Name:

Teacher:

Period:

Date:

*Romeo and Juliet*: Act 1 Scene 5

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| ORIGINAL TEXT | MODERN TEXT |
| ***PETER****and other****SERVINGMEN****come forth with napkins* | ***PETER****and other****SERVINGMEN****come forward with napkins.* |
| **PETER**  Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a  trencher? He scrape a trencher! | **PETER**  Where’s Potpan? Why isn’t he helping us clear the table? He should be moving and scraping plates! |
| **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  When good manners shall lie all in one or two men’s hands, and they unwashed too, ’tis a foul thing. | **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  When only one or two men have all the good manners, and even they are dirty, things are bad. |
| **PETER**  5Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony and Potpan! | **PETER**  Take away the stools, the sideboards, and the plates. You, good friend, save me a piece of marzipan, and if you love me, have the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony and Potpan! |
| **SECOND SERVINGMAN**  Ay, boy, ready. | **SECOND SERVINGMAN**  Yes, boy, I’m ready. |
| **PETER**  10You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber. | **PETER**  They’re looking for you in the great chamber. |
| **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys. Be brisk  0awhile, and the longer liver take all. | **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  We can’t be in two places at once, both here and there! Cheers, boys. Be quick for a while and let the one who lives the longest take everything. |
| *Exeunt****PETER****and****SERVINGMEN*** | ***PETER****and the****SERVINGMEN****exit.* |
| *Enter****CAPULET****with****CAPULET'S******COUSIN****,****TYBALT****,****LADY CAPULET****,****JULIET****, and others of the house, meeting****ROMEO****,****BENVOLIO****,****MERCUTIO****, and other****GUESTS****and****MASKERS*** | ***CAPULET****enters with his****COUSIN****,****TYBALT****,****LADY CAPULET****,****JULIET****, and other members of the house. They meet****ROMEO****,****BENVOLIO****,****MERCUTIO****, and other guests and****MASKERS*** |
| **CAPULET**  Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes  15Ah, my mistresses! Which of you all  Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.—  Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,  She, I’ll swear, hath corns. Am I come near ye now?—  Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  20That I have worn a visor and could tell  A whispering tale in a fair lady’s ear  Such as would please. 'Tis gone, ’tis gone, ’tis gone.—  You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.  *(music plays and they dance)*  25A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.—  More light, you knaves! And turn the tables up,  And quench the fire. The room is grown too hot.—  Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.—  Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  30For you and I are past our dancing days.  How long is ’t now since last yourself and I  Were in a mask? | **CAPULET**  Welcome, gentlemen. The ladies who don’t have corns on their toes will dance with you. Ha, my ladies, which of you will refuse to dance now? Whichever of you acts shy, I’ll swear she has corns. Does that hit close to home? Welcome, gentlemen. There was a time when I could wear a mask over my eyes and charm a lady by whispering a story in her ear. That time is gone, gone, gone. You are welcome gentlemen. Come on, musicians, play music. *(music plays and they dance,* ROMEO *stands apart)* Make room in the hall. Make room in the hall. Shake a leg, girls*. (to* SERVINGMEN*)* More light, you rascals. Flip over the tables and get them out of the way. And put the fire out—it’s getting too hot in here. *(to his* COUSIN*)* Ah, my man, this unexpected fun feels good. No, sit down, sit down, my good Capulet cousin. You and I are too old to dance. *(*CAPULET *and his* COUSIN *sit down)* How long is it now since you and I last wore masks at a party like this? |

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| ORIGINAL TEXT | MODERN TEXT |
| **CAPULETS' COUSIN**     By'r Lady, thirty years. | **CAPULET'S COUSIN**  I swear, it must be thirty years. |
| **CAPULET**  What, man, ’tis not so much, ’tis not so much.  'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,  35Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  Some five and twenty years, and then we masked. | **CAPULET**  What, man? It’s not that long, it’s not that long. It’s been since Lucentio’s wedding. Let the years fly by as fast as they like, it’s only been twenty-five years since we wore masks. |
| **CAPULET'S COUSIN**  'Tis more, ’tis more. His son is elder, sir.  His son is thirty. | **CAPULET'S COUSIN**  It’s been longer, it’s been longer. Lucentio’s son is older than that, sir. He’s thirty years old. |
| **CAPULET**     Will you tell me that?  His son was but a ward two years ago. | **CAPULET**  Are you really going to tell me that? His son was a minor only two years ago. |
| **ROMEO**  40*(to a* SERVINGMAN*)* What lady is that which doth enrich the hand  Of yonder knight? | **ROMEO**  *(to a* SERVINGMAN*)* Who is the girl on the arm of that lucky knight over there? |
| **SERVINGMAN**     I know not, sir. | **SERVINGMAN**  I don’t know, sir. |
| **ROMEO**  Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope’s ear,  45Beauty 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 blessèd my rude hand.  50Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!  For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. | **ROMEO**  Oh, she shows the torches how to burn bright! She stands out against the darkness like a jeweled earring hanging against the cheek of an African. Her beauty is too good for this world; she’s too beautiful to die and be buried. She outshines the other women like a white dove in the middle of a flock of crows. When this dance is over, I’ll see where she stands, and then I’ll touch her hand with my rough and ugly one. Did my heart ever love anyone before this moment? My eyes were liars, then, because I never saw true beauty before tonight. |

