



The
Birkenhead Park
School

Y9 'Romeo and Juliet' extract booklet Act 1



This booklet belongs to	
Teacher:	

Content

Big questions

1. What happens?

Knowing, understanding and being able to speak and write analytically about the plot.

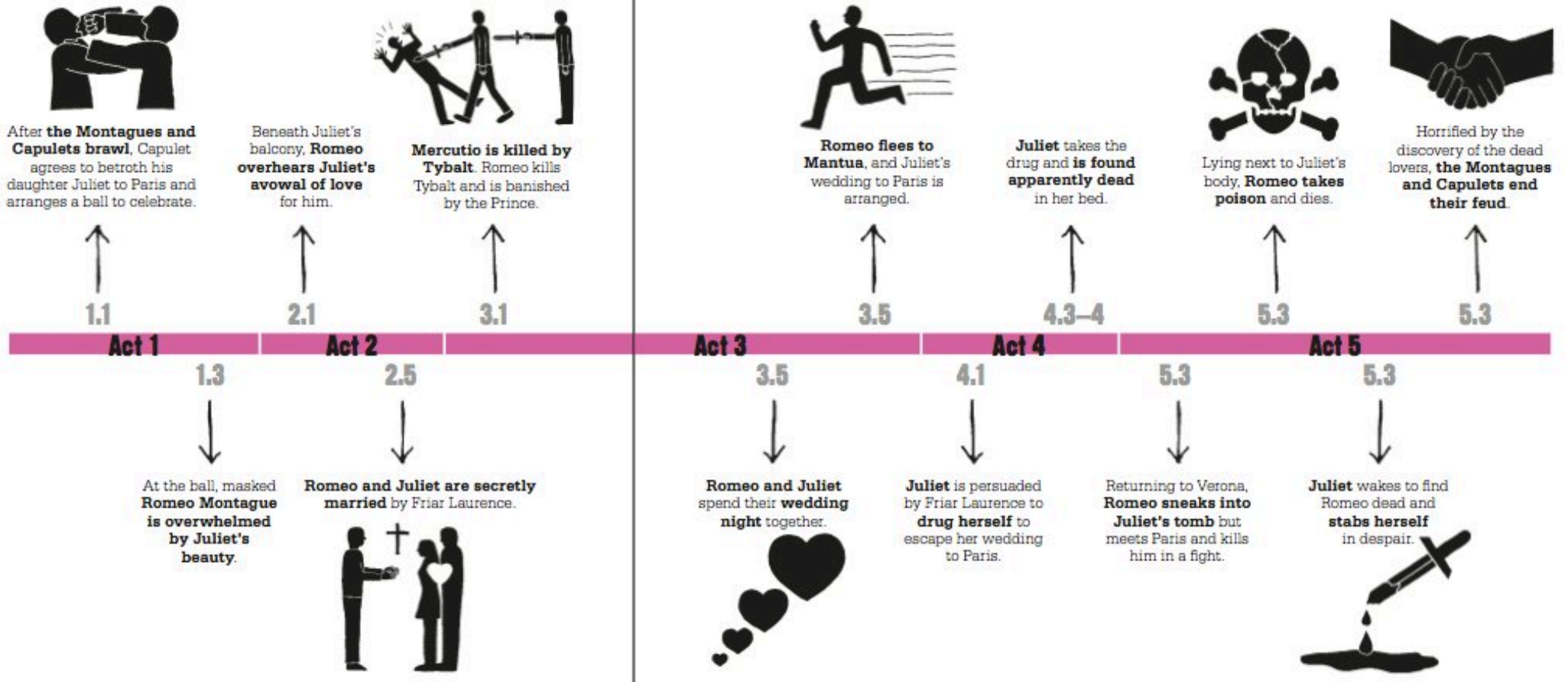
2. Who is?

knowing who is each character is and being able to speak and write analytically about them.

