

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.

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Side 2  
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PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
And to 't they go like lightning, was stout Tybalt slain.  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;  
His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.