

And smil'ft upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! o rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince  
Taking thy part hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
'This is mere mercy, and thou seeft it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here  
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing  
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,  
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;  
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.  
O father, hadst thou no strong poison mix'd,  
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,  
But banishment to torture me withal?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word banishment?

*Fri.* Fond madman, hear me speak.

*Rom.* O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet, banished? — Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

*Fri.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.*