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| **Who Said That?**    |  |  | | --- | --- | | 1. | O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate-stone On the fore-finger of an alderman, Drawn with a team of little atomies Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 2. | ...the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth; So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.π   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 3. | I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight; And but thou love me, let them find me here: My life were better ended by their hate, Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 4. | There is no world without Verona walls, But purgatory, torture, hell itself. Hence-banished is banish'd from the world, And world's exile is death ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 5. | But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?,   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 6. | With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 7. | Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew. Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs ...›  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 8. | This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again ...  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 9. | Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shrived and married.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 10. | Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 11. | Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 12. | I'll look to like, if looking liking move: But no more deep will I endart mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 13. | What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward!   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 14. | By heaven, I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm'd against myself: Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say, A madman's mercy bade thee run away.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 15. | Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 16. | O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 17. | In one respect I'll thy assistant be; For this alliance may so happy prove, To turn your households' rancour to pure love.  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 18. | Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 19. | Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art: Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast: Unseemly woman in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! Thou hast amazed me ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 20. | Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains The stony entrance of this sepulchre? What mean these masterless and gory swords To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 21. | Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the county. O, he's a lovely gentleman!   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 22. | I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses!   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 23. | But Montague is bound as well as I, In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think, For men so old as we to keep the peace.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 24. | Come, come with me, and we will make short work; For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till holy church incorporate two in one.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 25. | Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 26. | Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you. Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, She, I'll swear, hath corns ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 27. | ...it is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in a name? that which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet ...´   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 28. | My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound ...,   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 29. | I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 30. | This is that very Mab That plaits the manes of horses in the night, And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs, Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 31. | What say you? can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast; Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 32. | Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 33. | Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied; And vice sometimes by action dignified. Within the infant rind of this small flower Poison hath residence and medicine power ...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 34. | O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate! O any thing, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness! serious vanity!   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 35. | I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he; And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 36. | If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 37. | This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 38. | Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,-- O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;-- Which with sweet water nightly I will dew...   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 39. | I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,-- And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four--She is not fourteen.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 40. | There's no trust, No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured, All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 41. | Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; I am content, so thou wilt have it so   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 42. | My only love sprung from my only hate! Too early seen unknown, and known too late! Prodigious birth of love it is to me, That I must love a loathed enemy.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | | 43. | Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting: villain am I none; Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 44. | ...for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company: Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 45. | O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 46. | If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 47. | These violent delights have violent ends And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, Which as they kiss consume ...  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 48. | And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: O, she is rich in beauty, only poor, That when she dies with beauty dies her store.   \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 49. | I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire: The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl; For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | | 50. | My will to her consent is but a part; An she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my /  consent and fair according voice. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | |  |  | |

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