

## *Romeo and Juliet*: 'lest faith turn to despair'.

### 1) 4.4.110–116

CAPULET All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral:  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

### 2) 1.4.206–217.

ROMEO If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.  
JULIET Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this,  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.  
ROMEO Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?  
JULIET Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.  
ROMEO O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.  
JULIET Saints do not move, though grant for prayer's sake.  
ROMEO Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

### 3) 3.2.42–51

JULIET What devil art thou that torment me thus?  
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but 'Ay',  
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.  
I am not I if there be such an 'I',  
Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer 'Ay',  
If he be slain say 'Ay', or if not, 'No'.  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.  
NURSE I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes –

4) 5.3.74–118.

ROMEO In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!  
What said my man when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.  
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80  
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,  
One writ in sour misfortune's book.  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.  
A grave – O no, a lantern, slaughtered 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 interred.  
How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry, which their keepers call  
A light'ning before death. O how may I 90  
Call this a light'ning? O my love, my wife,  
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favour can I do to thee  
Than, with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100  
Forgive me, cousin. Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this pallet of dim night  
Depart again. Here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world wearied flesh. 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.  
Come, bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide,  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.

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