

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you do not know the lady's mind?
Uneven is the course. I like it not.

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.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, [aside]

I would I knew not why it should be slowed.--
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

[Enter Juliet.]