

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, — o lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am aweary, let me rest a while;

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Give me some *aqua vitae*.

Jul. Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not
How to choose a man: *Romeo!* no, not he;

Though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs

Excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot,

And a body, though they be not to be talk'd on,

Yet they are past compare.

He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I warrant him,

As gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve god:

What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before:

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o't'other side — O my back, my back! —

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I faith, I am sorry that thou art so ill.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous: — where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within;

Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman:

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, god's lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow;

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