

JULIET Romeo and Juliet Act 4 Scene 3

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:
 I'll call them back again to comfort me:
 Nurse! What should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
 Come, vial.
 What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
 No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.
Laying down her dagger
 What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Romeo Act 3 Scene 3

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
 For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'
 There is no world without Verona walls,
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
 Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
 And world's exile is death: then banished,
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
 And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
 '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 may 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:

CAPULET Act 3 Scene 5

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what -- get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face.
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
 My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
 That God had lent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her.
 Out on her, hilding!
 God's bread! It makes me mad.
 Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 To have her matched. And having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
 Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
 Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer "I'll not wed," "I cannot love,"
 "I am too young," "I pray you, pardon me."—
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

NURSE Act 4 scene 5

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her,
 she.
 Why, lamb, why, lady, fie! You slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride!
 What, not a word? Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
 O, weraday that ever I was born.
 My lord! My lady!

JULIET, Act 3 scene 2

O serpent heart hid with a flowering face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!
 Dove-feathered raven, wolfish-ravens lamb!
 Despisèd substance of divinest show,
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
 A damnèd saint, an honorable villain!
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!