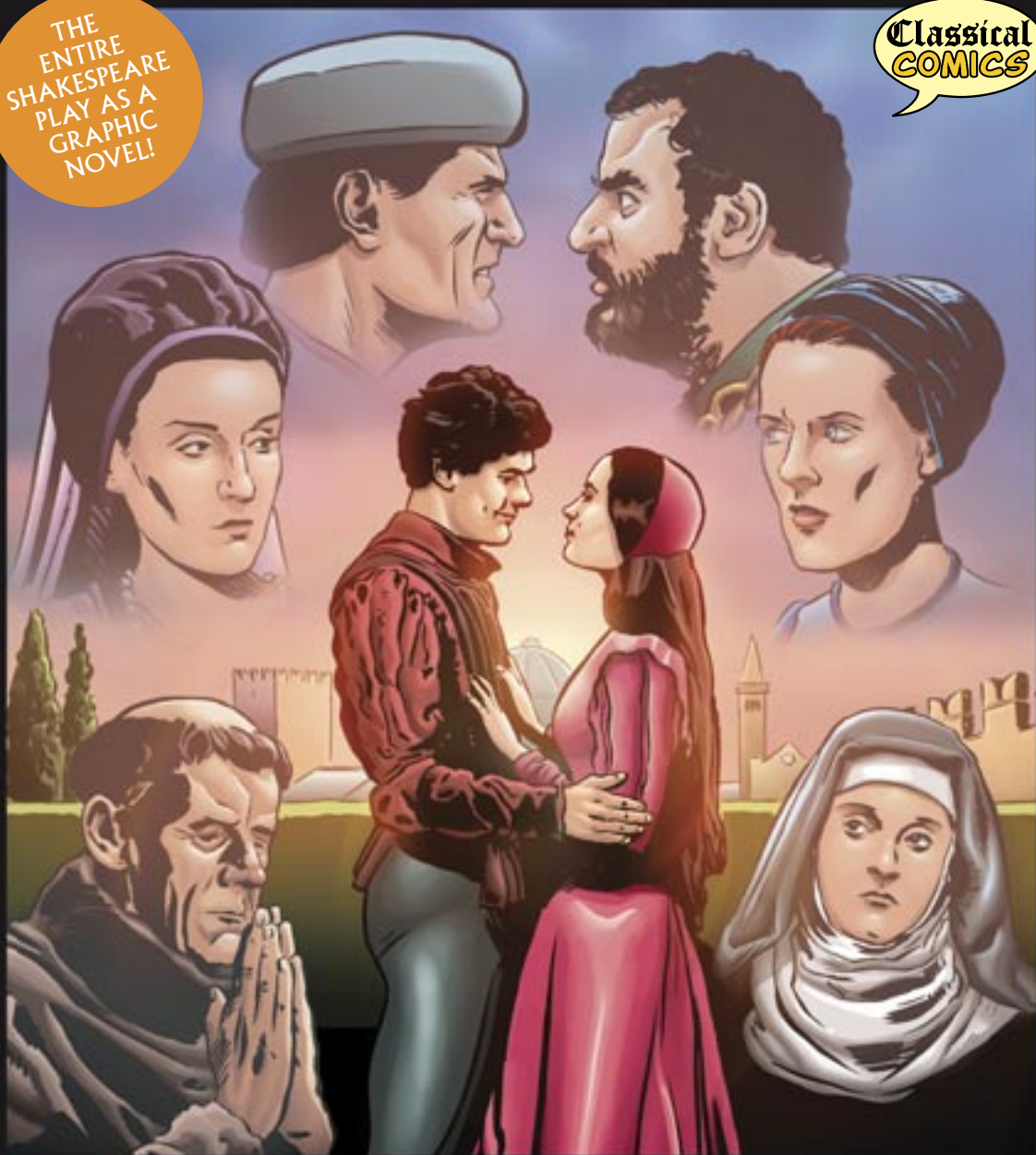


THE  
ENTIRE  
SHAKESPEARE  
PLAY AS A  
GRAPHIC  
NOVEL!

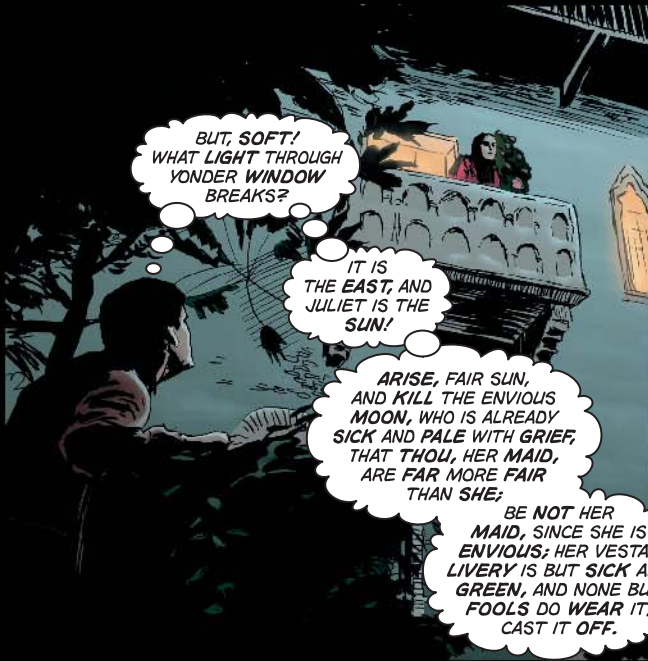
Classical  
COMICS



# Romeo & Juliet

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL  
William Shakespeare

Original Text  
Plain Text  
Quick Text



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,  
ARE 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.



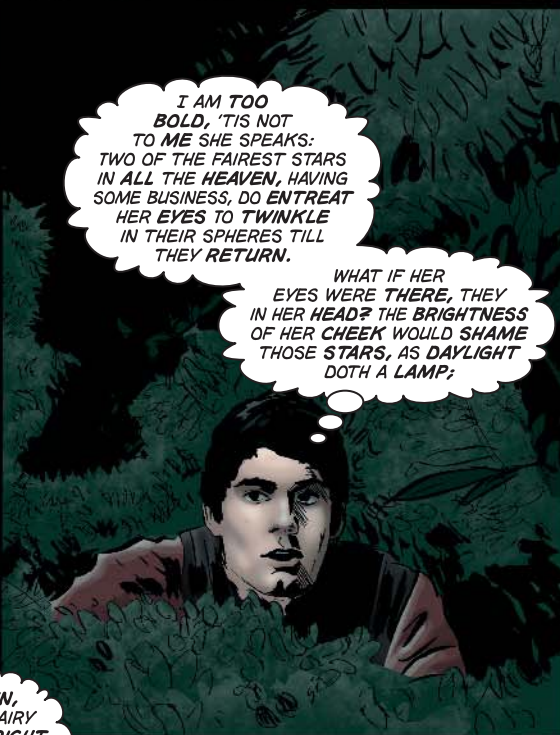
IT IS MY LADY;  
O! IT IS MY LOVE:  
O, THAT SHE KNEW  
SHE WERE!



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  
DOETH 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!

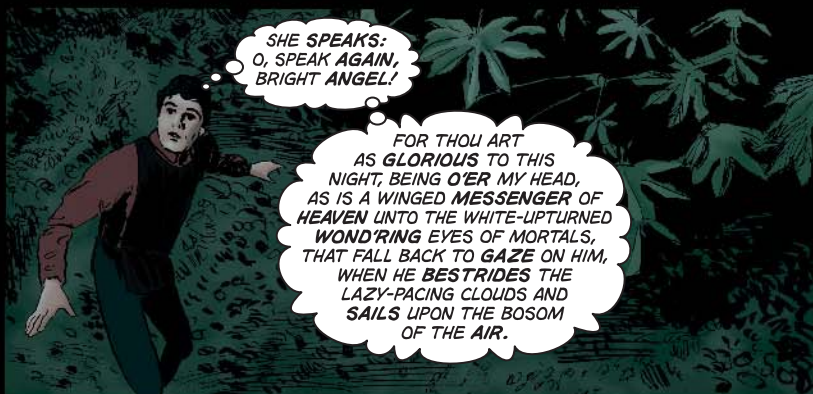
O! THAT  
I WERE A GLOVE  
UPON THAT HAND,  
THAT I MIGHT TOUCH  
THAT CHEEK!





