

Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curfed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. — Tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts do note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee?
What, rouse thee, man! thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too:
The law that threaten'd death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*;

Where