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| ORIGINAL TEXT | MODERN TEXT |
| **TYBALT**  This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—  *(to his* PAGE*)* Fetch me my rapier, boy.—  What, dares the slave  55Come hither, covered with an antic face,  To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. | **TYBALT**  I can tell by his voice that this man is a Montague. *(to his* PAGE*)* Get me my sword, boy.*—*What, does this peasant dare to come here with his face covered by a mask to sneer at and scorn our celebration? Now, by the honor of our family, I do not consider it a crime to kill him. |
| **CAPULET**  Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so? | **CAPULET**  Why, what’s going on here, nephew? Why are you acting so angry? |
| **TYBALT**  60Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  A villain that is hither come in spite  To scorn at our solemnity this night. | **TYBALT**  Uncle, this man is a Montague—our enemy. He’s a scoundrel who’s come here out of spite to mock our party. |
| **CAPULET**  Young Romeo is it? | **CAPULET**  Is it young Romeo? |
| **TYBALT**       'Tis he, that villain Romeo. | **TYBALT**  That’s him, that villain Romeo. |
| **CAPULET**  Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.  65He bears him like a portly gentleman,  And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.  I would not for the wealth of all the town  Here in my house do him disparagement.  70Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.  It is my will, the which if thou respect,  Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast. | **CAPULET**  Calm down, gentle cousin. Leave him alone. He carries himself like a dignified gentleman, and, to tell you the truth, he has a reputation throughout Verona as a virtuous and well-behaved young man. I wouldn’t insult him in my own house for all the wealth in this town. So calm down. Just ignore him. That’s what I want, and if you respect my wishes, you’ll look nice and stop frowning because that’s not the way you should behave at a feast. |

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| ORIGINAL TEXT | MODERN TEXT |
| **TYBALT**  It fits when such a villain is a guest.  75I’ll not endure him. | **TYBALT**  It’s the right way to act when a villain like him shows up. I won’t tolerate him. |
| **CAPULET**     He shall be endured.  What, goodman boy! I say, he shall. Go to.  Am I the master here, or you? Go to.  You’ll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,  You’ll make a mutiny among my guests.  80You will set cock-a-hoop. You’ll be the man! | **CAPULET**  You *will* tolerate him. What, little man? I say you will. What the—Am I the boss here or you? What the—You won’t tolerate him! God help me! You’ll start a riot among my guests! There will be chaos! It will be your fault, you’ll be the rabble-rouser! |
| **TYBALT**  Why, uncle, ’tis a shame. | **TYBALT**  But, uncle, we’re being disrespected. |
| **CAPULET**       Go to, go to.  You are a saucy boy. Is ’t so, indeed?  This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what.  You must contrary me. Marry, ’tis time.—  85Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox, go.  Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!  I’ll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts! | **CAPULET**  Go on, go on. You’re an insolent little boy. Is that how it is, really? This stupidity will come back to bite you. I know what I’ll do. You have to contradict me, do you? I’ll teach you a lesson. *(to the* GUESTS*)* Well done, my dear guests! *(to* TYBALT*)* You’re a punk, get away. Keep your mouth shut, or else— *(to* SERVINGMEN*)* more light, more light! *(to* TYBALT*)* You should be ashamed. ’ll shut you up. *(to the guests)* Keep having fun, my dear friends! |
| *Music plays again, and the guests dance* | *The music plays again, and the guests dance* |
| **TYBALT**  Patience perforce with willful choler meeting  Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  90I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall  Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. | **TYBALT**  The combination of forced patience and pure rage is making my body tremble. I’ll leave here now, but Romeo’s prank, which seems so sweet to him now, will turn bitter to him later. |
| *Exit****TYBALT*** | ***TYBALT****exits.* |

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| ORIGINAL TEXT | MODERN TEXT |
| **ROMEO**  *(taking* JULIET*’s hand)* If I profane with my unworthiest hand  This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:  My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  95To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. | **ROMEO**  *(taking* JULIET*’s hand)* Your hand is like a holy place that my hand is unworthy to visit. If you’re offended by the touch of my hand, my two lips are standing here like blushing pilgrims, ready to make things better with a kiss.  *[THE FIRST FOURTEEN LINES ROMEO AND JULIET SPEAK TOGETHER FORM A SONNET.](javascript:void(0);)* |
| **JULIET**  Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  Which mannerly devotion shows in this,  For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. | **JULIET**  Good pilgrim, you don’t give your hand enough credit. By holding my hand you show polite devotion. After all, pilgrims touch the hands of statues of saints. Holding one palm against another is like a kiss. |
| **ROMEO**  100Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? | **ROMEO**  Don’t saints and pilgrims have lips too? |
| **JULIET**  Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer. | **JULIET**  Yes, pilgrim—they have lips that they’re supposed to pray with. |
| **ROMEO**  O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.  They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. | **ROMEO**  Well then, saint, let lips do what hands do. I’m praying for you to kiss me. Please grant my prayer so my faith doesn’t turn to despair. |
| **JULIET**  Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. | **JULIET**  Saints don’t move, even when they grant prayers. |
| **ROMEO**  105Then move not, while my prayer’s effect I take. | **ROMEO**  Then don’t move while I act out my prayer. |
| *Kisses her* | *He kisses her*. |
| Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged. | Now my sin has been taken from my lips by yours. |
| **JULIET**  Then have my lips the sin that they have took. | **JULIET**  Then do my lips now have the sin they took from yours? |
| **ROMEO**  Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  110Give me my sin again. | **ROMEO**  Sin from my lips? You encourage crime with your sweetness. Give me my sin back. |
| *They kiss again* | *They kiss again* |

