

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### *Romeo & Juliet*

#### Juliet, Act III scene 2

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.