```
pulet family. Romeo, son to Montague. Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet. Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo. Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo. Abram, serva
nt to Montague. Sampson, servant to Capulet. Gregory, servant to Capulet. Peter, servant to Capulet. Peter, servant to Capulet. Juliet, daughter to Capulet. Nurse to Juliet. Citizens of Verona; Gentlemen and Gentlewo men of both houses; Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and Attendants. SCENE.--Verona; Mantua. THE PROLOGUE Enter Chorus. Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity, In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
    Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life; Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows Doth with their death bu
      ry their parents' strife. The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, And the continuance of their parents' rage, Which
         , but their children's end, naught could remove, Is
          now the two hours' traffic of our stage; The which if you with patient ears attend, What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. [Exit.] ACT I. Scene I. Verona. A public place
            Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house of Capulet. Samp. I strike quickly, be ing moved. Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike. Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or id of Montague's. Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. Samp. Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall. Greg. The quarrel is between o asters and us their men. Samp. Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I have fought with the men, I will cut off their heads. Greg. The heads of the maids? Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. Take it in sense that feel it. Samp. Me to the wall and thought head the core and war to the strength of the heads to the wall for the heads the proof-solution to the strength of the heads of the heads to the heads to the wall for the heads of the heads o
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                     sar]. Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee. Greg. How? turn thy back and run? Samp. Fear me not. Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. Samp. Nay, as they dare.
                      my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your thumb at us, sir? Samp. I do not bite your
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   arrel,
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                                             p. But if you do, sir, am for you. I
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                                                                                                          ell, sir. Enter Benvolio. Greg. [aside to Sampson] Say 'better.' Here comes one of my master's kinsmen. Samp. Yes, better, sir. w, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. They fight. Ben. Part, fools! [Beats down their swords.] Put swords. You know not what you do. Enter Tybalt. Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? hee Benvolio! look upon thy death. Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, Or manage it t t these men with me. Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell tagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward! They fight. Enter an officer, and thre h clubs or partisans. Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! b
                                                    ou. Abr. No better. Samp. W
                                                               You lie, Samp, Dra
p your
il Mon
or four Citi
                                                                                                         with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! Enter Ol hat noise is this? Give me my long sword,
t them down! Citizens.
et in his gown, and his
                                                    ife. Cap.
                                                                                              urishes his blade in spite of me. Enter Old Montagu
                                                                                                        ay! Old Montague is come And flo
call you for a sword? Cap.
                                                       My sword, I s
and his Wife. Mon. Thou villai
lus, with his Train. Prince.
en, you beasts, That quenc
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and Montague, Have thrice
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d your s, close fighting ere
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He swung about his head a nd
                                                             cut the winds, W ho, no
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n part and part, Till the Pr
                                                         ce came, who par
                                                                                                                                                                       oad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore Tha
the was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood
e found, Being one too many by my weary self- Pursu'd my hu
morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh
all-cheering sun Should in the first East bean to draw The sh
                                                       er'd forth the go
fore the worshipp'd sun
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teth from the city's
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ho gladly fled from me. Mon. Many a
s affections by m
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                                                                                                      stea Is home my heavy son And private in
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whe re he comes
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nt hence so fast? Ben. It was. What sadness
e? Rom. Out- Ben. Of love? Rom. Out o
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shrift . Come, ma
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What fray was here? Yet tell
Ben.
        Alas tha
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       us vanity! Misshape
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         more of thine. This
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        f sighs; Being purg'
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       most discreet, A cho
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         . Tut! I have lost my
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ve. Ben. A rig ht fair mark, fair co
oof of chastity well arm'd, Fro
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         I groan and tell thee
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       In good time! Enter B
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      oned by another's an
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       ent for that. Ben. For
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      Rom. Not mad, but bo
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      an you read anything
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      widow of Vitruvio; Sig
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                                                 ne and Livia; Signior Valenti
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        My fair niece Rosali
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      Rom. Indeed I should
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         mas te
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                                                                                                                                                of Montague
      pulet; and if you be n
                                                                              ot of the ho
                                                                                                                      use
                                                                                                                                                                            s, I pr
                                                                                                                                                                                       ay come and crush a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ine.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           t you mer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ry! Exi
                                                                                                                                                                                          air Rosaline whom th
                                                                                 ient feast o
                                                                                                                                                        ulet's Sups t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          οl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     the adm
      Ben. At this same and
                                                                                                                                                Cap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ov'st;
      eauties of Verona, Go
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   that I shall s
                                                                                    thither, and
                                                                                                                                                                th unatta
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ce
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ith some
                                                                                     e think thy s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   of mine eye Maintains suc
      w. And I will make the
                                                                                                                                                                                          Rom. When the devo
                                                                                                                                                wan
                                                                                                                                                                   a crow.
