Romeo and Juliet: A Shakespearean Music-Drama

(in three acts)

ACT TWO

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Friar Laurence, Romeo

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Benvolio, Mercutio, Tybalt, Romeo

Text from William Shakespeare
Music by Don Freund
Romeo and Juliet: A Shakespearean Music-Drama

ACT TWO

Scene 1: Early morning, outside

\[ \text{mf} \]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.

Friar Laurence

\[ \text{mf} \]

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, Chequer-ing the easterly clouds with streaks of light, And fleck-led darkness like a drunkard reels From
forth day's path and Ti-tan's fier-y wheels. Now, ere the sun advance his

burn-ing eye. The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry, I must up-fill this o-sier
cage of ours With bale-ful weeds and pre-cious, pre-cious-juic-ed flowers.

I must up-fill this o-sier cage of ours With bale-ful weeds With bale-ful weeds and pre-cious, pre-cious-juic-ed flowers.

Good morrow, fath-er. Be-ne-di-cite! What ear-ly tongue so
F1L1
MIDI time: 02.30

Friar L.  
48

That last is true; the sweet-er rest was mine.  

Romeo

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

F1L1
62

With Rosa-line? I have for-got that name, and that name's

F1L1
53

sweet sal-ut-eth me? Young son, it ar-gues a dis-tem-ber'd head So soon to

bid good mor-row to thy bed. Or if not so, then here I hit it right, Our Ro-me-o hath not been in bed to-

Romeo

For-merly I hit it well, but sudden-ly the rightful regal's

Friar L.

F1L1
58

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

F1L1
65

woe.  

Friar L.
I'll 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.

Be plain, good son.

and homely in thy drift; Rid-dling con-fes-sion finds, but rid-dling

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

shrift.

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; and this I pray, That thou consent to
marry us today.

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! Is

Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear, So soon forsaken? Jesus Maria,

what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

For Rosaline! For dotting, not for

I pray thee, chide not. Her I love now Doth grace for grace and

loving, pupil mine.
Friar L.  

But come, young Romeo, 

come, go with me, In one respect I'll thy assist. 

waverer, 

For this alliance may so happy prove, To turn your house-holds' ran-cour 

to pure love. For this alliance may so happy prove, 

Friar L.  

To turn your house-holds' ran-cour to pure love. 

Romeo  

love for love al-low;
Scene 2: Verona town square

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Where the dev-il should this Ro-me-o be?

Came he not home to-night?

Ah, that same pale hard-

Not to his fath-er's; I spoke with his man.

heart-ed wench, that Ro-sa-line, Tor-ments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ty-balt, the
Mercutio
kinds-man of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mercutio
challenge, on my life. Benvolio
Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead;
Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio
stabbed with a white wenches black eye; run through the ear with a love-song;

Mercutio
the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;

Mercutio
and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? Benvolio
Why, what is Tybalt?
More than a prince of cats, I can tell you. He fights as you sing a prick song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minimum rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom! Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. He gave us the counterfeits fairly last night. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?
my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours con-

strained a man to bow in the hams. Thou hast most kind-ly hit it.

Why, is not this better now than

A most courteous exposi-tion.

groan ing for love? Now art thou so-cia-ble, now art thou Ro-me-o; now art thou what thou art,
by art as well as by na-ture.

Enter Nurse and Peter

Here’s good-ly gear!

Two, two; a shirt and a

A sail, a sail!

smock.

Pe-ter! Pe-ter!

My fan.

Good Pe-ter, to hide her face; for her fan’s the fair-er
Mercutio

Is it good den?

gentle-woman.

Out up-on you!

for the bawdy hand of the dial is now up-on the prick of noon.

Nurse

what a man are you?

One, gentle-woman, that

Romeo

"For him-self to mar," by my troth, it is well.

God hath made, for him-self to mar.
Nurse said. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo I can tell you; but the young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him.

Nurse I desire some confidence with you.

Mercutio A bawd, a bawd, bawd for hire, that will indite him to some supper.
Mercutio

a bawd! So

No

Benvolio

What hast thou found?

Mercutio

hare sir; unless hare sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be

Mercutio

spent. An old hare hoar, And an old hare hoar, Is ver-y good meat in Lent. But a

 Mercutio

hare that is hoar Is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be spent.

Mercutio

An
Mercutio

old hare hoar, And an old hare hoar, Is very good meat in Lent

Benvenuto

An old hare hoar, And an old hare hoar, Is very good meat in Lent

Mercutio

hare that is hoar Is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be

Benvenuto

But a hare that is hoar Is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be

Mercutio

spent. Ro-meo, will you come to your fath-er's? we'll to din-ner, thith-er.

Benvenuto

spent. I will

Mercutio

Fare-well, an-cient la-dy; fare-well, "la-dy, la-dy, la-

Romeo

fol-low you.

