

Shakespeare 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-crossed lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured, piteous o'erthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show its head;
Go forth and have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished;
For never was there a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.