

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat;
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; the eyes' windows fall
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life:
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*:
 If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, o give me! tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
 Farewel, dear father.

[*taking the vial.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE