

Side #1

Act I, Scene iii

LADY C Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE Where's this girl? *[Calling]* What, Juliet!

JULIET Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY C 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 Ay, Susan and she- God rest all Christian souls!- were
of an age: well, Susan is with God; she was too good
for me. And since that time it is eleven years. Even
the day before, she broke her brow: and then my
husband - God be with his soul! -took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou
wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit.' The
pretty wench left crying and said 'Ay.'

LADY C 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.'

LADY C "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.

LADY C Well, think of marriage now; younger than you, ladies
of esteem, are made already mothers. The valiant Paris
seeks you for his love.

NURSE Lady, such a man as all the world!

LADY C 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. You shall share all that he
doth possess, by having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE No less! Nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LADY C 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.

LADY C The guests are come, supper served up.

NURSE Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Side #2

Act III, Scene v - 2

LADY C *[Entering]* Daughter, are you up? Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET Madam, I am not well.

LADY C Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? What, wilt
thou wash him from his grave with tears? Some grief
shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some
want of wit.

JULIET Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY C Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death, as
that the villain lives which slaughter'd him: Romeo.

JULIET *[Aside]* Villain and he be many miles asunder – God
pardon him.

LADY C We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not: I'll
send to one in Mantua, shall give him such an
unaccustom'd dram, that he shall soon keep Tybalt
company. And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET Indeed, I never shall be satisfied with Romeo, till I
behold him – dead –. O, how my heart abhors to hear
him named, and cannot come to him. To wreak the love I
bore my cousin upon his body that slaughter'd him!

LADY C But now I tell thee joyful tidings, girl. Thou hast a
careful father, child; one who hath sorted out a
sudden day of joy that thou expect'st not nor I look'd
not for.

JULIET Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY C Early next Thursday morn, the gallant, young, and
noble gentleman, 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. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed ere he, that should be my husband, comes to woo. I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear, it shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, rather than Paris.

LADY C Here comes your father; tell him so yourself, and see how he will take it at your hands.