



Mi Universidad

Romeo and Julieta

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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

- Verb to be
- Pronouns
- Present simple
- Present Continuous
- Past simple
- Future simple
- Past continuous
- Future continuous
- Present perfect

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

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

SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!
Enter JULIET

JULIET

How now! who calls?

Nurse

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your
will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

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

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?

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.

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

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