**ACT II. SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.**

*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-pacing 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 that 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 baptized;
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 not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

SCENA II - Verona, il verziere dei Capuleti

Entra ROMEO

ROMEO - Si ride delle cicatrici altrui chi non ebbe a soffrir giammai ferita...

GIULIETTA appare a una finestra

Oh, quale luce vedo sprigionarsi lassù, dal vano di quella finestra? È l’oriente, lassù, e Giulietta è il sole! Sorgi, bel sole, e l’invidiosa luna già pallida di rabbia ed ammalata uccidi, perché tu, che sei sua ancella,sei di gran lunga di lei più splendente. Non restare sua ancella, se invidiosa essa è di te; la verginal sua veste s’è fatta ormai d’un color verde scialbo e non l’indossano altre che le sciocche.

Gettala via!... Oh, sì, è la mia donna, l’amore mio. Ah, s’ella lo sapesse! Ella mi parla, senza dir parola. Come mai?... È il suo occhio che mi discorre, ed io risponderò. Oh, ma che sto dicendo... Presuntuoso ch’io sono! Non è a me, ch’ella discorre. Due luminose stelle, tra le più fulgide del firmamento avendo da sbrigar qualcosa altrove, si son partite dalle loro sfere e han pregato i suoi occhi di brillarvi

fino al loro ritorno... E se quegli occhi fossero invece al posto delle stelle, e quelle stelle infisse alla sua fronte? Allora sì, la luce del suo viso farebbe impallidire quelle stelle, come il sole la luce d’una lampada; e tanto brillerebbero i suoi occhi su pei campi del cielo, che gli uccelli si metterebbero tutti a cantare credendo fosse finita la notte. Guarda com’ella poggia la sua gota a quella mano... Un guanto vorrei essere, su quella mano, e toccar quella guancia!

GIULIETTA - (Come avesse sentito un rumore, o forse assorta in tristi pensieri, sospirando) Ahimè!...

ROMEO - (Tra sé) Dice qualcosa... Parla ancora, angelo luminoso, sei sì bella, e da lassù tu spandi sul mio capo tanta luce stanotte quanta più non potrebbe riversare sulle pupille volte verso il cielo degli sguardi stupiti di mortali un alato celeste messaggero che, cavalcando sopra pigre nuvole, veleggiasse per l’infinito azzurro!

GIULIETTA - Romeo, Romeo! Perché sei tu Romeo? Ah, rinnega tuo padre!... Ricusa il tuo casato!... O, se proprio non vuoi, giurami amore, ed io non sarò più una Capuleti!

ROMEO - (Sempre tra sé) Che faccio, resto zitto ad ascoltarla, oppure le rispondo?...

GIULIETTA - Il tuo nome soltanto m’è nemico; ma tu saresti tu, sempre Romeo per me, quand’anche non fosti un Montecchi. Che è infatti Montecchi?... Non è una mano, né un piede, né un braccio, né una faccia, né nessun’altra parte che possa dirsi appartenere a un uomo. Ah, perché tu non porti un altro nome! Ma poi, che cos’è un nome?... Forse che quella che chiamiamo rosa cesserebbe d’avere il suo profumo se la chiamassimo con altro nome? Così s’anche Romeo non si dovesse più chiamar Romeo, chi può dire che non conserverebbe la cara perfezione ch’è la sua? Rinuncia dunque, Romeo, al tuo nome, che non è parte della tua persona, e in cambio prenditi tutta la mia.

ROMEO - (Forte)

Io ti prendo in parola! D’ora in avanti tu chiamami “Amore”, ed io sarò per te non più Romeo, perché m’avrai così ribattezzato.

GIULIETTA - Oh, qual uomo sei tu, che protetto dal buio della notte, vieni a inciampar così sui miei pensieri?

ROMEO - Dirtelo con un nome, non saprei; il mio nome, cara santa, è odioso a me perché è nemico a te. Lo straccerei, se lo portassi scritto.

GIULIETTA - L’orecchio mio non ha bevuto ancora cento parole dalla voce tua, che ne conosco il suono: non sei Romeo tu, ed un Montecchi?

ROMEO - No, nessuno dei due, bella fanciulla, se nessuno dei due è a te gradito.

**Declaration of love**

The extract is taken from the tragedy written by William Shakespeare Romeo and Juliet.
The main characters of the tragedy are Romeo and Juliet:

* Romeo is son of Montague that is the patriarch of the house of Montague and he is the play's male protagonist. At the beginning of the play he is falling in love with Rosaline but immediately falls in love with Juliet at first sight. They are involved with Capulet in a family feud that goes back years before any of the members were born.
* Juliet is the daughter of Capulet; when she meets Romeo , instantly falls in love with Romeo, despite him being the son of her family’s enemy.

### The extract analyzed deals with the declaration of love between Romeo and Juliet. It is set in Capulet's orchard at moonlight where Romeo is hiding from Juliet under her **balcony**. Initially Romeo’s monologue is about her beauty, she is compared with the sun and her eyes like “two of the fairest stars in all the heaven”. Then Juliet appears above at a window and declares her love to Romeo. She understands how love between them is difficult, that is why their families are involved in a feud. Juliet’s thought is about consideration of names’ values: a name is just a blank label that does not change the substance of things and people, like “a rose /by any other name would smell as sweet”. Thus, Juliet wants Romeo to repudiate his father because she is ready to marry him. Finally Romeo shows himself and tells Juliet his name : “Call me but love”.

###  The language of love

### The tragedy becomes from a written works to a performance, for this reason language is known as performative, namely it is oriented t**owards action. So the** connotative **language** encourages to do something. It is supported by deictic words, like personal or demonstrative pronouns

In general, Shakespeare uses poetic language in iambic pentameter to express love. Iambic Pentameter has ten syllables in each line and five pairs of alternating

### The language of the extract is full of figures of speech which create an approach between dramatic and lyric comedy. The main figures of speech are metaphor and hyperbole. (“He jests at scars that never felt a wound.” where scars stand for marks left by heartbreak).Love is the most important theme in the story. Love is a violent force that brings this couple against their family. So Shakespeare uses language of love to express affection between them. Juliet is described like an angel through her beauty :

### “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 heavenWould through the airy region stream so brightThat birds would sing and think it were not night”

Between Romeo and Juliet there is an harmony, that is outlined when Juliet knows immediately that Romeo is speaking :

“My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?”

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