

PRINCE Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR I am the greatest, able to do least,  
LAURENCE Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excused.

PRINCE Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
LAURENCE Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.  
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce  
To County Paris: then comes she to me,  
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect