

## Side 2: Romeo, Juliet

### ACT 3, SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

#### *Music underscoring.*

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET from DS Left and Right respectively. They cross to each other and go onto the platform, eyes locked. They stop for a second and then rush into each other's arms. They pull apart slightly and Romeo gently takes Juliet's DS hand and kisses it. The sensual ballet begins with tender slow movements evoking love-making. No dance, just hands, lips, arms, etc. Juliet at the end of this sequence takes both of Romeo's hands and leads him down onto the platform where they lie together, horizontally in each other's arms. Romeo is DS. They seem to fall asleep.*

*Bird sound announces the morning. Romeo raises his head then his body to sit facing the audience. Despite the joy of the evening, he knows what must happen. Juliet rises behind him and puts her arms around him from behind.*

#### **JULIET**

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

#### **ROMEO**

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

#### **JULIET**

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

#### **ROMEO**

O, let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

**JULIET**

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

**ROMEO**

More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

*Enter Nurse, to the chamber*

**NURSE**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**NURSE**

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

*Exit*

**JULIET**

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

**ROMEO**

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

*They kiss. He starts to go down the centre aisle*

**JULIET**

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!  
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:  
O, by this count I shall be much in years  
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

**ROMEO**

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

**JULIET**

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
Methinks I see thee, now  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

**ROMEO**

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

*Exit centre aisle*

**JULIET**

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.