

Amarillo: verbo ser

Azul: pronombre

Café: presente simple

Celeste: pasado simple

Subrayado: futuro simple

Subrayado amarillo: futuro continuo

The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I

Scene 1

A public place.

[Enter Sampson and Gregory armed with swords and bucklers.]

Sampson.

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gregory.

No, for then we should be colliers.

Sampson.

I mean, an we be in choler we'll draw.

Gregory.

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sampson.

I strike quickly, being moved.

Gregory.

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sampson.

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gregory.

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sampson.

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sampson.

A dog of that house shall move me to stand:

I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gregory.

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sampson.

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.

Gregory.

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sampson.

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:

when I have fought with the men I will be cruel with the maids,

I will cut off their heads.

Gregory.

The heads of the maids?

Sampson.

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;
take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gregory.

They must take it in sense that feel it.

Gregory.

They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sampson.

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:
and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gregory.

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,
thou hadst been poor-John. — Draw thy tool;
Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Sampson.

My naked weapon is out: quarrel! I will back thee.

Gregory.

How! turn thy back and run?

Sampson.

Fear me not.

Gregory.

No, marry; I fear thee!

Sampson.

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gregory.

I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they
list.

Sampson.

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is
disgrace to them if they bear it.

[Enter Abraham and Balthasar.]

Nay, as they dare. **I will bite** my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

[Enter Abraham and Balthasar.]

Abraham.

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson.

I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abraham.

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson.

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Gregory.

No.

Sampson.

No, sir, **I do not bite** my thumb at you, sir; **but I bite my thumb**, sir.

Gregory.

Do you quarrel, sir?

Abraham.

Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sampson.

But if **you do**, sir, **am** for you: **I** serve as good a man as **you**.

Abraham.

But if you do, sir, am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abraham.
No better.

Sampson.
Well, sir.

Gregory.
Say better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson.
Yes, better, sir.

Abraham.
You lie.

Sampson.
Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

[They fight.]

[Enter Benvolio.]

Benvolio.
Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[Beats down their swords.]

[Enter Tybalt.]

Tybalt.
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee Benvolio, look upon thy death.