      alsehood, then turn te
                                                                                       ars to fires:
                                                                                                                                                nd t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          r d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  , Transparent her
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              first the worl
                                                                                                                                                                       all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match
                                                                                          airer than m
                                                                                                                  y lov
                                                                                                                                               The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         nc
                                                                                              saw her fair, none
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           But in that cr
      begun. Ben. Tut! vou
                                                                                                                                                be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ye
                                                                                                  weigh'd Your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               sh
      tal scales let there be
                                                                                                                                               s lov
                                                                                                                                                                                e against some other maid That I will
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              how
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          inin
      at this feast. And she
                                                                                                                                                  ow w
                                                                                                                                                                              ell that no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 go a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             lo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ng, n
      such sight to be show
                                                                           n, But to rejoice
                                                                                                        in sple
                                                                                                                                    ndoui
                                                                                                                                                                            my own
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s ho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      my maidenhead
                                                                         , and Nurse. Wife. Nurse, where'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 I her forth to me. Nurse.
     e. Enter Capulet's Wife
                                                                                                                                        my
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Now, by
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      uliet. Jul. How now?
                                                                        e her come. What, lamb! what la
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Juliet! Enter J
      twelve year old, I bad
                                                                                                                                                                                                                ! Where's this girl? What
     ho calls? Nurse. Your
                                                                         mother. Jul. Madam, I am here.
                                                                                                                                               t is your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ? Wife. This is the matter- Nu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         rse, give leave awh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ile. We mus
     k in secret. Nurse, com
                                                                             e back again; I have rememb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                thou's hear our counsel. Thou
                                                                                                                                           d m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      knowest my daughter's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     of a pret
     age. Nurse. Faith, I can
                                                                                  tell her age
                                                                                                       unto an
                                                                                                                                        hou
                                                                                                                                                                                                           Vife. She's not fourteen. Nurse. I'll lay
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 fourteen of my teeth- And y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   et, to m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammastide? Wife. A fortn
     een be it spoken. I hav
                                                                                                         e but fou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ight an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   s in the year, Come Lammas Eve at night shall she b
     odd days. Nurse. Even
                                                                                                          or odd, o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  e four
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     teen. S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; She was t
     an and she (God rest a
                                                                                                           Il Chri stian s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 oo good
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     for m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I re
     But, as I said, On Lam
                                                                                                          mas Ev
                                                                                                                                 e at ni
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    er it w
       'Tis since the earthqu
                                                                                                           ake now el
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                And she was wean' d (I never shall forge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Of all t
      days of the year, upon
                                                                                                           that day; Fo
                                                                                                                                r I had th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d to my dug, Sitti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ng in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  he sun u
                                                                                               My lord and you w ere then at M d on the nipple Of my dug and felt it bitter, p re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ear a brain.
    er the dovehouse wall.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    But, as I
     did taste the wormwoo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Il out w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       the dug! Sha
                                                                                             no need, I trow, To bid me trudge. And since that t
    uoth the dovehouse! '7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             en years, For
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          she
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         cou
     stand high-lone: nav. b
                                                                   h' rood, She could have run and waddled all about; For even the day b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       re, she broke he r brow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      n my h
                                                                   I! 'A was a merry man) took up the child. 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 lu pon thy face? Thou wilt
    band (God be with his
                                                 sou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        en th
                                                                     t, Jule?' and, by my holidam, The pretty wretch left crying,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 d sai d 'Ay.' To see now h
     hast more wit; Wilt tho
                                                 u no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ow a jest's hall
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ome
                                                                      e a thousand yeas, I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou n ot, Jule?'
e hold thy pe ace. Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cann ot choose b
                                                 uld liv
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  qu oth he, And, pretty fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ol, it's tint
    out! I warrant, an I sho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  . and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     laugh To think it should
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ay 'Ay.' And yet,
    Wife. Enough of this. I
                                                 pray the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ng an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          lea ve c
    warrant, it bad upon it
                                                      brow
                                                                                              A bump as big as a young cock'rel's s
                                                                                                                                                                                                              e; A p er
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      lous knock; and it crie
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               uoth my hu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Wilt thou not, Ji
                                                                                          ce? Thou wilt fall backward when thou
    and, 'fall'st upon thy fa
                                                                                                                                                                                                         mest to age
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  inte
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   d, an
                                                                                   thou too, I pra y thee, nurse, say I. Nurs
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 one.
    said 'Ay.' Jul. And stint
                                                                                                                                                                                                        ve d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          od mar k thee to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            hou wast
                                                 urs'd. An I might live to se e thee married once, I ha ve Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married? Jul. It is an honour tha
     ttiest babe that e'er I n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       y theme I ca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       me to t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ur? Were not I t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      An h ono
     k of. Tell me, daughter
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         only nu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                rse, I
    ld say thou hadst suck
                                                 d wisdom from thy teat. Wife. Well, thi nk of marriage now .
                                                                                                                                                             unger
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         n Verona, I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     adies of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 m. A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e made already mother
                                                 r mother much upon these years That you are now a mai d.
                                                                                                                                              Thus t he
    By my count, I was you
                                                                                                                                                                       in brief
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         The v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         aliant Pa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  r is s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           his love. Nurse
                                                  y, such a man As all the world- why he's a man of wax. Wife . Verona
    A man, young lady! lad
                                                                                                                                                                        mer hath
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     not su
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ch a fl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ow er. Nurs
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               a flower, in
                                                 What say you? Can you love the gentleman? This night yo u shall b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 oung Par
    th- a very flower. Wife.
                                                                                                                                                 eh o
                                                                                                                                                                         im at o
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ur feast. Read o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   volume
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               of v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ce, And fin
    delight writ there with b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               d what obscur'd i
                                                 eauty's pen; Examine every married lineament, And se e how
                                                                                                                                             one an oth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 n thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  s fair volu
     lies Find written in the
                                                  margent of his eyes, This precious book of love,
                                                                                                                                                    hi s unboun d lo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  autif
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      y him o
                                                  lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride For fair wi
                                                                                                                        tho
    v lacks a cover. The fish
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          o hide. Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   man
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        y's eye
                                                 at in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       akin
   doth share the glory, Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              y having him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               g yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  urse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         If no I
                                                  bigger! Women grow by men Wife. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            o'l i ke, if l ook in
   s. Nurse. No less? Nay,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ng m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         But n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ove;
                                                 mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it ng lady ask'd for, the nurs e cur u follow straight. Wife. We follow thee. Exit [Serving man].
                                                                                                                                                            y. Enter Se
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 , the
   more deep will I endart
                                                                                                                                                                                      rvin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          gman.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Se
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   rv. M
   come, supper serv'd up
                                                                                                                                                                              nt ry, a nd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        rvthi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      in e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 mity.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   l mu
   ce to wait. I beseech yo
                                                                                                                                    Juliet, t
                                                                                                                                                                       he County's tays.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              rse. G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 o, gi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   hts t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 y nig
                                                  IV. A street. Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with
                                                                                                                                                                   ix other Maskers
                                                                                                                                                                                           ; T orch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          rers. Ro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    m.
ink'
   py days. Exeunt. Scene
                                                                                                                                                                                                           bea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ch b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e s
                                               hall we on without apology? Ben. The date is out of s
h, Sc aring the ladies like a crowkeeper; Nor no with
                                                                                                                                                             uch prolixity. We'll
                                                                                                                                                                                           have no C
   ke for our excuse? Or s
                                                                                                                                                                                                            up
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             id hoodw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 d with a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   earin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           g a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  e After the pr omp
                                                                                                                                                                                           logue, faintly sp
   artar's painted bow of la
                                                                                                                                                          ut-book
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ok
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ter, fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   r our
                                                                                                                                                                             pro
                                                          s by what they will, We'll measure them a me as Il bear the light. Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we mu
   ance: But, let them mea
                                                                                                                                             ure, and be gon
                                                                                                                                                                                            e. Rom. Give me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Ιa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    m not
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   for th
   mbling. Being but heav
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ce. Rom. Not I, b
                                                                                                                                         st have you dan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       me.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     You h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ave d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     an
                                                         I have a soul of lead So stakes me to the gro u nd
                                                                                                                                                                                    move. Mer. You are
   shoes With ni
                        mble s
                                                                                                                                       I can
                                                                                                                                                       not
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Borro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Cup
   ngs And so
                                                       m above a common bound. Rom. I am too sore enpi
                                                                                                                                                                                        ith his sha ft To
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    oar w ith his light fea th
                                                                                                                                     erc
                                                                                                                                                        ed w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ers; a
                                                       ve dull woe. Under love's heavy burthen do I sink. M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ove- To
    I cannot boun d a pitch abo
                                                                                                                                                         And
                                                                                                                                                                                      , to sink in
                                                                                                                                                                                                      it, shou
   great oppression for a tend
                                                      er thing. Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
                                                                                                                                                        Too
                                                                                                                                                                            rude, too boist
                                                                                                                                                                                                     'rous, a nd it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     c ks like
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Mer. I
                                                       rough with love. Prick love for pricking, and you b
   ove be rough with you, be
                                                                                                                                                       e at I
                                                                                                                                                                      ove down
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     case t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      p ut my
