**PARIS SIDES**

PARIS

Give me the torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof,/ so shall no foot upon the churchyard tread /(being loose, unfirm, with digging up graves)/But you shall hear it. Whistle then to me/ as signal that you hear something approach./ Give me those flowers. Do as I bid you. Go!

Sweet flower, with flower thy bridal bed I strew./ O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!) Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,/ Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans. The obsequies that I for thee will keep, nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

(Page whistles)

PARIS

What curs'ed foot wanders this way tonight, /to cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

(Romeo and Balthasar enter)

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,/ thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, and in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

PARIS

Stop your unhallowed toil, vile Montague./ Can vengeance be pursued further than death?/ Condemn'ed villain, I do apprehend you./ Obey and go with me,for thou must die.

ROMEO

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man./ Fly hence and leave me. By heaven, I love you better than myself.

PARIS

I do defy you and apprehend thee as a felon here.

ROMEO

Will you provoke me? Then have at it boy.