

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords, and buckets.

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

T'is true, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runst 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

'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 good, John. Draw thy tool! here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers

SAMPSON

Gregory, of 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 of the collar.

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being provoked.

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 shalt stand.

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 the wall 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 enemy, I will be true with the maid; and cut off their heads.

GREGORY

The heads of the madd?

SAMPSON

Ay, the heads of the madd, 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: JOTHAM. Draw thy tool: here comes one of the houses 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 peak it.
Enter ZERIBASSA and BALTIASSAR

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 'bicker'; 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.*

BENVOLIO

Part, fool!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
Exit down their swords

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these baseless hinds? Turn thee,
Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword. Or, draught it to
part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word; As I hate hell, all
kinds of men, and but
the word of peace
I despise.

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

First Citizen

Clubs, bills, and parrisians! 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, nor hear? What,
not you men, you beasts, that quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With filthy words, leading from your veins
A pest of hatred, from those bloody hands
Which urge their tempered weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence
Of your moved lips?

Three civil braves, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have twice disturb'd the quiet of our streets.

And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
Their hands on swords, and horrid files,
Aker'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 answer our lamentable speech.

To bring our lumbering pieces in the case. To old Forge-town, our
Common judgment place.

On the next day, the death of all men depart
Except 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 seedlings of your adversary. And yours, close
fighting are I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came

MONTAGUE

BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

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And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
Their hands and feet of blood;—whereof I am
One more.

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our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

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And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case. To old Forge-town, our
Common Judgment place.

On pain of death, all men depart
Except all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and
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MONTAGUE

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fighting are I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came

ROMEO

Awful! said 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

Ah, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so yearning and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Ah, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will.
Where shall we draw? Or meet? What fray
Has here? Yet tell not me, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling lover! O longing hate!
O early morn, or freshling first-creed
O heavy, gnarled, barren, bony
Mistaken griefs or love-sick seeming formal
Bright smoke, good fire, sick health!

Sleep-waking sleep, that is not what I feel.
This love feel I, that feel no love in him. 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,
Grief's deluge overflows his breast,
Which thou wilt provoke, to leave it, with more of them, this
love that thou hast shown. Doth add more grief to too much of mine
own. Love is a smoke raised with the tulle of sighs, being plucked,
and scattering in lovers' eyes. Being water, sea nourish'd with lovers'
tears. What is it else? A madness most discreet, A choking gall and
a preserving sword. Exit my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go alone;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tid, 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

Whom shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Great! Why, no,
But I shall tell me who.

ROMEO

But a sick man in sadness make his will,
Nay, woe is urged to one that is so ill,
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I am'd so near, when I supposed you loved

ROMEO

A right good mark-maid! 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; see how Dian's wit

Apes in a copy-book of chastity well arm'd; From love's weak childen

How she lives unarm'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 swearing makes huge waste; For beauty

doth her beauty's enemy; Ours beauty, of from all posterity; She is

too far from this, woe'st thou fair! To merit loss by making me

deeper: She hath sworn 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 kill her's exquisite, in question more;

These happy masks that kiss that awful brow

Being black put us in mind they hide the light; And that is

strucken blind cannot forget; Too precious for the

eyesight look; Show me a mistress that is passing fair; What

doth her beauty compare with this? Wherein

Whither 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.

ROMEO

Even so.

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

O! honourable asking, are you both? And why, 'tis you lived at odds so long?

CAPULET

But saying of that, 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 married are those so early made. The earth hath swallowed 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; And she, if she will, scope of choice has my consent and father's voice.

This night I hold an old accustomed feast, Whereof I have invited many a guest.

Such 'tis 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 heels!

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O! limping wretch, tread, even such delight Among fresh flowers, 'till thou see'st this night inherit slamy houses; hear all, all else.

And see her, meet whereof night might shall hear, Which on more joy, of many more being one May stand in number, though in looking, hope, O' my, do with me.

To Servant, giving a paper.

Go, sirrah, tudge about.

Though 'tis Verona, and those persons and whose names are written there, and to them say, My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exit CAPULET and PARIS

Servant

Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the stonemason should treadle with his yard, and the butcher with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nest; 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 kitchen—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning; One pain is lessend 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 painter-hand is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO

17

How do you feel about this?

ROMEO
Not read, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and torn at hand—God-fear, good fellow.

Servant

God of 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
lines you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Servant

Ye say honestly: rest you merry?

ROMEO

Slay, fellow, I can read.

Reads

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters, County Anselme and his
brotherous sisters, the lady weep of Verona, Signior Pasquillo and his
lovely coz, Anselmo and his brother, Tybalt, Uncle Capulet,
his wife and daughters; my fair niece
Rosaline, Livia, Signior Agio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucca and the
lively Helena. A fair assembly, whither should they come?

Servant Up.

ROMEO

18

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
it is not far from the house of Montague. I pray, come and drink a cup
of wine.
Rest you merry?

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supp the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest, with all the acquired
basilisks of Verona:
Go, plucker and with unlighted eyes, 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
Methinks each cheek has blood, there's not a tear, And these, who often
drown'd could drown the Tybalt, there's not a tear, be burnt for least
Ong' far from my love than the all-seeing sun, No, for I'll match
since first the world began.

BENVOLIO

19

- verb to be
- Pronouns
- Present simple
- Present continuous
- Past simple
- Future simple
- Past continuous
- Future continuous
- Present Perfect

Tui, you saw her far, none else being by, herself looked with
 herself in other eyes
 But in that crystal scales let there be weight
 Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you
 shining at the last
 And she shall seem show well that now shows best.

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, but to rejoice in
 splendor and grace.

Excunt.