

Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says *Romeo*?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence*' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; — honest nurse, farewell! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.

Fri. SO smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:

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Therefore