

SCENE IV

A room in CAPULET'S house.

(Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.)

CAPULET Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter:
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PARIS These times of woe afford no time to woo.
 Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
 To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
 In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
 But, soft! what day is this?

PARIS Monday, my lord,

CAPULET Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
 O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
 She shall be married to this noble earl.
 Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two;
 For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,