

# Romeo and Juliet

## 4.3

*Enter Juliet and the Nurse [with garments]*

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,  
I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which±±well thou knowest±±is cross and full of sin. 5

*Enter Capulet's Wife*

**CAPULET'S WIFE**

What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

**JULIET**

No, madam, we have culled such necessaries  
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you, 10  
For I am sure you have your hands full all  
In this so sudden business.

**CAPULET'S WIFE**

Good night.

Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need.

*Exeunt Capulet's Wife [and Nurse]*

**JULIET**

Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins 15  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.  
Nurse!±±What should she do here?  
*[She opens curtains, behind which is seen her bed]*

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial. What if this mixture do not work at all? 20  
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?  
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

*She lays down a knife*

What if it be a poison which the friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured 25  
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is±±and yet methinks it should not,  
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo 30  
 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like 35  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place±±  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle  
 Where for this many hundred years the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed; 40  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort±±  
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
 So early waking±±what with loathsome smells, 45  
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad±±  
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 EnvironeÁd with all these hideous fears,  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints, 50  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone  
 As with a club dash out my desp'rate brains?  
 O, look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body 55  
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to thee.  
*She drinks from the vial and falls upon the bed,*  
*[pulling closed the curtains]*