

Enter Nurse, with cords

JULIET

Now, nurse, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

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!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can, Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE

I saw the wound -- God save the mark!--here on his manly breast -- 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!

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

Throws water in her face

Blister'd be thy tongue

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

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.

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?
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.

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.