

FRIAR      Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
LAURENCE    What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light  
                 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
                 It burneth in the Capel's monument.

BALTHASAR    It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
                 One that you love.

FRIAR      Who is it?  
LAURENCE

BALTHASAR    Romeo.

FRIAR      How long hath he been there?  
LAURENCE

BALTHASAR    Full half an hour.

FRIAR      Go with me to the vault.  
LAURENCE

BALTHASAR    I dare not, sir:  
                 My master knows not but I am gone hence;  
                 And fearfully did menace me with death,  
                 If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR      Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:  
LAURENCE    O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BALTHASAR    As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
                 I dreamt my master and another fought,  
                 And that my master slew him.

FRIAR      Romeo! (*Advances.*)  
LAURENCE    Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
                 The stony entrance of this sepulchre?  
                 What mean these masterless and gory swords