SHERIFF SIDES

SHERIFF

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,/ profaners of this neighbor-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 mistempered weapons to the ground/ and hear the sentence of your mov'ed sheriff. -/ Three civil brawls bred of an airy word/ by you, old Capulet, and Montague,/ have thrice disturbed 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,/ cankered with peace, to part your cankered 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 farther pleasure to this case. / Once more on pain of death all men depart!