

*Evening, outside Capulet's house.*

**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.

**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.

**Mercutio:**

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

**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.

**Mercutio:**

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

**Romeo:**

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

**Mercutio:**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

**ROMEO**

Give me a torch. I don't want to dance. I feel sad, so let me be the one who carries the light.

**MERCUTIO**

No, noble Romeo, you've got to dance.

**ROMEO**

Not me, believe me. You're wearing dancing shoes with nimble soles. My soul is made out of lead, and it's so heavy it keeps me stuck on the ground so I can't move.

**MERCUTIO**

You're a lover. Take Cupid's wings and fly higher than the average man.

**ROMEO**

His arrow has pierced me too deeply, so I can't fly high with his cheerful feathers. Because this wound keeps me down, I can't leap any higher than my dull sadness. I sink under the heavy weight of love.

**MERCUTIO**

If you sink, you're dragging love down. It's not right to drag down something as tender as love.

**ROMEO**

Is love really tender? I think it's too rough, too rude, too rowdy, and it pricks like a thorn.

**MERCUTIO**

If love plays rough with you, play rough with love. If you prick love when it pricks you, you'll beat love down.

