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| **Act III SCENE 5. Capulet's orchard.***Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window***JULIET**Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:It was the nightingale, and not the lark,That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.**ROMEO**It was the lark, the herald of the morn,No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaksDo lace the severing clouds in yonder east:Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund dayStands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.I must be gone and live, or stay and die.**JULIET**Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:It is some meteor that the sun exhales,To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,And light thee on thy way to Mantua:Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.**ROMEO**Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;I am content, so thou wilt have it so.I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beatThe vaulty heaven so high above our heads:I have more care to stay than will to go:Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.**JULIET**It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!It is the lark that sings so out of tune,Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.Some say the lark makes sweet division;This doth not so, for she divideth us:Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,O, now I would they had changed voices too!Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,O, now be gone; more light and light it grows. | **Act III SCENE 5. Capulet's orchard.***Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window***JULIET**Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:It was the nightingale, and not the lark,That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.**ROMEO**It was the lark, the herald of the morn,No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaksDo lace the severing clouds in yonder east:Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund dayStands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.I must be gone and live, or stay and die.**JULIET**Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:It is some meteor that the sun exhales,To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,And light thee on thy way to Mantua:Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.**ROMEO**Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;I am content, so thou wilt have it so.I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beatThe vaulty heaven so high above our heads:I have more care to stay than will to go:Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.**JULIET**It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!It is the lark that sings so out of tune,Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.Some say the lark makes sweet division;This doth not so, for she divideth us:Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,O, now I would they had changed voices too!Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,O, now be gone; more light and light it grows. |