

CAPULET'S WIFE            You are too hot.  
 CAPULET  
 177    God's bread! it makes me mad.  
 178    Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
       Alone, in company; still my care hath been  
 180    To have her matched; and having now provided  
       A gentleman of noble parentage,  
 182    Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly lined,  
       Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,  
       Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man –  
 185    And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
 186    A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
       To answer "I'll not wed, I cannot love;  
       I am too young, I pray you pardon me!"  
 189    But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!  
 190    Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.  
 191    Look to't, think on't; I do not use to jest.  
 192    Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
       An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
       An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
       For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
       Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
       Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.        *Exit.*

JULIET  
 Is there no pity sitting in the clouds  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
 200    O sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
       Delay this marriage for a month, a week,

176 *hot* impatient 177 *bread* bread of the sacrament of communion 178–79 *Day . . . company* (In Q1 the equivalent passage occupies two separate lines: "Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad, / Alone, in company, waking or sleeping" – which is more logical. Q2's "hour, tide, time" might be part of an early draft.) 182 *demesnes* domains; *lined* descended, endowed with qualities (Q1 reads "trained") 185 *puling* whining 186 *mammet* doll; *tender* offer 189 *I'll pardon you* (ironic) 191 *do not use* am not accustomed 192 *advise* consider

Or if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.  
 CAPULET'S WIFE  
 Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.  
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.        *Exit.*  
 JULIET  
 O God! – O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.        207  
 [CuT'TEXT]        208  
 What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.        210  
 NURSE                            Faith, here it is.  
 Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing        215  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;        216  
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married with the county.  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!        220  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,        221  
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first; or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead – or 'twere as good he were  
 As living here and you no use of him.        227  
 JULIET  
 Speak'st thou from thy heart?

207 *my faith in heaven* my marriage vow is recorded in heaven 208–10 *How . . . earth* how can I marry unless I am first widowed 215 *all . . . nothing* i.e., it is a safe bet 216 *challenge* demand possession of 221 *dishclout* dishcloth 227 *here* i.e., on earth

NURSE

229 And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

230 JULIET Amen!

NURSE What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.  
 Go in and tell my lady I am gone,  
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
 To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

236 **Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.****[Exit.]**JULIET *[She looks after Nurse.]*

237 Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

240 Which she hath praised him with above compare  
 So many thousand times? Go, counselor!

242 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*Exit.*

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♀ IV.1 *Enter Friar [Laurence] and County Paris.*

FRIAR

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so,  
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR

You say you do not know the lady's mind.

Uneven is the course; I like it not.

229 *beshrew* a curse on 236 s.d. *She . . . Nurse* (from Q1) 237 *Ancient damnation* damnable old woman 242 *bosom* confidence; *twain* separated  
 IV.1 Friar Laurence's cell

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
 And therefore have I little talk of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. 8

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she do give her sorrow so much sway, 10

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage

To stop the inundation of her tears,

Which, too much minded by herself alone, 13

May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR *[Aside]*

I would I knew not why it should be slowed. –

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

*Enter Juliet.*

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS

That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next. 20

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

8 *Venus . . . tears* the influence of the planet Venus is unfavorable when she appears in the "house" of a "moist" constellation, such as Pisces or Aquarius; i.e., one cannot talk of love amidst grief 13 *minded* thought about