

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Friar Laurence Kind of Hope Soliloquy, Act 4

I do spy a kind of hope, which craves as desperate an execution. And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy. Hold, then; go home, be merry,

**BOTH:** give consent to marry Paris:

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, 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,

**BOTH:** 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;

**BOTH:** Abate thy valour in the acting it.