

Nurse. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio*:

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name. — If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal.

[*one calls within, Juliet.*

Nurse. Anon, anon: —

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair for which love groan'd fore and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*