

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,

Cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JULIET

What villain madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET

[Aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder.--

God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--

Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex'd.

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him named, and cannot come to him.

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that slaughter'd him!

LADY CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.