

BENVOLIO Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

ROMEO Here's goodly gear!

*(Enter NURSE and PETER.)*

MERCUTIO A sail, a sail!

BENVOLIO Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE Peter!

PETER Anon!

NURSE My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE Is it good den?

MERCUTIO 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE Out upon you! what a man are you!

ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.