Resource H: **Romeo and Juliet Gallery (edited text)**

1. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
   It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.
   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.

2. O, God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
   O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
   Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
   Was ever book containing such vile matter
   So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
   In such a gorgeous palace!