



SHAKESPEARE  
*Carnival*

A NSW STATEWIDE COMPETITION



# 2021

# HIGH SCHOOL CARNIVAL

## ENSEMBLE SCENES



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1)	page 3
A Midsummer Night's Dream (2)	page 8
A Midsummer Night's Dream (3)	page 12
As You Like It (1)	page 16
As You Like It (2)	page 22
Hamlet (1)	page 24
Hamlet (2)	page 27
Henry IV (1)	page 29
Henry IV (2)	page 34
Henry IV (3)	page 38
Henry V (1)	page 43
Henry V (2)	page 46
King Lear (1)	page 51
King Lear (2)	page 54
Romeo and Juliet	page 59
The Tempest (1)	page 63
The Tempest (2)	page 65
Twelfth Night	page 67



# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

## ACT 2, SC 1 – PUCK, FAIRY, TITANIA, OBERON

*In the forest, two fairies – one a servant of Queen Titania, the other a servant of King Oberon – meet by chance. Oberon's servant warns Titania's to be sure to keep Titania out of Oberon's sight, for the two are very angry with each other. Titania and Oberon enter, and argue over an Indian prince that Titania has taken as her attendant and refuses to give over to Oberon. Oberon vows to take revenge by sending Puck in search of a flower of which the juice – when rubbed on Titania's eyes – will cause her to fall in love with the first beast she sees...*

*A wood near Athens. Enter, from opposite sides, a FAIRY, and PUCK*

### **PUCK**

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

### **FAIRY**

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dewdrops here  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:  
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

### **PUCK**

The king doth keep his revels here to-night:  
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she as her attendant hath  
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:  
And now they never meet in grove or green,



By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But, they do square, that all their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

**FAIRY**

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;  
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:  
Are not you he?

**PUCK**

Thou speak'st 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 wither'd 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 quire hold their hips and laugh,  
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.  
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

**FAIRY**

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers*

**OBERON**

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

**TITANIA**

What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

**OBERON**

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?



### **TITANIA**

Then I must be thy lady: but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest Steppe of India?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

### **OBERON**

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night  
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?  
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,  
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

### **TITANIA**

These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or in the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land  
Have every pelting river made so proud  
That they have overborne their continents.  
And thorough this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Far in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,  
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which:  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension;  
We are their parents and original.

### **OBERON**



Do you amend it then; it lies in you:  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

**TITANIA**

Set your heart at rest:  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order:  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive  
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

**OBERON**

How long within this wood intend you stay?

**TITANIA**

Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

**OBERON**

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

**TITANIA**

Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

*Exit TITANIA with her train*

**OBERON**

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.  
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

**PUCK**

I remember.

**OBERON**

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:  
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

**PUCK**

I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.



# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

## ACT 3, SC 1 – THE WOOD AT NIGHT

*Enter fearfully QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING – it's a dark night in a scary wood and they are a long way from home.*

**BOTTOM**

Are we all met?

**QUINCE**

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal.

**BOTTOM**

Peter Quince?

**QUINCE**

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

**BOTTOM**

There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby" that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself -

**SNUG**

Which the ladies cannot abide!

**BOTTOM**

How answer you that?

**SNOOT**

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

**STARVELING**

I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

**BOTTOM**

Not a whit: Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed.

**SNUG**

This will put them out of fear!

**QUINCE**

Well, we will have such a prologue.

**SNOOT**

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

**STARVELING**

I fear it, I promise you.

**BOTTOM**

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing.



**SNOUT**

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

**BOTTOM**

Nay! Half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, 'Ladies,'-

**SNUG**

Or 'Fair-ladies -

**BOTTOM**

I would wish You,'-

**SNUG**

Or 'I would entreat you,-

**BOTTOM**

Not to fear, if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no I am no such thing.

I am a man –

**SNUG**

As other men are -

**BOTTOM**

And there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

**QUINCE**

Well it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

**SNOUT**

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

**BOTTOM**

A calendar, a calendar!

**STARVLING**

Look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

**QUINCE**

Yes, it doth shine that night.

**STARVELING**

Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open -

**BOTTOM**

And the moon may shine in at the casement.

**QUINCE**

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern -

**STARVELING**

And say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine.

**QUINCE**

Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

**SNOUT**

You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

**BOTTOM**

Some man or other must present Wall –

**STARVELING**

And let him have some plaster –



**SNUG**

Or some loam -

**SNOUT**

Or some rough-cast about him -

**STARVELING, SNUG & SNOUT**

To signify wall!

**BOTTOM**

And let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

**QUINCE**

If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so everyone according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind*

**PUCK**

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here?

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

**QUINCE**

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

**BOTTOM**

Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--

**QUINCE**

Odours, odours!

**BOTTOM**

--odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

*Exit*

**PUCK**

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

*Exit*

**FLUTE**

Must I speak now?

**QUINCE**

Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

**FLUTE**

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

**QUINCE**

'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue



is past; it is, 'never tire.'

**FLUTE**

O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would  
never tire.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head*

**BOTTOM**

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

**QUINCE**

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

*Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

**PUCK** [*frightening the actors*]

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

*Re-enter SNOUT*

**SNOUT**

O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

**BOTTOM**

What do you see? You see an asshead of your own, do you? *Exit SNOUT*

*Re-enter QUINCE*

**QUINCE**

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! Thou art translated.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

*Sings*

The ousel cock so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill,--

*Exits while singing*



# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

## ACT 3, SC 2

*Fairy magic turns the passionate love of Lysander and Demetrius from Hermia to Helena, confusion and consternation ensues.*

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA*

**LYSANDER**

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

**HELENA**

You do advance your cunning more and more.  
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

**LYSANDER**

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

**HELENA**

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

**DEMETRIUS**

[*Awaking*] O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!  
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

**HELENA**

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?

**LYSANDER**

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part.

**HELENA**

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

**DEMETRIUS**

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

**HERMIA**

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

**LYSANDER**

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

**HERMIA**

What love could press Lysander from my side?

**LYSANDER**

*Enter HERMIA*



Lysander's love, that would not let him bide.  
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

**HERMIA**

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

**HELENA**

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Injurious Hermia! Most ungrateful maid!

**HERMIA**

I am amazed at your passionate words.

**HELENA**

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
Precious, celestial?

**HERMIA**

I understand not what you mean by this.

**HELENA**

Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up.

**LYSANDER**

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:  
My love, my life my soul, fair Helena!

**HELENA**

O excellent!

**HERMIA**

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

**DEMETRIUS**

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

**LYSANDER**

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.  
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

**DEMETRIUS**

I say I love thee more than she can do.

**LYSANDER**

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

**DEMETRIUS**

Quick, come!

**HERMIA**

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

**LYSANDER**

Away, you octopus!

**DEMETRIUS**

No, no; he'll

Seem to break loose; but yet come not.

**LYSANDER**



Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose,  
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

**HERMIA**

Why are you grown so rude? What change is this?

Sweet love,--

**LYSANDER**

Thy love!?! Out, tawny tyrant, out!

Out, loathed medicine! Hated potion, hence!

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

**DEMETRIUS**

I would I had your bond, for I perceive

A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.

**LYSANDER**

What, should I hurt her? Strike her? Kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

**HERMIA**

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!--

In earnest, shall I say?

**LYSANDER**

Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

**HERMIA**

O me! You juggler! You canker-blossom!

You thief of love! What, have you come by night

And stolen my love's heart from her?

**HELENA**

Fine, i'faith!

Fie, fie! You counterfeit, you puppet, you!

**HERMIA**

Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures; she hath urged her height;

How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

**HELENA**

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me. You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

**HERMIA**

Lower!?! Hark, again!

**HELENA**

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

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.

**HERMIA**

Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

**HELENA**

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

**HERMIA**

What, with Lysander?

**HELENA**

With Demetrius.

**LYSANDER**

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

**HELENA**

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

**HERMIA**

'Little' again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!

Let me come to her.

**LYSANDER**

Get you gone, you dwarf;

You bead, you acorn.

**DEMETRIUS**

Speak not for Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

**LYSANDER**

Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

Follow!?! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

**HERMIA**

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

**HELENA**

I will not trust you, I.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

**HERMIA**

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

*Exit LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

*Exit*

*Exit*



# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT 1, SC 2 – LAWN BEFORE DUKE'S PALACE

*Rosalind's father has been exiled by and her cousin Celia's father. They are sad and a bit bored until they watch the young Orlando, an amateur wrestler, defeat the champion, Charles. Celia's father, Duke Frederick, is displeased with Orlando's parentage – he was a friend of Rosalind's father. Rosalind and Orlando fall in love with each other.*

*This scene has been heavily edited for time – make sure you read the full text to make your performances as rich as they can be.*

*Once exciting challenge here is: 'How to present the wrestling match?'. It can be on stage, off stage, hinted at, symbolically done....there are many options, try a few and see which you like best.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

**CELIA**

I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

**ROSALIND**

Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

**CELIA**

Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

**ROSALIND**

Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

**CELIA**

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

**ROSALIND**

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?



Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

**ROSALIND**

With his mouth full of news.

**CELIA**

Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Enter LE BEAU*

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

**LE BEAU**

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

**CELIA**

Sport! Of what colour?

**LE BEAU**

Good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

**ROSALIND**

You tell us the manner of the wrestling.

**LE BEAU**

I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

**CELIA**

Well, the beginning...

**LE BEAU**

There comes an old man and his three sons. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

**ROSALIND**

Alas! Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

**CELIA**

Or I, I promise thee.

**ROSALIND**

Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

**LE BEAU**

You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

**CELIA**

Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.



*Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

**ROSALIND**

Is yonder the man?

**LE BEAU**

Even he, madam.

**CELIA**

Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

**ROSALIND**

Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

**CELIA**

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

**ROSALIND**

Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

**ORLANDO**

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so.

**ROSALIND**

The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

**CELIA**

And mine, to eke out hers.

