

MERCUTIO    Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO    We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO    Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*(Enter ROMEO.)*

TYBALT    Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

MERCUTIO    But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

TYBALT    Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

ROMEO    Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT    Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO    I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet—which name I tender  
As dearly as my own—be satisfied.