

**Romeo and Juliet**, by William Shakespeare

Act II, Scene 2 (lines 27-88)

(Source: original text and [simplified translation](#) in English)

ROMEO

[Aside] 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, wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

ROMEO

[To himself] She speaks. Speak again, bright angel. For tonight you are as glorious as an angel, shining above my head like a winged messenger from heaven; one who makes mortals fall onto their backs to gaze up in awe as the angel strides across the clouds and sails through 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.

JULIET

Oh, Romeo, Romeo, why must you be Romeo? Deny your father and give up your name. Or, if you won't change your name, just swear your love to me and I'll give up being a Capulet.

ROMEO

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

ROMEO

[To himself] Should I listen longer, or respond now to these words?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's 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 word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

And for that name, which is no part of thee

Take all myself.

JULIET

Only your name is my enemy. You'd be yourself even if you ceased to be a Montague. What's a Montague, after all? It's not a hand, foot, arm, face, or any other body part. Oh, change your name! What's the significance of a name? The thing we call a rose would smell as sweet even if we called it by some other name. So even if Romeo had some other name, he would still be perfect. Romeo, take off your name—which really has no connection to who you are—and take all of me instead.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

ROMEO

[To JULIET] I take you at your word. If you call me your love,  
I'll take a new name. From now on I'll never again be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

JULIET

Who are you, hiding in the darkness and eavesdropping on  
my private thoughts?

ROMEO

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself

Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

ROMEO

I don't know how to tell you who I am by using a name. I  
hate my name, dear saint, because it is your enemy. If I had  
it written down, I would tear up the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

JULIET

I haven't even heard you say a hundred words yet, but I do  
recognize the sound of your voice. Aren't you Romeo, the  
Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

ROMEO

Beautiful girl, I'll be neither of those things, if you dislike them.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

JULIET

How and why did you come here? The orchard walls are  
high and difficult to climb. And it will mean your death,  
because of who you are, if any of my family members find  
you here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

ROMEO

I flew over these walls on the wings of love. No stone wall can keep love out. Whatever a man in love can do, love will make him attempt to do it. Therefore your relatives can't stop me.

JULIET

If they do see thee they will murder thee.

JULIET

If they see you they'll murder you.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

ROMEO

Alas, there would be more danger for me in one angry look from you than there would be from twenty of your relatives with swords. If you just look at me with love, their hatred would not be able to touch me.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

JULIET

I'd give the world to make sure they do not see you here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,  
And but thou love me, let them find me here.  
My life were better ended by their hate  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

ROMEO

The darkness of night will hide me from their eyes. And if  
you don't love me, then let them find me. I'd rather they  
killed me in hatred than experience the prolonged death of  
life without your love.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

JULIET

Who told you how to find my bedroom?

ROMEO

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire.  
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot. Yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

ROMEO

Love, which spurred me to come and find you. Love advised  
me, while I lent love my eyes. I'm not a sailor. Still, even if  
you were on the shore across the farthest sea, I would set  
out to find you.