

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?  
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —  
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
 Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,  
 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?  
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n  
 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!  
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch that cheek!

*Jul.* Ah me!

*Rom.* 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 from heav'n  
 Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?  
 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*.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*aside.*]

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:  
 Thou'rt not thyself so, though a *Mountague*.  
 What's *Mountague*? it is not hand, nor foot,  
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part.  
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
 By any other name would smell as sweet;  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without