

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET    Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
              With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
              Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:  
              Madam, if you could find out but a man  
              To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
              That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
              Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
              To hear him named, and cannot come to him,  
              To wreak the love I bore my cousin  
              Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

LADY CAPULET    Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.  
                      But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET    And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
              What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET    Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
                      One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
                      Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
                      That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

JULIET    Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET    Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
                      The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
                      The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
                      Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET    Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,  
              He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
              I wonder at this haste; that I must wed