

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

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, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied 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.

2009

Romeo and Juliet

Act 1 Scene 1, lines 165 to 220

Act 2 Scene 2, lines 2 to 69

In the first extract, Romeo explains to Benvolio why he feels so sad; in the second, he shows his feelings for Juliet.

In these extracts, how does Romeo's use of language show the strength of his feelings?

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

18 marks

Act 1 Scene 1, lines 165 to 220

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.	165
		Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,	170
		O anything of nothing first create!	
		O heavy lightness, serious vanity,	
		Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!	
		Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,	
		Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!	175
		This love feel I, that feel no love in this.	
		Dost thou not laugh?	
BENVOLIO	No, coz, I rather weep.		
ROMEO	Good heart, at what?		
BENVOLIO	At <i>thy</i> good heart's oppression.		
ROMEO	Why, such is love's transgression. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, Which thou wilt propagate to have it pressed With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs: Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.	180	
	What is it else? A madness most discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.	185	
BENVOLIO	Soft, I will go along – And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.	190	
ROMEO	Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here. This is not Romeo: he's some other where.		
BENVOLIO	Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?		
ROMEO	What, shall I groan and tell thee?		

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BENVOLIO	Groan? Why no – But sadly tell me who.	195
ROMEO	Bid a sick man in sadness make his will – A word ill urged to one that is so ill. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.	
BENVOLIO	I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.	
ROMEO	A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.	200
BENVOLIO	A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.	
ROMEO	Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit, And in strong proof of chastity well-armed, From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. O, she is rich in beauty – only poor That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.	205 210
BENVOLIO	Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?	
ROMEO	She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste, For beauty, starved with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity. She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair. She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.	215
BENVOLIO	Be ruled by me: forget to think of her.	
ROMEO	O, teach me how I should forget to think!	220

Act 2 Scene 2, lines 2 to 69

In this extract, Romeo overhears Juliet talking about him, and then declares his love for her.

Enter JULIET, coming to her window-balcony above. ROMEO, below, sees the light at the window, then realises it is JULIET.

ROMEO

– But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief 5
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, 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! 10
O that she knew she were!
She speaks – yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses. I will answer it.
– I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 15
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle 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 20
Would through the airy region stream 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 her hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET Ay me!

Turn over

ROMEO	(<i>Aside</i>) She speaks.	25
	O speak again, bright angel! – For thou art As glorious to this night, being o’er my head, As is a wingèd messenger of heaven Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, And sails upon the bosom of the air.	30
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.	35
ROMEO	(<i>Aside</i>) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?	
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 word would smell as sweet. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, Retain that dear perfection which he owes Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name – And for that name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.	40 45
ROMEO	I take thee at thy word. Call me but love, and I’ll be new-baptized. Henceforth, I never will be Romeo.	50
JULIET	What man art thou, that thus bescreened in night So stumblest on my counsel?	
ROMEO	By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am. My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself Because it is an enemy to thee. Had I it written, I would tear the word.	55
JULIET	My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of thy tongue’s uttering, yet I know the sound. Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?	60
ROMEO	Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.	

JULIET

How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb –
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

65

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out –
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

END OF TEST

