English Stage 5 (Year 10) –core texts booklet

Shakespeare retold

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* In the desktop app, you will then need to select ‘Update entire table’. Your table numbers should then update to reflect your changes.

# About this resource

This core texts booklet has been developed to assist teachers in NSW Department of Education schools to create learning experiences that are contextualised to their students’ needs, interests and abilities. It provides an example of one way to approach programming through a conceptual lens and how the [English K–10 Syllabus](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) (NESA 2022) could be implemented.

## Purpose of this resource

This sample teaching and learning program is not a standalone resource and aligns with the following support materials:

* Assessment notification – discursive address – Shakespeare retold
* Core formative tasks – Shakespeare retold
* Teaching and learning program – Shakespeare retold
* Resource booklet – Shakespeare retold
* Phase 1, resource 1 – discussion questions – PowerPoint
* Phase 2, resource 3 – Shakespeare’s genres – PowerPoint
* Phase 3, resource 1 – prologue of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* – PowerPoint
* Phase 6, resource 2 – features of discursive writing – PowerPoint
* Phase 6, resource 4 – effective delivery – PowerPoint
* Year 10 scope and sequence.

This resource is intended to support teachers to provide a model of syllabus-aligned programming and assessment practice.

It is acknowledged that many schools have their own resource and assessment templates. The content in activities is student facing and the content in resources is usually teacher facing, however, this can be modified for students.

All documents associated with this resource can be found on the [Planning, programming and assessing English 7–10](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/planning-programming-and-assessing-english-7-10#Stage1) webpage.

## Target audience

This core texts booklet is created as a teacher resource. It provides the full excerpts that are explored in the Year 10 ‘**Shakespeare retold’ program.** It has been designed for use by teachers in connection to Year 10 resources designed by the English curriculum team for the NSW [English K–10 Syllabus](https://aiatsis.gov.au/explore/map-indigenous-australia) (NESA 2022). Links contained within this resource were correct as of 25 July 2024.

## When and how to use

The core texts provided can be used as a basis for the teacher’s own programming and, assessment processes. It can also be used as an example of how the [English K–10 Syllabus](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) (NESA 2022) can be implemented, specifically the text requirements for Stage 5. Additionally, the annotations provided in this resource are aligned with [National Literacy Learning Progression (NLLP) (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/). Teachers can use this resource to consider how the texts selected for study challenge and support all learners and meet syllabus requirements.

The following is an outline of some of the ways this program can be used. Teachers can:

* use the core texts booklet as a model and make modifications reflective of contextual needs
* examine the core texts booklet during faculty meetings or planning days to collaborate regarding programming and text choices
* examine the core texts booklet during faculty meetings or planning days and collaboratively plan opportunities for team teaching, collaborative resource development, mentoring, lesson observation and the sharing of student samples
* use the core texts booklet as a model for appropriate text selection using the [National Literacy Learning Progression (V3)NLLP (V3)](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) to guide this process.

This resource aligns with the completed [Stage 5 scope and sequence](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/planning-programming-and-assessing-english-7-10) as set out in the planning, programming and assessing English 7–10 documents.

## Texts and resources

A succinct overview of the texts required for the teaching and learning program are outlined in the table below. This brief overview provides the name and details of each text, the syllabus requirement being addressed and points of note.

Table 1 – texts selected and their alignment to the text requirements

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Text | Text requirement | Annotation and overview |
| Shakespeare W (1597) *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*.  A version of this is available at [Project Gutenberg](https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/1513/pg1513-images.html). This work is in the [public domain](https://smartcopying.edu.au/guidelines/copyright-basics/how-long-does-copyright-last/). | The text helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022) as students are required to engage meaningfully with at least one Shakespearean play in Stage 5. **EN5-RVL-01** requires students to interpret texts that are complex in their ideas and construction.  This play contains a range of archaic words and phrases, including vocabulary that may require the use of a glossary. The text contains multiclause sentences with less common constructs. These features align to the highly complex level of the Text Complexity scale as per the [National Literacy Learning Progression (NLLP) (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/). This play provides students with opportunities to engage with ideas with several levels of inferred meaning and contains cultural, historical and literary references in its content. | This is a challenging play that, with language and content support, is accessible to most learners. It engages readers with representation, characterisation and literary value.  Responders may engage with the representations of love, conflict or tragedy that are explored throughout this text. Students will consider questions of its enduring value across time.  A study of this text will allow for the development of reading skills and an appreciation of dramatic forms and structures. Students will express an understanding of the thematic and aesthetic qualities of the text and explore why it has endured over time. Students will develop an understanding of the ways composers create characters who reflect, challenge or subvert values and attitudes. |
| Levine J (director) (2013) Warm Bodies [motion picture], Make Movies and Mandeville Films, United States. | The text helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022) as students are required to engage meaningfully with ‘at least two films’ across Stage 5. **EN5-RVL-01** requires students to interpret texts that are complex in their ideas and construction.  This film contains a range of markers which align to the highly complex level of the Text Complexity scale as per the [NLLP (V3).](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/) It contains symbolism and several layers of inferred meaning where structural features have been subverted. This film deals with complex issues and themes and makes subtle literary references to Shakespeare’s play throughout. | This modern film adaptation of Shakespeare’s *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* uses the conventions of a range of genres including horror and romantic comedy to engage teenagers and represent enduring aspects of the classic play.  Responders may explore connections between characters and ideas in this text and Shakespeare’s play. They will examine adaptations to genre and the ending to appeal to changes in audience values and attitudes.  This film has been classified as M rated. **Pre-reading, resource 1 – exploring controversial issues** and **Pre-reading, resource 2 – parent and carer letter** have been created to support schools using an M-rated text. |

