

Romeo and Juliet

2.1

Enter Romeo

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He turns back and withdraws.]

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio

BENVOLIO *(calling)*

Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise, and, on my life, hath stol'n him home to
bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall. 5
Call, good Mercutio.

[MERCUTIO] Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! Humours! Madman! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.
Cry but 'Ay me!' Pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'. 10
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.±±
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not. 15
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.±±
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 25

Till she had laid it and conjured it down.
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees 30
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit 35
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O Romeo, that she were, O that she were
An open-arse, and thou a popp'rin' pear.
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed.
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. 40
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt Benvolio and Mercutio

ROMEO *[coming forward]*

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. 45
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
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, 50
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

[Enter Juliet aloft]

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. 55
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
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?±± 60
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. 65
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
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven 70
Unto the white upturn'd wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET (*not knowing Romeo hears her*)
O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? 75
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. 80
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 85
By any other word would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name±±which is no part of thee±± 90
Take all myself.

ROMEO (*to Juliet*) 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 bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name

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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 yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

100

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How cam'st 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.

105

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.

110

JULIET

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.

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JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

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 prorogue'd, wanting of thy love.

120

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, that first did prompt me to enquire.

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, 125
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 130
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment.
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, 135
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,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, 140
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light.
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, 145
My true-love 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 vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops±± 150

JULIET

O swear not by the moon, th'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, 155
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.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, 160
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.
Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest 165
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, 170
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.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea, 175
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. 180
Exit

ROMEO

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

Enter Juliet aloft

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable, 185

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.

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[NURSE] (*within*)

Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon. (*To Romeo*) But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee±±

[NURSE] (*within*) Madam!

JULIET By and by I come.±± 195

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.

Exit

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light. 200
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[He is going.]

Enter Juliet aloft again

JULIET

Hist, Romeo! Hist! O for a falconer's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud, 205
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, 210
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO My nyas?

JULIET 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.

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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.

ROMEO

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

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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 his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

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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 sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

230

[ROMEO]

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Exit Juliet

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly sire's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit