

But if you do, sir, I am for you! I serve as good a man as you.
 ABRAM
 No better?
 SAMPSON
 Well, sir—
 GREGORY *[sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson]*
 Say "better"! Here comes one of our kinsmen.
 SAMPSON
 Yes, better.
 ABRAM
 You lie!
 SAMPSON
 Draw, if you be men!
[They fight]
 BENVOLIO *[enters, sword drawn]*
 Part, fools! You know not what you do!
 TYBALT *[enters, to Benvolio]*
 What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
 Turn thee, Benvolio. Look upon thy death! *[draws his sword]*
 BENVOLIO
 I do but keep the peace.
 TYBALT
 What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
 As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!
[They fight]
 PRINCE *[enters with Attendants]*
 Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
 By thee, Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets.
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace!
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart!
[All exit]

will fight you, master

relatives

separate

*deer/servants
face your death*

just

your sword drawn

*hostile
public, started by few words*

three times

you'll be executed for

Side 1
 Lady m
 Benvolio

SCENE 2

[Montague house, or a street. LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, BENVOLIO]

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

fight

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the east,
 Underneath the grove of sycamore
 So early walking did I see your son.

from

LADY 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

as soon as

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 fair daylight out,

*god of dawn
comes home, sad
bedroom, locks*

And makes himself an artificial night.
MONTAGUE
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
BENVOLIO
So please you, step aside.
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.
[They exit]

*foreboding, mood
advice, remove the cause*

the cause of his distress

end

SCENE 3

[Capulet house, or a street. CAPULET, PARIS]

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.

required by law

PARIS

Of honorable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

reputation

courtship of your daughter

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger to the world,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

just saying over again

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*pass by
before, ready*

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

*harmed
grave, other children
of my earthly body (my offspring)*

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.

my wishes are less important than hers

My will to her consent is but a part.

if she agrees

And, she agreed, within her scope of choice

agreeing

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

customary

This night I hold an old accustomed feast,

Whereto I have invited many a guest

Such as I love, not of the house of Montagues,

whom

And you, most welcome. Look to behold this night

see

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.

beautiful women

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

Among fresh female buds. Hear all, all see,

see all the women

And like her most. Come, go with me.

then like the best one

[They exit]

SCENE 4

[A street. BENVOLIO & ROMEO]

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

good morning

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

just now

ROMEO

Alas me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

away