## Core text extract 1 – The Prologue of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*

**Teacher note:** this extract is to be used in **Phase 3 of the Shakespeare retold program**.

THE PROLOGUE

*Enter* Chorus.

CHORUS.

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 misadventur’d piteous overthrows

Doth 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,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

[*Exit*.]

Project Gutenberg – Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* (Prologue)

## Core text extract 2 – Romeo’s introduction to the audience

**Teacher note:** this extract is taken from Act I, Scene I, Lines 150-230 of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.* It is to be used in **Phase 3 of the Shakespeare retold program**. While the original version of the script is provided here, you may wish to provide a modern translation to your class if required.

ACT I

SCENE I. A public place.

BENVOLIO.

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO.

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO.

But new struck nine.

ROMEO.

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO.

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours?

ROMEO.

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO.

In love?

ROMEO.

Out.

BENVOLIO.

Of love?

ROMEO.

Out of her favour where I am in love.

BENVOLIO.

Alas that love so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

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 anything, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen 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?

BENVOLIO.

No coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO.

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO.

At thy good heart’s oppression.

ROMEO.

Why such is love’s transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest

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 purg’d, 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.

[*Going*.]

BENVOLIO.

Soft! I will go along:

And 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.

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,

A word ill urg’d to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO.

I aim’d so near when I suppos’d you lov’d.

ROMEO.

A right good markman, and she’s fair I love.

BENVOLIO.

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO.

Well, in that hit you miss: she’ll not be hit

With Cupid’s arrow, she hath Dian’s wit;

And in strong proof of chastity well arm’d,

From love’s weak childish bow she lives uncharm’d.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms

Nor bide th’encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O she’s rich in beauty, only poor

That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO.

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO.

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty starv’d 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.

BENVOLIO.

Be rul’d by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO.

O teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO.

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO.

’Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies’ brows,

Being black, puts 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.

BENVOLIO.

I’ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt*.]

Project Gutenberg – Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* (Act I, Scene I)

## Core text extract 3 – when Romeo and Juliet first meet

**Teacher note:** this extract is taken from Act I, Scene V of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.* It is to be used in **Phase 3 of the Shakespeare retold program**. While the original version of the script is provided here, you may wish to provide a modern translation to your class if required.

ACT I

SCENE V. A Hall in Capulet’s House.

*Musicians waiting. Enter* SERVANTS.

FIRST SERVANT.

Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take away?

He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

SECOND SERVANT.

When good manners shall lie all in one or two men’s hands, and they unwash’d too, ’tis a foul thing.

FIRST SERVANT.

Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony and Potpan!

SECOND SERVANT.

Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVANT.

You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.

We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys. Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt*.]

*Enter* CAPULET*, &c. with the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.*

CAPULET.

Welcome, gentlemen, ladies that have their toes

Unplagu’d with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

She I’ll swear hath corns. Am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady’s ear,

Such as would please; ’tis gone, ’tis gone, ’tis gone,

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

A hall, a hall, give room! And foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance*.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah sirrah, this unlook’d-for sport comes well.

Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dancing days;

How long is’t now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

CAPULET’S COUSIN.

By’r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET.

What, man, ’tis not so much, ’tis not so much:

’Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask’d.

CAPULET’S COUSIN.

’Tis more, ’tis more, his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

CAPULET.

Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO.

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

SERVANT.

I know not, sir.

ROMEO.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

As 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.

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,

A 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,

An 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 endur’d.

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 princox; 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.

[*Exit*.]

ROMEO.

[*To Juliet*.] If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin 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.

O, 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 thine my sin is purg’d.

[*Kissing her*.]

JULIET.

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO.

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg’d!

Give me my sin again.

JULIET.

You kiss by the book.

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 nurs’d 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, be gone; 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 Petruchio.

JULIET.

What’s he that follows here, 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 danc’d withal.

[*One calls within, ‘Juliet’*.]

NURSE.

Anon, anon!

Come let’s away, the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt*.]

