

## **ACT I SCENE V - Capulet and Tybalt**

**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 flear 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,  
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,  
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;

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.

*Exit*