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| **Romeo – Act 3 Scene 3**  **'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,**  **Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog**  **And little mouse, every unworthy thing,**  **Live here in heaven and may look on her;**  **But Romeo may not: more validity,**  **More honourable state, more courtship lives**  **In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize**  **On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand**  **And steal immortal blessing from her lips,**  **Who even in pure and vestal modesty,**  **Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;**  **But Romeo may not; he is banished:**  **Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:**  **They are free men, but I am banished.**  **And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?**  **Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,**  **No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,**  **But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?** | **Romeo – Act 3 Scene 3**  **'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,**  **Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog**  **And little mouse, every unworthy thing,**  **Live here in heaven and may look on her;**  **But Romeo may not: more validity,**  **More honourable state, more courtship lives**  **In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize**  **On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand**  **And steal immortal blessing from her lips,**  **Who even in pure and vestal modesty,**  **Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;**  **But Romeo may not; he is banished:**  **Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:**  **They are free men, but I am banished.**  **And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?**  **Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,**  **No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,**  **But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?** |
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