*Rom.* He **ieasts**/ at **Scarres**/ that **ne**/uer **felt**/ a **wound**,

But **soft**/, what **light**/ through **yon**/der **win**/dow **breaks**?

It **is**/ the **East**/, and ***Iu****/liet* **is**/ the **Sunne**,

A**rise**/ faire **Sun**/ and **kill**/ the **en**/uious **Moone**,

Who **is/** al**rea**/dy **sicke** /and **pale /**with **griefe**,

That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:

Be not her Maid since she is enuious,

Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,

And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:

It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,

She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answere it:

I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:

See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.

O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,

That I might touch that cheeke.

*Iul.* Ay me.

*Rom.* She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell,

*Iul.* O *Romeo,* *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,

And Ile no longer be a *Capulet.*

*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

*Iu.* 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:

Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague,*

What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a man.

O be some other name

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,

By any other word would smell as sweete,

So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,

Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,

Without that title *Romeo,* doffe thy name,

And for thy name which is no part of thee,

Take all my selfe.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:

Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,

Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo.*