

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### Balcony scene:

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.  
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.  
Thou art thyself though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot  
Nor arm nor face nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet.  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

(NOW JULIET SEES ROMEO.)

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?  
My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of thy tongue's utterings, yet I know the sound.  
How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.  
If they see thee, they will murder thee.

But, o gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
Or if thou thinkest 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 Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst 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 thou overheardest, ere I was ware  
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.  
Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract tonight.  
It is too rash, too unadvised, 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. My love, adieu!