



Nombre del Alumno: Ochoa Alvarado Andrea

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Nombre del profesor: Segura León Andrea Berenice

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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

- Pronombres █ ✓
- verb to be █ ✓
- Past Continou █ ✓
- future Continous █ ✓
- Presente perfect █ ✓
- Presente simple █ ✓
- Presente Continuo █ ✓
- Pasado simple █ ✓
- future simple █ ✓

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

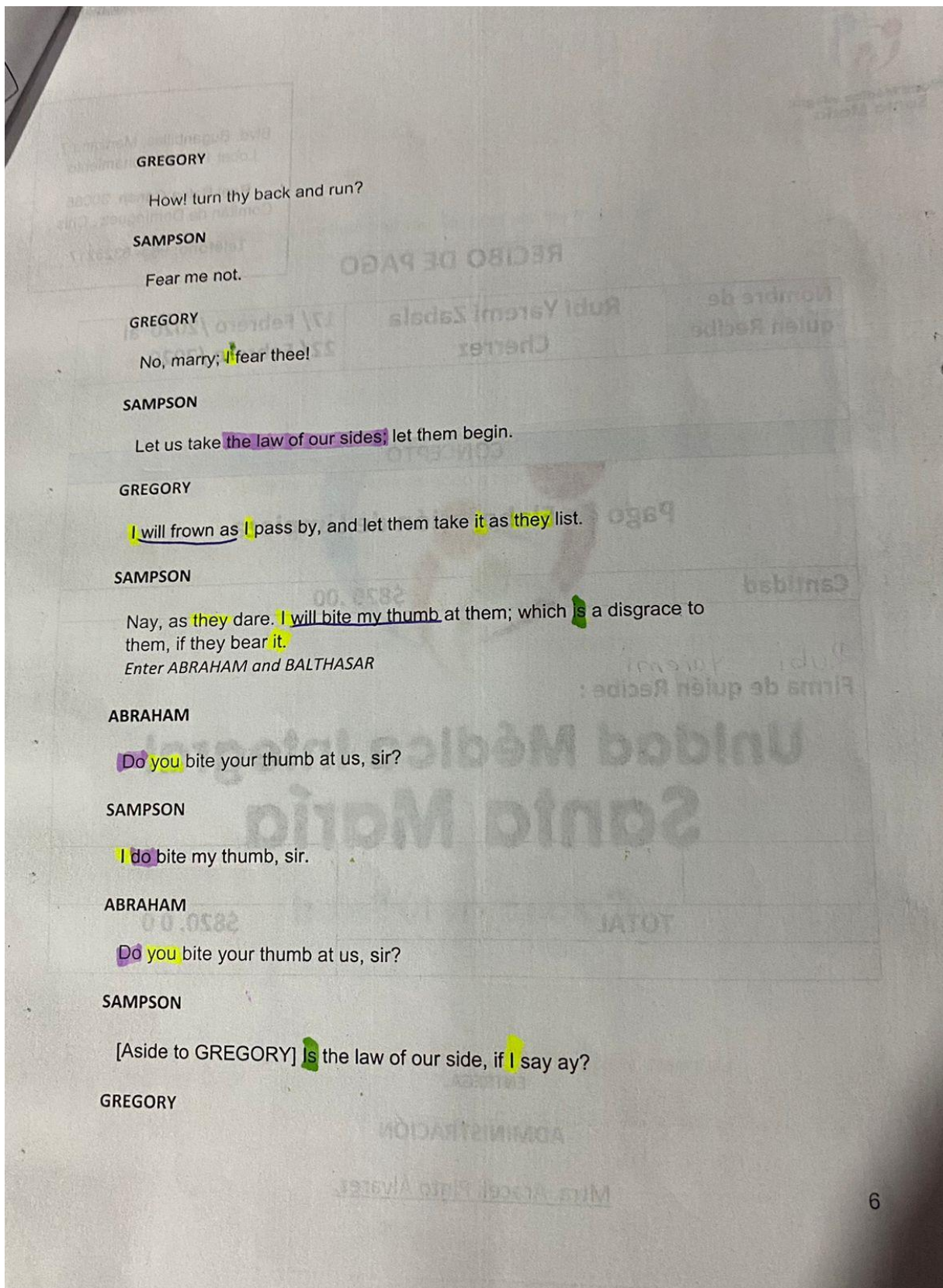
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

