

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

(*Enter* 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,
I 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: