Mr Bruff

ONLINE REVISION

MR BRUFF'S GUIDE TO

'ROMEO AND JULIET'

The complete play with line by line translation & analysis

sponsored by:

DESC

DUBAI ENGLISH SPEAKING COLLEGE

SAMPLE

Introduction

William Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' is one of the most widely studied texts in the world. However, despite its popularity, very few students are able to understand the text in its entirety; Shakespeare was an absolute genius with word usage and this makes his work both a challenge and a huge reward for those who study it. Many teenagers will fall in love with literature through studying Shakespeare's work, but for others it will be the final nail in the coffin that turns them away from reading for pleasure. My aim for this eBook is to show you the beauty of Shakespeare's writing.

In this revision guide I translate the complete text into modern English. This means taking all 25,000 words and re-writing them in a way that would be easy to understand for a modern teenager or young adult. Many people tell me that the success of my YouTube videos (over 1 million views at time of typing) is due largely to the way I make complex texts understandable. In this eBook I use that skill-set to re-write the play in a way that will allow anyone to understand what is going on. However, I don't stop there. For every scene, I analyse key elements of language, structure and form, which are the key assessment foci of all GCSE and A-Level English Literature courses. Perhaps most exciting of all, the writing is interspersed with links to dozens of videos where I analyse the text. This gives you the unique opportunity to choose between reading my work, listening to it or watching it take place via video.

If you find this revision guide useful then please visit youtube.com/mrbruff where you will find hundreds of videos on English and English Literature. My videos have been viewed over 1 million times across 196 nations – I'd love you to join in.

I have also written a bestselling eBook revision guide for GCSE English and English Literature, which can be bought at both http://www.mrbruff.com/buy and http://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B00BNWVXC8

If you wish to get in touch with me then please do email me at abruff@live.co.uk

Andrew Bruff
Dec 2013

PART 1: THE ORIGINS OF THE PLAY

Based on the video: http://youtu.be/TSE04T8fcts

Although many students assume that William Shakespeare invented the storyline of 'Romeo and Juliet' the truth is that he did not come up with the original plot.

The Italian writer Matteo Bandello (1480-1562) is the original creator of what we now know as 'Romeo and Juliet'. He wrote the short story 'Giullette e Romeo', supposedly based on a true life story which had taken place in his home country of Italy (hence the Italian setting of Shakespeare's play). However, in 1562 the English poet Arthur Brooke translated the short story into a poem (along with some small plot changes which affected minor characters such as the nurse and the friar). Brooke died a year after publication and the now classic tale was picked up by the English novelist William Painter, who adapted it into a novel entitled 'The Palace of Pleasure' (1567). Finally, around the year 1590, William Shakespeare adapted the story for the stage, writing the play 'Romeo and Juliet'. In the 400+ years that followed, the play would go on to become one of the best known stories in the world.

Part 2: TRANSLATING THE PROLOGUE

Based on the video: http://youtu.be/9TVEOlPSeRg

ORIGINAL TEXT:	MODERN TRANSLATION:
The Prologue	(An introductory speech)
Two households, both alike in dignity,	Two families, both equally good & honourable,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,	In the Italian city of Verona, where the play takes place,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,	An old resentment will once again start up,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.	The public will end up joining in the fight.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes	From the children of these two enemy families
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;	Two fated lovers will kill themselves;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows	Following the events which keep them apart
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.	The lovers' deaths bring the families together.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,	The events which lead to the lovers' suicide,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,	And the war between the families,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,	Which only stopped when the lovers died,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;	Is what this two hour play is all about;
The which if you with patient ears attend,	If you listen carefully,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.	Anything you've missed from this introduction will be explained to you.

PART 3: FORM ANALYSIS: PROLOGUE AS SONNET

Based on the video: **http://youtu.be/B0wtMTRld5k**

Understanding what we are being told in the prologue is just one part of the puzzle; the next challenge is to examine the form in which it is written.

THE SONNET FORM:

The sonnet is a genre of love poetry which originated in Italy in the 13th Century. The 14th Century poet Petrarch is the most recognised Italian sonneteer. Falling in love with a woman known only as 'Laura', he wrote 366 sonnets to her. However, she rejected his proposals. The Italian Sonnet follows a strict form:

- 14 lines
- The first 8 lines (known as the octave) present a problem
- The last 6 lines (known as the sestet) present a solution to the problem
- Line 9 (known as the Volta) introduces a sharp twist, or turn, which brings about the move to the resolution
- ABBA ABBA rhyme scheme.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET

In the 16th Century, the sonnet made its way into English poetry. Sir Philip Sidney developed it, but it came to be known as the Shakespearean sonnet (after Shakespeare made it truly famous). This form is quite different to the Petrarchan sonnet:

- It is written in iambic pentameter (lines of 10 syllables, with alternating stressed and unstressed syllables).
- It is divided into 3 verses of four lines each, known as 'quatrains', and finished with a rhyming couplet which also served as the Volta.
- Its rhyme scheme is also different: ABAB CDCD EFEF GG.

A close look at the prologue will reveal that it is, in fact, a Shakespearean sonnet:

The prologue is divided into 3 verses of four lines each, known as 'quatrains', and finished with a rhyming couplet which also served as the Volta.

The prologue is written in iambic pentameter (lines of 10 syllables, with alternating stressed and unstressed syllables).

The 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 words highlighted yellow are words we would expect to see in a love poem: the language of romance.

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,

The prologue has the rhyme scheme: ABAB CDCD EFEF GG

Analysis

Although Shakespeare used the form of a romantic love poem, he filled it with the language of hate and conflict (see the words highlighted in green) to symbolise how the play was to be a mixture of both love and conflict. Perhaps the intertwining of the two symbolises the idea that it is impossible to have the one without the other: Shakespeare seems to be suggesting that love and hate are joined together. This interpretation would tie in with many critics who see the major theme of the whole play as being a reflection of how humans are neither wholly good nor wholly bad, but a complex mix of the two. Whatever the reason it is no coincidence that Shakespeare, only two minutes into the play, is intelligently mixing form with language to present his theme.

EXAM FOCUS: All exam boards ask students to consider language, structure and form. Most students find 'form' the most difficult to write about, so Shakespeare has been very helpful here by starting the play off with such deliberate use of the sonnet form. Mention it in your exam if relevant to the question.

PART 4: TRANSLATING ACT 1 SCENE 1

Based on the video: http://youtu.be/Wpl2j9wKDuQ

ORIGINAL TEXT	MODERN TRANSLATION
Scene 1. Verona. A public place.	**Scene 1. A public area in the Italian city of Verona.**
Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.	*SAMPSON and GREGORY, two of the Capulet men, enter armed with weapons.*
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.	Gregory, we will not put up with insults.
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
No, for then we should be colliers.	No, for that would make us worthless (like coal-miners).
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.	If I am angered I will pull my sword out.
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.	Yes, but you should try to avoid conflict.
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON:**
I strike quickly, being moved.	If I am angered I will attack quickly.
GREGORY	**GREGORY:**
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.	But you don't quickly get angry.
SAMPSON:	**SAMPSON:**
A dog of the house of Montague moves	Those idiot Montagues make me angry.

me. **GREGORY** To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. **SAMPSON** A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. **GREGORY** That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. **SAMPSON** True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall. **GREGORY** The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. **SAMPSON** 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their	**GREGORY:** By being moved to action you are backing off and running away. Brave people just stand still and unafraid. **SAMPSON:** Any of those stupid Montagues will make me fight. I will treat the Montagues as inferior by taking the wall with their men (taking the superior position when walking down the street). **GREGORY:** Well then you are weak, as only weak people go to the wall (this is a pun on how women are pushed up against walls to have sex). **SAMPSON:** You're right; women are always being pushed up against the wall, so I will push Montague's men away from the wall and have sex with his women up against it. **GREGORY:** The argument is between the men of the families- leave the women out of it. **SAMPSON** It's all the same - I will fight the men and take the virginity of the women.

heads.	
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
The heads of the maids?	Take their lives?
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.	Yes, their lives or their virginities - take it how you like it.
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
They must take it in sense that feel it.	It's the women who must take it.
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.	The women will feel me for as long as I can keep it up. Everyone knows I am well endowed.
GREGORY	**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.	It's a good job you are not a fish. If you were you would be salted and dried. Get your weapon out! Here come two of the Montagues.
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.	My sword is out: fight, I will back you up.
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
How! turn thy back and run?	How! By running away?
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
Fear me not.	Don't worry about me.
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
No, marry; I fear thee!	No, I am afraid of you!

