

Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare  
Act 2, Scene 5

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,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams  
Driving back shadows over louring hills.  
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
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 swift in motion as a ball;  
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! O honey Nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away

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

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee speak; good, good Nurse, speak

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?

But all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage, what of that?  
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Come, what says Romeo?

Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.