

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"  
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light;  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO    Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
            That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET    O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
            That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
            Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO    What shall I swear by?

JULIET    Do not swear at all;  
            Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
            Which is the god of my idolatry,  
            And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO    If my heart's dear love—

JULIET    Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
            I have no joy of this contract to-night: