

Romeo and Juliet

3.3

Enter Friar Laurence

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fear-full man.
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo

ROMEO

Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not? 5

FRIAR LAURENCE Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE

A gentler judgement vanished from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment. 10

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say `death',
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say `banishment'.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hence from Verona art thou banished. 15
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death. Then `banished' 20
Is death mitered. Calling death `banished'
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince, 25
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law

And turned that black word `death' to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize 35
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not, he is banished. 40
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
They are free men, but I am banished.
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 45
But `banished' to kill me±±`banished'?
O friar, the damnable use that word in hell.
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver and my friend professed, 50
To mangle me with that word `banished'?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word±±
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, 55
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

ROMEO

Yet `banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more. 60

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 65

An hour but married, Tybalt murder'd,

Doting like me, and like me banish'd,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

He falls upon the ground

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

70

Knock within

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans

Mist-like enfold me from the search of eyes.

Knocking within

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock!±±Who's there?±±Romeo, arise.

Thou wilt be taken.±±Stay a while.±±Stand up. 75

Still knock within

Run to my study.±±By and by!±±God's will,

What simpleness is this?

Knock within

I come, I come.

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your
will?

NURSE (*within*)

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE [*opening the door*] Welcome then. 80

Enter the Nurse

NURSE

O holy friar, O tell me, holy friar,

Where is my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy, 85
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
(*To Romeo*) Stand up, stand up, stand an you be a man,
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

ROMEO (*rising*)

Nurse.

NURSE Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own? 95
Where is she, and how doth she, and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

NURSE

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And `Tybalt' calls, and then on Romeo cries, 100
And then down falls again.

ROMEO

As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her as that name's curseÁd hand
Murdered her kinsman. O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy 105
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

*[He offers to stab himself, and the Nurse snatches the
dagger away]*

FRIAR LAURENCE Hold thy desperate hand.

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast. 110
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself, 115
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives
 By doing damneÁd hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,
 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three, do meet
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose? 120
 Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
 Which like a usurer abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, 125
 Digressing from the valour of a man;
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Misshapen in the conduct of them both, 130
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismembered with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead: 135
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.
 The law that threatened death becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back, 140
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a mishaveÁd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed. 145
 Ascend her chamber; hence and comfort her.
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends, 150
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,

And bid her hasten all the house to bed, 155
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel! O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come. 160

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
[Nurse offers to go in, and turns again]

NURSE *(giving the ring)*

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this.
Exit Nurse

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go hence, good night, and here stands all your state. 165
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here. 170
Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee.
Farewell.

Exeunt [severally]