

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had lay'd it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation is
Honest and fair, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be comforted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. 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,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. —
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. **H**E 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! —

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*

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,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

I i 2

She