But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?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 eyesTo twinkle in their spheres till they return.See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!O, that I were a glove upon that hand,That I might touch that cheek!