

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

*Romeo & Juliet*

Mercutio, Act II scene 4

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! 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! a very good  
whore!'

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?

O, their bones, their bones!