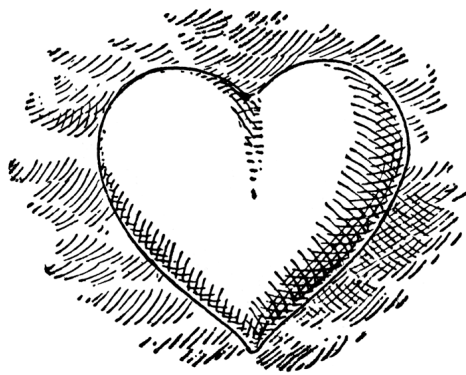


ROMEO AND JULIET

By

William Shakespeare

Act 4, Scene 2



SCENE. Hall in Capulet's house.

(Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two Servingmen)

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.

(Exit First Servant)

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Second Servant

You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

CAPULET

How canst thou try them so?

Second Servant

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his
fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET

Go, be gone.

(Exit Second Servant)

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

(Enter JULIET)

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

JULIET

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JULIET

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not step o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
This is as't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
Our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.

(Exeunt JULIET and Nurse)

LADY CAPULET

We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

CAPULET

Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

(Exeunt)