

## FINDING THE VOICES IN A SOLILOQUY

JULIET

15 Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
20 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?  
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.  
25 What if it be a poison which the Friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not,  
30 For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
35 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?