

**Focus: Close reading  
and literary analysis**

**Agenda:**

**Act 2 - R&J  
The Balcony Scene!  
Friar Lorraine's soliloquy**

**Homework: begin to memorize your lines for  
the Balcony scene**

## FRIAR LAWRENCE

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery 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.  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.  
Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give.  
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime by action dignified.

personification

simile  
allusion

extended  
metaphor

foreshadowing:  
people we thought evil  
+ good - we may be wrong!

## PARADOX

can a bad action bring about good?

Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power.  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still,  
In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will.

## FRIAR LAWRENCE

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery 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.  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.  
Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give.  
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime by action dignified.

personification

similes  
allusion

apothecaries

extended metaphor OR conceit

PARADOX

Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power.  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still,  
In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will.

Comparing men to herbs/plants



## FRIAR LAWRENCE

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery 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-juicèd flowers.  
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.  
What is her burying, grave that is her womb.  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.  
Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give.  
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime by action dignified.

personification

simile  
allusion

apothecary

PARADOX

personification  
concept  
extended  
metaphor

Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power.  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still,  
In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will.