

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,  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MERCUTIO Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:  
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO And we mean well in going to this mask;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?

ROMEO I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO And so did I.

ROMEO Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.