## Bard's Gone Wild: A Shakesperean Metaphor Madlib

1. Verb - Present Ends In S
2. Location
3. Noun
4. Noun
5. Adjective
6. Noun
7. Verb - Present Ends In S
8. Verb - Base Form
9. Verb - Base Form
10. Adjective
11. Noun
12. Verb - Present Ends In S
13. Part Of Body

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ROMEO:

But soft, what light through yonder window $\qquad$ ?

It is the $\qquad$ and Juliet is the $\qquad$ !

Arise, fair Repeat Last Noun , and kill the envious $\qquad$

Who is already $\qquad$ and pale with grief

That thou her $\qquad$ art far more fair than she.

Be not her Repeat Last Noun , since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady, $O$, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye $\qquad$ , I will answer it.

I am too bold: 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To $\qquad$ in their spheres till they return.

What
if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region $\qquad$ so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET:

Ay me!

ROMEO:

She speaks.

O, speak again, $\qquad$ for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

When
he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds

And $\qquad$ upon the $\qquad$ of the air.

