

A Valentine's Affair 2027 audition packet

Presented by Madison Shakespeare Company, Feb 11-13 2027 at the Bartell Theatre

MONOLOGUE A - Viola (Twelfth Night I.5)	1
MONOLOGUE B - Benedick (Much Ado II.3)	2
MONOLOGUE C - Helena (Midsummer I.1)	3
MONOLOGUE D - Romeo (Romeo and Juliet II.2)	4
#1 Comedy of Errors II.2 (A of S, D of S, Adriana, Luciana)	5
#2 Taming III.1 -> IV.2 (Lucentio, Hortensio, Bianca, Tranio)	11
#3 Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV SCENE I. A church. (Leonato, Claudio, Hero, [Friar]	16
#4 Cyrano Act III Scene 1 (Cyrano, Roxane, [Duenna])	19
#5 Taming II.1 (Petruchio, Kate)	21
#6 TWELFTH NIGHT I.5 (Olivia, Viola-as-Cesario, [Maria & Malvolio])	24
#7 Edward the Fourth IV.III— Shore's Shop (King Edward, Jane)	26
#8: Romeo and Juliet I-v (Romeo, Juliet)	28
#9: Henry VI part 2, III-ii (Margaret, Suffolk)	29
#10: Much Ado, IV-i (Benedick, Beatrice)	31
#11: Measure for Measure III-i (Isabella, Claudio, [Provost])	34

MONOLOGUE A - Viola (Twelfth Night I.5)

Viola, in disguise as the boy Cesario, woos Olivia on behalf of Orsino

I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!
If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

MONOLOGUE B - Benedick (Much Ado II.3)

Benedick hears his colleagues talk about Beatrice's affection for him. They made it up to fool him. He's fooled.

This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.

They have the truth of this from Hero.

I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud:

Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put
them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth,

I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so,

I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me;

by my troth, it is no addition to her wit,

Nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be

horribly in love with her. I may chance have some

odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me,

because I have railed so long against marriage:

But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat
in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of
the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?

No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would

die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

Here comes Beatrice. By this day! She's a fair lady:

I do spy some marks of love in her.

MONOLOGUE C - Helena (Midsummer I.1)

Helena decides to chase after Demetrius, despite his recent pursuit of Helena, who has run off with Lysander

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, folding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

MONOLOGUE D - Romeo (Romeo and Juliet II.2)

Romeo stands below Juliet's balcony

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

#1 Comedy of Errors II.2 (A of S, D of S, Adriana, Luciana)

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

How now sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

Beating him

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

But, I pray, sir why am I beaten?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Dost thou not know?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Shall I tell you why?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath
a wherefore.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, first,--for flouting me; and then, wherefore--
For urging it the second time to me.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thank me, sir, for what?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for
something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In good time, sir; what's that?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Then 'twill be dry.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Your reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another
dry basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a
time for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

By what rule, sir?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald
pate of father Time himself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Let's hear it.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

There's no time for a man to recover his hair that
grows bald by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

May he not do it by fine and recovery?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the
lost hair of another man.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald and therefore
to the world's end will have bald followers.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

ADRIANA

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot!
Keep then far league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

LUCIANA

Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

By me?

ADRIANA

By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I never spake with her in all my life.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration.

ADRIANA

How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

LUCIANA

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

LUCIANA

Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am transformed, master, am I not?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thou hast thine own form.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, I am an ape.

LUCIANA

If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADRIANA

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
I'll say as they say and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADRIANA

Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUCIANA

Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

Exeunt

#2 Taming III.1 -> IV.2 (Lucentio, Hortensio, Bianca, Tranio)

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*) But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained.
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.
[*To Hortensio.*] Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO [*aside*]

That will be never. [*To Hortensio.*] Tune your
Instrument.

Hortensio steps aside to tune his lute.

BIANCA Where left we last?

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*) Here, madam:

(*Showing her a book.*)

*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

BIANCA Conster them.

LUCENTIO *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am
Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love, *Hic
steterat*, and that “Lucentio” that comes a-wooing,
Priami, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port,
celsa senis, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*) Madam, my instrument’s in
tune.

BIANCA Let’s hear. (*He plays.*) Oh fie, the treble jars!

