

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
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 may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, *Jove* laughs. O gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think 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 *Mountague*, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st 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 over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,  
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb;  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my true heart's love —

*Jul.* Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee, I have