

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
I'll to the friar to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris.

FRIAR.

ON thursday, sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flow'd. — [*aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady tow'rs my cell.

Enter Juliet

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on thursday next.

O o 2

Jul.