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| **SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.**  *Enter ROMEO*  **ROMEO**  He jests at scars that never felt a wound.  *JULIET appears above at a window*  But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou her maid art far more fair than she: Be not her maid, since she is envious; Her vestal livery is but sick and green And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. It is my lady, O, it is my love! O, that she knew she were! She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it. I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks: Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright That birds would sing and think it were not night. See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O, that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek!  **JULIET**  Ay me!  **ROMEO**  She speaks: O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art As glorious to this night, being o'er my head As is a winged messenger of heaven Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds And sails 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.  **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.  **ROMEO**  I take thee at thy word: Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized; Henceforth I never will be Romeo. | Romeo instantly falls in love with Juliet and compares her beauty to Godly, celestial creations in the sun and the moon (“arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon”) as her beauty is comparable to heavenly creation. Furthermore, Romeo’s lust is emphasised by how he wants her to “cast off her vestal livery”, showing how desperate he is to physically consummate their relationship through sex, despite barely knowing her, showing the intensity of his feelings; but this also leads us to question how much of this love is teenage lust and how much is actually a ‘new feeling’ of love compared to what he pined about when referring to Rosaline. |