What 'tis to Love

An Honors Thesis

by

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Muncie, Indiana

April 1996

May 4, 1996
What 'tis to Love
A Selection of Shakespearean Courting Scenes

April 11, 12, & 13 at 8:00 pm
April 14 at 5:00 pm
Edward S. Strother Theatre

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Ball State University
Department of Theatre and Dance Performance
and School of Music
There will be one fifteen minute intermission.
In this project I have explored what it means to love in Shakespeare's works. Lovers in Shakespeare's plays are challenged to connect with one another, to create a sense of oneness and a mutual definition of reality. They must overcome their differences, learn to trust, and view the world in the same way. I have chosen scenes in which Shakespeare's lovers attempt to create a mutual definition of reality and to establish a connection which will allow them to enter into a private world of existence which only the two of them can understand. Why and whether or not lovers in Shakespeare create and maintain these private worlds is characteristic of the type, or genre, of the play. Modern Shakespearean scholars divide his plays into three genres: histories, comedies (including a sub-genre known as romances), and tragedies.

In the histories, men are primarily concerned with a drive to power. Men may choose to create a private world with a woman (through marriage or courtship) as an accessory to that drive. The way they go about this is key to their characters. Henry V, Shakespeare's ideal king, attempts to really connect with Katherine, the princess of France—going so far as to surmount the barrier of language to coax her into a new existence with him. Richard III, in contrast, merely uses Lady Anne as a stepping stone to power. He cares little for her, only for what she can get him.

Comedies, which are primarily concerned with love and courting, treat the creation of lovers' worlds in several ways. One way deals with the theme of sacrifice. Witness Benedick, in Much Ado About Nothing, who must sacrifice his friendship with Claudio to love Beatrice; and Katherina, in The Taming of the Shrew, who must give up her independence to make her marriage to Petruchio work. Another type of comedy involves disguise, in which a false world serves as either a gateway or a detour from another, truer existence. In As You Like It, Rosalind's disguise allows her to test Orlando, paving the way for a happy union. Viola's disguise in Twelfth Night, however, blocks relationships—misleading Olivia who falls in love with Viola's facade. In still other types of comedies, magical forces aid in the creation of lovers' worlds. Prospero's magic in The Tempest results in the courtship of Miranda and Ferdinand, while Oberon and Puck control the mortals' relationships in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The tragedies are different, in that, lovers' private worlds already exist, but some block—either a situation or a character destroys the lovers' connection. In Romeo and Juliet, the feud of the families keeps the lovers from being happy; while in Othello, Iago attempts to create his own world with Othello, essentially replacing Desdemona and destroying the lovers' union.

Notes on the Music

I had wanted the music for What 'tis to Love to have Elizabethan sources, while also paralleling the production as a whole. Like the scenes, the music had to reflect a variety of emotions, while retaining a common element. We succeeded by using a collection of pieces based on the Elizabethan composer John Taverner's In Nomine.

Nearly a hundred years before the birth of Shakespeare, Taverner composed a piece based on the tune that accompanies the words in nomine Domini from the Benedictus of his setting of the Mass. This piece was so popular among composers that for the next two centuries, hundreds of composers wrote pieces based on that in nomine tune. The tune (or cantus firmus) is stated in very long, slow notes with other voices playing melodic lines around that base voice. All the pieces in this production are tied together by this cantus firmus; but since they were written by different composers as independent pieces, they are still diverse in emotion and feel.

The selections in this production come from the following pieces:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Piece</th>
<th>Composer</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In Nomine</td>
<td>John Taverner (d. 1545)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Nomine</td>
<td>Robert Johnson (fl. 1560)</td>
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<tr>
<td>In Nomine &quot;Trust&quot;</td>
<td>Christopher Tye (ca. 1500-1572)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Crye&quot;</td>
<td>John Baldwin (d. 1615)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Upon In Nomine</td>
<td>John Bull (1562-1628)</td>
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</tbody>
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All enter to prologue positions

Josh
Tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Dana
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service
It is to be all made of fantasy.

Carrie
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all deservings.

Warren
Love is a smoke, raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparking in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.

Paul
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Katie
Still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Robyn
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school, with heavy looks.

Rodney
Love is like a child
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Michael
They say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures
more than is native to them.

Nancy
Love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
Love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.

Kim
Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

David
To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

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

Bill
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved.

Jessica
Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defense;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence
Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.

Reason and love keep little company now-a-days

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain.

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Love delights in praises

O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love is blind and lovers cannot see
The petty follies that themselves commit.

Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad

I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

We that are true lovers run into strange capers.

Ay me! For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
The drama of William Shakespeare deals with just about every theme imaginable. But one of his favorite themes was love. Whether they are witty, star-crossed, comic or tragic, buffoons or royalty, Shakespeare’s lovers all speak to us—because we see people like them everyday. We like them because we understand them.

These characters, from the pages of a 16th century playwright’s imagination are so realistic, so alive, that we can see ourselves reflected each time they grace the stage. Lovers in Shakespeare’s plays find themselves faced with the challenge of connecting with one another to create a sense of oneness. In doing that, they essentially create a new world together, a world in which they can live independently of the forces around them.

Why and whether or not they create this ideal new world together is characteristic of the type, or genre, of the play. Modern critics divide Shakespeare’s plays into three genres: histories, comedies (including a sub genre known as romances), and tragedies. Tragedies concern the inability of lovers to sustain a private world because of some interfering outside force. Situations and characters function as a block to a private existence.

Comedies, which are primarily concerned with love and courting, treat the creation of lovers’ worlds in several ways. One way requires a lover to sacrifice something very dear in order to create a world with their partner. Other comedies involve role playing in which a false world is created that serves as a gateway to another, truer existence. In still other comedies, nature or magical forces aid in the creation of lovers’ worlds.

In history plays, men are concerned with their individual climb to power. They may choose to create a world with a woman as an accessory to that drive. Women are either trophies of war or, in the worst cases, stepping stones on the path to power.

Henry the Fifth is Shakespeare’s ideal king. Having defeated the French at Agincourt, Henry sends his advisors off to discuss terms with the French King. Henry and Katherine, the Princess of France, are left together. While he knows that Katherine is already his as a trophy of war, Henry attempts to woo her in the best way he knows how. He attempts to elevate her from her status as an item exchanged in a treaty.

The treaty unites them in the name of politics, but in this scene they begin to create a mutual existence based on love. In order to do this, they must surmount the barrier of language and try to connect in any way they can.

Bill cross to DSR momentarily and nod to Henry then exit DSR
HENRY  Will you, fair sister, 
     Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

ISABELLA  Our gracious brother, I will go with them. 
     Haply a woman's voice may do some good 
     When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

HENRY  Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us: 
     She is our capital demand, compris'd 
     Within the fore-rank of our articles. 

ISABELLA  She hath good leave. 

Exeunt all but H, K, & A.

HENRY  Fair Katharine, and most fair, 
     Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms 
     Such as will enter at a lady's ear 
     And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATHARINE  Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak 
     your England.

HENRY  O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly 
     with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you 
     confess it brokenly with your English tongue. 
     Do you like me, Kate?

KATHARINE  Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell wat is "like me."

HENRY  An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like 
     an angel.

KATHARINE  Que dit-il? que je suis semblable a les anges?

ALICE  Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

HENRY  I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush 
     to affirm it.

KATHARINE  O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont 
     pleines de tromperies.

HENRY  What says she, fair one? that the tongues of 
     men are full of deceits?

ALICE  Oui; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of 
     deceits: dat is de princess.

HENRY  The princess is the better Englishwoman. 
     I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy under­
     standing; I am glad thou canst speak no better 
     English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find 
     me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I 
     had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know 
     no ways to mince it in love, but directly to 
     say,"I love you"; then if you urge me farther 
     than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my 
     suit. Give me your answer, i' faith, do: and 
     so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?
KATHARINE

Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

HENRY

Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to
dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me:
for the one, I have neither words nor measure,
and for the other, I have no strength in measure,
yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could
win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my
saddle with my armour on my back, under the
correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for
my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I
could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-
an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I
cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence,
nor I have no cunning in protestation; only
downright oaths, which I never use till urged,
nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a
fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth
sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love
of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook.
I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me
for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die,
is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee
too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow
of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce
must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to
woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite
tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,
they do always reason themselves out again. What! a
speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A
good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard
will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face
will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart,
Kate, is the sun and the moon; for it shines bright and
never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would
have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier;
take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then
to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHARINE

Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

HENRY

No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of
France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love
the friend of France, for I love France so well that I
will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine:
and Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then
yours is France and you are mine.
KATHARINE I cannot tell wat is dat.
HENRY No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi -- let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! -- donc votre est France, et vous etes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHARINE Sauf votre honneur, le Francais que vous parlez il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.
HENRY No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

KATHARINE I cannot tell.
HENRY Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower de-luce?

KATHARINE I do not know dat.
HENRY No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres cher et divin deesse?

KATHARINE Your majeste 'ave fause French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.
HENRY Now, fie upon my false French. By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine": which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine"; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

KATHARINE Dat is as it shall please de roi mon pere.
HENRY Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.
KATHARINE Den it sall also content me.
HENRY Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.
KATHARINE Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur: excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.
HENRY Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.
KATHARINE Les dames et demoiselles, pour etre baisees devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.
HENRY Madam my interpreter, what says she?
ALICE Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France--I cannot tell wat is baiser en Anglish.
HENRY To kiss.
ALICE Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.
HENRY: It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE: Oui, vraiment.

HENRY: O Kate! nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently andyielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

BURGUNDY: God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

HENRY: I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.
Burgundy enters from DSR - complete scene
end of scene, Henry exits DSL, Katharine and Alice exit USR, Jessica enters USL,
Michael cross to center

Michael  
In contrast to Henry's charm, Richard the Third is a villainous tyrant. Consumed by his ambition, Richard will stop at nothing to gain the throne. Women serve as steps in his drive to power.

Anne enter DSL w/coffin carriers

Jessica  
Anne is mourning the death of Henry the Sixth, her father in law.
Richard, Henry's murderer, meets Anne in the streets of London and maliciously courts her. Richard manipulates her into thinking her beauty, rather than his ambition, was the cause of the deaths of Henry and his son Edward. This manipulation is the tool Richard uses to create a private world with Anne.

Richard enter USR

Michael  
Anne knows this world is blatantly false but she has no power to escape. She is merely a pawn in Richard's play for power.

Michael exits DSR, Jessica exits USL
ANNE What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body:
His soul thou canst not have; therefore begone.

RICHARD Sweet saint, for charity be not so curst.

ANNE Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O gentlemen! See, see dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells:
Thy deed inhuman and unnatural
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death;
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death;
Either heav'n with lighting strike the murderer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

RICHARD Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man.
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

RICHARD But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

ANNE O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

RICHARD More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

ANNE Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
Of these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, t'accuse thy cursed self.

RICHARD Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.

RICHARD By such despair I should accuse myself.
ANNE And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
RICHARD Say that I slew them not?
ANNE Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
RICHARD I did not kill your husband.
ANNE Why then he is alive.
RICHARD Nay he is dead, and slain by Edward's hand.
ANNE In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy mur'drous falchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
RICHARD I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
ANNE Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this King?
RICHARD I grant ye, yea.
ANNE Dost grant me, hedgehog! Then God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed.
O he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
RICHARD The better for the King of Heaven that hath him.
ANNE He is in Heaven, where thou shalt never come.
RICHARD Let him thank me that help to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
ANNE And thou unfit for any place but hell.
RICHARD Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
ANNE Some dungeon?
RICHARD Your bedchamber.
ANNE Ill rest beside the chamber where thou liest.
RICHARD So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
ANNE I hope so!
RICHARD I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
ANNE Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
RICHARD  Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
          Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
          To undertake the death of all the world,
          So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE    If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
          These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

RICHARD These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;
          You should not blemish it if I stood by.
          As all the world is cheered by the sun,
          So I by that; it is my day, my life.

ANNE    Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life.

RICHARD Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

ANNE    I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

RICHARD It is a quarrel most unnatural,
          To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

ANNE    It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
          To be reveng'd on him that killed my husband.

RICHARD He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
          Did it to help thee to a better husband.

ANNE    His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

RICHARD He lives that loves thee better than he could.

ANNE    Name him.

RICHARD Plantagenet.
          Why that was he.

ANNE    The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

ANNE    Where is he?

RICHARD Here.
          Why dost thou spit at me?

ANNE    Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.

RICHARD Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE    Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
          Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

RICHARD Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE    Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead.
RICHARD I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedash'd with rain. In that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy:
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry--
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward--
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
ANNE Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
RICHARD Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
ANNE I have already.
RICHARD That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.
ANNE I would I knew thy heart.
RICHARD 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
ANNE I fear me both are false.
RICHARD Then never was man true.
ANNE Well, well, put up your sword.
RICHARD Say then my peace is made.
ANNE That shalt thou know hereafter.
RICHARD But shall I live in hope?
ANNE All men, I hope, live so.
RICHARD Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
ANNE To take is not to give.
RICHARD Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger:
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
ANNE What is it?
RICHARD That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place,
Where, after I have solemnly inter'd
At Chertsey Monastery this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.
ANNE With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
RICHARD Bid me farewell.
ANNE 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

exit Anne
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What, I that kill'd her husband and his father:
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me--
And I, no friends to back my suit at all;
But plain devil and dissembling looks--
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while!
Upon my life, she finds--although I cannot--
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return, lamenting, to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.
While in the histories, the creation of lovers' worlds is merely an accessory to a drive for power. In the comedies, primarily concerned with love in all its forms, the creation of lovers' worlds is essential to the happy ending. In some of Shakespeare's comedies, lovers are faced with a choice. One lover must choose between a familiar (but perhaps unpleasant) world and an entirely new world offered by the other. The choice is based on trust between the two lovers. Without trust, no journey into a new world can be successful.