SAMPSON Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin. **GREGORY** I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. **SAMPSON** Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.	**SAMPSON** Let's keep it lawful; let's provoke them to start the fight so that we can't be blamed for it. **GREGORY** I will pull a stupid face at them as they go by, and let's see how they react. **SAMPSON** No, I will bite my thumb at them *(a modern equivalent would be somewhere along the lines of 'sticking your fingers up' at someone, although this original insult is very sexual*). If they don't react then it will show them up.
Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR **ABRAHAM** Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? **SAMPSON** I do bite my thumb, sir. **ABRAHAM** Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? **SAMPSON** [Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side, if I say ay? **GREGORY** No. **SAMPSON**	*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR* **ABRAHAM** Are you making an insulting gesture at me? **SAMPSON** I am making a gesture. **ABRAHAM** Is it directed at us? **SAMPSON** (quietly to Gregory) If I say 'yes' will we still be able to escape blame if this ends up in a fight? **GREGORY** No. **SAMPSON**

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.	No. I am making a gesture but it is not directed at you.
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
Do you quarrel, sir?	Do you want a fight?
ABRAHAM	**ABRAHAM**
Quarrel sir! no, sir.	Fight! No.
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.	I am quite happy to fight if you want to - my boss is just as great as yours.
ABRAHAM	**ABRAHAM**
No better.	No better.
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
Well, sir.	Well.
GREGORY	**GREGORY**
Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.	Say our boss is better; here comes one of our men.
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
Yes, better, sir.	Our boss is better than yours.
ABRAHAM	**ABRAHAM**
You lie.	You are a liar.
SAMPSON	**SAMPSON**
Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.	Pull your sword out and fight if you are brave enough. Gregory, remember your special sword attack.
They fight	*They fight.*
Enter BENVOLIO	Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do. *Beats down their swords* *Enter TYBALT* **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: Have at thee, coward! *They fight* *Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs* **First Citizen** Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the	**BENVOLIO** Break it up, idiots! Put your swords away; you don't know what you are doing. *Hits their swords down with his own.* *Enter TYBALT.* **TYBALT** You've got your sword out among these effeminate weaklings? Turn around, Benvolio, I am going to kill you. **BENVOLIO** I am just trying to calm it down: put your sword away, or use it split these men up. **TYBALT** You have your sword out and you're talking about peace! I hate the word, just like I hate hell, the Montague family and you: take this! *They fight* Enter men from both sides who join the fight, then Citizens of Verona who also join in **First Citizen** Hit them with whatever you've got! Down with the Capulets! Down with the

Montagues! *Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET* **CAPULET** What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! **LADY CAPULET** A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword? **CAPULET** My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me. *Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE* **MONTAGUE** Thou villain Capulet,--Hold me not, let me go. **LADY MONTAGUE** Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe. *Enter PRINCE, with Attendants* **PRINCE** Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,-- Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,	Montagues! *Enter CAPULET and his wife.* **CAPULET** What is happening? Give me my sword! **LADY CAPULET** A sword? You need a crutch old man! **CAPULET** I want my sword! Old Montague is here and has his sword out too. *Enter Montague and his wife.* **MONTAGUE** You criminal Capulet - don't hold me back. **LADY MONTAGUE** You will not get involved in this fight. Enter PRINCE, with Attendants **PRINCE** Defiant subjects, haters of peace, Disrespectful misusers of weapons,-- Are they not listening? You wild animals,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage	That put out the fire of your anger
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,	with blood pouring out of you,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands	Unless you want to be tortured, drop your weapons
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,	
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.	And I will tell you my decision on how to deal with you.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,	Three times you've disrupted our city with big
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,	fights, started by a silly comment from you Capulet, and you Montague.
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,	Three times you've disrupted the quiet streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens	And made the city's old people,
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,	Pull out their old swords (which are now just ornaments),
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,	To fight, in their old hands,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:	Their old swords are rusted because they've not needed to use them for so long, and now they use them to stop the hate which has ruined your families.
If ever you disturb our streets again,	If you ever have another fight in public,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.	You will be killed.