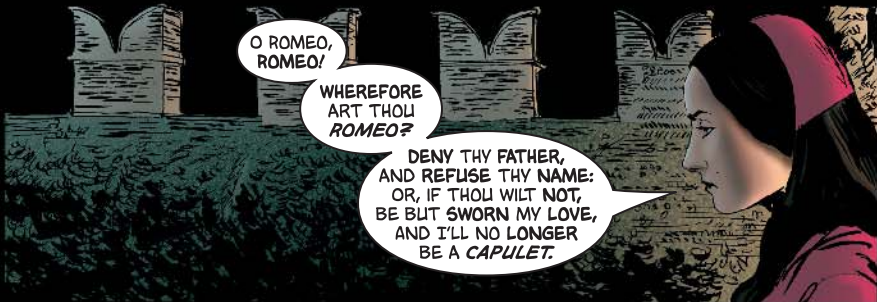


AY ME!



SHE SPEAKS:  
O, SPEAK AGAIN,  
BRIGHT ANGEL!

FOR THOU ART  
AS GLORIOUS TO THIS  
NIGHT, BEING O'ER MY HEAD,  
AS IS A WINGED MESSENGER OF  
HEAVEN UNTO THE WHITE-UPTURNED  
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.



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.



SHALL I  
HEAR MORE, OR  
SHALL I SPEAK  
AT THIS?



'TIS BUT THY  
NAME THAT IS MY ENEMY:  
THOU ART THYSELF THOUGH,  
NOT A MONTAGUE.

WHAT'S  
MONTAGUE?

IT IS NOT  
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 WORD  
WOULD SMELL AS  
SWEET;

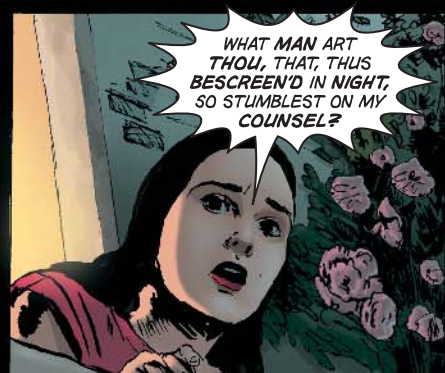
SO ROMEO  
WOULD, WERE HE NOT  
ROMEO CALL'D, RETAIN THAT  
DEAR PERFECTION WHICH  
HE OWES, WITHOUT  
THAT TITLE.

ROMEO,  
DOFF THY NAME; AND  
FOR THY NAME, WHICH  
IS NO PART OF THEE,  
TAKE ALL MYSELF!



I TAKE THEE  
AT THY WORD.  
CALL ME BUT LOVE,  
AND I'LL BE NEW  
BAPTIS'D;

HENCEFORTH  
I NEVER WILL  
BE ROMEO.



WHAT MAN ART  
THOU, THAT, THUS  
BESCREEN'D IN NIGHT,  
SO STUMBLEST ON MY  
COUNSEL?





BY A NAME  
I KNOW NOT HOW  
TO TELL THEE WHO  
I AM:

MY NAME,  
DEAR SAINT, IS HATEFUL  
TO MYSELF, BECAUSE IT IS  
AN ENEMY TO THEE: HAD  
I IT WRITTEN, I WOULD  
TEAR THE WORD.

MY EARS  
HAVE YET NOT DRUNK  
A HUNDRED WORDS OF  
THY TONGUE'S UTTERING,  
YET I KNOW THE  
SOUND.

ART THOU  
NOT ROMEO, AND A  
MONTAGUE?



