

ACT 1

| Extract | What's happening? | Choose evidence for analysis | Context/Themes/Ideas |
|---|-------------------|---|----------------------|
| PROLOGUE. What themes are introduced here? 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-cross'd lovers take their life; Whose misadventured piteous overthrows Do with their death bury their parents' strife. The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, And the continuance of their parents' rage, Which, but their children's end, nought 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. | | Quotation 1: Analysis: Quotation 2: Analysis: Quotation 3: Analysis: | |
| 1.1 ROMEO: What do we learn about Romeo? 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? | | Quotation 1: Analysis: Quotation 2: Analysis: | |
| 1.2 CAPULET: Is Capulet a good father? CAPULET Let two more summers wither in their pride, Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. PARIS Younger than she are happy mothers made. CAPULET And too soon marr'd are those so early made. The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she, She is the hopeful lady of my earth: But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, My will to her consent is but a part; | | Quotation 1: Analysis: Quotation 2: Analysis: | |
| 1.3: Is Juliet a conventional woman in this extract? LADY CAPULET Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love? JULIET I'll look to like, if looking liking move: But no more deep will I endart mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. | | Quotation 1: Analysis: Quotation 2: Analysis: | |
| 1.4: How is Mercutio a foil to Romeo? MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams, Which are the children of an idle brain, Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, Which is as thin of substance as the air And more inconstant than the wind, who woos Even now the frozen bosom of the north, And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence, Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. ROMEO I fear, too early: for my mind misgives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's revels and expire the term Of a despised life closed in my breast By some vile forfeit of untimely death. | | Quotation 1: Analysis: Quotation 2: Analysis: | |
| 1.5. How is love presented in this extract? ROMEO: If I profane with my unworhiest hand This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. JULIET Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. ROMEO Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? JULIET Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer. ROMEO O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do; They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. JULIET Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. ROMEO Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take. | | Quotation 1: Analysis: Quotation 2: Analysis: | |

ACT 2

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| <p>2.1 How is Juliet's love presented in this extract?</p> <p>JULIET O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.</p> <p>ROMEO [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?</p> <p>JULIET 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in a name? that which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet;</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>How is Romeo's love presented in this extract?</p> <p>ROMEO With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls; For stony limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do that dares love attempt; Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.</p> <p>JULIET If they do see thee, they will murder thee.</p> <p>ROMEO Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.</p> <p>JULIET I would not for the world they saw thee here.</p> <p>ROMEO I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight; And but thou love me, let them find me here: My life were better ended by their hate, Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>2.3. How is the Friar presented in this scene?</p> <p>FRIAR LAURENCE Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear, So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! How much salt water thrown away in waste, To season love, that of it doth not taste! The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears; Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet: If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine, Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline: And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then, Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>2.5. Explore the nurse's relationship with Juliet</p> <p>NURSE Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?</p> <p>JULIET I have.</p> <p>NURSE Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell; There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark: I am the drudge and toil in your delight, But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>2.6. How is the Friar presented as a wise man?</p> <p>FRIAR LAURENCE These violent delights have violent ends And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey Is loathsome in his own deliciousness And in the taste confounds the appetite: Therefore love moderately; long love doth so; Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| | | <p>Quotation 2:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |

ACT 3

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| <p>3.1. How is Mercutio presented in this scene?</p> <p>MERCUTIO I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. Is he gone, and hath nothing? BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt? MERCUTIO Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. ROME Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much. MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>3.2 How does Juliet react to news of Tybalt's death?</p> <p>JULIET O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravens lamb! Despised substance of divinest show! Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned saint, an honourable villain! O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend In moral paradise of such sweet flesh? Was ever book containing such vile matter So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>3.3. How does Romeo react to his banishment?</p> <p>ROMEO 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here, Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog And little mouse, every unworthy thing, Live here in heaven and may look on her; But Romeo may not: he is banished: Flies may do this, but I from this must fly: They are free men, but I am banished. And say'st thou yet that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'? O friar, the damned use that word in hell.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>3.5. How is the theme of fate presented in this extract?</p> <p>JULIET O God, I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale. ROMEO And trust me, love, in my eye so do you: Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! JULIET O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him. That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune; For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| <p>3.5. Is Capulet a good father in this scene?</p> <p>JULIET Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word. CAPULET Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch! I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look me in the face: Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her: Out on her, hilding! Nurse God in heaven bless her! You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. CAPULET And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue, Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.</p> | | <p>Quotation 1:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |
| | | <p>Quotation 2:</p> <p>Analysis:</p> | |

ACT 4

4.1. How is Juliet's desperation presented?

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Quotation 1:

Analysis:

Quotation 2:

Analysis:

4.3 How are Juliet's feelings presented in this extract?

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there. ...
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? ...
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

Quotation 1:

Analysis:

Quotation 2:

Analysis:

ACT 5

5.1 How is dramatic irony used in this extract?

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!--
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!
News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar!

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument ...

ROMEO Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Quotation 1:

Analysis:

Quotation 2:

Analysis:

5.3 How is the theme of death presented here?

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Quotation 1:

Analysis:

Quotation 2:

Analysis:

Quotation 3:

Analysis

Quotation 4:

Analysis

