

Romeo

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold: 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet.

Ay me!

Romeo.

She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel

Juliet.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo.

[Aside.] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo.

I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet.

What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo.

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet.

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo.

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Juliet.

How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee 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:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Juliet.

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo.

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.