

Act 4, Scene 3 Juliet's chamber

(JULIET and NURSE.)

JULIET

Ay, those attires* are best.

But, gentle nurse, I pray thee leave me to myself tonight.

I have need of many orisons* to move the heavens to smile upon my state, which, well thou knowest, is cross,* and full of sin.

(Enter LADY CAPULET.)

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy? Need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam.

So please you, let me now be left alone, and let the nurse this night sit up with you.

I am sure you have your hands full all, in this so sudden business.*

LADY CAPULET

Good night. Get thee to bed, and rest.

(Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.)

JULIET

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 tomorrow 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 ministered* to have me dead,

lest in this marriage he should be dishonored, 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?

Or, if I live, is it not very like, the horrible conceit* of death and night,

together with the terror of the place, as in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

where, for these many hundred years, the bones of all my buried ancestors are packed;

attires - clothes, *orisons* - prayers, *cross* - something that thwarts or obstructs, *so sudden business* - the wedding a day early, being moved from Thursday to Wednesday, *ministered* - created, *still* - always, *conceit* - idea

where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, lies festering in his shroud,*
where, as they say, at some hours in the night spirits resort;*
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, environed* with all these hideous fears,
and madly play with my forefathers' joints, and pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
and, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, as with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body upon a rapier's point.
Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee.

(She drinks the potion and lies down in her bed, covering herself with a blanket or a sheet.)

shroud - cloth used to wrap a corpse, **spirits resort** - ghosts visit, **environed** - completely surrounded; immersed