

FRIAR     There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.  
LAURENCE

NURSE     O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
             Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!  
             Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
             Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
             Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
             For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
             Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO     Nurse!

NURSE     Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

ROMEO     Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
             Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
             Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
             With blood removed but little from her own?  
             Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
             My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE     O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
             And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
             And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
             And then down falls again.

ROMEO     As if that name,  
             Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
             Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
             Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
             In what vile part of this anatomy  
             Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
             The hateful mansion. (*Drawing his sword.*)

FRIAR     Hold thy desperate hand:  
LAURENCE     Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
             Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote