



**Mi Universidad**

## **Ensayo**

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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

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**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] the law of our side, if I say ay?

**GREGORY**

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**

**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 in 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**

In 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!

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, betwixt of an city 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 beseeching 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

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

**SAMPSON**

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, 'tis 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's 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 't 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**

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?

Still-waking sleep, that is not what **I**!  
 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 **I** love's transgression.  
 Grievs 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?

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

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*

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 unharmed.  
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

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 help 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 plaitain-leaf is excellent for that.

**BENVOLIO**

For what, I pray thee?

**ROMEO**

For your broken shin.

**BENVOLIO**

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*

**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,