

# 'Romeo and Juliet' Text - Romeo is Lovesick

*In Act I, Scene i, Benvolio is sent by Montague to find out what is wrong with Romeo, who has been weeping and shutting himself away from company.*

**Benvolio:**

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

**Romeo:**

Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

**Benvolio:**

In love?

**Romeo:**

Out - 160

**Benvolio:**

Of love?

**Romeo:**

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

**Benvolio:**

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, 165

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! 170

O any thing, 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! 175

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, 180

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; 185

Being vex'd a sea nourish'd 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. 190

**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. 195

**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 aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

**Romeo:**  
A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love. 200

**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 arm'd,  
From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd. 205

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,  
That when she dies with beauty dies her store. 210

**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  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, 215  
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.

**Glossary**

Fray: fight  
Dost: do you  
Coz: cousin  
Gall: poison  
Cupid: the God of love  
Dian: the Goddess of chastity  
Ope: open