For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to 't; bethink you. I'll not be forsworn. [He exits.]

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?-O sweet my mother, cast me not away.
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [She exits.]

JULIET, [rising]

O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on Earth, my faith in heaven.
How shall that faith return again to Earth
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving Earth? Comfort me; counsel me.-Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.-What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

В приказ	Ректору Университета ИТМО			
			члену-корреспон	денту РАН
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