AM, JRF, SC, HC

ROMEO.

She speak again! Thou art my head. A winged messenger of wondering eyes, of mortals that fall on him when he puff upon the bosom.

JULIET.

O Romeo, Romeo…art thou Romeo? They father, thy name. Thou wilt be—I’ll no longer be.

ROMEO.

[*Aside.*] Shall I ear ore, or shall I peak at this?

JULIET.

They name is enemy; thyself not on a gue. It is hand, foot, arm, any part a man. O name. A name we call any name. Smell a sweet. So Rome would, were not Rome call’d. Retain that dear perfect title: Rome. Off thy name, and for name no part. Take all self.

ROMEO.

I take word call “love”, I’ll be new. Henceforth, I never will be Rome.

JULIET.

What art thou that thus screen’d in stumble, o counsel?

ROMEO.

A name not to tell who I? Name aint hateful to self, because it is written the word.

JULIET.

My ears have a hundred words of thy sound. Art thou not Roo, and a Montague?

ROMEO.

Neither, maid, if either.

JULIET.

How cam’st thou tell me? The walls are high and hard, the place death find thee here.

ROMEO.

Did I perch these walls for love? And what love can love? Thy kinsmen no stop me!

JULIET.

They see thee. They murder thee.

ROMEO.

Lies! Twenty of swords I am.

JULIET.

The world saw thee here.

ROMEO.

I night oak. Hide me from the eye and love me, let me. My life end. The hate, a death wanting thy love.

JULIET.

By whose rection found out this ace?

ROMEO.

By that first prompt counsel and him eyes. No pilot, yet thou far, vast, wash’d with farthest merchandise.

JULIET.

Thou mask of face, would a maiden bepaint my tonight? Fain, fain, fain, deny! What farewell compliment… Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say thy word. Yet if false, at lovers’ perjuries they laugh. O gentle Roo, if thou dost pronoun it faithfully, or if thou thinkest I am too quickly perverse, so thou wilt woo. But for the world in truth I am too fond, my ‘haviour light. Trust me, gentlemen, I’ll prove: That those that have strange should have more strange. I must confess, but was my true-love passion; therefore pardon me, love. The dark night so discovered.

ROMEO.

Lady blessed that tips these tops,—

JULIET.

O the moon, th’moon that changes, that thy variable.

ROMEO.

Shall I swear?

JULIET.

Do swear. Swear by god. And I’ll believe thee.

ROMEO.

Heart’s ear oven—

JULIET.

Well, do ear. Although I in the no of this ton is rash, too sudden, too lightning. To be ere one can lighten sweet goo. Night is bud of lo, a beauteous meet. Good, good, repose, rest, to heart within breast.

ROMEO.

Q wilt unsatisfied?

JULIET.

Canst have?

ROMEO.

Th’exchange of faithful mines.

JULIET.

I gave mines request; and yet I would give again.

ROMEO.

Would’st thou withdraw it? For love?

JULIET.

But to give it again. I wish for bounty as boundless as the sea…Deep, the more I give to the… The more infinite… I hear some noise, love.

[*calls within*]

Good! Sweet! True. Little, come again.

[*Exit.*]