

paraphrase

SCENE IV. A street.

Enter  
FAD SL.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others

5 ROMEO  
What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without apology?

private/public  
female-male?

10 BENVOLIO  
The date is out of such prolixity:  
But let them measure us by what they will;  
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

15 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.

gentle = noble, peaceful

20 ROMEO  
Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

25 MERCUTIO  
You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

LOVER  
Leap

ordinary limit

30 ROMEO  
[I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:]  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

- Flusk -> MATI

35 MERCUTIO  
And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

- weak, sensitive, meek

- fail, give way  
- weigh down / lay on  
- weight

40 ROMEO  
Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

45 MERCUTIO  
If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.  
Give me a case to put my visage in:  
A visor for a visor!

- rough [difficult to manage / severe]

- prick [torment]

\* WORD REPETITION

50 **BENVOLIO**  
Come, knock and enter.

**ROMEO**  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

55 **MERCUTIO**  
Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**  
Nay, that's not so. → *interrupt*

60 **MERCUTIO**  
I mean, sir, in delay  
[We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
65 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.]

*good meaning -  
intended sense  
plain speaking*

**ROMEO**  
And we mean well in going to this mask,  
But 'tis no wit to go. → *interrupt* FINE

70 **MERCUTIO**  
Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**  
75 I dream'd a dream to-night. → *interrupt*

**MERCUTIO**  
And so did I.

80 **ROMEO**  
Well, what was yours? → *interrupt*

PROSE-POETRY?

**MERCUTIO**  
85 That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**  
In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

*rhyme*

90 **MERCUTIO**  
O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. MONO  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies.  
95 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,

→ *make her up  
on the spot.*

- The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
 - The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
 - The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
 100 - Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
 - Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
 (Not so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy-finger of a maid.)  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
 105 (Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.)  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,  
 110 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 [Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:]

love  
hunger  
hug  
laugh

Repetition  
of 1st words  
energizing.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 115 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail  
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,  
 Then dreams, he of another benefice:  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 120 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon,  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
 125 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
 And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 130 That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage:  
 This is she-- ME! ME!

lost

royal favor for big fee

HE

EPIC CAESURA  
good for horse  
bad for slut girls

YES. My creation has traveled  
into my night mare.

**ROMEO**

135 Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Nothing  
+  
dreams

**MERCUTIO**

140 True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
[Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,  
Which is as thin of substance as the air]  
And more inconstant than the wind.

-2 beats

proverbial

145 **BENVOLIO**  
This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**ROMEO**  
150 I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
155 Direct my sail!

**BENVOLIO**  
Strike, drum.

*Exeunt*