



Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel--  
Will they not hear?--What ho! You men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs.

JULIET

O comfortable friar, where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I hear some noise.--Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,  
And Paris, too. Come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET