

Romeo and Juliet / 2.2

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.
10 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
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
15 I know not how to tell **you** who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
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
20 Of **your** tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Are you not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo 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,
25 And the place death, considering who **you are**,
If any of my kinsmen find **you** 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;
30 Therefore **your** kinsmen are no stop to me.

Juliet If they do see **you**, they will murder **you**.

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

35 **Juliet** I would not for the world they saw **you** here.

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

40 **Juliet** By whose direction found **you** 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, were **you** as far
As that vast shore [wash'd] with the farthest sea,
45 I should adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet **You** know the mask of night is on my face,
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
50 What I have spoke, but farewell compliment!
Do **you** love me? I know **you** will say, "Ay,"
And I will take **your** word; yet, if **you** swear,
You may prove false: at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
55 If **you** do love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if **you** think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say **you** nay,
So **you** will woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
60 And therefore **you** may think my behavior light,
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true