Beatrice and Benedick were once mutual disdainers of love who were known for their clever and witty feuding. This verbal sparring protected them from showing their real feelings for each other. After being tricked into realizing their love for one another, their relationship is brought to a head when Benedick's friend Claudio slanders Beatrice's cousin, Hero.

In order to bring their newfound relationship to fruition, Benedick must sacrifice his friendship with Claudio.
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 offence, sweet Beatrice?

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

BENEDICK
Then 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.

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 hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour--O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

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, valour 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 that 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.
In The Taming of the Shrew, Katharina, a misunderstood woman who longs for love, is given the opportunity to create a lovers' world with Petruchio. But that connection comes at a high price—the cost of her independence. Both social outsiders, Katharina and Petruchio want to be married to someone worthy of their own wit and intelligence. They find a perfect match in each other, but their egos keep getting in the way. Petruchio sees through Katharina's tough exterior and calls her on it, but he goes too far and misses his initial opportunity to connect with her.

Carrie Baptista, Katharina's father, just wants to marry his socially embarrassing daughter off to the first suitor he can find, to get her off his hands so that he can profit by the marriage of his younger, sweeter daughter Bianca. Gremio and Tranio, suitors to Bianca, are also eager for Katharina to wed, as their courtship cannot begin until she is married.

Petruchio, who initially does not care about his wife's temperament and only wants her money, finds himself strongly attracted to this intelligent, yet misunderstood woman.
BAPTISTA

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

I pray you do.

PETRUCHIO

I'll attend her here,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Say she be mute and will not speak a word,

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week.

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

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

KATHERINA

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 call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINA

Mov'd, in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first

You were a movable.

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a movable?

KATHERINA

A joint-stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINA

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINA

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!

For, knowing thee to be but young and light--

KATHERINA

Too light for such a swain as you to catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
PETRUCHIO: Should be? Should—buzz!
KATHERINA: Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
PETRUCHIO: O slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?
KATHERINA: Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
PETRUCHIO: Come, come, you wasp; 'tis faith, you are too angry.
KATHERINA: If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
PETRUCHIO: My remedy is then to pluck it out.
KATHERINA: Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
PETRUCHIO: Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
KATHERINA: In his tail.
PETRUCHIO: Whose tongue?
KATHERINA: 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—
PETRUCHIO: That I'll try.
KATHERINA: I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
PETRUCHIO: So may you lose your arms.
KATHERINA: If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
PETRUCHIO: A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
KATHERINA: What is your crest, a coxcomb?
PETRUCHIO: A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
KATHERINA: No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
PETRUCHIO: Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
KATHERINA: It is my fashion when I see a crab.
PETRUCHIO: Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
KATHERINA: There is, there is.
PETRUCHIO: Then show it me.
KATHERINA: Had I a glass, I would.
PETRUCHIO: What, you mean my face?
KATHERINA: Well aim'd of such a young one.
PETRUCHIO: Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
KATHERINA: Yet you are wither'd.
PETRUCHIO: 'Tis with cares.
KATHERINA: I care not.
PETRUCHIO: Nay, hear you, Kate—in sooth, you scape not so.
KATHERINA: 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 spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk.
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle confidence, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

KATHERINA

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

PETRUCHIO

Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful.

KATHERINA

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATHERINA

A witty mother, witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATHERINA

Yes, keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting al this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nil you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he born to tame you, Kate
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father. Never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

BAPTISTA

Now, Signor Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? How but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?
KATHERINA
Call you me daughter? Now I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PETRUCHIO
Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world
That talk'd of her have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be curst it is for policy,
For she's not forward, but modest as the dove.
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.

KATHERINA
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATHERINA
I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GREMIO
Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

TRANIO
Is this your speeding? Nay then, good night our part.

PETRUCHIO
Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself.
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices. 'Tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curtest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

BAPTISTA
I know not what to say, but give me your hands.
God send you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.

GREMIO/TRANIO
Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO
Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu,
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.
In Darkness Warren enter USL, Jessica enter USR, Romeo and Juliet enter DSR

Warren

In some Shakespearean tragedies, the lovers have already created their own private world in which they escape. But some block, either a situation or another character, interferes with the lovers' world and destroys it. Love relationships cannot be sustained in the chaotic world of Shakespearean tragedy.

