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| **It Says****(Quotation from the text)** | **I Say****(Your interpretation or paraphrase)** | **And So…****(Your thoughts about why this might be important)** |
| **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:** ‘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.’ |  |  |
| **Friar Lawrence:** ‘O she knew wellThy love did read by rote and could not spell.But come, young waverer, come, go with me,In one respect I’ll thy assistant be.For this alliance may so happy proveTo turn your household’s rancour to pure love.’ |  |  |

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| **It Says****(Quotation from the text)** | **I Say****(Your interpretation or paraphrase)** | **And So…****(Your thoughts about why this might be important)** |
| **Benvolio:** I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.The day is hot, the Capels abroad,And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl,For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring. |  |  |
| **Romeo:**Tybalt, the reason that I have to love theeDoth much excuse the appertaining rageTo such a greeting. Villain am I none.Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not. |  |  |
| **Mercutio:**Help me into some house, Benvolio,Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!They have made worms' meat of me.I have it, and soundly too. Your houses! |  |  |
| **Prince:**And for that offenseImmediately we do exile him hence.I have an interest in your hate's proceeding:My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.But I'll amerce you with so strong a fineThat you shall all repent the loss of mine.I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.Bear hence this body and attend our will.Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. |  |  |
| **Lord Capulet:**Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tenderOf my child’s love. I think she will be ruledIn all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.—Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—But, soft! What day is this?**Lord Capulet:**Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon,O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday, tell her,She shall be married to this noble earl.—Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?We’ll keep no great ado, a friend or two.For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,It may be thought we held him carelessly,Being our kinsman, if we revel much. |  |  |