**ROSALIND**

Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

**CELIA**

Your heart's desires be with you!

**CHARLES**



Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

**ORLANDO**

Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You shall try but one fall.

**CHARLES**

No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

**ORLANDO**

An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

**ROSALIND**

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

**CELIA**

I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

*They wrestle*

**ROSALIND**

O excellent young man!

**CELIA**

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

*Shout. CHARLES is thrown*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

No more, no more.

**ORLANDO**

Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How dost thou, Charles?

**LE BEAU**

He cannot speak, my lord.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

**ORLANDO**

Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

I would thou hadst been son to some man else:  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:



Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU*

**CELIA**

Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

**ORLANDO**

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

**ROSALIND**

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind.

**CELIA**

Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.

**ROSALIND**

Gentleman,

*Giving him a chain from her neck*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
Shall we go, coz?

**CELIA**

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

**ORLANDO**

Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

**ROSALIND**

He calls us back. Did you call, sir?  
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

**CELIA**

Will you go, coz?

**ROSALIND**



Have with you. Fare you well.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*

**ORLANDO**

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

*Exit*



# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT 3, SC 5 – THE FOREST OF ARDEN

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE running*

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind*

**PHEBE**

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:  
I am sure, there is no force in my eyes  
That can do hurt.

**SILVIUS**

O dear Phebe,  
If ever,--as that ever may be near,--  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

**PHEBE**

But till that time  
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

**ROSALIND**

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched?  
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-favour'd children.  
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.

**PHEBE**



Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

**ROSALIND**

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. Shepherd, ply her hard.  
Shepherdess, look on him better, and be not proud.

*Exeunt ROSALIND*

**PHEBE**

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe,--

**PHEBE**

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

**PHEBE**

Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

**SILVIUS**

Not very well, but I have met him oft.

**PHEBE**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd 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; and yet  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Phebe, with all my heart.

**PHEBE**

I'll write it straight;  
The matter's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius.

*Exeunt*



# HAMLET

## ACT 1, SC 1

Elsinore. A platform before the castle. *FRANCISCO* at his post. *Enter to him BERNARDO*

**BERNARDO**

Who's there?

**FRANCISCO**

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

**BERNARDO**

Long live the king!

**FRANCISCO**

Bernardo?

**BERNARDO**

He.

**FRANCISCO**

You come most carefully upon your hour.

**BERNARDO**

'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

**FRANCISCO**

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

**BERNARDO**

Have you had quiet guard?

**FRANCISCO**

Not a mouse stirring.

**BERNARDO**

Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

**FRANCISCO**

I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

**HORATIO**

Friends to this ground.

**MARCELLUS**

And liegemen to the Dane.

**FRANCISCO**

Give you good night.

**MARCELLUS**

O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

**FRANCISCO**

Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.

**MARCELLUS**

Holla! Bernardo!

**BERNARDO**

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS*

*Exit*



Say, is Horatio there?

**HORATIO**

A piece of him.

**BERNARDO**

Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

**MARCELLUS**

What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

**BERNARDO**

I have seen nothing.

**MARCELLUS**

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy:

Therefore I have entreated him along

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

**HORATIO**

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

**BERNARDO**

Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story

What we have two nights seen.

**HORATIO**

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

**BERNARDO**

Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,--

*Enter Ghost*

**MARCELLUS**

Peace, break thee off. Look, where it comes again!

**BERNARDO**

In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

**MARCELLUS**

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

**HORATIO**

What art thou? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

**MARCELLUS**

It is offended.

**BERNARDO**

See, it stalks away!

**HORATIO**

Stay! Speak! Speak! I charge thee, speak!

Stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

**MARCELLUS**

Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

**HORATIO**

Do, if it will not stand.



**BERNARDO** 'Tis here!

**HORATIO** 'Tis here!

*Exit Ghost*

**MARCELLUS**

'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence.

**HORATIO**

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.



# HAMLET

## ACT 3, SC 2

**HAMLET** – playing a recorder  
**GUILDENSTERN**

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and*

**GUILDENSTERN**

Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

**HAMLET**

Sir, a whole history.

**GUILDENSTERN**

The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

**HAMLET**

You are welcome.

**GUILDENSTERN**

Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

**HAMLET**

Sir, I cannot.

**GUILDENSTERN**

What, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,--

**ROSENCRANTZ**

Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

**HAMLET**

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!

**ROSENCRANTZ**

She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

**HAMLET**

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

**ROSENCRANTZ**

My lord, you once did love me.

**HAMLET**

So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

**ROSENCRANTZ**

Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.



**HAMLET**

Will you play upon this pipe?

**GUILDENSTERN**

My lord, I cannot.

**HAMLET**

I pray you.

**GUILDENSTERN**

Believe me, I cannot.

**HAMLET**

I do beseech you.

**GUILDENSTERN**

I know no touch of it, my lord.

**HAMLET**

'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

**GUILDENSTERN**

But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

**HAMLET**

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? You cannot play upon me.



