

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

R O M E O & J U L I E T

Act 5, scene 3: *Death of Paris*

Romeo and Paris

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

[Takes a knee]

PARIS

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

[fight]

PARIS

O, I am slain!

If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[Dies]

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;

A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.