

Lord Capulet

a soliloquy in blank verse by Sarmad Hammod

End of Act 3, Scene 4: Lady Capulet has left to tell Juliet of her impending marriage to Paris.

Tis the most wondrous of days. The birds they sing with great delight spreading the news of their king's canny cunning in betrothing his daughter to the magnificent man that is Paris. He is a husband beyond compare. Minstrels will sing of this wedding for centuries to come.

My complexion twas grim since the evil Montague's did murder my beloved nephew. Their cold, fiery tempers took him from us far too young. Thank the heavens their evil taint will never touch mine family twould be a disaster if those caitiffs touched our House again. But such dark shadows are not for today. Today let the bells ring for today my daughter is betrothed to one strong of arm, fine of feature, gentle of birth with foison aplenty. My joy sways me to celebrate with a quaff of fine sack. I can scarce believe our luck in making Juliet such a perfect match. Her life will be filled with joy and wonder thanks to me! A brilliant and canny man. Wise as the old owl staring down on me from yonder tree. I will miss Juliet's quick wit and charm but twould be folly to let such a fine opportunity pass.

I must quickly to Juliet's side to see for myself her delight as her mother passes on to her the news of her upcoming marriage. Twill be a delight to see for myself her excitement at having this superb specimen as her husband and her future happiness guaranteed for surely there is nothing even the Montagues can do to ruin this hour of complete joy in the House of Capulet.