

Shakespeare 2

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name, Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet. What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other would still smell as sweet. O Romeo, doff thy name, and for thy name Which is no part of thee, take all myself. Dost thou love me then? I know thou wilt say aye, And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swearest, Thou mayest prove false. O Romeo, if thou dost love, Pronounce it faithfully.

Do not swear at all. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy in this contract tonight. It is too rash, too sudden, too unadvised, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say it lightens. Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!