**Act 5**

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

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch*

**PARIS**

Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

**PAGE**

[Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

*Retires*

**PARIS**

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,--
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;--
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

*The Page whistles*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
muffle me, night, awhile.

*Retires*

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

**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 to behold my lady's face;
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:

**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.

**BALTHASAR**

[Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

*Retires*

**ROMEO**

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Opens the tomb*

**PARIS**

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

*Comes forward*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

**ROMEO**

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

**PARIS**

I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

**ROMEO**

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

*They fight*

**PAGE**

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

*Exit*

**PARIS**

O, I am slain!

*Falls*

If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

*Dies*

**ROMEO**

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? O, give me thy hand,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

*Laying PARIS in the tomb*

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. 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**

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

**BALTHASAR**

It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who is it?

**BALTHASAR**

Romeo.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

How long hath he been there?

**BALTHASAR**

Full half an hour.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go with me to the vault.

**BALTHASAR**

I dare not, sir

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

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 bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, go, good Juliet,

*Noise again*

I dare no longer stay.

**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.

**First Watchman**

[Within] Lead, boy: which way?

**JULIET**

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*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS*

**PAGE**

This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

**First Watchman**

The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR*

**Second Watchman**

Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

**First Watchman**

Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants*

**PRINCE**

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others*

**CAPULET**

What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

**LADY CAPULET**

The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.

**PRINCE**

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

**First Watchman**

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

**PRINCE**

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

**First Watchman**

Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

**CAPULET**

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en--for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,--
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

**LADY CAPULET**

O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others*

**PRINCE**

Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

**MONTAGUE**

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

**PRINCE**

Look, and thou shalt see.

**MONTAGUE**

O thou untaught! what manners is in this?
To press before thy father to a grave?

**PRINCE**

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their
true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death:
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

**CAPULET**

O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

**MONTAGUE**

But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

**CAPULET**

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

**PRINCE**

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*Exeunt*