Project Gutenberg – Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* (Act I, Scene V)

## Core text extract 4 – the balcony scene

**Teacher note:** this extract is taken from Act II, Scene II of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* and is to be used in **Phase 3 of the Shakespeare retold program**. While the original version of the script is provided here, you may wish to provide a modern translation to your class if required.

ACT II

SCENE II. Capulet’s Garden.

*Enter* ROMEO.

ROMEO.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET *appears above at a 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.

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 call’d,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

And for thy name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

ROMEO.

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I’ll be new baptis’d;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET.

What man art thou that, thus bescreen’d 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 I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET.

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue’s utterance, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO.

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET.

How cam’st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO.

With love’s light wings did I o’erperch these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET.

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO.

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET.

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO.

I have night’s cloak to hide me from their eyes,

And but thou love me, let them find me here.

My life were better ended by their hate

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JULIET.

By whose direction found’st thou out this place?

ROMEO.

By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash’d with the farthest sea,

I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET.

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke; but farewell compliment.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay,

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear’st,

Thou mayst prove false. At lovers’ perjuries,

They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,

I’ll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo. But else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou mayst think my ’haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard’st, ere I was ’ware,

My true-love passion; therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

JULIET.

O swear not by the moon, th’inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO.

What shall I swear by?

JULIET.

Do not swear at all.

Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I’ll believe thee.

ROMEO.

If my heart’s dear love,—

JULIET.

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract tonight;

It is too rash, too unadvis’d, too sudden,

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say “It lightens.” Sweet, good night.

This bud of love, by summer’s ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

ROMEO.

O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET.

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO.

Th’exchange of thy love’s faithful vow for mine.

JULIET.

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO.

Would’st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

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.

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within*.]

Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit*.]

ROMEO.

O blessed, blessed night. I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,

Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

*Enter* JULIET *above.*

JULIET.

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,

By one that I’ll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,

And all my fortunes at thy foot I’ll lay

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE.

[*Within*.] Madam.

JULIET.

I come, anon.— But if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee,—

NURSE.

[*Within*.] Madam.

JULIET.

By and by I come—

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.

Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO.

So thrive my soul,—

JULIET.

A thousand times good night.

[*Exit*.]

ROMEO.

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,

But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly*.]

*Re-enter* JULIET*, above.*

JULIET.

Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer’s voice

To lure this tassel-gentle back again.

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo’s name.

ROMEO.

It is my soul that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers’ tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET.

Romeo.

ROMEO.

My dear?

JULIET.

What o’clock tomorrow

Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO.

By the hour of nine.

JULIET.

I will not fail. ’Tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO.

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET.

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO.

And I’ll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET.

’Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone,

And yet no farther than a wanton’s bird,

That lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO.

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET.

Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit*.]

ROMEO.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.

Hence will I to my ghostly Sire’s cell,

His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit*.]

Project Gutenberg – Shakespeare, The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet (Act II, Scene II)

## Core text extract 5 – Romeo and Juliet’s deaths

**Teacher note:** this extract is taken from Act V, Scene III of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*. It is to be used in **Phase 3 of the Shakespeare retold program**. While the original version of the script is provided here, you may wish to provide a modern translation to your class if required.

ACT v

SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

*Enter* PARIS*, and his* PAGE *bearing flowers and a torch.*

PARIS.

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew tree lay thee all along,

Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground;

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,

But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hear’st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE.

[*Aside*.] I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires*.]

PARIS.

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or wanting that, with tears distill’d by moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The* PAGE *whistles*.]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way tonight,

To cross my obsequies and true love’s rite?

What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires*.]

*Enter* ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

ROMEO.

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate’er thou hear’st or seest, stand all aloof

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady’s face,

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone.

But if thou jealous dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild;

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR.

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROMEO.

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.

Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR.

For all this same, I’ll hide me hereabout.

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires*]

ROMEO.

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg’d with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument*.]

And in despite, I’ll cram thee with more food.

PARIS.

This is that banish’d haughty Montague

That murder’d my love’s cousin,—with which grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

[*Advances*.]

Stop thy unhallow’d toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursu’d further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.

Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO.

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.

Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone;

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head

By urging me to fury. O be gone.

By heaven I love thee better than myself;

For I come hither arm’d against myself.

Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,

A madman’s mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS.

I do defy thy conjuration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO.

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

[*They fight*.]

PAGE.

O lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[*Exit*.]

PARIS.

O, I am slain! [*Falls*.] If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies*.]

ROMEO.

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet.

Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book.

I’ll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave? O no, a lantern, slaught’red youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr’d.

[*Laying* PARIS *in the monument*.]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! Which their keepers call

A lightning before death. O, how may I

Call this a lightning? O my love, my wife,

Death that hath suck’d the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.

Thou art not conquer’d. Beauty’s ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin. Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again. Here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.

Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide.

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.

Here’s to my love! [*Drinks*.] O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies*.]

Project Gutenberg – Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* (Act V, Scene II)

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