

# REGIONAL PERFORMANCE SCHOLARSHIP

In memory of Nell Hourn  
Supported by Colonial Foundation



# BELL SHAKESPEARE.

Juliet

*Romeo And Juliet*

Act 3 Scene 2

*Romeo and Juliet, children of two feuding families, meet and fall instantly in love and marry in secret. In this scene Juliet eagerly awaits Romeo's arrival, so they can spend their first night together.*

## Line 1 - 31

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle, till strange love grow bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night, come Romeo, come, thou day in night,  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come gentle night, come loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them.

Taken from 'The Arden Shakespeare'

# BELL SHAKESPEARE.

Phebe            *As You Like It*            Act 3 Scene 5

*Phebe, a shepherdess, has just fallen in love with a beautiful young man called Ganymede. However, Ganymede is actually a girl in disguise. Here Phebe tries to convince Silvius, who loves her, that she's not interested in Ganymede.*

Line 109 - 135

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
'Tis but a peevish boy - yet he talks well -  
But what care I for words? Yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth - not very pretty -  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.  
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall.  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well.  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Between the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.  
I marvel why I answer'd not again.  
But that's all one. Omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it, wilt thou, Silvius?

Taken from 'The Arden Shakespeare'

# BELL SHAKESPEARE.

## Viola Twelfth Night Act 2 Scene 2

*Viola disguises herself as a boy, calling herself Cesario, in order to enter the service of the Duke. The Duke, who is trying to woo Olivia, sends Viola with a message to her. However, Olivia falls in love with Cesario (who is really Viola) and insists that her steward give Cesario a ring, to ensure 'he' returns to see her. Viola is confused.*

### Line 17 - 41

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me, indeed so much,  
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.  
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love:  
As I am woman (now alas the day!)  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie!

# BELL SHAKESPEARE.

Portia

*The Merchant of Venice*

Act 3 Scene 4

*Bassanio, Portia's new husband, departs from Belmont, to aid his imprisoned friend Antonio, and Portia announces that she and her lady-in-waiting Nerissa will retire to a nearby monastery until he returns. However, in this scene Portia reveals to Nerissa that they are actually going to disguise themselves as men and visit her new husband in Venice.*

Line 59 - 78

They shall Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack; I'll hold thee any wager  
When we are both accoutered like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,  
And speak between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays  
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died:  
I could not do withal: - then I'll repent,  
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them;  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth: I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

# BELL SHAKESPEARE.

Titania      *A Midsummer Night's Dream*      Act 2 Scene 1

*Oberon and Titania, the king and queen of the fairies, are quarrelling. Oberon wants Titania's foster child as his henchman, but she makes it clear she won't part with the boy.*

Line 121 - 137

Set your heart at rest:  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order;  
And in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood:  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive  
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;  
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire),  
Would imitate, and sail upon the land  
To fetch me trifles, and return again  
As from a voyage rich with merchandise.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

# BELL SHAKESPEARE.

Ophelia      *Hamlet*      Act 3 Scene 1

*Ophelia's boyfriend, Hamlet, has just rejected her. In a tirade against all women, he tells her he never loved her. Her world torn apart, and believing Hamlet to be insane, Ophelia tries to make sense of what's just happened to her.*

Line 151 - 162

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
Th'observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason  
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me  
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.