# HENRY IV | PART ONE

## ACT 1, SC 3

### **KING HENRY IV**

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, Mortimer  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

### **HOTSPUR**

Revolted Mortimer!  
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war; to prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

### **KING HENRY IV**

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;  
He never did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee. But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
We licence your departure with your son.  
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train*

### **HOTSPUR**



An if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile:  
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER*

**HOTSPUR**

Speak of Mortimer!  
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

**HOTSPUR**

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

I cannot blame him: was not Mortimer proclaim'd  
By King Richard that is dead the next king?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

He was; I heard the proclamation.

**HOTSPUR**

But soft, I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaim my wife's brother, Edmund Mortimer,  
Heir to the crown?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

He did; myself did hear it.

**HOTSPUR**

Nay, then I cannot blame this Bolingbroke,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.  
But shall it be that you, that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud king? He studies day and night  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say--

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Peace, cousin, say no more:  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And read you matter deep and dangerous.

**HOTSPUR**

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

**HOTSPUR**

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

**HOTSPUR**

I cry you mercy.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,--

**HOTSPUR**

I'll keep them all;  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

You start away  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

**HOTSPUR**

Nay, I will; that's flat:  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'  
Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him  
To keep his anger still in motion.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Hear you, cousin; a word.

**HOTSPUR**



All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

**HOTSPUR**

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,  
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
God forgive me!  
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Nay, if you have not, to it again;  
We will stay your leisure.

**HOTSPUR**

I have done, i' faith.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas your only means  
For powers in Scotland.

*To Northumberland*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
You shall secretly visit the archbishop -

**HOTSPUR**

Of York, is it not?

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

True. Who bears hard his brother's death.  
I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Only stays that occasion that shall bring it on.

**HOTSPUR**

I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms.



**HOTSPUR**

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;  
And then the power of Scotland and of York,  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

And so they shall.

**HOTSPUR**

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed;  
For, the king will always think him in our debt,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

**HOTSPUR**

He does, he does! We'll be revenged on him.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

**HOTSPUR**

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

*Exeunt*



# HENRY IV | PART ONE

## ACT 1, SC 3 – THE PALACE

### INFORMATION ABOUT THE SCENE:

Northumberland and Warwick helped put King Henry on the throne, by deposing King Richard [who King Henry then had killed].

In a victorious battle with the Scots the hot-headed and valiant knight, Hotspur, Northumberland's son and Warwick's nephew, has taken prisoners that King Henry demands Hotspur hand over. Hotspur refuses, unless King Henry ransom Hotspur's cousin, Lord Mortimer, who was captured in a different battle with the Welsh.

King Henry doesn't want to ransom Mortimer because King Richard [who he replaced as king] had announced Mortimer [and not Henry] should be the next king when Richard died.

Hotspur is exploding with rage and his father and uncle try to calm him down so that his insults aren't heard by the king and get him into even more trouble – they then try to explain that they have a plan to kick King Henry off the throne too, but they are worried that he will reveal the plan.

Hotspur swings between explosions of rage and dreams of being a noble knight and can barely stop and listen to his wiser, devious relatives as they try to get him to shut up for a second and listen to their secret plot.

### HOTSPUR

An if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send my prisoners: I will after straight  
And tell him so.

### NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile:  
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER*

### HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer!

'Zounds, I will speak of him.

### NORTHUMBERLAND

Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

### EARL OF WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

### HOTSPUR

King Henry will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of cousin Mortimer, then his cheek look'd pale,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.



**EARL OF WORCESTER**

I cannot blame him: Mortimer was proclaim'd  
By Richard that is dead the next of blood?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

He was; I heard the proclamation.  
King Richard did proclaim my brother Mortimer  
Heir to the crown.

**HOTSPUR**

But shall it be that you, that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man  
Of this proud King Henry--

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Peace, cousin, say no more:  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And read you matter deep and dangerous.

**HOTSPUR**

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs -

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

**HOTSPUR**

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

**HOTSPUR**

I cry you mercy.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,--

**HOTSPUR**

I'll keep them all;

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

You start away



And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

**HOTSPUR**

Nay, I will; that's flat:  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'  
Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him  
To keep his anger still in motion.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Hear you, cousin; a word.

**HOTSPUR**

All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch King Henry.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

**HOTSPUR**

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,  
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, King Henry.  
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!  
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Nay, if you have not, to it again;  
We will stay your leisure.

**HOTSPUR**

I have done, i' faith.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up to King Henry straight,  
And make the Douglas your only means  
For powers in Scotland -

**HOTSPUR**

I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.



**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

**HOTSPUR**

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;  
And then the power of Scotland and of ours,  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

And so they shall.

