

## Module 7: Drama – Romeo and Juliet

### Module Assessment: Act III, Scene 3 of *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare

Hold thy desperate hand.  
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.  
Thy tears are womanish. Thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast.  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,  
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better tempered.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives  
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?  
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,  
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valor of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,  
Is set afire by thine own ignorance;  
And thou dismembered with thine own defence.  
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead—  
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt—there art thou happy.  
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile—there art thou happy.  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,  
Happiness courts thee in her best array,  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed.  
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her.  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

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Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.  
Romeo is coming.