NEITHER,  
FAIR MAID, IF  
EITHER THEE  
DISLIKE.

HOW CAN'ST  
THOU HITHER,  
TELL ME, AND  
WHEREFORE?

THE ORCHARD  
WALLS ARE HIGH, AND  
HARD TO CLIMB; AND THE  
PLACE DEATH, CONSIDERING  
WHO THOU ART, IF ANY  
OF MY KINSMEN FIND  
THEE HERE.



WITH LOVE'S LIGHT  
WINGS DID I O'ERPERCH  
THESE WALLS; FOR STONY  
LIMITS CANNOT HOLD  
LOVE OUT:

AND WHAT LOVE  
CAN DO, THAT DARES LOVE  
ATTEMPT; THEREFORE THY  
KINSMEN ARE NO STOP  
TO ME.

IF THEY DO  
SEE THEE, THEY  
WILL MURDER  
THEE.



ALACK!  
THERE LIES MORE  
PERIL IN THINE EYE THAN  
TWENTY OF THEIR  
SWORDS:

LOOK THOU  
BUT SWEET, AND  
I AM PROOF AGAINST  
THEIR ENMITY.

I WOULD  
NOT FOR THE  
WORLD THEY SAW  
THEE HERE.



I HAVE NIGHT'S CLOAK TO  
HIDE ME FROM THEIR EYES;  
AND, BUT THOU LOVE ME,  
LET THEM FIND  
ME HERE:

MY LIFE WERE  
BETTER ENDED BY  
THEIR HATE, THAN DEATH  
PROROGUED, WANTING  
OF THY LOVE.

BY WHOSE  
DIRECTION FOUN'D'ST  
THOU OUT THIS  
PLACE?





BY LOVE, THAT FIRST DID  
PROMPT ME TO INQUIRE;  
HE LENT ME COUNSEL, AND  
I LENT HIM EYES.

I AM NO  
PILOT; YET, WERT  
THOU AS FAR AS THAT VAST  
SHORE WASH'D WITH THE  
FARTHEST SEA, I WOULD  
ADVENTURE FOR SUCH  
MERCHANDISE.

THOU KNOW'ST  
THE MASK OF NIGHT  
IS ON MY FACE; ELSE  
WOULD A MAIDEN BLUSH  
BEPAINT MY CHEEK, FOR  
THAT WHICH THOU HAST  
HEARD ME SPEAK  
TO-NIGHT.



FAIN WOULD  
I DWELL ON FORM, FAIR,  
FAIN DENY WHAT I HAVE  
SPOKE; BUT FAREWELL  
COMPLIMENT!

DOST THOU  
LOVE ME? I KNOW  
THOU WILT SAY 'AY',  
AND I WILL TAKE  
THY WORD;

YET, IF THOU  
SWEAR'ST, THOU MAY'ST  
PROVE FALSE: AT LOVERS'  
PERJURIES, THEY SAY,  
JOVE LAUGHS.



O GENTLE ROMEO/  
IF THOU DOST LOVE,  
PRONOUNCE IT  
FAITHFULLY:

OR, IF THOU  
THINK'ST I AM TOO  
QUICKLY WON, I'LL FROWN,  
AND BE PERVERSE, AND SAY  
THEE NAY, SO THOU WILT WOO;  
BUT, ELSE, NOT FOR  
THE WORLD.

IN TRUTH, FAIR  
MONTAGUE, I AM TOO  
FOND; AND THEREFORE  
THOU MAY'ST THINK MY  
'HAVIOUR LIGHT:



BUT TRUST ME, GENTLEMAN,  
I'LL PROVE MORE TRUE THAN  
THOSE THAT HAVE MORE CUNNING  
TO BE STRANGE.

I SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN MORE  
STRANGE, I MUST CONFESS,  
BUT THAT THOU OVERHEARD'ST,  
ERE I WAS WARE, MY TRUE LOVE'S  
PASSION: THEREFORE PARDON ME;  
AND NOT IMPUTE THIS YIELDING  
TO LIGHT LOVE, WHICH THE  
DARK NIGHT HATH SO  
DISCOVERED.

