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OPERA LIBRETTI**

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# **ROMEO AND JULIET**

**Opera in Five Acts**

*Music by*  
**Charles Gounod**

*Libretto by*  
**J. Barbier and M. Carré**

**English Version by**  
**GEORGE and PHYLLIS MEAD**

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## ROMEO AND JULIET

Shakespeare's most popular play, *Romeo and Juliette*, written about 1591, has been set to music by numerous composers of opera (Zingarelli, Meyer, Bellini, Zandonai), baller (Prokofiev) and symphony (Berlioz, Tchaikovsky). At one time Tchaikovsky also started an operatic version, but he completed only the overture and a love duet. There have been several film transcriptions of the play, one from Spain, called *Los Tarantos*, set among a clan of Flamencan gypsies. Broadway has seen a modern-dress version, *West Side Story*, composed by Leonard Bernstein and staged by Jerome Robbins. This, too, became a successful film.

The most enduring of the operatic versions is that of Charles François Gounod, first produced at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris on April 27, 1867. The libretto adheres closely to the plot of Shakespeare's play, both in structure and dialogue. Gounod's librettists, Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, who also prepared the text of his *Faust*, omitted some characters from the Shakespeare and added a new one, Romeo's page, Stephano. The musical score for *Roméo et Juliette* has been described as a "love duet with occasional interruptions." As he composed the opera Gounod wrote to a friend that he felt as though he were twenty-years-old, not fifty, and that the characters seemed so alive to him that they kept him constant company.

Gounod was born on June 17, 1818, in Paris, where he studied at the Conservatoire. His father, an engraver, died when he was five and he was reared by his mother, who gave him his early musical training as a pianist. Winning the Grand Prix de Rome at twenty-one, he went to live in the Eternal City for three years. The deep spiritual atmosphere of Rome and the Vatican made a lasting influence on him. (He nearly entered the priesthood at one point in his life.) As a result, his catalogue of works includes many masses, hymns, motets and sacred songs. Religious feeling can even be detected in some of his secular works, especially the operas. *Faust* is justly celebrated for its Church Scene and the final angelic chorus; in *Roméo et Juliette* it can be heard in the music of Friar Lawrence. Until his death, at Saint-Cloud on October 17, 1893, Gounod continued to write religious scores.

The first of his twelve operas, *Sapho*, was given at the Paris Opera in 1851. Pauline Viardot, whose favor he had gained, sang the title role. This work was followed by *La Nonne sanglante* (1854) and a setting of Molière's farce, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, staged at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1858. With *Faust*, first given the following year, Gounod's fame was secure, and he went on to write eight other operas: *Philémon et Baucis* (1860), *La Colombe* (1860), *La Reine de Saba* (1862), *Mireille* (1864), *Roméo et Juliette* (1867), *Cinq Mars* (1877), *Polyeucte* (1878) and *Le Tribut de Zamora* (1881). Of these, *Roméo et Juliette* ranks after *Faust* in popularity. Though the 1966-67 season at the Metropolitan Opera, *Faust* totaled 371 complete performances, *Roméo et Juliette* tallied 121.

Seven months after its successful world premiere in Paris, *Roméo et Juliette* reached the United States, being heard at the Academy of Music in New York on November 15, 1867. Juliette was sung by the renowned American diva Minnie Hauk. Its Metropolitan Opera premiere was on an opening night, December 14, 1891, the occasion of the joint debuts of Emma Eames and Jean de Reszke, an event that ended seven years of German dominance of the theater. It has opened five subsequent seasons: 1894 with Nellie Melba and de Reszke, 1895 with Frances Saville and de Reszke, 1899 with Eames and Albert Alvarez, 1900 with Melba and Albert Saléza, and 1906 with Geraldine Farrar and Charles Rousselière, both of whom were making their debuts. Since then revivals have been frequent, always featuring a celebrated pair of stars: Lucrezia Bori and Beniamino Gigli, Amelita Galli-Curci and Edward Johnson, Eide Norena and Charles Hackett, and Bidu Sayao and Richard Crooks or Jussi Bjoerling. Now, after twenty-years absence from the repertory, and in celebration of its one hundredth birthday, Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* returns to the Metropolitan Opera repertory in a new production, this time with a pair of Italian-born artists as the star-lovers of Verona, Mirella Freni and Franco Corelli.

GERALD FITZGERALD

## SYNOPSIS

*Prologue.* The chorus chants of the tragic feud that divides the houses of Montague and Capulet in fourteenth-century Verona and of the star-crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet, offspring of these warring families.

*Act I.* At a brilliant masked ball in the palace of the Capulets, where guests have gathered to celebrate Juliet's birthday, the host, presenting his daughter, urges his friends to enjoy the festivities. A young Montague nobleman, Romeo, accompanied by his light-hearted friend Mercutio, invades the party of his hereditary enemy incognito. Romeo senses impending misfortune. On hearing this, Mercutio flippantly warns him that it is probably a premonition sent by Queen Mab, the fairy queen who disturbs dreams. All Romeo's misgivings are dispelled, however, when he sees the beautiful Juliet walking among her guests. Gertrude, the girl's nurse, compliments her on her engagement to Paris, a young man of Verona, but Juliet's mind is only on the gaiety of the party. When the guests go off to supper, Romeo detains Juliet, who sweetly accepts his courting. Their flirtation is interrupted by Tybalt, Juliet's hot-tempered cousin, who recognizes his enemy's voice. As Romeo and Mercutio try to leave, Tybalt challenges them with a drawn sword. Capulet, however, returns and orders the young men to sheathe their weapons. As the two masked intruders depart, the guests resume their dancing.

*Act II.* In the shadows of the Capulet garden, Romeo steals under Juliet's moonlit balcony, rapturously comparing the girl's beauty to the light of the sunrise. Longing for her Romeo, Juliet steps onto the balcony. Romeo makes his presence known and the two lovers swear eternal devotion. They are briefly interrupted by a group of Capulets, searching for a Montague page seen on the grounds, then by the nurse, who warns Juliet to come to bed. The lovers tenderly bid farewell until the morrow.

*Act III (Scene 1).* In Friar Lawrence's cell, Romeo confesses that he loves Juliet, the daughter of his enemy. Though the aged friar is alarmed at his news, when Juliet arrives with her nurse, he blesses their nuptials.

*Act III (Scene 2).* Romeo's page, Stephano, wanders through Verona, seeking his master. Outside the Capulet mansion he sings a taunting serenade to rouse the house. A group of Capulets, headed by Gregorio, storms forth with drawn swords. Just then Mercutio and his friend Benvolio arrive on the scene, shortly followed by Romeo. The peace-seeking Romeo declines Tybalt's challenge to a duel, at which Mercutio declares that he himself will defend the honor of the Montagues. A fight breaks out and Mercutio is mortally wounded; with his dying breath he curses both the Montagues and the Capulets. In a fury of retaliation Romeo slays Tybalt. Both Capulet and the Duke of Verona come upon the bloody scene and Romeo is banished from the city. Though lamenting his violent act, he vows that he will defy all danger to see his Juliet again.

*Act IV.* Romeo visits Juliet's chamber to bid his bride farewell. Dawn breaks, but Juliet pretends she still hears the nightingale, urging her husband to stay. Romeo, however, realizes it is the lark, and departs. A few moments later Gertrude, Capulet and Friar Lawrence arrive to inform the girl that in respect to Tybalt's wishes, she is to be married at once to Paris. As Capulet leaves to greet the wedding guests, the friar gives the desperate bride a sleeping potion which will make her appear dead until she can be rescued from her grave by Romeo. He leaves and she bravely summons the strength to drink the potion. No sooner has she done so than Paris, her family and the wedding guests enter the chamber for the wedding procession. As Capulet joyfully tells her daughter that she is about to know her greatest happiness, Juliet falls lifeless at his feet.

*Act V.* The grief-stricken Romeo, believing his bride to be dead, visits the bier where she lies in state in her family's burial vault. In despair he takes forth a vial of poison and drinks it. Juliet stirs from her sleep and the lovers express joy in their reunion. But Juliet's joy turns to horror when she learns that Romeo is dying. Snatching a dagger, Juliet stabs herself, and with a prayer that heaven will forgive them, the lovers expire in a final embrace.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### THE CAPULETS:

CAPULET .....	<i>Bass</i>
JULIET, his daughter .....	<i>Soprano</i>
TYBALT, her cousin .....	<i>Tenor</i>
GREGORIO, man-at-arms .....	<i>Baritone</i>
GERTRUDE, Juliet's nurse .....	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>

### THE MONTAGUES:

ROMEO .....	<i>Tenor</i>
STEPHANO, his page .....	<i>Soprano</i>
BENVOLIO } his friends .....	{ <i>Tenor</i>
MERCUTIO } .....	{ <i>Baritone</i>
FRIAR LAWRENCE .....	<i>Bass</i>
PARIS, Juliet's suitor .....	<i>Baritone</i>
THE DUKE OF VERONA .....	<i>Bass</i>

Guests of the Capulets; relatives and retainers of the Capulets and the Montagues.

Verona, XIV century.

PROLOGUE

Vérone vit jadis deux familles rivales  
Les Montaigus, les Capulets,  
De leurs guerres sans fin, à toutes deux fatales,  
Ensanglanter le seuil de ses palais.

Comme un rayon vermeil brille en un ciel  
d'orage  
Juliette parut et Roméo l'aima!  
Et tous deux, oubliant le nom qui les outrage  
Un même amour les enflamma!

Sort funeste! Aveugles colères!  
Ces malheureux amants payèrent de leurs  
jours  
La fin des haines séculaires  
Qui virent naître leurs amours!

Our play is the story of two noble families,  
The Montagues and the Capulets.  
You shall hear of the feud that brought  
them grief and sorrow,  
And of the woe that stained their steps with  
blood.  
Then you shall hear the tale of two immortal  
lovers,  
Juliet so beloved, Romeo her lover;  
Sprung from rival domains, no rivalry could  
part them,  
For they were one in deathless love.  
You shall weep, then, to see their misfortune.  
Ah, what a cruel fate our star-crossed lovers  
found!  
Alas, that ever father's hatred should cost a  
child so dear a love!

ACT ONE

*A ball room in Capulet's house. Dancers in masks and dominoes are discovered.*

Chorus

L'heure s'envole, joyeuse et folle,  
Au passage il faut la saisir.  
Cueillons les roses pour nous éclosés  
Dans la joie et dans le plaisir.

Dance every measure, taste every pleasure.  
Life is short, so drain every glass.  
Gather each flower, treasure each hour.  
Time will fly, and joy soon may pass.

Men

Choeur fantasque des amours,  
Sous le masque de velours,  
Ton empire nous attire  
D'un sourire, d'un regard!  
Et, complice, le coeur glisse  
Au caprice du hasard!

Velvet mask and perfumed glove,  
Rose-red lips that speak of love  
All delight us, all invite us  
By a whisper, by a glance:  
Then our tender hearts surrender  
To the passing whim of chance!

Women

Nuit d'ivresse! folle nuit!  
L'on nous presse, l'on nous suit!  
Le moins tendre va se rendre  
Et se prendre dans nos rêts!  
De la belle qui l'appelle  
Tout révèle les attrait!

Night of magic, magic night,  
Weaving spells of gay delight!  
Now the coldest joins the boldest  
In the oldest game of all.  
Care and duty yield to beauty,  
Laughter answers laughter's call!

**Chorus**

L'heure s'envole, joyeuse et folle,  
 Au passage il faut la saisir.  
 Cueillons les roses pour nous écloses  
 Dans la joie et dans le plaisir.

Dance every measure, taste every pleasure,  
 Life is short, so drain every glass.  
 Gather the roses, summer soon closes,  
 Time will fly, and joy soon may pass.

*Enter Paris and Tybalt.*

**Tybalt**

Eh bien? cher Pâris, que vous semble  
 De la fête des Capulets?

Ah, Paris, my friend, may we Capulets  
 Hope that you enjoy our merry feast?

**Paris**

Richesse et beauté tout ensemble  
 Sont les hôtes de ce palais.

The fairest and best in Verona must indeed  
 be met here tonight!

**Tybalt**

Vous n'en voyez pas la merveille;  
 Le trésor unique et sans prix  
 Qu'on destine à l'heureux Pâris.

Ah, but there is one who is fairer, who is set  
 apart from the rest—she whose hand will  
 belong to you!

**Paris**

Si mon coeur encore sommeille,  
 Le moment est proche où l'amour  
 Viendra l'éveiller à son tour.

If my laggard heart has been sleeping, then I  
 pray that now I may awaken to the mystery  
 of love.

**Tybalt**

Il s'éveillera, il s'éveillera, je l'espère;  
 Regardez . . . la voici conduite par son père.

You will soon awake, you will soon awake.  
 Never doubt it! Do you see? Now at last  
 her father brings her forward!

*Enter Capulet and Juliet.*

**Capulet**

Soyez les bienvenus, amis, dans ma maison.  
 A cette fête de famille la joie est de saison;  
 Pareil jour vit naître ma fille:  
 Mon coeur bat de plaisir encore en y songeant  
 Mais excusez ma tendresse indiscreète.  
 Voici ma Juliette . . .  
 Accueillez-la d'un regard indulgent.

I bid you welcome one and all within my  
 house.  
 At such a festive celebration, let everyone  
 be gay. For today is the birthday of my  
 daughter; my heart is filled with loving  
 pride because of her!  
 Ah! you must pardon a father's emotion!  
 My friends, this is my dearest, my own Juliet!

**Men**

Ah, qu'elle est belle . . .  
 On dirait une fleur nouvelle  
 Qui s'épanouit au matin.

Ah, she is lovely, ah, she is lovely!  
 Like a rose in the dewy morning  
 When it opens wide to the spring!

**Women**

Ah, qu'elle est belle . . .  
 Elle semble porter en elle  
 Toutes les faveurs du destin . . .

Ah, she is lovely, ah, she is lovely!  
 She will know every joy and blessing  
 That a kindly fortune may bring!

**Chorus**

Ah, qu'elle est belle . . .

Ah, she is lovely as a rose in spring!

*Prelude to a dance air is heard.*

**Juliet**

*To Capulet.*

Écoutez . . . c'est le son  
Des instruments joyeux  
Qui nous appelle et nous convie . . .  
Tout un monde enchanté  
Semble naître à mes yeux.  
Tout me fête et m'enivre,  
Et mon âme ravie  
S'élançe dans la vie,  
Comme un oiseau  
S'envole aux cieux.

Do you hear? Do you hear?  
Do you hear music that sings of joy?  
Ah, how it calls, how it enchants me!  
Ah, all the world is new and bright  
Here before my eyes!  
All the splendor, all the wonder,  
All is mine on this magic night!  
All my spirit is singing,  
My heart's a bird a-winging  
Taking its flight beyond the skies.

**Capulet**

*To his guests.*

Allons, jeunes gens! Allons, belles dames!  
Aux plus diligents ces yeux pleins de flammes!

Nargue des censeurs  
Qui grondent sans cesse!  
Fêtez la jeunesse  
Et place aux danseurs . . .

Qui reste à sa place  
Et ne danse pas  
De quelque disgrâce  
Fait l'aveu tout bas.  
O regret extrême!  
Quand j'étais moins vieux  
Je guidais moi-même  
Vos ébats joyeux.  
Les douces paroles  
Ne me coûtaient rien.  
Que d'aveux frivoles  
Dont je me souviens!  
O folles années  
Qu'emporte le temps!  
O fleurs du printemps  
A jamais fanées . . .  
Allons jeunes gens!  
Allons belles dames!  
Aux plus diligents  
Ces yeux pleins de flammes!

Nargue des censeurs  
Qui grondent sans cesse  
Fêtons la jeunesse . . .  
Et place aux danseurs.

Now on with the dance! My lords, to your  
places!

Now, ladies, prepare to show us your graces!  
My lords, my ladies, now on with the ball!  
Down, oh down, with scolders all.

With mumblers and stumblers,  
With fumblers and grumblers.

Then here's to the fleet ones,  
The light and the neat ones,  
The slight and the sweet ones,  
And on with the ball!

Those of you who sit frowning at the wall  
Might as well admit your slippers are too  
small.

Alas, that the days of my dancing are through,  
Or I would be leading the revels with you.

Oh, never a frolic I missed in my prime!  
Oh, many a lady I kissed in my time!

What good to remember the times long gone  
by?

All spring's blossoms die in the cold  
December.

But on with the dance! My lords, to your  
places!

Now ladies, prepare to show us your graces.  
My lords, my ladies, now on with the ball!

Down, oh down, with scolders all!

With mumblers and grumblers,  
With fumblers and stumblers!

Then here's to the fleet ones,  
The light and the neat ones,  
The slight and the sweet ones,  
And on with the ball!

**Chorus**

Nargue des censeurs!  
 Qui grondent sans cesse  
 Fêtons la jeunesse  
 Et place aux danseurs.

Down, oh down, with scolders all.  
 With mumblers and grumblers,  
 With fumblers and stumblers.  
 Then here's to the fleet ones,  
 The light and the neat ones,  
 The slight and the sweet ones,  
 And on with the ball! And on with the ball!

*Everybody moves to backstage gallery; Juliet exit with Paris; Capulet and Tybalt follow them. Romeo, Mercutio and Benvolio enter with others of their company. They all wear masks.*

**Mercutio**

Enfin la place est libre, amis!  
 Pour un instant qu'il soit permis d'ôter son  
 masque.

At last we are alone, my friends.  
 It will be safe to lay aside the cloak and visor.

*Removing his mask, followed by all others.*

**Romeo**

Non . . . non vous l'avez promis,  
 Soyez prudents! Ici nul ne doit nous  
 connaître!  
 Quittons cette maison sans en braver le  
 maître.

No, no! You gave your word. We must take  
 care!

Take care to escape recognition! Now let us  
 leave this house, and not defy its master.

**Mercutio**

Bah, si les Capulets sont gens à se fâcher,  
 C'est lâcheté de nous cacher,  
 Car nous avons tous là de quoi leur tenir tête.

Bah! Capulets or not, if they are for a fight,  
 No Montague will ever hide!  
 For, if they hate us so,  
 Then let them come and take us!

**Mercutio and Chorus**

*Touching their swords.*

Oui, nous avons tous là de quoi leur tenir tête!

Yes, if they want to see us go,  
 Then let them come and make us!

**Romeo**

Mieux eût valu ne pas nous mêler à la fête.

I will admit I wish we had never come near  
 them.

**Mercutio**

Pourquoi?

But why?

**Romeo**

J'ai fait un rêve.

I had a dream last night.

**Mercutio**

*With feigned terror.*

O présage alarmant!  
 La reine Mab t'a visité?

Oh! A horrible warning! Little Queen Mab!  
 Little Queen Mab!



**Romeo**

*Astonished.*

Comment?

Queen who?

**Mercutio**

Mab, la reine des mensonges,  
 Préside aux songes:  
 Plus légère que le vent  
 Décevant  
 A travers l'espace,  
 A travers la nuit,  
 Elle passe,  
 Elle fuit! . . .  
 Son char, que l'atôme rapide,  
 Entraîne dans l'éther limpide  
 Fut fait d'une noisette vide  
 Par ver de terre, le charron;  
 Les harnais, subtile dentelle,  
 Ont été découpés dans l'aile  
 De quelque verte sauterelle  
 Par son cocher, le moucheron;  
 Un os de grillon sert de manche  
 A son fouet, dont la mèche blanche  
 Est prise au rayon qui s'épanche  
 De Phoebé rassemblant sa cour:  
 Chaque nuit, dans cet équipage,  
 Mab visite sur son passage  
 L'époux qui rêve de veuvage,  
 Et l'amant qui rêve d'amour.  
 A son approche, la coquette  
 Rêve d'atours et de toilette;  
 Le courtisan fait la courbette;  
 Le poète rime ses vers.  
 A l'avare, en son gîte sombre,  
 Elle ouvre des trésors sans nombre  
 Et la liberté rit dans l'ombre  
 Au prisonnier chargé de fers!  
 Le soldat rêve d'embuscades,  
 De batailles et d'estocades  
 Elle lui verse les rasades  
 Dont ses lauriers sont arrosés;  
 Et toi qu'un soupir effarouche,  
 Quand tu reposes sur ta couche,  
 O vierge, elle effleure ta bouche  
 Et te fait rêver de baisers!  
 Mab, la reine des mensonges, etc.

Mab, the queen of all illusion  
 And all confusion!  
 She is lighter, even lighter  
 Than the breeze in the trees.  
 Through the starry spaces  
 High above the skies  
 She races, she flies!  
 She rides with the speed of a wink  
 Behind a pair of darting hornets.  
 Her car is the shell of a walnut,  
 Eaten to order by a rat.  
 The lacy wing of a moth  
 Is the delicate cloth that shades her.  
 The tiny driver on the box  
 A little gray gnat! Fancy that!  
 Her whip is the thigh  
 Of a green dragon-fly,  
 And the little lash  
 Is made from the flash  
 Of the radiance of the moon  
 As she roams the sky.  
 Every night Queen Mab is carried  
 In her travels to many a spot  
 Where she makes a lover dream he's married,  
 Makes a husband dream he's not!  
 Beautiful ladies dream of dresses,  
 Pretty coquettes, of warm caresses.  
 Lawyers, of pleas, doctors, of fees,  
 And poets, of new and wonderful rhymes.  
 Then the fool dreams of foolish pleasures;  
 The miser of his golden treasures.  
 Robbers in their cold, narrow cells  
 Dream they are pardoned of their crimes.  
 Then the soldier will dream of battle,  
 Hear the drum-beat, the sabre's rattle;  
 Toss off a bumper with his comrades,  
 Then once again, sleep where he lies.  
 And you, all you pure-hearted lasses,  
 Deep in your sweetly-smiling slumber,  
 She brushes your lips as she passes,  
 Drops a lover's kiss on your eyes!  
 Mab, the queen of all illusion, etc.

