

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

*Romeo & Juliet Project*

Mercutio Prince of Cats Soliloquy, Act 2

More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.

He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;

rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;

a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause:  
ah, the immortal passado!

**BOTH:** the punto reverso! The hai!

The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!

'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies,

these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot at ease on the old bench?

**BOTH:** O, their bones, their bones!