

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.  
O God, she comes!

*(Enter NURSE and PETER.)*

O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE Peter, stay at the gate. *(Exit PETER.)*

JULIET Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

JULIET I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
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 leg excels all men's; and for a hand,