**JULIET**

Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins

That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I’ll call them back again to comfort me.—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial. *(holds out the vial)*

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no. This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

*(lays her knife down)*

**What if** it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is. And yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? There’s a fearful point.

Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault

receptacle=container

festering=rotting

loathsome=repulsive, awful

distraught=extremely upset

environed=surrounded

shroud=burial cloth

kinsman=family member

rapier=long sword

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort—?

Alack, alack, is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—?

Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environèd with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefather’s joints,

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,

dismal= depressing

vial= a glass bottle of medicine

subtly=not obvious

minister= give something

stifled=suffocate

healthsome=healthy

conceit= idea

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman’s bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

Oh, look! Methinks I see my cousin’s ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier’s point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here’s drink. I drink to thee.