

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from *Tybalt* hit the life
 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled:
 But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;
 And, as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
 This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mount. Not *Romeo*, prince, he was *Mercutio's* friend;
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an interest in your heats' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;

But