

**1. Romeo and Juliet 1594-5**

*Act III, Scene iii.* When Romeo hears his sentence of banishment he gives way to despair.

ROMEO	'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here, Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog And little mouse, every unworthy thing, Live here in heaven and may look on her; But Romeo may not: more validity, More honourable state, more courtship lives In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand And steal immortal blessing from her lips, Who even in pure and vestal modesty, Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin; But Romeo may not; he is banished: Flies may do this, but I from this must fly: They are free men, but I am banished. And say'st thou yet that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'? O friar, the damned use that word in hell; Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, To mangle me with that word 'banished'?	30 40 50
FRIAR LAURENCE	Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.	
ROMEO	O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.	
FRIAR LAURENCE	I'll give thee armour to keep off that word: Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, To comfort thee, though thou art banished.	
ROMEO	Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom, It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.	60
FRIAR LAURENCE	O, then I see that madmen have no ears.	
ROMEO	How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?	
FRIAR LAURENCE	Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.	
ROMEO	Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel: Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,	

Doting like me and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

69

*[Knocking within]*  
FRIAR LAURENCE  
ROMEO

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.  
Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

*[Knocking]*  
FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

*[Knocking]*

Run to my study. By and by! God's will,  
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

*[Knocking]*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse

*[Within]* Let me come in, and you shall know  
my errand;  
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE  
*[Enter Nurse]*

Welcome, then.

80

Nurse

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE  
Nurse

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.  
O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?