

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

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Move faster you fiery-footed horses, bearing the
sun toward its nighttime resting place. Phaeton
would whip you so hard that you would already
have brought the sun west and night would come
immediately. Come, night, with your darkness, so
that Romeo can come to me without anyone
knowing and leap into my arms. In the dark, lovers
can still see enough, by the light of their own
beauty, to make love. Or, if love is blind, then it is
best suited to the night. Come, night, you widow
dressed in black, and teach me how to win my love
so that we both can lose our virginities. Hide the
blood rushing to my cheeks in your darkness, until
my shy love grows bold enough to think of
love-making as simple and true. Come, night.
Come, Romeo. You're like a day during the night,
lying on the wings of night even whiter than snow
on the wings of a raven. Come, gentle night. Come,
loving, dark night. Give me my Romeo. And when I
die, take him and cut him into stars that will make
the night sky so beautiful that the entire world will
fall in love with the night and forget about the
tasteless sun. Oh, I have bought the mansion of
love, but not yet possessed it. I belong to Romeo,
but have not yet been enjoyed by him. This day is
so long and dull, just as the night before some
festival is to an impatient child forced to wait to put
on her fancy new clothes.