

ROMEO How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR
LAURENCE Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. (*Knocking
within.*)

FRIAR
LAURENCE Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. (*Knocking.*)

FRIAR
LAURENCE Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up; (*Knocking.*)
Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come! (*Knocking.*)
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE (*Within.*) Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR
LAURENCE Welcome, then.

(*Enter* NURSE.)

NURSE O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?