

JULIET Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. (*He goeth down.*)

JULIET Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
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 time to come.

JULIET O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! (*Exit.*)

JULIET O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET (*Within.*) Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?