Romeo and Juliet: A Shakespearean Music-Drama
(in three acts)

ACT THREE

Text from William Shakespeare
Music by Don Freund

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PROLOGUE

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The composer should be notified of all performances.
Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend; His fault concludes but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt. And for that offence Immediately we do ex-

ile him hence. Let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Scene 1: Juliet's Room

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night, Give me my

Ro-meo,

Give me my Ro-meo; Come, gentle

night, come, loving, black-brow'd night, Give me my Ro-meo,

Give me my Ro-meo; and, when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars.

And he will make the face of heaven so fine

That all the world will be in love with

night.

Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heav-
Juliet

en so fine

That all the world will be in

Juliet

j

now

what news? What hast thou there? the cords That Ro me o bid thee

Juliet

fetch? Nurse

Throsh them down Ay me! what news? why

Ay, ay, the cords.
61 Juliet
dost thou wring thy hands? Nurse
Ah, well—a-day! he's

63 Nurse
Hath Romeo slain himself?
dead, he's dead, he's dead!

65 Nurse
I saw the wound.
I saw it with mine

67 Juliet
O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

Nurse
Ty - balt, Ty - balt, O cour - teous Ty - balt!
That ev - er I should live to see thee

Nurse

Is Ro - me - o slaugh - ter'd, and is Ty - balt dead?

Nurse

Ty - balt is gone, and Ro - me - o ban - ished;

Juliet

O God! O God! did

Nurse

Ro - me - o that kill'd him, he is ban - ished.

Juliet

Ro - meo's hand shed Ty - balt's blood? Nurse

It did, it did, it
O serpent heart, hid did; alas the day, it did!

There's no trust, There's no faith, There's no honesty in men;

These grieves, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame, shame come to
Nurse

Ro-meo!
Shame come to Ro-meo!

Juliet

Blis-ter’d be thy tongue For such a wish!
he was not born to shame: Nurse

Will

Shall I speak ill of him that is my
you speak well of him that kill’d your cousin?

Juliet

j = 63

Nurse

Shall I speak ill of him that is my

Juliet

hus-band?

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are be-

Juliet

guiled,
Both you and I; for Ro-meo is ex-iled:
He made you for a high-way
to my bed; But I, a maid, die maid-en-wid-o-wed. Come, cords, come,
nurse; I'll to my wed-ding-bed; And death, not Ro-me-o, take my

maid-en-head!

Hark ye, your Ro-me-o will be here at night. suddenly bright

O, find him! give this ring to my true

I'll to him; he is hid at Lau-rence' cell.
131 Juliet

knight, And bid him come to take his last fare
well.

136 Romeo

Ha, ban-lish-ment! be mer-ci-ful, say"death":

146

do not say "ban-lish-ment." say "death" not "ban-

152 Friar L.

Hence from Ve-ro-na art thou ban-lish-ed: Be pa-tient, for the world is

160 Romeo

Friar L.

There is no world with-out Ve-ro-na walls,
broad and wide.
heaven is here, Where Juliet lives; and every cat and
dog And little mouse, Live here in heaven and may look on her;

But Romeo may not.
How hast thou the heart, To

mangle me with that word banishment! do not say "banishment."

be merciful, say "death;"
Suddenly faster

\( \dot{x} = 192 \)

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. Thy Juliet is alive,

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slewst Tybalt;

there are thou happy: The law that threaten'd death becomes thy
friend And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: But, like a

misbehaved and sullen wench, Thou poust' up on thy fortune and thy love.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

\[
Nurse
\]
Nurse

Ju-lie-t.

Friar L.

O ho-ly friar, O, tell me, ho-ly friar, Where

Welcome, then.

Nurse

is my la-dy's lord, where's Ro-me-o?

Friar L.

There on the ground, with his own tears made

Nurse

Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man: For Ju-li-et's sake, for

drunk.

Nurse

her sake, rise and stand; Romeo

Nurse! Spak-est thou of Ju-li-et? how is it with

slightly staccato
Here, sir, a ring she her? Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Go, get thee to thy love, Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

bed, Romeo is coming. Do so, and

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Bid my sweet prepare to chide. Go hence;
Scene 3: Juliet's Room (daybreak)

Friar L.  \( \text{d} = 112 \)

295  \( \text{d} = 112 \)

\begin{align*}
\text{good night; } & \text{ But look thou stay not till the watch be set.} \\
\text{mf singing}\end{align*}

303

\( \text{Scene 3: Juliet's Room (daybreak) } \text{d} = 72 \)

312  \( \text{F, singing}\)

317

321

Juliet

325

Juliet

325

Juliet
fearful hollow of thine ear: Be-lieve me, love, it was the
It was the lark, the her-alld of the morn,

nightingale. Be-lieve me, be-lieve me.

nightingale. No nightingale.