**Romeo**

Eh bien! . . . que l'avertissement  
 Me vienne de Mab ou d'un autre,  
 Sous ce toit qui n'est pas le nôtre,  
 Je me sens attristé d'un noir pressentiment.

Ah, well! Whatever you may say, whatever  
 the spirit that warned me, this house fills  
 me with foreboding, and a shadowy fear of  
 grave trouble to come!

**Mercutio**

Ta tristesse, je le devine,  
Est de ne point trouver ici ta Rosaline;  
Cent autres dans le bal te feront oublier  
Ton fol amour d'écolier!  
Viens! . . .

I can tell you why you are troubled; you  
cannot find your Rosaline. That is the  
reason. A score of other girls will soon help  
you forget your foolish fondness for her!  
Come.

**Romeo**

Ah! voyez! . . .

Look there!

**Mercutio**

Quoi donc.

What now?

**Romeo**

Cette beauté céleste  
Qui semble un rayon dans la nuit!

Who is that dream of beauty  
Who shines like a star in the night?

**Mercutio**

Le porte-respect qui la suit  
Est d'une beauté . . . plus modeste!

But look at the one by her side!  
She is somewhat less than a beauty!

**Romeo**

O trésor digne des cieux  
Quelle clarté soudaine  
A dessillé mes yeux!  
Je ne connaissais pas la beauté véritable!  
Ai-je aimé jusqu'ici? . . .

Radiant star! Queen of the skies!  
What sudden blinding light has fallen on my  
eyes?  
Her loveliness is more than my dream could  
surmise.  
Did my heart love till now? Till this night?

**Mercutio**

Bon, voilà Rosaline au diable,  
Et nous avions prévu ceci,  
On la congédie sans plus de souci;  
Et la comédie se termine ainsi.

Good! Exit Rosaline forever!  
Ah, I foresaw this long ago.  
Rosaline has lost him. That is very clear.  
And the parting cost him not a single tear.

**Chorus**

*Mockingly.*

On la congédie.

Rosaline has lost him.

*Exeunt Romeo and his party as Juliet and Gertrude appear.*

**Juliet**

Voyons, nourrice, on m'attend, parle vite.

Oh, hurry, nurse. Come along; they are  
waiting.

**Gertrude**

Respirez un moment . . . Est ce moi qu'on  
évite,  
Ou le comte Paris que l'on cherche?

There is no need to rush! Are you running  
from me, or so eager to find your Paris?

**Juliet**

Pâris?

My who?

**Gertrude**

Vous aurez là, dit-on, la perle des maris.

You would do well, my child, to marry that young man.

**Juliet**

*Laughing.*

Ah, ah, je songe bien vraiment au mariage.

Ah, ah! A girl as young as I, thinking of marriage?

**Gertrude**

Par ma vertu, j'étais mariée à votre âge.

Well, I declare! Now I was a wife when I was your age!

**Juliet**

Non, non, je ne veux pas t'écouter plus  
longtemps  
Laisse mon âme à son printemps . . .  
Je veux vivre  
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre  
Ce jour encore.  
Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor.  
Cette ivresse  
De jeunesse  
Ne dure, hélas, qu'un jour.  
Puis vient l'heure  
Où l'on pleure;  
Le cœur cède à l'amour,  
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.  
Loin de l'hiver morose  
Laisse-moi sommeiller  
Et respirer la rose  
Avant de l'effeuiller.  
Je veux vivre  
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre  
Longtemps encore.  
Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor.

No, no! Let me be free for a little while more.  
Ah, let my heart enjoy its Spring!  
Let my life be  
One sweet day-dream.  
Let me dream on  
Yet one day more!  
Let my young heart  
Keep the gay dream,  
Of the joy that life has in store.  
Youth is never  
Ours forever,  
Springtime can never stay.  
Summer's gladness  
Turns to sadness;  
Let love wait for a day!  
Love dies, youth flies,  
Joy fades away!  
Far from the snows of winter,  
Let me laugh, let me live while I may.  
Now in a world of springtime,  
Let me breathe the rose  
That so soon fades away.  
Youth and laughter,  
Ah, let me hold you from the world apart,  
Here in my heart!

*Gregorio enters, followed by Romeo who has removed his mask.*

**Romeo**

*To Gregorio, indicating Juliet.*

Le nom de cette belle enfant?

I pray, what is that lady's name?

**Gregorio**

Vous l'ignorez? C'est Gertrude .

Do you not know? That is Gertrude.

**Gertrude***Turning around.*

Plâit-il?

What now?

**Gregorio**

Très gracieuse dame,  
Pour les soins du souper je crois qu'on vous  
réclame.

Pardon me, gracious lady, but supper is  
served, and I fear you will be needed.

**Gertrude**

C'est bien, me voici.

Oh yes, yes indeed!

**Juliet**

Va.

Go!

**Romeo***To Juliet.*

De grâce, demeurez.  
Ange adorable, ma main coupable  
Profane, en l'osant toucher,  
La main divine dont j'imagine  
Que nul n'a droit d'approcher.  
Voilà, je pense, la pénitence  
Qu'il convient de m'imposer:  
C'est que j'efface l'indigne trace  
De ma main par un baiser.

Ah, stay a while with me!  
Ah, purest angel, dare I offend you  
By touching this sacred shrine?  
Your hand is holy, mine so unworthy  
That I profane yours with mine!  
Let me atone, now! Set me a penance  
For the wrong I do in this.  
In expiation and reparation  
Bid me cleanse it with a kiss.

**Juliet**

Calmez vos craintes! A ces étreintes  
Du pèlerin prosterné,  
Les saintes même, pourvu qu'il aime,  
Ont d'avance pardonné;  
Mais à sa bouche la main qu'il touche  
Prudemment doit refuser  
Cette caresse enchanteresse  
Qu'il implore en un baiser.

Your sin is pardoned, your soul is shriven  
As by the angels above;  
Surely in Heaven we are forgiven  
When our sin is born of our love.  
But, being pardoned, how may a sinner  
Ask a penance such as this?  
One who transgresses through such caresses  
May not cleanse them by a kiss!

**Romeo**

Les saintes ont pourtant une bouche vermeille!

But saints have lips as well;  
Surely Heaven must have made them.

**Juliet**

Pour prier seulement.

They must use them in prayer.

**Romeo**

N'entendent elles pas la voix qui leur conseille  
Un arrêt plus clément?

And do they never hear  
A voice that would persuade them  
Love may turn to despair?

**Juliet**

Aux prières d'amour leur coeur reste insensible,      Lovers' prayers may be heard  
Même en les exauçant.      And saints be moved to mercy,  
Yet saints do not move.

**Romeo**

Exaucez donc mes vœux, et gardez impassible      Then on your solemn word  
Votre front rougissant.      Grant me all I have prayed for.  
Ah, my saint, do not move!

*Kisses Juliet's hand.*

**Juliet**

*Smiling.*

Ah je n'ai pu m'en défendre,      Ah! Though a saint would spurn it,  
J'ai pris le péché pour moi.      I have made the sin my own.

**Romeo**

Pour apaiser votre émoi,      Lest you should bear it alone,  
Vous plaît-il de me le rendre?      Blessed saint, will you return it?

**Juliet**

Non, je l'ai pris. Laissez-le-moi.      No. What I took shall stay with me.

**Romeo**

Vous l'avez pris . . . Rendez-le-moi.      The kiss was mine. Give it back to me.

**Juliet**

Non, je l'ai pris. Laissez-le-moi.      But now it's mine; so let it be.

*Enter Tybalt.*

**Romeo**

*Quickly replacing his mask.*

Quelqu'un!      Who's there?

**Juliet**

C'est mon cousin Tybalt.      That is my cousin Tybalt.

**Romeo**

Eh quoi! Vous êtes? . . .      And you . . . and you . . . ?

**Juliet**

La fille du seigneur Capulet.      I am Lord Capulet's daughter.

**Romeo**

Dieu . . .      Ah!

**Tybalt**

Pardon, cousine.  
 Nos amis désertent nos fêtes,  
 Si vous fuyez ainsi leurs regards.  
 Venez donc.  
 Quel est ce beau galant qui s'est masqué si vite  
 En me voyant venir?

Forgive me, cousin, but our friends will take  
 it most unkindly if you do not return to the  
 dance. You must come. Come away!  
 Whoever can that be who hid behind his  
 mask on catching sight of me?

**Juliet**

Je ne sais.

I do not know.

**Tybalt**

On dirait qu'il m'évite!

He seems to avoid me.

**Romeo**

Dieu vous garde, seigneur.

Heaven keep you, my lord.

*Exits.*

**Tybalt**

Ah, je le reconnais à sa voix, à ma haine!  
 C'est lui, c'est Roméo.

Ah, now I know his name by his voice, and  
 by my hatred.  
 Ah, yes. It is Romeo.

**Juliet**

*Alarmed.*

Roméo.

Ah, no!

**Tybalt**

Sur l'honneur,  
 je punirai le traître, et sa mort est certaine!

As I live, I'll hound him to his grave for a spy  
 and a scoundrel.

*Exits.*

**Juliet**

*Terrified.*

C'était Roméo!  
 Ah, je l'ai vu trop tôt sans le connaître!  
 La haine est le berceau de cet amour fatal!  
 C'en est fait! Si je ne puis être à lui  
 Que le cercueil soit mon lit nuptial.

He is a Montague!  
 Ah, too early seen unknown, and known too  
 late!  
 Alas, that my love should be cradled in my  
 only hate.  
 Cruel fate! If we two may never wed,  
 Then may the grave be my bridal bed!

**Tybalt**

*Re-enters with Paris. Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio and friends enter from the other side.*

Le voici

He is here!

**Paris**

Qu'est-ce donc?

Who d'you mean?

**Tybalt**

Roméo

Romeo!

**Romeo**

Mon nom même  
Est un crime à ses yeux  
O douleur . . . Capulet est son père . . . et je  
l'aime.

To be Romeo is a crime in her sight. **Fateful**  
name!  
Hateful name! Capulet is her father, **and I**  
love her!

**Mercutio**

Voyez de quel air furieux  
Tybalt nous regarde. Un orage  
Est dans l'air

You see! A tempest of fury and spite is  
brewing around us. There's a storm in  
the air.

**Tybalt**

Je tremble de rage.

My anger will choke me.

*Moves to leave; Capulet, entering, stops him.*

**Capulet**

Quoi, partez-vous déjà? demeurez un instant  
Un souper joyeux vous attend.

What! Leaving us so soon? But the feast has  
just begun!  
You must stay and join in the fun!

**Tybalt**

Patience, patience,  
De cette mortelle offense  
Roméo, j'en fais serment,  
Subira le châtement!

This Romeo! This Montague!  
This rascal is here among us, but his life shall  
pay the price for this insult to us all!

**Mercutio**

On nous observe. Silence!  
Il faut user de prudence!  
N'attendons pas follement  
Un funeste évènement.

The fellow sees us! Be still now!  
If he can harm us, he will now!  
It will be death if we stay.  
Let's be off now, while we may!

**Capulet**

Que la fête recommence!  
Que l'on boive et que l'on danse!  
Autrefois, j'en fais serment,  
Nous dansions plus vaillamment.

