

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO, [rising up]

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
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 tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well, get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.

[To Lady Capulet.] 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 late that we
May call it early by and by.--Good night.

[They exit.]

Scene 5

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[Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.]