

Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

ROMEO Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels and expire the term
 Of a despised life closed in my breast
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

BENVOLIO Strike, drum. (*Exeunt.*)