

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

JULIET O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III

FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell.

(*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.)

FRIAR
LAURENCE Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

(*Enter* ROMEO.)