

# Romeo and Juliet

## Act IV, sc. 1

**FRIAR LAURENCE:** Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse

Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Each part, deprived of supple government,

Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd 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 borne 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.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.