**HOTSPUR**

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by cutting off the King's head;  
See already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

**HOTSPUR**

He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

**HOTSPUR**

Uncle, Adieu: O, let the hours be short  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

*Exeunt*



# HENRY IV | PART ONE

## ACT 2, SC 4 – FALSTAFF, HAL, POINS, AND OTHERS (7 NAMED ROLES)

*Falstaff has returned empty handed from a robbery that Prince Hal had agreed to join them in. But the Prince didn't show up and another group of robbers stole the loot that Falstaff had 'fairly' stolen. He returns to the pub to castigate the cowardly Prince and excuse his own loss of the money.*

*Because the division of dialogue is so uneven in this script to bring this ensemble scene to life the world of the King's Head Tavern must be made vibrant with a table and chairs and some drinks. The ensemble must be active participants in the scene – echoing lines and responding to insults and adding 'orchestration' of the theatrical event. Another challenge is to use the whole stage for the action. How can you motivate the characters to move around the space so that each move is inspired by their objectives and actions and involves the ensemble as well? Think of this as almost half a dance piece as well as spoken theatre.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine*

### **POINS**

Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

### **FALSTAFF**

A plague of all cowards, I say. Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

*He drinks*

### **PRINCE HENRY**

How now, wool-sack! What mutter you?

### **FALSTAFF**

A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

### **PRINCE HENRY**

Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

### **FALSTAFF**

Are not you a coward? Answer me to that: and Poins there?

### **POINS**

'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.



**FALSTAFF**

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

**PRINCE HENRY**

O villain! Thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

*Falstaff drinks*

**FALSTAFF**

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What's the matter?

**FALSTAFF**

What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

**FALSTAFF**

Where is it! Taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, a hundred, man?

**FALSTAFF**

I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw--ecce signum! A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Speak, sirs; how was it?

**GADSHILL**

We four set upon some dozen--

**FALSTAFF**

Sixteen at least, my lord.

**GADSHILL**

And bound them.

**PETO**

No, no, they were not bound.

**FALSTAFF**

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

**GADSHILL**



As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

**FALSTAFF**

And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, fought you with them all?

**FALSTAFF**

All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

**FALSTAFF**

Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

**FALSTAFF**

Four, Hal; I told thee four.

**POINS**

Ay, ay, he said four.

**FALSTAFF**

These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

**FALSTAFF**

In buckram?

**POINS**

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

**FALSTAFF**

Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

**FALSTAFF**

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

**FALSTAFF**



Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

**PRINCE HENRY**

So, two more already.

**FALSTAFF**

Their points being broken-

**POINS**

Down fell their hose.

**FALSTAFF**

Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

**PRINCE HENRY**

O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two!

**FALSTAFF**

But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

**PRINCE HENRY**

These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, grease tallow-catch,--

**FALSTAFF**

What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this?

**POINS**

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

**FALSTAFF**

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh-

**FALSTAFF**

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bowcase; you vile standing-tuck-

**PRINCE HENRY**

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

**POINS**

Mark, Jack.

**PRINCE HENRY**

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

**POINS**

Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

**FALSTAFF**

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry?



# HENRY V

## ACT 3, SC 7 – THE FRENCH CAMP, NEAR AGINCOURT

*The 'over-confident and lusty' commanders of the French army pass the night as they wait for the next day's battle. They are riven by petty jealousies and mutual contempt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others*

**RAMBURES**

Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

**ORLEANS**

You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

**RAMBURES**

It is the best horse of Europe.

**ORLEANS**

Will it never be morning?

**DAUPHIN**

My lords of Orleans and Rambures, you talk of horse and armour?

**ORLEANS**

You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

**DAUPHIN**

What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

**ORLEANS**

He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

**DAUPHIN**

And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in Patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

**Constable**

Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

**DAUPHIN**

It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

**Constable**

No more, cousin.

**DAUPHIN**

Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'--



**ORLEANS**

I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

**DAUPHIN**

Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

**RAMBURES**

Your mistress bears well.

**Constable**

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

**DAUPHIN**

I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

**RAMBURES**

Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress.

**DAUPHIN**

My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

**Constable**

Stars, my lord.

**DAUPHIN**

Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

**Constable**

And yet my sky shall not want.

**DAUPHIN**

Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

**Constable**

I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

**DAUPHIN**

'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself.

*Dauphin exits*

**ORLEANS**

The Dauphin longs for morning.

**RAMBURES**

He longs to eat the English.

**Constable**

I think he will eat all he kills.

**RAMBURES**

He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

**Constable**

He never did harm, that I heard of.

**ORLEANS**

I know him to be valiant.

**Constable**

I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

**ORLEANS**



What's he?

**Constable**

Marry, he told me so himself.

**DAUPHIN**

My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

**Constable**

Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! He longs not for the dawning as we do.

**DAUPHIN**

What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

**ORLEANS**

If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

**DAUPHIN**

That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

**Constable**

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures.

**RAMBURES**

You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

**Constable**

Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

**DAUPHIN**

It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

*Exeunt*



# HENRY V

## ACT 4, SC 7

*King Henry disguises himself as a common man and wanders through his army. He discovers that not all his army support his war. Henry isn't always speaking in every beat of this scene. What is he doing? What are the other characters doing when they aren't directly involved? How can you create a world in which all the characters are alive the whole time? Do they overhear some or all or none of the other conversations? How should you end this scene? The script says: "Exit Soldiers". What could happen to make them want to leave in a dramatic and interesting way? Partly Shakespeare wanted Henry to be left alone on stage to have a soliloquy, but there are both dramatic and comedic possibilities – see what you can create.*

*Also, the stage directions have some characters entering and exiting midway through the scene. Is that the most dramatically pleasing option? What if they were all onstage and you created a theatrical world for them to live in? Or does it work better to focus our attention if only certain groups on stage at any particular time.*

**PISTOL**

Qui va la?

