



You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Freetown, our common judgment place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*]

Montague. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvolio. Here were the servants of your adversary
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
 I drew to part them. In the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Montague. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Benvolio. Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son.
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
 And stole into the covert of the wood.
 I—measuring his affections by my own,
 Which then most sought where most might not be
 found,
 Being one too many by my weary self—
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

Montague. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest East begin to draw

Exeunt (*Latin*): they leave. When one person leaves the stage, the direction is Exit.

112 Who . . . abroad: Who reopened this old argument?

114 adversary: enemy.

115 ere: before.

114–123 According to Benvolio, what kind of person is Tybalt? How might Tybalt be likely to act if he meets Benvolio again?

120 withal: by this.

122 on part and part: some on one side, some on the other.

125 fray: fight.

128 drave: drove.

130 rooteth: grows.

132–138 made: moved; **covert:** covering. Romeo saw Benvolio coming toward him and hid in the woods. Benvolio decided to respect Romeo's privacy and went away. What does this action tell you about Benvolio?

139–150 Romeo has been wandering through the woods at night, often in tears. At daybreak he returns home and locks himself in his darkened room. Montague is deeply concerned about his son's behavior and feels he needs guidance.

R&J

145 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humor prove
150 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Benvolio. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Montague. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Benvolio. Have you importuned him by any means?

155 **Montague.** Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counselor,

Is to himself—I will not say how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm

160 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

[*Enter Romeo lost in thought.*]

Benvolio. See, where he comes. So please you step aside,

165 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Montague. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*]

Benvolio. Good morrow, cousin.

Romeo. Is the day so young?

170 **Benvolio.** But new struck nine.

Romeo. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo. Not having that which having makes them short.

175 **Benvolio.** In love?

Romeo. Out—

Benvolio. Of love?

153 **importuned:** demanded.

155 **his own affections' counselor:**
Romeo keeps to himself.

158–163 **So far from . . . know:**
Finding out what Romeo is thinking is nearly impossible. Montague compares his son to a young bud destroyed by the bite of an envious worm. He wants to find out what is bothering Romeo so he can help him.

167 **shrift:** confession.

168 **cousin:** any relative or close friend.
The informal version is **coz.**

174–180 **Why has Romeo been so depressed?**

Romeo. Out of her favor where I am in love.

Benvolio. Alas that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Romeo. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was
here?—

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Benvolio. No, coz, I rather weep.

Romeo. Good heart, at what?

Benvolio. At thy good heart's oppression.

Romeo. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.

What is it else? A madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

Benvolio. Soft! I will go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Romeo. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Benvolio. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Romeo. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Benvolio. Groan? Why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

179–182 love: refers to Cupid, the god of love. Cupid is pictured as a blind boy with wings and a bow and arrow. Anyone hit by one of his arrows falls in love instantly. Since he is blind, love is blind. He looks gentle, but in reality he can be a harsh master.

185–193 Romeo, confused and upset, tries to describe his feelings about love in phrases like "loving hate." Look for other expressions in this speech made up of pairs of words that contradict each other. Has love ever made you feel this way?

194–201 Benvolio expresses his sympathy for Romeo. Romeo replies that this is one more problem caused by love. He now feels worse than before because he must carry the weight of Benvolio's sympathy along with his own grief.

203 purged: cleansed (of the smoke).

204 vexed: troubled.

208 Soft: Wait a minute.

212 sadness: seriousness

RSJ

Romeo. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Benvolio. I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

220 Romeo. A right good markman! And she's fair I love.

Benvolio. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Romeo. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,

And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,

225 From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor

230 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Benvolio. Then she hath sworn that she will still live
chaste?

Romeo. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starved with her severity,

235 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair.

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

240 Benvolio. Be ruled by me: forget to think of her.

Romeo. O, teach me how I should forget to think!

Benvolio. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:

Examine other beauties.

Romeo. 'Tis the way

245 To call hers (exquisite) in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

250 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve but as a note

Where I may read who passed that passing fair?

Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

Benvolio. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

218–219 Romeo seems unaware of how foolish his dramatic confession sounds. Benvolio responds with appropriate but gentle sarcasm.

219–222 Romeo and Benvolio talk of love in terms of archery, another reference to Cupid and his love arrows.

222–225 **She'll . . . unharmed:** The girl isn't interested in falling in love. She is like Diana, the goddess of chastity, the moon, and the hunt, who avoided Cupid's arrows.

226–228 She is unmoved by Romeo's declaration of love, his adoring looks, and his wealth.

231–235 Since she has vowed to remain chaste, she will die without children, and her beauty will not be passed on to future generations (**posterity**).

237–238 **To merit . . . despair:** The girl will reach heaven (**bliss**) by being chaste, which causes Romeo **despair**, or hopelessness. **forsworn to:** sworn not to

242–243 What is Benvolio's advice?

244–245 **'Tis . . . more:** That would only make me appreciate my own love's beauty more.

246 Masks were worn by Elizabethan women to protect their complexions from the sun.

254 **I'll pay . . . debt:** I'll convince you you're wrong, or die trying.