

and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on,
yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways,
wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET 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!

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 courteous,
and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous—
Where is your mother?

JULIET Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
“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;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

NURSE Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JULIET I have.

NURSE Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;