Mercutio

Romeo

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

Nurse

Mar-ty, fare-well! I pray you, sir, what sau-cy
Nurse: merchant was this, that was so full of his rope? Romeo: A gentleman, nurse, that loves to

Nurse: hear him self talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Romeo: e = 154 (faster)

Nurse: I am none of his flirt gills; I am none of his skains mates. Now, a fore God,

Nurse: I am so vexed that every part about me quivers.

Nurse: Scurvy knave!
Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and if you should deal double with her, Romeo truly nurse.
it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak

Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.
Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And

there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shrived and married.

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall: Within this hour my

man shall be with thee And bring thee cords made like a tacked stair; To be my convoy in the secret

night. Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.
lady...
She was the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: An I might live to see her

married once, I have my wish.
Ay,
Nurse, Com-mend me to thy lady.

a thousand times, a thousand times, a thousand times.

Peter! Peter! Be-fore and a-pace.

Extra scene-changing music - use only if needed.
The clock struck nine when I did
send the nurse; In half an hour she promised to return. Now is the sun upon the highest
hill Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve Is three long hours,
yet she is not come. Old folks—man-y feign as they were dead; Un-
wield-y, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Nurse

I am awe... give me

Juliet

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good nurse,

leave a-while:

Juliet

Je-su, what haste?

Do you not

Nurse

see that I am out of breath?
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad? Nurse

Lord, how my head aches!

my back, my back! Be shrew your

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, And a courteous,

and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous,

Where is my mother! Where is my mother! How oddly thou repliest!

Where is your mother?

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, Where is your mother?
Nurse:

O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Hence forward do your messages your self.

Here's such a coil!

Come, what says Romeo?

Come, what says Romeo?

Have you got
Nurse: I have. Leave to go to shrift to-day? Then hie you hence to Friar Lau-rence’ cell; There stays a hus-band to make you a wife: Hie you to the church; I must anoth-er way, To fetch a lad-der, by the which your love Must climb a bird’s nest I have. Leave to go to shrift to-day? Then hie you hence to Friar Lau-rence’ cell; There stays a hus-band to make you a wife: Hie you to the church; I must anoth-er way, To fetch a lad-der, by the which your love Must climb a bird’s nest

Hie to high for-tune! Honest

soon when it is dark. Hie you to the cell.
nurse,
farewell.

Friar!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

Friar L.

So smile the heav'ns on this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us

Friar L.

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counter-vail the ex-

Friar L.

change of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight.

Romeo

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 shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

As much to him, else is his thanks too much. Come, come with me, and we will make short work; You shall not stay alone Till holy church incorporate two in one. Come, come with
Friar: Come, come with me, and we will make short work; You shall not stay alone till holy church incorporate two in one. No, no, Romeo! we will not stay alone. Come, come with me. We shall not stay alone till holy church incorporate two in one, two in one. Come with me, with me.
Then

Love moderately; long love doth so; Too swift arrives as
tardy as too slow.

The same tempo (d = 72)

It is enough I may but call you mine.
Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

I pray thee, good MERCUTIO,

let's retire:

The day is hot, the CAPULETS abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not escape a brawl; For

now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
Mercutio

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters a tavern

Mercutio

claps me his sword upon the table and says "God send me no need of

mercutio

thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer.

Benvolio

Am I like such a fellow? An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,

Benvolio

any man should buy my life for an hour and a quarter.
Enter TYBALT and others

By my head, here come the Capulets.

By my heel, I

care not.

Gen-tle-men, good den: a word with

one of you.

And but one word with one__

_of us? cou-ple it with some-thing; make it a word and a blow.
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me oc-
casion. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Mercury, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?
Here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall

quasi pizz.
Tybalt

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

Tybalt

Romeo,
the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than

Tybalt

this:

Romeo

love thee

Romeo

false; Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not. Boy,
this shall not excuse the injuries. That

thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

never injured thee, but love thee better than thou canst devise.

thou shalt know the reason of my love:

As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

O calm, dishonourable, vile sub-
MIDI time: 25.46

Mercutio

MERCUTIO draws

mis-sion! Ty-balt, you rat-catch-er, will you walk?

Tybalt

What wouldst thou have with me? Good King of Cats,

Mercutio

nothing but one of your nine lives; Tybalt

I am for you.

TYBALT draws / They fight.

Romeo

Gen-tle Mer-cu-ti-o, put thy rap-ier up.

I am for you.

Mercutio

Come, sir, your pas-sa-do.
Draw, Ben-vo-li-o; beat down their weapons. Ty-balt, Mer-cu-ti-o,

forbear this outrage!

Hold, Ty-balt! good Mer-cu-ti-o!

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses!
Mercutio

No, 'tis not so deep as a well,
Courage, man; the hurt can-not be much.

nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

O Rome-o, Rome-o,
brave Mercutio's dead!

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate

And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, Mercutio's soul is but a

little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company:
Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

They fight

TYBALT falls

They fight
828 MIDI time: 30.10

832 Exit BENVOLIO

837 Romeo mp stunned, numb

843

846

850 Exit ROMEO