

MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door;  
but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you  
shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for  
this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a  
rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a  
rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why  
the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too: your houses! (*Exeunt MERCUTIO and*  
BENVOLIO.)

ROMEO This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

(*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*)

BENVOLIO O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO This day's black fate on more days doth depend;  
This but begins the woe others must end.

BENVOLIO Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective lenity,