

NURSE She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

LADY CAPULET Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET O woeful time!

CAPULET Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with MUSICIANS.)

FRIAR
LAURENCE Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,