**ACT I Scene iii Juliet’s Day**

 {Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.} LADY CAPULET: Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me. NURSE: Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old, I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird! God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet! {Enter JULIET.} JULIET: How now! who calls? NURSE: Your mother. JULIET: Madam, I am here. What is your will? LADY CAPULET: This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. NURSE: Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. LADY CAPULET: She's not fourteen. NURSE: I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,-- And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four-- She is not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammas-tide? LADY CAPULET: A fortnight and odd days. NURSE: Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!-- Were of an age: well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me: but, as I said, On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall. Shake, quoth the dovehouse! My lord and you were then at Mantua. Nay I do bear a brain; For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, She could have run and waddled all about; For even the day before, she broke her brow: And then my husband--God be with his soul! A' was a merry man--took up the child: 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame, The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.' LADY CAPULET: Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace. NURSE: Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.' JULIET: And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I. NURSE: Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! 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! 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? JULIET: I'll look to like, if looking liking move: But no more deep will I endart mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. {Enter a SERVANT.} SERVANT: Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight. LADY CAPULET: The county stays. NURSE: Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. {Exeunt}