

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Benvolio, and Mercutio.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hardhearted wench, that *Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stab'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than prince of cats.^a — O, he's the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a

^a *Tybalt* was the name given to a cat of whom some famous acts were related in old ballads: as *Grimalkin* was another.

duellist,