

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Romeo, Act V scene 3

O my love! My wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Ah, dear Juliet, Why are thou yet so fair?

I still will stay with thee, And never from this palace of dim night Depart again:

here, will I remain With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O here will I set up my everlasting rest.

Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! And lips, O you the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Here's to my love...O true apothecary, thy drugs are quick.

Thus with a kiss I die.