Start again, and make the party  
Twice as gay and twice as hearty.  
Long ago, I swear it's true,  
We were twice as spry as you.

**Chorus**

Que la fête recommence  
Que l'on boive et que l'on danse  
Le plaisir n'a qu'un moment,  
Terminons la nuit gaîment.

Start again and make the party  
Twice as gay and twice as hearty.  
Love and laughter can't be wrong.  
End the night in joyful song!

**Tybalt**

Il nous échappe! Qui veut me suivre?  
Je le frappe de mon gant au visage!

He will escape us! Will no one follow?  
I shall let him have a taste of my gauntlet.

**Capulet**

Et moi, je ne veux pas d'esclandre!  
 Tu m'entends? Laisse en paix ce jeune  
 homme!  
 Il me plaît d'ignorer de quel nom il se nomme!

Je te défends de faire un pas!  
 Allons, jeunes gens! Allons, belles dames!  
 Aux plus diligents ces yeux pleins de flammes!

Nargue des censeurs  
 Qui grondent sans cesse!  
 Fêtons la jeunesse  
 Et place aux danseurs . . .

Oh, no! We'll have no more contention.  
 Do you hear? That young man shall remain  
 here.

You shall leave him alone, be his name what  
 it may.

He is a guest within my house!  
 Now on with the dance! My lords, to your  
 places!

Now, ladies, prepare to show us your graces!  
 My lords, my ladies, now on with the ball!

Down, oh down, with scolders all.

With mumbler and grumblers,

With fumlbers and stumblers.

Then here's to the fleet ones,

The light and the neat ones,

The slight and the sweet ones,

And on with the ball!

**Chorus**

Nargue des censeurs  
 Qui grondent sans cesse  
 Fêtons la jeunesse . . .  
 Et place aux danseurs.

Down, oh down, with scolders all.

With mumbler and grumblers,

With fumlbers and stumblers.

Then here's to the fleet ones,

The light and the neat ones,

The slight and the sweet ones,

And on with the ball! And on with the ball!

## END OF ACT ONE

**ACT TWO**

*The Capulets' Garden. At one side, the balcony of Juliet's apartment overlooks the scene.*

**Romeo**

*Alone.*

O nuit! sous tes ailes obscures abrite moi.

O night, let me hide in the shadow of your  
 wings!

**Mercutio**

*Off-stage.*

Roméo. Roméo.

Romeo! Romeo!

**Romeo**

C'est la voix de Mercutio.  
 Celui-là se rit des blessures  
 Qui n'en reçut jamais.

Mercutio! I know his voice. Alas, he jests at  
 scars that never felt a wound!



**Chorus**

*Off-stage.*

Mystérieux et sombre,  
Roméo ne nous entend pas.  
L'amour se plaît dans l'ombre;  
Puisse l'amour guider ses pas.

Leave him alone to ponder  
All alone, sighing in the dark.  
Since love delights to wander  
Pray that his love may find its mark.

**Romeo**

L'amour!  
Oui, son ardeur a troublé tout mon être.

Ah, Love! Ah, Love!  
Ah, how its flame fills my spirit with longing!

*A light appears in Juliet's window.*

Mais quelle soudaine clarté  
Resplendit à cette fenêtre?  
C'est là que dans la nuit rayonne sa beauté.  
Ah, lève-toi, soleil, fais pâlir les étoiles  
Qui dans l'azur sans voiles  
Brillent au firmament.  
Ah, lève-toi, parais, astre pur et charmant.  
Elle rêve; . . . elle dénoue  
Une boucle de cheveux  
Qui vient caresser sa joue.  
Amour, porte-lui mes vœux.  
Elle parle; . . . Qu'elle est belle.  
Ah, je n'ai rien entendu.  
Mais ses yeux parlent pour elle,  
Et mon cœur a répondu.  
Ah, lève-toi, soleil, fais pâlir les étoiles,  
Qui dans l'azur sans voiles  
Brillent au firmament.  
Ah, lève-toi, parais, astre pur et charmant.

But soft, what light through yonder window  
breaks?  
Ah, Love! It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!  
Ah, fairest sun, arise!  
Shame the stars with your splendor!  
Let all the heavens render  
Homage to you alone!  
Rise, oh my love, rise, oh my love,  
Arise! Arise! Take my heart for your own.  
She is dreaming. Ah, she is dreaming!  
And upon her loosened hair  
The moonlight is softly gleaming.  
Ah, Love. Ah, Love! let her hear my prayer.  
She is speaking, she is sighing;  
It is my heart that replies.  
Ah, fairest sun, arise!  
Shame the stars with your splendor!

*The window opens. Juliet appears on the balcony. Romeo conceals himself.*

**Juliet**

Hélas; . . . moi, le haïr . . . haine avengle et  
barbare.  
O Roméo, pourquoi ce nom est-il le tien?  
Abjure le, ce nom fatal qui nous sépare,  
Où j'abjure le mien. . . .

Ah me! How can I hate him? Why should  
love be denied us?  
Romeo, my dear love, deny your father, refuse  
the name!  
Refuse the name, the hateful name that would  
divide us, or let me deny mine!

**Romeo**

*Coming out of the shadow.*

Est-il vrai? l'as-tu dit? . . . Ah, dissipe le doute  
D'un cœur trop heureux.

She speaks! She speaks! Dare my heart  
believe what her lips have confessed?

**Juliet**

Qui m'écoute,  
Et surprend mes secrets dans l'ombre de la nuit?

Who is listening? Who has heard me confide  
my secrets to the night?

**Romeo**

Je n'ose, en me nommant, te dire qui je suis.

Dear saint, I dare not tell you who I am by  
name.

**Juliet**

N'es tu pas Roméo?

Are you not Romeo?

**Romeo**

Non, je ne veux plus l'être  
Si ce nom détesté me sépare de toi.  
Pour t'aimer, laisse-moi renaître  
Dans un autre que moi.

No! Romeo no more, if a name you abhor  
can divide me from you. Hateful name!  
I'll no longer bear it. I will forswear it,  
and be born anew.

**Juliet**

Ah, tu sais que la nuit te cache mon visage.  
Tu le sais; . . . Si tes yeux en voyaient la  
rougeur,  
Elle te rendrait témoignage  
De la pureté de mon cœur: . . .  
Adieu les vains détours; M'aimes-tu? . . .  
Je devine  
Ce que tu répondras. Ne fais pas de serments.  
Phoebé, de ses rayons inconstants, j'imagine,  
Éclaire le parjure et se rit des amants; . . .  
Cher Roméo, dis-moi loyalement: je t'aime,  
Et je te crois; . . . Et mon honneur  
Se fie au tien, ô mon seigneur,  
Comme tu peux te fier à moi-même . . .  
N'accuse pas mon cœur, dont tu sais le secret,  
D'être léger, pour n'avoir pu se taire;  
Mais accuse la nuit dont le voile indiscret  
A trahi le mystère.

Ah, it's true that the night is dark enough to  
screen us, but I know if your eyes could see  
the blush on my cheek, there would be no  
secret between us, hiding what my heart  
cannot speak. Farewell to all pretense. Do  
you love me? If you love me, as you will  
say you do, do not swear by the inconstant  
moon, that nightly changes her course in  
the heaven, the moon that only smiles on  
a lover forsworn!

Romeo if you will only say "I love you" I will  
believe! Swear by your gracious self alone.  
I will believe! I trust your love as you may  
believe my own. You must not think me  
light for the love I confessed. Oh, never  
doubt, I'd gladly have concealed it. Blame  
the darkness of night for the secret you  
guessed when the darkness revealed it.

**Romeo**

Devant Dieu qui m'entend je t'engage ma foi.

By the Heav'ns high above, I pledge you my  
love!

**Juliet**

On vient . . . Silence . . . Éloigne-toi . . .

Oh listen, oh hear!  
They're coming! Someone is near.

*Romeo slips away and disappears among the trees. Juliet leaves the balcony.  
Gregorio enters with several retainers, followed, later, by Gertrude.*

**Gregorio and Chorus**

Personne. Personne.  
Le page aura fui.  
Au diable on le donne.  
Le diable est pour lui.  
Le fourbe, le traître  
Attendait son maître.  
Le destin jaloux  
L'arrache à nos coups;  
Et demain peut-être  
Il rira de nous.  
Personne. Personne.  
Le page aura fui.  
Au diable on le donne.  
Le diable est pour lui.

Where is he? Where is he?  
The rascal is fled!  
The devil is in it!  
A curse on his head!  
The devil is in it!  
A curse on his head!  
The villain! The coward!  
Oh, the scurvy traitor!  
Coming here to spy  
And we let him by!  
We shall hear him later  
Laughing fit to die,  
Laughing fit to die,  
And we let him by!

**Gertrude**

De qui parlez-vous donc?

Who has angered you so?

**Gregorio**

D'un page des Montaigus.  
Maître et valet,  
En passant notre seuil,  
Ont osé faire outrage  
Au seigneur Capulet.

A page from Montague's house.  
He and his master  
Have brought us to shame,  
And threaten disaster  
To Capulet's name.

**Gertrude**

Raillez-vous?

Surely you're wrong!

**Gregorio**

Non, sur ma tête.  
Un des Montaigus s'est permis  
De venir avec ses amis  
A notre fête.

No, I'm right!  
You may take my word  
That a Montague was heard  
Among the dancers here tonight!

**Gertrude**

Un Montaigu?

Well, I declare!

**Gregorio and Chorus**

Un Montaigu.  
Est-ce pour vos beaux yeux.  
Que le traître est venu?

That I will swear.  
Say, tell us is it true  
That he came for love of you?

**Gertrude**

Qu'il vienne encore, et sur ma vie.  
Je vous le ferai marcher droit,  
Si droit, qu'il n'aura pas envie  
De recommencer.

Let him return, then, if he should dare to.  
I shall call so loudly for you  
I doubt if he would care to  
Visit me again.

**Gregorio and Chorus**

On vous croit.  
Pour cela, nourrice, on vous croit.

Oh, how true!  
That he'd never do!  
Ah, how true!

Bonne nuit, charmante nourrice.  
Joignez la grâce à vos vertus.  
Que le ciel clément vous bénisse,  
Et confonde les Montaigus.

Yours are charms we cannot number,  
Yet we must make our sad adieus.  
Now may heaven bless your slumber  
And to the devil with the Montagues!

*Gregorio and the servants leave.*

**Gertrude**

Béni soit le bâton qui tôt ou tard me venge  
De ces coquins.

And heaven bless the stick that I shall break  
upon you, you saucy rouges!

*Enter, Juliet, from the house.*

**Juliet**

C'est toi, Gertrude?

What is it, Nurse?

**Gertrude**

Oui, mon bel ange.  
A cette heure comment ne reposez-vous pas?

Well now, my lady! What are you doing here,  
to catch your death of cold?

**Juliet**

Je t'attendais . . .

Waiting for you.

**Gertrude**

Rentrons!

Then come!

**Juliet**

Ne gronde pas.

Now do not scold.

*Juliet glances around, then re-enters the house, followed by Gertrude. Romeo re-appears.*

**Romeo**

O nuit divine, je t'implore  
Laisse mon coeur à ce rêve enchanté!  
Je crains de m'éveiller et n'ose croire  
A sa réalité.

O night of rapture, blessed night,  
Leave me to dream of my heart's new delight!  
I still fear that I shall wake  
And find that all my joy has vanished with  
the night.

**Juliet**

Roméo . . .

Romeo!

**Romeo**

Douce amie.

My beloved!

**Juliet**

Un seul mot, puis adieu.  
Quelqu'un ira demain te trouver . . . Sur ton  
âme,  
Si tu me veux pour femme,  
Fais-moi dire quel jour, à quelle heure, en  
quel lieu  
Notre union sera bénie.  
Alors, ô mon seigneur, sois mon unique loi . . .  
Je te livre ma vie entière, et je renie  
Tout ce qui n'est pas toi.  
Mais, si ta tendresse  
Ne veut de moi que de folles amours,  
Ah, je t'en conjure alors,  
Par cette heure d'ivresse,  
Ne me revois plus, et me laisse  
A la douleur qui remplira mes jours.

Stay a moment, then good-night.  
Tomorrow I shall send you some word;  
Then, on your honor, if your intent be mar-  
riage, you shall tell me the day and the  
place and the hour when in the sight of  
God we two shall stand before the altar.  
And then, my dearest lord, so honored and  
adored, you alone shall be my duty, you  
alone shall be my duty, you, my command-  
ment, you, you, my reward! But if your  
affection is nothing more than an idle  
embrace, ah, I beseech you, by this moment  
of folly, do not come again. Do not come  
again! Leave my heart to bear the pain, the  
endless pain that I am doomed to face!

**Romeo**

Ah, je te l'ai dit . . . je t'adore . . .  
 Dissipe ma nuit, sois l'aurore  
 Où va mon coeur, où vont mes yeux  
 Dispose en reine de ma vie,  
 Verse à mon âme inassouvie  
 Toute la lumière des cieus.

Ah, I say once more that I love you! Arise,  
 fairest sun, shine in brightness, rise in light  
 within my heart, before my eyes! My joy,  
 my glory, is ever to adore you. Smile on the  
 love I lay before you, smile on the love I  
 lay before you, as the sunlight smiles on  
 the skies!

**Juliet**

Adieu . . .  
 On m'appelle!

Gertrude's calling!

**Romeo**

Déjà.

Ah, so soon?

**Juliet**

Pars! Je tremble  
 Que l'on nous voie ensemble.

Go! We dare not let her find us here together!

*Spoken to Gertrude.*

On m'appelle . . .

I'm coming!

**Romeo**

O douleur . . .

There's no one there.

**Juliet**

Plus bas, on m'appelle . . .

Take care! Take care! Dearest, take care!

**Romeo**

Non, non, on ne t'appelle pas.  
 Ah, ne fuis pas encore, laisse,  
 Laisse ta main s'oublier dans ma main.

No, no! I'm sure there's no one there.  
 Ah, stay a moment longer, one little moment  
 longer!  
 Give me, give me your hand; leave it here in  
 my own.

**Juliet**

Ah, l'on peut nous surprendre, laisse,  
 Laisse ma main s'échapper de ta main.  
 Adieu!

Ah, someone may surprise us! Ah, give me the  
 hand that you hold in your own.  
 Good night!

**Juliet and Romeo**

Adieu, de cet adieu si douce est la tristesse,  
Que je voudrais te dire adieu jusqu'à demain.  
Adieu, mille fois!

Good night, my love. Parting is such sweet  
sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.  
Ah, love, good night. A thousand times good  
night to want your light. How silver sweet  
sound lovers' tongues at night, like softest  
music to the ear. Good night, my dear!

*Juliet re-enters the house.*

Va . . . repose en paix . . . , sommeilie . . .  
Qu'un sourire d'enfant sur ta bouche vermeille,  
Doucement vienne se poser . . .  
Et, murmurant encor: Je t'aime, à ton oreille  
Que la brise des nuits te porte ce baiser . . .

Go, with Heaven's peace to bless you,  
With the wings of angels to shield and caress  
you.

May your rest be serene and deep!  
And when the breezes sigh and soft zephyrs  
are murm'ring

May you dream it is I who kiss you while you  
sleep.

## END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

## PART I

*Friar Lawrence's cell.*

**Romeo**

Mon père, Dieu vous garde . . .

God keep you, holy Father. May I speak with  
you?

**Friar Lawrence**

Eh, quoi, le jour à peine  
Se lève, et le sommeil te fuit?  
Quel transport vers moi te conduit?  
Quel amoureux souci t'amène?

My son, the day is scarcely breaking, and you  
are up so soon! May I ask what brings you  
so early? Some matter of the heart, good  
Romeo?

**Romeo**

Vous l'avez deviné, mon père, c'est l'amour!

I am proud to confess it, Father. It is love!

**Friar Lawrence**

L'amour! Encore l'indigne Rosaline?

Indeed! Your love for that unworthy Rosaline?

**Romeo**

Quel nom prononcez-vous? Je ne le connais pas.

L'oeil des élus s'ouvrant à la clarté divine  
Se souvient il encor des ombres d'ici bas?  
Aime-t'on Rosaline, ayant vu Juliette?

That name and all of its woes are buried in the past. When at last our souls attain the light of heaven, shall we remember still the darkness here below? Who could care for another when his eyes have looked on Juliet?

**Friar Lawrence**

Quoi . . . Juliette Capulet?

What, Juliet Capulet?

*Juliet appears, followed by Gertrude.*

**Romeo**

La voici.

She is here!

**Juliet**

Roméo . . .

My Romeo!

**Romeo**

Mon âme t'appelait  
Je te vois . . . Ma bouche est muette . . .

My soul cried out for you! You have come.  
My soul is contented.

**Juliet**

Mon père, voici mon époux;  
A son amour je m'abandonne:  
Vous connaissez ce coeur que je lui donne;  
Devant le ciel, unissez-nous.

O Father, we two are betrothed. You know me well. You know my heart is faithful!  
Ah, I am his, and his forever!

**Friar Lawrence**

Oui, dusse-je affronter une aveugle colère,  
Je vous prêterai mon secours.  
Puisse de vos maisons la haine séculaire,  
S'éteindre en vos jeunes amours.

Yes, In spite of the blindness and hate of your fathers, I shall marry you here and now. So may their ancient hatred be purged and done away, in the fire of your youth and your love.

**Romeo**

Veille au dehors . . .

Nurse, watch at the door.

*Exit Gertrude.*

**Friar Lawrence**

Témoin de vos promesses,  
Gardien de vos tendresses,  
Que le seigneur soit avec vous!  
A genoux.

And now, may God be with you, to hear and bless you, and may His grace shine in your hearts. Kneel down, kneel down.

*Romeo and Juliet kneel.*

Dieu qui fis l'homme à ton image  
 Et de sa chair et de son sang  
 Créas la femme, et, l'unissant  
 A l'homme par le mariage,  
 Consacras du haut de Sion  
 Leur inséparable union,  
 Regarde d'un oeil favorable  
 Ta créature misérable  
 Qui se prosterne devant toi . . .

Oh God, who madest Adam in thine image,  
 and from his flesh and from his blood didst  
 fashion Eve; Thou who didst join her to him  
 in bonds of holy marriage, gracious Lord,  
 look down from on high, consecrate their  
 hearts in thy love! In mercy, regard all their  
 sins, grant all the fullness of thy favor to  
 these who kneel before thy throne.

**Juliet and Romeo**

Seigneur, nous promettons d'obéir à ta loi . . .

O Lord, help us to open our hearts unto Thee.

**Friar Lawrence**

Entends me prière fervente  
 Fais que le joug de ta servante  
 Soit un joug d'amour et de paix.  
 Que sa vertu soit sa richesse;  
 Que, pour soutenir sa faiblesse,  
 Elle arme son coeur du devoir.

Dear Lord, grant thy grace to this woman.  
 Grant that the pledges of her marriage may  
 be bonds of love and peace. May she be rich  
 in every virtue; when she is weak, give her  
 strength to keep her a true, faithful wife.

**Juliet and Romeo**

Seigneur, sois mon appui, sois mon espoir.

O Lord, be thou strength, be thou our law.

**Friar Lawrence**

Que leur vieillesse heureuse voie  
 Leurs enfants marchant dans ta voie,  
 Et les enfants de leurs enfants.

May they, in years to come, see their children  
 walk in thy ways, unto the third and fourth  
 generation.

**Juliet and Romeo**

Seigneur, du noir péché c'est toi qui nous  
 défends.

O Lord, keep thou our hearts from every stain  
 of sin.

**Friar Lawrence**

Que ce couple chaste et fidèle,  
 Uni dans la vie éternelle,  
 Parvienne au royaume des cieux . . .

Make them good and pure in they service,  
 that they may attain life eternal there, in  
 the brightness of Heaven.

**Juliet and Romeo**

Seigneur, sur notre amour daigne abaisser les  
 yeux.

O Lord, bless thou our love. Keep us in peace  
 and joy.

**Friar Lawrence**

Roméo, tu choisis Juliette pour femme?

Romeo, wilt thou have Juliet to thy wife?



**Romeo**

Oui, mon père. Yes, my Father.

**Friar Lawrence**

Tu prends Roméo pour époux? Wilt thou have Romeo to thy husband?

**Juliet**

Oui, mon père. Yes, my Father.

**Friar Lawrence**

Devant Dieu qui lit dans votre âme, In His name who knoweth all hearts, ye two  
Je vous unis . . . Relevez-vous. are one. Rise in His love.

*Juliet and Romeo rise. Gertrude enters.*

**Juliet, Gertrude, Romeo and Friar Lawrence**

O pur bonheur, ô joie immense,  
Le ciel reçoit nos serments amoureux.  
Dieu de bonté, Dieu de clémence,  
Sois béni par deux cœurs heureux.

O happy hour, O days of days!  
For the joy that this bond now is blest from  
above.

O Lord most high, Thine be the praise  
From these two happy hearts in love.

O happy hour, O days of days!  
God on high, God on high, God on high,  
Unto Thee be praise! Praise to Thee, Lord  
above,

Thou hast blest their (our) love!

*Curtain.*

**PART II**

*A street in Verona. Capulet's house.*

*Enter Stephano.*

**Stephano**

Depuis hier, je cherche en vain mon maître  
Est-il encor chez vous, messeigneurs Capulets?  
Voyons un peu si vos dignes valets  
A ma voix, ce matin, oseront reparaitre.

I've searched all night and cannot find my  
master. Perhaps he's still inside, in the  
Capulets' palace? Now we shall see if the  
ill-tempered knaves have an ear for a song,  
or prefer to stay in hiding.

Que fais-tu blanche tourterelle,  
Dans ce nid de vautours?  
Quelque jour, déployant ton aile,  
Tu suivras les amours.  
Aux vautours, il faut la bataille  
Pour frapper d'estoc et de taille  
Leurs becs sont aiguisés  
Laisse là ces oiseaux de proie,  
Tourterelle qui fais la joie  
Des amoureux baisers.

