

ROMEO AND JULIET
ACT II, SCENE 2

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
for that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
what I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
and I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
if thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse an say thee nay,
so thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
and therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
but that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
and not impute this yielding to light love,
which the dark night hath so discovered.