

CAPULET    How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
              "Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not;"  
              And yet "not proud:" mistress minion, you,  
              Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,  
              But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
              To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
              Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
              Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
              You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET    Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET        Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
              Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET        Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
              I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,  
              Or never after look me in the face:  
              Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
              My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest  
              That God had lent us but this only child;  
              But now I see this one is one too much,  
              And that we have a curse in having her:  
              Out on her, hilding!

NURSE        God in heaven bless her!  
              You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET        And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
              Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE        I speak no treason.

CAPULET        O, God ye god-den.

NURSE        May not one speak?

CAPULET        Peace, you mumbling fool!