

JULIET Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

JULIET What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE I know not.

JULIET Go ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE What's this? what's this?

JULIET A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. (*One calls within "Juliet."*)

NURSE Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. (*Exeunt.*)