

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. (*To SERVANT, giving a paper.*) Go, sirrah,
trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay. (*Exeunt*
CAPULET *and* PARIS.)

SERVANT Find them out whose names are written here! It is written,
that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the
tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the
painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons
whose names are here writ, and can never find what names
the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In
good time.

(*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*)

BENVOLIO Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

SERVANT God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?