pharmacist!</p>
<p><i>Enter</i> <b>APOTHECARY</b></p>	<p><i>The</i> <b>APOTHECARY</b> <i>enters.</i></p>
<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> Who calls so loud?</p>	<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> Who's that calling so loud?</p>
<p><b>ROMEO</b> 60Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor. Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have a dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear as will disperse itself through all the veins that the life-weary taker may fall dead,</p>	<p><b>ROMEO</b> Come here, man. I see that you are poor. Here are forty ducats. Let me have a shot of poison, something that works so fast that the person who takes it will die as fast as gunpowder exploding in a canon.</p>

<p>65And that the trunk may be discharged of breath as violently as hasty powder fired doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.</p>	
<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law is death to any he that utters them.</p>	<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> I have lethal poisons like that. But it's against the law to sell them in Mantua, and the penalty is death.</p>
<p><b>ROMEO</b> 70Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, and fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks. Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes. Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. The world is not thy friend nor the world's law. 75The world affords no law to make thee rich. Then be not poor, but break it, and take this. (<i>holds out money</i>)</p>	<p><b>ROMEO</b> You're this poor and wretched and still afraid to die? Your cheeks are thin because of hunger. I can see in your eyes that you're starving. Anyone can see that you're a beggar. The world is not your friend, and neither is the law. The world doesn't make laws to make you rich. So don't be poor. Break the law, and take this money. (<i>he holds out money</i>)</p>
<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> My poverty, but not my will, consents.</p>	<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> I agree because I'm poor, not because I want to.</p>
<p><b>ROMEO</b> I pay thy poverty and not thy will.</p>	<p><b>ROMEO</b> I pay you because you're poor, not because you want me to buy this.</p>
<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> 80(<i>gives ROMEO poison</i>) Put this in any liquid thing you will and drink it off; and, if you had the strength of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.</p>	<p><b>APOTHECARY</b> (<i>gives ROMEO poison</i>) Put this in any kind of liquid you want and drink it down. Even if you were as strong as twenty men, it would kill you immediately.</p>
<p><b>ROMEO</b> (<i>gives APOTHECARY money</i>) There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, 85Doing more murder in this loathsome world, than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. I sell thee poison. Thou hast sold me none. Farewell. Buy food, and get thyself in flesh.— Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 90To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.</p>	<p><b>ROMEO</b> (<i>gives APOTHECARY money</i>) There is your gold. Money is a worse poison to men's souls, and commits more murders in this awful world, than these poor poisons that you're not allowed to sell. I've sold <i>you</i> poison. You haven't sold me any. Goodbye. Buy yourself food, and put some flesh on your bones. I'll take this mixture, which is a medicine, not a poison, to Juliet's grave. That's where I must use it.</p>
<p><i>Exeunt</i></p>	<p><i>They exit.</i></p>