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| **ROMEO - Act 1 Sc 1**  Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!  Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  O any thing, of nothing first create!  O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,  sick health!  Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  Dost thou not laugh? | *Romeo in Act 1, Scene 5, 43-52?*  O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;  Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. |
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