Jessica

Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare's quintessential young lovers have created a world in which the two of them can escape the mutual animosity of their feuding families. After falling in love with Juliet and secretly marrying her, Romeo gets involved in a street brawl and slays Juliet's cousin. His punishment for the murder is banishment from his home, and therefore his new wife. Before he must leave, Romeo and Juliet have one secret night together in Juliet's bedroom. Hearing the lark's cry, the young lovers know they must part, but cannot bear the separation. They want to remain within their own private world, but realize that they must accept reality in order to survive.

Warren exit USL, Jessica exit USR
JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierc’d the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live or stay and die.

JULIET

Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet: thou need’st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta’en, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I’ll say yon grey is not the morning’s eye,
’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow.
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come death, and welcome. Juliet wills it so.
How is’t, my soul? Let’s talk. It is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is. Hie hence, begone, away.
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division.
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes.
O, now I would they had chang’d voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt’s-up to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light: more dark and dark our woes.

NURSE

Madam.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

JULIET

Then, window, let day in and let life out.

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell, one kiss and I’ll descend.
JULIET  Art thou gone so?  Love, lord, ay husband, friend,  
I must hear from thee every day in the hour, 
For in a minute there are many days. 
O, by this count I shall be much in years 
Ere I again behold my Romeo. 

ROMEO  Farewell. 
I will omit no opportunity 
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 

JULIET  O think'st thou we shall ever meet again? 

ROMEO  I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve 
For sweet discourses in our times to come. 

JULIET  O God, I have an ill-divining soul! 
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low, 
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb. 
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale. 

ROMEO  And trust me, love, in my eye so do you. 
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.  Adieu, adieu. 

JULIET  O Fortune, Fortune!  All men call thee fickle; 
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him 
That is renown'd for faith?  Be fickle, Fortune, 
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long, 
But send him back. 

LADY CAPULET  Ho, daughter, are you up? 

JULIET  Who is't that calls?  It is my lady mother. 
Is she not down so late, or up so early? 
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither? 

LADY CAPULET  Why, how now Juliet? 

JULIET  Madam, I am not well. 

LADY CAPULET  Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? 
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? 
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live. 
Therefore have done:  some grief shows much of love, 
But much of grief shows still some want of wit. 

JULIET  Yet let me weep for such a feeling of loss. 

LADY CAPULET  So shall you feel the loss but not the friend 
Which you weep for. 

JULIET  Feeling so the loss, 
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. 

LADY CAPULET  Well, girl, thou weepst not so much for his death 
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 

JULIET  What villain, madam? 

LADY CAPULET  That same villain Romeo. 

JULIET  Villain and he be many miles asunder. 
God pardon him.  I do with all my heart. 
And yet no man like he doth greive my heart.
Lady Capulet and Juliet exit USR, Bill enter DSR, Robyn enter DSL

Robyn In Othello, it is not a situation that blocks the lovers' happiness, but another character with an evil intent. Othello and his new bride Desdemona have created a new world for themselves in which they are very happy. But Iago, a jealous lieutenant of Othello's, does all he can to destroy his general's union with Desdemona.

Bill Iago attempts to create his own world with Othello which will replace Othello's private world with Desdemona. Iago preys upon Othello's position as an outsider, he is a Moorish soldier who knows little of the ways of cosmopolitan Venice, Desdemona's home.

Othello, Desdemona, and Iago enter USL

Robyn By knowing Othello's weakness, Iago drives a wedge between Othello and Desdemona. By bringing to the surface his general's fears, Iago takes control of Othello's perception of the world.

Bill exit DSR, Robyn exit DSL
OTHELLO I will deny thee nothing, 
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this, 
To leave me but a little to myself. 

DESDEMONA Shall I deny you? no, farewell, my lord. 

OTHELLO Farewell, my Desdemona, I'll come to thee straight. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soul, 
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

IAGO What dost thou say, Iago? 

OTHELLO Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, 
Know of your love? 

IAGO He did, from first to last:...why dost thou ask? 

OTHELLO But for a satisfaction of my thought. 

IAGO Why of thy thought, Iago? 

IAGO I did not think he had been acquainted with her. 

OTHELLO O yes, and went between us very often. 

IAGO Indeed? 

OTHELLO Indeed? Indeed: discern'st thou aught in that? 

IAGO Is he not honest? 

OTHELLO Honest, my lord? 

IAGO Honest? ay, honest. 

OTHELLO My lord, for aught I know. 

IAGO What dost thou think? 

