Romeo and Juliet: A Shakespearean Music-Drama

(in three acts)

ACT ONE

Text from William Shakespeare
Music by Don Freund

Scene 1: Verona town square (page 3)
Abraham, Balthasar, Sampson, Gregory, Benvolio, Tybalt, Prince

Scene 2: Verona town square (page 10)
Romeo, Benvolio

Scene 3: Juliet’s Room / Verona town square (juxtaposed) (page 14)
Lady Capulet, Juliet, Nurse / Romeo, Benvolio, Peter

Scene 4: Outside the Capulet house (page 30)
Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo

Scene 5: The Capulet ballroom (page 42)
Lord Capulet, Romeo, Servant, Tybalt, Juliet, Nurse, Lady Capulet, Benvolio

Scene 6: At Juliet’s Balcony (page 52)
Romeo, Juliet, Nurse
ACT ONE

Scene 1: Verona town square

Enter SAMSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR, of the house of Montague

Abraham

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Balthasar

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
I do bite my thumb, sir. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at us, sir?

at you, sir, but I do bite my thumb, sir.

Do you quarrel, sir? Abraham

Do you quarrel, sir? No, sir.

I am for you: quarrel, sir?

If you do, sir, I am for you: Quarrel sir! no, sir.
What, you know not what you do.

Turn thee, Benvelio, look upon thy death.

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, put up thy sword,
Tybalt

Peace?

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tybalt

What, drawn, and talk of peace!

I hate the word, I hate

As I hate

hell, all Montagues, and
\[8\text{ MIDI time: 03.49}\]

\[8\text{ q3x8}\text{ time}^{n1lp?} \]

\[8\text{ (all fight)}\]

\[8\text{ thee:}\]

\[8\text{ optional cut to measure 186}\]

\[8\text{ 140}\]

\[8\text{ 145}\]

\[8\text{ 149}\]

\[8\text{ 154}\]

\[8\text{ 158}\]

\[8\text{ 162}\]

\[8\text{ 166}\]

\[8\text{ 170}\]
Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his TRAIN

Rebelious subjects, enemies to peace. On pain of torture,

from those bloody hands... Throw your mis-tem-per'd weapons to the ground,

If ever you disturb our streets a-gain, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
Enter ROMEO  Romeo and Benvolio are stage right throughout this scene; Juliet, Nurse, and Lady Capulet (later) are stage left.

Enter BENVOLIO  But new struck nine. Ayme! sad

What sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours? Not having that, which, having, makes them seem so long.
Romeo

In love?

Of love?

short.

Out!

Out of her favor, Out of her favor, where I am in love.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs; Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

A fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; A sea nourished with

lovers' tears:

Still waking sleep, Bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Romeo

I, This love feel

Romeo

that feel no love in this.

Romeo

that feel no love in this. (rather free)

Benvenuto

Romeo No, coz, I rather weep.

At thy good heart's op

laugh? Good heart, at what?
Benvenuto

(back in tempo)

press-sion.

Romeo

Why, such is love's trans-gress-sion. This love that thou hast shown Doth

add more grief to too much of mine own.

What is it else?

mad-ness most dis-creet, A chok-ing gall and a pre-serv-ing sweet.

A fire spark-ling in lov-ers' eyes; A sea nour-ish'd with lov-ers' tears:

Still-wak-ing sleep, Bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Nurse

What, lamb! what, lady-bird! God for-bid! Where's this girl?

Juliet

How now! who calls? Madam,

Nurse

What, Ju-liet! Your mother,

Juliet

I am here. What is your will? O, teach me

Romeo

Lights down stage left. Be ruled by me, for-get to think of her.

Romeo

Lights down stage right. how I should for-get to think.

Lady C.

This is the mat-ter: Nurse,

Lady C.

Nurse goes to leave. give leave a-while, We must talk in se-cret:
nurse, come back again; I have re-
memb'rd me, thou's hear our coun-
sel. Thou know'st my daughter's
of a pretty age.

Faith, I can tell her age un-
to an

hour.

Lights up stage right.

Give liberty unto thine eyes; Ex-
amine other beauties.

Show me a mistress that is pas-
sing fair, What doth her beauty
serve,
but as a note Where I may read who pass'd that passsing fair? 

Lady C.

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet, to my teeth be it spok'en, I have but four not fourteen.

Lady C.

She's not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

Nurse

To Lammas-tide? A fort-night and odd days.

Lady C.