Gentle dove, tell me why you linger  
Where the wild vultures lie?  
Gentle dove, spread your snowy pinions,  
Love will call, bye and bye.  
For the vultures have paws to bite with,  
They have beaks to tear, and claws to fight  
with  
Too sharp for any dove.  
Gentle dove, leave them all behind you;  
Fly away where they cannot find you,  
For you were made for love.

Gardez-bien la belle  
Qui vivra verra!  
Votre tourterelle  
Vous échappera.

Un ramier, loin du vert bocage,  
Par l'amour attiré,  
A l'entour de ce nid sauvage  
A, je crois, soupiré.  
Les vautours sont à la curée;  
Leurs chansons, que fuit Cythérée,  
Résonnent à grand bruit;  
Cependant, en leur douce ivresse  
Nos amants content leur tendresse  
Aux astres de la nuit . . .

Gardez-bien la belle  
Qui vivra verra!  
Votre tourterelle  
Vous échappera.

Watch your dainty pigeon  
Like the hawks you are!  
It might well surprise you  
She could fly so far!  
Came the day when a glossy ring-dove  
Thought to find him a bride;  
And he came to the rocky summit  
Where the wild vultures hide.  
But the vultures had gone away,  
They were fighting for another prey  
Their clamor filled the air.  
So the dove, by his tender wooing,  
Sweet caresses, and lovingly cooing  
Has won his lady fair.

Watch your dainty pigeon  
Like the hawks you are!  
It might well surprise you  
She could fly so far!  
It might well surprise you  
She could fly so far!

*Gregorio and several menservants come out of the house.*

**Stephano**

Ah, ah, voici nos gens . . .

Ah! They're coming out!

**Gregorio**

Qui diable à notre porte  
S'en vient roucouler de la sorte?

The devil take that youngster! How long must  
we stand for his warbling?

**Stephano**

La chanson leur déplaît.

It appears that my song is not quite to his  
taste.

**Gregorio**

Mais, pardieu, n'est-ce point  
Celui que nous chassions hier la dague au  
poing?

Say, my lads, isn't he the boy who led us such  
a chase, and got away?

**Chorus**

C'est lui-même. L'audace est forte.

Not a doubt of it! The little rascal!

**Stephano**

Gardez bien la belle  
Qui vivra verra!  
Votre tourterelle  
Vous échappera.

Watch your dainty pigeon  
Like the hawks you are!  
It might well surprise you  
She could fly so far!  
It might well surprise you  
She could fly so far!

**Gregorio**

Est-ce pour nous narguer, mon jeune  
camarade,  
Que vous nous régalez de votre sérénade?

Did you come here to plague us, my saucy  
young musician, or why do you repeat that  
childish composition?

**Stephano**

J'aime la musique.

I am fond of music.

**Gregorio**

C'est clair;  
On t'aura sur le dos, en pareille équipée,  
Cassé ta guitare, mon cher.

Too bad, too bad! One more joke and, by gad,  
I will put my foot right through your guitar,  
my lad!

**Stephano**

Pour guitare j'ai mon épée,  
Et j'en sais jouer plus d'un air.

With my guitar, I still have a sword.  
I know more than one pretty chord.

**Gregorio**

Ah, pardieu, pour cette musique  
On peut te donner la réplique.

Call the tune, if you can, sir! And I will give  
you the answer!

**Stephano**

Viens donc en prendre une leçon.

Come on, I'll show you how it's done.

**Gregorio**

En garde.

On guard, sir!

**Chorus**

Écoutons leur chanson;  
Quelle rage  
Vertudieu  
Bon courage,  
Et franc jeu!  
Voyez comme  
Cet enfant

Contre un homme  
Se défend!  
Fine lame,  
Sur mon âme  
Il se bat  
En soldat.

Gather round, gather round and watch the  
fun. He's a quick one! Look at that! He's a  
slick one! What a smart little brat! Though  
he's nothing but a lad, he's a tiger when he's  
mad. He is fighting like a soldier! Let him  
win if he can, for he fights like a man!

*Enter Mercutio and Benvolio. Mercutio draws his sword and interrupts the combat.*

**Mercutio**

Attaquer un enfant.  
Morbleu, c'est une honte  
Digne des Capulets!  
Tels maîtres, tels valets.

Would you fight with a boy? For shame!  
But you are Capulets. Why should I be  
surprised? Like master, like man.

*Enter Tybalt.*

**Tybalt**

Vous avez la parole prompte,  
Monsieur . . .

Keep your sword sharper than your tongue,  
my friend!

**Mercutio**

Moins prompte que le bras.

And sharper than your wit!

**Tybalt**

C'est ce qu'il faudrait voir . . .

I'll make you see my point!

**Mercutio**

C'est ce que tu verras.

At least you may try.

*Romeo enters and attempts to separate them.***Romeo**

Arrêtez!

No; No!

**Mercutio**

Roméo!

Romeo!

**Tybalt**

Son démon me l'amène!  
 Trouvez bon que sur vous je lui donne le pas.  
 Vil Montaigu . . . flamberge au vent dégainé . . .  
 Toi qui nous insultas jusqu'en notre maison  
 C'est toi qui vas porter la peine  
 De cette indigne trahison,  
 Toi, dont la bouche maudite  
 A Juliette interdite  
 Osa, je crois, parler tout bas  
 Écoute le seul mot que m'inspire ma haine:  
 Tu n'es qu'un lâche . . .

Romeo here? I've been waiting to meet you!  
 If you please, I would like to explain a few  
 points to your friend. Come, look to your  
 sword! I call you out. On guard, sir. You  
 sneak into my home! You insult those I  
 love! But now I have you at my mercy. I'll  
 make you swallow every word! You with  
 your tongue full of poison, with Juliet in  
 the darkness, and Montague, and even  
 worse! I hate your evil name, but I still  
 know how to name you. You are a villain.

**Romeo**

Allons, tu ne me connais pas,  
 Tybalt . . . et ton insulte est vaine.  
 J'ai dans le coeur des raisons de t'aimer  
 Qui, malgré moi, me viennent désarmer.  
 Je ne suis pas un lâche . . . Adieu.

Alas, what do you really know of me? You  
 have no cause to insult me. Here in my  
 heart, I've a good reason to love you. I am  
 disarmed. Why not leave me in peace? But  
 still I'm not a villain. Adieu.

*He starts to leave.***Tybalt**

Tu crois peut-être  
 Obtenir le pardon de tes offenses, traître?

Does all this mean that you're asking my  
 pardon for your insult? Tell me.

**Romeo**

Je ne t'ai jamais offensé, Tybalt!  
 Le temps des haines est passé.

Tybalt, I have never insulted you. The time  
 for such hatred is past.

**Mercutio**

Tu souffrirais ce nom de lâche?  
 O Roméo, t'ai-je entendu?  
 En bien, donc, si ton bras doit faillir à sa  
 tâche,  
 C'est à moi désormais que l'honneur en est dû.

He called you a villain to your face! Hate him  
 or not, what will you do? My Romeo, if  
 your sword will not give him an answer,  
 then the honor is mine. Let my sword speak  
 for you.

**Romeo**

Mercutio, je t'en conjure . . .

Oh, let it be, my good Mercutio.

**Mercutio**

Non . . . Je vengerai ton injure . . .  
Misérable Tybalt, en garde, et défends-toi.

No! There is a stain on your honor. You shall have your revenge. On guard, Tybalt! On guard!

**Tybalt**

Je suis à toi.

I am your man.

**Romeo**

Écoute-moi.

Stop while you may.

**Mercutio**

Ah, laisse-moi.

No, let me go!

**Chorus**

Bien, sur ma foi.

No, let him fight. The fight is on!

*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*

**Stephano, Benvolio, Mercutio and Montagues**

Capulets . . . race immonde  
Frémissez de terreur.  
Et que l'enfer seconde  
Sa haine et sa fureur.

Capulets, Capulets, sons of evil Capulets!  
Capulets! Spawn of traitors, your time is at hand! Your time is at hand! Your time is at hand! Make your stand! And may the power of darkness be near to guide our aim, so all the world may soon forget your name, your evil name!

**Tybalt, Paris, Gregorio and Capulets**

Montaigus . . . race immonde.  
Frémissez de terreur  
Et que l'enfer seconde  
Sa haine et sa fureur.

Montagues, Montagues! Spawn of traitors!  
Montagues, Montagues, sons of evil! Your time is at hand! Your time is at hand! Your time is at hand! Make your stand! And may the power of darkness be near to guide our aim, so all the world may soon forget your name, your evil name!

**Romeo**

Haïne, en malheurs féconde,  
Dois-tu par ta fureur.  
Toujours donner au monde  
Un spectacle d'horreur?

Hatred, hatred! Spawn of Satan. Hatred, hatred, the source of evil! Who can withstand what they demand? The cries of hatred defile all our land.

*Mercutio is wounded.*

**Mercutio**

Ah, blessé! . . .

Ah, I'm done!

**Romeo**

Blessé! . . .

Ah! No!

**Mercutio**

Que le diable  
Soit de vos deux maisons! . . . Pourquoi  
Te jeter entre nous?

A plague, a plague on both your houses! Ah,  
why did you try to interfere?

**Romeo**

O sort impitoyable.  
Secourez-le.

Ah, fate! You have betrayed us. Help him  
away.

**Mercutio**

Soutenez moi.

Help me away.

*He is carried away, dying.***Romeo**

Ah! maintenant, remonte au ciel, prudence  
infâme.  
Et toi, fureur à l'oeil de flamme,  
Sois de mon coeur l'unique loi.  
Tybalt, il n'est ici d'autre lâche que toi.  
A toi.

I was a fool. My friend has paid for all my  
folly. But now my heart cries out for  
vengeance. Now all my law shall be my  
sword. Tybalt, you are the vilest villain  
of all! Have at you!

*They engage. Romeo stabs Tybalt. Enter Capulet. He hurries to Tybalt.***Capulet**

Grand Dieu—Tybalt.

Dear Lord! Its Tybalt!

**Benvolio***To Romeo.*

Sa blessure est mortelle.  
Fuis sans perdre un instant.

I'm afraid he is dying.  
Go, before it's too late.

**Romeo**

Ah, qu'ai-je fait?—  
Moi, fuir, maudit par elle.

What have I done! Ah, now Juliet will hate  
me.

**Benvolio**

C'est la mort qui t'attend.

It is death if you stay.

**Romeo**

Qu'elle vienne donc. Je l'appelle.

What care I for death, if she hate me?

**Tybalt***To Capulet.*

Un dernier mot . . .  
Et sur votre âme—exaucez-moi.

One last request. Give me your promise. . . .  
Swear on your soul.

**Capulet**

Tu seras obéi. Je t'en donne ma foi.

I shall do what you ask, that I swear by my  
soul.

*Enter the Prince.*

**Chorus**

Le duc, le duc.

The Prince!

**Capulet**

Justice.

Avenge us.

**All Capulets**

Justice.

Avenge us.

**Capulet**

C'est Tybalt, mon neveu, tué par Roméo.

