

SAMPSON Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. (*They fight.*)

(*Enter* BENVOLIO.)

BENVOLIO Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do. (*Beats down their swords.*)

(*Enter* TYBALT.)

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

BENVOLIO I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! (*They fight.*)

(*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter*
CITIZENS, *with clubs.*)

FIRST CITIZEN Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

(*Enter* CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.)

CAPULET What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

CAPULET My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

(*Enter* MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.)