

Agenda:

DGP #11

"But soft!" - R&J Balcony scene and highlights from reading

Friar Laurence

Audio for Act 2, scene 4

skip

Lost Book/audio and video delivery help

Homework: Read Act 2 scene 5 and Act 3, scenes 1&2 and complete study guide for that portion - including what was completed in class!

DGP #11

There are pretty flowers in your garden; however, they don't
smell very good.

vi ind cl S
vi S
adv prep ph
vi ind cl
cd/dec

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ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window

Paraphrase, lit devices,
themes/motifs

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.

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!

metaphor

extended metaphor

conceit
Celestial bodies

I wish she knew she were

Soliloquy

bright eyes
metaphor

eyes = stars

simile

darkness/light
Romeo/Juliet
moon/sun

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! *Why are you called 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 call'd,

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.

Paraphrase, lit devices,
themes/motifs

Soliloquy

metaphors

FRIAR LAURENCE

Soliloquy

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

paradox
personification
metaphor
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.

Shift

