

Romeo's Monologue

ROMEO. (*Coming forward.*)

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.
Be not her maid, since she is envious.
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love.
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing.

Juliet's Monologue

JULIET. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Of 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 call'd,
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.