

- **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. 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 baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
- **Juliet.** What man art thou that thus bescreen'd 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 not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
- **Romeo.** Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
- **Juliet.** How camest 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'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
- **Juliet.** If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
- **Alack,** there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
- **Juliet.** I would not for the world they saw thee here.

- **Romeo.** I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
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.
- **Juliet.** By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
- **Romeo.** By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
- **Juliet.** Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: I know
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st here was
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
- **Romeo.** Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
- **Juliet.** O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
- **Romeo.** What shall I swear by?
- **Juliet.** Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
- **Romeo.** If my heart's dear love—
- **Juliet.** Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

- **Romeo.** O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
- **Juliet.** What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
- **Romeo.** The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
- **Juliet.** I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
- **Romeo.** Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?
- **Juliet.** But to be frank, I would give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse calls within]
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]