

O sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

Jul. O god! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 Alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!

Nurse. 'Faith, here it is:

Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the count:
 O, 'faith, he is a lovely gentleman.

Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so keen, so quick, so fair an eye
 As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living hence, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul;
 Or else beshrew them both!

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much:
 Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,
 To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! o most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which