





When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.--
Take up those cords.
[The Nurse picks up the rope ladder.]
Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords--come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed,
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE
Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark you, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell.

JULIET
O, find him! [Giving the Nurse a ring.]
Give this ring to my true knight
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[They exit.]

Scene 3

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[Enter Friar Lawrence.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamored of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.