

O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. 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.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. 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.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls, is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause provokes her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As