

**Act III, Scene 4: Capulet's House** [*Enter Old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris*]

**CAP:**

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to move our daughter.  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night.(5)  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been abed an hour ago.

**PAR:**

These times of woe afford no tune to woo.  
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

**LADY:**

I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;(10)  
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

**CAP:**

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;(15)  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love  
And bid her (mark you me?) on Wednesday next—  
But, soft! what day is this?

**PAR:**

Monday, my lord.

**CAP:**

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.(20)  
Thursday let it be— a Thursday, tell her  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado— a friend or two;  
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,(25)  
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 an end. But what say you to Thursday?

**PAR:**

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.(30)

**CAP:**

Well, get you gone. A Thursday be it then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.  
Farewell, my lord.— Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me, it is so very very late(35)  
That we may call it early by-and-by.  
Good night.

*Exeunt.*

**Modern Translation: Act III, Scene 4**

**CAP:**

Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to talk to our daughter.  
Listen, she loved her cousin Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.  
It's very late. She won't come down tonight.  
I promise you, except for your company,  
I would have been in bed an hour ago.

**PAR:**

These times of sorrow don't really give me a chance to pursue love.  
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

**LADY:**

I will, and I'll know her mind early tomorrow;  
Tonight she's shut up with her grief.

**CAP:**

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate offer  
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled  
By me in all respects, no more, I don't doubt it.  
Wife, go you to her before you go to bed.  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, listen carefully, on next Wednesday,  
But, my goodness! What day is this?

**PAR:**

Monday, my lord.

**CAP:**

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
Make it Thursday. On Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? Do you like this speed?  
We'll make it a small wedding, a friend or two;  
Because, listen, Tybalt's being killed so recently,  
People may think we didn't care for him,  
Being our relative, if we party too much.  
So, we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And that'll be it. But what do say you to Thursday?

**PAR:**

My lord, I wish that Thursday were tomorrow.

**CAP:**

Well, go home. On Thursday, it'll be then.  
Go you to Juliet, before you go to bed.  
Prepare her, wife, for this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, hey!  
I swear that it is so very, very late  
That we should call it early by and by.  
Good night.