

[Act 2. Scene 2 edited]

**ROMEO**

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.

**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.

**ROMEO**

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet.

**ROMEO**

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET**

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

**ROMEO**

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,  
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.

**JULIET**

Dost thou love me?

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

**JULIET**

O, swear not by the moon,

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

Do not swear at all.

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self.

**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,  
Too like the lightning. Good night, good night.

**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.  
Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

**JULIET**

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.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honorable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite.

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul—

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night.

**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.

**JULIET**

Hist, Romeo, hist!

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**

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

**JULIET**

'Tis almost morning.

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