

Romeo has made his way over to Juliet.

If I profane with my unwortheiest 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.

If it's a sin to touch this saintly hand with  
my rough hand, I can only say my lips  
are waiting to soften that rough touch  
with a tender kiss.



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.

You're not being fair to your hand, friend. It's no  
sin for one hand to touch another - worshippers  
often touch the hand on the statue of a saint with  
their own. And hands kiss every time they're put  
together in prayer.

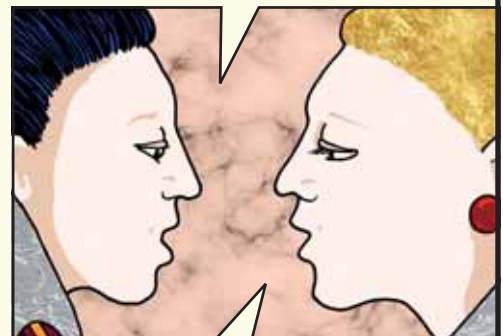
Have not saints lips, and holy  
palmers too?

Don't  
saints  
have  
lips as  
well as  
hands?



O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do!  
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Well then, let my lips  
touch in prayer the  
way hands do. If you  
don't answer my  
prayer and let me  
have my wish, my  
faith in you will be  
crushed.



Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must  
use in prayer.

Oh yes. They use their lips for  
saying prayers.

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.  
The lips on the statues of saints don't move, even  
when they're answering a prayer.

Then move not while my  
prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by  
thine my sin is purged.

Then don't  
move while  
my prayers  
are answered.  
With this kiss,  
your lips take  
away the sin.



They kiss for the first time.



I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and I'll be new  
baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.  
Agreed! As long as you promise  
to love me, I'll take a new name.  
From tonight I won't ever be  
called Romeo again.



Juliet hears Romeo's  
last words.

What man art  
thou, that, thus  
bescreened in  
night,  
So stumblest on  
my counsel?  
Who's that hidden  
in the dark,  
listening to my  
secrets?



By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am.  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee.  
I don't know  
how to tell  
you my  
name. I hate  
it myself, now,  
because it's  
the name of  
your family's  
enemy.



How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsman find thee here.

How did you get here? Why are  
you here? The orchard walls are  
high and hard to climb. This place  
is dangerous for you - you'll be  
killed if any of my family finds  
you here.



With love's light wings did I o'erperch these  
walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.  
Therefore thy kinsman are no stop to me.

I flew over the walls on the wings  
of love. Piles of stone can't keep  
love out. Love can do anything it  
wants. Your relatives couldn't stop  
me if they tried.

The friar runs off. Juliet is left alone with the bodies of Romeo, Tybalt and Paris.

What's here? A cup closed in my  
true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless  
end.  
O churl! Drunk all, and left no  
friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.  
Haply some poison yet doth hang  
on them  
To make me die with a restorative.  
Thy lips are warm!

What's this? A bottle in my lover's hand?  
Poison has taken his life. You beast - you've  
drunk it all. There's not a drop to help me  
follow you. I'll kiss your lips. Perhaps there's  
still some poison left on them so I can drink  
and die. Your lips are warm.

