

Come, come with me, and we will make short work (Friar Lawrence)

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. (Mercutio)

Well, peace be with you, sit: here comes my man. (Tybalt)

O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood? (Juliet)

I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear (Juliet)

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers (Servingman)

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door (Mercutio)

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. (Lady Capulet)

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins (Juliet)

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead (Romeo)