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   in. A v
   or for a visor! What care
                                                      I What curious eye doth quote deformities? Here
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           r me.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Co me,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         knoc
                                                      er in But every man betake him to his legs. Ro
   and enter; and no soon
                                                                                                                                                               m. A
                                                                                                                                                                                           torch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Le twan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ons li
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ght of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        heart
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         dle- holde ra
                                                     hes with their heels; For I am proverb'd with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              I'll be
   ckle the senseless rus
                                                                                                                                                                                       grand
                                                                                                                                                                                                             sire
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    a car
    look on; The game w
                                                     as ne'er so fair, and I am done. Mer. Tut! du
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             onsta bl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e's o wn w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ord! If
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     tho u art Du
   we'll draw thee from
                                                     the mire Of this sir-reverence love, wherein
                                                                                                                       thou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ! Ro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ears. C
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ome, we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ht, ho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          m. Nay, t ha
    not so. Mer. I mean
                                                      , sir, in delay We waste our lights in vain, like lam
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          s in t hat ere onc e
                                                                                                                                                                                 ps by d
                                                                                                                                                                                                          ay. Take our good mea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ning, fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             r our jud
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e time
                                                      And we mean well, in g oing to this masque; But 't
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e ask? Rom. I
   our five wits. Rom.
                                                                                                                                                                                                              t to go. Mer. Why, may on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         eamt a dr eam
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               t o-night
                                                                                                                                                                                  is no wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  . And so di
                                                                                     at dreamers often lie. Rom. In
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Queen
                                                      as yours? Mer. Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Iream thing s tru e. Mer. O, then I se e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Mab h
   Rom. Well. what w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ile th ey d
                                                      he is the fairies' mid wife, and she comes In shape
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 one On the foref inger of an ald on spokes made of lon
   h been with vou. S
                                                                                                                                                                                       bigger t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     agate st
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        erman,
                                                                                       men's noses as they lie asl
    with a team of lit
                                                        le atomies Athwart
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          leg s, T
                                                                                                                                                                        ee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     w ag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           g spinner s'
                                                                                                                                                                                              р; Н
                                                       gs of grasshoppers; Her traces, of the smallest sp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ars, of the moonshine'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   s wat'ry beams;
   cover, of the win
                                                         ne; the lash, of film; Her wagoner, a small grey-co
                                                                                                                                                                         ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               g as a round little worm Prick' d from th
   ip, of cricket's bo
                                                                                                                                   ated gnat, N
                                                         er chariot is an empty hazelnut, M ad e by the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ub, Time out o' mind the f airies'
   inger of a maid; H
   rs. And in this st
                                                          ate she 'gallops night by night Th
                                                                                                           rough love
                                                                                                                                rs' brains, and then
                                                                                                                                                                         th ey
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 love; O'er courtiers' kne
                                                                                                                , who straight dream on f
  eam on cursies s
                                                            traight; O'er lawyers' fingers
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ips, who straight on kisses dream,
                                                                                                                                                                        ee s;
                                                             ith blisters plagues, Because th eir breaths ms he of smelling out a suit; An d sometime com
                                                                                                                   eir breaths with swe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             taint
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Sometime she gallops o'er a courti
   the angry Mab w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ckling a parson's nose as 'a lies
  e. And then drea
                                                                                                                                                                                                ith a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           -pig's t
                                                                other benefice. Sometimes she driveth o'er a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        of cutting foreign throats, Of bre
   dreams he of an
                                                                                                                                                                         oldier's n
                                                                                                                                                                                                           And
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         n dreams
  scadoes, Spanish
                                                                   blades, Of healths five fadom deep; and then
                                                                                                                                                                       anon Dru
                                                                                                                                                                                                ms in his ear
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        which he s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 tarts a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nd wakes, And being thus frighted
                                                                    sleeps again. This is that very Mab That plats the ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    n foul sluttish, hairs, Which once unta
   raver or two And
                                                                                                                                                                   nes of horse
                                                                                                                                                                                                s in the night
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  m women of good carriage. This is
                                                                                                                                                                                                              tt ob ear, M
  h misfortune bode
                                                                     s This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, That presses them and learns th
                                                                                                                                                                                              em firs
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         aking t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                nothing but vain fantasy; Which away from the nce, Turning his fa
                                                                       cutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing. Mer. True, I talk of dreams; Which are the childr
                                                                                                                                                                                              en of an idl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ain, Be
   Peace, peace, Mer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                e br
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              got of
                                                                           air, And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes Even now the frozen bosom of the North And, be th. Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves. Supper is done, and we shall come too late. Rom stars, Shall bitterly begin his fearful date W ith this night's revels and expire the term Of a despised life, clo
  of substance as the
  e dew-dropping Sou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 for my mind mi sgives Some conse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s'd in my breast, By some vile forfeit of u
ut the stage. [Exeunt.] Scene V. Cap
  e, yet hanging in the
                                                                                    ath the steerage of my course Direct m y sail! On, lusty gentle men! Ben. Strike, drum. They march abo forth with napkins. 1. Serv. Where's Potpan, that he held o men's hands, and they unwash 'd too, 'tis a foul thi ng. 1. Serv. Away with the join-stools, remove the cou
  ly death. But he that h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     crape a trencher! 2. Serv. When good
  use. Servingmen come
  s shall lie all in one or tw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rt-cubbert, look to the plate. Good thou
                                                                                                                                                                           e and Nell. Anthony, and Potpan! 2. Serv.

Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and th t, and all the Guests and Gentlewomen

Ay, boy, ready. 1. Serv. You are look d for and call'd for, ask'd felonger liver take all. Exeunt. Enter the Maskers, Enter, [with to the Maskers. Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies tha
  rchpane and, as thou lo
                                                                                                   ves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindston
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             or and sought for, in th
                                                                                                          We cannot be here and there too
  at chamb
                     er. 3. Serv.
                                                                                                                         uliet, Tyb
                                                                                                                                                                        alt, and all the Guests and Gentlewomen
  Capulet, h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         have
                                                                                                                                                                  rns will have a bout with you. Ah ha, my m ist resses! which of you all W ill now deny to dance? ath corns. Am I come near ye now? Welcome, gen tlemen! I have seen the day a fair lady's ear, Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone! You are w e I
  toes Unpl
                      She I'll swear h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          sor a
  could tell A whispering t ale in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      me, g
  Come, musicians, play, A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          knaves! and t
                                                                                                                                                           oom is grown too hot. Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well. Nay, sit, n
 s up, And quench the fire
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Capulet,
                                                                                                                                                          days. How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask? 2. Cap. By'r Lad
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          y, thirt
 r you and I are past our d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     y years. Cap
 What, man? 'Tis not so m
                                                                                                                                                                        much! 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e five-and-t
                                               uch, 't
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              will. Som
 wenty years, and then we
                                                                                                                                                  . 2. Cap. 'T
 re, 'tis more! His son is el
                                                                                                                                             His son is
 irty. Cap. Will you tell me
                                                            that? Hi
                                                                                                                                       s son was bu
 o years ago. Rom. [to a S
                                                                                                                                n] What lady's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           nrich the hand Of yo
                                                                 ervingma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              h the torches to burn
 nder knight? Serv. I know
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           bright! It seems sh
                                                                         not. sir. Ro
                                                                                 a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear- Beauty to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ch for use, for earth too dear! So shows a sno
 on the cheek of night Like
ve trooping with crows As
                                                                                            yonder lady o'er her fello
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ws shows. The mea
 e done, I'll watch her place of stand And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic fac
 e, 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. Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so? Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite To scorn at our solemnity this night. Cap. Young Rom
 eo is it? Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo. Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone. 'A 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 this town Here in my house do him disparagement. Therefore be patier
 t, take no note of him. It is my will; the which if thou respect, Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast. Tyb. It fits when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him. Cap. He shall be endur'd. 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! Tyb. Why, u ncle, 'tis a shame. Cap. 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 co
ntrary me! Marry, 'tis time.- Well said, my hearts!- You are a princox- go! Be quiet, or- More light!- F or shame! I'll make you quiet; what!- Cheerly, my usion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall. Exit. Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two bl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hearts! Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw; but this int
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, Which
 mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints have hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers too? Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pray'r. Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do! They pray; grant thou, les
 t faith turn to despair. Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. Rom. Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. Thus from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin
 again. [Kisses her.] Jul. You kiss by th' book. Nurse. Marry, bachelor, Her mother craves a word with you. Rom. What is her mother? Nurse. Marry, bachelor, Her mother craves a word with you. Rom. What is her mother? Nurse. Marry, bachelor, Her mother? Nurse. Marry, Nurse. Marry, Marr
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er Shall have the chinks. Rom. Is she a Capulet? O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best. Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest. Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all. I

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET by William Shakespeare Dramatis Personae Chorus. Escalus, Prince of Verona. Paris, a young Count, kinsman to the Prince. Montague, heads of two houses at variance with each other. Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other. Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other. An old Man, of the Ca