Resource G: **The Capulets - Act 3, Scene 5 (edited)**

CAPULET Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The County 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.

CAPULET Do you not give us thanks?
Are you not proud? Do you not count you blest,

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

CAPULET Go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

JULIET Good father, I beseech you on my knees -

CAPULET Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch.

NURSE God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET Hold your tongue, you mumbling fool!

NURSE You are too hot.

CAPULET God's bread, it makes me mad!
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,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good *(he exits)*

JULIET O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Comfort me, counsel me.
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?