

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, *It lightens*. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
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.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu. — [*nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse. — Sweet *Mountague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid
Being in night all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Reenter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. [*within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come anon: — but if thou mean'st not well,

I do