

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Act 5, scene 3: Romeo, Juliet, the Prince

ROMEO

Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair? Here, here will I remain, O, here will I set up my everlasting rest. Eyes, look your last!

Here's to my love! [*Drinks*] O true apothecary-thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

JULIET

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

What, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatching ROMEO's dagger, Stabs herself]

There rest, and let me die.

PRINCE

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, than this of Juliet and her Romeo.