

**The Prologue**

**Modern Day English**

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  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life,  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, naught could  
remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage—  
The which, if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

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