
[II,2,871](#) -----*That I might touch that cheek!*

Juliet. Ay me!

[II,2,880](#) -----*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.

[II,2,885](#) **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 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;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
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.

[II,2,900](#) -----*Henceforth I never will be Romeo.*

Juliet. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

[II,2,907](#) -----, *I would tear the word.*

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

[II,2,911](#) -----*Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.*

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.

[II,2,919](#)

-----*thy kinsmen are no let to me.*

Juliet. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.