

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 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, 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

Sampson

I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as the list.

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

Sampson

Abram

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

No better.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Well, sir.

Sampson

Gregory (*aside to Sampson*)

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

Abram

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson

Sampson

I do bite my thumb, sir.

Yes, better, sir.

Abram

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Abram

You lie.

Sampson (*aside to Gregory*)

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

Sampson

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

Gregory (*aside to Sampson*)

No.

They fight.

Enter Benvolio.

Sampson

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

Benvolio

Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. (*Beats down their swords.*)

Gregory

Do you quarrel, sir?

Enter Tybalt.

Abram

Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Tybalt

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