

Quotes

Act 1, Scene 1:

1.1.63-64:

“What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.”

1.1.82-84...89-90:

“Three civil brawl, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague.
Have thrice disturbed our streets
...
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.”

1.1.154

“Aye me! Sad hours seem long.”

Act 1, Scene 2:

1.2.8-11

“My child is yet a stranger in the world.
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.”

1.2.84-86...88-89

“At this same ancient feast of Capulet’s
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
...
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.”

Act 1, Scene 3:

1.3.81-84:

“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.

1.3.99-101

“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.”

Act 1, Scene 4:

1.4.108-113

"...my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin this fateful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death."

Act 1, Scene 5:

1.5.42:

"Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!"

1.5.63-69:

"...Let him alone.
He bears him like a portly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore, be patient. Take no note of him."

1.5.116-117:

"Is she a Capulet?"
O dear account! My life is my foe's death!"

1.5.136-137:

"My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!"