

# Act II

## PROLOGUE

*(Enter CHORUS.)*

CHORUS    Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
            And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
            That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,  
            With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,  
            Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe supposed he must complain,  
            And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
            To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
            To meet her new-beloved any where:  
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. *(Exit.)*