

Nurse (skip over Romeo's line):

Marry, farewell! I Pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery? An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say.

[Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee-]

Nurse: Good heart, and i' faith I will tell her as much. Lord,  
Lord! she will be a joyful woman.