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KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

Year 9 English test

Shakespeare paper: *Romeo and Juliet*

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *Romeo and Juliet* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.

Romeo and Juliet

Act 3 Scene 2, lines 28 to 95

Act 3 Scene 5, lines 59 to 122

Imagine you are going to direct these scenes for classroom performance.

In the first extract, Juliet is waiting for Romeo when the Nurse arrives;
in the second, Juliet has just parted from Romeo when Lady Capulet enters.

How should the actor playing Juliet show her changing feelings in each of these extracts?

Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

Romeo and Juliet

Act 3 Scene 2, lines 28 to 95

In this extract, Juliet is waiting for Romeo to arrive. The Nurse arrives bringing bad news.

JULIET	So tedious is this day As is the night before some festival To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse –	30
	<i>Enter the NURSE, with the rope-ladder:</i>	
	And she brings news – and every tongue that speaks But Romeo’s name, speaks heavenly eloquence. Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords That Romeo bid thee fetch?	
NURSE	Ay, ay, the cords.	35
	<i>She drops the rope-ladder on the floor.</i>	
JULIET	Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?	
NURSE	Ah, well-a-day! He’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead! We are undone, lady, we are undone. Alack the day! He’s gone, he’s killed, he’s dead!	
JULIET	Can heaven be so envious?	
NURSE	Romeo can – Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo! Whoever would have thought it? Romeo!	40
JULIET	What devil art thou dost torment me thus? This torture should be roared in dismal hell! Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ‘Ay’, And that bare vowel ‘I’ shall poison more Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice. I am not I, if there be such an ‘I’, Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer ‘Ay’. If he be slain, say ‘Ay’, or if not, ‘No’. Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.	45 50
NURSE	I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes – God save the mark! – here on his manly breast. A piteous corse – a bloody, piteous corse, Pale, pale as ashes! – All bedaubed in blood, All in gore blood! I swounded at the sight!	55

Turn over

JULIET	Ay, madam – from the reach of these my hands. Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death!	85
LADY CAPULET	We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not. Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Mantua, Where that same banished runagate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram That he shall soon keep Tybalt company – And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.	90
JULIET	Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo till I behold him – dead – Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed. Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it That Romeo should upon receipt thereof Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors To hear him named and cannot come to him – To wreak the love I bore my cousin Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!	95 100
LADY CAPULET	Find thou the means, and I’ll find such a man. But now I’ll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.	
JULIET	And joy comes well in such a needy time. What are they, I beseech your ladyship?	105
LADY CAPULET	Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child – One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.	
JULIET	Madam, in happy time! What day is that?	110
LADY CAPULET	Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn, The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.	
JULIET	Now, by Saint Peter’s Church, and Peter too, He shall <i>not</i> make me there a joyful bride! I wonder at this haste, that I must wed Ere he that should be husband comes to woo! I pray you tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet. And when I do, I swear It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!	115 120

END OF TEST

