

GRAYS TUITION CENTRE – Online Tutoring

WEEK: 8

Week Beginning: (18/01/2021)

Subject: ENGLISH

Year: 9

Lesson Objective:

- Analysing relationships in Romeo and Juliet and Macbeth

Keywords/ Concepts

Class Worksheets

- Balcony scene Romeo and Juliet
- Macbeth and Lady Macbeth

Homework Worksheets

- Analyse parental relationships in Romeo and Juliet and Macbeth

Additional Notes

Macbeth:

ACT II SCENE II *The same.*

[Enter LADY MACBETH]

LADY MACBETH That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it: 5
The doors are open; and the *surfeited grooms*
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. 10

MACBETH *[Within]* Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled 15
My father as he slept, I had done't.

[Enter MACBETH]

My husband!

MACBETH I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

20

MACBETH When?

LADY MACBETH Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY MACBETH Ay.

MACBETH Hark! 25
 Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH This is a sorry sight.
[Looking on his hands]

LADY MACBETH A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 30
 'Murder!'
 That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
 Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together. 35

MACBETH One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
 As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
 Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
 When they did say 'God bless us!'

LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply. 40

MACBETH But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
 I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
 Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways; so, it will make us mad. 45

MACBETH Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
 Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, 50
 Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

LADY MACBETH What do you mean?

MACBETH Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
 'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.' 55

LADY MACBETH Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place? 60
 They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH I'll go no more:
 I am afraid to think what I have done;

I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again I dare not. 65

LADY MACBETH Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal; 70
 For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within]

MACBETH Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 75
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas in incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

[Re-enter LADY MACBETH]

LADY MACBETH My hands are of your colour; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. 80

[Knocking within]

Romeo and Juliet:

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! (10)

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 (20)

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 (30)
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: (40)
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, (50)
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 bescreened 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. (60)
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet.

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo.

Neither, fair saint, 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, (70)
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; (80)
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 furthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

H/W

Macbeth:

50 And to be more than what you were, you
would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor
place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make
both.
They have made themselves, and that their
fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know
55 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks
me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless
gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
as you

Romeo and Juliet:

ACT I SCENE II *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

CAPULET But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride, 10
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

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 not 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!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

(Enter CAPULET and Nurse)

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAPULET

How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'
And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!