**KING HENRY V**

A friend.

**PISTOL**

Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

**KING HENRY V**

I am a gentleman of a company.

**PISTOL**

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

**KING HENRY V**

Even so. What are you?

**PISTOL**

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

**KING HENRY V**

Then you are a better than the king.

**PISTOL**

The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold, A lad of life, an imp of fame; Of parents good, of fist most valiant. I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

**KING HENRY V**

Harry le Roy.

**PISTOL**

Le Roy! A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

**KING HENRY V**

No, I am a Welshman.

**PISTOL**



Know'st thou Fluellen?

**KING HENRY V**

Yes.

**PISTOL**

Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate  
Upon Saint Davy's day.

**KING HENRY V**

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

**PISTOL**

Art thou his friend?

**KING HENRY V**

And his kinsman too.

**PISTOL**

The figo for thee, then!

**KING HENRY V**

I thank you: God be with you!

**PISTOL**

My name is Pistol call'd.

*Exit Pistol*

**KING HENRY V**

It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

**GOWER**

Captain Fluellen!

**FLUELLEN**

So! In the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration of the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle toddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp.

**GOWER**

Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

**FLUELLEN**

If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now?

**GOWER**

I will speak lower.

**FLUELLEN**

I pray you and beseech you that you will.

*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN*

**KING HENRY V**

Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS*



**WILLIAMS**

Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

**BATES**

I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

**WILLIAMS**

We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

**KING HENRY V**

A friend.

**WILLIAMS**

Under what captain serve you?

**KING HENRY V**

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

**WILLIAMS**

A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

**KING HENRY V**

Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

**BATES**

He hath not told his thought to the king?

**KING HENRY V**

No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

**BATES**

He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

**KING HENRY V**

By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

**BATES**

Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

**KING HENRY V**

I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

**WILLIAMS**

That's more than we know.

**BATES**

Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

**WILLIAMS**

But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at



such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle. Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it.

**KING HENRY V**

So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, nor the father of his son; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

**WILLIAMS**

'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

**BATES**

But I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

**KING HENRY V**

I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

**WILLIAMS**

Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

**KING HENRY V**

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

**WILLIAMS**

You pay him then. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

**KING HENRY V**

Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

**WILLIAMS**

Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

**KING HENRY V**

I embrace it.

**WILLIAMS**

How shall I know thee again?

**KING HENRY V**

Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

**WILLIAMS**

Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

**KING HENRY V**

There.

**WILLIAMS**

This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

**KING HENRY V**

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

**WILLIAMS**



Thou darest as well be hanged.

**BATES**

Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow.

*Exit Soldiers*



# KING LEAR

## ACT 2, SC 2 – KING LEAR, FOOL, KENT

*King Lear's mood matches the intensity of the storm, as he rages against his daughters' abusive treatment. The Fool attempts to reason with the King, encouraging him to seek shelter, but Lear refuses to submit. Kent arrives and convinces Lear to take refuge in a nearby hovel. The Fool is left alone on stage, making a cryptic prophecy.*

*Another part of the heath. Storm still. Enter KING LEAR and FOOL*

### **KING LEAR**

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!  
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, an germens spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man!

### **FOOL**

O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry  
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.  
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing:  
here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

### **KING LEAR**

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, call'd 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 have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

### **FOOL**

He that has a house to put's head in has a good  
head-piece.  
The cod-piece that will house  
Before the head has any,  
The head and he shall louse;



So beggars marry many.  
The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake.  
For there was never yet fair woman but she made  
mouths in a glass.

**KING LEAR**

No, I will be the pattern of all patience;  
I will say nothing.

*Enter KENT*

**KENT**

Who's there?

**FOOL**

Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise  
man and a fool.

**KENT**

Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night  
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry  
The affliction nor the fear.

**KING LEAR**

Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue  
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.

**KENT**

Alack, bare-headed!  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:  
Repose you there; while I to this hard house--



More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in--return, and force  
Their scanted courtesy.

### **KING LEAR**

My wits begin to turn.  
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?  
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come,  
your hovel.  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

### **FOOL**

[Singing]  
He that has and a little tiny wit--  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,--  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

### **KING LEAR**

True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.

*Exeunt KING LEAR and KENT*

### **FOOL**

This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:  
When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;  
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanders do not live in tongues;  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;  
And bawds and whores do churches build;  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be used with feet.  
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.

*Exit*



# KING LEAR

## ACT 1, SC 1 – LEAR, CORDELIA, REGAN, GONERIL, KENT, ENSEMBLE

### KING LEAR

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.  
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided  
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Tell me, my daughters,--  
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,  
Our eldest-born, speak first.

