

215



235

(Exit Nurse.)
JULIET. Ancient damnation! O time
Is it more sin to wish me thus
Or to dispraise my love?

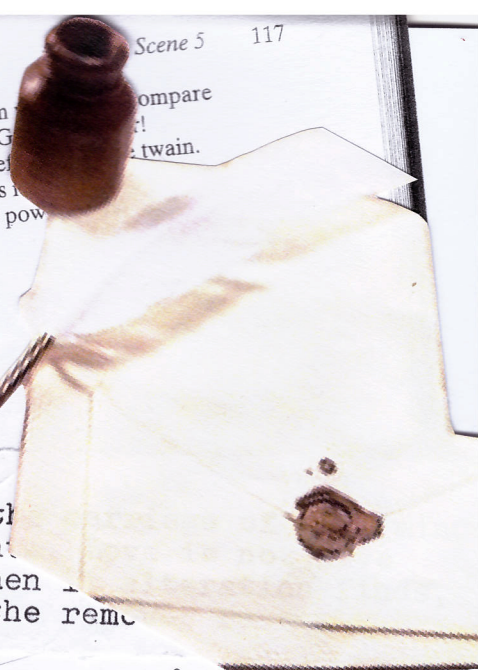
58 Romeo and Juliet

And make her airy tongue more hoars
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
ROMEO. It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues
On the softest music to attending ears!



Scene 5 117

Which she hath praised him
So many thousand times? G
Thou and my bosom hence
I'll to the Friar to know his
If all else fail, myself have pow
(Exit.)



Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:

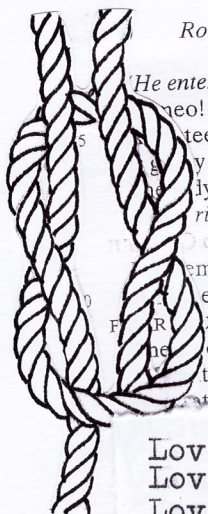
Act II, Scene 2

I kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall see thee again.
Good night till it be morrow.

Step dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness fleckled like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway made by Titan's wheels.
From forth day's pathway made by Titan's wheels.
Will I to my ghostly Friar's close cell,
And there beguile the happy hours to tell.

Love
Love
Love

Romeo and Juliet



(He enters the tomb.)
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
Steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Hath trifled this lamentable chance!

comfortable Friar! Where is my lord?
Remember well where I should be,
Where I am. Where is my Romeo?
FRIAR LAURENCE.
Heard some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
I have done more than you can contradict
To thwart our intents. Come with me
To my cell; I'll hide thee from their search.
So, go, and I'll come to thee straight.
ROMEO. O, I'll never see thee more.
FRIAR LAURENCE. Come, I'll lead thee to the tomb.
ROMEO. O, I'll never see thee more.
FRIAR LAURENCE. Come, I'll lead thee to the tomb.

Love
Love
Love



To make m
(She kisses
Thy lips are
WATCHMAN (w
JULIET. Yea, nois
(She snatches k
This is thy sheath,
(She stabs herself an
(Enter Paris's Page a
PAGE. This is the place.
FIRST WATCHMAN.



The ground is bloody. S
Go, some of you. Whoe
(Exeunt some of the
Pitiful sight! Here I
And Juliet bleeding,
Who here hath lain th
Go, tell the Prince. Ru
Raise up the Montagu
(Exeunt others of the
We see the ground y

agger!

do lie,
snoes

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be tak
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and che
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,

