

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have killed my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband.

All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me. I would forget it fain,

But, O, it presses to my memory

Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

“Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd.”