

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 II, Scene v

JULIET O honey nurse, what news? O Lord, why look'st thou
sad?

NURSE *[Exaggerated breathing]* I am weary; give me leave
awhile. What a jaunt I've had!

JULIET I wouldst thou had my bones and I thy news: I pray
thee, speak!

NURSE Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how
to choose a man: Romeo! He is not the flower of
courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.

JULIET What says he of our marriage?

NURSE Lord, how my head aches! O, my back, my back! Beshrew
your heart for sending me about!

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 kind,
and a handsome – where is your mother?

JULIET Where is my mother?! How oddly thou repliest!

NURSE O God's lady – are you so hot? Henceforward do your
messages yourself.

JULIET Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE Hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell; there stays a
husband to make you a wife.