

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,  
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.

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  
To call hers exquisite, in question more:  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows  
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;  
He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II

A street.