

duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the, hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affected fantasies, these new tuners of accents! — Jesu, *a very good blade!* — *a very tall man!* — *a very good whore!* — Why is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moy's*; who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. — O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? — Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchenwench; (marry, she had a better love to berhyme her: *Dido*, a dowdy; *Cleopatra*, a gipsy; *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots; *Thïsbé*, a gray eye or so: but now to the purpose. — Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour!* there's a *French* salutation to your *French* sloop.*

Rom. Good morrow to you both!

Enter Nurse and her Man.

Here's goodly gear: a fail! a fail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

* ---- to your *French* sloop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, fir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, *Mercutio*, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit: follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely-singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest,
Solely singular, for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom.