

What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYBALT    Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET    Go to, go to;  
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?  
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:  
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.  
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:  
Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!  
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT    Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. (*Exit.*)

ROMEO    (*To JULIET.*) If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET    Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO    Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET    Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO    O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.