

JULIET Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

JULIET Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
 Give me my sin again.

JULIET You kiss by the book.

NURSE Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO What is her mother?

NURSE Marry, bachelor,
 Her mother is the lady of the house,
 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
 I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
 Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO Is she a Capulet?
 O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
 Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
 I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
 More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
 I'll to my rest. (*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*)