

***Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii*** by William Shakespeare

The plain script to work with. See the two other documents for this excerpt for markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse, word-rhythms and speech sounds, offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her article, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021.

MERCUTIO Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO Go then, for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found. *Exit [with Mercutio]*

ROMEO [*coming forward*]:

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Enter Juliet above at a window.*]:

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; 'tis 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!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET    Ay me!

ROMEO    She speaks.

O speak again, bright angel! For thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a wingèd messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring 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.

JULIET

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.

ROMEO [*aside*]

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

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's a 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 name would smell as sweet. ...

## *Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii* by William Shakespeare

Markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse and word-rhythms are offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her article, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

MERCUTIO Come, ˘shall ˘we go?  
1 (and) (uh) 2

BENVOLIO |Go ˘then, ˘for ˘tis in vain  
3 (and) (uh) 4 +

To seek him here that x̄-means |not to be found. Exit [with Mercutio]  
1 + 2 3 4

ROMEO [coming forward]

He jests at x̄-scars ˘that |never felt a wound.  
1 2 3 + 4

[Enter Juliet above at a window]

But soft! What |light through yonder window breaks?  
1 (2) 3 + 4 +

˘It is the East, and |Juliet is the sun!  
|(1) + 2 3 + 4

Arise, fair x̄-sun, ˘and |kill the envious moon,  
1 2 3 + 4

Who is already sick and pale with |x̄-grief  
1 + 2 + 3 4 ˘

That thou her x̄-maid ˘art |far more fair than she.  
1 2 3 + 4

˘Be not her maid, ˘since |she is envious.  
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Her vestal livēry |is but sick and green,  
1 2 3 + 4

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it |off.  
1 + 2 + 3 4 ˘

It x̄-is ˘my x̄-lady; |O, it is my love!  
1 2 3 + 4

x̄-O ˘that ˘she knew she were!  
1 2 + 3 ˘ 4 ˘

˘She x̄-speaks, ˘yet she says |nothing. ˘What of that?  
1 (2) + 3 uh 4

Her x̄-eye ˘discourses; |I will answer it.  
1 2 3 + 4

˘I am too bold; ˘tis not to me she speaks.  
1 + (2) 3 + 4

x̄-Two of the fairest |stars in x̄-all ˘the heavēn,  
1 2 3 + 4

Having some businēss, |do entreat her eyes  
1 2 3 + 4

To twinkle in their x̄-spheres ˘till |x̄-they return.  
1 + 2 3 4

What if her x̄-eyes were |there, they in her head?  
1 2 3 + 4

The brightness of her x̄-cheek would |shame those stars  
1 + 2 3 4

As daylight x̄-doth a lamp; ˘her |x̄-eyes in heavēn  
1 + 2 3 4

˘Would through the airy x̄-regiōn |stream so bright  
1 + 2 3 4

That birds would x̄-sing and |think it were not night.  
1 2 3 + 4

.....  
x- See yhow yshe x- leans her |cheek upon her hand!  
1 2 3 + 4

x- O that I were a |glove upon that hand,  
1 2 3 + 4

That I might touch that cheek!  
1 + 2

JULIET Ay |me!  
3

ROMEO She speaks.  
4

O speak again, ybright x-y-angel! |For thou art  
1 + 2 3 4

As glorioûs to this night, being |o'er my head,  
1 + 2 3 4

yAs x- is a winged |messenger of heavên  
1 2 3 + 4

x-Unto the white-upturned |wond'ring eyes  
1 + 2 3 4

yOf mortals xthat yfall x-back yto |gaze on him  
1 + 2 3 4

yWhen x-he yx-b' strides the |lazy-pacing clouds  
1 2 3 + 4

.....  
And x-sails upon the |bosom of the air.  
1 (2) + 3 + 4

JULIET

O Romêo, Romêo! |wherefore art thou Romêo?  
1 2 3 + 4

yDeny thy father and re|fuse thy name;  
1 2 + 3 4

.....  
yOr, yif thou wilt not, |be but sworn my love,  
1 2 3 + 4

And I'll no longer |be a Capulet.  
1 2 3 + 4

ROMEO [aside]

yShall I hear more, or |shall I speak at this?  
1 2 3 + 4

JULIET

x-'Tis but thy x-name ythat |is my enemy.  
1 2 3 + 4

x- Thou art yxthyself, ythough not a |Montague.  
1 2 + 3 + 4

.....  
yWhat's a Montague? It |is nor hand nor foot,  
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Nor x-arm nor x-face, nor |any other part  
1 2 3 + 4

yBelong'ng to a man. yO, |be some other name!  
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

x-What's yin a name? |That ywhich ywe call a rose  
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

By any other x-name ywould |smell as sweet. ...  
1 + 2 3 4

## *Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii* by William Shakespeare

Markings of the sounds (for shaping, as repetitions, as reminders), word-rhythms and 5-stress-4-beat pulse are suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her article, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*,<sup>©</sup> September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

MERCUTIO Come, <sup>1</sup>shall <sup>(and)</sup> <sup>(uh)</sup> <sup>2</sup>we go?

BENVOLIO |Go <sup>3</sup>then, <sup>(and)</sup> <sup>(uh)</sup> <sup>4</sup>for 'tis in vain +

To seek him here that <sup>1</sup>x-mēans |not <sup>2</sup>to be found. <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>Exit [with Mercutio]

ROMEO [coming forward]

He jests at <sup>1</sup>x-scars <sup>2</sup>that |never <sup>3</sup>felt a <sup>4</sup>wound.

[Enter Juliet above at a window]

But soft! |Wh|at |light through <sup>1</sup>yonder <sup>(2)</sup>window <sup>3</sup>breaks? + <sup>4</sup> +

|It is <sup>1</sup>thē East, and |Juliet is <sup>2</sup>thē <sup>3</sup>sun! + <sup>4</sup>

Arise, fair <sup>1</sup>x-sun, <sup>2</sup>and |kill <sup>3</sup>thē <sup>+</sup>envious <sup>4</sup>moon,

Who is already sick and pale with |<sup>1</sup>x-grief <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>

That <sup>1</sup>thou her <sup>2</sup>x-maid <sup>3</sup>vart |far more fair than <sup>4</sup>shē.

~~~~~  
Bē <sup>1</sup>not her <sup>+</sup>maid, <sup>(2)</sup> since |<sup>3</sup>shē is <sup>+</sup>envious. <sup>4</sup>

Her <sup>1</sup>vestal <sup>2</sup>liverēy |is <sup>3</sup>but sick and <sup>4</sup>green,

And <sup>1</sup>none <sup>+</sup>but fools <sup>2</sup>do wear it. Cast it |<sup>3</sup>off. <sup>4</sup>

It <sup>1</sup>x-is <sup>2</sup>mỹ <sup>3</sup>x-lady; |<sup>+</sup> <sup>4</sup>ō, it is <sup>+</sup> mỹ <sup>4</sup>love!

x-ō <sup>1</sup>that <sup>2</sup>shē knew <sup>+</sup> shē were! <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>

~~~~~  
Shē <sup>1</sup>x-speaks, <sup>(2)</sup> yet shē says |<sup>3</sup>nothing. <sup>uh</sup> |Wh|at <sup>4</sup>of that?

Her <sup>1</sup>x-eye <sup>2</sup>x-discourses; |<sup>3</sup>I will answer it. <sup>4</sup>

I am <sup>1</sup>too bold; <sup>+</sup> 'tis not to me <sup>(2)</sup> shē speaks. <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>

x-Two <sup>1</sup>of the <sup>2</sup>fairest |stars in <sup>3</sup>x-all <sup>+</sup>the <sup>4</sup>heaven,

Having some <sup>1</sup>business, |do <sup>2</sup>entreat her eyes <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>

To <sup>1</sup>twinkle in <sup>+</sup>their <sup>2</sup>x-spheres <sup>3</sup>till |<sup>4</sup>x-they return.

|Wh|at if her <sup>1</sup>x-eyes were |<sup>2</sup>there, |<sup>3</sup>they in her head? <sup>4</sup>

The <sup>1</sup>brightness of her <sup>+</sup>x-cheek would |<sup>2</sup>shame <sup>3</sup>those stars <sup>4</sup>

As <sup>1</sup>dáylight <sup>+</sup>x-do|th| a lamp; <sup>2</sup> her <sup>3</sup>x-eyes in <sup>4</sup>heaven

~~~~~  
Would |th|rough <sup>1</sup>thē airy <sup>+</sup>x-region |<sup>2</sup>stream so <sup>3</sup>bright <sup>4</sup>

~~~~~  
That <sup>1</sup>birds would <sup>2</sup>x-sing and |<sup>3</sup>th|ink it were not <sup>4</sup>night.

-----  
x- Sēē ʸhow ʸshē x- lēans hēr |chēek ũpōn hēr händ!  
1 2 3 + 4

x- Ō thăt Ĩ wēre ā |glōve ũpōn thăt händ,  
1 2 3 + 4

Thăt Ĩ mīght touch thăt chēek!  
1 + 2

JULIET Āy |mē!  
3

ROMEO Shē spēaks.  
4

Ō spēak agáin, ʸbrīght x- ʸ-ángel! |Fōr thōu ʸart  
1 + 2 3 4

As glōrīous to thīs nīght, bēīng |ō'er mŷ hēad,  
1 + 2 3 4

ʸAs x- ʸis ā wīngèd |mèssèngèr of hēavēn  
1 2 3 + 4

x- Ũnto thē |wh|īte-uptūrnèd |wōnd'ring ēyes  
1 + 2 3 4

ʸŌf mortals x-thăt ʸfall x- bäck ʸto |gáze on him  
1 + 2 3 4

ʸ|Wh|en x- hē ʸx- b'strīdes the |lázŷ-pácīng clōuds  
1 2 3 + 4

-----  
And x- sáils ũpōn the |bōsōm of thē áir.  
1 (2) + 3 + 4

JULIET

Ō Rōmēō, Rōmēō! |wh|erefōre ʸart thōu Rōmēō?  
1 2 3 + 4

ʸDēnŷ thŷ fāthèr and rē |fūse thŷ náme;  
1 2 + 3 4

-----  
ʸŌr, ʸif thōu wīlt not |bē but swōrn mŷ lōve,  
1 2 3 + 4

And Ĩ'll no lōngèr |bē a Capūlet.  
1 2 3 + 4

ROMEO [aside]

ʸSháll Ĩ hēar mōre, ōr |sháll Ĩ spēak āt thīs?  
1 2 3 + 4

JULIET

x- 'Tis but thŷ x-náme ʸthat |is mŷ ènemy.  
1 2 3 + 4

x- Thōu ʸart ʸx-thŷsèlf, ʸthōugh nōt ā |Mōntāgūe.  
1 2 3 + 4

-----  
ʸ|Wh|at's ā Mōntāgūe? Ĩt |is nōr hand nōr fōōt,  
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Nōr x- ʸarm nōr x- face, nōr |any ũthèr pārt  
1 2 3 + 4

ʸBelōng'ng ʸto ā man. ʸŌ, |bē sōme ũthèr náme!  
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

x- |Wh|at's ʸīn ā náme? |Thāt ʸ|wh|īch ʸwē cáll ā rōse  
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

By any ũthèr x-náme ʸwōūld |smell as swēet. ...  
1 + 2 3 4