Look, love, what en-vi-ous streaks Do lace the sev-er-ing clouds in yon-der

Pedal every measure.

Yon light is not day light, Yon light is not day-light, I

east. I must be gone and live,

know it, I: It is some met-e-or; some met-e-or; thou

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
343

345

347

349

need'st not to be gone.

It was the night-ingale,

So thou wilt have it so. I'll say yon grey is not the morn-ing's eye, I have more the night-ingale,

care to stay than will to go:

Come, death, and wel-come! Ju-li-et wills it so.
lark that sings so out of tune, Romeo

It is not day.

It is not day.

More light and light it grows.

More light and light; more

dark and dark our woes!

Mad-am! Your lady moth-er is com-ing to your cham-ber: The day is broke;

be war-y, look a-bout. Then, win-dow, let day
in, and let life out. Romeo

Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well! one kiss.

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again? Romeo

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

Love, lord, husband! and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come. Fare-well!

Love, sweet Juliet, adieu! Fare-well!
A-dieu, a-dieu!

Fare-well!

O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fick-e: Fortune,

If thou art fick-e, what dost thou with him. That is re-nown'd for faith? Be fick-e, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back.

Ho, daugh-ter! are you up? Juliet

Who is't that calls? is it my la-dy moth-er?
Lady Capulet

Why, how now, Juliet! Madam, I am not well.

Ev-er-more weeping for your cousin’s death? What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child: One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy. Madam, what
Lady Capulet

Mar-ry, my child, ear-ly next Thurs-day morn-

The day is that?

Lady Capulet

gal-lant, young and no-ble gen-tle-man,

The Coun-ty Pa-ris,

Lady Capulet

at Saint Pe-ter's Church, Shall hap-pi-ly make thee there a joy-

ful bride.

Juliet

Now, by Saint Pe-ter's Church and Pe-ter too, He shall not make me there a joy-

ful bride.

Juliet

I pray you, tell my lord and fath-er, mad-am, I will not mar-

ry
Here comes your fath-er; tell him so your-self, And see how he will take it at your yet!

Enter Lord Capulet

now, girl? what, still in tears? Ev-er-more show-er-ing? the

winds, thy sighs, Rag-ing with thy tears, will o-ver-set Thy tem-pest-tos-sed

bod-y. How now, wife! Have you de-liv-er’d to her_
Lady Capulet: Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

Lord Capulet:

[Music notation]

Lady Capulet: would the fool were mar-ried to her grave!

Lord Capulet: Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

Lord Capulet: How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Lord Capulet: Un-wor-thy as she is, that we have wrought So wor-thy a gen-tle-man to be her bride-groom?
Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have: Proud can I

never be of what I hate!

proud me no prouds,

Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Out, you green-sick-ness car-ri-on!

Out, you bag-gage!

next, To go with

fet-tle your fine joints against Thurs-day next,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Thank me no thankings, nor,

You tal-low-face!
Good father, I beseech you on my knees, 
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Hang thee, young baggage! I tell thee what: 
Get thee to church o' Thursday,

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; 
And you be not, hang, beg,

starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! Delay this
Talk not to me, for marriage for a month, a week.

I'll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

O God! - O nurse, how shall this be ventured?

Com-fort me, coun-sel me! Faith, here it is.
Nurse

I think it best you married with the country.

O,

he's a lovely gentleman, a lovely gentleman, a lovely gentleman!

Ro-mo's a dish-clout to him. I think you are happy in this

second match, For it excels your

Juliet

Speakest thou from thy heart?

first. And from my soul too,
Nurse

A-men.

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

else be-shrew them both.

What?

Go in: and tell my lady I am gone, Having dis-pleased my father, to Laurence'

Juliet

cell, To make con-fession and to be ab-solved.

Marry, I will; and this is wise-ly

Nurse

exit Nurse

done.

Juliet

Ancient damnation! O most wick-ed fiend!

Juliet (aside, ironic)
Go, counselor; Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy; If all else fail, myself have power to

die.

