

A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life.

(Chorus, Prologue)

Abraham: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson: I do bite my thumb, sir.

(Act 1 Scene 1)

But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

(Romeo, Act 2 Scene 1)

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

(Juliet, Act 2 Scene 1)

That which we call a rose

By any other word would smell as sweet.

(Juliet, Act 2 Scene 1)

Parting is such sweet sorrow.

(Juliet, Act 2 Scene 1)

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

(Friar Laurence, Act 2 Scene 2)

These violent delights have violent ends.

(Friar Laurence, Act 2 Scene 5)

A plague o' both your houses!

(Mercutio, Act 3 Scene 1)

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

(Prince, Act 3 Scene 1)

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

(Friar Laurence, Act 3 Scene 3)

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face.

(Capulet, Act 3 Scene 5)

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink: I drink to thee.

(Juliet, Act 4 Scene 3)

O true apothecary,

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

(Romeo, Act 5 Scene 3)

O happy dagger,

This is thy sheath: there rust, and let me die.

(Juliet, Act 5 Scene 3)

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

(Prince, Act 5 Scene 3)

Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.  
(Friar Laurence, Act 3, Scene 2)

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

Hence-banished is banish'd from the  
world,

(Juliet, Act 5, Scene 3)

And world's exile is death: then banished,

Is death mis-term'd: calling death  
banishment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders  
me.

(Romeo, Act 3, Scene 2)

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not

(Romeo, Act 3, Scene 3)

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-  
morrow.

(Paris, Act 3, Scene 4)

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris.

(Juliet, Act, 3 Scene 5)

I think it best you married with the county.

(The Nurse, Act 3 Scene 5)