

Module 7: Drama – Romeo and Juliet

Module Assessment: Act III, Scene 5 of *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare

God's bread! It makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched. And having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed," "I cannot love,"
"I am too young," "I pray you, pardon me."—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.