

I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!^a

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady;

Farewel, lady, lady, lady.

[*Ex. Mercutio, Benvolio.*

Nurse. I pray you, fir, what faucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

[*to her man.*

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore god, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, fir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

^a ---- So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, fir; unless a hare, fir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent. ----

Romeo, will you come &c.

Rom.