

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs;
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Proud! and, I thank you! and, I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to saint *Peter's* church;
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

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

Cap. 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 sent us but this only child;

But