It is Tybalt! My nephew! He died by Romeo's hand.

**Romeo**

Il avait le premier frappé Mercutio.  
J'ai vengé mon ami; que mon sort  
s'accomplisse.

But Mercutio was my friend and Tybalt struck him down. So I took my revenge as my honor demanded.

**All**

Justice!

Avenge us!

**The Prince**

Eh, quoi, toujours du sang . . . De vos coeurs  
inhumains  
Rien ne pourra calmer les fureurs criminelles  
Rien ne fera tomber les armes de vos mains  
Et je serai moi même atteint par vos querelles!  
Selon nos lois, ton crime a mérité la mort;  
Mais tu n'es pas l'agresseur; je t'exile.

Ah yes. The feud once more. Are your hearts made of stone? When will you ever cease from your folly and hatred! When will you ever learn to live without a sword! Who knows who may be next, when men give in to madness! You killed a man, the law is that you, too, must die. But since Tybalt first was to blame, you are banished.

**Romeo**

Ciel . . .

Ah!

**The Prince**

Et vous dont la haine, en prétextes fertile,  
Entretient la discorde et l'effroi dans la ville,  
Prêtez tous devant moi le serment solennel  
D'obéissance aux lois et du prince et du ciel.

And you who are always prepared to start a quarrel, who disgrace our fair city with hatred and murder, you shall swear on your lives that this slaughter shall cease, that you will obey our laws and live in peace!

**Romeo**

Ah! Jour de deuil et d'horreur et d'alarmes!  
Mon coeur se brise, éperdu de douleur.  
Injuste arrêt qui trop tard nous désarmes,  
Tu mets le comble à ce jour de malheur.  
Je vois périr dans le sang et les larmes  
Tous les espoirs et les vœux de mon coeur.

Day of despair! Day of death! Day of sadness!  
Ah, day of grief and of heart-break and pain! All we have lost in, a moment of madness, never, ah, never returning again! Farewell the joy and the hope and the gladness, farewell the happiness I longed for in vain.

**Prince, Capulet, Stephano, Benvolio and Chorus**

Ah! Jour de deuil et d'horreur et d'alarmes!  
 Mon coeur se brise éperdu de douleur!  
 Trop juste arrêt où s'émeussent leurs armes,  
 Tu viens trop tard dans ce jour de malheur!  
 (Injuste arrêt qui trop  
 Tôt nous désarmes,  
 Tu mets le comble à ce jour de malheur!)

Day of despair! Day of death! Day of sadness!  
 Ah, day of grief and of heart-break and  
 pain! All we have lost in a moment of  
 madness, never, ah, never returning again!  
 Farewell the joy and the hope and the  
 gladness, farewell the sons we have lost all  
 in vain.

**The Prince**

Tu quitteras la ville dès ce soir.

You must leave the city by tonight.

**Romeo**

L'exil, non! je mourrai, mais je veux la revoir.

How can I go? An exile! Ah no! No! Even  
 death shall not keep me from her!

**Chorus**

La paix? non! non! jamais!

Peace! No, no, no, no! Revenge!

## END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

*Juliet's chamber. It is night. The room is lit by a torch.*

**Juliet**

Va, je t'ai pardonné, Tybalt voulait ta mort;  
 Sil n'avait succombé, tu succombais toi-même  
 Loin de moi la douleur, loin de moi le remords  
 Il te haïssait . . . et je t'aime.

Ah, what need to forgive? I know Tybalt is  
 slain, but if he had not died, he would have  
 slain my husband. What regret can I know?  
 What remorse should I feel? Tybalt was  
 your foe, and I love you!

**Romeo**

Ah, redis-le. ce mot si doux

Ah, once again, once again let me hear that  
 word.

**Juliet**

Je t'aime, ô Roméo je t'aime, ô mon époux.

I love you, my dearest love. I love you, O my  
 beloved!

**Juliet and Romeo**

Nuit d'hyménée  
 O douce nuit d'amour;  
 La destinée  
 M'enchaîne à toi sans retour.

Night all-enchanted.  
 Ah, happy night of bliss.  
 Ah, blessed destiny  
 To seal our love with a kiss!



O volupté de vivre  
O charmes tout-puissants;  
Ton doux regard m'enivre  
Ta voix ravit mes sens.  
Sous tes baisers de flamme,  
Le ciel rayonne en moi  
Je t'ai donné mon âme  
A toi . . . toujours à toi!

One in the sight of heaven,  
We two shall never part.

Ah, take the love I offer,  
And take my heart!

My dearest love!  
Oh take my heart!

**Juliet**

Roméo, qu'as tu donc?

Ah, Romeo! You are sad?

**Romeo**

Ecoute, ô Juliette,  
L'alouette déjà nous annonce le jour.

My love, do you not hear it? The song of the  
lark with its warning of day?

**Juliet**

Non . . . ne pars encor . . . Ce n'est pas l'alouette  
Dont le chant a frappé ton oreille inquiète;  
C'est le doux rossignol, confident de l'amour.

Ah, no, it is not the day, nor the lark, O my  
darling. What you hear singing there is the  
bird of lovers. It is the nightingale, it is  
not the lark!

**Romeo**

Vienne donc la mort . . . Je reste.

Ah, even if I die, I cannot leave you!

**Juliet**

Ah, tu dis vrai . . . C'est le jour . . . fuis . . .  
Il faut quitter ta Juliette.

No! You must go! It is day, oh my beloved,  
you must leave me.

**Roméo**

Non, ce n'est pas le jour, ce n'est pas l'alouette.  
C'est le doux rossignol, confident de l'amour.

No, no! It is not the day, nor the lark, oh my  
darling! It is the nightingale, it is not the  
lark!

**Juliet**

C'est l'alouette, hélas, messagère du jour  
Pars, ma vie . . .

It is the lark I hear, the herald of the morn.  
Go, my darling.

**Romeo**

Un baiser, et je pars . . .

One kiss, and I go.

**Juliet**

Loi cruelle.

Ah, to lose you! Ah, to lose you!

**Romeo**

Ah, reste, reste encor dans mes bras enlacés.  
Un jour il sera doux à notre amour fidèle  
De se ressouvenir de ses tourments passés.

Beloved, let me stay in your tender embrace!  
Let me stay, let me stay! And dream of the  
day when we shall be together, when all  
the woes that part us shall have passed away.

**Juliet**

Il faut partir hélas  
 Il faut quitter ces bras  
 Où je te presse,  
 Et t'arracher à cette ardente ivresse.

Yes, you must leave me now. My arms must let you go. It is the morning, the day that brings us only pain and yearning. Ah, why has fortune so cast us away? Why must we dread the returning of the day?

**Romeo**

Il faut partir, hélas  
 Alors qu'entre ses bras  
 Elle me presse  
 Et l'arracher à cette ardente ivresse.

Yes, I must leave you now, my arms must let you go! And we must part. But I shall hold you ever in my heart. You are forever in my heart.

**Juliet**

Adieu, ma vie . . .

Farewell, my love, my life!

**Romeo**

Adieu, mon âme.

Farewell, oh my beloved!

*Romeo goes to the balcony and disappears.*

**Juliet**

Anges du ciel, à vous je le confie . . .

The day has come, O day of weeping. Angels of heaven, take my love forever in your keeping!

*Enter Gertrude.*

**Gertrude**

Juliette, . . . Ah, le ciel soit loué . . . Votre époux est parti. Voici votre père.

Juliet! Ah, praise be to heaven that your husband is gone, for here comes your father.

**Juliet**

Grand dieu saurait-il? . . .

Ah! Does he know?

**Gertrude**

Rien, j'espère . . . Frère Laurent le suit.

No. No, I hope not. The priest is here as well.

**Juliet**

Seigneur protége-nous.

O Lord, protect us all!

*Enter Capulet with Friar Lawrence.*

**Capulet**

Quoi, ma fille, la nuit est à peine achevée,  
 Et tes yeux sont ouverts, et te voilà levée?  
 Hélas notre souci, je le vois, est pareil,  
 Et les mêmes regrets hâtent notre réveil.  
 Que l'hymne nuptial succède au bruit des  
 armes!  
 Fidèle au dernier vœu que Tybalt a formé,  
 Reçois de lui l'époux que sa bouche a nommé;  
 Souris au milieu de tes larmes.

Well, my child, this fateful night is scarcely over, yet I find you awake. I find you up so early! Alas, your grief and mine are the same, that I see. And the same deep regret saddens both you and me. But now the wedding bell shall drown the sound of sorrow, fulfilling Tybalt's prayer which he whispered as he died. Therefore, for Tybalt's sake, take the man he preferred. Prepare for your wedding feast tomorrow.

**Juliet**

Cet époux, quel est-il?

And the name of the man?

**Capulet**

Le plus noble entre tous. Le comte Pâris

The bravest of them all, the noble Paris!

**Juliet**

Dieu!

Ah!

**Friar Lawrence**

*To Juliet, in a low voice.*

Silence.

Be silent. Now, be calm!

**Gertrude**

*To Juliet, in a low voice.*

Calmez-vous.

Now, be calm! Now, be calm!

**Capulet**

L'autel est préparé, Pâris a ma parole  
Soyez unis tous deux sans attendre à demain;  
Que l'ombre de Tybalt, présente à cet hymen,  
S'apaise enfin et se console.  
La volonté des morts,  
Comme celle de Dieu lui-même,  
Est une loi sainte, une loi suprême;  
Nous devons respecter la volonté des morts.

The altar is prepared. Our kinsmen have  
consented. Indeed, we'll not delay! Let the  
marriage be today! And then may Tybalt's  
ghost, well pleased with what we do, lie  
quiet, and may his spirit be contented.  
Death has a holy claim, and the mandates  
of Heaven require of us all the sacred duty  
that the dead desire of us.  
We must bow to the will of our beloved dead.

**Juliet**

*Aside.*

Ne crains rien, Roméo mon coeur est sans  
remords.

Ah, my love, do not fear! My love will never  
die.

**Gertrude**

Dans leur tombe laissons dormir en paix les  
morts.

Heaven keep them, bless all our dead, where'er  
they lie!

**Friar Lawrence**

*Aside.*

Elle tremble . . . et mon coeur partage ses  
remords.

Heaven help her, now my heart repeats her  
troubled cry.

**Capulet**

Frère Laurent saura te dicter ton devoir!  
Nos amis vont venir; je vais les recevoir.

You, holy Father, shall instruct her in her vow.  
Soon our friends will arrive. I go to meet them  
now.

*Exit, followed by Gertrude.*

**Juliet**

Mon père  
 Tout m'accable, tout est perdu,  
 J'ai, pour vous obéir,  
 Caché mon désespoir et mon amour coupable.  
 C'est à vous de me secourir,  
 A vous de m'arracher à mon sort misérable.  
 Parlez, mon père . . . ou bien je suis prête à mourir.

Father, you must help me! What shall I do?  
 You told me to be silent, to hide my despair,  
 not to betray my secret. I obeyed, trusting  
 your advice. And now, now you must help  
 me escape from this torment. Oh, help me,  
 Father! Speak now, or I have no choice but  
 to die!

