

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not daylight, I know it well;

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*:

Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

*Rom.* Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and die;

If thou wilt have it so, I am content.

I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow;

I'll say, it is the nightingale that beats

The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,

And not the lark, the messenger of morn. —

Come death, and welcome! *Juliet* wills it so.

*Jul.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us:

<sup>a</sup> Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,

O, now I wot they have chang'd voices too.

O, now be gone, more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* Farewel, my love! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*]

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day i' th' hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the notion of the vulgar because the lark with a sweet pipe hath little ugly eyes, and the toad large and fine eyes but a dismal croaking voice.

O, by