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| TYBALT | This, by his voice, should be a Montague. |
|  | Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave |
|  | Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, |
|  | To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? |
|  | Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, |
|  | To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin. |
| CAPULET | Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so? |
| TYBALT | Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe, |
|  | A villain that is hither come in spite, | 60 |
|  | To scorn at our solemnity this night. |  |
| CAPULET | Young Romeo is it? |  |
| TYBALT | 'Tis he, that villain Romeo. |  |
| CAPULET | Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone; |  |
|  | He bears him like a portly gentleman; |  |
|  | And, to say truth, Verona brags of him |  |
|  | To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth: |  |
|  | I would not for the wealth of all the town |  |
|  | Here in my house do him disparagement: |  |
|  | Therefore be patient, take no note of him: |  |
|  | It is my will, the which if thou respect, | 70 |
|  | Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, |  |
|  | And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast. |  |
| TYBALT | It fits, when such a villain is a guest: |  |
|  | I'll not endure him. |  |
| CAPULET | He shall be endured: |  |
|  | What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to; |  |
|  | Am I the master here, or you? go to. |  |
|  | You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul! |  |
|  | You'll make a mutiny among my guests! |  |
|  | You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man! |  |
| TYBALT | Why, uncle, 'tis a shame. |  |
| CAPULET | Go to, go to; | 80 |
|  | You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed? |  |
|  | This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what: |  |
|  | You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time. |  |
|  | Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go: |  |
|  | Be quiet, or -- More light, more light! For shame! |  |
|  | I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts! |  |
| TYBALT | Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting |  |
|  | Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. |  |
|  | I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall |  |
|  | Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. |  |