

Romeo and Juliet

Act 2, Scene 2

「*Romeo comes forward.*」

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

「*Enter Juliet above.*」

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

5

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

10

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.

15

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, 「do」 entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.

25

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me.

ROMEO

, *aside*

She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art

30

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
 When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds

35

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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*

40

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. O, be some other name

45

Belonging to a man.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

50

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

And, for thy 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.

55

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.

60

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.

65

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,

70

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

75

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

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

80

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.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou 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, wert thou as far
As that vast shore ' washed ' with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment.

95

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say “Ay,”
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear’st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers’ perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

100

Or, if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my “havior” light.

105

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 thou overheard’st ere I was ware
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,

110

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—

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, th’ inconstant moon,

115

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,

120

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 tonight.

125

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.

130

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 tonight?

ROMEO

Th' 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 and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

140

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 from within. ⌋

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—
Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true.

145

Stay but a little; I will come again.

⌈ She exits. ⌋

ROMEO

O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

「*Reenter Juliet above.*」

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

150

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

155

And follow thee my 「lord」 throughout the world.

「NURSE

, *within*」

Madam.

JULIET

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

「NURSE

, *within*」

Madam.

JULIET

160

By and by, I come.—
To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO
So thrive my soul—

JULIET
A thousand times good night.

「*She exits.*」

ROMEO
A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

165

「*Going.*」

Enter Juliet 「*above*」 *again.*

JULIET
Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than 「mine」
With repetition of “My Romeo!”

170

ROMEO

175

It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET
Romeo.

ROMEO
My "dear."

JULIET 180
What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO
By the hour of nine.

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

ROMEO 185
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROMEO
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

190

'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,

195

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

Sweet, so would I.
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet

200

sorrow

That I shall say "Good night" till it be morrow.

「*She exits.*」

「ROMEO」

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,

205

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

He exits.