

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:  
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.  
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls. (*Music plays,  
and they dance.*)  
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-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?

SECOND      By'r lady, thirty years.  
CAPULET

CAPULET      What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:  
'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

SECOND      'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;  
CAPULET      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 is that, which doth enrich the  
   hand  
   Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN      I know not, sir.

ROMEO      O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,