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*) Spit in the hole, man, and tune
Again.

Hortensio tunes his lute again.

BIANCA Now let me see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat
Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust
you not; *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us
not; *regia*, presume not; *celsa senis*, despair not.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Madam, ’tis now in tune. (*He plays again.*)

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*) All but the bass.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

The bass is right. ’Tis the base knave that jars.

(*Aside.*) How fiery and forward our pedant is.

Now for my life the knave doth court my love!

Pedascule, I’ll watch you better yet.

BIANCA [*to Lucentio*]

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

Mistrust it not.

BIANCA

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest.—Now, Litio, to you.

Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*) [*to Lucentio*]

You may go walk, and give me leave awhile.

My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait
[*Aside.*] And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

(*He steps aside.*)

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

(*Giving her a paper.*)

BIANCA (*reads*)

“*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one clef, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity or I die.”
Call you this “gamut”? Tut, I like it not.
Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter Tranio as Lucentio.

TRANIO
Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister’s chamber up.
You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA
Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

LUCENTIO
Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
Bianca and Lucentio exit, severally.

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)
Is ’t possible, friend Litio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)
Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

They stand aside. Enter Bianca and Lucentio as Cambio.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)
Now mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA
What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)
I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

BIANCA

And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

They move aside and kiss and talk.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)

O spiteful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more. I am not Litio,
Nor a musician as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO

See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat. *Exeunt*

#3 Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV SCENE I. A church. (Leonato, Claudio, Hero, [Friar])

LEONATO

Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage.

FRIAR FRANCIS

You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

CLAUDIO

No.

LEONATO

To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

FRIAR FRANCIS

Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

HERO

I do.

FRIAR FRANCIS

If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

CLAUDIO

Know you any, Hero?

HERO

None, my lord.

FRIAR FRANCIS

Know you any, count?

LEONATO

I dare make his answer, none.

CLAUDIO

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

CLAUDIO

Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEONATO

As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUDIO

There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEONATO

Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,--

CLAUDIO

I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO

And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUDIO

Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

HERO

Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEONATO

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

HERO

O God!

CLAUDIO

Leonato, stand I here?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

LEONATO

All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

LEONATO

I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

HERO

O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

CLAUDIO

To make you answer truly to your name.

HERO

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

CLAUDIO

Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO

I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

CLAUDIO

O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

LEONATO

Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

HERO swoons

#4 Cyrano Act III Scene 1 (Cyrano, Roxane, [Duenna])

Cyrano plays it cool while Roxane gushes over the letters he wrote on Christian's behalf

ROXANE (coming out of the house):

Ah! How handsome he is, how brilliant a wit! And—how well I love him!

CYRANO

Christian has so brilliant a wit?

ROXANE:

Brighter than even your own, cousin!

CYRANO:

Be it so, with all my heart!

ROXANE:

Ah! methinks 'twere impossible that there could breathe a man on this earth skilled to say as sweetly as he all the pretty nothings that mean so much—that mean all! At times his mind seems far away, the Muse says naught—and then, presto! he speaks—bewitchingly! enchantingly!

CYRANO

No, no!

ROXANE:

Fie! That is ill said! But lo! men are ever thus! Because he is fair to see, you would have it that he must be dull of speech.

CYRANO:

He hath an eloquent tongue in telling his love?

ROXANE:

In telling his love? why, 'tis not simple telling, 'tis dissertation, 'tis analysis!

CYRANO:

How is he with the pen?

ROXANE:

Still better! Listen,—here:—

'The more of my poor heart you take The larger grows my heart!'

How like you those lines?

CYRANO:
Pooh!

ROXANE:
And thus it goes on. . .
'And, since some target I must show For Cupid's cruel dart, Oh, if mine own you deign to keep, Then give me your sweet heart!'

CYRANO:
Lord! first he has too much, then anon not enough! How much heart does the fellow want?

ROXANE:
You would vex a saint!. . .But 'tis your jealousy.
Ay, your poet's jealousy! Hark now, if this again be not tender-sweet?—
*'My heart to yours sounds but one cry: If kisses fast could flee
By letter, then with your sweet lips My letters read should be!
If kisses could be writ with ink, If kisses fast could flee!'*

CYRANO
Ha! those last lines are,—hm!. . .hm!. . .
(Correcting himself—contemptuously):
—They are paltry enough!
You have his letters by heart?

ROXANE:
Every one of them! They are the lines of a master!

CYRANO
Come, nay. . .a master?. . .

ROXANE:
Ay, I say it—a master!

THE DUENNA
Here comes Monsieur de Guiche! In with you! 'twere best he see you not; it might perchance put him on the scent. . .

ROXANE
Ay, of my own dear secret! He loves me, and is powerful, and, if he knew, then all were lost! Marry! he could well deal a deathblow to my love!

CYRANO (entering the house): Good! good!

#5 Taming II.1 (Petruchio, Kate)

They meet. You know who they are.

PETRUCHIO

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINE

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINE

"Moved," in good time! Let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a movable?

KATHERINE

A joint stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINE

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINE

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp! I' faith, you are too angry.

KATHERINE

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHERINE

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

KATHERINE

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHERINE

Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail?
Nay, come again, good Kate. I am a gentleman.

KATHERINE

That I'll try. [She strikes him.]

PETRUCHIO

I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

KATHERINE

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
What is your crest? A coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHERINE

No cock of mine. You crow too like a craven.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, come, Kate, come. You must not look so sour.

KATHERINE

It is my fashion when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO

Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

KATHERINE

There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it me.

KATHERINE

Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

KATHERINE

Well aimed of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATHERINE

Yet you are withered.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis with cares.

KATHERINE

I care not.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, hear you, Kate—in sooth, you 'scape not so.

KATHERINE

I chafe you if I tarry. Let me go.

PETRUCHIO

No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar.

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

KATHERINE

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

#6 TWELFTH NIGHT I.5 (Olivia, Viola-as-Cesario, [Maria & Malvolio])

Viola, disguised as Cesario, presses Duke Orsino's love suit

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt MARIA and Malvolio*]

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate

with my face? You are now out of your text: but

we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

Is't not well done? *Unveiling*

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave

And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give

out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be

inventoried, and every particle and utensil

labelled to my will. Were

you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you!

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;

He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

VIOLA

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. *Exit*

OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

#7 Edward the Fourth IV.III— Shore's Shop (King Edward, Jane)

Disguised and smitten King Edward tracks Jane Shore to the shop she and her husband operate.

Jane. What would you buy, sir, that you look on here ?

King. Your fairest jewel, be it not too dear.
First, how this sapphire, mistress, that you wear ?

Jane. Sir, it is right ; that will I warrant ye.
No jeweller in London shows a better.

King. No, nor the like ; you praise it passing well.

Jane. Do I? No; if some lapidary had the stone,
more would not buy it than I can demand. 'Tis as well
set, I think, as e'er ye saw.

King. 'Tis set, indeed, upon the fairest hand that e'er I saw.

Jane. You are dispos'd to jest. But for value, his majesty might wear it.

King. Might he, i'faith ?

Jane. Sir, 'tis the ring I mean.

King. I meant the hand.

Jane. You are a merry man :
I see you come to cheap, and not to buy.

King. Yet he that offers fairer than I'll do
Shall hardly find a partner in his bargain.

Jane. Perhaps, in buying things of so small value.

King. Rather, because no wealth can purchase it.

Jane. The gift so small, that (ask'd) who could deny it.

King. Oh, she gave more, that such a gift then gave.
Than earth e'er had, or world shall ever have.

Jane. His hap is ill should it be as you say,
That having given him what you rate so high
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

King, That easily proves he doth not know the worth.

Jane. Yet, having had the use of it so long,
It rather proves you over-rate the thing.
He being a chapman, as it seems you are.

King. Indeed, none should adventure on the thing,
That's to be purchas'd only by a king.

Jane. If kings love that which no one else respects
It may be so; else do I see small reason
A king should take delight in such coarse stuff.

King. Lives there a king that would not give his crown
To purchase such a kingdom of content ?

Jane. In my conceit, right well you ask that question :
The world, I think, contains not such fond king.

