



THE JENKINS COMIC

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.--  
Give me a case to put my visage in.--  
A visor for a visor. What care I  
What curious eye doth cote deformities?  
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO

Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in  
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO

A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,



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FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [He exits.]

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now must I to the monument alone.  
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.  
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents.  
 But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.  
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!  
 [He exits.]

Scene 3

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[Enter Paris and his Page.]

PARIS