

MONTAGUE    Thou villain Capulet—Hold me not, let me go.

LADY        Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

MONTAGUE

*(Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.)*

PRINCE    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. *(Exeunt all  
but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.)*

MONTAGUE    Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO    Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: