

ROMEO AND JULIET EXCERPTS

Highlighting key:

Simile

Metaphor

Hyperbole

Personification

ROMEO AND JULIET EXCERPT 1

Act I, Scene I

Prince

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel --
Will they not hear? What, ho! You men, you beasts
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins --
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exit all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio]

Montague

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvolio

Here were the servants of your adversary
And your, close fighting ere I did approach;
I drew to part them. In the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Montague

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Benvolio

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

[...]

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 vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,

A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

Benvolio

Soft! I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

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?

Benvolio

Groan! Why, no.

But sadly, tell me who.

Romeo

A sick man, in sadness, makes his will --

A word ill-urged to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

ROMEO AND JULIET EXCERPT 2

Act I, Scene II

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.

And, she agreed, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old-accustom'd feast,

Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love. And you among the store,

One more most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping Winter treads -- even such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,

And like her most whose merit most shall be,

Which on more view, of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, go with me.

[To Servant, giving him a piece of paper]

Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exit Capulet and Paris]

Act I, Scene IV

Romeo

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mercutio

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Give me a case to put my visage in.
A visor for a visor -- what I care
What curious eye doth quote deformities --
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Benvolio

Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo

A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase.
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on;
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

ROMEO AND JULIET EXCERPT 3

Act II, Scene II

[Capulet's orchard. Enter Romeo.]

Romeo

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Romeo sees light coming from an upper window]

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,

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.

[Juliet appears at the window]

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 discourses; 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 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

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 that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet

Ay me!

Romeo

She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel, 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 sails upon the bosom of the air.

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.

Romeo

[Aside] 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 name 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.

Romeo

[Aloud] I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

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 it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

[...]

Juliet

But to be frank, and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have for both are infinite.
[Nurse calls within]
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
[To Nurse]
Anon, good nurse!
[To Romeo]
Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.
[Exit, above]

Romeo

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be

ROMEO AND JULIET EXCERPT 4

Act II, Scene III

[Friar Laurence's cell. Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket]

Friar Laurence

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckled darkness, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path and Titan's burning wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must upfill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb.

Act II, Scene XI

Friar Laurence

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Romeo

Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

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.

[Enter Juliet]

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint,
A lover may bstride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Juliet

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar Laurence

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet

As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Romeo

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that they skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter

Act III, Scene I

[...]

Mercutio

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly,
For one would kill the other. Thou! Why, thou wilt quarrel
With a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his
Beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
Cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou
Hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye would spy out
Such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an
Egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten
As addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast

Quarreled with a man for coughing in the street,
Because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain
Asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a
Tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?
With another, for tying his new shoes with old
Riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me for quarreling!

[...]

Romeo

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 tomorrow,
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 villian, that fights by
The book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between
Us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO AND JULIET EXCERPT 5

Act III, Scene II

[...]

Juliet

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have killed my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worsers than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me. I would forget it fain,

But O, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,' [This statement might be classified as hyperbole or personification.]

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough if it had ended there;

Or if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be ranked with other griefs,

Why followed not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'

'Thy father,' or 'thy mother,' nay, or both,

Which modern lamentations might have moved?

But with a rearward following Tybalt's death:

Romeo is 'banished,' - to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead - Romeo is "banished".

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Act III, Scene III

[...]

Friar Laurence

Hold thy desperate hand.

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast.

Unseemly woman in a seeming man,

And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both.

Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better tempered.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,

Which, like a usurer, aboundest in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valor of a man;

Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish.

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Misshapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,

Is set afire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismembered with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy too.

The law that threatened death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.

A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou wentest forth in lamentation.
Go before, Nurse, commend me to thy lady
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.