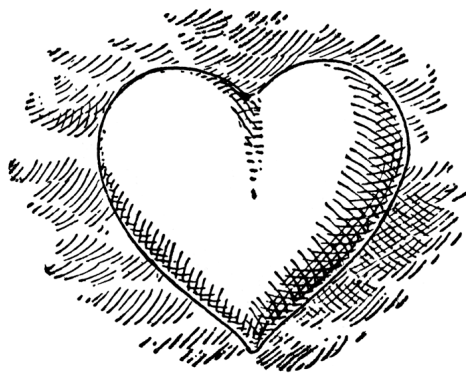


# ROMEO AND JULIET

By

William Shakespeare

Act 3, Scene 4



SCENE. A room in Capulet's house.

(Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS)

CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I:— Well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no time to woo.  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft! what day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord,

CAPULET

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me! it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night.

(Exeunt)