

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET Marry, that "marry" is the very theme  
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content,  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the margent of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride