

- BENVOLIO At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
 Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
 With all the admired beauties of Verona:
 Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
 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;
 And these, who often drown'd could never die,
 Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
 One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
- BENVOLIO Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
 Herself poised with herself in either eye:
 But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
 Your lady's love against some other maid
 That I will show you shining at this feast,
 And she shall scant show well that now shows best.
- ROMEO I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III

A room in CAPULET'S house.

(*Enter* LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.)

LADY CAPULET Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

NURSE Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,