

Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen.--Come, musicians,
play. [Music plays and they dance.]
A hall, a hall, give room!--And foot it, girls.--
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.--
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.--
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

CAPULET'S COUSIN By 'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET

What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.

CAPULET'S COUSIN

'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir.
His son is thirty.

CAPULET Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO, [to a Servingman]
What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

