

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,  
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had!  
O courteous *Tybalt*, honest gentleman,  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?  
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord? —  
Then let the trumpet sound the general doom;  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished;  
*Romeo* that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O god! did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalt's* blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-rav'ning lamb! —  
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? —  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;  
All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers. —  
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*: —  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to *Romeo*!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what