

The 336 lines
currently expurgated
from Shakespeare's
Romeo and Juliet
in ninth grade
textbooks

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If you are a high school student in the United States, the chances are good that your English literature textbooks have many lines missing from classic texts, often without any notification to you. In the Scribners/Laidlaw (a division of MacMillan) textbook entitled *Understanding Literature* (a many school districts, 336 lines are missing from *Romeo and Juliet*. In the Prentice Hall ninth grade literature textbook, 73 of those same lines are missing. These are only two of the many expurgations in high school textbooks.

Directions for use: Xerox this book so that the words are printed on only one side of the sheet. Cut out the lines and replace them in your textbook where they belong in the play. Pass the book on to another student.

RY OF
LAND
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SIGN

Gift of :

Act I, scene iii
Lines 24-59

And she was weaned (I never shall forget it),
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by th'rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day befor, she broke her brow;
And then my husband (God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man) took up the child.
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holiday,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he,
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'
WIFE Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace.
NURSE Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' It stinted and said 'Ay.'
JULIET And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
NURSE Peace I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Act I, scene iii
Lines 67-68

NURSE An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy
teat.

Line 106

NURSE Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Act I, scene iv
Lines 1-10

ROMEO What, shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
BENVOLIO The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper;
[Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance;]
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Act I, scene iv
Line 28

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Lines 40-50

MERCUTIO Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's
own word!
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickest
up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
ROMEO Nay, that's not so.
MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgments sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
ROMEO And we mean well in going to this masque,
But 'tis no wit to go.
MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?

Act I, scene iv
Lines 88-95

This is that very Mab
that plats the manes of horses in the night
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she--

Act I, scene v
Line 81

You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!

Lines 85-94

For this
 up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.
 BENVOLIO Stop there, stop there!
 MERCUTIO Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against
 the hair.
 BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.
 MERCUTIO O, thou art deceived! I would have made
 it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and
 meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Act II, scene iv
Lines 104-112

MERCUTIO God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.
 NURSE Is it good-den?
 MERCUTIO 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy
 hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.
 NURSE Out upon you! What a man are you!
 ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for
 himself to mar.
 NURSE By my troth, it is well said. 'For himself to mar,'
 quoth 'a? Gentlemen,

Act II, scene iv
Lines 121-131

BENVOLIO She will endite him to some supper.
 MERCUTIO A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
 ROMEO What hast thou found?
 MERCUTIO No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a
 lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.
[He walks by them and sings.]
 An old hare hoar,
 And an old hare hoar,
 Is very good meat in Lent;
 But a hare that is hoar
 Is too much for a score
 When it hoars ere it be spent.

[sings] lady, lady, lady.

Act II, scene iv
Line 135

Lines 142-145

NURSE An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him
 down, an 'a were lustier than he is and twenty such Jacks; and
 if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none
 of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.

Act II, scene v
Lines 75-76

Act III, scene ii
Lines 5-19

NURSE
about me quivers.

I am the drudge, and toil in y
 But you shall bear the burde


Spread thy close curtain, lo
 That runaways' eyes may
 Leap to these arms untalked
 Lovers can see to do their
 By their own beauties; or,
 It best agrees with night.
 Thou sober-suited matron
 And learn me how to lose
 Played for a pair of stain
 Hood my unmanned blo
 With thy black mantle t
 Think true love acted si
 Come, night; come, Ro
 For thou wilt lie upon t
 Wither than new snow

Act III, scene ii
Lines 26-31

O, I have bought the
 But not possessed it;
 Not yet enjoyed. So t
 As is the night before
 To an impatient chil
 And may not wear t

Act III, scene ii
Lines 45-51

Say thou but 'I,' an
 Than the death-dar
 I am not I, if there
 Or those eyes' s
 If he be slain, say
 Brief sounds dete

An intricate black and white woodcut-style illustration forming a rectangular border around the text. The design is highly detailed, featuring a central figure of a woman in a long, flowing gown, possibly a queen or noblewoman, standing on a raised platform. To her left, a man in a crown and armor is depicted. The border is filled with various heraldic symbols, including a shield with a cross, a crown, and other royal emblems. The overall style is reminiscent of 16th or 17th-century book ornamentation.

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