For this time, all the rest depart away:	For now, everyone else go away:
You Capulet; shall go along with me:	Capulet come with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,	Montague, come and see me this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,	To find out what I want to do with you,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.	To Free-town, our court-house.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.	Again, everyone leave, else you will be put to death.
Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO	*Exit all but Montague, his wife and Benvolio*
MONTAGUE	**MONTAGUE**
Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?	Who re-started this old battle?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?	Tell me, nephew, were you here when it started?
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
Here were the servants of your adversary,	Capulet's servants were here,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:	And your servants too, fighting when I arrived:
I drew to part them: in the instant came	I pulled my sword out to stop them fighting:
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,	then hot-headed Tybalt arrived with his sword out.
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,	He was saying nasty things to me,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,	He swished his sword around in the air,

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.	His sword hit nothing but the air which made a hissing noise as he hit it: While we were fighting; More and more people turned up and started fighting too, Until the prince arrived, and he stopped it.
LADY MONTAGUE O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.	**LADY MONTAGUE** Where is Romeo? Have you seen him today? I am glad he wasn't involved in this fight.
BENVOLIO Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's 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,	**BENVOLIO** Madam, an hour before sunrise, I was stressed out and decided to go for a walk; Where, under a tree At the west of the city I saw Romeo: I went towards him but he saw me And ran off into the woods: I, thinking he was like me,

That most are busied when they're most alone, Pursued my humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.	Who likes to think of my own, Did not chase after him, But let him run away.
MONTAGUE Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew. Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from the light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out And makes himself an artificial night: Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.	**MONTAGUE** We have seen him there many mornings, Crying. Adding to the clouds with his unhappy sighs; But as soon as the sun Comes up He runs home, And locks himself in his room, Shuts the windows to block out the sun And makes it look like night in there: This seems to be worryingly significant, Unless someone can work out what is wrong and help him out.
BENVOLIO My noble uncle, do you know the cause?	**BENVOLIO** Good uncle, do you know why he is upset?

MONTAGUE	**MONTAGUE**
I neither know it nor can learn of him.	I don't know and he won't tell me.
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO:**
Have you importuned him by any means?	Have you tried to find out?
MONTAGUE	**MONTAGUE:**
Both by myself and many other friends:	I have, and many friends have too:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,	But he keeps himself to himself,
Is to himself--I will not say how true--	
But to himself so secret and so close,	
So far from sounding and discovery,	
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,	Romeo is like a flower which won't open up to
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,	the world because it has been poisoned before it can enjoy its life,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.	
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.	If we could learn why he is sad.
We would as willingly give cure as know.	We could try and help him get better.
Enter ROMEO	*Enter Romeo*
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;	Here he comes: please go away;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.	I'll find out why he is sad.
MONTAGUE	**MONTAGUE:**
I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,	I hope you find out why he is so upset.
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.	Come on wife, let's go.
Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY	*Exit Montague and his wife.*

MONTAGUE	
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
Good-morrow, cousin.	Good morning, cousin.
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Is the day so young?	Is it still so early as to be morning?
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
But new struck nine.	It's just past nine AM.
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Ay me! sad hours seem long.	Time goes slowly when you are sad.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?	Was that my dad who just ran off?
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?	Yes it was. What sad thing makes your time go so slowly?
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Not having that, which, having, makes them short.	Not having the thing that, if I had it, would make time go quickly.
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
In love?	Are you in love?
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Out--	Out—
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
Of love?	Of love?
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Out of her favour, where I am in love.	She doesn't love me, the one who I love.
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,	Shame, love looks so simple

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!	But when you are in love it is so rough!
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,	Shame, that love which is supposed to be blind,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!	Can make you do whatever it likes!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?	Where shall we go and eat? Oh no! You've been in a fight.
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.	Don't even tell me, I've heard it all before.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.	This fight is to do with hating, but also loving.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!	Why, hate filled love! Oh love filled hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!	Love that comes from nothing!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!	Depressing happiness! Serious stupidity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!	Beautiful things mixed up in chaos!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!	Light and heavy, hot and cold, sick and well!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!	Being awake and asleep, that's not what love is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.	I feel love, but no-one loves me.
Dost thou not laugh?	Are you laughing?
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
No, coz, I rather weep.	No, cousin. I am crying.
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Good heart, at what?	Good man, what are you crying at?
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
At thy good heart's oppression.	At how depressed you are feeling.

ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Why, such is love's transgression.	That is what love is like.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,	I feel very unhappy.
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest	And you will add to it by making me feel sympathy
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown	For your own unhappiness: the love you have shown me
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.	Makes me even sadder than I already was.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;	Love is like smoke made up of unhappy sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;	A fire which burns in your lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:	Unhappiness in love can fill a sea with tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,	What else is love? It's madness most intelligent.
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.	A sweet which you choke on.
Farewell, my coz.	Goodbye cousin.
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
Soft! I will go along;	Hang on! I will come with you;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.	And if you leave me that's unfair.
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;	I am lost; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.	This isn't the real Romeo, he is somewhere else.
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.	Tell me, who is it that you love?
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
What, shall I groan and tell thee?	Shall I groan and tell you?
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
Groan! why, no.	No don't groan.
But sadly tell me who.	Just tell me who it is.
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:	Tell a sick man to make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!	It would not help the situation.
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.	Seriously cousin, I love a woman.
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.	I was right then, when I guessed you were in love.
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.	A good guess! And she is beautiful.
BENVOLIO	**BENVOLIO**
A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.	Beautiful women fall in love quickly.
ROMEO	**ROMEO**
Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit	Well you are wrong there: she doesn't want to
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;	fall in love; she's very clever;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,	And will not sleep with me,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.	She isn't charmed by my childish love for her,
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,	She will not listen to my loving words,

Nor bide the 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.	Or let me look at her with admiring eyes, Or let me have sex with her: She is pretty but poor, When she dies her beauty will die with her.
BENVOLIO Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?	**BENVOLIO** Has she taken an oath to remain a virgin?
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.	**ROMEO** She has, and that is a massive waste, Because she is so beautiful and will never pass that beauty onto her own children. She is too pretty and clever, To be blessed by making me so upset: She has made a vow never to fall in love, and because of that promise I am dead inside.
BENVOLIO Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.	**BENVOLIO** Let me tell you what to do: forget her!
ROMEO O, teach me how I should forget to think.	**ROMEO** Teach me how to forget.
BENVOLIO By giving liberty unto thine eyes; Examine other beauties.	**BENVOLIO** By letting your eyes; Look at other beautiful women.
ROMEO 'Tis the way	**ROMEO** That is the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more: These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows Being black put us in mind they hide the fair; He that is strucken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of his eyesight lost: Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve, but as a note Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair? Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.	To make me think she is even more beautiful: Masks on women's faces Which are black, make us just wonder what their faces are like underneath; A man who goes blind cannot forget What it was like to see before he lost his sight: Show me a fairly pretty woman, Her love is like a letter which tells me Where to find a real beauty. Goodbye: you can't make me forget this woman.
BENVOLIO I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.	**BENVOLIO** I will make you forget, even if I die before having achieved it.
Exeunt	*Exit*

PART 5: CHARACTER ANALYSIS OF ROMEO IN A1S1

Towards the end of Act 1 Scene 1 the audience gets to meet the first of the title characters: Romeo. As many of you will be writing about him in controlled assessments or essays, let's take a look at how Shakespeare presents our tragic hero in this scene.

Before we meet Romeo he is talked about by Montague, Lady Montague and Benvolio. All three present him as a quiet and shy character, seen when Benvolio explains that Romeo 'was ware of me and stole into the covert of the wood' (saw me and ran off into the woods to be alone). This suggests that Romeo has a reclusive personality, which is further backed up when Montague confirms that Romeo has been seen there many times 'with tears', before running home and locking himself away in 'his chamber' (his bedroom). We know from the prologue that this is the same Romeo who will take his own life, and get the sense that perhaps he is well on the way to doing so already.

