



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 eye 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!

JULIET Ay me.

ROMEO, [aside] She speaks.  
O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.



THEJENKINSComic

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid.  
Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion,