

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite. (NURSE *calls within.*)  
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again. (*Exit, above.*)

ROMEO O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

(*Re-enter JULIET, above.*)

JULIET Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,