

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR *(Aside.)* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
LAURENCE Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

(Enter JULIET.)

PARIS Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET What must be shall be.

FRIAR That's a certain text.
LAURENCE

PARIS Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

JULIET That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;