OTHELLO Think, my lord? By heaven, he echoes me, 
As if there were some monster in his thought, 
Too hideous to be shown: thou didst mean something; 
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that, 
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like? 
And when I told thee he was of my counsel, 
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst “Indeed?” 
And didst contract and purse thy brow together, 
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain 
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me, 
Show me thy thought.

IAGO My lord, you know I love you.
OTHELLO  
I think thou dost,
And for I know thou art full of love and honesty
And weighest thy words, before thou give 'em breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO  
For Michael Cassio,
I dare presume, I think that he is honest.

OTHELLO  
I think so too.

IAGO  
Men should be that they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

OTHELLO  
Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO  
Why then I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO  
Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give the worst of thought
The worst of word.

IAGO  
Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false:
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

OTHELLO  
Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but thinkest him wrong'd, and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO  
I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice, nor built yourself a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
OTHELLO
Zounds!

IAGO
Good name in man and woman's dear, my lord;
Is the immediate jewel of our souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing.
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robes me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO
By heaven I'll know thy thought.

IAGO
You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody:
O, beware jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
That meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:
But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTHELLO
O misery!

IAGO
Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

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

I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound
Receive it from me: I speak not yet of proof;
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abused, look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let good see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands: their best
   conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

OTHELLO

Dost thou say so?

IAGO

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

OTHELLO

And so she did.

IAGO

Why, go to then,
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft: but I am much to
   blame,
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

OTHELLO

I am bound to thee for ever.
Othello and Iago exit USR, Josh enter USR, Dana enter DSR

Josh  In some of Shakespeare's comedies disguise is a part of the creation of a false world. Sometimes this helps lead lovers to a true union, but sometimes it makes real relationships impossible.

Dana  As You Like It is dominated by the character of Rosalind. After falling in love with Orlando, Rosalind and her cousin Celia are exiled from their life at court. They slip away to the Forest of Arden where Rosalind disguises herself as the boy Ganymede for their protection. Rosalind meets up with Orlando in the wood and, as Ganymede, offers to educate him in the ways of love. Rosalind tests Orlando and his romantic notions while trying to bring him to a more realistic view of love.

Rosalind and Celia enter USL

Josh  In the course of this scene they create a world within a false relationship--that turns out to be more real than either of them thinks.

Dana exit DSR, Josh exit USR, Orlando enter DSL
Why how now Orlando,
where have you been all this while? You a lover!
And you serve me such another trick, never come
in my sight more.

ORLANDO
My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my
promise.

ROSALIND
Break an hour's promise in love! He that will
divide a minute into thousand parts, and break
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the
affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid
hath clapped him o'th' shoulder, but I'll warrant
him heart-whole.

ORLANDO
Pardon me dear Rosalind.
ROSALIND
Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my
sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORLANDO
Of a snail?
ROSALIND
Ay, of a snail. For though he comes slowly, he
carries his house on his head; a better jointure I
think than you make a woman. Besides, he brings
his destiny with him.

ORLANDO
What's that?
ROSALIND
Why horns--which such as you are fain to be
beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed
in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO
Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND
I am your Rosalind.

CELIA
It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Rosalind
of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND
Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday
humour and like enough to consent. What would
you say to me now, and I were your very very
Rosalind?

ORLANDO
I would kiss before I spoke.
ROSALIND
Nay, you were better speak first, and when you
were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take
occasion to kiss. Very good orators when they are
out, they will spit, and for lovers lacking--God
warr'nt us!--matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO
How if the kiss be denied?
ROSALIND
Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new
matter.

ORLANDO
Who could be out, being before his beloved
mistress?
ROSALIND
Marry that should you, if I were your mistress, or
I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.
ORLANDO What, of my suit?
ROSALIND Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.
ORLANDO Am not I your Rosalind?
ROSALIND I take some joy to say you are, because I would be
talking of her.
ORLANDO Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.
ROSALIND Then in mine own person, I die.
ORLANDO No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost
six thousand years old, and in all this time there
was not any man died in his own person, videlicet,
in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out
with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to
die before, and he is one of the patterns of love.
Leander, he would have lived many a fair year
though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for
a hot mid summer night; for, good youth, he went
but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being
taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish
chroniclers of that age found it was Hero of
Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from
time to time and worms have eaten them, but not
for love.
ORLANDO I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind,
for I protest her frown might kill me.
ROSALIND By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I
will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition;
and ask me what you will, I will grant it.
ORLANDO Then love me Rosalind.
ROSALIND Yes faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.
ORLANDO And wilt thou have me?
ROSALIND Ay, and twenty such.
ORLANDO What sayest thou?
ROSALIND Are you not good?
ORLANDO I hope so.
ROSALIND Why then, can one desire too much of a good
thing? Come sister, you shall be the priest and
marry us. Give me your hand Orlando. What do
you say sister?
ORLANDO Pray thee marry us.
CELIA I cannot say the words.
ROSALIND You must begin, 'Will you Orlando--'
CELIA Go to. Will you Orlando have to wife this
Rosalind?
ORLANDO I will.
ROSALIND Ay, but when?
ORLANDO Why now, as fast as she can marry us.
ROSALIND Then you must say 'I take thee Rosalind for wife.'
ORLANDO I take thee Rosalind for wife.
ROSALIND I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee Orlando for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.
ORLANDO So do all thoughts, they are winged.
ROSALIND Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?
ORLANDO For ever, and a day.
ROSALIND Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.
ORLANDO But will my Rosalind do so?
ROSALIND By my life, she will do as I do.
ORLANDO O but she is wise.
ROSALIND Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.
ORLANDO A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'
ROSALIND Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.
ORLANDO And what wit could wit have to excuse that?
ROSALIND Marry to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.
ORLANDO For these two hours Rosalind, I will leave thee.
ROSALIND Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.
ORLANDO I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.
Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. So adieu.

