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Romeo and juliet important quotes act 2 scene 2

Cards Return to Set Details Term "Arise fair sun, and kill the envious moon," - Romeo Definition Romeo is referring to Juliet's virginity, believing that unmarried women are sick and he is going to cure her. Term "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo is a Montague and she wants him to deny his family for her love. Or if he will not, she will deny her family to be with him. Term "Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain determined by these qualities. Term "Was I with you there for the goose?" - Mercutio Definition The word "goose" is an Elizabethan term for a prostitute and so Mercutio displays more suxual word play suggesting that a relationship is physical to him rather than deep and emotional such as that of Juliet's and Romeo's. Term "You have made a simple choice" - Nurse Definition The Nurse believes that Juliet is foolish and has chosen the wrong man but supports her anyway. Term "Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart" - Friar Lawrence Definition Here Friar Lawrence foreshadowes Romeo's foolishness later on in the play. Shakespeare hints that Romeo having been consumed by his love of Juliet, is only making decisions from the heart suggesting that this is a dangerous thing to do. Term "What's in a name? that which we call a rose by any other name does not define you'. In her era, your name (the family that you come from) sets out how people view you. The idea that you should be judged solely on your own merit is a progressive idea for the setting and suggests that Juliet has a rebellious and modern streak. Term "love-devouring death" - Romeo Definition This is dramatic irony because the audience knows (from the prologue) that Romeo and Juliet must die. Romeo's remark about death builds the tension - as if he's tempting fate. Supporting users have an ad free experience! Juliet's love for Romeo is making her existential. She wants to be with him desperately—and if he simply had another name, there would be no impediment to their courtship. Juliet is wondering why fate, family, and duty seem to be conspiring against her, and wishes that Romeo would abandon his name, his allegiances, and his identity in order to be with her. The reader can see, then, that there is an unstable and subtly violent undertone to Romeo and Juliet's love, as Juliet is perfectly fine with the obliteration of Romeo's entire sense of self if it means she can be with him. [Capulet's orchard.] Enter Romeo] He jests at scars that never felt a wound. [Romeo sees light coming from an upper 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. [Juliet appears at the window] 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 eye 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! 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 wond'ring 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. 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. [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. 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 word would smell as sweet. So Romeo would — were he not Romeo called — Retain that dear perfection which he owes Without that title. Romeo, doff thy What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot, [Aloud] I take thee at thy word. Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized: name, And for that name, which is no part of thee, Henceforth I never will be Romeo. What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night, So stumblest on my counsel? 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. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound. Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike. How camest 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. 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. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity. I would not for the world they saw thee here. 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 proroqued, wanting of thy love. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? By love, that first did prompt me to inquire. He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise. 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 behavior light. But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more coying 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. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, th'inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, If my heart's dear love — Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract tonight. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, as that within my breast! O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? What satisfaction canst thou have tonight? The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it. And yet I would it were to give again. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love? 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. [Nurse calls from within the house] I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! Stay but a little, I will come again. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering sweet to be substantial. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If that thy bent of love be honorable, 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. I come, anon. [To Romeo] But if thou meanest not well, To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief. thousand times good night! A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books, But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [Romeo retiring slowly. Re-Enter Juliet, above] Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner'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.' It is my soul that calls upon my name. How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears! I will not fail; 'tis twenty year till then. I have forgot why I did call thee back. Let me stand here till thou remember it. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company. And I'll still stay, to have thee gone; And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, Who lets it hop a little from his hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty. Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night till it be morrow. ghostly Friar's close cell, His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

