

ROMEO My dear?

JULIET At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO At the hour of nine.

JULIET I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO I would I were thy bird.

JULIET Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (*Exit above.*)

ROMEO Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. (*Exit.*)