

ROMEO (seeing Juliet on her balcony)

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

ROMEO (to his servant before going to Juliet's grave)

Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
If thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

MERCUTIO

Alas, poor Romeo! He is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? And what is Tybalt? More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! The hai!

LUCENTIO

(Disguised as a Latin teacher and wooing Bianca while pretending to teach her Latin. Another suitor, Hortensio, is disguised as a music teacher.)

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And when I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hortensio leaves

Here left we last, fair Bianca:

'*Hic ibat*,' as I told you before, '*Simois*,' I am Lucentio, '*hic est*,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa, '*Sigeia tellus*,' disguised thus to get your love; '*Hic steterat*,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, '*Priami*,' is my man Tranio, '*regia*,' bearing my port, '*celsa senis*,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.