

- ROMEO
 36 More light and light – more dark and dark our woes.
 - *Enter Nurse [hastily].*
 NURSE Madam!
 JULIET Nurse?
 NURSE
 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
 40 The day is broke; be wary, look about. *[Exit.]*
 JULIET
 41 Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
 ROMEO
 42 Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.
[He goeth down.]
 JULIET
 43 Art thou gone so, love, lord, my husband, friend?
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days.
 46 O, by this count I shall be much in years
 Ere I again behold my Romeo!
 ROMEO
 Farewell!
 I will omit no opportunity
 50 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
 JULIET
 O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
 ROMEO
 I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
 For sweet discourses in our times to come.
 JULIET
 54 O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.

36 s.d. *hastily* (From Q1; Q2 reads "Enter Madam and Nurse.") 41 *life* (cf. III.3.117) 42 s.d. (from Q1) 43 *friend* lover 46 *much* advanced 54 *ill-divining* prophetic of evil

- ROMEO
 And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *Exit.* 59
 JULIET
 O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle. 60
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long
 But send him back. 64
[She goeth down from the window.]
Enter [Capulet's Wife].
 CAPULET'S WIFE
 Ho, daughter! are you up?
 JULIET
 Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
 Is she not down so late, or up so early? 67
 What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?
 CAPULET'S WIFE
 Why, how now, Juliet?
 JULIET Madam, I am not well.
 CAPULET'S WIFE
 Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? 70
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
 Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love;
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
 JULIET
 Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. 75
 CAPULET'S WIFE
 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
 Which you weep for.

59 *Dry* . . . *blood* (the presumed effect of grief was to dry up the blood) 64 s.d. (from Q1, and so placed that it might apply only to the nurse; but since the Q1 stage direction immediately following is "Enter Juliet's Mother, Nurse," the indications are that the subsequent action takes place below, where Juliet joins her mother; hence the orchard into which Romeo has descended now becomes an interior) 67 *down* abed 75 *feeling* deeply felt

JULIET Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

CAPULET'S WIFE
Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
80 As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET
What villain, madam?

CAPULET'S WIFE That same villain Romeo.

JULIET *[Aside]*
Villain and he be many miles asunder. –
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
84 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

CAPULET'S WIFE
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!

CAPULET'S WIFE
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
90 Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET
[CUT LINES]
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
98 Soon sleep in quiet.
[CUT LINES]
100

84 like so much as 90 runagate renegade 98 temper prepare or concoct
(with play on "moderate")

CAPULET'S WIFE
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, beseech your ladyship?

CAPULET'S WIFE
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 expects not nor I looked not for. 110

JULIET
Madam, in happy time! What day is that? 112

CAPULET'S WIFE
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. 120
[CUT LINES]

CAPULET'S WIFE
Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET
When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,

110 sorted chosen 112 in happy time opportunely