

# INGLES UNIDAD IV

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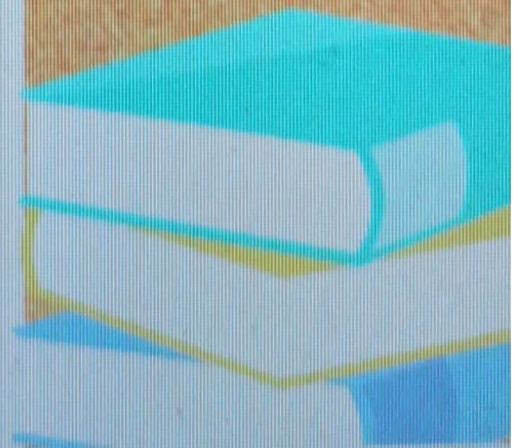
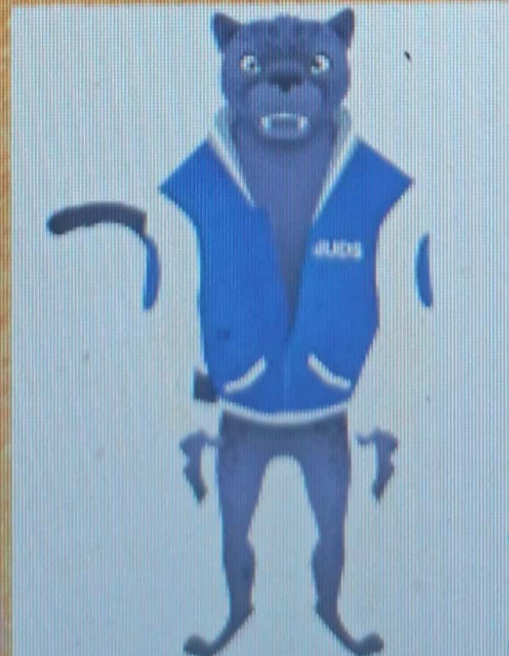
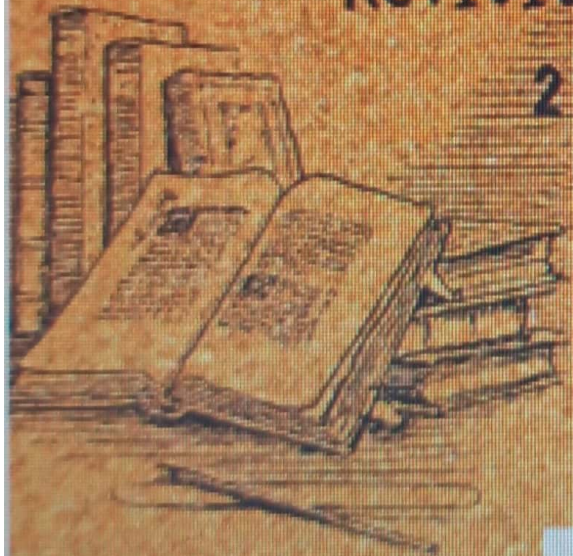
**UDS**

profesora: Andrea Berenice Segura León

**ACTIVIDAD: ROMEO Y JULIETA**

**2 CUATRIMESTRE**

**NUTRICION**



Identificar cuantas veces aparecen + un ejemplo

Verb to be	Pronouns	I Pray can you read	
118 ↵		Present Simple	Present continuous
		16	12
I, you, is, they, am, the	<del>to be, is, that</del>	I do bite my thumbs	
Past simple	Future simple	Past continuous	Future continuous
36 ↵	15 ↵	9 ↵	2 ↵
I did approach	I will back thee	he was wait for me at store	will be cruel with the maids
Present perfect			
12 ↵			
Have at thee, coward!			





## SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, 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**

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, and 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.

**SAMPSON**

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretence 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 the 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 a 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**

[Aside to GREGORY] 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**

If you do, sir, I 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**

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,  
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, He swung about  
his head and cut the winds, Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him  
in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more  
and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either  
part.

#### LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he  
was not at this fray.

#### BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward  
rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your  
son: Towards him I made, but he was ware of me And stole  
into the covert of the wood:

Measuring his affections by my own,

That most are busied when they're most alone, Pursued my  
humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled  
from me.

#### MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears  
augmenting the fresh morning dew.  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows,  
locks far daylight out And makes himself an artificial night:  
Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good  
counsel may the cause remove.

#### BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

**MONTAGUE**

I neither know **if** nor can learn of him.

**BENVOLIO**

Have **you** importuned him by any means?

**MONTAGUE**

Both by myself and many other friends: But **he**, his own  
affections' counsellor,  
**Is** to himself ~~I will not say how true~~—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As **is the** bud bit with an envious worm, Ere **he** can spread his  
sweet leaves to the air, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could **we** but learn from whence his sorrows grow.  
**We** would as willingly give cure as know.  
*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

See, where **he** comes: so please you, step aside; I'll know his  
grievance, or be much denied.

**MONTAGUE**

**I** would thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shrift.  
Come, madam, let's away.  
*Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE*

**BENVOLIO**

Good-morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO**

**Is the** day so young?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck nine.



Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this. Dost thou not laugh?

**BENVOLIO**

No, coz, I rather weep.

**ROMEO**

Good heart, at what?

**BENVOLIO**

At thy good heart's oppression.

**ROMEO**

Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, To have it prest With more of thine his love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs; Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears: What is it else? a madness most discreet, A choking gall and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO**

Soft! I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

**ROMEO**

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here; This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

**BENVOLIO**

Groan! why, no.  
But sadly tell me who.

**ROMEO**

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:  
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!  
In sadness, cousin, **I do love a woman.**

**BENVOLIO**

**I** aim'd so near, when **I** supposed **you** loved.

**ROMEO**

A right good mark-man! And she's fair **I** love.

**BENVOLIO**

A right fair mark, fair coz, **is** soonest hit.

**ROMEO**

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, From love's weak childish  
bow she lives unharm'd.

**She will not stay the siege of loving terms,** Nor bide the  
encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-  
seducing gold:

O, **she is** rich in beauty, only poor,  
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

**BENVOLIO**

**Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?**

**ROMEO**

**She** hath, and in **that sparing makes huge waste,** For beauty  
starved with her severity Cuts beauty off from all posterity. **She is**  
too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me