

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a separate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, I not doubt it. —
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! well, wednesday is too soon;
On thursday let it be: you shall be married.
We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two:
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought, we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone; on thursday be it then: —
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [to lady Capulet.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —
Farewel, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho! —
Good night. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder of
ropes set.*

Jul. **W**ILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day;
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burn'd out, and jocund day

Stand's