

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —

Go before, nurse; commend me to my lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord! I could have stay'd here all night long,
To hear good counsel: o, what learning is! —
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste; for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify, from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 'tis late, farewell, good night!

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. **T**HINGS have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And so did I; — well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of wo afford no time to woo: —
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

N n 2

Cap.