

BENVOLIO    The date is out of such prolixity:  
                 We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
                 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
                 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
                 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
                 After the prompter, for our entrance:  
                 But let them measure us by what they will;  
                 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROMEO        Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;  
                 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO    Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO        Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
                 With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead  
                 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO    You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
                 And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO        I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
                 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,  
                 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
                 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO    And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
                 Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO        Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
                 Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO    If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
                 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.  
                 Give me a case to put my visage in:  
                 A visor for a visor! what care I  
                 What curious eye doth quote deformities?