



2021 MONOLOGUE PACKET

Please note: Monologues in **RED** are ineligible for the 2021 competition.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bottom

4.1.210-229

[Waking up.] When my cue comes, call me,
and I will answer. My next is "Most fair Pyramus."
Hey-ho! Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender!
Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! Stolen
hence and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream past the wit of man to say
what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about
to expound this dream. Methought I was—there
is no man can tell what. Methought I was and
methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if
he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,
man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to
conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream
was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this
dream. It shall be called "Bottom's Dream" because
it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the
latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure,
to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her
death.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bottom [As *Pyramus*]

5.1.291-302, 306-316

But stay! O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good—
What, stained with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum,
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!
O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear,
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with
cheer?
Come, tears, confound!
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop. [*Pyramus stabs himself.*]*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

1.1.232-252

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so.
He will not know what all but he do know.
And, as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste.
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a child
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

2.2.90, 92, 94-108

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.
O, I am out of breath in this fond chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do as a monster fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander, on the ground!
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

3.2.148-164

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so,
To vow and swear and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals and love Hermia,
And now both rivals to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

3.2.200-221

Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived,
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, is all forgot?
All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Helena

3.2.314-320, 322-333

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness.
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you—
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Hermia

3.2.47-59, 67-75

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole Earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the center creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him.
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men.
O, once tell true! Tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have looked upon him, being awake?
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Lysander

2.2.109-113, 118-129

And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason.
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Robin

2.1.44-60

Thou speakest aright.
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she
And "Tailor!" cries and falls into a cough,
And then the whole choir hold their hips and loffe
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But room, fairy. Here comes Oberon.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Robin

3.2.6-19, 24-26, 33-36

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's noll I fixèd on his head.
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
So at his sight away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls.
He "Murder" cries and help from Athens calls.
I led them on in this distracted fear
And left sweet Pyramus translated there.
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Robin

5.1.440-455

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended:
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long.
Else the Puck a liar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Theseus

5.1.2-23

More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to Earth, from Earth to
heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!



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SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Titania

3.1.131, 139-143, 154-164

What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.
Out of this wood do not desire to go.
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate.
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee. Therefore go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed!

All's Well That Ends Well

Helen

1.1.84-103

O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favor in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone. There is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His archèd brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's table—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

All's Well That Ends Well

Helen

1.3.201-204, 206-214(p), 217(p)-225.

Then I confess

Here on my knee before high heaven and you
That before you and next unto high heaven
I love your son.

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is loved of me. I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit,

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,

Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope,

Yet in this captious and intenible sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love

And lack not to lose still. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love

For loving where you do; but if yourself,

Whose agèd honor cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever in so true a flame of liking

Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and Love, O then give pity

To her whose state is such that cannot choose

But lend and give where she is sure to lose.

All's Well That Ends Well

King

2.3.162(p)-178

Here, take her hand,
Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honor where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good.
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care forever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice
Without all terms of pity. Speak. Thine answer.

All's Well That Ends Well

Parolles

1.1.115, 131(p)-138, 141(p)-153(p)

Are you meditating on virginity?

It is not politic in the commonwealth
of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity
is rational increase, and there was never
virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you
were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by
being once lost may be ten times found; by being
ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion.
Away with 't.

'Tis against the
rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is
to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible
disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin;
virginity murders itself and should be buried in
highways out of all sanctified limit as a desperate
offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites,
much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very
paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.
Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of
self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the
canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by
't. Out with 't!

All's Well That Ends Well

Parolles

4.1.25-32, 35-44

Ten o'clock. Within these three hours 'twill
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have
done? It must be a very plausible invention that
carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces
have of late knocked too often at my door. I find
my tongue is too foolhardy, but my heart hath the
fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not
daring the reports of my tongue.

What the devil should move me to undertake
the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant
of the impossibility and knowing I had no such
purpose? I must give myself some hurts and say I
got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it.
They will say "Came you off with so little?" And
great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? What's the
instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-
woman's mouth and buy myself another of
Bajazeth's mule if you prattle me into these perils.

Antony and Cleopatra

Antony

4.12.11-32

All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! 'Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly—
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Begone!
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar, and this pine is barked
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O, this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm,
Whose eye becked forth my wars and called them
home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.

Antony and Cleopatra
Cleopatra
4.15.86-105



No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught.
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls! Ah, women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent; it's out. Good sirs, take heart.
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's
noble,
Let's do 't after the high Roman fashion
And make death proud to take us. Come, away.
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women! Come, we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

Antony and Cleopatra

Cleopatra

5.2.55-57, 59-72

Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! Come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars.
Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir.
If idle talk will once be necessary—
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me; rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the waterflies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet
And hang me up in chains!

Antony and Cleopatra
Cleopatra
5.2.192-209



O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal, and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence,
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Antony and Cleopatra
Cleopatra
5.2.335-353

Give me my robe. Put on my crown. I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.

*[Charmian and Iras begin to dress her.]**

Yare, yare, good Iras, quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call. I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath.—Husband, I come!
Now to that name my courage prove my title.
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian.—Iras, long farewell.

[She kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Antony and Cleopatra

Enobarbus

2.2.222-223, 227-242

When she first met Mark Antony, she
pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.
The barge she sat in like a burnished throne
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them. The oars were
silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold, of tissue—
O’erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

As You Like It

Duke Senior

2.1.1-17

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
"This is no flattery. These are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

As You Like It

Jacques

2.7.12, 15-35

A fool, a fool, I met a fool i' th' forest,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not ‘fool’ till heaven hath sent me
fortune.”
And then he drew a dial from his poke
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely “It is ten o’clock.
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticler
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

As You Like It

Phoebe

3.5.9-28

I would not be thy executioner.
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it. Lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

As You Like It
Phoebe
3.5.116-137(p)

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—
But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes
him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so-so—and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek: 'twas just the
difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silviu's, had they marked
him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not nor hate him not.

As You Like It

Rosalind

3.1.415-431

He was to imagine me his love, his mistress,
and I set him every day to woo me; at which time
would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be
effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud,
fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears,
full of smiles; for every passion something, and for
no passion truly anything, as boys and women are,
for the most part, cattle of this color; would now
like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then
forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him,
that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love
to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear
the full stream of the world and to live in a
nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and
this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as
clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not
be one spot of love in 't.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

As You Like It

Rosalind

3.5.47-67

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.—'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes, too.—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children.
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

As You Like It
Touchstone
3.3.47-65



Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt, for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said “Many a man knows no end of his goods.” Right: many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; ’tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no. The noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor. And by how much defense is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Coriolanus
Martius, later Coriolanus
1.1.178-196(p)

He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you;
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offense subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang you! Trust
you?
With every minute you do change a mind
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

Coriolanus
Martius, later Coriolanus
1.9.42-58, 74-76(p)

I thank you, general,
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry "Martius, Martius!"]

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An ovator for th' wars! No more, I say.
For that I have not washed my nose that bled,
Or foiled some debile wretch—which, without note,
Here's many else have done—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.
I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no.

Coriolanus
Martius, later Coriolanus
3.2.138-150, 160-167

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
Which choired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice
That babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my armed knees,
Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms. I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Mother, I am going to the marketplace.
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' th' way of flattery further.

Coriolanus
Martius, later Coriolanus
3.3.150-165



You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
As reek o' th' rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance—which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes—deliver you
As most abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising
For you the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

Coriolanus
Martius, later Coriolanus
4.5.73-93(p)

My name is Caius Martius, who hath done
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname, a good memory
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name
remains.

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest,
And suffered me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had feared death, of all the men i' th' world
I would have 'voided thee, but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here.

Coriolanus
Martius, later Coriolanus
5.3.10-18(p), 25-37(p)

This last old man,
Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him, for whose old love I have—
Though I showed sourly to him—once more offered
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more.
My wife comes foremost, then the honored mold
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

[Virgilia curtsies.]

What is that curtsy worth? Or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt and am not
Of stronger earth than others.

[Volumnia bows.]

My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession which
Great Nature cries "Deny not!"

Coriolanus
Martius, later Coriolanus
5.3.46-59, 65-71

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say
For that “Forgive our Romans.” *[They kiss.]*

O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgined it e’er since. You gods! I prate
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i’ th’ earth; *[Kneels.]*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

[She kneels.]

What’s this?
Your knees to me? To your corrected son?
[He raises her up.]

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars! Then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars ’gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility to make
What cannot be slight work.

Coriolanus
Volumnia
1.3.1-18



I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself
in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
wherein he won honor than in the embracements
of his bed where he would show most love. When
yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of
my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked
all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties
a mother should not sell him an hour from her
beholding, I, considering how honor would become
such a person—that it was no better than picture-like
to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not
stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he
was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him,
from whence he returned, his brows bound with
oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy
at first hearing he was a man-child than now in
first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Coriolanus
Volumnia
3.2.90-105, 110-13

I prithee now, my son,
Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretched it—here be with
them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learnèd than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling. Or say to them
Thou art their soldier and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled; although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Coriolanus
Volumnia
5.3.109-129(p)



Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which
should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and
sorrow,
Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital. Thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we—
Alas, how can we—for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country.

Coriolanus
Volumnia
5.3.170(p)-175, 180(p)-193

Speak to me, son.
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor
To imitate the graces of the gods,
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air
And yet to charge thy sulfur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
There's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Showed thy dear mother any courtesy
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has clucked thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honor. Say my request's unjust
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away.—
Down, ladies! Let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down! An end.

Cymbeline

Iachimo

2.2.14-21(p), 26(p)-27(p), 28-33, 41(p)-46(p)

The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets.—That I might touch!
But kiss, one kiss! Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do 't.
But my design:
To note the chamber.
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' th' story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify t' enrich mine inventory.
On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make. This secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honor.

Cymbeline
Imogen
1.6.167-181



Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor, and
Solicits here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Cymbeline

Imogen

3.4.48-51(p), 53-56(p), 61-73

I false? Thy conscience witness! Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency.
Thou then looked'st like a villain. Now methinks
Thy favor's good enough.
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And, for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ripped. To pieces with me! O,
Men's vows are women's traitors!
True honest men, being heard like false Aeneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look,
I draw the sword myself.

*[She draws Pisanio's sword from its
scabbard and hands it to him.]**

Take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Cymbeline
Imogen
3.4.81-94, 98(p)-104(p)

Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart—
Something's afore 't. Soft, soft! We'll no defense—
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
[She takes papers from her bodice.]
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away!
[She throws away the letters.]
Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
Shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me.—Prithee, dispatch.
The lamb entreats the butcher.

Cymbeline
Posthumus
2.5.2(p)-8, 15-29



We are all bastards,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamped. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour, was 't not?
Or less? At first? Perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that have a name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all.

Cymbeline
Posthumus
5.5.246-264



Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend.—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come. O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer.—Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious. It is I
That all th' abhorrèd things o' th' Earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter—villainlike, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself.
Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' th' street to bay me. Every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas. O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Hamlet
Gertrude
4.7.190-208



There is a willow grows askant the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do “dead men’s fingers” call
them.
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb’ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own distress
Or like a creature native and endued
Unto that element. But long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Hamlet
Hamlet
1.2.133-150

O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God, God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't, ah fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth,
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month
(Let me not think on 't; frailty, thy name is woman!)

Hamlet
Hamlet
2.2.318(p)-334



I have of late, but
wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all
custom of exercises, and, indeed, it goes so heavily
with my disposition that this goodly frame, the
Earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most
excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave
o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted
with golden fire—why, it appeareth nothing to me
but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.
What a piece of work is a man, how noble in
reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving
how express and admirable; in action how like
an angel, in apprehension how like a god: the
beauty of the world, the paragon of animals—and
yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man
delights not me, no, nor women neither, though by
your smiling you seem to say so.

Hamlet
Hamlet
2.2.577-598(p)

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit—and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing—no, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made.

Hamlet
Hamlet
2.2.598(p)-617(p)

Am I a coward?
Who calls me “villain”? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i’ th’ throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! ’Swounds, I should take it! For it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave’s offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain!
O vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A stallion! Fie upon ’t! Foh!
About, my brains!

Hamlet
Hamlet
2.2.617(p)-634



Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick. If he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Hamlet
Hamlet
3.1.64-77, 91-96(p)



To be or not to be—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep—
No more—and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—
To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet

Hamlet

3.2.1-15, 17-21(p)

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.

Hamlet
Hamlet
3.3.77-84, 93-101

Now might I do it pat, now he is a-praying,
And now I'll do 't. *[He draws his sword.]**

And so he goes to heaven,
And so am I revenged. That would be scanned:
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
*[He sheathes his sword.]**

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Hamlet

Hamlet

5.1.190-202, 204-205, 207, 209-211, 216(p)-219

Alas, poor Yorick!

I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite
jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath bore me on his
back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in
my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung
those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your
songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to
set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your
own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my
lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch
thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh
at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this
fashion i' th' earth? And smelt so? Pah!

To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of
Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth
we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he
was converted might they not stop a beer barrel?

Hamlet
Hamlet
5.2.240-258

Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;
But pardon 't as you are a gentleman. This presence
knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punished
With a sore distraction. What I have done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Hamlet

Ophelia

4.5.34-37, 41, 43-45, 53-60, 62-17

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
White his shroud as the mountain snow
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true-love showers.
Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose and donned his clothes
And dupped the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack and fie for shame,
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By Cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."*

He answers:

*"So would I 'a done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."*

Hamlet
Ophelia
4.5.199-201, 204-209, 213-224

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.
Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.
There's fennel for you, and columbines.
There's rue for you, and here's some for me; we
may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. You must wear
your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would
give you some violets, but they withered all when
my father died. They say he made a good end.

*And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead.
Go to thy deathbed.
He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God 'a mercy on his soul.*

And of all Christians' souls, I pray God. God be wi'
you.

Henry IV, Part 1

Falstaff

2.4.389(p)-391, 396(p)-399, 411-415(p), 431(p)-433,
435-444(p)

This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter,
and this cushion my crown.

Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that
it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in
passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein.

[As King.] Harry, I do not only marvel
where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou
art accompanied. For though the camomile, the
more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, so youth,
the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.

And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often
noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a
corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a
most noble carriage, and, as I think, his age some
fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now
I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man
should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry,
I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be
known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then
peremptorily I speak it: there is virtue in that
Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish.

Henry IV, Part 1
Falstaff [*As Prince*]
2.4.481, 483-498



My lord, the man I know.
But to say I know more harm in him than in myself
were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more
the pity; his white hairs do witness it. But that he is,
saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly
deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the
wicked. If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an
old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be
hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my
good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins,
but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true
Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more
valiant being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him
thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's
company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Henry IV, Part 1

Falstaff

5.4.113-131

Emboweled? If thou embowel me today, I'll
give you leave to powder me and eat me too
tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or
that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot
too. Counterfeit? I lie. I am no counterfeit. To die is
to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a
man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit
dying when a man thereby liveth is to be no
counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life
indeed. The better part of valor is discretion, in the
which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am
afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead.
How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my
faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.
Therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear
I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I?
Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.
Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him*]* with a new wound
in your thigh, come you along with me.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Henry IV, Part 1
Hotspur
1.3.30-34, 37-40, 43-55

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed.
He was perfumèd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answered neglectingly I know not what—
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet.

Henry IV, Part 1

Hotspur

1.3.162-180

Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation—shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

Henry IV, Part 1
Lady Percy
2.3.49-67



In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry “Courage! To the field!” And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners’ ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream,
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are
these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Henry IV, Part 1
Prince Hal
1.2.202-218, 220-224



I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work,
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offense a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Henry IV, Part 1
Prince Hal
3.2.134-146, 158-164

Do not think so. You shall not find it so.
And God forgive them that so much have swayed
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me.
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your Majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

Henry IV, Part 2
Hostess
2.1.89(p)-107



Thou didst swear to me upon a
parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber at
the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday
in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head
for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,
thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy
wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife.
Canst thou deny it? Did not Goodwife Keech, the
butcher's wife, come in then and call me Gossip
Quickly, coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar,
telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby
thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee
they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not,
when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no
more so familiarity with such poor people, saying
that ere long they should call me madam? And didst
thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty
shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it if
thou canst.

Henry IV, Part 2
Prince Hal
4.3.167-174(p), 177(p)-189(p)

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polished perturbation, golden care,
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now;
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night.
By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not;
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord, my father,
This sleep is sound indeed. This is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.

Henry IV, Part 2
Prince Hal
5.5.47-63(p)

I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester.
I have long dreamt of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
But being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. Know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.
Presume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know—so shall the world perceive—
That I have turned away my former self.
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots.
Till then I banish thee.

Henry IV, Part 2
Rumor
Induction 1-20(p)

Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world.
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defense
Whiles the big year, swoll'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,
Can play upon it.

Henry V

Chorus

Prologue.1-4, 9(p)-12(p), 24-36

O, for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass; for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history,
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play.

Henry V
Hostess
2.3.9-26



Nay, sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end, and went away as it had been any christom child. He parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' th' tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen and he talked of green fields. "How now, Sir John?" quoth I. "What, man, be o' good cheer!" So he cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him he should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So he bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Henry V
King Henry
1.2.270-278(p), 293-301, 307-309

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a
wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturbed
With chases.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turned his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand
widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
So get you hence in peace. And tell the Dauphin
His jest will savor but of shallow wit
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.

Henry V
King Henry
3.1.1-8, 17-18, 23-26(p), 29(p)-33, 35(p)-37

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Dishonor not your mothers. Now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood
And teach them how to war.
Let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt
not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

Henry V
King Henry
4.3.43-46, 50-54, 57-69

This day is called the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day and comes safe home
Will stand o' tiptoe when this day is named
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Henry VI, Part 1

Pucelle

1.2.73-93

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven and Our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's Mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Willed me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promised and assured success.
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I blest with, which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Henry VI, Part I
Pucelle
3.3.41-42, 44-57



Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay; let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender-dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.
O, turn thy edgèd sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stainèd spots.

Henry VI, Part 1
Pucelle
5.4.37-54

First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings,
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above
By inspiration of celestial grace
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivèd! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought,
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

Henry VI, Part 2
Duchess
2.4.22-26, 28-41



See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,
And followed with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh
And bid me be advisèd how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world
Or count them happy that enjoys the sun?
No, dark shall be my light, and night my day.

Henry VI, Part 2
Queen Margaret
3.2.76-95



What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper. Look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh-wracked upon the sea
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say "Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore"?
What did I then but cursed the gentle gusts
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Aeolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee.

Henry VI, Part 3
Queen Margaret
1.4.66-85



Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here
That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What, was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you that reveled in our parliament
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,
Dickie, your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I stained this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York, but that I hate thee deadly
I should lament thy miserable state.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Henry VI, Part 3
Queen Margaret
1.4.87-90, 92-109

What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport.—
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! *[She is handed a paper crown.]**
And, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.
*[She puts the crown on York's head.]**
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon and broke his solemn oath?—
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory
And rob his temples of the diadem
Now, in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the crown and, with the crown, his head;
And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Henry VI, Part 3

Richard

5.6.64-84

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.

O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house.

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—

*[Stabs him again.]**

I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,

For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think you, to make haste

And seek their ruin that usurped our right?

The midwife wondered, and the women cried

“O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!”

And so I was, which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother;

And this word “love,” which graybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another

And not in me. I am myself alone.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Henry VI, Part 3

Son

2.5.55-72

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessèd with some store of crowns,
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? O God! It is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the King was I pressed forth.
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, pressed by his master.
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flowed their fill.

Henry VIII
Buckingham
2.1.136-154(p)



Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
That made me happy at one stroke has taken
Forever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one, which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most—
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from you, never found again
But where they mean to sink you. All good people,
Pray for me. I must now forsake you. The last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell.

Henry VIII
Cranmer
5.4.21-37(p), 68(p)-71



Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her
And all that shall succeed. Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.
She shall be loved and feared.
But she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily, shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

Henry VIII
Queen Katherine
2.4.21(p)-30(p), 37(p)-47(p)

Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined.
Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife in this obedience
Upward of twenty years, and have been blessed
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice.

Julius Caesar
Antony
3.2.82-86(p), 94-113

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.
So let it be with Caesar.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me,
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for
him?

Julius Caesar

Antony

3.2.181-202

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made.
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Julius Caesar

Brutus

2.1.10-14, 19-29(p), 33-36

It must be by his death. And for my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent.
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow
mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Julius Caesar
Caesar
3.1.64-79



I could be well moved, if I were as you.
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine.
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion; and that I am he
Let me a little show it, even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Julius Caesar

Cassius

1.2.142-160

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
“Brutus” and “Caesar”—what should be in that
“Caesar”?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
“Brutus” will start a spirit as soon as “Caesar.”
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

Julius Caesar
Cassius
1.3.60-81

You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformèd faculties,
To monstrous quality—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Julius Caesar
Portia
2.1.257-276



Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed. And yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further; then you scratched your head
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
Yet I insisted; yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Julius Caesar
Portia
2.1.283(p)-299

What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of. [*She kneels.*] And upon my
knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

Julius Caesar
Portia
2.1.302-310, 315-325

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

King John
Bastard
1.1.267-284

Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on Earth,
And so doth yours. Your fault was not your folly.
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,
And they shall say when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.
Who says it was, he lies. I say 'twas not.

King John
Blanche
3.1.313-322, 327-328, 341-347, 350-351, 353

Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
[She kneels.]

O husband, hear me! Ay, alack, how new
Is “husband” in my mouth! Even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne’er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
The sun’s o’ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu.
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win.—
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose.—
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose.
Assured loss before the match be played.
There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

King John
Constance
2.1.181-189, 191-198

Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and Earth,
Call not me slanderer. Thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressèd boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
Thy sins are visited in this poor child.
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removèd from thy sin-conceiving womb.
I have but this to say,
That he is not only plaguèd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removèd issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punished in the person of this child
And all for her. A plague upon her!

King John
Constance
3.4.23-35(p), 39-43

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress.
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife.
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

King John
Constance
3.4.46, 72-91

I am not mad. This hair I tear is mine;
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
“O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!”
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

*[She binds up her hair.]**

And father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meager as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him. Therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

King John
Dauphin
5.2.79-98(p)

Your Grace shall pardon me; I will not back.
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful servingman and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart.
And come you now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honor of my marriage bed,
After young Arthur claim this land for mine.
And now it is half conquered, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave?

King Lear
Edgar
2.3.1-21



I heard myself proclaimed,
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots,
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars who with roaring voices
Strike in their numbed and mortifièd arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,
And, with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. "Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom!"
That's something yet. "Edgar" I nothing am.

King Lear
Edgar
5.3.145-148, 153-169

Know my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit.
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.
Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice. Here is mine.
*[He draws his sword.]**
Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine
honors,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from th' extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "no,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

King Lear
Edmund
1.2.1-23

Thou, Nature, art my goddess. To thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? why “bastard”? Wherefore “base,”
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous and my shape as true
As honest madam’s issue? Why brand they us
With “base,” with “baseness,” “bastardy,” “base,”
“base,”
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed
Go to th’ creating a whole tribe of fops
Got ’tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father’s love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th’ legitimate. Fine word, “legitimate.”
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top th’ legitimate. I grow, I prosper.
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

King Lear
Goneril
1.3.4-11, 13-23

By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him. Say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well. The fault of it I'll answer.
Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows. I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle old man
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away. Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again and must be used
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen
abused.
Remember what I have said.

King Lear
Goneril
1.4.244-259



This admiration, sir, is much o' th' savor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright.
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disordered, so debauched and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired,
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train,
And the remainders that shall still depend
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

King Lear
Lear
1.1.135-155

Peace, Kent.
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. [*To Cordelia.*] Hence and avoid
my sight!—
So be my grave my peace as here I give
Her father's heart from her.—Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. [*An Attendant exits.*] Cornwall and
Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preeminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name and all th' addition to a king.
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours, which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

King Lear
Lear
1.4.289-303



Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful.
Into her womb convey sterility.
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her. If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Away, away!

King Lear
Lear
1.4.311-327



I'll tell thee. [*To Goneril.*] Life and death! I am
ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon
thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck you out
And cast you, with the waters that you loose,
To temper clay. Yea, is 't come to this?
Ha! Let it be so. I have another daughter
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvisish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off forever.

King Lear
Lear
3.2.1-11, 16-26

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the
cocks.

You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world.
Crack nature's molds, all germens spill at once
That makes ingrateful man.
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho, 'tis foul!

Love's Labor's Lost

Armado

1.2.167-185

I do affect the very ground (which is base)
where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot
(which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn
(which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love.
And how can that be true love which is falsely
attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil. There is
no evil angel but love, yet was Samson so tempted,
and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon
so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's
butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore
too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first
and second cause will not serve my turn; the
passado he respects not, the *duello* he regards not.
His disgrace is to be called "boy," but his glory is to
subdue men. Adieu, valor; rust, rapier; be still,
drum, for your manager is in love. Yea, he loveth.
Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am
sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I
am for whole volumes in folio.

Love's Labor's Lost

Berowne

4.3.1-19



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

The King, he is hunting the deer; I am
coursing myself. They have pitched a toil; I am
toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile! A foul
word. Well, “set thee down, sorrow”; for so they
say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well
proved, wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax.
It kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved
again, o’ my side. I will not love. If I do, hang me. I’
faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By this light, but for
her eye I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes.
Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my
throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to
rhyme, and to be melancholy. And here is part of my
rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one
o’ my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool
sent it, and the lady hath it. Sweet clown, sweeter
fool, sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a
pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with
a paper. God give him grace to groan.

Love's Labor's Lost

Berowne

5.2.430-452



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady. Dart thy skill at me.
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,
And I will wish thee nevermore to dance,
Nor nevermore in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penned,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song.
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical—these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them, and I here protest
By this white glove—how white the hand, God
knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes.
And to begin: Wench, so God help me, law,
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Love's Labors Lost

Princess

4.1.22-37

See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow. [*He hands her a bow.*]* Now
mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Macbeth

Hecate

3.5.3(p)-14(p), 16(p)-17, 30-35

How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death,
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part
Or show the glory of our art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now.
Thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song.]

Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

Macbeth
Lady Macbeth
1.5.15-33

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou 'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do," if thou have
it,
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Macbeth
Lady Macbeth
1.5.45-63

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry "Hold, hold!"

[Enter Macbeth.]

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter!

Macbeth
Lady Macbeth
1.7.39-45(p), 53-67

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire?
What beast was 't,
then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macbeth

Lady Macbeth

5.1.33, 37-42, 44-47, 53-55, 65-67, 69-72

Yet here's a spot.

Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two.

Why then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my
lord, fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear
who knows it, when none can call our power to
account? Yet who would have thought the old man to
have had so much blood in him?

The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?

What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o'
that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this
starting.

Here's the smell of the blood still. All
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. O, O, O!

Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Look not so
pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's
buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the gate. Come,
come, come, come. Give me your hand. What's done
cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Macbeth
Macbeth
1.7.1-16(p), 25(p)-28

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence and catch
With his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th' other—

Macbeth
Macbeth
2.1.44-61(p), 75-77

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. *[He draws his dagger.]**
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.
I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Macbeth
Macbeth
5.5.11-18, 20-31

I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[Enter Seyton.]

Wherefore was that cry?
She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Macbeth
Porter
2.3.1-21



Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the
key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i'
th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged
himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time!
Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat
for 't. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th'
other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator
that could swear in both the scales against either
scale, who committed treason enough for God's
sake yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in,
equivocator. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for
stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here
you may roast your goose. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock!
Never at quiet.—What are you?—But this place is
too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had
thought to have let in some of all professions that go
the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*)
Anon, anon!
*[The Porter opens the door to Macduff and Lennox.]**
I pray you, remember the porter.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Macbeth

Witches

4.1.4-19, 33-34, 37-38, 44-45

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmèd pot.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For th' ingredience of our cauldron.
Cool it with a baboon's blood.
Then the charm is firm and good.
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Measure for Measure

Angelo

2.1.18-33

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The jury passing on the prisoner's life
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
justice,
That justice seizes. What knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offense
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Measure for Measure

Angelo

2.2.199-212(p), 217-224

What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good?
O cunning enemy that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook. Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now
When men were fond, I smiled and wondered how.

Measure for Measure

Angelo

2.4.168-184

Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state
Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

Measure for Measure

Angelo

4.4.22-36

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it. But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no,
For my authority bears of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge
By so receiving a dishonored life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right. We would, and we would not.

