

Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
LAURENCE

FRIAR JOHN I could not send it—here it is again—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
LAURENCE The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*)

FRIAR Now must I to the monument alone;
LAURENCE Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! (*Exit.*)

SCENE III

A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.