

105 Or if thou thinkst 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;
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 110 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion. Therefore pardon me;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 115 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,
 120 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,
 125 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.
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
 130 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 flow'r when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
 135 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. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
 mine.

140 **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?

104–110 if . . . strange: You might think I've fallen in love too easily and that I am too forward. But I'll be truer to you than those who hide their feelings (**be strange**) and play romantic games.

118–120 swear . . . variable: Why doesn't Juliet want Romeo to swear by the moon?

128–131 I have . . . lightens: Juliet is worried about their love (**contract**), which has happened as quickly as lightning and could be gone as fast. What is Juliet's attitude at this point? Do you agree with her feelings about the relationship?

145 **Juliet.** But to be frank and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
 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.
 I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

[Nurse *calls within.*]

150 **Anon,** good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

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

[*Re-enter Juliet, above.*]

155 **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,
 160 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!

165 **Juliet.** I come, anon.—But if thou meanst 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.

170 **Romeo.** So thrive my soul—

Juliet. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

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

[*Enter Juliet again, above.*]

175 **Juliet.** Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falc'ner's voice
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

150–151 Anon: Right away! Juliet calls to her nurse but meanwhile asks Romeo to wait till she returns. The Nurse's repeated calls begin to create urgency and tension.

157–160 If that . . . rite: I'll send a messenger to you tomorrow. If your intention is to marry me, tell the messenger where and when the ceremony will be. Although in love, Juliet continues to be practical and wants proof that Romeo's intentions are serious.

173–174 Love . . . looks: The simile means that lovers meet as eagerly as schoolboys leave their books; lovers separate with the sadness of boys going to school.



180 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's name.
 Romeo!

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

185 **Juliet.** Romeo!

Romeo. My sweet?

Juliet. What o'clock tomorrow
 Shall I send to thee?

Romeo. By the hour of nine.

190 **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,
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

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

Juliet. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone—
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 That lets it hop a little from her hand,
 200 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Romeo. I would I were thy bird.

Juliet. Sweet, so would I.
 205 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
 Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet
 sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

210 **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 father's cell,
 His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.]

175–181 Hist . . . name: Listen, Romeo, I wish I could speak your name as loudly as a falconer calls his falcon (**tassel-gentle**), but because of my parents, I must whisper. Echo was a nymph in Greek mythology whose unreturned love for Narcissus caused her to waste away until only her voice was left.

187–188 The ever-practical Juliet asks for details.

197–202 I would . . . liberty: I know you must go, but I want you close to me like a pet bird that a thoughtless child (**wanton**) keeps on a string.

212–213 ghostly father: spiritual advisor or priest. **dear hap:** good fortune.