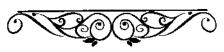
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; The which if you with patient ears attend.

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 stan therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sampson

A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I w take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gregory

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

Sampson

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vesels, are ever thrust to the wall; — therefore, I will pus Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids the wall.

Gregory

The quarrel is between our masters, and us their me

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

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 the list. Sampson

No better.

you.

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

Well, sir.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sampson

Gregory (aside to Sampson) Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Abram Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Yes, better, sir.

I do bite my thumb, sir. Abram

You lie.

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)

Sampson

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

my thumb, sir. Gregory

Do you quarrel, sir?

Abram Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sampson Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swash-

ng blow.

They fight.

Enter Benvolio.

Sampson

Abram

Sampson

Sampson

Abram

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

Benvolio

ou do. (Beats down their swords.) Enter Tybalt.

Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what

Tybalt

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? ¹In thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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No.