

She's dead, deceased. She's dead, alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

CAPULET

Ha, let me see her! Out, alas, she's cold.
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET O woeful time!

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

[Enter Friar Lawrence and the County Paris, with
Musicians.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.--
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET



есть 4 рубля?