

I'll to my wedding-bed,  
And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

*will take my virginity*

NURSE

I'll find Romeo to comfort you. I wot well where he is.

*know*

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.

*listen*

JULIET

O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, [hands her a ring]

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[They exit]

## SCENE 17

[Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO]

FRIAR

Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man.

*come in*

Affliction is enamored of thy parts,

*suffering is in love with you*

And thou art wedded to calamity.

*married to misfortune*

ROMEO

Banishment? Be merciful, say "death"!

For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death! Do not say "banishment"!

FRIAR

Hence from Verona art thou banishèd.

*away*

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,

*outside*

But purgatory, torture, hell itself!

Hence "banishèd" is "banish'd from the world,"

*therefore, means*

And world's exile is death! Then "banishèd"

*exile from the world means*

Is death mis-termed. Calling death "banishèd,"

*misnamed*

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe

And smile'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,

*crime is punishable by*

Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law

*taking your side, brushed*

And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."

This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy! Heav'n 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; he is banishèd.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

O how hast thou the heart, my friend professed,

*one who calls himself my friend*

To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?

*tear me apart*

FRIAR

Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.

*foolish*

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR

I'll give thee armor to keep off that word:

*protection*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, to comfort thee.

ROMEO

Hang up philosophy!

*damn*

It helps not, it prevails not! Talk no more!

*it has no power*

FRIAR

side 6  
Friar  
Romeo

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

*why*

FRIAR

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*reason with you about your situation*

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel!

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

*and Juliet were your love*

An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,

Doting like me, and like me banishèd,

*in love like me*

Then mightst thou speak.

*[NURSE knocks at door]*

FRIAR

Arise. Good Romeo, hide thyself. Thou wilt be taken!

*[Knocking]*

Run to my study!

*[Knocking]*

—I come, I come! Who knocks so hard?

NURSE *[outside]*

Let me come in, I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR *[opens door]*

Welcome then!

NURSE *[enters]*

O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,

Where is my lady's Romeo?

ROMEO

Nurse!

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all.

*all of us*

ROMEO

Spake'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Where is she? And how doth she? And what says

My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

*secret bride about*

NURSE

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,

And then on Romeo cries, and then down falls again.

*about*

ROMEO

As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

*my name, aim*

Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand

Murdered her kinsman! O, tell me, Friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy

*my body*

Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack

*live, pillage*

The hateful mansion! *[tries to stab himself]*

*hated place*

FRIAR

Hold thy desperate hand! Art thou a man?

Thou hast amazed me! By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better tempered.

*character, balanced*

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?

*so you've killed Tybalt*

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,

*wife who is one with your life*

By doing damnd hate upon thyself?

*committing suicide*

What, rouse mee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,

*cheer up*

For whose dear sake thou wert but lately dead.

*just now wished to be dead*

There art thou happy! Tybalt would kill thee,

*you are fortunate*

But thou'slew'st Tybalt. There art thou happy!

*you are fortunate*

The law that threatened death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile. There art thou happy!

*you are fortunate*

A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;

*many blessings are on you*

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

*good fortune, clothes*