

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? o simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. —
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with *Rome*, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!
[*laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain I am none,

Therefore,