

English translation of

## ***Noh: Romeo and Juliet*** in Japanese.

Adapted by Kuniyoshi Munakata Ueda (2015)

Based on William Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*:

SCENE: Verona, Italy

*Shite*: Romeo, Son to Montague

*Tsure*: Juliet, Daughter to Capulet

*Tsure*: Nurse to Juliet

*Tsure*: Paris, a young Nobleman

*Tsure*: Prince of Verona

(*Tsure*: Montague and Capulet) (Could be cut.)

*Ai-kyogen* (Comedian): Friar Laurence

*Ji-utai* (Chorus: 3 singers)

*Hayashi* (Orchestra: 3 drummers and a flutist)

### [Scene One]

#### **PROLOGUE** by Friar Laurence: ( Summary)

Romeo, the only son of Montague, who dislikes fighting, is now sneaking into Capulet's dance, disguised as a pilgrim, for his unrequited love, Rosaline, is invited there.

[*Enter Juliet* with Nurse. They sit at Wakiza.

Entrance music for *Shite*: **Enter Romeo.** ]

**Romeo**: Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

I dreamed a dream tonight. My mind misgives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars...

**Chorus**: But he, that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail.

**Juliet**: [*Stands up.*] It is much pride for fair without

The fair within to hide.

#### [*Juliet's dance of Iroe.* ]

**Rom.**: What lady's that? O, she teaches the torches

To burn bright. Beauty too rich for use,

For earth too dear. Did my heart love till

Now? Forswear it, sight. For, I ne'er saw

True beauty till this night.

**Cho.**(*Capulet*): Young Romeo, is it?

Content thee; let him alone;

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

He shall be endured.

**Rom.**: The measure done, I'll watch her place of  
Stand, and touching hers, make blessed my  
Rude hand.

**Cho.**(*Rom*) : If I profane with my unwortheist hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**Jul.**: Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do  
touch,  
And palm to palm is holy pilgrims' kiss.

**Rom.**: Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**Jul.**: Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**Rom.**: O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,

**Jul.**: Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'  
sake.

**Cho.** :Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

**Jul.**: Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**Rom.**: Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly purged!  
Give me my sin again.

**Nurse**:Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**Rom.**: What? Is she a Capulet?

**Cho.**(*Rom*): O dear Account! My life is my foe's debt

**Cho.**(*Jul*) :What's he that would not dance?

**Nurse**: His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

**Jul.**: My only love sprung from my only hate!

**Cho.**(*Jul*) : Too early seen unknown, and known too  
late!

Portentous birth of love, it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

[*Dance is over.*]

**Cho.**(*Rom*) : Can I go forward when my heart is  
here? [ *At the Walkway.* ]

But soft, what light through yonder window  
breaks?

It is the east and Juliet is the sun!  
Arise faire sun. It is my lady, O it is my love!  
O that she knew she were!

**Jul.:** 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.

**Cho. (Jul):** 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot—  
Nor arm nor face nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. 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.

**Rom.:** I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd:  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**Jul.:** Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',

**Cho.:** And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false. At lover's perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs.

**Rom.:** Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow.

**Jul.:** O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee. Well, do not swear.

**Cho.:** I have no joy of this contract tonight:  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,  
This bud of joy, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we  
meet.

**Jul.:** My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

**Cho.:** My love as deep: the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

**Rom.:** O, blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*"Kakeri" [Dance of Joy]*

**Jul.:** If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,  
And all my fortune at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

**Rom.:** I would I were thy bird.

**Jul.:** Sweet, so would I;  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

**Cho.:** Good night, good night. Parting is such  
sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*[ Flute: Exit Juliet. ]*

**Rom.:** Sleep dwell upon thy eyes, peace in thy  
breast!

**Cho.:** Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to  
rest!

As you are destined to love the ancient foes,  
Bury you the grudge and grow new flowers.  
It is your fate to love your enemy;  
It is the youth to love your enemy;  
The course of true love never did run smooth.