**Friar Lawrence**

Ainsi la mort ne trouble point votre âme? To die? To die? You do not fear to die, then?

**Juliet**

Non, non, plutôt la mort que ce mensonge infâme. No, no! I'd sooner die than live in such betrayal.

**Friar Lawrence**

*Gives Juliet a flask.*

Buvez donc ce breuvage et, des membres au  
 coeur,  
 Va soudain se répandre une froide langueur,  
 De la mort mensongère image;  
 Dans vos veines bientôt le sang s'arrêtera;  
 Bientôt un pâleur livide effacera  
 Les roses de votre visage.  
 Vos yeux seront fermés ainsi que dans la mort;  
 En vain éclateront alors les cris d'alarmes:  
 "Elle n'est plus" diront vos compagnes en  
 larmes  
 Et les anges du ciel répondront: "Elle dort."  
 C'est là qu'après un jour votre corps et votre  
 âme,  
 Comme d'un foyer mort se ranime la flamme,  
 Sortiront enfin de ce lourd sommeil.  
 Par l'ombre protégée, votre époux et moi-  
 même  
 Nous épirons votre réveil,  
 Et vous fuirez aux bras de celui qui vous aime.  
 Hésitez vous?

Then tonight, in your chamber, you must  
 drink of this draught, and a cold, drowsy  
 languor will creep through your veins, like  
 a chill semblance of dying. Then your pulses  
 will fail, the breath choke in your throat.  
 Then soon, the blushes in your cheeks, the  
 roses on your lips, will be changed as if to  
 ashes. Your eyes will fall asleep and close  
 as if in death. Your ears never will hear  
 the cries of the friends around you, "She  
 is no more, she is no more!" For thus they  
 will mourn for your passing; and the angels  
 of Heaven will reply, "She is sleeping, she  
 is sleeping. She is sleeping." And then will  
 come the hour when your spirit returning  
 is kindled like a spark on the cold embers  
 burning; and you will wake in your silent  
 tomb. But Romeo and I will be watching  
 beside you. We will be waiting when you  
 waken in the gloom. Then you may go your  
 way with him you love to guide you.  
 Are you afraid?

**Juliet**

*She quickly drinks the contents of the flask.*

Non, non, à votre main  
 J'abandonne ma vie.

No! No! I trust my life and my soul to your  
 wisdom.

**Friar Lawrence**

A demain!

Till tomorrow!

**Juliet**

A demain!

Till tomorrow!

*Exit Friar Lawrence.*

*Capulet comes to escort Juliet to her marriage to Paris. Gertrude and Paris are with him. Members of the Capulet household are in attendance.*

**Capulet**

Ma fille, cède aux vœux du fiancé qui t'aime!  
Le ciel va vous unir par des noeuds éternels!  
De cet hymen béni voici l'instant suprême!  
Le bonheur vous attend au pied des saints autels!

My daughter, come with me where your true  
love awaits you,  
Come, oh come for the blessing from heaven  
descending!  
Come to the marriage-feast of love never  
ending!  
You shall find at the altar all the joy of love,  
Happiness, and the blessing of the Lord above!

**Juliet**

*The sleeping potion is beginning to take effect.*

La haine est le berceau de cet amour fatal!  
Que le cercueil soit mon lit nuptial!

Hate was the cradle of our ill-fated love!  
Now may the grave be my marriage-bed!

**Capulet**

Juliette! reviens à toi!

Juliet! What is wrong?

**Juliet**

Ah! soutenez-moi!  
Je chancelle!  
Quelle nuit m'environne? et quelle voix  
m'appelle?  
Est-ce la mort? j'ai peur! mon pere, adieu!

Ah! Come to my aid!  
I am falling!  
What is the night that surrounds me? What  
voice do I hear?  
Can it be death? I am afraid! Oh, father,  
farewell!

**Capulet**

Juliette! ma fille! ah! morte!

Juliet! My daughter! Ah! Dead!

**Gertrude, Paris, Capulet and Chorus**

Morte! juste Dieu!

Dead! God in heaven!

*Curtain.*

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

*The Capulet's tomb. Juliet lies on a catafalque in a death-like trance.*

## Romeo

C'est là . . .  
 Salut, tombeau sombre et silencieux!  
 Un tombeau . . . non . . . ô demeure plus belle  
 Que le séjour même des cieux!  
 Salut! Palais splendide et radieux.  
 Ah, la voilà . . . c'est elle . . .  
 Viens, funèbre clarté, viens l'offrir à mes yeux.  
 O ma femme! O ma bien aimée!  
 La mort, en aspirant ton haleine embaumée,  
 N'a pas altéré ta beauté.  
 Non! Non! Cette beauté que j'adore  
 Sur ton front calme et pur semble regner encore  
 Et sourire à l'éternité!  
 Pourquoi me la rendes-tu si belle, ô mort livide?  
 Est-ce pour me jeter plus vite dans ses bras?  
 Va! C'est le seul bonheur dont mon coeur  
 soit avide  
 Et ta proie aujourd'hui ne t'échappera pas.  
 Ah, je te contemple sans crainte,  
 Tombe où je vais enfin près d'elle reposer . . .  
 O mes bras, donnez-lui votre dernière étreinte.  
 Mes lèvres, donnez-lui votre dernier baiser.  
 A toi . . . ma Juliette!

At last! This tomb, this tomb, grave of a lover's dreams. Ah, no, no, no! Here is where my beloved sleeps like a rose in the night! No tomb, no grave with her angel of light. Ah, there she lies in her beauty! Sooner far than I knew, I return to her side. My love, my wife, why are you still so fair? Even death, that has sucked the honey of your breath, has no power, yet, upon your beauty. No, no! Here are the lips that have loved me, here the face I adore, here are the arms that held me, and shall hold me forevermore! O death, why have you left my love in all her beauty? Is it to drive me sooner still into her arms? Ah, no, you need not fear that I shall seek to escape you! It will not be so long till you shall have me, too. Here is where my heart finds its haven, here I shall find my home, my everlasting rest. Eyes, look your last! Weary arms, O take your last embrace! And lips! Thus I lived, thus with a kiss I die.  
 I drink to my beloved!

*He drinks from a small flask of poison.*

## Juliet

Où suis-je? . . .

Ah!

## Romeo

*He drops the flask.*

Dieu . . . je rêve?  
 Sa bouche a murmuré . . .  
 Mes doigts, en frémissant,  
 Ont senti dans les siens la chaleur de son sang.  
 Elle me regarde et se lève.

I am dreaming! I am dreaming! I thought I heard her speak. I thought, touching her hand, when I held it in mine, it was warm and alive. She is looking at me! She is smiling!

## Juliet

Roméo . . . Roméo . . .

Ah, Romeo!

## Romeo

Seigneur Dieu tout-puissant.  
 Elle vit, elle vit. . . Juliette est vivante! . . .

God in heaven above! She lives! She lives!  
 Ah, she is living!

**Juliet**

Dieu, quelle est cette voix  
Dont la douceur m'enchanté?

Ah, the sound of a voice calling my heart to  
life again!

**Romeo**

C'est moi . . . C'est ton époux  
Qui, tremblant de bonheur,  
Embrasse tes genoux,  
Qui ramène à ton cœur  
La lumière enivrante  
De l'amour et des cieux.

It is I, love, it is I. I am here at your side to  
take you in my arms! You are here in my  
heart like a light in my darkness, like the  
sun in the morning! Bringing life to my  
soul!

**Juliet**

Ah, c'est toi . . .

You and I!

**Romeo**

Viens, fuyons tous deux . . .

Come, come, we live again!

**Juliet and Romeo**

Viens, fuyons au bout du monde,  
Viens, dans une paix profonde  
Cacher nos cœurs amoureux.  
O pur bonheur, ô joie immense,  
Dieu de bonté, Dieu de clémence,  
Sois béni par deux cœurs heureux.

Come, our life is just beginning! Come, the  
world is fair! For we live again! We love  
again! Come. O happy hour, O day of days!  
God on high, God on high, God on high,  
unto Thee be praise.

**Romeo**

*Staggering.*

Ah, les parents ont tous des entrailles de pierre.

Ah! So, at last, the hatred of our fathers  
divides us!

**Juliet**

Roméo, que dis-tu? . . .

O my love, what is wrong?

**Romeo**

Ni larmes, ni prière,  
Rien, rien ne peut les attendrir . . .  
A la porte des cieux, Juliette . . .  
Et mourir . . .

No tears, no prayers, ah, nothing moves their  
angry hearts! My hour is at hand. Oh, my  
darling, my hour is at hand! I must die.

**Juliet**

Mourir? . . . Ah, la fièvre t'égare  
De toi quel délire s'empare?  
Mon bien aimé, rappelle ta raison.

Die! Ah, my love, this is madness! Oh, why  
do you speak of dying? We are alive, to  
live together in love!

**Romeo**

Hélas je te croyais morte . . . et j'ai bu ce  
poison.

Alas, I thought that you were dead. I . . .  
I drank this poison.

**Juliet***Sees the empty flask on the floor and picks it up.*

Ce poison . . . juste Ciel . . .

Ah, no! God in heav'n!

**Romeo**

Console-toi, pauvre âme  
 Le rêve état trop beau.  
 L'amour, céleste flamme,  
 Survit, même au tombeau;  
 Il soulève la pierre,  
 Et, des anges béni,  
 Comme un flot de lumière  
 Se perd dans l'infini . . .

All men must die, my darling,  
 As night must end the day.  
 Our life is as a flower  
 That soon fades away.  
 But our dreams live forever  
 When all our songs are sung.  
 So our love shall not perish  
 Our love, forever young!

**Juliet**

O douleur . . . ô torture . . .

Ah, dear heart! Ah, my darling!

**Romeo**

Ecoute, ô Juliette . . .  
 L'alouette déjà nous annonce le jour . . .  
 Non . . . ce n'est pas le jour . . .  
 Ce n'est pas l'alouette . . .  
 C'est le doux rossignol confident de l'amour.

My love, do you not hear it? The song of the  
 lark with its warning of day! No, no! it is  
 not the day! Nor the lark, oh my darling!  
 It is the nightingale, it is not the lark!

**Juliet**

Cruel époux, de ce poison funeste  
 Tu ne mas pas laissé ma part . . .

Ah, there's nothing left!  
 Now what shall help me after? No friendly  
 drop is left for me.

*She reaches for Romeo's dagger.*

Ah, fortuné poignard, viens . . .  
 Ton secours me reste.

Ah, here is my release!  
 We shall never part again.

*She stabs herself.***Romeo**

Dieu . . . qu'as tu fait? . . .

Ah, what have you done?

**Juliet**

Va, ce moment est doux!  
 Oh joie infinie et suprême  
 De mourir avec toi . . . Viens . . . un baiser . . .  
 Je t'aime . . .

Love, it is sweet to die, to die with my love  
 here beside me, mine in life, mine in death.  
 Ah, one kiss, beloved.

**Juliet and Romeo**

Seigneur, Seigneur, pardonnez nous . . .

To live in love, in love to die!

*They fall together, dead.*

THE END