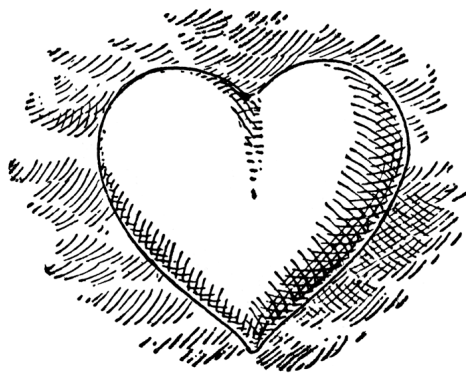


# ROMEO AND JULIET

By

William Shakespeare

Act 5, Scene 2



SCENE. Friar Laurence's cell.

(Enter FRIAR JOHN)

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE)

FRIAR LAURENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

Going to find a bare-foot brother out  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice but full of charge

Of dear import, and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

(Exit)

FRIAR LAURENCE

Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;  
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

(Exit)