

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

R O M E O & J U L I E T

Ensemble Soliloquy: Prologue, Act I, scene 1

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 misadventured 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 25 minutes' traffic of our stage;

The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.