

That calls our person from our morning's rest?

(Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.)

CAPULET What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAPULET The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

PRINCE What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST
WATCHMAN Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

FIRST
WATCHMAN Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

CAPULET O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague—
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

LADY CAPULET O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

(Enter MONTAGUE and others.)

PRINCE Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

MONTAGUE Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?