

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? *still*

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit. *stop crying, a little foolishness*

JULIET
Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. *deep*

LADY CAPULET
Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him. *as because that villain*

That Romeo
JULIET
God pardon him, I do, with all my heart.
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart. *anger me / my heart miss*

LADY CAPULET
That is because the traitor murd'rer lives.
JULIET
Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. *beyond*

LADY CAPULET
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET
Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him... dead... is my poor heart.

LADY CAPULET
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl! *news*
Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child, *caring*
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, *end your sorrow*
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy *has arranged*
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for. *expected*

JULIET
Madam, what day is that?
LADY CAPULET
Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn, *well, morning*

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
Sir Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride!

JULIET
Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet! And, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET
Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it.

[CAPULET & NURSE enter]
CAPULET

How now, still in tears? Evermore showering?
Have you delivered to her our decree? *what's this, still told her our decision*

LADY CAPULET
Ay, sir, but she will none; she gives you thanks. *she'll have none of it*
I would the fool were married to her grave! *wish*

CAPULET
How! Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom? *have none of it happy, arranged*

side 7
capulet
lady C
Juliet
Nurse

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate.

I'm not happy that

CAPULET

What is this? "I thank you" and "I thank you not"
And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee thither!

spoiled hussy

prepare your fine self for

there

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie. What, are you mad?

shame on you

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face!

look at me

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!

shut up, don't talk back

We scarce thought us blest

thought ourselves blest

That God had lent us but this only child,

given

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her.

NURSE

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so!

scold

CAPULET

Hold your tongue!

NURSE

I speak no treason—

nothing disloyal

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot!

upset

CAPULET

God's bread! It makes me mad! To have a wretched
puling fool, in her fortune's tender,

damn it

whimpering, receiving good fortune

To answer "I'll not wed; I pray you pardon me!"

[to Juliet] I'll "pardon" you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me!

go eat, stay in this house

I do not use to jest! Thursday is near.

joke

If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.

if you're my daughter

If you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets!

if you're not

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee!

you as my daughter

Trust to't. I'll not be forsworn!

think on it, take back my words

[exits]

JULIET

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

don't send me 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.

tomb

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [exits]

do what you will

JULIET

O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.

alive, marriage vow sworn

How shall that faith return again to earth

can I marry again

Unless that husband send it me from heaven by leaving earth?

dying