**ROMEO AND JULIET**

***TYBALT***

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he  
enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword  
upon the table and says 'God send me no need of  
thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws  
it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as  
any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as  
soon moody to be moved.

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none  
shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why,  
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more,  
or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou  
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no  
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what  
eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel?  
Thy head is as fun of quarrels as an egg is full of  
meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as  
an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a  
man for coughing in the street, because he hath  
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun:  
didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing  
his new doublet before Easter? with another, for  
tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou  
wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

(*TO Benvolio)*

By my head, here come the Capulets.

By my heel, I care not.

(*To Tybalt)*

And but one word with one of us? couple it with  
something; make it a word and a blow.

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an  
thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but  
discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall  
make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
Alla stoccata carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine  
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you  
shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the  
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher  
by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your  
ears ere it be out.

Come, sir, your passado.