

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: 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!