

*Romeo and Juliet Unit*

Two households, both alike in dignity,

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In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

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From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,

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Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

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From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

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A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;

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Whose misadventured piteous overthrows

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Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

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The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

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And the continuance of their parents' rage,

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Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,

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Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

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The which if you with patient ears attend,

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What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

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