**Shakespearean Recitation Project**

**Each student will be responsible for memorizing one of the following speeches from William Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet.* Each speech will be delivered in front of the class and graded based on accuracy, creativity, and overall presentation of the speech.**

**Your task is to not only memorize the lines of the speech of your choice, but to also interpret and deliver it in a creative, meaningful way in front of your peers. Because all speeches must be delivered in class, you may dress up, use props, play music, rap, dance, or whatever else you feel will help enhance your delivery and/or entertain your audience.**

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| **The Prologue**  Two households, both alike in dignity, In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life; Whose misadventured piteous overthrows Do with their death bury their parents' strife. The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, And the continuance of their parents' rage, Which, but their children's end, nought could remove, Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; The which if you with patient ears attend, What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. | **Romeo’s Soliloquy from the “Balcony Scene”**  **Act II, Scene 2**  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. |
| **Juliet’s Soliloquy from the “Balcony Scene”**  **Act II, Scene 2**  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.  '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 called,   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. |  |