

JULIET Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

CAPULET'S WIFE

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
80 As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

CAPULET'S WIFE That same villain Romeo.

JULIET *[Aside]*

Villain and he be many miles asunder. –
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
84 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

CAPULET'S WIFE

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

CAPULET'S WIFE

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
90 Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him – dead –
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
98 To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
100 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named and cannot come to him,

84 like so much as 90 runagate renegade 98 temper prepare or concoct
(with play on "moderate")

To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

CAPULET'S WIFE

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

CAPULET'S WIFE

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
110 That thou expects not nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time! What day is that? 112

CAPULET'S WIFE

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
120 Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

CAPULET'S WIFE

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,

110 sorted chosen 112 in happy time opportunely

- But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
- 130 How now? a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring! In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,
137 Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd body. How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
- CAPULET'S WIFE
- 140 Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
- 141 I would the fool were married to her grave!
- CAPULET
- 142 Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How? Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,
145 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
146 So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?
- JULIET
- Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.
- CAPULET
- 150 How, how, how, how, chopped logic? What is this?
"Proud" – and "I thank you" – and "I thank you not" –
152 And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
154 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next

130 *conduit* water pipe 137 *sudden* immediate 140 *gives you thanks* says "No, thank you" 141 *married . . . grave* (a petulant but prophetic comment, like l. 167 below) 142 *take . . . you* let me understand you 145 *wrought* arranged for 146 *bride* bridegroom 150 *chopped logic* hair-splitting 152 *minion* spoiled child 154 *fettle* prepare

- To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 156
Out, you greensickness carrion! out, you baggage! 157
You tallow-face! 158
- [CUT TEXT]
- JULIET [*Kneeling*]
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160
- CAPULET
- Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what – get thee to church a Thursday 162
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blessed
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding! 169
- NURSE God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170
- CAPULET
- And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go! 172
- NURSE
- I speak no treason. 173
- CAPULET O, God-i-god-en!
- NURSE
- May not one speak?
- CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not. 176

156 *hurdle* sledge on which criminals were carried to execution 157 *greensickness* anemic; *baggage* worthless woman 158 *tallow-face* pale-face; *are you mad* (addressed to Capulet) 162 *a* on 169 *hilding* worthless creature 170 *rate* scold 172 *Smatter . . . gossips* chatter with your cronies 173 *God-i-god-en* for God's sake