

you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houses! — What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick! — Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,  
Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me;  
I have it, and soundly too: your houses! [Exe. Mer. Ben.

## S C E N E II.

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With *Tybalt's* slander; *Tybalt*, that an hour  
Hath been my cousin. — O sweet *Juliet*,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

*Reenter Benvolio.*

*Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days does depend;  
This but begins the wo, others must end.

*Reenter Tybalt.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

*Rom.* Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?  
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! —  
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying