



Resource A

Romeo and Juliet 1.5.51-60

O, she doth teach the **torches** to burn **bright**!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of **night**
As a rich **jewel** in an **Ethiop's** ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear.
So shows a **snowy dove** trooping with **crows** 55
As yonder **lady** o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll **watch** her place of stand
And, touching hers, make **blessèd** my rude hand.
Did my heart **love** till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true **beauty** till this **night**. 60