[Enter Nurse, with cords]

JULIET Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down]

JULIET Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE Ah, well-a-day! he’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead! We are undone, lady, we are undone! Alack the day! he’s gone, he’s kill’d, he’s dead!

JULIET Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE Romeo can, Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo! Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus? This torture should be roar’d in dismal hell. Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but “I,” And that bare vowel “I’ shall poison more Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice: I am not I, if there be such an I; Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer “I.” If he be slain, say “I”; or if not, no: Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,— God save the mark!—here on his manly breast: A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub’d in blood, All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

JULIET O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once! To prison, eyes, ne’er look on liberty! Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here; And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

NURSE O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughter’d, and is Tybalt dead? My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord? Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished; Romeo that kill’d him, he is banished.

JULIET O God! did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s blood?

NURSE It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

JULIET O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather’d raven! wolvish-ravening lamb! Despised substance of divinest show! Just opposite to what thou justly seem’st, A damned saint, an honourable villain! O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend In moral paradise of such sweet flesh? Was ever book containing such vile matter So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE There’s no trust, No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured, All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. Ah, where’s my man? give me some aqua vitae: These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old. Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET Blister’d be thy tongue For such a wish! he was not born to shame: Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit; For ’tis a throne where honour may be crown’d Sole monarch of the universal earth. O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE Will you speak well of him that kill’d your cousin?

JULIET Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it? But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have kill’d my husband: Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; Your tributary drops belong to woe, Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; And Tybalt’s dead, that would have slain my husband: All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then? Some word there was, worser than Tybalt’s death, That murder’d me: I would forget it fain; But, O, it presses to my memory, Like damned guilty deeds to sinners’ minds: “Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished”; That “banished,” that one word “banished,” Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt’s death Was woe enough, if it had ended there: Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship And needly will be rank’d with other griefs, Why follow’d not, when she said “Tybalt’s dead,” Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, Which modern lamentations might have moved? But with a rear-ward following Tybalt’s death,“Romeo is banished,” to speak that word, Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, All slain, all dead. “Romeo is banished!” There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, In that word’s death; no words can that woe sound. Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE Weeping and wailing over Tybalt’s corse: Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent, When theirs are dry, for Romeo’s banishment. Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled, Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled: He made you for a highway to my bed; But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. Come, cords, come, nurse; I’ll to my wedding-bed; And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE Hie to your chamber: I’ll find Romeo To comfort you: I wot well where he is. Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: I’ll to him; he is hid at Laurence’cell.

JULIET O, find him! give this ring to my true knight, And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt]