

Romeo and Juliet

from Act 2, scene 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.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
10 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

I know not how to tell you who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
15 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
Of your tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Are you not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo

20 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,
And the place death, considering who you are,
If any of my kinsmen find you here.

Romeo

25 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 your kinsmen are no stop to me.

Juliet

If they do see you, they will murder you.

Romeo

30 Alack, there lies more peril in your eye
Than twenty of their swords! Look you but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet

I would not for the world they saw you here.

Romeo

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
35 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.

Juliet

By whose direction found you out this place?

Romeo

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
40 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,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet

You know the mask of night is on my face,
45 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which you have heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke, but farewell compliment!
Do you love me? I know you will say, "Ay,"
50 And I will take your word; yet, if you swear,
You may prove false: at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If you do love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if you think I am too quickly won,
55 I'll frown and be perverse, and say you nay,
So you will woo, but else not for the world.