

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Act 1, scene 4: Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio

ROMEO

Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling; Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance!

ROMEO

Not I, I have a soul of lead.

BENVOLIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, and soar!

ROMEO

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

And, to sink in it? Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, too rude and it pricks like a thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love!

BENVOLIO

Prick love for pricking and you beat love down!

ROMEO

The game was never so fair, and I am done.

BENVOLIO

We mean well in going to this mask...

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night...

MERCUTIO

And so did I!

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie!

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true!

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife and she gallops night by night through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; 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...

BENVOLIO

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...

[Mercutio and Benvolio guff, making complaining noises]

But, on, lusty gentleman!

BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Strike, drum!