

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Sharlene Brown
Creative project
memorized
sonnet

*Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage; 12
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend. [Exit.*

Spoken in the manner with the pronunciation that an actor would use on the stage. (an American actor)