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try.

You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

No. That same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses everyone's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.
Celia and Rosalind exit DSL, Nancy enter USL, David enter DSL

Nancy
Disguise also plays a major role in Twelfth Night. Viola, shipwrecked in a strange country, disguises herself as a boy and enters the service of the Duke. Viola soon falls in love with the man she is serving. The Duke however, has been sending love messages to the young countess Olivia, but each time she has scorned them. He tries again, sending his new page "Cesario," who is Viola in disguise. Olivia however, falls in love with "Cesario" at their first meeting. During this, their second encounter, Viola must try to court a lady in the name of a man she loves--while fending off advances from the lady herself.

David
Olivia wants to pursue a romantic relationship with Cesario, to create a world with "him," and tries anything she can to reach him. Viola must not offend Olivia, nor can she reveal her true nature. To compound matters, the compassionate Viola sympathizes with Olivia--she herself has a love that must remain unrequited. In this instance, a disguise creates a barrier rather than a gateway to a love relationship.

Olivia enter USR, Viola enter DSR
Olivia and Cesario can never connect because of the false world created by Viola's disguise.

David exit DSL, Nancy exit USL
OLIVIA
Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA
My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA
What is your name?

VIOLA
Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA
My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA
And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA
For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

VIOLA
Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLIVIA
O, by your leave, I pray you!
I bade you never speak again of him;
But would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA
Dear lady--

OLIVIA
Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart: so, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA
I pity you.

OLIVIA
That's a degree to love.

VIOLA
No, not a grize: for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLIVIA

Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

OLIVIA

Clock strikes

VIOLA

Then westward ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord, by me?

OLIVIA

Stay:
I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA

Then think you right; I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be.

VIOLA

Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA

(aside) O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.---
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason letter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam, never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA

Yet come again: for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhors, to like his love.
Robyn
Shakespeare's comedies present the creation of lovers' worlds in yet another way--assisted by some magical power. These comedies (some of them sometimes called romances) contain many fantastical and otherworldly elements and show us that sometimes matters are out of our control.

Michael
Prospero has become ruler of the remote island to which he is exiled, and with the help of his spirit servant, has raised a storm to shipwreck his usurping brother, the King, and the King's son--Ferdinand. Ferdinand has been magically led to Prospero's cell, where he has fallen in love with Miranda, Prospero's daughter.

Ferdinand enter USR carrying log
Prospero tests Ferdinand by setting him to menial labor. Meeting Ferdinand hard at his task, Miranda discovers feelings she never had before. Caught between the desire to make contact with Ferdinand and the shyness that comes from encountering new situations, Miranda flits between the joy of her new feeling and the safety of her father's world. Ferdinand helps Miranda enter a new world with him. Prospero's magic is the supernatural force behind the courtship and he has no doubts or worries about its eventual conclusion.

Robyn exits DSR, Michael exit USL
FERDINAND  There be some sports are painful, and their labour Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me as odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what’s dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father’s crabbed, And he’s compos’d of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness Had never like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, Most busiest when I do it.

MIRANDA  Alas now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin’d to pile! Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, ‘Twill weep for having wearied you. My father Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself: He’s safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND  O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA  If you’ll sit down, I’ll bear your logs the while: pray give me that; I’ll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND  No, precious creature; I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA  It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

PROSPERO  Poor worm, thou art infected!

MIRANDA  You look wearily.

FERDINAND  No, noble mistress: ’tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night. I do beseech you,— Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,— What is your name?

