Text 6

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| **Juliet** Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice  To lure this tassel-gentle back again!  Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud;  Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  With repetition of my Romeo's name.  Romeo!  **Romeo** It is my soul that calls upon my name**.**  How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  Like softest music to attending ears!  **Juliet** Romeo!  **Romeo** My dear?  **Juliet** At what o'clock to-morrow  Shall I send to thee?  **Romeo** By the hour of nine**.**  **Juliet** I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.  I have forgot why I did call thee back.  **Romeo** Let me stand here till thou remember it.  **Juliet** I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  Rememb'ring how I love thy company.  **Romeo** And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  Forgetting any other home but this.  **Juliet** 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone-  And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  That lets it hop a little from her hand,  Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  So loving-jealous of his liberty.  **Romeo** I would I were thy bird.  **Juliet** Sweet, so would I.  Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,  That I shall say good night till it be morrow. |