E'en or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Nurse
Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen, shall she be fourteen, fourteen;

I remember it well, remember it well, remember it well. Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, eleven years,

And she was weaned, I remember it well, remember it well, remember it well. I never shall forget, I never shall never shall forget,

Get it, Nurse! Of all the days of the year, the days of the year, Of all the days of the
year, up-on that day:

Sitting in the sun Sitting in the sun under the dove-house

wall; Nurse! under the dove-house wall; the dove-house wall;

Shake quoth the

dove-house: Shake quoth the dove-house: I never shall forget, I

never shall never shall forget it, Nurse! Tis since the earthquake

now eleven years, eleven years, eleven years, And she was
Nurse! Nay, I bear a brain, I bear a brain, I do bear a brain:

this, nurse, I pray thee. And she was wean'd, it is eleven years, eleven years, eleven years:

leven years; Then she could stand a-lone, could stand a-lone, could stand a-lone; nay, by the rood, She could have run and wad-died all about;
nough! Nurse
Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: An I might live to see thee

Marry, that "marry" is the very theme I came to

married once, I have my wish.

talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition

to be married?

It is an honor that I
dream not of. An hon-or! An hon-or! were not I thine only nurse, I would

Well, think of marriage now;
say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

younger than you, Here in Ve-rona, ladies of estee,

Lights down stage left. Are made already moth-ers. Lights up stage right. Why, Ro-me-o, art thou mad?
Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is; Shut up in prison,

kept without my food, Whipp'd and tormented and—

God-den, good fellow. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir,
Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

A man, young lady!

Lady, such a man

As all the world,

why, he's a man of wax.

summer hath not such a flower.

Nay, he's a flower; a flower; in faith, a very
Nurse: What say you? can you love the gentleman?

Benvenuto (Benv): 'Signor Martino and his wife and daughters; Coun’ty Anselme

and his beautiful sisters; Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces;

Signor Valentino and his cousin Tybalt,

my fair niece Rosaline."
whither should they come?

To supper; to our house. Whose house?

My master's. In deed,

I should have ask'd you that before.

great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray,

come and crush a cup of wine.

Rest you merry!
This night you shall be-hold him at our feast; Read o'er the vol-ume

of young Par-is' face, And find de-light writ there with beau-ty's pen;

At this same an-cient feast of Ca-pu-let's Sups the fair Ro-sa-line

whom thou so lov-est, With all the ad-mir-ed beau-ties of Ve-rona: Go thither; and, with un-at-

taint ed eye, Com-pare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee

think thy swan a crow.

Speak brief-ly, can you like of Par-is' love?
I'll look to like, if looking liking move: Romeo

I'll go along, no such

But no more deep will I endart mine eye Than your consent gives

sight to be shown, But to rejoice

strength to make it fly.

in splendor of mine own.
MIDI time: 19.09

557
\[ \text{slower} \]
\[ \text{push ahead} \]
\[ \text{We follow thee.} \]
\[ \text{Juliet, the country stays.} \]

561
\[ \text{Nurse} \]
\[ \text{Go, girl, seek happy nights} \]
\[ \text{to happy days.} \]

565
\[ \text{8no} \]

571
\[ \text{E = E, Q = 72} \]

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We follow thee, Juliet, the country stays.

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

---
Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,

But ev'ry man be take him to his legs. Give me a torch:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light. Nay, gentle Romeo,

Mercutio

Ro-me-o, we must have you dance, we’ll draw thee from the mire where-in thou stick’st. Up to the ears.

Mercutio

Come, we burn daylight, ho! And we mean well in

Romeo
Mercutio: Why, may one ask?

Romeo: Going to this mask; But tis no wit to go.

And so did I dream a dream to-night.

That

Well, what was yours?

Dreamers often lie.
Mercutio

Drawn with a team of little atomies

A-thwart men's noses as they lie asleep.

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut

Wagon spokes made of long spiders' legs,

The cover of the wings of
Mercutio

grass hoppers, Her whip of cricket's bone.

Mercutio

the lash of

Mercutio

film

Mercutio

Her wagoner a small grey coated

Mercutio

gnat
And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers' brains,
and then they dream of
Mercutio

love;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,

optional cut to measure 737

The cover of the wings of
grass-hoppers, Her whip of crick-et's bone.

And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; she gallops night by night Through lovers'

brains, and then they dream.

Peace, peace, Mer-cu-ti-o, peace! Thou talk'st of
Mercutio

True, I talk of dreams,
nothing.

as thin of substance as the air

And more inconstant than the wind,

This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-selves;
I fear, too early:
for my
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

mind mis-gives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars. But

He, that hath the steer-age of my course, Direct my

sail!

On, lusty
Scene 5: The Capulet ballroom

775

Dance 1b: Galliard

780

Lord C.

Wel come, gen tle men! la dies

that have their toes Un-plagued with corns will walk a bout with you.

Dance 2: Basse danse
What lady is that, which

I know not, sir. O, she doth teach the
doth-ench the hand Of yonder knight?

I'll watch her place of stand, And, touch-ing hers,

torches to burn bright! The meas-ure done,

make bles-sed my rude hand. Did my heart love till now?

for-swear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beau-ty till this night.
This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier! To strike him dead, To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so? Un-cle, this is a Montague, 'Tis he, that villain Romeo. Content thee, coz, let him alone; I'll not endure him. You'll not endure him! You'll not endure him! You'll make a
Tybalt: sweet convert to bitter gall.

Lord C: mutiny among my guests! He shall be endured! Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Am I the master here, or you? go to. More light, more light!

For shame! I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly,

my hearts! I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall Now seeming

sweet
Romeo

If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand, too much, For saints have hands that

Dance: 29.26
pilgrims' hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. Have not saints

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer. O, then, dear saint, let

lips do what hands do; They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to des-

pair. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. Then move not,

while my prayer's effect I take.
They kiss.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged. Then have my lips the sin that they have took. Sin from thy lips? O tres-pass sweet-ly urged! Give me my sin again.
Nurse craves a word with you. What is her mother?
Madam, your mother-

Her mother is the lady of the house, I nursed her daughter;

I tell you, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her Shall have the
late!

Juli- et.

Anon, anon! Come, let's a-way; the

stran-gers all are gone.

Can I go for-ward when my

heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy
Sunlight, as light through yon-der window breaks,
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Be not her maid, since she is pale with grief.

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Romeo

It is my la-dy, O, it is my love! O, that she knew she were!

Romeo

See, how she leans her cheek up-on her hand! O, that I were a

glove up on that hand, That I might touch that cheek! She

Romeo

speaks! O, speak a gain, bright an-ge! Bright an-gel, speak a-gain!

Juliet

Ay, Ay me!

Juliet

O, Ro-me-o, Ro-me-o!

Juliet

where-fore art thou Ro-me-o? Ro-me-o, O, Ro-me-o! where-fore art thou Ro-me-o?

Juliet

speak a-gain!
De-ny thy fath-er and re-fuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no lon-ger be a Ca-pu-let._

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Tis but thy name that is my en-e-my;_ Thou art thy-self, not a

Mon-ta-gue. What's Mon-ta-gue? it is nor hand, nor foot, Nor
arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name! Ro-mo-o,
Ro-mo-o! be some other name! What's in a name? a rose By
any other name would smell as sweet; So Ro-mo-o would, were he not Ro-mo-o call'd,
Retain that dear perfection that dear perfection
Romeo, doff thy name, and for that name which is no part of thee

Take all myself.

I take thee at thy word. Call me but love,

and I'll be new baptized; Hence-forth I never will be Romeo.

screen'd in night So stub-blest on my coun-sel?

By a name I know not how to
tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to my self; because it is an enemy to

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words; Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the

sound: Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? Neith'er, fair saint, if either thee dis-

If any of my kinsmen find thee here, they will murder thee. There lies more peril in thine
eye Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet, And I am proof a-against their en-mi-ly.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," And I will take thy word; yet if thou swear'st, I know thou mayst prove false; at lovers' per-ju-ries They say, Jove laughs.

O, O gen-tle Ro-meo, If thou dost love, pro-nounce it faith-ful-ly, Or if thou think'st I am too quick-ly won, I'll frown and be per-verse, and say thee nay, So
thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world. I'll say thee nay, not for the

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, That month-ly

La dy, by yonder blessed moon I swear

Do not swear at all; Or, if thou wilt, swear

What shall I swear by?

by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idol-try, And I'll be-lieve thee.

If my

Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by
wish 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.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; 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. Nurse off-stage
have, for both are infinite. Juliet
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! — Non, good nurse!

Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little,

I will come again. O blessed, blessed night!

I am a-feard. Being in night, all this

Three words, dear Rome-o, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord through out the world.
I come anon. To-morrow will I send.

Madam! Madam!

Mad am! By and by, I come: A thousand

So thrive my soul—
fail: 'tis twenty years _ till then.

I have forgot why

I shall for-get, to

Let me stand here till thou re-mem-ber it...

I shall for-get, to have thee still

And I'll still stay, to have thee still for-get...

stand there... I shall for-get, to have thee still stand there... Ju-li-et! Tis almost

till thou re-mem-ber it... And I'll still stay, to have thee still for-get...
morn; Good night, good night! part-ing is such sweet sor-row, That I shall say good night 

till it be mor row. I come, a non... Romeo

eyes, peace in thy breast! Would I were sleep and peace,

so sweet to rest!  

Sleep dwell upon thine 

night 

That 

night 

That