*Romeo and Juliet / 2.2*

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | **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**. |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | **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 |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  | Than those that have [more] coying to be strange. |
|  |  | I should have been more strange, I must confess, |
|  |  | But that **you** overheard, ere I was ware, |
| *65* |  | My true‑love passion; therefore pardon me, |
|  |  | And not impute this yielding to light love, |
|  |  | Which the dark night hath so discoverèd. |
|  | **Romeo** | Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow, |
|  |  | That tips with silver all these fruit‑tree tops ‑‑ |
| *70* | **Juliet** | O, swear not by the moon, th’ inconstant moon, |
|  |  | That monthly changes in her [circled] orb, |
|  |  | Lest that **your** love prove likewise variable. |
|  | **Romeo** | What shall I swear by? |
|  | **Juliet** | Do not swear at all; |
| *75* |  | Or if **you** will, swear by **your** gracious self, |
|  |  | Which is the god of my idolatry, |
|  |  | And I’ll believe **you**. |
|  | **Romeo** | If my heart’s dear love ‑‑ |
|  | **Juliet** | Well, do not swear. Although I joy in **you**, |
| *80* |  | I have no joy of this contract to‑night, |
|  |  | It is too rash, too unadvis’d, too sudden, |
|  |  | Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be |
|  |  | Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night! |
|  |  | This bud of love, by summer’s ripening breath, |
| *85* |  | May prove a beauteous flow’r when next we meet. |
|  |  | Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest |
|  |  | Come to **your** heart as that within my breast! |
|  | **Romeo** | O, will **you** leave me so unsatisfied? |
|  | **Juliet** | What satisfaction can **you** have to‑night? |
| *90* | **Romeo** | Th’ exchange of **your** love’s faithful vow for mine. |
|  | **Juliet** | I gave **you** mine before **you** did request it; |
|  |  | And yet I would it were to give again. |
|  | **Romeo** | Would **you** withdraw it? for what purpose, love? |
|  | **Juliet** | But to be frank and give it **you** again, |
| *95* |  | And yet I wish but for the thing I have. |
|  |  | My bounty is as boundless as the sea, |
|  |  | My love as deep; the more I give to **you**, |
|  |  | The more I have, for both are infinite. |
|  |  | *[Nurse calls within.]* |
| *100* |  | I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! |
|  |  | Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true. |
|  |  | Stay but a little, I will come again. *[Exit above.]* |
|  | **Romeo** | O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard, |
|  |  | Being in night, all this is but a dream, |
| *105* |  | Too flattering‑sweet to be substantial. |
|  |  | *[Enter JULIET above.]* |
|  | **Juliet** | Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. |
|  |  | If that **your** bent of love be honorable, |
|  |  | **Your** purpose marriage, send me word to‑morrow, |
| *110* |  | By one that I’ll procure to come to **you**, |
|  |  | Where and what time **you** will perform the rite, |
|  |  | And all my fortunes at **your** foot I’ll lay, |
|  |  | And follow **you** my lord throughout the world. |
|  | ***[Nurse.*** | Within.] Madam! |
| *115* | **Juliet** | I come, anon. ‑‑ But if **you** mean not well, |
|  |  | I do beseech **you** ‑‑ |
|  | ***[Nurse.*** | *Within.]* Madam! |
|  | **Juliet** | By and by, I come‑‑ |
|  |  | To cease **your** strife, and leave me to my grief. |
| *120* |  | To‑morrow will I send. |
|  | **Romeo** | So thrive my soul ‑‑ |
|  | **Juliet** | A thousand times good night! *[Exit above.]* |
|  | **Romeo** | A thousand times the worse, to want **your** light. |
|  |  | Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books, |
| *125* |  | But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. |
|  |  | *[Retiring]* |