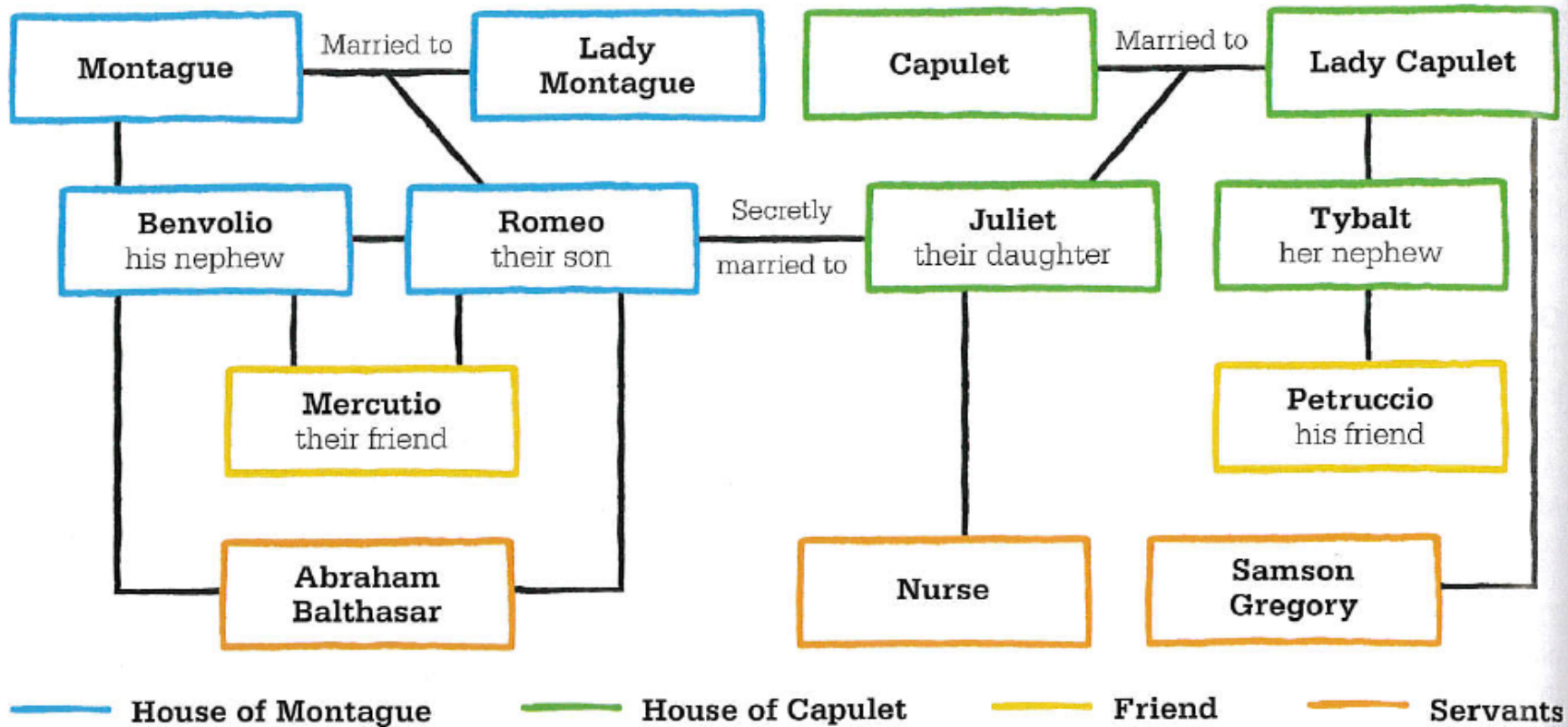
3. Why did Shakespeare write 'Romeo and Juliet'?

Knowing, understanding and being able to speak and write analytically about the big ideas (themes and concepts)

Summary of 'Romeo and Juliet'



The feuding houses of Verona



The Prologue

ACT I

PROLOGUE

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,

Act 1 scene 1: violence

The Servants	Comments	Montague v Capulet	Comment
<p>SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt. GREGORY They must take it in sense that feel it. SAMPSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. GREGORY 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes two of the house of the Montagues. SAMPSON My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.</p>		<p>BENVOLIO Part, fools! Put up your swords, you know not what you do. Beats down their swords. <i>Enter Tybalt.</i> TYBALT What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. BENVOLIO I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me. TYBALT What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.</p>	

The Prince's Speech

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.

Act 1 Scene 1
MONTAGUE (Romeo's father)

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs,
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portendous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Act 1 Scene 1

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?

CAPULET: But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS: Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET: But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
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.

Act 1 Scene 2

CAPULET: But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

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And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
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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;

An she agree, 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.

