

MERCUTIO Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

ROMEO O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

MERCUTIO Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

ROMEO Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO O here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROMEO I stretch it out for that word "broad;" which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MERCUTIO Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.