LADY,  
BY YONDER  
BLESSED MOON I  
SWEAR, THAT TIPS  
WITH SILVER ALL  
THESE FRUIT-TREE  
TOPS, --



GASP!



O, SWEAR NOT BY THE MOON,  
TH'INCONSTANT MOON, THAT  
MONTHLY CHANGES IN HER  
CIRCLED ORB, LEST THAT THY  
LOVE PROVE LIKEWISE  
VARIABLE.

WHAT SHALL  
I SWEAR BY?





DO NOT  
SWEAR AT ALL; OR,  
IF THOU WILT, SWEAR BY THY  
GRACIOUS SELF, WHICH IS THE  
GOD OF MY IDOLATRY, AND  
I'LL BELIEVE THEE.

IF MY  
HEART'S DEAR  
LOVE -



WELL, DO NOT  
SWEAR. ALTHOUGH I JOY  
IN THEE, I HAVE NO JOY  
OF THIS CONTRACT  
TO-NIGHT:

IT IS TOO  
RASH, TOO UNADVISED,  
TOO SUDDEN; TOO LIKE  
THE LIGHTNING, WHICH  
DOETH CEASE TO BE  
ERE ONE CAN SAY  
"IT LIGHTENS."

SWEET  
GOOD NIGHT!



THIS BUD OF LOVE, BY  
SUMMER'S RIPENING BREATH,  
MAY PROVE A BEAUTEOLUS  
FLOWER WHEN NEXT  
WE MEET.

GOOD NIGHT,  
GOOD NIGHT! AS SWEET  
REPOSE AND REST COME  
TO THY HEART AS THAT  
WITHIN MY BREAST!

O! WILT  
THOU LEAVE ME  
UNSATISFIED?

WHAT  
SATISFACTION  
CANST THOU HAVE  
TO-NIGHT?

THE  
EXCHANGE  
OF THY LOVE'S  
FAITHFUL VOW  
FOR MINE.



I GAVE THEE MINE BEFORE  
THOU DIDST REQUEST IT;  
AND YET I WOULD IT WERE  
TO GIVE AGAIN.

WOULDEST  
THOU WITHDRAW IT?  
FOR WHAT PURPOSE,  
LOVE?

BUT TO BE  
FRANK, AND  
GIVE IT THEE  
AGAIN.

AND YET  
I WISH BUT  
FOR THE THING  
I HAVE.



MY BOUNTY  
IS AS BOUNDLESS  
AS THE SEA,  
MY LOVE AS DEEP;  
THE MORE I GIVE  
TO THEE,

THE MORE  
I HAVE, FOR  
BOTH ARE  
INFINITE.





JULIET!

I HEAR  
SOME NOISE  
WITHIN: DEAR  
LOVE, ADIEU!

JULIET!

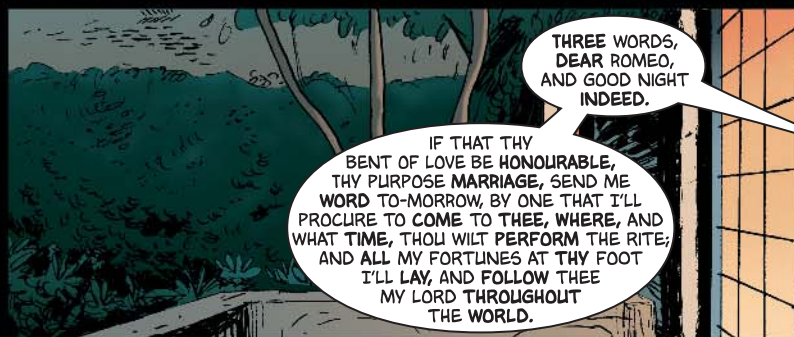
ANON,  
GOOD  
NURSE!



SWEET  
MONTAGUE, BE  
TRUE. STAY BUT  
A LITTLE, I WILL  
COME AGAIN.



