



SCENE 5 *Capulet's orchard.*

Juliet is a nervous wreck, having waited for more than three hours for the Nurse to return. When the Nurse does arrive, she simply can't come to the point. Juliet gets more and more upset, until the Nurse finally reveals the wedding arrangements.

[Enter Juliet.]

Juliet. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.

O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

5 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

10 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours; yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

15 And his to me.

But old folks, many feign as they were dead—

Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

[Enter Nurse and Peter.]

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

20 **Nurse.** Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter.]

Juliet. Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookst
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

25 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

Juliet. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee speak. Good, good nurse,
30 speak.

4-6 Love's . . . hills: Love's messengers should be thoughts, which travel ten times faster than sunbeams.

14 bandy: toss.

16 feign as: act as if.

21-22 The Nurse teases Juliet by putting on a sad face as if the news were bad.

26-27 give me . . . I had: Leave me alone for a while. I ache all over because of the running back and forth I've been doing.

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

35 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.
40 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 and a foot, and a
45 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.
50 What say 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—ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
55 To catch my death with jauncing 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
60 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,
65 ‘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?
Hence forward do your messages yourself.

70 **Juliet.** Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

39–40 Say . . . bad: Tell me if the news is good or bad, and I'll wait for the details.

41 simple: foolish.

54–55 Beshrew . . . down: Curse you for making me endanger my health by running around. Considering the Nurse's feelings for Juliet, is this really an angry curse?

66–69 O God's . . . yourself: Are you so eager? Control yourself (come up). Is this the treatment I get for my pain? From now on, run your own errands.

70 coil: fuss.

messengers
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Juliet. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

75 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks:
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.

80 I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Juliet. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

73-74 Then hie . . . a wife: Then go quickly to Friar Laurence's cell, where Romeo wants to marry you.

77-79 The Nurse will get the ladder that Romeo will use to climb to Juliet's room after they are married.