

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

HAMLET

Hamlet, Act III scene 1: ENSEMBLE SOLILOQUY

To be, or not to be--that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind

to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles And by opposing end them.

To die, to sleep--No more--and by a sleep to say we end The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to.

'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep--To sleep--perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause.

There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprise of great pitch and moment With this regard, their currents turn awry

And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Juliet, Act III scene 2: ENSEMBLE SOLILOQUY

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phoebus'
lodging:

such a waggoner As Phaethon would whip you to the
west, And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own
beauties;

or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night.

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.

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.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH

Macbeth, Act II scene 1: ENSEMBLE SOLILOQUY

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind,

a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

I see thee still, And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.

There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one halfworld Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse The curtain'd sleep;

Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk,
for fear Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it.

Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

