

Act I Scene I

SCENE 4

[A street. BENVOLIO & ROMEO]

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

good morning

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

just now

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

away

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,

*too bad Cupid who looks gentle
is actually rough*

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

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

I love one who does not love me

[*sees signs of the fight*] 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.

it's all about

Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,

O anything of nothing first create!

created of nothing

O heavy lightness, serious vanity,

foolishness

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,

attractive

Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No coz, I rather weep.

cousin

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

friend

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.

love's ways

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

love being exchanged

Being vexed, a sea raging with lovers' tears;

love being denied

A madness most discreet.

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

going mad

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,

confined

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipped and tormented, and—

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

seriously

ROMEO

In sadness, coz, I do love Rosaline.

BENVOLIO

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

target in plain sight

ROMEO

Well in that hit you miss! She'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow.

And in strong proof of chastity well armed,

armor, virginity

From Love's weak bow she lives uncharmed.

Cupid's, unaffected

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

won't be won by sweet talk

Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,

loving looks

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

open (bawdy), riches

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

always stay a virgin

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,

withholding

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair

beautiful, just

To merit bliss by making me despair.

win a place in heaven

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

sworn not to love

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

listen to me

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.

Examine other beauties!

ROMEO

One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

anyone as beautiful

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

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

teach you that lesson, failure

At this night's ancient feast of Capulet's

traditional

Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves,

dines

With all the admired beauties of Verona.

Go thither, and with unattainted eye

there, unbiased

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires.

accepts such a lie

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.

nonsense

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

not to see whom you show

But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

the beauty of Rosaline

[They exit]