### GONERIL

Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;  
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;  
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

### CORDELIA

[Aside] What shall Cordelia do?  
Love, and be silent.

### LEAR

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,  
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
We make thee lady. What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

### REGAN

Sir, I am made  
Of the self-same metal that my sister is,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short: that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
And find I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

### CORDELIA

[Aside] Then poor Cordelia!  
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
More richer than my tongue.

### KING LEAR



To thee and thine hereditary ever  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,  
Although the last, not least; what can you say to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

**CORDELIA**

Nothing, my lord.

**KING LEAR**

Nothing!

**CORDELIA**

Nothing.

**KING LEAR**

Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

**CORDELIA**

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

**KING LEAR**

How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

**CORDELIA**

Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

**KING LEAR**

But goes thy heart with this?

**CORDELIA**

Ay, good my lord.

**KING LEAR**

So young, and so untender?

**CORDELIA**

So young, my lord, and true.

**KING LEAR**

Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower:  
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
By all the operation of the orbs  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,



Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever.

**KENT**

Good my liege,--

**KING LEAR**

Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.  
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Ourselves, by monthly course,  
With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain  
The name, and all the additions to a king;  
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved daughters, be yours: which to confirm,  
This coronet part betwixt you.

*Giving the crown*

**KENT**

Royal Lear,  
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,--

**KING LEAR**

The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

**KENT**

Be Kent unmannerly, when Lear is mad?  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least.

**KING LEAR**

Kent, on thy life, no more.

**KENT**

My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.

**KING LEAR**

Out of my sight!

**KENT**

See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.

**KING LEAR**



Hear me, recreant!  
On thine allegiance, hear me!  
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
To come between our sentence and our power,  
take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world;  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,  
This shall not be revoked.

**KENT**

Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

*To CORDELIA*

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,  
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!

*To REGAN and GONERIL*

And your large speeches may your deeds approve.  
Thus Kent, O princesses, bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

*Exit*

**CORDELIA**

I yet beseech your majesty,--

**KING LEAR**

Better thou  
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.  
Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Flourish. Exeunt all but, GONERIL, REGAN, and CORDELIA*

**CORDELIA**

The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;  
And like a sister am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So, farewell to you both.

**REGAN**

Prescribe not us our duties.

**GONERIL**



You have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

**CORDELIA**

Well may you prosper!

*Exeunt CORDELIA*

**GONERIL**

Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both.  
You see how full of changes his age is; he always loved our sister most; and  
with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

**REGAN**

'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

**GONERIL**

The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, the  
unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

**REGAN**

Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

**GONERIL**

Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last  
surrender of his will but offend us.

**REGAN**

We shall further think on't.

**GONERIL**

We must do something, and i' the heat.

*Exeunt*



# ROMEO AND JULIET

## ACT 3, SC 1 – A PUBLIC PLACE

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page*

**BENVOLIO**

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

**MERCUTIO**

Benvolio, thou hast quarreled with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT*

**TYBALT**

Friends. Good den: a word with one of you.

**MERCUTIO**

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

**TYBALT**

You shall find me apt enough to that, an' you will give me occasion.

**MERCUTIO**

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

**MERCUTIO**

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? An' thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

**BENVOLIO**

We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,



And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

**MERCUTIO**

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

**ROMEO** (*calls from offstage*) Mercutio.

**TYBALT**

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.  
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,--thou art a villain.

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

**TYBALT**

Boy! This shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

**ROMEO**

I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender  
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
Alla stoccata carries it away.

*Draws*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me

**MERCUTIO**

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

*Drawing sword*

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*They fight*

**ROMEO**



Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:  
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

*TYBALT, under ROMEO's arm, stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers*

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt.  
A plague o' both your houses!

**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

**ROMEO**

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave girl. A plague o' both your houses! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too: your houses!

**BENVOLIO**

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

**ROMEO**

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;  
This but begins the woe, others must end.

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO**

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul

*Re-enter TYBALT*



Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

**TYBALT**

This shall determine that.

*They fight; TYBALT falls*

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo, away, be gone!  
the prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken.

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!



# THE TEMPEST

## ACT 1, SC 1

*On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter a Master and a Boatswain.*

**Master**

Boatswain!

**Boatswain**

Here, master. What cheer?

**Master**

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir! Bestir!

*Exit Master & Enter Mariners*

**Boatswain**

Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others*

**ALONSO**

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?

**Boatswain**

I pray now, keep below.

**ANTONIO**

Where is the master, boatswain?

**Boatswain**

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

**GONZALO**

Nay, good, be patient.

**Boatswain**

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! Trouble us not.

**GONZALO**

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

**Boatswain**

None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

*Exit*

**GONZALO**

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

*Exeunt Gonzalo, Re-enter Boatswain*

**Boatswain**



Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

*A noise within*

A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO*

Yet again! What do you here? Have you a mind to sink?

**SEBASTIAN**

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

**Boatswain**

Work you then.

