

# ACT 5

## SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock*

**ROMEO**

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.  
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:  
The time and my intentions are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

**BALTHASAR**

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

**ROMEO**

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:  
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

*Exit Balthasa, who hides. Romeo approaches Juliet with poison in hand.*

Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Here's to my love!

*Drinks*

O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*Dies*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

**BALTHASAR**

Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo!

*Advances*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

*Enters the tomb*

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs.

*JULIET wakes*

**JULIET**

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

*Noise within*

### **FRIAR LAURENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy arms there lies dead;  
Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,

*Noise again*

### **JULIET**

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

*Exit FRIAR LAURENCE*

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make die with a restorative.

*Kisses him*

Thy lips are warm.  
Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*

This is thy sheath;

*Stabs herself*

there rust, and let me die.

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and **dies!***