**Rom.:** But he, that hath the steerage of my course,

**Cho.:** Direct my sail, direct my sail. *[Exit.]*

#### **NARRATION** by Friar Laurence **(Summary)**

Romeo and Juliet got secretly married at the friar's cell. On the same day, R. was involved in the duel and was exiled. The friar suggested to J. to drink the sleeping potion to avoid marriage with Paris; but the plan went awry. R. returns to Verona, hearing "J. is dead."

#### **[Scene Two]**

**Jul.:** O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of any tower;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made

me tremble—

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.  
Love give me strength! and strength shall  
help afford.

Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.

[*J. drinks the sleeping potion.* ]

[*Romeo appears.* ]

**Rom.:** News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?  
How doth my lady? How doth my Juliet?

**Cho.:** Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives,

**(Rom.)** Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!

What, ho! Apothecary!

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there I must use thee.

[*Paris appears.* ]

**Paris:** This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
Condemned villain; thou must die.

**Rom.:** I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me: I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head  
By urging me to fury: O! be gone.

**Par.:** I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

**Rom.:** Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee,  
boy! [ *They fight.* ]

**Par.:** [ *Falls.* ] Oh, I am slain! --If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

**Cho.:** In faith I will. Let me peruse this face;  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
Forgive me, cousin!

[*R. approaches J.* ]

Here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

**Rom.:** O my love! my wife!  
Ah! Dear Juliet! Why art thou yet so fair?  
Here will I remain and never depart again:

**Cho.:** Here will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look  
your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! And lips,  
O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous  
kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Here's to my love! [ *Drinks.* ]

O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I  
die. [ *Dies.* ]

[*J. wakes up.* ]

**(Jul.) :** Where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

What's here? Poison, O churl. Drunk all.

O happy dagger. This is thy sheath.

There rust, and let me die.

[*She stabs herself and falls.* ]

**(Watchman) :** The ground is bloody. Pitiful sight!

Go tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.

Raise up the Montagues.

[*Prince appears.* ]

**Prince:** What fear is this which startles in our ears?

Search, seek and know how this foul murder  
comes.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

**Friar:** I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder.  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

I married them; and then comes she to me;

Then gave I her a sleeping potion...

**Pri.:** Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with  
love;

And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.  
We still have known thee for a holy man;  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted your intents.

**Cho.**(*Cap.*): O brother Montague, give me thy hand.  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

**Cho.**(*Mon.*): But I can give thee more,  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,  
That whiles Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

**Cho.**(*Cap.*): As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

### **KIRI** (*Finale*)

**Cho.** : And now at last, the stricken fathers are re-  
conciled over the dead bodies of their children,  
who have purely loved one another in spite of  
their fathers' long standing enmity, and their  
spirits are born again wearing crowns.

[*The ghosts of R. and J. with small crowns appear and  
dance "Chu-no-Mai" together and ascend.*]

**Cho.**(*Pri.*): A glooming peace this morning with it  
brings:  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished,  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

### **CAST**

**Shite Romeo: Shiro NOMURA**

**Tsure Juliet: Hisa UZAWA,**

Nurse: Hikaru UZAWA,

Paris: Masashi NOMURA,

Prince of Verona: Shigehiko FUJINAMI,

*Ai-kyogen* Friar Laurence: Ukon MIYAKE,

Flute: Hiroyuki MATSUDA,

Small drum: Hiroki KOGA,

Big drum: Shonosuke OKURA,

Stick drum: Munehisa TOKUDA,

Chorus: Shintaro BAN / Keizo NAGAYAMA / Kenichi AOKI,

*Koken* assistants: Naohiro TAKEDA / Shigekazu ASAMI,

Costumes: Hinako HOSODA .

**Director: Kenichi KASAI**

**Script arranged by Kuniyoshi Munakata UEDA, Ph.D.**

Professor Emeritus of Shizuoka National University.

Performer and writer of new Noh plays in English and

Japanese; President of International Society for Harmon-

ization of Cultures and Civilizations (ISHCC).

E-mail: kuniyoshi@munagumi.com

**Shite as Romeo : Master Shiro NOMURA**

Born in Tokyo in 1936. Kanze School Noh performer;

Professor Emeritus of Tokyo University of Fine Arts;

President of Japan Noh Society.

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