

ROMEO     Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
              What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
              That I yet know not?

FRIAR        Too familiar  
LAURENCE    Is my dear son with such sour company:  
              I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROMEO        What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRIAR        A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
LAURENCE    Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO        Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death;"  
              For exile hath more terror in his look,  
              Much more than death: do not say "banishment."

FRIAR        Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
LAURENCE    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 banish'd from the world,  
              And world's exile is death: then banished,  
              Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,  
              Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
              And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR        O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
LAURENCE    Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
              Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
              And turn'd 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;