O BLESSED,  
BLESSED NIGHT! I AM  
AFEARD, BEING IN NIGHT,  
ALL THIS IS BUT A DREAM,  
TOO FLATTERING-SWEET  
TO BE SUBSTANTIAL.



THREE WORDS,  
DEAR ROMEO,  
AND GOOD NIGHT  
INDEED.

IF THAT THY  
BENT OF LOVE BE HONOURABLE,  
THY PURPOSE MARRIAGE, SEND ME  
WORD TO-MORROW, BY ONE THAT I'LL  
PROCURE TO COME TO THEE, WHERE, AND  
WHAT TIME, THOU WILT PERFORM THE RITE;  
AND ALL MY FORTUNES AT THY FOOT  
I'LL LAY, AND FOLLOW THEE  
MY LORD THROUGHOUT  
THE WORLD.



MADAM!

I COME  
ANON.

- BUT IF  
THOU MEAN'ST  
NOT WELL, I  
DO BESEECH  
THEE -



MADAM!

BY AND  
BY; I  
COME:-



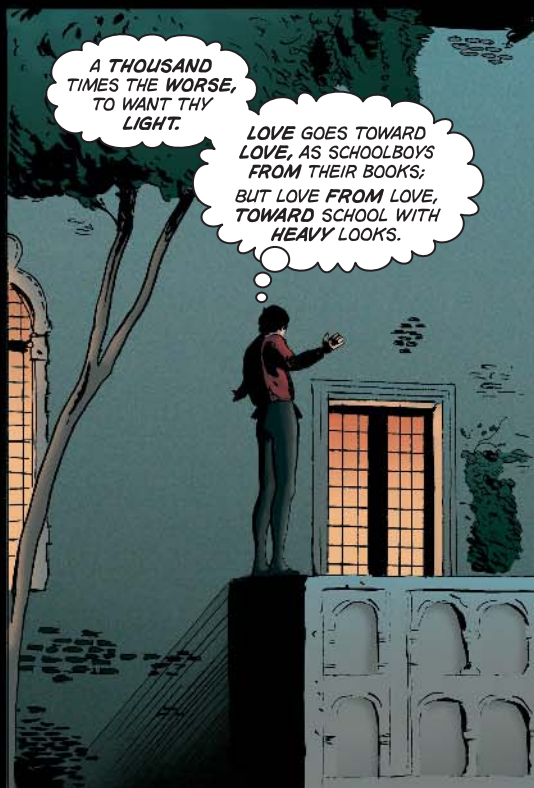
- TO CEASE  
THY SUIT, AND  
LEAVE ME TO MY  
GRIEF: TO-MORROW  
I WILL SEND.

SO THRIVE  
MY SOUL, -



A THOUSAND  
TIMES GOOD  
NIGHT!









'TIS ALMOST MORNING;  
I WOULD HAVE  
THEE GONE:

AND YET NO  
FARTHER THAN A WANTON'S  
BIRD, WHO LETS IT HOP A LITTLE  
FROM HER HAND, LIKE A POOR  
PRISONER IN HIS TWISTED GYVES,  
AND WITH A SILK THREAD PLUCKS IT  
BACK AGAIN, SO LOVING-JEALOUS  
OF HIS LIBERTY.



I WOULD,  
IF I WERE  
THY BIRD.



SWEET,  
SO WOULD I:  
YET I SHOULD KILL  
THEE WITH MUCH  
CHERISHING.

GOOD NIGHT,  
GOOD NIGHT: PARTING  
IS SUCH SWEET SORROW,  
THAT I SHALL SAY GOOD  
NIGHT, TILL IT BE  
MORROW.



SLEEP DWELL  
UPON THINE EYES,  
PEACE IN THY BREAST!  
'WOULD I WERE SLEEP  
AND PEACE, SO SWEET  
TO REST!

HENCE  
WILL I TO MY  
GHOSTLY FATHER'S CELL,  
HIS HELP TO CRAVE,  
AND MY DEAR HAP  
TO TELL.