

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle (bawdy)
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it and conjured it down.
 That were some spite! My invocation
 Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him. (bawdy)
 BENVOLIO
 Come, he hath bid himself to be consorted with the night. commune
 Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
 MERCUTIO
 If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. target
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open-arse and thou a pop'rin pear! medlar, long pear
 Romeo, good night.—I'll to my bed.
 This is too cold for me to sleep.
 BENVOLIO
 'Tis in vain to seek him here that means not to be found. useless
 [They exit]

SCENE 9

[Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO]

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. teases me for pains he's never felt

[JULIET enters at window]

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? wait, that, shines

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, beautiful

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou her maid art far more fair than she. servant

Be not her maid, since she is envious,

It is my lady. O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were! if only she knew

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks. O, speak again, bright angel,

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? why must you be "Romeo"

Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, just swear to be 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. only
you would still be yourself if

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 name 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 that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

ROMEO [to her]

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized; re-baptized with a new name

Henceforth I never will be Romeo. from now on

side 3
R+J

JULIET

What man art thou?

ROMEO

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

JULIET

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How came'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

here, why

The walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

family

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

fly over

*love will do what it dares
family*

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee!

ROMEO

Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

*upon me sweetly
armored, hostility*

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

want them to see you here

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

if you do not love me

postponed, without your love

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

*seek you
advice*

JULIET

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 tonight.

girlish, color

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me?

*gladly, follow formalities
etiquette*

ROMEO

Lady—

JULIET

I know thou wilt say "Ay,"
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

ROMEO

By yonder blessèd moon I swear—

that

JULIET

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

*ever-changing
orbit
unless, inconsistent*

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?