Measure for Measure

Claudio

3.1.131, 133-147

Death is a fearful thing.
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible.
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure

Duke

3.1.5-11(p), 26(p)-29(p), 33(p)-43

Be absolute for death. Either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That doth this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict.
If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor,
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
Thou hast nor youth nor
age,
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessèd youth
Becomes as agèd and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Measure for Measure

Duke

3.2.261-282

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe,
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offenses weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow.
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things.
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo tonight shall lie
His old betrothèd but despisèd.
So disguise shall, by th' disguisèd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting
And perform an old contracting.

Measure for Measure

Isabella

2.2.42-46, 48-50, 84-86, 156-158, 164-171

There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
I have a brother is condemned to die.
I do beseech you let it be his fault
And not my brother.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped like him, but he like you
Would not have been so stern.
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation.
Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Measure for Measure

Isabella

2.4.185-201

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O, perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die.
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

Measure for Measure

Isabella

3.1.83-90, 96(p)-104

O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
There my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Measure for Measure

Isabella

3.1.153-164, 166-169

O, you beast!
O faithless coward, O dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother played my father fair,
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die, perish. Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Measure for Measure

Isabella

5.1.42-47, 49-52, 55-67

Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?
It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange.
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.
O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not with that opinion
That I am touched with madness. Make not
impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo. Even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an archvillain. Believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

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NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Measure for Measure
Isabella
5.1.81-85(p), 111-12

I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head, condemned by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother.
In brief, to set the needless process by:
How I persuaded, how I prayed and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied—
For this was of much length—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Much Ado About Nothing

Beatrice

4.1.315-321, 323-324, 326-327, 329-338

Is he not approved in the height a villain
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my
kinswoman? O, that I were a man! What, bear her in
hand until they come to take hands, and then, with
public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated
rancor—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his
heart in the marketplace.

Talk with a man out at a window! A proper
saying.

Sweet Hero, she is wronged, she is slandered, she is
undone.

Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony,
a goodly count, Count Comfect, a sweet
gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! Or
that I had any friend would be a man for my sake!
But manhood is melted into curtsies, valor into
compliment, and men are only turned into tongue,
and trim ones, too. He is now as valiant as Hercules
that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man
with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with
grieving.

Much Ado About Nothing
Benedick
2.3.8-13(p), 22(p)-36

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love—and such a man is Claudio.

May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! The Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

Much Ado About Nothing

Benedick

2.3.223(p), 226(p)-227(p), 233(p)-248

This can be no trick.

Love me? Why, it must be requited! They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her! I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage, but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor? No! The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Much Ado About Nothing

Hero

3.1.49-56(p), 62(p)-74

O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man,
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak.
I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward. If fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello
Desdemona
1.3.208-218, 285(p)-294

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound for life and education.
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You are the lord of duty.
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my
husband.
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.
My heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord.
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for why I love him are bereft me
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello
Desdemona
4.2.175-193

Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him. For by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. *[She kneels.]* Here I
kneel.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! *[She stands.]* Unkindness may
do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say “whore”—
It does abhor me now I speak the word.
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello
Desdemona
4.3.28-35(p), 43-57

My mother had a maid called Barbary.
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song tonight
Will not go from my mind. I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbary.

*The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured
her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the
stones—*

Lay by these.

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Prithee hie thee! He'll come anon.

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.*

Nay, that's not next. Hark, who is 't that knocks?



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello
Emilia
4.3.97-115

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us. Or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite.
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them. They see, and
smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well. Else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello

Iago

1.3.429(p)-447

I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
'Has done my office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well.
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now:
To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How? how?—Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are.
I have 't. It is engendered. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello
Iago
2.1.308-324

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe 't.
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust (though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat—the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife,
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello

Iago

2.3.356-361(p), 365-379

And what's he, then, that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit.
His soul is so enfeathered to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now. For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

Othello
Othello
3.3.208-223

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No. To be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well.
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello

Othello

3.3.299-314(p), 319-320

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learnèd spirit
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.
If she be false, heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe 't.



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello

Othello

4.2.57-70, 72(p)-74, 76-80

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rained
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence—
turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
Ay, there look grim as hell.
O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing! O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born!



NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPETITION

Othello

Othello

5.2.1-10(p), 13(p)-24

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore
Should I repent me.
When I have plucked the
rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again.
It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree.
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! *[He kisses her.]* One
more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after. One more, and this the last.
[He kisses her.]
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly:
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

Othello
Othello
5.2.310-332

Behold, I have a weapon.
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But—O vain boast!—
Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear.
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

[He looks toward the bed.]

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench,
Pale as thy smock, when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—O cursèd, cursèd slave!—
Whip me, you devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulfur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemon! Dead, Desdemon! Dead! O, O!

Othello
Othello
5.2.397-417

Soft you. A word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know 't.
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this.
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbanned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. *[He stabs himself.]**

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Othello
Roderigo
1.1.135-155

Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent—
As partly I find it is—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Pericles

Marina

4.1.83-92, 95-101

Why would she have me killed?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature. Believe me, la,
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly.
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for 't. How have I offended
Wherein my death might yield her any profit
Or my life imply her any danger?
You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favored, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought.
Good sooth, it showed well in you. Do so now.
Your lady seeks my life. Come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Pericles

Marina

5.1.95-107, 110-111

I am a maid, my lord,
That ne'er before invited eyes, but have
Been gazed on like a comet. She speaks,
My lord, that may be hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward Fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings.
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. *[Aside.]* I will desist,
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear "Go not till he speak."
I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Pericles

Pericles

1.1.66-83(p), 87-89

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live resolve it you.*

[Aside.] Sharp physic is the last! But, O you powers
That gives heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually
If this be true which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.
But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol,
But, being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Pericles
Pericles
1.1.127-148

How courtesy would seem to cover sin
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasures fits a husband, not a father,
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parents' bed;
And both like serpents are, who, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell, for wisdom sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night
Will 'schew no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets to put off the shame.
Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

Pericles

Pericles

5.1.120-129, 132-133, 136-142(p)

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such
A one my daughter might have been: my queen's
Square brows, her stature to an inch;
As wandlike straight, as silver-voiced; her eyes
As jewel-like, and cased as richly; in pace
Another Juno; who starves the ears she feeds
And makes them hungry the more she gives them
speech.—

Where do you live?

Where were you bred? And how achieved you these
Endowments which you make more rich to owe?
Prithee, speak.

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest
Modest as Justice, and thou seemest a palace
For the crownèd Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible, for thou lookest
Like one I loved indeed.

Richard II
Duchess
1.2.9-13, 16-31

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody ax.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed, that
womb,
That metal, that self mold that fashioned thee
Made him a man; and though thou livest and
breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt. It is despair.

Richard II
Duchess
1.2.60-76

Yet one word more. Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all. Nay, yet depart not so!
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die.
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

Richard II
Gaunt
2.1.45-56, 65-72

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Richard II
King Richard
3.2.160-167, 169-170, 172-182

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered. For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

Richard II
King Richard
4.1.170-185

Alack, why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry "All hail" to me?
So Judas did to Christ, but He in twelve
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none.
God save the King! Will no man say "amen"?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well, then, amen.
God save the King, although I be not he,
And yet amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

Richard II
King Richard
4.1.287-302

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.

*[He takes the mirror.]**

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which faced so many follies,
That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face.
As brittle as the glory is the face,

*[He breaks the mirror.]**

For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Richard III

Anne

1.2.1-4, 13-29

Set down, set down your honorable load,
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

*[They set down the bier.]**

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes;
Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it;
Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence.
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee
Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomèd thing that lives.
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness.
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee.

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Richard III
Anne
1.2.51-71

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us
not,
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy hell,
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

*[She points to the corpse.]**

O, gentlemen, see, see dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
dead,
Or Earth gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd.

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Richard III

Anne

4.1.69-82, 86-91

No? Why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me as I followed Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well washed from his
hands
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dear saint which then I weeping followed—
O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,
This was my wish: be thou, quoth I, accursed
For making me, so young, so old a widow;
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Which hitherto hath held my eyes from rest,
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Richard III
Queen Elizabeth
4.4.284-296, 299-301, 351-356

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
“Edward” and “York.” Then haply will she weep.
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland’s blood—
A handkerchief, which say to her did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother’s body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad’st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers, ay, and for her sake
Mad’st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape
And not be Richard, that hath done all this.
What were I best to say? Her father’s brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honor, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

Richard III
Queen Margaret
4.4.63-80

Bear with me. I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York, he is but boot, because both they
Matched not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabbed my Edward,
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor to buy souls
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed from hence.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God I pray,
That I may live and say "The dog is dead."

Richard III

Richard

1.1.14-17, 24-32, 34-40

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
I, that am rudely stamped and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determinèd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other;
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
About a prophecy which says that "G"
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

Richard III

Richard

1.2.247-249, 260-263, 266-269, 271-273, 279-284

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
The spacious world cannot again afford.
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while!
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave
And then return lamenting to my love.

Richard III
Richard
5.3.189-203, 205-211

Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue; it is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all “Guilty, guilty!”

Richard III
Tyrrel
4.3.1-5, 7-23

The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my
mind,
But, O, the devil—" There the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on: "We smotherèd
The most replenishèd sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Romeo and Juliet
Benvolio
3.1.160-178

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay—
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this utterèd
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud
“Hold, friends! Friends, part!” and swifter than his
tongue
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

2.2.36-39, 41-52

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. O, be some other name
Belonging to a man.
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 name,
And, for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo and Juliet
Juliet
2.2.90-111

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 havior 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.

Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

2.5.1-17

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

3.2.1-13, 21-27

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed
night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

3.2.106-125(p)

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But, O, it presses to my memory
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.

Romeo and Juliet

Juliet

4.3.31-34, 41-45, 50-60

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environèd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point! Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to
thee.

Romeo and Juliet

Mercutio

1.4.58-63, 75-77, 79-81, 84-93(p)

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomi
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep;
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.

Romeo and Juliet

Mercutio

2.4.14-18, 21(p)-27, 29-37

Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt shaft. And is he a man to encounter Tybalt? He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom—the very butcher of a silk button, a duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado*, the *punto reverso*, the *hay*! The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting phantasies, these new tuners of accent: “By Jesu, a very good blade! A very tall man! A very good whore!” Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these “pardon-me” ’s, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Romeo and Juliet

Nurse

1.3.19-25, 39-53

Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th'
rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before, she broke her brow,
And then my husband (God be with his soul,
He was a merry man) took up the child.
"Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule?" And, by my holidam,
The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?"
quoth he.
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."

Romeo and Juliet

Romeo

2.2.2-6, 10-26

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.
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!

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

Romeo and Juliet

Romeo

3.3.31-50

'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
They are free men, but I am banishèd.
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground
knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banishèd" to kill me? "Banishèd"?
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell.

Romeo and Juliet
Romeo
5.3.91(p), 102-120

O my love, my wife,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh! Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
[Kissing Juliet.]

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!
Here's to my love. *[Drinking.]** O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.



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*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

The Comedy of Errors

Adriana

2.1.92-106

His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruined? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home. Poor I am but his stale.

The Comedy of Errors

Adriana

2.2.120-129, 141-150

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savored in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to
thee.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.

The Comedy of Errors

Luciana

3.2.5-26

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more
kindness.
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth —
Muffle your false love with some show of
blindness.
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted.
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.
Be secret-false. What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board.
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women, make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us.
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

The Merchant of Venice

Portia

1.2.12-26

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O, me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike. So is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

The Merchant of Venice

Portia

3.4.59-60(p), 65(p)-81

Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of.
I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutered like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died—
I could not do withal!—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practice.

The Merchant of Venice

Portia

4.1.190-208(p)

The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepterèd sway.
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

The Merchant of Venice
Shylock
1.3.121-139

You call me misbeliever, cutthroat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then. You come to me and you say
“Shylock, we would have moneys”—you say so,
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
“Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?” Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
With bated breath and whisp’ring humbleness,
Say this: “Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday
last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me ‘dog’; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys”?

The Merchant of Venice
Shylock
3.1.53(p)-72

He hath disgraced me and
hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses,
mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted
my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies
and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not
a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions,
senses, affections, passions? Fed with the
same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to
the same diseases, healed by the same means,
warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer
as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not
bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you
poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall
we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will
resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian,
what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong
a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian
example? Why, revenge! The villainy you teach me I
will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the
instruction.

The Merry Wives of Windsor
Falstaff
3.5.4-18, 21-23

Have I lived to be carried in a basket like a barrow
of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames?
Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my
brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a
dog for a New Year's gift. 'Sblood, the rogues
slighted me into the river with as little remorse as
they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies,
fifteen i' th' litter! And you may know by my size
that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom
were as deep as hell, I should down. I had
been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and
shallow—a death that I abhor, for the water swells
a man, and what a thing should I have been when
I had been swelled! By the Lord, I should have
been a mountain of mummy.
Come, let me pour in some sack to the
Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had
swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins.

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Falstaff

3.5.99(p)-109(p), 110-116(p), 119(p)-123(p)

Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane. They took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it, but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand.

Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel.

I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bellwether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease.

And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half-stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe!

The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mistress Ford
2.1.52-68

We burn daylight. Here, read, read. Perceive how I might be knighted. [*She gives a paper to Mistress Page, who reads it.*]* I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words. But they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Greensleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?



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The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mistress Page
2.1.1-19

What, have I 'scaped love letters in
the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a
subject for them? Let me see.

*[She reads.]**

*Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love
use Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for
his counselor. You are not young; no more am I. Go
to, then, there's sympathy. You are merry; so am I.
Ha, ha, then, there's more sympathy. You love sack,
and so do I. Would you desire better sympathy? Let
it suffice thee, Mistress Page—at the least, if the love
of soldier can suffice—that I love thee. I will not say
pity me—'tis not a soldier-like phrase—but I say love
me. By me,*

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.



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The Taming of the Shrew

Katherine

4.3.2-16

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door
Upon entreaty have a present alms.
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love,
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee, go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

The Taming of the Shrew
Katherine
5.2.152-170

Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

The Taming of the Shrew
Katherine
5.2.177-195

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

The Taming of the Shrew

Petruchio

2.1.168-170, 177-189

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench.
I love her ten times more than ere I did.
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
And woo her with some spirit when she comes!
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew.
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week.
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.

The Taming of the Shrew
Petruchio
3.2.228-246

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon. We are beset with thieves.
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man!—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate.
I'll buckler thee against a million.

The Taming of the Shrew
Petruchio
4.1.190-211

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call.
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her.
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew.

The Tempest
Caliban
2.2.1-17

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall. Sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.
Perchance he will not mind me.

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

The Tempest

Caliban

2.2.57, 65, 73-74, 154-155, 158, 166-170, 173-178

Do not torment me! O!

The spirit torments me. O!

Do not torment me, prithee. I'll bring my wood home
faster. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,
and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.
I'll show thee the best springs. I'll pluck thee berries.
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve.
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

The Tempest
Caliban
3.2.89, 92-93, 96-112

Ha, ha, ha!
Beat him enough. After a little time
I'll beat him too.
Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books, for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils—for so he calls them—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

The Tempest

Miranda

3.1.59-70, 87-88, 96(p)-103

I do not know

One of my sex, no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skillless of, but by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

But this is trifling,

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.

I am your wife if you will marry me.

If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow

You may deny me, but I'll be your servant

Whether you will or no.

The Tempest
Prospero
4.1.163-180

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

The Tempest

Prospero

5.1.42, 45(p)-53(p), 57(p)-66

You elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though you be, I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war;

graves at my command

Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic

I here abjure, and when I have required

Some heavenly music, which even now I do,

*[Prospero gestures with his staff.]**

To work mine end upon their senses that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book.

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

The Tempest

Prospero

5.1.71-77(p), 80(p)-82, 85-86, 88-97

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.
Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,
Would here have killed your king, I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.

*[Ariel exits and at once returns
with Prospero's ducal robes.]**

I will discase me and myself present
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

The Tempest
Prospero
Epilogue.1-20

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

The Tempest

Trinculo

2.2.18-23(p), 25-28(p), 34(p)-42

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
know not where to hide my head.

What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient
and fishlike smell, a kind of not-of-the newest poor-
John. A strange fish.

Legged like a man, and his fins like
arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my
opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an
islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.
[*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again. My best
way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is no
other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man
with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

Julia

1.2.112, 115-127(p), 130-136

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

*[She picks up some pieces.]**

Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia,

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."

Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed,

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down.

Be calm, good wind. Blow not a word away

Till I have found each letter in the letter

Except mine own name.

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:

"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia." That I'll tear away—

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.

Thus will I fold them one upon another.

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Julia
4.4.95-113

How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertained
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As—Heaven it knows!—I would not have him
speed.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Proteus
2.4.202-216, 219-224

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair, and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Sylvia
4.3.20-38

Thyself hast loved, and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me;
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Valentine
3.1.174-191

And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself,
And Sylvia is myself; banished from her
Is self from self—a deadly banishment.
What light is light if Sylvia be not seen?
What joy is joy if Sylvia be not by—
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection?
Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
Unless I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

The Two Noble Kinsmen

Emilia

5.3.52-71(p)

Arcite is gently visaged, yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts. Long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad
And sadness merry. Those darker humors that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.

[Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.]

Hark how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me,
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance?

The Two Noble Kinsmen
Jailer's Daughter
2.4.1-15, 29-33

Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me. I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince. To marry him is hopeless;
To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
If he please to bestow it so, as ever
These eyes yet looked on. Next, I pitied him,
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dreamed, or vowed her maidenhead
To a young handsome man. Then I loved him,
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him!
What should I do to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him. Say I ventured
To set him free? What says the law then?
Thus much for law or kindred! I will do it,
And this night, or tomorrow, he shall love me.

THIS MONOLOGUE IS INELIGIBLE IN 2021

The Two Noble Kinsmen
Jailer's Daughter
2.6.1-21(p)

Let all the dukes and all the devils roar!
He is at liberty. I have ventured for him,
And out I have brought him; to a little wood
A mile hence I have sent him, where a cedar
Higher than all the rest spreads like a plane
Fast by a brook, and there he shall keep close
Till I provide him files and food, for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endured cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love and beyond reason
Or wit or safety. I have made him know it;
I care not, I am desperate. If the law
Find me and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes
I purpose is my way too. Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again.

The Winter's Tale
Hermione
3.2.98-115(p)

Sir, spare your threats.
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barred like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The childbed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die?

The Winter's Tale
Leontes
2.1.47-64

How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
Th' abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown.
All's true that is mistrusted. That false villain
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.
He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched thing, yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

The Winter's Tale

Leontes

2.3.166-177, 192-195(p)

Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? Away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so.
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither.

The Winter's Tale
Leontes
2.3.211-224, 234-235

Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

The Winter's Tale

Paulina

2.2.37-51

I dare be sworn.

These dangerous unsafe lunes i' th' King, beshrew
them!

He must be told on 't, and he shall. The office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take 't upon me.

If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-looking anger be

The trumpet anymore. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen.

If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the King and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

The Winter's Tale
Paulina
3.2.194-212

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? What flaying? Boiling
In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad, for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayedst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful. Nor was 't much
Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by, whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
To be or none or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't.

The Winter's Tale

Paulina

3.2.218(p)-222, 224-235

O lords,
When I have said, cry woe!—the Queen, the Queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance
for 't
Not dropped down yet.
I say she's dead. I'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture or luster in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir. Therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Timon of Athens
Apemantus
4.3.228-245

This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of future. Why this spade? This place?
This slavelike habit and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus.
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade
welcome,
To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal. Had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Timon of Athens
Flavius
4.2.36-56

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mocked with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship,
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnished friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange unusual blood
When man's worst sin is he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, do still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends,
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will.
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

Timon of Athens
Timon
2.2.239-257

You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventidius. Prithee, be not sad.
Thou art true and honest—ingeniously I speak—
No blame belongs to thee. Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepped
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents. Greet him from me.
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five talents. That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Timon of Athens
Timon
3.6.90-110

May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! Smoke and lukewarm
water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last,
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villainy. [*He throws water in their
faces.*]* Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks.
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! [*They stand.*] What, dost thou
go?
Soft! Take thy physic first—thou too—and thou.—
Stay. I will lend thee money, borrow none.
[He attacks them and forces them out.]
What? All in motion? Henceforth be no feast
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! Sink, Athens! Henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity!

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Timon of Athens

Timon

4.1.1-8(p), 32(p)-41

Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' th' instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes!
Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall,
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen.

Timon of Athens
Timon
4.3.201-222

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! [*He digs.*]* Common mother,
thou
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all; whose selfsame mettle—
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed—
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine:
Yield him who all thy human sons do hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented. O, a root! Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liquorish drafts
And morsels unctuous greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips—

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Timon of Athens
Timon
4.3.418-438

Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave.
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy gravestone daily. Make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
*[To his gold.]** O thou sweet king-killer and dear
divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire, thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap; thou visible god,
That sold'st close impossibilities
And mak'st them kiss, that speak'st with every
tongue
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts,
Think thy slave, man, rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Timon of Athens
Timon
4.3.477-497

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves professed, that you work not
In holier shapes, for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. [*He gives them gold.*]* Go, suck the
subtle blood o' th' grape
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together.
Do, villainy, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From gen'ral excrement. Each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Has unchecked theft. Love not yourselves. Away!

*No props may be used in the performance of this monologue!

Timon of Athens

Timon

5.1.228-229, 233(p)-234, 237-244, 246-255

Commend me to them

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
I will some kindness do
them.

I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.
Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come
And let my gravestone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by and language end.
What is amiss, plague and infection mend.
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams. Timon hath done his reign.

Titus Andronicus
Aaron
2.3.30-45, 48-50

Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs.
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus.
His Philomel must lose her tongue today,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Now, question me no more. We are espied.
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Titus Andronicus

Aaron

4.2.92-109

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my firstborn son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, you sanguine, shallow-hearted boys,
You white-limed walls, you alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Titus Andronicus

Aaron

5.1.127-146

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
“Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.”
But I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Titus Andronicus
Tamora
1.1.104-120

Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son.
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these!
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Titus Andronicus
Tamora
2.3.10-29

My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snakes lies rollèd in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a checkered shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise.
And after conflict such as was supposed
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoyed
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Titus Andronicus
Tamora
2.3.91-92, 98-115

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ticed me hither to this place,
And when they showed me this abhorrèd pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they called me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
Or be you not henceforth called my children.

Titus Andronicus

Tamora

4.4.81, 84-96, 98-102

Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?
King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.
If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged ears
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

Titus Andronicus

Tamora

5.2.29-41, 61, 63-64, 93

Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora.
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light.
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.
These are my ministers and come with me.
Rape and Murder; therefore callèd so
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Titus Andronicus
Titus Andronicus
5.2.172-181, 184, 188-197

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stained with
mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on.

Troilus and Cressida
Cressida
3.2.117-133

Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now, but till now not so much
But I might master it. In faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But though I loved you well, I wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.

Troilus and Cressida

Troilus

1.1.49-64

O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus:
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drowned,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrenched. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st she is fair;
Pourest in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handiest in thy discourse—O—that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of plowman. This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her.
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Troilus and Cressida

Troilus

5.2.166-167, 170-172, 176-190

This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and Earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance, strong as Pluto's gates,
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
Instance, O instance, strong as heaven itself,
The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and
loosed,
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith are given to Diomed.

Twelfth Night
Malvolio
3.4.70-90

O ho, do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter: “Cast thy humble slough,” says she. “Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity,” and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, “Let this fellow be looked to.” “Fellow!” Not “Malvolio,” nor after my degree, but “fellow.” Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Twelfth Night

Orsino

1.1.1-15

If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more.
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Twelfth Night
Sebastian
4.3.1-4, 8-22

This is the air; that is the glorious sun.
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
His counsel now might do me golden service.
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad—
Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Twelfth Night
Viola
2.2.17-28, 33-41

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
*[She picks up the ring.]**
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me, indeed so much
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure! The cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none!
I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love.
As I am woman (now, alas the day!),
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

*No props may be used in the
performance of this monologue!

Page #	Play	Character	Folger Lines	Gender	Genre	Number of Lines	Verse/Prose/Poetry
1	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Bottom	4.1.210-229	M	Comedy	20	Prose
2	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Bottom	5.1.291-302, 306-316	M	Comedy	22	Poetry
3	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	1.1.232-252	F	Comedy	21	Verse
4	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	2.2.90, 92, 94-108	F	Comedy	17	Verse
5	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	3.2.148-164	F	Comedy	17	Verse
6	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	3.2.200-221	F	Comedy	22	Verse
7	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Helena	3.2.314-320, 322-333	F	Comedy	19	Verse
8	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Hermia	3.2.47-59, 67-75	F	Comedy	22	Verse
9	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Lysander	2.2.109-113, 118-129	M	Comedy	17	Verse
10	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Robin	2.1.44-60	M	Comedy	17	Verse
11	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Robin	3.2.6-19, 24-26, 33-36	M	Comedy	21	Verse
12	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Robin	5.1.440-455	M	Comedy	16	Poetry
13	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Theseus	5.1.2-23	M	Comedy	22	Verse
14	A Midsummer Night's Dream	Titania	3.1.131, 139-143, 154-164	F	Comedy	17	Verse
15	All's Well That Ends Well	Helen	1.1.84-103	F	Comedy	20	Verse
16	All's Well That Ends Well	Helen	1.3.201-204, 206-214(p), 217(p)-225	F	Comedy	22	Verse
17	All's Well That Ends Well	King	2.3.162(p)-178	M	Comedy	17	Verse
18	All's Well That Ends Well	Parolles	1.1.115, 131(p)-138, 141(p)-153(p)	M	Comedy	22	Prose
19	All's Well That Ends Well	Parolles	4.1.25-32, 35-44	M	Comedy	18	Prose
20	Antony and Cleopatra	Antony	4.12.11-32	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
21	Antony and Cleopatra	Cleopatra	4.15.86-105	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
22	Antony and Cleopatra	Cleopatra	5.2.55-57, 59-72	F	Tragedy	17	Verse
23	Antony and Cleopatra	Cleopatra	5.2.192-209	F	Tragedy	17	Verse
24	Antony and Cleopatra	Cleopatra	5.2.335-353	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
25	Antony and Cleopatra	Enobarbus	2.2.222-223, 227-242	M	Tragedy	18	Verse
26	As You Like It	Duke Senior	2.1.1-17	M	Comedy	17	Verse
27	As You Like It	Jaques	2.7.12, 15-35	M	Comedy	22	Verse
28	As You Like It	Phoebe	3.5.9-28	F	Comedy	20	Verse
29	As You Like It	Phoebe	3.5.116-137(p)	F	Comedy	22	Verse
30	As You Like It	Rosalind	3.1.415-431	F	Comedy	17	Prose
31	As You Like It	Rosalind	3.5.47-67	F	Comedy	21	Verse
32	As You Like It	Touchstone	3.3.47-65	M	Comedy	16	Prose
33	Coriolanus	Martius, later Coriolanus	1.1.178-196(p)	M	Tragedy	19	Verse
34	Coriolanus	Martius, later Coriolanus	1.9.42-58, 74-76(p)	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
35	Coriolanus	Martius, later Coriolanus	3.2.138-150, 160-167	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
36	Coriolanus	Martius, later Coriolanus	3.3.150-165	M	Tragedy	16	Verse
37	Coriolanus	Martius, later Coriolanus	4.5.73-93(p)	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
38	Coriolanus	Martius, later Coriolanus	5.3.10-18(p), 25-37(p)	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
39	Coriolanus	Martius, later Coriolanus	5.3.46-59, 65-71	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
40	Coriolanus	Volumnia	1.3.1-18	F	Tragedy	18	Prose
41	Coriolanus	Volumnia	3.2.90-105, 110-113	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
42	Coriolanus	Volumnia	5.3.109-129(p)	F	Tragedy	21	Verse
43	Coriolanus	Volumnia	5.3.170(p)-175, 180(p)-193	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
44	Cymbeline	Iachimo	2.2.14-21(p), 26(p)-27(p), 28-33, 41(p)-46(p)	M	Romance	22	Verse
45	Cymbeline	Imogen	1.6.167-181	F	Romance	15	Verse
46	Cymbeline	Imogen	3.4.48-51(p), 53-56(p), 61-73	F	Romance	21	Verse
47	Cymbeline	Imogen	3.4.81-94, 98(p)-104(p)	F	Romance	21	Verse
48	Cymbeline	Posthumus	2.5.2(p)-8, 15-29	M	Romance	19	Verse
49	Cymbeline	Posthumus	5.5.246-264	M	Romance	19	Verse
50	Hamlet	Gertrude	4.7.190-208	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
51	Hamlet	Hamlet	1.2.133-150	M	Tragedy	18	Verse
52	Hamlet	Hamlet	2.2.318(p)-334	M	Tragedy	17	Prose
53	Hamlet	Hamlet	2.2.577-598 (p)	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
54	Hamlet	Hamlet	2.2.598 (p) - 617 (p)	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
55	Hamlet	Hamlet	2.2.617 (p) - 634	M	Tragedy	18	Verse
56	Hamlet	Hamlet	3.1.64-77, 81-96(p)	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
57	Hamlet	Hamlet	3.2.1-15, 17-21(p)	M	Tragedy	20	Prose
58	Hamlet	Hamlet	3.3.77-84, 93-101	M	Tragedy	17	Verse
59	Hamlet	Hamlet	5.1.190-202, 204-205, 207, 209-211, 216(p)-219	M	Tragedy	22	Prose
60	Hamlet	Hamlet	5.2.240-258	M	Tragedy	19	Verse
61	Hamlet	Ophelia	4.5.34-37, 41, 43-45, 53-60, 62-71	F	Tragedy	26	Prose and Poetry
62	Hamlet	Ophelia	4.5.199-201, 204-209, 213-224	F	Tragedy	21	Prose and Poetry
63	Henry IV, Part 1	Falstaff	2.4.389(p)-391, 396(p)-399, 411-415(p), 431(p)-433, 435-444(p)	M	History	22	Prose
64	Henry IV, Part 1	Falstaff	2.4.481, 483-498	M	History	15	Prose
65	Henry IV, Part 1	Falstaff	5.4.113-131	M	History	19	Prose
66	Henry IV, Part 1	Hotspur	1.3.30-34, 37-40, 43-55	M	History	22	Verse
67	Henry IV, Part 1	Hotspur	1.3.162-180	M	History	19	Verse
68	Henry IV, Part 1	Lady Percy	2.3.49-67	F	History	19	Verse
69	Henry IV, Part 1	Prince Hal	1.2.202-218, 220-224	M	History	22	Verse
70	Henry IV, Part 1	Prince Hal	3.2.134-146, 158-164	M	History	20	Verse
71	Henry IV, Part 2	Hostess	2.1.89(p)-107	F	History	19	Prose
72	Henry IV, Part 2	Prince Hal	4.3.167-174 (p), 177(p)-189(p)	M	History	21	Verse
73	Henry IV, Part 2	Prince Hal	5.5.47-63(p)	M	History	17	Verse
74	Henry IV, Part 2	Rumor	Induction.1-20(p)	No gender	History	20	Verse
75	Henry V	Chorus	1.Prologue.1-4, 9(p)-12(p), 24-36	No gender	History	21	Verse
76	Henry V	Hostess	2.3.9-26	F	History	18	Prose
77	Henry V	King Henry	1.2.270-278(p), 293-301, 307-309	M	History	21	Verse
78	Henry V	King Henry	3.1.1-8, 17-18, 23-26(p), 29(p)-33, 35(p)-37	M	History	22	Verse
79	Henry V	King Henry	4.3.43-46, 50-54, 57-69	M	History	22	Verse
80	Henry VI, Part 1	Pucelle	1.2.73-93	F	History	21	Verse
81	Henry VI, Part 1	Pucelle	3.3.41-42, 44-57	F	History	16	Verse
82	Henry VI, Part 1	Pucelle	5.4.37-54	F	History	18	Verse
83	Henry VI, Part 2	Duchess	2.4.22-26, 28-41	F	History	19	Verse
84	Henry VI, Part 2	Queen Margaret	3.2.76-95	F	History	20	Verse
85	Henry VI, Part 3	Queen Margaret	1.4.66-85	F	History	20	Verse
86	Henry VI, Part 3	Queen Margaret	1.4.87-90, 92-109	F	History	22	Verse
87	Henry VI, Part 3	Richard	5.6.64-84	M	History	21	Verse
88	Henry VI, Part 3	Son	2.5.55-72	M	History	18	Verse
89	Henry VIII	Buckingham	2.1.136-154(p)	M	History	19	Verse
90	Henry VIII	Cranmer	5.4.21-37(p), 68(p)-71	M	History	21	Verse
91	Henry VIII	Queen Katherine	2.4.21 (p) - 30(p), 37(p) - 47(p)	F	History	21	Verse
92	Julius Caesar	Antony	3.2.82-86(p), 94-113	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
93	Julius Caesar	Antony	3.2.181-202	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
94	Julius Caesar	Brutus	2.1.10-14, 19-29(p), 33-36	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
95	Julius Caesar	Caesar	3.1.64-79	M	Tragedy	16	Verse
96	Julius Caesar	Cassius	1.2.142-160	M	History	19	Verse
97	Julius Caesar	Cassius	1.3.60-81	M	History	22	Verse
98	Julius Caesar	Portia	2.1.257-276	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
99	Julius Caesar	Portia	2.1.283(p) - 299	F	Tragedy	17	Verse
100	Julius Caesar	Portia	2.1.302-310, 315-325	F	Tragedy	21	Verse
101	King John	Bastard	1.1.267-284	M	History	18	Verse
102	King John	Blanche	3.1.313-322, 327-328, 341-347, 350-351, 353	F	History	22	Verse
103	King John	Constance	2.1.181-189, 191-198	F	History	17	Verse
104	King John	Constance	3.4.23-35(p), 39-43	F	History	18	Verse

105	King John	Constance	3.4.46, 72-91	F	History	21	Verse
106	King John	Dauphin	5.2.79-98(p)	M	History	20	Verse
107	King Lear	Edgar	2.3.1-21	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
108	King Lear	Edgar	5.3.145-148, 153-169	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
109	King Lear	Edmund	1.2.1-23	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
110	King Lear	Goneril	1.3.4-11, 13-23	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
111	King Lear	Goneril	1.4.244-259	F	Tragedy	16	Verse
112	King Lear	Lear	1.1.135-155	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
113	King Lear	Lear	1.4.289-303	M	Tragedy	15	Verse
114	King Lear	Lear	1.4.311-327	M	Tragedy	17	Verse
115	King Lear	Lear	3.2.1-11, 16-26	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
116	Love's Labor's Lost	Armado	1.2.167-185	M	Comedy	19	Prose
117	Love's Labor's Lost	Berowne	4.3.1-19	M	Comedy	19	Prose
118	Love's Labor's Lost	Berowne	5.2.430-452	M	Comedy	22	Verse
119	Love's Labor's Lost	Princess	4.1.22-37	F	Comedy	16	Verse
120	Macbeth	Hecate	3.5.3(p) - 14(p), 16(p)-17, 30-35	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
121	Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	1.5.15-33	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
122	Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	1.5.45-63	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
123	Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	1.7.39-45(p), 53-67	F	Tragedy	22	Verse
124	Macbeth	Lady Macbeth	5.1.33, 37-42, 44-47, 53-55, 65-67, 69-72	F	Tragedy	20	Prose
125	Macbeth	Macbeth	1.7.1-16(p), 25(p) - 28	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
126	Macbeth	Macbeth	2.1.44-61(p), 75-77	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
127	Macbeth	Macbeth	5.5.11-18, 20-31	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
128	Macbeth	Porter	2.3.1-21	M	Tragedy	21	Prose
129	Macbeth	Witches	4.1.4-19, 33-34, 37-38, 44-45	F	Tragedy	22	Poetry
130	Measure for Measure	Angelo	2.1.18-33	M	Comedy	16	Verse
131	Measure for Measure	Angelo	2.2.199-212(p), 217-224	M	Comedy	22	Verse
132	Measure for Measure	Angelo	2.4.168-184	M	Comedy	17	Verse
133	Measure for Measure	Angelo	4.4.22-36	M	Comedy	15	Verse
134	Measure for Measure	Claudio	3.1.131, 133-147	M	Comedy	16	Verse
135	Measure for Measure	Duke	3.1.5-11(p), 26(p)-29(p), 33(p)-43	M	Comedy	22	Verse
136	Measure for Measure	Duke	3.2.261-282	M	Comedy	22	Verse
137	Measure for Measure	Isabella	2.2.42-46, 48-50, 84-86, 156-158, 164-171	F	Comedy	22	Verse
138	Measure for Measure	Isabella	2.4.185-201	F	Comedy	17	Verse
139	Measure for Measure	Isabella	3.1.83-90, 96(p)-104	F	Comedy	17	Verse
140	Measure for Measure	Isabella	3.1.153-164, 166-169	F	Comedy	16	Verse
141	Measure for Measure	Isabella	5.1.42-47, 49-52, 55-67	F	Comedy	22	Verse
142	Measure for Measure	Isabella	5.1.81-85(p), 111-112	F	Comedy	17	Verse
143	Much Ado About Nothing	Beatrice	4.1.315-321, 323-324, 326-327, 329-338	F	Comedy	21	Prose
144	Much Ado About Nothing	Benedick	2.3.8-13(p), 22(p)-36	M	Comedy	21	Prose
145	Much Ado About Nothing	Benedick	2.3.223(p), 226(p)-227(p), 233(p)-248	M	Comedy	18	Prose
146	Much Ado About Nothing	Hero	3.1.49-56(p), 62(p)-74	F	Comedy	21	Verse
147	Othello	Desdemona	1.3.208-218, 285(p)-294	F	Tragedy	21	Verse
148	Othello	Desdemona	4.2.175-193	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
149	Othello	Desdemona	4.3.28-35(p), 43-57	F	Tragedy	22	Verse
150	Othello	Emilia	4.3.97-115	F	Tragedy	19	Verse and Poetry
151	Othello	Iago	1.3.429(p) - 447	M	Tragedy	19	Verse
152	Othello	Iago	2.1.308-324	M	Tragedy	17	Verse
153	Othello	Iago	2.3.356-361(p), 365-379	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
154	Othello	Othello	3.3.208-223	M	Tragedy	16	Verse
155	Othello	Othello	3.3.299-314(p), 319-320	M	Tragedy	18	Verse
156	Othello	Othello	4.2.57-70, 72(p)-74, 76-80	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
157	Othello	Othello	5.2.1-10(p), 13(p)-24	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
158	Othello	Othello	5.2.310-332	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
159	Othello	Othello	5.2.397-417	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
160	Othello	Roderigo	1.1.135-155	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
161	Pericles	Marina	4.1.83-92, 95-101	F	Romance	17	Verse
162	Pericles	Marina	5.1.95-107, 110-111	F	Romance	15	Verse
163	Pericles	Pericles	1.1.66-83(p), 87-89	M	History	21	Verse
164	Pericles	Pericles	1.1.127-148	M	History	22	Verse
165	Pericles	Pericles	5.1.120-129, 132-133, 136-142(p)	M	History	19	Verse
166	Richard II	Duchess	1.2.9-13, 16-31	F	History	21	Verse
167	Richard II	Duchess	1.2.60-76	F	History	17	Verse
168	Richard II	Gaunt	2.1.45-56, 65-72	M	History	22	Verse
169	Richard II	King Richard	3.2.160-167, 169-170, 172-182	M	History	21	Verse
170	Richard II	King Richard	4.1.170-185	M	History	16	Verse
171	Richard II	King Richard	4.1.287-302	M	History	16	Verse
172	Richard III	Anne	1.2.1-4, 13-29	F	History	21	Verse
173	Richard III	Anne	1.2.51-71	F	History	21	Verse
174	Richard III	Anne	4.1.69-82, 86-91	F	History	20	Verse
175	Richard III	Queen Elizabeth	4.4.284-296, 299-301, 351-356	F	History	22	Verse
176	Richard III	Queen Margaret	4.4.63-80	F	History	18	Verse
177	Richard III	Richard	1.1.14-17, 24-32, 34-40	M	History	26	Verse
178	Richard III	Richard	1.2.247-249, 260-263, 266-269, 271-273, 279-84	M	History	18	Verse
179	Richard III	Richard	5.3.189-203, 205-211	M	History	22	Verse
180	Richard III	Tyrrel	4.3.1-5, 7-23	M	History	22	Verse
181	Romeo and Juliet	Benvolio	3.1.160-178	M	Tragedy	19	Verse
182	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	2.2.36-39, 41-52	F	Tragedy	16	Verse
183	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	2.2.90-111	F	Tragedy	22	Verse
184	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	2.5.1-17	F	Tragedy	17	Verse
185	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	3.2.1-13, 21-27	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
186	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	3.2.106-125(p)	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
187	Romeo and Juliet	Juliet	4.3.31-34, 41-45, 50-60	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
188	Romeo and Juliet	Mercutio	1.4.58-63, 75-77, 79-81, 84-93(p)	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
189	Romeo and Juliet	Mercutio	2.4.14-18, 21(p)-27, 29-37	M	Tragedy	18	Prose
190	Romeo and Juliet	Nurse	1.3.19-25, 39-53	F	Tragedy	22	Verse
191	Romeo and Juliet	Romeo	2.2.2-6, 10-26	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
192	Romeo and Juliet	Romeo	3.3.31-50	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
193	Romeo and Juliet	Romeo	5.3.91(p), 102-120	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
194	The Comedy of Errors	Adriana	2.1.92-106	F	Comedy	15	Verse
195	The Comedy of Errors	Adriana	2.2.120-129, 141-150	F	Comedy	20	Verse
196	The Comedy of Errors	Luciana	3.2.5-26	F	Comedy	22	Verse
197	The Merchant of Venice	Portia	1.2.12-26	F	Tragedy	15	Prose
198	The Merchant of Venice	Portia	3.4.59-60(p), 65(p)-81	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
199	The Merchant of Venice	Portia	4.1.190-208(p)	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
200	The Merchant of Venice	Shylock	1.3.121-139	M	Tragedy	19	Verse
201	The Merchant of Venice	Shylock	3.1.53(p)-72	M	Tragedy	20	Prose
202	The Merry Wives of Windsor	Falstaff	3.5.4-18, 21-23	M	Comedy	18	Prose
203	The Merry Wives of Windsor	Falstaff	3.5.99(p)-109(p), 110-116(p), 119(p)-123(p)	M	Comedy	22	Prose
204	The Merry Wives of Windsor	Mistress Ford	2.1.52-68	F	Comedy	17	Prose
205	The Merry Wives of Windsor	Mistress Page	2.1.1-19	F	Comedy	19	Prose
206	The Taming of the Shrew	Katherine	4.3.2-16	F	Comedy	15	Verse
207	The Taming of the Shrew	Katherine	5.2.152-170	F	Comedy	19	Verse
208	The Taming of the Shrew	Katherine	5.2.177-195	F	Comedy	19	Verse
209	The Taming of the Shrew	Petruchio	2.1.168-170, 177-189	M	Comedy	16	Verse
210	The Taming of the Shrew	Petruchio	3.2.228-246	M	Comedy	19	Verse
211	The Taming of the Shrew	Petruchio	4.1.190-211	M	Comedy	22	Verse
212	The Tempest	Caliban	2.2.1-17	M	Romance	17	Verse
213	The Tempest	Caliban	2.2.57, 65, 73-74, 154-155, 158, 166-170, 173-178	M	Romance	17	Prose and Verse
214	The Tempest	Caliban	3.2.89, 92-93, 96-112	M	Romance	20	Verse

215	The Tempest	Miranda	3.1.59-70, 87-88, 96(p)-103	F	Romance	22	Verse
216	The Tempest	Prospero	4.1.163-180	M	Romance	18	Verse
217	The Tempest	Prospero	5.1.42, 45(p)-53(p), 57(p)-66	M	Romance	20	Verse
218	The Tempest	Prospero	5.1.71-77(p), 80(p)-82, 85-86, 88-97	M	Romance	22	Verse
219	The Tempest	Prospero	Epilogue, 1-20	M	Romance	20	Verse
220	The Tempest	Trinculo	2.2.18-23(p), 25-28(p), 34(p)-42	M	Romance	19	Prose
221	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	Julia	1.2.112, 115-127(p), 130-136	F	Comedy	21	Verse
222	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	Julia	4.4.95-113	F	Comedy	19	Verse
223	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	Proteus	2.4.202-216, 219-224	M	Comedy	21	Verse
224	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	Silvia	4.3.20-38	F	Comedy	19	Verse
225	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	Valentine	3.1.174-191	F	Comedy	19	Verse
226	The Two Noble Kinsmen	Emilia	5.3.52-71(p)	F	Comedy	20	Verse
227	The Two Noble Kinsmen	Jailer's Daughter	2.4.1-15, 29-33	F	Comedy	20	Verse
228	The Two Noble Kinsmen	Jailer's Daughter	2.6.1-21(p)	F	Comedy	21	Verse
229	The Winter's Tale	Hermione	3.2.98-115(p)	F	Romance	18	Verse
230	The Winter's Tale	Leontes	2.1.47-64	M	Romance	18	Verse
231	The Winter's Tale	Leontes	2.3.166-177, 192-195(p)	M	Romance	16	Verse
232	The Winter's Tale	Leontes	2.3.211-224, 234-235	M	Romance	16	Verse
233	The Winter's Tale	Paulina	2.2.37-51	F	Romance	15	Verse
234	The Winter's Tale	Paulina	3.2.194-212	F	Romance	19	Verse
235	The Winter's Tale	Paulina	3.2.218(p)-222, 224-235	F	Romance	17	Verse
236	Timon of Athens	Apemantus	4.3.228-245	M	Tragedy	18	Verse
237	Timon of Athens	Flavius	4.2.36-56	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
238	Timon of Athens	Timon	2.2.239-257	M	Tragedy	19	Verse
239	Timon of Athens	Timon	3.6.90-110	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
240	Timon of Athens	Timon	4.1.1-8(p), 32(p)-41	M	Tragedy	18	Verse
241	Timon of Athens	Timon	4.3.201-222	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
242	Timon of Athens	Timon	4.3.418-438	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
243	Timon of Athens	Timon	4.3.477-497	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
244	Timon of Athens	Timon	5.1.228-229, 233(p)-234, 237-244, 246-255	M	Tragedy	22	Verse
245	Titus Andronicus	Aaron	2.3.30-45, 48-50	M	Tragedy	19	Verse
246	Titus Andronicus	Aaron	4.2.92-109	M	Tragedy	18	Verse
247	Titus Andronicus	Aaron	5.1.127-146	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
248	Titus Andronicus	Tamora	1.1.104-120	F	Tragedy	17	Verse
249	Titus Andronicus	Tamora	2.3.10-29	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
250	Titus Andronicus	Tamora	2.3.91-92, 98-115	F	Tragedy	20	Verse
251	Titus Andronicus	Tamora	4.4.81, 84-96, 98-102	F	Tragedy	19	Verse
252	Titus Andronicus	Tamora	5.2.29-41, 61, 63-64, 93	F	Tragedy	17	Verse
253	Titus Andronicus	Titus Andronicus	5.2.172-181, 184, 188-197	M	Tragedy	21	Verse
254	Troilus and Cressida	Cressida	3.2.117-133	F	Tragedy	17	Verse
255	Troilus and Cressida	Troilus	1.1.49-64	M	Tragedy	16	Verse
256	Troilus and Cressida	Troilus	5.2.166-167, 170-172, 176-190	M	Tragedy	20	Verse
257	Twelfth Night	Malvolio	3.4.70-90	M	Comedy	21	Prose
258	Twelfth Night	Orsino	1.1.1-15	M	Comedy	15	Verse
259	Twelfth Night	Sebastian	4.3.1-4, 8-22	M	Comedy	19	Verse
260	Twelfth Night	Viola	2.2.17-28, 33-41	F	Comedy	21	Verse