

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Here from Verona art thou banished.  
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"  
Is death misterm'd. Calling death "banished,"  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,  
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  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not. More validity,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize  
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.