

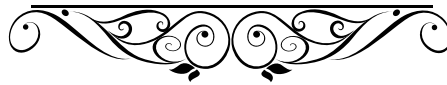
William SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO  
and JULIET

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Kyiv  
"ZNANNIA"

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE



Escalus, Prince of Verona  
Paris, a young nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.  
Montague } Heads of two Houses at variance with  
Capulet } each other.  
An old man, Kinsman to Capulet.  
Romeo, Son to Montague.  
Mercutio, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.  
Benvolio, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.  
Tybalt, Nephew to Lady Capulet.  
Friar Laurence, Franciscan.  
Friar John, of the same order.  
Balthasar, Servant to Romeo.  
Sampson } Servants to Capulet.  
Gregory }  
Peter, another Servant to Capulet.  
Abram, Servant to Montague.  
An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris, Page to Mercutio, an Officer.

Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.

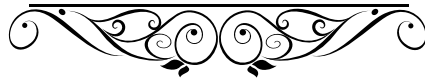
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Maskners Qaurds, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

*Scene: Verona; once (in the Fifth Act) at Mantua.*

## PROLOGUE



Enter Chorus.

Chorus

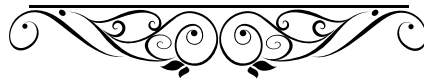
Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could  
remove,

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend.

What here shall miss,  
our toil shall strive to mend.  
*(Exit.)*

## ACT 1



### SCENE I

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, 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 of 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 run'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

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

Sampson

True; and therefore women, being the weaker ves-  
sels, 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, I will  
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.

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 side; 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 Abram and Balthasar.

Abram

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson

I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abram

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson (*aside to Gregory*)

Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gregory (*aside to Sampson*)

No.

Sampson

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gregory

Do you quarrel, sir?

Abram

Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sampson

If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abram

No better.

Sampson

Well, sir.

Gregory (*aside to Sampson*)

Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson

Yes, better, sir.

Abram

You lie.

Sampson

Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

They fight.

Enter Benvolio.

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.