

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress: I protest unto thee, —

Nurse. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar *Lawrence's* cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, god in heaven bless thee! — Hark you, sir.

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady; —

Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing, — O,

There is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*,

That would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul,

Had as lieve see a toad, a very toad,

As see him: I anger her sometimes,

And tell her that *Paris* is the properer man;

But, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks

As pale as any clout in the varsal world.

Doth not rosemary and *Romeo* begin

Both with a letter?

Rom.