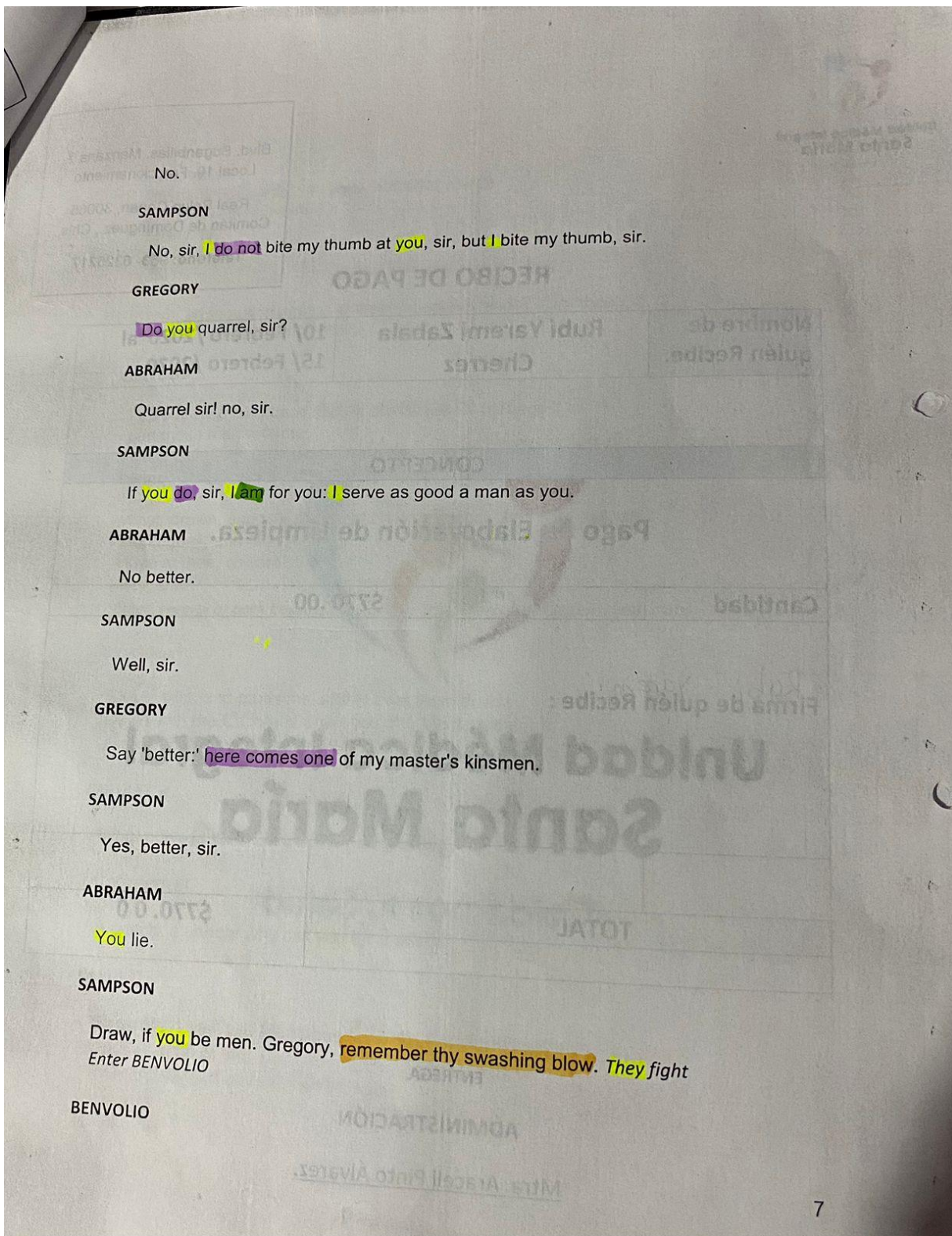
GREGORY

'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.





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
stricken 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