

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

R O M E O & J U L I E T

Act I, scene 4: *Be Rough with Love*

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 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

BENVOLIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, and soar with them above a common bound.

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 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 ne'er so fair, and I am done.

BENVOLIO

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

MERCUTIO

And 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 comes in shape no bigger than an agate stone...And in this state 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

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...But, on, lusty gentleman.

BENVOLIO Strike, drum!