

ORIGINAL TEXT**LADY CAPULET**

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,

¹²⁵And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE

CAPULET

When the sun sets the air doth drizzle dew, but for the sunset of my brother's son it rains downright.

How now? A conduit, girl? What, still in tears,

¹³⁰Evermore showering? In one little body thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind, for still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, do ebb and flow with tears. The bark thy body is, sailing in this salt flood. The winds thy sighs,

¹³⁵Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them, without a sudden calm will upset thy tempest-tossèd body.

How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.

¹⁴⁰I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET

Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife. How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed, unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

¹⁴⁵So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have. Proud can I never be of what I hate, But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET**MODERN TEXT****LADY CAPULET**

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, and see how he takes the news.

CAPULET and the NURSE enter.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew. But at the death of my brother's son, it rains a downpour.

What are you, girl? Some kind of fountain? Why are you still crying? Will you cry forever? In one little body you seem like a ship, the sea, and the winds. Your eyes, which I call the sea, flow with tears. The ship is your body which is sailing on the salt flood of your tears. The winds are your sighs. Your sighs and your tears are raging. Unless you calm down, tears and sighs will overwhelm your body and sink your ship.

So where do things stand, wife? Have you told her our decision?

LADY CAPULET

Yes, sir, I told her. But she won't agree. She says thank you but refuses. I wish the fool were dead and married to her grave!

CAPULET

Wait! Hold on, wife. I don't understand. How can this be? She refuses? Isn't she grateful? Isn't she proud of such a match? Doesn't she realize what a blessing this is? Doesn't she realize how unworthy she is of the gentleman we have found to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

I am not proud of what you have found for me. But I am thankful that you have found it. I can never be proud of what I hate. But I can be thankful for something I hate, if it was meant with love.

CAPULET

How, how, how, how? Chopped logic!
What is this?

150 "Proud," and "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,
155 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green sickness, carrion! Out, you
baggage! You tallow face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a
word.

CAPULET

160 Hang thee, young baggage!
Disobedient wretch! I tell thee what: get
thee to church o' Thursday, or never after
look me in the face. Speak not. Reply not.
Do not answer me.

(JULIET rises)

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought
us blest

165 That God had lent us but this only
child, 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 bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

170 And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your
tongue, good prudence. Smatter with
your gossips, go.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

Oh, God 'i' good e'en.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

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

What is this? What is this fuzzy logic?
What is this? I hear you say "proud" and
"I thank you," and then "no thank you"
and "not proud," you spoiled little girl.
You're not really giving me any thanks or
showing me any pride. But get yourself
ready for Thursday. You're going to Saint
Peter's Church to marry Paris. And if you
don't go on your own, I'll drag you there.
You disgust me, you little bug! You
worthless girl! You pale face!

LADY CAPULET

Shame on you! What, are you crazy?

JULIET

Good father, I'm begging you on my
knees, be patient and listen to me say just
one thing.

CAPULET

Forget about you, you worthless girl! You
disobedient wretch! I'll tell you what. Go
to church on Thursday or never look me
in the face again. Don't say anything.
Don't reply. Don't talk back to me.

(JULIET rises)

I feel like slapping you. Wife, we never
thought ourselves blessed that God only
gave us this one child. But now I see that
this one is one too many. We were cursed
when we had her. She disgusts me, the
little hussy!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her! My lord, you're
wrong to berate her like that.

CAPULET

And why, wise lady? You shut up, old
woman. Go blabber with your gossiping
friends.

NURSE

I've said nothing wrong.

CAPULET

Oh, for God's sake.

NURSE

Can't I say something?

CAPULET

Be quiet, you mumbling fool! Say your
serious things at lunch with your
gossiping friends. We don't need to hear
it.

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

It makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath
been to have her matched.

Now having now provided

180A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly
trained, stuffed, as they say, with
honorable parts, proportioned as one's
thought would wish a man— and then to
have a wretched puling fool,

185A 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, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house
with me.

190Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to
jest. Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart,
advise. An you be mine, I'll give you to my
friend. An you be not, hang, beg, starve,
die in the streets, for, by my soul, I'll ne'er
acknowledge thee,

195Nor what is mine shall never do thee
good. Trust to 't, bethink you. I'll not be
forsworn.

Exit CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

You're getting too angry.

CAPULET

It makes me mad. Day and night, hour
after hour, all the time, at work, at play,
alone, in company, my top priority has
always been to find her a husband.

Now I've provided a husband from a
noble family, who is good-looking, young,
well-educated. He's full of good qualities.
He's the man of any girl's dreams. But this
wretched, whimpering fool, like a
whining puppet, she looks at this good
fortune and answers, "I won't get
married. I can't fall in love. I'm too young.
Please, excuse me."

Well, if you won't get married, I'll excuse
you. Eat wherever you want, but you can
no longer live under my roof. Consider
that. Think about it. I'm not in the habit of
joking. Thursday is coming. Put your
hand on your heart and listen to my
advice. If you act like my daughter, I'll
marry you to my friend. If you don't act
like my daughter, you can beg, starve, and
die in the streets. I swear on my soul, I
will never take you back or do anything
for you. Believe me. Think about it. I
won't break this promise.

CAPULET exits

Glossary

Conduit: fountain

Bark: boat

Chopt-logic: an argument which twists logic

Hurdle: wooden frame

Green-sickness carrion: a green-looking corpse

Baggage: rude girl

Tallow-face: pale face

Hilding: wretch

Smatter: chatter

God ye god-den: goodnight

Gravity: wisdom

Demesnes: estates

Nobly lign'd: good birth, noble parentage

Parts: qualities

Puling fool: whining child

Mammet: puppet

Be forsworn: to break your word