In the opening of the scene, Sampson and Gregory gave us a very sexual view of love through their constant use of innuendo and double entendres such as "my naked weapon is out". Their conversation presents love as a wholly sexual thing and the audience, upon meeting Romeo, may expect his experience of love to be far more romantic.

Romeo begins by explaining that "sad hours seem long", meaning that time passes by slowly when you are unhappy in love. There is plenty of classical imagery, such as the references to "Cupid" and "Diana", and all the dramatic exaggeration and hyperbole audiences would expect from someone deeply in love, such as "Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs". Romantic poetry in Elizabethan England often focused on how a man suffered when in love, and audiences would feel that Romeo was fitting the mould perfectly so far; up until this point Romeo seems to be a far more romantic character.

However, this romantic view of Romeo soon changes as he reveals that he is so upset because the woman he fancies will not "ope her lap to saint-seducing gold". What does this mean? It means that the woman he loves will not open her legs and have sex with him, despite his best efforts. "Saint-seducing gold" could be a metaphor for Romeo's manhood, suggesting that his genitalia are so perfect that he could seduce a saint. Alternatively, it could suggest that he has gone so far as to offer the woman gold to get her to sleep with him. Either way, he has been unsuccessful.

So what do we think of Romeo now? Just like Sampson, it seems that Romeo's ideas about love and women are entirely based on sex - surely not the best first impression for our main character to make?

The Greek philosopher Aristotle, around the year 335 BC, wrote 'Poetics', a book which included theories on narrative structure. He analysed Greek tragedy as a genre and defined some of the main characteristics which he felt were essential in tragedy. The one I want to focus on here is 'hubris'.

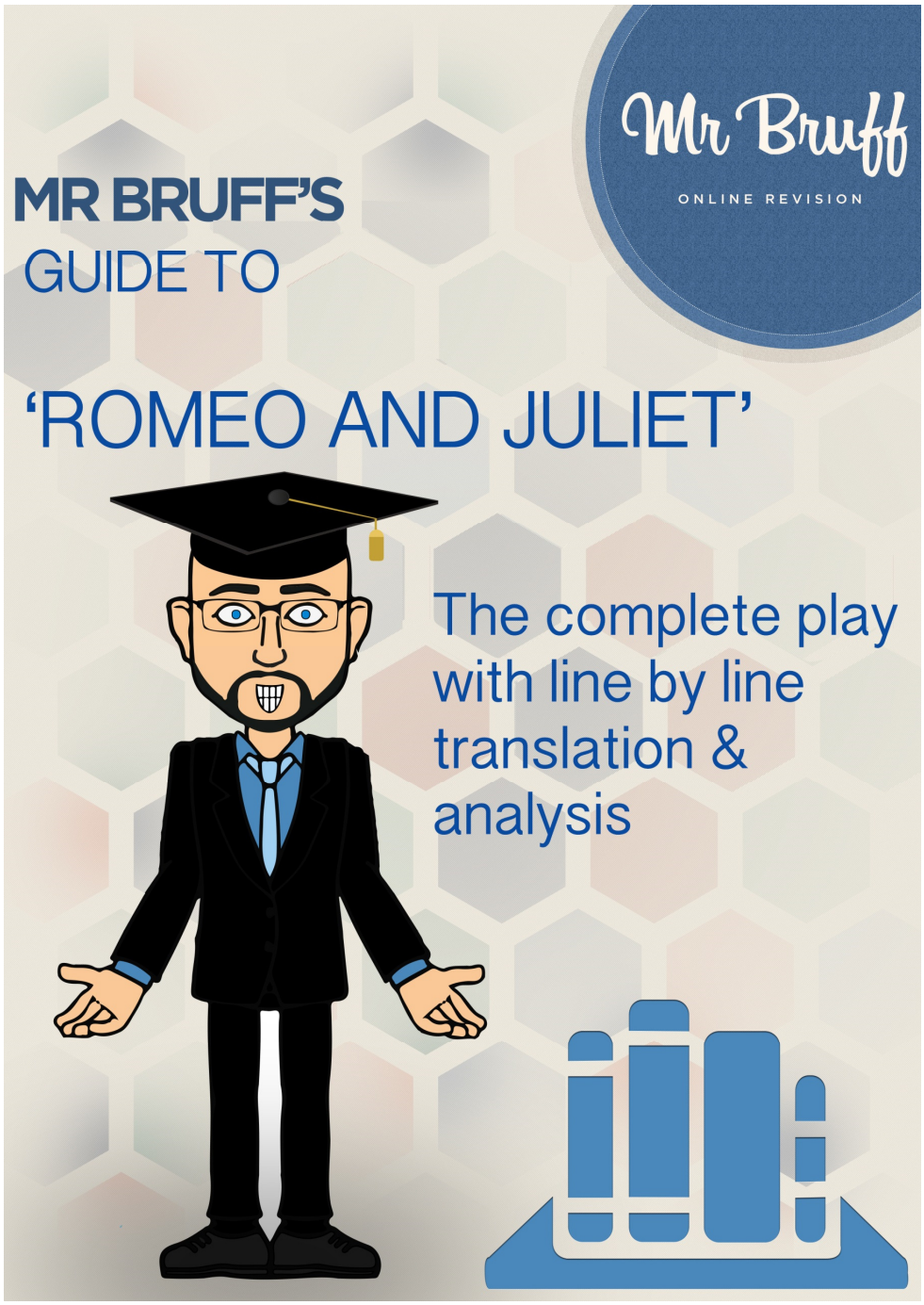
Aristotle suggested that all tragedy focuses on a man of high social standing who meets his death because of his hubris - arrogance or excessive pride in some area. Tragic heroes are good people who have just one area of weakness that leads to their death; Romeo certainly fits this model. Could it be that Romeo's hubris is his inability to escape falling in love with every woman that he sets eyes on? This certainly fits in with the picture painted so far, and the events which unfold later in the tale. Yes, it seems that Romeo is a well-liked guy who is respected by many, but he just can't keep clear of the ladies. Today he would undoubtedly end up on an episode of the 'Jeremy Kyle' show as the man who couldn't stop falling in love. This idea is backed up by the fact that the woman Romeo is currently lovesick over is not even Juliet! Surely Shakespeare starts the play with Romeo being lovesick over a different woman to suggest that Romeo is just this sort of person - he falls in love all of the time. So, Shakespeare is following the generic conventions of Greek tragedy by presenting a tragic hero whose hubris is, perhaps, his obsession with women and falling in love. Some critics have suggested that Romeo's hubris is his fearlessness over death. Either way, Romeo is tragically flawed from the start.

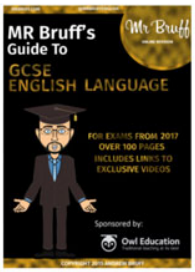
--END OF SAMPLE--

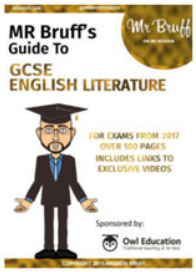
NOW ORDER THE FULL TITLE FOR JUST £3.99

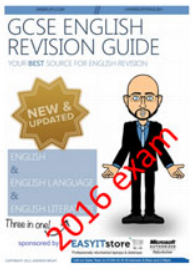
If you enjoyed this sample, then please buy the full edition by clicking here:

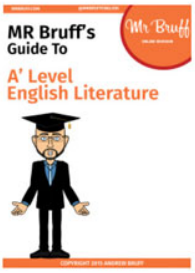
http://www.mrbruff.com/romeo-and-juliet/

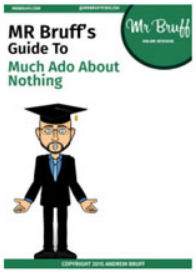


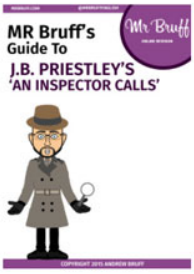


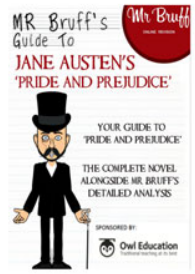


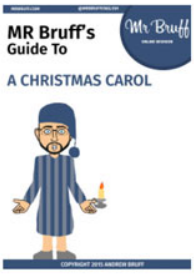












Check out the full range of books at www.mrbruff.com