MIRANDA  Miranda.--O my father,

I have broke your hest to say so!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

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

I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a King;
I would not so! --and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Do you love me?

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else 't th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Wherefore weep you?

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

My mistress, dearest;

And I thus humble ever.
My husband, then?

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

A thousand thousand!

Exeunt [Fer. and Mir. severally].

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

Exit.
Lovers' confusion abounds in A Midsummer Night's Dream. Hermia and Lysander have escaped from Athens to elope. Demetrius, another suitor to Hermia, has followed them into the woods hoping to stop their marriage. Hermia's childhood friend Helena is hopelessly in love with Demetrius, and has followed him to the wood hoping to win his love.

In the darkness of the night, Oberon, the fairy king, has seen Helena's unrequited love and pities her. Hoping to do some good, he sends his lieutenant, Puck to anoint Demetrius' eyes with the juice of a magic flower that causes one to fall in love with the first being one sees when awakened. Puck however, makes a mistake, and anoints Lysander's eyes.

When Lysander awakens, the first person he sees is Helena and he falls instantly in love with her—forsaking Hermia for her friend. Confusion persists until the fairies sort it all out and we arrive at our happy ending with the lovers paired two by two as they should be.

In this comedy, supernatural forces again control our love relationships and show us how arbitrary Cupid's arrow can seem to be.
OBERON  But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
PUCK  I took him sleeping -- that is finish'd too --
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That when wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

OBERON  Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
PUCK  This is the woman, but not this the man.
DEMETRIUS  O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
HERMIA  Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th'Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him:
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

DEMETRIUS  So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HERMIA  What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS  I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
HERMIA  Out, dog! Out cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O once tell true; tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung!

DEMETRIUS  You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
HERMIA
I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS
And if I could, what should I get therefor?

HERMIA
A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

DEMETRIUS
There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow’s heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

exit

HERMIA
lies down and sleeps.

OBERON & PUCK come forward

OBERON
What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true love’s sight;
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn’d, and not a false turn’d true.

PUCK
Then fate o’er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBERON
About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find;
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I’ll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK
I go, I go, look how I go!
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar’s bow.

Exit

OBERON
Squeezing juice on Demetrius’ eyelids.

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid’s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak’st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.
Enter Puck

PUCK

Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON

Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK

Then will two at once woo one:
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

_They stand aside._

Enter Lysander and Helena.

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you.
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

HELENA

You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

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.

DEMETRUIS

O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
HELENA  O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

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;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

HELENA  Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETER  Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.
If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

LYSANDER  Helen, it is not so.

DEMETER  Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.
Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia

HERMIA  Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
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
Lysander's love, that would not let him bide --
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA
You speak not as you think; it cannot be!

HELENA
Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! Most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us -- O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
And will you rend our ancient love asunder
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA
I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

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? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity rather than despise.

HERMIA
I understand not what you mean by this.
HELENA
Ay, do! Persever: counterfeit sad looks,
make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

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

DEMETRUIS
If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYSANDER
Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
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.

DEM
I say I love thee more than he can do.

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

DEM
Quick, come!

HERMIA
Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER
Away, you Ethiope!

DEM
No, no; he'll
Seem to break loose -- [to Lysander] take on as you would follow,
But yet come not! You are a tame man, go!

LYSANDER
Hang off, thou cat, thou burl! 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 Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated poison, hence!

HERMIA
Do you not jest?

HELENA
Yes sooth, and so do you.

LYSANDER
Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM
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?
Hate me? Wherefor? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd 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;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HERMIA

O me! [to Helena] You juggler! You canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA

Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
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 urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak:
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. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HERMIA

'Lower'? Hark, again!
HELENA  Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong’d you.
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
he follow’d you; for love I follow’d him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten’d me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

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.

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

HELENA O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA ‘Little’ again? Nothing but ‘low’ and ‘little’?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her!

LYSANDER Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

DEM You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of 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 dar’st, to try whose right,
of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEM Follow? Nay, I’ll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.

HERMIA You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.
Nay, go not back.
HELENA
I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray:
My legs are longer though, to run away.

HERMIA
I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

exit.

Oberon and Puck come forward

OBERON
This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUCK
Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise
That I have 'pointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
All enter to prologue positions, Katie and Bill center stage

Bill  Be it through choice, sacrifice, games, or magic, Shakespeare's lovers all strive to connect. The partners must be willing to trust each other in order to create an ideal world of love that only the two of them can understand.

Katie  Love cannot exist unless both people have the same desires and goals—Shakespeare's lovers challenge each other to trust and accept the new worlds they offer. That is what 'tis to love.

Curtain Call