

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet Project

The Prince More Woe Soliloquy, Act 5

This letter doth make good the friar's words, their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes that he did buy a poison of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.

BOTH: Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate, that heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love.

BOTH: A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe

BOTH: Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.