

ROMEO AND JULIET QUOTABLE QUOTES

1. `Two households, both alike in dignity, in fair Verona where we lay our scene, from ancient grudge break to new mutiny, where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes a pair of star-crossed lovers take their life; whose misadventure piteous overthrows doth with their death bury their parents' strife. The fearful passage of their death-marked love, and the continuance of their parents' rage, which, but their children's end, nought could remove, is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; the which, if you with patient ears attend, what here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.' **(CHORUS)**

2. `Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, profaners of this neighbour-stained steel – will they not hear? What ho! You men, you beasts, that quench the fire of your pernicious rage with purple fountains issuing from your veins, on pain of torture, from those bloody hands throw your distempered weapons to the ground, and hear the sentence of your moved Prince. Three civil brawls bred of an airy word by thee, old Capulet, and Montague, have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets, and made Verona's ancient citizens cast by their grave beseeming ornaments to wield old partisans in hands as old, cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate. If ever you disturb our streets again, your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away. You, Capulet, shall go along with me, and Montague, come you this afternoon, to know our farther pleasure in this case, to old Freetown, our common judgement-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.'
(PRINCE)

3. `O where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.'
(LADY MONTAGUE)

4. `Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun peered forth the golden window of the east, a troubled mind drive me to walk abroad, where, underneath the grove of sycamore that westward rooteth from this city side, so early walking did I see your son. Towards him I made, but he was ware of me, and stole into the covert of the wood. I, measuring his affections by my own, which then most sought where most might not be found, being one too many by my weary self, pursued my humour not pursuing his, and gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.'
(BENVOLIO)

5. `... adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; but all so soon as the all-cheering sun should in the farthest east begin to draw the shady curtains from Aurora's bed, away from light steals home my heavy son, and private in his chamber pens himself, shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, and makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this humour prove, unless good counsel may the cause remove.'
(MONTAGUE)
6. `See where he comes. So please you, step aside; I 'll know his grievance or be much denied.'
(BENVOLIO)
7. `Not having that which, having, makes them short.'
(ROMEO)
8. `...Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs: being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears. What is it else? A madness most discreet, a choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.'
(ROMEO)
9. `Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?'
(BENVOLIO)
10. `A sick man in sadness makes his will – a word ill urged to one that is so ill. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.'
(ROMEO)
11. `She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste, for beauty, starved with her severity, cuts beauty off from all posterity. She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, to merit bliss by making me despair. She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow do I live dead, that live to tell it now.'
(ROMEO)
12. `By giving liberty unto thine eyes: examine other beauties.'
(BENVOLIO)
13. `Find them out whose names are written here? It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!'
(CLOWN)
14. `Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning, one pain is lessened by another 's anguish; Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning. One desperate grief cures with another's languish: take thou some new infection to thy eye, and the rank poison of the old will die.'
(BENVOLIO)

15. `Not mad, but bound more than a madman is; shut up in prison, kept without my food, whipped and tormented, and – Good e'en, good fellow.'
(ROMEO)
16. `When the devout religion of mine eye maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire; and these, who, often drowned, could never die, transparent heretics, be burnt for liars. One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.'
(ROMEO)
17. `I 'll look to like, if looking liking move; but no more deep will I endart mine eye than your consent gives strength to make it fly.' (JULIET)
18. `Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.'
(ROMEO)
19. `If love be rough with you, be rough with love: prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. Give me a case to put my visage in: a visor for a visor! What care I what curious eye doth quote deformities? Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.'
(MERCUTIO)
20. `O she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night as a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; 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. Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight, for I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.'
(ROMEO)
21. `Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting, makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.'
(TYBALT)
22. `But soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief that thou her maid art far more fair than she. Be not her maid, since she is envious; her vestal livery is but sick and green, and none but fools do wear it; cast it off. It is my lady, O it is my love! O that she knew she were! She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? Her eye discourses: I will answer it. I am too bold; 't is not to me she speaks. Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, having some business, do entreat her eyes to twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her

eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars as daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven would through the airy region stream so bright that birds would sing and think it were not night. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand, that I might touch that cheek!’ **(ROMEO)**

