

Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR     Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,  
LAURENCE   Which craves as desperate an execution  
              As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
              If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
              Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
              Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
              A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
              That copest with death himself to scape from it;  
              And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET    O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
              From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
              Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
              Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
              Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
              O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
              With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
              Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
              And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
              Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
              And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
              To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR     Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
LAURENCE   To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
              To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
              Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
              Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
              And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
              When presently through all thy veins shall run  
              A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
              Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
              No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;