Text 6

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| **Juliet** Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voiceTo 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 mineWith 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-morrowShall 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. |