

But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her! —
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason. — O, god-ye-good-den! —
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demean, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, *I'll not wed, — I cannot love, —
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me; —*
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity fitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief? —

VOL. VI.

O o

O sweet