This measure may be repeated as needed for scene change.

Scene 4: Friar Laurence’s Cell

O shut the door! and

when thou hast done so, Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help! past hope,

Ah,
past cure, past help! past hope, past cure, past help! past hope,

Juliet, I al-ready know thy grief; It strains me past the com-pass of my

wits: I hear thou must On Thurs-day next be mar-ried.

Un-less thou tell me how I may pre-vent it. God join’d my heart and Ro-me-o, and thou our

hands; And ere this hand, Or my true heart Turn to an-oth-er, this knife shall slay
them both. this knife shall slay

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 Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, Then thou wilt undertake A thing like death;
And, if thou dar-est, I'll give thee rem-e-dy.

O, bid me leap, rath-er than mar-ry Pa-ris, From off the bat-tle-ments of yon-der tow'r; rath-er than mar-ry Pa-ris, Or walk in thiev-ish ways;

or bid me lurk Where ser-pents are; rath-er than mar-ry Pa-ris,

chain me with roar-ing bears; Or hide me night-ly in a char-nel-house,

O'er-cov'er'd quite with dead men's rat-ling bones,
With reek-y shanks and yel-low chap-less skulls; Or bid me go into a new-made grave And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;

Things that, to hear them told, have made me trem-ble; And I will do it with-out fear or doubt, rather than mar-ry Pa-ris,

rather than mar-ry Pa-ris, To live an
unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent To marry Paris:

To-morrow night Take thou this vital And this distilling liquor drink thou off; When presently through all thy veins shall run A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse Shall keep his native
no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall

fade to palmy ashes,
thy eyes' windows fall

death, like death, like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

shall be borne to that same ancient vault Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time,
Shall Ro-me-o by my let-ters know our

becoming faster, brighter

drift,
And hith-er shall he come: and he and I Will watch thy

walk-ing,
and that ver-y night Shall Ro-me-o bear thee hence to

Give me, give me!
O, tell not me of

Man-tu-a.
If no fear abate thy val-our.

fear!
Love give me strength! and strength shall help af-ford.

Hold; get you gone, be strong In this re-solve:
I’ll send my
slowing... \( \frac{d}{dt} = 52 \) \[ \text{Juliet} \]

Fare-well, dear father! Fare-well!

let-ters to thy lord.

\[ \text{Scene 5: Juliet's Room (nightfall)} \quad \frac{d}{dt} = 92 \]

Pedal every measure.

Fare-well! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life. Come, vital.

Come, vital. Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink—
Scene 6: Juliet’s Room (the following morning)

Enter Nurse

Nurse

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fie, you slug-a-bed! Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep! I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady! lady! lady! lady! lady! A-las, a-las, a-las, a-las, a-las, a-las, a-las! Help, help, help,
Lady Capulet

Enter Lady Capulet

Lady Capulet

Nurse What noise is here? What noise is here?

help, help, help, help, help, help, help! my lady's dead!

Enter Lord Capulet

Lady Capulet

O me, O me! My child, my only life, Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

look up, look up, Lord Capulet my only life, My child, my only life,

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

life, Revive, or I will die with thee! Nurse

Lord Capulet

O woe! O

Up-on the sweetest flow'r of all the field.

O child!

Lady Capulet

Enter Lord Capulet
Lady Capulet

O me! My child, my only life, Re-vive,
woeful, woeful, woeful day! O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Lord Capulet

O child! my soul, and not my child!

Lady Capulet

Never was seen so black a day as this: O woeful day, O woeful

Lord Capulet

My child, my only life, My child, my only

Lady Capulet

look up, look up, my only life, My child, my only
day! O day! O day!

Lord Capulet

Death lies on her like an un-time-ly frost.
Lady Capulet

But one thing to rejoice in and solace in, And cruel death hath day! O hateful day! O woeeful day, O woeeful day!

Nurse

—and

Lord Capulet

Up on the sweetest flower of all the field.

Lady Capulet

Nev'er was seen so black a day as this:

Nurse

O me! My child, my child is dead; my child is

Enter Friar Laurence

Lady Capulet

my only life, Re-vive,

day! O hateful day!

Lord Capulet

dead; And with my child my joys are
Lady Capulet

look up, __ [Nurse]

O woe-ful day, O woe-ful day!

Lord Capulet

Peace, peace.

Death lies on her like an un-

Lady Capulet

My child, my only life

Heaven and yourself Had part in this fair maid;

Lord Capulet

time-ly frost Upon the sweet-est flow'r

Lady Capulet

Re-vive, or I will die with day, O woe-ful day!

Friar L.

now heaven hath all, And all the

Lord Capulet

of all the field.
Lady Capulet

Nurse

Friar L.

Lady Capulet

Nurse

Friar L.

Lord Capulet

Lady Capulet
Scene 7: Romeo in Mantua (superimposed)

(Romeo and Benvolio)

How doth my

Lady Capulet

my on-ly life,

Nurse

My child, my on-ly life.

Friar L.

O day! O day! O day! O hate-ful day!

Lord Capulet

Heav-en and your-self

lies on her like an un-time-ly frost

Romeo

Lady Capulet

How fares my Ju-li-et?

How fares my Ju-li-et? For
Friar L.  O woe-ful day, O woe-ful day!

this fair maid; now heav-en hath

sweet-est flow'r of all the field,

Romeo  no-thing can be ill, if she be well. if she be well. Then she is well,

Lady Capulet  die with thee! O me! My child,

Friar L. Ne-ver was seen so black a day as this:

all, And all the better is it for the maid.

Lord Capulet  my child is dead; my

Benvolio  and no-thing can be ill: Her bod-y sleeps in Capel's
Nurse: my only life, Re-vive,

O day! O day! O day! O hate-ful day!

Friar L.: Heav-en and

Lord Capulet: child is dead; And with my child my

my monument,

And her immortal part

Nurse: look up,

Lady Capulet: O woe-ful day, O woe-ful

Never was seen so black a day as this:

Friar L.: your self

joys are buried.

my child is

Lord Capulet: my child is

Ben volio: with angels lives.
Lady Capulet  
slow fade Scene 6

Nurse  
look up,  
my on-ly life,  
My child,  my on-ly  
day!

Friar L.  
Heaven and your-self  
Heaven and your-self  
death;  
Death lies on her like an un-time-ly frost

Benvolio  
I saw her laid low in her kin-dred's vault...

Lady Capulet  
life,  
Re-vive,

Nurse  
day! O hate-ful day!  
O woe-ful day, O woe-ful day!

Friar L.  
self  
Had part in this fair maid;

Lord Capulet  
Up-on the sweet-est flow'rk

Benvolio  
(Benvolio fades to dark)  
Romeo (soliloquy)  
Is it even so?  
then I de-
Romeo

"I will die with thee to-night."

Let me have such an end as my imagination terms a happy one."

Scene 6 dark.

End of Act III.
Enter Romeo (outside the tomb, with a torch and a crow of iron)

Romeo

Thou despicable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

(Opens the tomb and enters)

O my love! my wife!

Death hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: beauty's ensign yet Is
crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks.

Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair?

I still will stay with thee; And never

from this palace of dim night De-part____ ag ain.

I still will stay with thee; Here, here will I re-main With worms,

with worms____ that are thy cham-ber-maids;____ I will stay with thee;
Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, lips, O you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to enthralling death! Here's to my love! (drinks) Thus with a kiss I die. Juliet awakes... Hold Pedal through measure 1105. Where is my lord? Where is my Romeo?
I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

Poisson, poisson, I see, hath been his timeless end: O churl!

drunk all, and left no friendly drop To help me after?

I will kiss thy lips; Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, (Kisses him) Thy lips are
O hap-py dag-ger!

O dag-ger,

This is thy

sheath;

there rust,

and let me die.

(Lights fade... passage of time...)

mourners gather...

Where be these en-e-mies?
Ca-pu-let! Mon-ta-gue! See, what a scourge is laid up on your hate,

That heav-en finds means to kill your joys with love. A gloom-ing peace this

morn-ing with it brings; The sun, for sor-row, will not show his head For nev-er was a sto-ry of more

woe Than this of Ju-li-et and her Ro-me-o.
Lady Capulet

A glooming peace this morning with it brings; The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.

Friar Laurence and Lord Capulet

A glooming peace this morning with it brings; The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.

never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

For never was a story of more woe Than this of

add Nurse and all female cast (except Juliet)

add Mercutio, Tybalt and all male cast (except Romeo)

Juliet and her Romeo.

Juliet and her Romeo.
For never was a story of more woe Than this of

Juliet and her Romeo.

Juliet and her Romeo.