23. ‘She speaks. O speak again, bright angel, for thou art as glorious to this night, being o’er my head, as is a winged messenger of heaven unto the white-upturned wondering eyes of mortals that fall back to gaze on him when he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, and sails upon the bosom of the air.’ **(ROMEO)**
24. ‘O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name: or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love and I ‘ll no longer be a Capulet.’ **(JULIET)**
25. ‘‘T is but thy name that is my enemy. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What ‘s “Montague”? It is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a man. O be some other name! What ‘s in a name? That which we call a rose by any other word would smell as sweet. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, retain that dear perfection which he owes without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, and for that name, which is no part of thee, take all myself.’ **(JULIET)**
26. ‘I take thee at thy word. Call me but “Love”, and I ‘ll be new baptized; henceforth I never will be Romeo.’ **(ROMEO)**
27. ‘By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am. My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself because it is an enemy to thee. Had I it written, I would tear the word.’ **(ROMEO)**
28. ‘With love’s light wings did I o’erperch these walls, for stony limits cannot hold love out; and what love can do, that dares love attempt: therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.’ **(ROMEO)**
29. ‘I have night’s cloak to hide from their eyes. And but thou love me, let them find me here; my life were better ended by their hate than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.’ **(ROMEO)**
30. ‘O swear not by the moon, th’ inconstant moon, that monthly changes in her circled orb, lest that thy love prove likewise variable.’ **(JULIET)**

31. `Do not swear at all; or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, which is the god of my idolatry, and I 'li believe thee.'
(**JULIET**)
32. `Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract tonight: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, too like the lightning, which doth cease to be ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night. This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, may prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest come to thy heart as that within my breast.'
(**JULIET**)
33. `But to be frank and give it thee again: and yet I wish but for the thing I have. My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep; the more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite.'
(**JULIET**)
34. `Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If that thy bent of love be honourable, thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow by one that I 'II procure to come to thee, where and what time thou wilt perform the rite; and all my fortunes at thy foot I 'II lay, and follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.'
(**JULIET**)
35. `I 'II tell thee ere thou ask it me again: I have been feasting with mine enemy, where on a sudden one hath wounded me that's by me wounded. Both our remedies within thy help and holy physic lies. I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo, my intercession likewise steads my foe.'
(**ROMEO**)
36. `Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! Is Rosaline that thou didst love so dear so soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! How much salt water thrown away in waste to season love, that of it doth not taste! The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears; Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit of an old tear that is not washed off yet. If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine, thou and these woes were all for Rosaline. And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then: women may fall, when there's no strength in men.'
(**FRIAR LAWRENCE**)
37. `Now good sweet Nurse – O Lord, why lookest thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily: If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news by playing it to me with so sour a face.'
(**JULIET**)

38. `How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath to say to me that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that. Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance. Let me be satisfied; is 't good or bad?'
(JULIET)
39. `So smile the heavens upon this holy act that after-hours with sorrow chide us not.'
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)
40. `Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can, it cannot countervail the exchange of joy that one short minute gives me in her sight. Do thou but close our hands with holy words, then love-devouring death do what he dare; it is enough I may but call her mine.'
(ROMEO)
41. `These violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die like fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey is loathsome in his own deliciousness, and in the taste confounds the appetite. Therefore love moderately; long life doth so: too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.'
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)
42. `Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more to blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath this neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue unfold the imagined happiness that both receive in either, by this dear encounter.'
(ROMEO)
43. `Conceit more rich in matter than in words brags of his substance, not of ornament. They are but beggars that can count their worth; but my true love is grown to such excess I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.'
(JULIET)
44. `Come, come with me, and we will make short work; for, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone till Holy Church incorporate two in one.'
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)
45. `Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee doth much excuse the appertaining rage to such a greeting. Villain am I none; therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.'
(ROMEO)
46. `No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a Church door, but 't is enough, 't will serve. Ask for me to-morrow and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! Zounds! A dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to

death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.'

(MERCUTIO)

47. 'Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me. I have it, and soundly too. Your houses!'

(MERCUTIO)

48. 'This gentleman, the Prince's near ally, my very friend, hath got this mortal hurt in my behalf, my reputation stained with Tybalt's slander – Tybalt that an hour hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet, thy beauty hath made me effeminate, and in my temper softened valour's steel.'

(ROMEO)

49. 'Alive, in triumph! And Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, respective lenity, and fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again that late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul is but a little way above our heads, staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.'

(ROMEO)

50. 'What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead? My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord? Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom, for who is living if those two are gone?'

(JULIET)

51. 'Blistered be thy tongue for such a wish! He was not born to shame. Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit, for 't is a throne where honour may be crowned sole monarch of the universal earth. O what a beast was I to chide at him!'

(JULIET)

52. 'Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man. Affliction is enamoured of thy parts, and thou art wedded to calamity.'

