Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii  
by William Shakespeare

The plain script to work with. See the two other documents for this excerpt for markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse, word-rhythms and speech sounds, offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her article, Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces, © September 2021.

MERCUTIO  Come, shall we go?
BENVOLIO  Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.  Exit [with Mercutio]

ROMEO  [coming forward]:
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Enter Juliet above at a window.]:
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!  

JULIET             Ay me!  

ROMEO             She speaks.  

O speak again, bright angel! For thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o’er my head,  
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturnèd wond’ring eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.  

JULIET  
O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I’ll no longer be a Capulet.  

ROMEO [aside]  
Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?  

JULIET  
‘Tis but thy name that is my enemy.  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What’s a Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,  
Nor arm nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What’s in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet. ...
Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii  by William Shakespeare

Markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse and word-rhythms are offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her article, Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces, © September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

MERCUTIO Come, shall we go?
BENVOLIO Go then, for 'tis in vain To seek him here that is not to be found. Exit [with Mercutio]

ROMEO [coming forward] He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. [Enter Juliet above at a window]

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks? | (1) + 2 3 + 4 + ‘It is the East, and Juliet is the sun! | (1) + 2 3 + 4

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 liv’ry 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.

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Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

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What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

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As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

‘Would through the airy region stream so bright

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See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Ay me!

She speaks.

O speak again, bright angel! For thou art glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a wingèd messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

When he b'strides the lazy-pacing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

O Roméo, Roméo! wherefore art thou Roméo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's in a name?

Belong'ng to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet. ...
Romeo and Juliet, Act II:iı  by William Shakespeare

Markings of the sounds (for shaping, as repetitions, as reminders), word-rhythms and 5-stress-4-beat pulse are suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her article, Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces, September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

MERCUTIO Come, `shall `we go?
BENVOLIO `Go `then, `for `tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. Exit [with Mercutio]

ROMEO [coming forward]
He jests at x−scar `that `never felt a wound.
[Enter Juliet above at a window]

But soft! `Wh[at `light through yonder window breaks?
`It is the East, and `Juliet is the sun!

`Arise, fair x−sun, `and `kill the `envious moon,

`Whò is already sick and pale with `grief

`That thou hear x−máid `art `far more fair than shè.

`Bè not shè maid, `since shè is envious.

`Hèr vèstal lìverì `is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.
See 'how 'shē 'leans 'hēr 'cheek 'upon 'hēr 'hānd!

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

\[ \text{ROMEO} \]

\[ \text{Shē spēaks.} \]

1 3

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

Ö spēak again, 'briët 'angl! | For thou 'ārt

As gloriōus to this 'nīght, bēing | ō'ēr mēy 'ēad,

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

\[ \text{ROMEO} \]

\[ \text{as} \]

1 3 + 4

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

Ö 'thōt 'Ī 'wēre 'glove 'upon 'that 'hānd,

\[ \text{Thēt 'Ī mēight 'touch 'that 'cheek!} \]

1 + 2

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

\[ \text{Áy 'mē!} \]

4

\[ \text{ROMEO} \]

\[ \text{Šē spēaks.} \]

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

Ö spēak again, 'briët 'angl! | For thou 'ārt

As gloriōus to this 'nīght, bēing | ō'ēr mēy 'ēad,

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

Ö 'thōt 'Ī 'wēre 'glove 'upon 'that 'hānd,

\[ \text{THēt 'Ī mēight 'touch 'that 'cheek!} \]

1 + 2

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

\[ \text{Áy 'mē!} \]

4

\[ \text{ROMEO} \]

\[ \text{Shē spēaks.} \]

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

Ö spēak again, 'briët 'angl! | For thou 'ārt

As gloriōus to this 'nīght, bēing | ō'ēr mēy 'ēad,

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

1 2 3 + 4

Ö 'thōt 'Ī 'wēre 'glove 'upon 'that 'hānd,

\[ \text{THēt 'Ī mēight 'touch 'that 'cheek!} \]

1 + 2

\[ \text{JULIET} \]

\[ \text{Áy 'mē!} \]

4