

Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with Cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence. —
 Now, nurse, what news? what hast thou there? the cords
 That *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead! —

We are undone, lady, we are undone. —

Alack the day! — he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heav'n cannot. — O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*

Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but I,

And that bare vowel I, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
 (God save the mark!) here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

To