

The Prologue

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona (where we lay our scene), 2
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. 4
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life; 6
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents` strife. 8
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents` rage, 10
Which but their childrens` end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours` traffic of our stage; 12
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. 14