



# Romeo & Juliet

## THE BALCONY SCENE

| JUSTICE | PRUDENCE   | LINES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
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| ARTES   | BUSCATO    | But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks?<br>It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.<br>Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,<br>Who is already sick and pale with grief,<br>That thou her maid art far more fair than she:                                                                                   |
| ANDRES  | DREW       | Be not her maid, since she is envious:<br>Her vestal livery is but sick and green<br>And none but fools do wear it, cast it off.<br>It is my lady, O, it is my love!<br>O, that she knew she were!                                                                                                                           |
| BABA    | SHARAF     | She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?<br>Her eye discourses: I will answer it.<br>I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:<br>Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,<br>Having some business, do entreat her eyes<br>To twinkle in their spheres till they return.                                            |
| BELORIA | BAYLON     | What if her eyes were there, they in her head?<br>The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars.<br>See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!<br>O, that I were a glove upon that hand,<br>That I might touch that cheek!                                                                                             |
| SENNELS | RICARTE    | Ay me!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| KING    | PANGILINAN | She speaks:<br>O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art<br>As glorious to this night, being o'er my head<br>As is a wingèd messenger of heaven<br>Unto the white upturnèd wond'ring eyes<br>Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him<br>When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds,<br>And sails upon the bosom of the air. |

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| <b>CANETE</b>     | MAGA       | O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?<br>Deny thy father and refuse thy name,<br>Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,<br>And I'll no longer be a Capulet.                                                                                                                              |
| <b>CARWANA</b>    | VILLA      | 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,<br>What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| <b>CASENAS</b>    | ANUTA      | Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part<br>Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| <b>QUIBILAN</b>   | POPPLEWELL | What's in a name? That which we call a rose<br>By any other word would smell as sweet,<br>So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,<br>Retain that dear perfection which he owes<br>Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,<br>And for thy name, which is no part of thee,<br>Take all myself. |
| <b>MANACAP</b>    | LAPERERA   | What man art thou that thus bescreened in night<br>So stumblest on my counsel?                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| <b>LEBUMFACIL</b> | CABANIG    | By a name<br>I know not how to tell thee who I am:<br>My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,<br>Because it is an enemy to thee.<br>Had I it written, I would tear the word.                                                                                                                  |
| <b>CARBONILLA</b> | AMIT       | My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words<br>Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:<br>Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?                                                                                                                                                             |
| <b>PREMACIO</b>   | ORTIZ      | Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| <b>BARANGAN</b>   | TAPIC      | How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?<br>The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,<br>And the place death, considering who thou art,<br>If any of my kinsmen find thee here.                                                                                                       |
| <b>TANGPOS</b>    | PANGILINAN | With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,<br>For stony limits cannot hold love out,<br>And what love can do that dares love attempt:<br>Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.                                                                                                     |
| <b>SENNELS</b>    | RICARTE    | If they do see thee, they will murder thee.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |

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| <b>PREMACIO</b>   | ORTIZ      | Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye<br>Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,<br>And I am proof against their enmity.                                                                                                  |
| <b>HEBER</b>      | JUMAG      | I would not for the world they saw thee here.                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| <b>MECHA</b>      | PANGILINAN | I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,<br>And but thou love me, let them find me here.                                                                                                                                        |
| <b>TORRENUEVA</b> | PANTINOPE  | By whose direction found'st thou out this place?                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| <b>KING</b>       | ORTIZ      | By love, that first did prompt me to inquire:<br>He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.<br>I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far<br>As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,<br>I should adventure for such merchandise.         |
| <b>LARGO</b>      | VILLEGAS   | Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,<br>Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek                                                                                                                                             |
| <b>LARGO</b>      | JUMAG      | For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight<br>Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny<br>What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!                                                                                           |
| <b>SENNELS</b>    | RICARTE    | Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',<br>And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,<br>Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries<br>They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,<br>If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully |