

Lady Capulet:

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers. By my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.  
Verona's summer hath not such a flower.  
What say you? Can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast.  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him making yourself no less.