**ANTONIO**

Hang, cur! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

**GONZALO**

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

**Boatswain**

Set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

*Enter Mariners wet*

**Mariners**

All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

**Boatswain**

What, must our mouths be cold?

*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'-- 'We split, we split!'--'Farewell, my wife and children!'--  
'Farewell, brother!'*

**ANTONIO**

Let's all sink with the king.

**SEBASTIAN**

Let's take leave of him.

*Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*

**GONZALO**

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

*Exeunt*



# THE TEMPEST

## ACT 2, SC 2 – ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard*

**CALIBAN** All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease. His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse.

*Enter TRINCULO*

Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.

**TRINCULO** Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.  
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 strange fish! Legged like a man and his fins like arms! 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 gabardine. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand*

**STEPHANO** This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

*Drinks*

**CALIBAN** Do not torment me: O!

**STEPHANO** What's the matter? Have we devils here? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs.

**CALIBAN** The spirit torments me: O!

**STEPHANO** This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.

**CALIBAN** Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

**STEPHANO** He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit.

**CALIBAN** Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt anon.

**STEPHANO** Come on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

**TRINCULO** I should know that voice: it should be - but he is drowned; and these are devils. O, defend me!



- STEPHANO** Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!  
His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter  
foul speeches and to detract. I will pour some in thy other mouth.
- TRINCULO** Stephano!
- STEPHANO** Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster.
- TRINCULO** Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo - be  
not afeard – thy good friend Trinculo.
- STEPHANO** I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very  
Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent  
Trinculos?
- TRINCULO** I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano?  
And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!
- STEPHANO** Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.
- CALIBAN** [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.
- STEPHANO** How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou  
cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors  
heaved o'erboard, by this bottle.
- CALIBAN** I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.
- STEPHANO** Here: swear then how thou escape'dst.
- TRINCULO** Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.
- STEPHANO** Here, kiss the book.
- TRINCULO** O Stephano. Hast any more of this?
- STEPHANO** The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock th'sea-side where my wine is hid. How  
now, moon-calf!
- CALIBAN** Hast thou by not dropped from heaven?
- STEPHANO** Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'th'moon when time was.
- CALIBAN** I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.
- STEPHANO** Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear!
- TRINCULO** By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him? A very weak  
monster!
- CALIBAN** I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island: and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my  
god.
- CALIBAN** 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.
- STEPHANO** I prithee, now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the queen and all our  
company else being drowned, we will inherit here.
- CALIBAN** [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell master; farewell, farewell!
- TRINCULO** A howling monster: a drunken monster!
- CALIBAN** 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
Has a new master: get a new man.  
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom,  
high-day, freedom!
- STEPHANO** O brave monster, lead the way!

*Exeunt*



# TWELFTH NIGHT

## ACT 2, SC 3 – SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, FOOL, MARIA, MALVOLIO

*Sir Toby and Sir Andrew stay up late drinking in Olivia's house. Feste the Fool appears, and the noblemen ask him to sing them a song. Maria catches them in the act, warning them to keep their voices down or Olivia will call her steward, Malvolio. The drunk noblemen ignore her, and Malvolio enters, telling them off for their unruly behaviour. He warns Sir Toby that Olivia will kick him out of her house, but Sir Toby continues to insult Malvolio. The steward leaves with a final threat to inform Olivia of their behaviour.*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW*

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st –

### **SIR ANDREW**

Nay, my troth, I know not:  
but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can.  
To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

### **SIR ANDREW**

Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.

*Enter FOOL*

### **SIR ANDREW**

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

### **FOOL**

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?



**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

**SIR ANDREW**

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night.

*FOOL bows.*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

**FOOL**

Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A love-song, a love-song.

**SIR ANDREW**

Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

**FOOL**

[Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

**SIR ANDREW**

Excellent good, i' faith.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Good, good.

**FOOL**

[Sings]

*What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

**SIR ANDREW**

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.



**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A contagious breath.

**SIR ANDREW**

Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.  
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we  
rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three  
souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

**SIR ANDREW**

Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

**FOOL**

'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be  
constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

**SIR ANDREW**

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to  
call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

**FOOL**

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

**SIR ANDREW**

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

*A song and dance: 'Hold thy peace'. Enter MARIA*

**MARIA**

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady  
have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him  
turn you out of doors, never trust me.

**FOOL**

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

**SIR ANDREW**

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do  
I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it  
more natural.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

[Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

**MARIA**

For the love o' God, peace!



*Enter MALVOLIO*

**MALVOLIO**

My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

[Sings] 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

**MARIA**

Nay, good Sir Toby.

**FOOL**

'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

'But I will never die.'

**FOOL**

Sir Toby, there you lie.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

'Shall I bid him go?'

**FOOL**

'What an if you do?'

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

**FOOL**

'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

**SIR TOBY BELCH**



Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a  
steward? Dost thou think, because thou art  
virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?  
Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

**MALVOLIO**

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any  
thing more than contempt, you would not give means  
for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

*MALVOLIO exits*

**MARIA**

Go shake your ears.