

Rom. Ay, nurse, what of that?
Both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.
R is not for thee; I know, it begins with
Some other letter: and she hath the prettiest
Sententious of it, of you and rosemary,
That it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit Romeo.*

Nurse. A thousand times. — *Peter!*

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sunbeams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Are three long hours, yet she is not come:
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O god, she comes! — What news?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

VOL. VI.

L 1

Nurse.