

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Prince, Act I scene 1

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-
stained steel,--
Will they not hear?

What, ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious
rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd
weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and
Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's
ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, To wield old
partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You Capulet; shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.