

## **ACT III SCENE V - Juliet and Lady Capulet**

**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?

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.

**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:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

**JULIET**

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--  
Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex'd.

**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.