

Friar:

Hold thy desperate hand.

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.

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 that in thy life lives,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why raillest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

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 slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy too.

The law, that threat'ned death, becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.

Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,

Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.

Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady,

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.