

- Is three long hours; yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
14 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me.  
16 But old folks, many feign as they were dead –  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.  
*Enter Nurse [and Peter].*  
O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
- NURSE  
20 Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit Peter.]*
- JULIET**  
Now, good sweet nurse – O Lord, why lookest thou  
sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
- NURSE  
25 I am awcary, give me leave awhile.  
26 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I!
- JULIET**  
I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.  
Nay, come, I pray thee speak. Good, good nurse, speak.
- NURSE  
29 Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile?  
30 Do you not see that I am out of breath?
- JULIET**  
How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.

14 *bandy* toss 16 *old . . . dead* many persons speak figuratively of old folks as being dead 25 *give me leave* let me alone 26 *jaunce* jolting 29 *stay wait*

- Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance. 36  
Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?
- NURSE Well, you have made a simple choice; you know 38  
not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though  
his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all 40  
men's, and for a hand and a foot and a body, though  
they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare.  
He is not the flower of courtesy but, I'll warrant him, as  
gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God.  
What, have you dined at home?
- JULIET**  
No, no. But all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage? What of that?
- NURSE  
Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back a t' other side – ah, my back, my back! 50  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about 51  
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!
- JULIET**  
I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
- NURSE Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a  
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant,  
a virtuous – Where is your mother?
- JULIET**  
Where is my mother? Why, she is within.  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!  
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
"Where is your mother?" 60
- NURSE O God's Lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow. 62

36 *stay the circumstance* wait for details 38 *simple* foolish 50 *a on* 51 *Beshrew* shame on 62 *hot* impatient; *Marry, come up* by the Virgin Mary, take your comeuppance (penalty); *trow* trust

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

65 Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

70 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks:

71 They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church. I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

74 Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

76 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

**JULIET**

**Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. Exeunt.**

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♪ II.6 *Enter Friar [Laurence] and Romeo.*

FRIAR

So smile the heavens upon this holy act  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROMEO

Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,

4 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight.

65 *coil* fuss 71 *in scarlet* (Juliet blushes easily – cf. II.2.86; III.2.14); *straight* straightway 74 *climb . . . nest* i.e., climb to Juliet's room 76 *the burden* (1) the responsibility, (2) your lover's weight

II.6 At Friar Laurence's cell 4 *countervail* outweigh

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare –  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10  
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness 12

And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. 17

A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air, 18

And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor. 21

FRIAR

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

As much to him, else is his thanks too much. 23

ROMEO

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more 25

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath 26

This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagined happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

12 *Is loathsome* i.e., if eaten to excess 15 *Too . . . slow* (proverbial; cf. II.3.94); s.d. (Q1 reads "Enter Juliet somewhat fast and embraceth Romeo") 17 *wear . . . flint* (suggested by the proverb "In time small water drops will wear away the stone") 18 *gossamer* spider's web 20 *vanity* transitory earthly love (cf. Ecclesiastes 9:9) 21 *ghostly* spiritual 23 *As much* the same greeting 25 *that* if 26 *blazon* proclaim