

Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good *Capulet*, (which name I tender  
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
*Ha! la stoccata* carries it away. —

*Tybalt*, you rat-catcher,<sup>a</sup> come, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats,<sup>a</sup> nothing but one of your nine lives,  
that I mean to make bold withal; and, as you shall use me  
hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your  
sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be  
about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you.

[drawing.

*Rom.* Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [M<sup>ercutio</sup> and T<sup>ybalt</sup> fight.

*Rom.* Draw, *Benvolio*; beat down their weapons: —  
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage; —  
*Tybalt* — *Mercutio* — the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets. —  
Hold, *Tybalt*; — good *Mercutio*.

[Exit *Tybalt*.

*Mer.* I am hurt; —

A plague of both the houses! — I am sped: —  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. —  
Where is my page? — go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church  
door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and

<sup>a</sup> See the note, p. 260.