

Side 7: Nurse, Lady Capulet, Juliet, Petra

ACT 1, SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse

What, lamb! what, ladybird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

JULIET

How now! who calls?

Nurse

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:--Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
My Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me.
But I remember when Juliet was but young
She could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She ran and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband--God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man--took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holiday,

The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

JULIET

And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse

An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

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.

Nurse

A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world--why, he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse

Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET

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;
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse

No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter Petra the Servant

PETRA

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you
called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in
the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must
hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.
Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt