

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.

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.

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.

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.  
                  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.