Act 1 Scene 3

LADY CAPULET: Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET: It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse: An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET: Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world--why, he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET: Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Act 1 Scene 3

LADY CAPULET

What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Act 1 Scene 3

THE NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,--
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:--
Nay, I do bear a brain:--but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband--God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man--took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

Act 1 Scene 5

TYBALT: This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET: Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT: Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET: Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT: 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET: Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast

TYBALT: It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

CAPULET: He shall be endured:

What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYBALT: Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET: Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princ Cox; go:

Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT: Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall

Act 1 Scene 5

ROMEO: O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Later in the scene

ROMEO[To **JULIET**]: If I profane with my unworsted 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: 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.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

JULIET: then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO: in from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

JULIET: You kiss by the book.

Act 1 Scene 5 – the end of the scene

Nurse

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

Nurse

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse

Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

JULIET

What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name: if he be married.
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse

What's this? what's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

One calls within 'Juliet.'

Nurse

Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt

Romeo and Juliet Act 1	Reduce to 5
<p>ACT 1 SCENE 1 The play opens with two servants from the house of Capulet talking about their hatred of the Montagues. They meet two servants from the house of Montague and a fight breaks out. Benvolio tries to stop the fight but when Tybalt arrives things get worse. With his line 'As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: / Have at thee, coward!' the fight escalates until there is a huge street brawl involving both Lord Montague and Lord Capulet. The fight is eventually stopped when the Prince stops everyone saying 'On pain of torture, from those bloody hands / Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground'. He is so angry he proclaims if there is another fight Montague and Capulet shall pay the 'forfeit' for it with their lives. Everyone departs leaving Lord and Lady Montague talking to Benvolio about their son Romeo, who has been missing all day. Benvolio promises to find out where Romeo has been and what's upsetting him. Romeo reveals to Benvolio that he is in love with Rosaline but she doesn't love him in return.</p>	
<p>ACT 1 SCENE 2 Paris visits Lord Capulet to ask for Juliet's hand in marriage. Lord Capulet thinks Juliet is too young to marry saying to Paris 'Let two more summers wither in their pride, / Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride'. However, he later encourages Paris to woo her at a ball at his house. Lord Capulet sends a messenger to invite other guests to the ball. The messenger bumps into Romeo and Benvolio revealing to them the ball is taking place and that Rosaline is one of the guests. Benvolio suggests they go to the ball so Romeo can find someone else to fall in love with. Romeo agrees to go – not to find a new love but to prove that Rosaline is the prettiest saying 'I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, / But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.'</p>	
<p>ACT 1 SCENE 3 Lady Capulet is searching for her daughter who is getting ready for the ball. Together with the Nurse she tries to convince Juliet that Paris is a good match in marriage, praising him and saying 'Verona's summer hath not such a flower'. The Nurse talks about a memory she has of Juliet when she was a little girl saying 'Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: / And I might live to see thee married once, / I have my wish.' and is also keen for Juliet to marry Paris and to be happy.</p>	
<p>ACT 1 SCENE 4 Romeo, Mercutio and Benvolio are on their way to the ball. Romeo is having second thoughts about attending because he is feeling depressed about Rosaline, telling the others 'I have a soul of lead / So stakes me to the ground I cannot move'. He then tells them that he had an ominous dream. Mercutio tries to convince Romeo that dreams are meaningless in his famous 'Queen Mab' speech telling Romeo 'True, I talk of dreams, / Which is as thin of substance as the air'. Eventually Romeo agrees to go to the ball.</p>	
<p>ACT 1 SCENE 5 The servants in the Capulet household are getting ready for the ball before Capulet welcomes all the guests. Tybalt sees Romeo and is offended by his presence at the ball claiming 'I'll not endure him' and viewing his presence as an insult. Lord Capulet stops him from confronting Romeo which makes Tybalt feel even angrier and he vows to seek revenge. Meanwhile, Romeo meets Juliet at the ball and they kiss, with Juliet saying 'You kiss by the book'. They then both find out who the other is and are separated, with Juliet remarking 'My only love sprung from my only hate! / Too early seen unknown, and known too late!'</p>	

[Recall and Review: Act 1](#)

Name the characters we meet in Act 1.

Write down 5 key events in Act 1.

Select five quotations from Act 1.

Write five sentences about Act 1

Reduce the act to five key words

