

APOTHECARY My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

APOTHECARY Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II

FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell.

(*Enter* FRIAR JOHN.)

FRIAR JOHN Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

(*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.)

FRIAR  
LAURENCE This same should be the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN Going to find a bare-foot brother out  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,