

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

Year 9 English test

Shakespeare paper: *Romeo and Juliet*

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *Romeo and Juliet* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.

Romeo and Juliet

Act 3 Scene 2, lines 28 to 95

Act 3 Scene 5, lines 59 to 122

Imagine you are going to direct these scenes for classroom performance.

In the first extract, Juliet is waiting for Romeo when the Nurse arrives;
in the second, Juliet has just parted from Romeo when Lady Capulet enters.

How should the actor playing Juliet show her changing feelings in each of these extracts?

Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

JULIET	O break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once! To prison, eyes: ne'er look on liberty! Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here – And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!	60
NURSE	O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman, That ever I should live to see thee dead!	
JULIET	What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead? My dearest cousin <i>and</i> my dearer lord? Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! – For who is living if those two are gone?	65
NURSE	Tybalt is gone – and Romeo banishèd. Romeo that killed him – <i>he</i> is banishèd!	70
JULIET	O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?	
NURSE	It did, it did! Alas the day, it did!	
JULIET	O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical! – Dove-feathered raven, wolvis-ravens lamb! – Despisèd substance of divinest show – Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damnèd saint, an honourable villain! O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend In mortal 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!	75 80
NURSE	There's no trust, No faith, no honesty in men. – All perjured, All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers! Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua-vitae. These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old. Shame come to Romeo!	85
JULIET	Blistered be thy tongue For such a wish! He was not born to shame! Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit, For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned Sole monarch of the universal earth. O, what a beast was I to chide at him!	90 95

JULIET	Ay, madam – from the reach of these my hands. Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death!	85
LADY CAPULET	We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not. Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Mantua, Where that same banished runagate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram That he shall soon keep Tybalt company – And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.	90
JULIET	Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo till I behold him – dead – Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed. Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it That Romeo should upon receipt thereof Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors To hear him named and cannot come to him – To wreak the love I bore my cousin Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!	95 100
LADY CAPULET	Find thou the means, and I’ll find such a man. But now I’ll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.	
JULIET	And joy comes well in such a needy time. What are they, I beseech your ladyship?	105
LADY CAPULET	Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child – One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.	
JULIET	Madam, in happy time! What day is that?	110
LADY CAPULET	Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn, The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.	
JULIET	Now, by Saint Peter’s Church, and Peter too, He shall <i>not</i> make me there a joyful bride! I wonder at this haste, that I must wed Ere he that should be husband comes to woo! I pray you tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet. And when I do, I swear It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!	115 120

END OF TEST

