

Act IV

SCENE I

FRIAR LAURENCE'S cell.

(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.)

FRIAR
LAURENCE On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PARIS My father Capulet will have it so;
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR
LAURENCE 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'd of love;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
 That she doth 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: