



# The English-Speaking Union National Shakespeare Competition

## SUGGESTED MONOLOGUES LIST



Below are monologues suggested by The English-Speaking Union's Education Department. The line citations are from the Folger Shakespeare Library editions of the plays (Simon and Schuster, 2003-2013). Complete text of these selections can be found in our *Suggested Monologues Packet*.

**If a student selects a monologue not included on this list, they must check that their selection does not exceed 20 lines (verse or prose) according to the Folger Shakespeare Library Editions (Simon and Schuster, 2003-2013). Students who perform longer monologues will be disqualified.**

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** Some ESU Branches require students to select a monologue from a specific list of selections provided by them. Please always check with your local ESU Branch Shakespeare Coordinator first (before selecting a monologue) to see if this is the case for your school.

Play	Character	Lines	Starting Line	Ending Line
<i>All's Well That Ends Well</i>	Helena	1.1.84-103	O, were that all! I think not on my father,	Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?
<i>All's Well That Ends Well</i>	King	2.3.162-178 w/cuts	( <i>Omit I must produce...</i> ) Here, take her hand,	Without all terms of pity. Speak. Thine answer.
<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i>	Anthony	4.12.12-32 w/cuts	This foul Egyptian... ( <i>Cuts on Lines 21 &amp; 22</i> )	Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i>	Cleopatra	4.15.86-105	No more but e'en a woman, and commanded	But resolution and the briefest end.
<i>As You Like It</i>	Duke Senior	2.1.1-17	Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,	Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
<i>As You Like It</i>	Phoebe	3.5.9-28	I would not be thy executioner.	That can do hurt.
<i>The Comedy of Errors</i>	Adriana	2.1.92-106	His company must do his minions grace,	And feeds from home. Poor I am but his stale.
<i>The Comedy of Errors</i>	S. Antipholus	3.2.31-49	Sweet mistress—what your name is else...	Sing, Siren, for thyself, and I will dote.
<i>Coriolanus</i>	Volumnia	3.2.68-85	Because that now it lies you on to speak	Of what that want might ruin.
<i>Coriolanus</i>	Coriolanus	3.3.150-165	You common cry of curs, whose breath...	There is a world elsewhere.
<i>Cymbeline</i>	Imogen	1.6.167-181	Away! I do condemn mine ears that have	He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!
<i>Cymbeline</i>	Posthumus	5.5.246-264	Ay, so thou dost,	Imogen, Imogen!
<i>Hamlet</i>	Hamlet	3.3.77-98 w/cuts	Now might I... ( <i>Omit Line 93, Cuts on 86 &amp; 96</i> )	...trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven.
<i>Hamlet</i>	Gertrude	4.7.190-208	There is a willow grows askant the brook	To muddy death.
<i>Henry IV, Part 1</i>	Henry	1.2.204-222 w/cuts	( <i>Omit Yet</i> ) herein will I imitate the sun,	Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
<i>Henry IV, Part 1</i>	Lady Percy	2.3.49-67	In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched	And I must know it, else he loves me not.
<i>Henry IV, Part 2</i>	Rumor	1.1.1-20 w/cuts	Open your ears, for which of you will stop	Can play upon it. ( <i>Omit But what need...</i> )
<i>Henry IV, Part 2</i>	Hostess	2.1.89-107 w/cuts	( <i>Omit and the money...</i> ) Thou didst swear to me...	thou canst.
<i>Henry V</i>	Hostess	2.3.9-24 w/cuts	( <i>Omit Nay sure</i> ) he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's	...they were as cold as any stone.
<i>Henry V</i>	King Henry	4.3.43-61	This day is called the feast of Crispian.	But we in it shall be remembered—
<i>Henry VI, Part 1</i>	Joan de Pucelle	1.2.73-91	Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter;	And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
<i>Henry VI, Part 1</i>	King Henry	4.1.135-152	Come hither, you that would be combatants:	Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
<i>Henry VI, Part 2</i>	Queen Margaret	3.2.76-95	What, dost thou turn away and hid they face?	But left that hateful office unto thee.
<i>Henry VI, Part 2</i>	Young Clifford	5.2.31-52 w/cuts	All is on the rout ( <i>Omit Lines 44 to Wast thou</i> )	It shall be stony. ( <i>Omit York not our...</i> )
<i>Henry VI, Part 3</i>	Queen Margaret	1.4.93-109	York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.	...whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
<i>Henry VI, Part 3</i>	Son	2.5.55-72	Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.	...more words till they have flowed their fill.
<i>Henry VIII</i>	Buckingham	2.1.136-154 w/cuts	Henry the Eight, life, honor, name...	Farewell. ( <i>Omit And when you would...</i> )
<i>Henry VIII</i>	Queen Katherine	2.4.30-47 w/cuts	( <i>Omit As I say it inclined</i> ) When was the hour	To the sharp'st kind of justice.
<i>Julius Caesar</i>	Portia	2.1.257-276 w/cuts	( <i>Omit Nor for...</i> ) You've ungently, Brutus,	Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
<i>Julius Caesar</i>	Caesar	3.1.64-79	I could be well moved, if I were as you.	And constant do remain to keep him so.
<i>King John</i>	Constance	3.4.45-61	Thou art not holy to belie me so.	The different plague of each calamity.
<i>King John</i>	Lewis	5.2.78-97 w/cuts	Your Grace shall pardon me; I will not back.	Am I Rome's slave? ( <i>Omit What penny...</i> )

<i>King Lear</i>	Cordelia	1.1.100-115	Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave	[To love my father all].
<i>King Lear</i>	King Lear	1.4.289-303	Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear!	To have a thankless child.—Away, away!
<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>	Berowne	4.3.1-19	The King, he is hunting the deer; I am	a paper. God give him grace to groan!
<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>	Rosalind	5.2.914-927	Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,	To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
<i>Macbeth</i>	Lady Macbeth	1.5.45-61	The raven himself is hoarse	To cry “Hold, hold!”
<i>Macbeth</i>	Macbeth	5.5.20-31	She should have died hereafter.	Signifying nothing.
<i>Measure for Measure</i>	Angelo	2.4.168-184	Who will believe thee, Isabel?	...my false o’erweighs your true.
<i>Measure for Measure</i>	Isabella	2.4.185-201	To whom should I complain? Did I tell this	And fit his mind to death, for his soul’s rest.
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	Shylock	1.3.121-139	You call me misbeliever, cutthroat dog,	I'll lend you thus much moneys”?
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	Portia	4.1.190-208 w/cuts	The quality of mercy is not strained	The deeds of mercy. ( <i>Omit I have spoke...</i> )
<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i>	Falstaff	3.5.3-18	Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in’t	been a mountain of mummy.
<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i>	Mistress Page	2.1.1-31 w/cuts	What, have I scaped love... ( <i>Omit Lines 4-19</i> )	as sure as his guts are made of puddings.
<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	Puck	2.1.44-60	Thou speakest aright.	But room, fairy. Here comes Oberon.
<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	Helena	3.2.148-164	O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent	...soul’s patience, all to make you sport.
<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	Benedick	2.3.22-36 w/cuts	( <i>Omit many strange dishes</i> ) May I be so...	...I will hide me in the arbor.
<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	Hero	3.1.72-91	So turns she every man the wrong side out,	How much an ill word may empoison liking.
<i>Othello</i>	Iago	1.3.429-447 w/cuts	( <i>Omit But for my sport...</i> ) I hate the Moor.	bring this monstrous birth to the world’s light.
<i>Othello</i>	Desdemona	4.2.175-193	Alas, Iago,	...world's mass of vanity could make me.
<i>Pericles</i>	Pericles	1.1.13-25	See where she comes, appareled like the spring	To compass such a [boundless] happiness!
<i>Pericles</i>	Marina	5.1.95-111	I am a maid, my lord,	You would not do me violence.
<i>Richard II</i>	Duchess	1.2.60-76	Yet one word more. Grief bundeth where...	The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
<i>Richard II</i>	King Richard	4.1.170-185	Alack, why am I sent for to a king	To do what service am I sent for hither?
<i>Richard III</i>	Richard III	5.3.194-213	What do I fear? Myself? There’s none else by.	And if I die no soul will pity me.
<i>Richard III</i>	Lady Anne	1.2.51-71 w/cuts	Foul devil, for God’s sake,... ( <i>Omit Line 54</i> )	Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered!
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	Juliet	2.5.1-17	The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.	Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	Romeo	3.3.31-45	’Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here	And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?
<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i>	Petruchio	4.1.190-209	My falcon now is now sharp and passing empty,	thus I’ll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i>	Katherina	5.2.177-195	I am ashamed that women are so simple	My hand is ready, may it do him ease.
<i>The Tempest</i>	Miranda	1.2.1-13	If by your art, my dearest father, you have	The fraughting souls within her.
<i>The Tempest</i>	Prospero	Epilogue (1-20)	Now my charms are all o’erthrown	Let your indulgence set me free.
<i>Timon of Athens</i>	Timon	4.1.25-41 w/cuts	( <i>Omit As lamely as their...</i> ) Lust and liberty,	Amen.
<i>Timon of Athens</i>	Flavius	4.2.36-56 w/cuts	Who would not wish to be... ( <i>Omit Line 53</i> )	Whilst I have gold, I’ll be his steward still.
<i>Titus Andronicus</i>	Tamora	1.1.104-120	Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror	Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son!
<i>Titus Andronicus</i>	Aaron	5.1.127-146	Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,	But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i>	Troilus	1.1.49-64	O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus:	The knife that made it.
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i>	Cressida	3.2.117-133	Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,	My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.
<i>Twelfth Night</i>	Viola	2.2.17-36	I left no ring with her. What mean this lady?	What will become of this?
<i>Twelfth Night</i>	Sebastian	4.3.1-22 w/cuts	This is the air; that is the... ( <i>Omit Lines 5-7</i> )	That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.
<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i>	Proteus	2.4.202-220	Even as one heat another hear expels,	And that hath dazzled my reason’s light;
<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i>	Silvia	4.3.20-38	Thyself hast loved, and I have heard thee say	That I may venture to depart alone.
<i>Two Noble Kinsmen</i>	Jailer’s Daughter	2.6.1-17 w/cuts	Let all the dukes and all the devils roar!	Dying almost a martyr. ( <i>Omit That way he...</i> )
<i>The Winter’s Tale</i>	Leontes	2.1.47-63 w/cuts	How blest am I	For them to play at will. ( <i>Omit How came...</i> )
<i>The Winter’s Tale</i>	Hermione	3.2.98-115 w/cuts	Sir, spare your threats.	That I should fear to die? ( <i>Omit Therefore...</i> )

**Note:** Free digital copies of the Folger Shakespeare Library Editions (with downloadable PDFs) are available at [www.folgerdigitaltexts.org](http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org).