(FRIAR LAWRENCE)

53. 'There is no world without Verona walls, but purgatory, torture, hell itself. Hence "banished" is banished from the world, and world's exile is death. Then "banished" is death mis-termed. Calling death "banished", thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe, and smilest upon the stroke that murders me.'

(ROMEO)

54. 'O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness! Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law, and turned that

black word “death” to “banishment”. This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.’
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)

55. ‘T is torture and not mercy. Heaven is here where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog and little mouse, every unworthy thing, live here in heaven and may look on her, but Romeo may not. More validity, more honourable state, more courtship, lives in carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize on the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand, and steal immortal blessing from her lips, who even in pure and vestal modesty still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin, but Romeo may not; he is banished. Flies may do this, but I from this must fly; they are free men, but I am banished. And say’st thou yet that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife, no sudden mean of death, though ne’er so mean, but “banished” to kill me? “Banished”! O Friar, the damned use that word in hell; Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart, being a divine, a ghostly confessor, a sin-absolver, and my friend professed, to mangle me with that word “banished”?’

(ROMEO)

56. ‘I ‘ll give thee armour to keep off that word: adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy, to comfort thee though thou art banished.’

(FRIAR LAWRENCE)

57. ‘Spak’st thou of Juliet? How is it with her? Doth she not think me an old murderer, now I have stained the childhood of our joy with blood removed but little from her own? Where is she? And how doth she? And what says my concealed lady to our cancelled love?’ **(ROMEO)**

58. ‘Hold thy desperate hand! Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art: thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote the unreasonable fury of a beast. Unseemly woman in a seeming man, and ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!’
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)

59. ‘We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not. Then weep no more. I ‘ll send to one in Mantua, where the same banished runagate doth live, shall give him such an unaccustomed dram that he shall soon keep Tybalt company; and then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.’

(LADY CAPULET)

60. ‘Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn, the gallant, young, and noble gentleman, the County Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church, shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.’
(LADY CAPULET)

61. `Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife. How will she none? Doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest, unworthy as she is, that we have wrought so worthy a gentleman to be her bride?`
(CAPULET)
62. `Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope, which craves as desperate an execution as that is desperate which we would prevent. If, rather than 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; and, if thou darest, I 'll give thee remedy.`
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)
63. `Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent to marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow: To-morrow 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, when presently through all thy veins shall run a cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse shall keep his native progress, but surcease; no warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;...`
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)
64. `What if it be a poison which the Friar subtly hath ministered to have me dead, lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not, for he hath still been tried 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! ...`
(JULIET)
65. `Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not in these confusions. ... on this fair corse, and as the custom is, an all her best array bear her to Church, for though fond nature bids us all lament, yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.`
(FRIAR LAWRENCE)
66. `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.`
(CAPULET)
67. `I do beseech you, sir, have patience. Your looks are pale and wild, and do import some misadventure.`
(BALTHASAR)
68. `... 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, and that the trunk may be discharged of breath as violently as hasty powder fired doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.' **(ROMEO)**

69. 'Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, and fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks; need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law: the world affords no law to make thee rich; then be not poor, but break it and take this.' **(ROMEO)**
70. '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,' **(APOTHECARY)**
71. 'There is thy gold: worse poison to men's souls, doing more murder in this loathsome world, than these poor compounds that thou may'st 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 to Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.' **(ROMEO)**
72. '... can vengeance be pursued further than death? ...' **(PARIS)**
73. 'I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man. Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone; let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, put not another sin upon my head by urging me to fury. O be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself. Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say a madman's mercy bid thee run away.' **(ROMEO)**
74. 'How oft when men are at the point of death have they been merry, which their keepers call a lightning before death! O, how may I call this a lightning? O my love, my wife! Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath, ...' **(ROMEO)**
75. 'I hear some noise, lady. Come from that nest of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep. A greater power than we can contradict hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away. Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead, and Paris too. Come, I 'll dispose of thee among a sisterhood of holy nuns. Stay not to question, for the watch is coming. Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.' **(FRIAR LAWRENCE)**
76. 'Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, till we can clear these ambiguities, and know their spring, their head, their true descent, and then will I be general of your woes, and lead you even to death.

Meantime forbear, and let mischance be slave to patience. Bring forth the parties of suspicion.’ **(PRINCE)**

77. ‘A glooming peace this morning with it brings; the sun for sorrow will not show his head. Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things. Some shall be pardoned, and some punished; for never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo.’ **(PRINCE)**