King. Why, mistress Shore, I am the man will do it,

Jane. Tis proudly spoke, although I'd not believe it.
Were he king Edward that should offer it.

King. I'll gage hand unto your hand of that.
Look well upon me. *[Discovers himself]*

Jane. Now, I beseech you, let this strange disguise
Excuse my boldness to your majesty. *[Kneels.]*
Whatever we possess is all your highness' ;
Only mine honour, which I cannot grant.

King, Only thy love, bright angel ! Edward craves;
For which I thus adventured to see thee.

#8: Romeo and Juliet I-v (Romeo, Juliet)

ROMEO [taking Juliet's hand]

If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.
They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
[He kisses her.]
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. [He kisses her.]

JULIET You kiss by th' book.

#9: Henry VI part 2, III-ii (Margaret, Suffolk)

QUEEN MARGARET

Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
There's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUFFOLK

Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

QUEEN MARGARET

Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

SUFFOLK

A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse
them?
Could curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
And even now my burdened heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste;
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees;
Their chiefest prospect, murd'ring basilisks;
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

QUEEN MARGARET

Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself,
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-chargèd gun, recoil
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUFFOLK

You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN MARGARET

O, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banishèd myself;
And banishèd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me. Even now be gone!
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
[They embrace.]
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

SUFFOLK

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence.
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more. Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

QUEEN MARGARET

Now get thee hence. The King, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

#10: Much Ado, IV-i (Benedick, Beatrice)

BENEDICK Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEATRICE Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENEDICK I will not desire that.

BEATRICE You have no reason. I do it freely.

BENEDICK Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEATRICE Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

BENEDICK Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEATRICE A very even way, but no such friend.

BENEDICK May a man do it?

BEATRICE It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENEDICK I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

BEATRICE As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you, but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

BENEDICK By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me!

BEATRICE Do not swear and eat it.

BENEDICK I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEATRICE Will you not eat your word?

BENEDICK With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

BEATRICE Why then, God forgive me.

BENEDICK What offense, sweet Beatrice?

BEATRICE You have stayed me in a happy hour.
I was about to protest I loved you.

BENEDICK And do it with all thy heart.

BEATRICE I love you with so much of my heart that
none is left to protest.

BENEDICK Come, bid me do anything for thee.

BEATRICE Kill Claudio.

BENEDICK Ha! Not for the wide world.

BEATRICE You kill me to deny it. Farewell.
She begins to exit.

BENEDICK Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEATRICE I am gone, though I am here. There is no
love in you. Nay, I pray you let me go.

BENEDICK Beatrice—

BEATRICE In faith, I will go.

BENEDICK We'll be friends first.

BEATRICE You dare easier be friends with me than
fight with mine enemy.

BENEDICK Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEATRICE Is he not approved in the height a villain
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?
O, that I were a man! What, bear her in
hand until they come to take hands, and then, with

public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the marketplace.

BENEDICK Hear me, Beatrice—

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

BENEDICK Nay, but Beatrice—

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

BENEDICK Beat—

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

BENEDICK Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEATRICE Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENEDICK Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEATRICE Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENEDICK Enough, I am engaged. I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

[They exit.]

#11: Measure for Measure III-i (Isabella, Claudio, [Provost])

ISABELLA

My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Provost

As many as you please.

Exeunt Provost

CLAUDIO

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISABELLA

Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

CLAUDIO

Is there no remedy?

ISABELLA

None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUDIO

But is there any?

ISABELLA

Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

CLAUDIO

Perpetual durance?

ISABELLA

Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

CLAUDIO

But in what nature?

ISABELLA

In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUDIO

Let me know the point.

ISABELLA

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?

CLAUDIO

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISABELLA

There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUDIO

The prenzie Angelo!

ISABELLA

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

CLAUDIO

O heavens! it cannot be.

ISABELLA

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUDIO

Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA

O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO

Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISABELLA

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO

Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

ISABELLA

Which is the least?

CLAUDIO

If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

ISABELLA

What says my brother?

CLAUDIO

Death is a fearful thing.

ISABELLA

And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas!

CLAUDIO

Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

ISABELLA

O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish!

CLAUDIO

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISABELLA

O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:

'Tis best thou diest quickly.

CLAUDIO

O hear me, Isabella!