



**Mi Universidad**

## **Activity 4**

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*Nombre del tema: Romeo and Juliet novel*

*Parcial: 4 unidad*

*Nombre de la Materia: Ingles II*

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*Nombre de la Licenciatura: Enfermería*

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Identificar:

- VERB TO BE
- PRONOUNS

SENTENCES IN:

- PRESENT SIMPLE
- PRESENT CONTINUOUS
- PAST SIMPLE
- FUTURE SIMPLE
- PAST CONTINUOUS
- FUTURE CONTINUOUS
- PRESENT PERFECT

**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 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 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

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.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to

part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word, As I hate hell, all

Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward!

**They** fight

Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs

First Citizen

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in **his** gown, and LADY CAPULET

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! why call **you** for a sword?

CAPULET

My sword, **I** say! Old Montague **is** come, And flourishes **his**  
blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— Will they not hear? What,  
ho! **you** men, **you** beasts, That quench the fire of **your** pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from **your** veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw **your** mistemper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence  
of **your** moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part **your** canker'd hate: If ever **you** disturb

our streets again,

**Your** lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

**You** Capulet; shall go along with me:

And, Montague, come **you** this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our  
common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and

BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

Speak, nephew, **were you by when it began?**

BENVOLIO

[Here were the servants of your adversary](#), And yours, close

fighting ere I did approach:

[I drew to part them](#): in the instant came

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:

I, 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 it 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.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out— BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of **her** favour, where **I am** in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in **his** view, Should be so  
tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas, that love, whose view **is** muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall **we** dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of lead,

bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

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: this

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  
despair: **She** hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead  
that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how **I** should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes; Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

Being black put us in mind **they** hide the fair; **He** that **is**

strucken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of his

eyesight lost: Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What

doth **her** beauty serve, but as a note

Where **I** may read who pass'd that passing fair? Farewell: thou canst

not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt

**SCENE II.** A street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

CAPULET

But Montague **is** bound as well as **I**, In penalty alike; and

'tis not hard, **I** think, For men so old as **we** to keep the

peace.

PARIS

Of honourable reckoning **are you** both; And pity 'tis **you**

**lived at odds so long.**

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

**But saying o'er what I have said before:**

My child **is** yet a stranger in the world;

**She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,** Let two more

summers wither in their pride, Ere **we** may think her ripe to be a

bride.

PARIS

Younger than **she are** happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marr'd **are** those so early made. The earth hath  
swallow'd all my hopes but **she**, She is the hopeful lady of my

earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent **is** but a part; An **she** agree, within  
**her** scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according  
voice.

This night **I** hold an old accustom'd feast, Whereto I have invited  
many a guest.

Such as **I** love; and **you**, among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night Earth-treading stars that  
make dark heaven light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female buds shall **you** this night Inherit at my house; hear  
all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Which on more view, of many mine being one May stand in number,  
though in reckoning none, Come, go with me.

To Servant, giving a paper

Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out Whose names **are**  
written there, and to them say, My house and welcome on their



pleasure stay.

Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS

Servant

Find them out whose names are written here! **It is** written, that the shoemaker should meddle with **his** yard, and the tailor with **his** last, the fisher with **his** pencil, and the painter with **his** nets; but **I am** sent to find those persons whose names **are** here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. **I must to the learned.**—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain **is** lessen'd by another's anguish; Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning; One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And **the rank poison of the old will die.**

ROMEO

**Your** plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, **I** pray thee?

ROMEO

For **your** broken shin.

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man **is**;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Servant

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant

Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, [can you read any thing you see?](#)

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Servant

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROMEO

Stay, fellow; I can read.

Reads

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his  
beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his  
lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet,  
his wife and daughters; my fair niece

Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the  
lively Helena.' A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Servant Up.

ROMEO

Whither?

Servant

To supper; to our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

Servant

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Servant

Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and

if **you** be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup  
of wine.

Rest **you** merry!

Exit

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest, With all the admired  
beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, Compare her face with  
some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a  
**crow.**

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires; And these, who often  
drown'd could never die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match  
**since first the world begun.**

BENVOLIO

Tut, **you** saw **her** fair, none else being by, Herself poised with

herself in either eye:

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you

shining at this feast,

And **she** shall scant show well that now shows best.

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in

splendor of mine own.

Exeunt