“They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own
kisses sin.”
(Act III, Scene 3)

“How silver-sweet sound lovers’
tongues by night,
Like softest music to
attending ears!”
(Act II, Scene 2)

“Did my
heart love
till now?
Foreswear it,
sight!
For I ne’er
saw true
beauty till
this night.”
(Act I, Scene 5)

“One fairer than
my love?
The all-seeing sun
Ne’er saw her
match since
first the world
began.”
(Act I, Scene 2)