Romeo and Juliet / 2.2

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|  | **Juliet** | O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore **are** **you** Romeo? |
|  |  | Deny **your** father and refuse **your** name; |
|  |  | Or, if **you** **will** not, be but sworn my love, |
|  |  | And I’ll no longer be a Capulet |
| *5* |  | ‘Tis but **your** name that is my enemy; |
|  |  | Romeo, doff **your** name, |
|  |  | And for **your** name, which is no part of **you**, |
|  |  | Take all myself. |
|  | **Romeo** | I take **you** at **your** word. |
| *10* |  | Call me but love, and I’ll be new baptiz’d; |
|  |  | Henceforth I never will be Romeo. |
|  | **Juliet** | What man **are** **you** that thus bescreen’d in night |
|  |  | So stumble on my counsel? |
|  | **Romeo** | By a name |
| *15* |  | I know not how to tell **you** who I am. |
|  |  | My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, |
|  |  | Because it is an enemy to **you**; |
|  |  | Had I it written, I would tear the word. |
|  | **Juliet** | My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words |
| *20* |  | Of **your** tongue’s uttering, yet I know the sound. |
|  |  | **Are** **you** not Romeo, and a Montague? |
|  | **Romeo** | Neither, fair maid, if either *thee* dislike. |
|  | **Juliet** | How **came** **you** hither, tell me, and wherefore? |
|  |  | The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, |
| *25* |  | And the place death, considering who **you** **are**, |
|  |  | If any of my kinsmen find **you** here. |
|  | **Romeo** | With love’s light wings did I o’erperch these walls, |
|  |  | For stony limits cannot hold love out, |
|  |  | And what love can do, that dares love attempt; |
| *30* |  | Therefore **your** kinsmen are no stop to me. |
|  | **Juliet** | If they do see **you**, they will murther **you**. |

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|  | **Romeo** | Alack, there lies more peril in **your** eye |
|  |  | Than twenty of their swords! Look **you** but sweet, |
|  |  | And I am proof against their enmity. |
| *35* | **Juliet** | I would not for the world they saw **you** here. |
|  | **Romeo** | I have night’s cloak to hide me from their eyes, |
|  |  | And but **you** love me, let them find me here; |
|  |  | My life were better ended by their hate, |
|  |  | Than death proroguèd, wanting of **your** love. |
| *40* | **Juliet** | By whose direction found **you** out this place? |
|  | **Romeo** | By love, that first did prompt me to inquire; |
|  |  | He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. |
|  |  | I am no pilot, yet, were **you** as far |
|  |  | As that vast shore [wash’d] with the farthest sea, |
| *45* |  | I should adventure for such merchandise. |
|  | **Juliet** | **You** know the mask of night is on my face, |
|  |  | Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek |
|  |  | For that which **you** have have heard me speak to‑night. |
|  |  | Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny |
| *50* |  | What I have spoke, but farewell compliment! |
|  |  | Do **you** love me? I know **you** will say, “Ay,” |
|  |  | And I will take **your** word; yet, if **you** swear, |
|  |  | **You** may prove false: at lovers’ perjuries |
|  |  | They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, |
| *55* |  | If **you** do love, pronounce it faithfully; |
|  |  | Or if **you** think I am too quickly won, |
|  |  | I’ll frown and be perverse, and say **you** nay, |
|  |  | So **you** will woo, but else not for the world. |
|  |  | In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, |
| *60* |  | And therefore **you** may think my behavior light, |
|  |  | But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true |