

Act 2, Scene 2 Capulet's orchard

(ROMEO.)

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

But soft. What light through yonder window breaks?

(JULIET enters above.) 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.

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 called,

retain that dear perfection which he owns 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 baptized!

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.

discourses - communicates, *doff* - take off

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 maid, 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 over-perch* 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 prolonged, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

Dost thou love me?
I know thou wilt say 'Ay;' and I will take thy word.
Yet if thou swearest, thou mayest prove false. At lovers' perjuries* they say Jove* laughs.
O gentle Romeo, if thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—

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.
Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to night. It is too rash, too unadvised, 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, may prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

over-perch - fly over *perjuries* - lies, *Jove* - God, *ere* - before

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

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 give it to 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

Juliet?

JULIET

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

O blessed, blessed night!
I am afeard, being in night, all this is but a dream.

(Re enter JULIET above.)

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent* of love be honorable, thy purpose marriage,
send me word tomorrow, by one that I'll procure* to come to thee,
where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
and all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay and follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE

(Within.) Madam?

bounty - wish to give (love), *bent* - purpose, *procure* - cause

JULIET

I come, anon. But if thou meanest not well, I do beseech thee—

NURSE

(Within.) Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come!
to cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

(Re enter JULIET above.)

JULIET

Hist! Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone.

Good night, good night!

Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night till it be morrow.

(Exit JULIET above.)

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

(Exit ROMEO.)