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| ORIGINAL TEXT | MODERN TEXT |
| **JULIET**     You kiss by th' book. | **JULIET**  You kiss like you’ve studied how. |
| **NURSE**  Madam, your mother craves a word with you. | **NURSE**  Madam, your mother wants to talk to you. |
| ***JULIET****moves away* | ***JULIET****moves away* |
| **ROMEO**  What is her mother? | **ROMEO**  Who is her mother? |
| **NURSE**     Marry, bachelor,  Her mother is the lady of the house,  And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.  115I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.  I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  Shall have the chinks. | **NURSE**  Indeed, young man, her mother is the lady of the house. She is a good, wise, and virtuous lady. I nursed her daughter, whom you were just talking to. Let me tell you, the man who marries her will become very wealthy. |
| **ROMEO**  *(aside)* Is she a Capulet?  O dear account! My life is my foe’s debt. | **ROMEO**  *(to himself)* Is she a Capulet? Oh, this is a heavy price to pay! My life is in the hands of my enemy. |
| **BENVOLIO**  *(to* ROMEO*)* Away, begone. The sport is at the best. | **BENVOLIO**  *(to* ROMEO*)* Come on, let’s go. Right when things are the most fun is the best time to leave. |
| **ROMEO**  120Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest. | **ROMEO**  Yes, but I’m afraid I’m in more trouble than ever. |
| **CAPULET**  Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.  We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—  Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all.  I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.—  125More torches here!—Come on then, let’s to bed.  Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.  I’ll to my rest. | **CAPULET**  No gentlemen, don’t get ready to go now. We have a little dessert coming up. *(they whisper in his ear)* Is that really true? Well, then, I thank you both. I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night. Bring more torches over here! Come on, let’s all get to bed. *(to his* COUSIN*)* Ah, my man, I swear, it’s getting late. I’m going to get some rest. |
| *All but****JULIET****and****NURSE****move to exit* | *Everyone except****JULIET****and****NURSE****begins to exit.* |

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| ORIGINAL TEXT | MODERN TEXT |
| **JULIET**  Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman? | **JULIET**  Come over here, nurse. Who is that gentleman? |
| **NURSE**  The son and heir of old Tiberio. | **NURSE**  He is the son and heir of old Tiberio. |
| **JULIET**  130What’s he that now is going out of door? | **JULIET**  Who’s the one who’s going out the door right now? |
| **NURSE**  Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. | **NURSE**  Well, that one, I think, is young Petruchio. |
| **JULIET**  What’s he that follows here, that would not dance? | **JULIET**  Who’s the one following over there, the one who wouldn’t dance? |
| **NURSE**  I know not. | **NURSE**  I don’t know his name. |
| **JULIET**  Go ask his name.—If he be married.  135My grave is like to be my wedding bed. | **JULIET**  Go ask. *(the nurse leaves)* If he’s married, I think I’ll die rather than marry anyone else. |
| **NURSE**  His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  The only son of your great enemy. | **NURSE**  *(returning)* His name is Romeo. He’s a Montague. He’s the only son of your worst enemy. |
| **JULIET**  *(aside)* My only love sprung from my only hate!  Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  140Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  That I must love a loathèd enemy. | **JULIET**  *(to herself)* The only man I love is the son of the only man I hate! I saw him too early without knowing who he was, and I found out who he was too late! Love is a monster for making me fall in love with my worst enemy. |
| **NURSE**  What’s this? What’s this? | **NURSE**  What’s this? What’s this? |
| **JULIET**       A rhyme I learned even now  Of one I danced withal. | **JULIET**  Just a rhyme I learned from somebody I danced with at the party. |
| *One calls within “Juliet!”* | *Somebody calls, “Juliet!” from offstage.* |
| **NURSE**       Anon, anon!  Come, let’s away. The strangers all are gone. | **NURSE**  Right away, right away. Come, let’s go. The strangers are all gone. |
| *Exeunt* | *They exit.* |

**Questions:**

**1. What does Romeo think of Juliet at first? To what does he compare her?**

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**2. Why is Tybalt angry when he sees Romeo at the party? What does he want to do?**

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**3. How does Capulet treat his guests? Why does Capulet let Romeo stay at the party?**

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4**. At the party, Romeo and Juliet join hands. What metaphor does Romeo use to compare their joined hands?**

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**5. What does Romeo find out from the Nurse after Juliet goes to see her mother? Why do you think this is significant?**

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