

Shine Bright LLCE Cycle Terminal

File 13 Staging emotions

Star-crossed lovers p. 156

Friar Lawrence's attempt to warn Romeo about Juliet's plan has failed. Romeo drinks some poison and Juliet wakes up.

Juliet: O comfortable friar! Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[...]

Juliet: Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl¹, drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply² some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

First watchman: Within.

Lead, boy, which way?

Juliet: Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,

(Taking Romeo's dagger.)

This is thy sheath³;

(Stabs herself.)

there rust, and let me die.

(Falls on Romeo's body and dies.)

[...]

Prince escalus: This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings⁴ of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault, to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See what a scourge⁵ is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking⁶ at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen⁷. All are punish'd.

Capulet: O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure⁸, for no more
Can I demand.

Montague: But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet: As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince escalus: A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe⁹
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

(Exeunt omnes.)

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, 1595

1. *rustre* 2. perhaps 3. *fourreau* 4. news 5. punishment 6. ignore 7. two family members 8. *dot* 9. sorrow

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds¹ of May,
And summer's lease² hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed³,
And every fair⁴ from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag⁵ thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare, *The Sonnets*, 1609

1. *bourgeon* 2. *season* 3. *reduce* 4. *beauty* 5. *se vanter*

A kind of magic p. 158-159

Man: Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art translated.

Bottom [thinks]: I see their knavery¹: 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.

Bottom [sings]: The ousel-cock so black of hue, with orange-tawny bill, the throstle with his note so true, the wren with little quill.

Titania [thinks]: What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bottom [sings]: The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, the plain-song cuckoo grey, whose note full many a man doth mark, and dares not answer nay; for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Titania: I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; so is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; and thy fair virtue's force, perforce², doth move me, on the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom: Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek³ upon occasion.

Titania: Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom: Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania: Out of this wood do not desire to go: thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or not.

I am a spirit of no common rate: the summer still doth tend upon my state; and I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee.

William Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, illustrated by Jason Cardy and Kat Nicholson, 2012

1. joke **2.** necessarily **3.** joke

The most famous soliloquy p. 160

At the beginning of Act II, Prince Hamlet of Denmark, the main character in the play, is pondering over various subjects alone.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows¹ of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die—to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir² to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub³:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil⁴,
Must give us pause—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns⁵ of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely⁶,
The pangs⁷ of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns⁸
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin⁹? Who would fardels¹⁰ bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovere'd country, from whose bourn¹¹
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,

And thus the native hue¹² of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry¹³
And lose the name of action.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, 1603

1. attacks 2. héritier 3. embarrass 4. die 5. contempt 6. disdain 7. pain 8. rejection 9.
dagger 10. fardeaux 11. destination 12. colour 13. change for the worse