

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleadings and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. **G**ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To *Phæbus'* mansion; such a wagonner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. —
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That th' run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen. —
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads:
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back:
Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo*; and when he shall die

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