

Some Suggestions for Text Analysis of Shakespeare

1. Read the play at one sitting.
2. Use the Shakespeare Lexicon and a good dictionary.
3. Write paraphrases of your text.
4. Bracket complete thought groups.
5. Underline operative (image) words.
6. Mark scansion.
7. Pay close attention to the last word of each line as it drives the journey of the text and meter.
8. Analyze sentence structure and mark primary subject, verb, object.
 - When reading the play, do it in a quiet place where you can allow yourself to meet the words for the first time (even if you know the play well).
 - With the Lexicon and dictionary, look up words you know as well as those you don't. I generally use the Arden Shakespeare (great notes and definitions) and the Riverside editions.

Scansion — The analysis and identification of stress patterns in a poem.

Shakespeare wrote in both **prose** and **poetry**. When writing in poetry he used one meter almost exclusively. It consists of a sequence of five stressed syllables, each preceded by an unstressed syllable — short -- long. This is called **Iambic Pentameter**. Occasionally he inverted the foot into long -- short, most frequently at the beginning of a line. This foot is called a **trochee**.

U -- U -- U -- U -- U --

Helen/ to you/our minds/ we will/ unfold.

U -- U -- U -- U -- U --

Tomorrow night/when Phoebe doth behold

U -- U -- U -- U -- U --

Her silver visage in'the watery glass,

-- U U -- U -- U -- U --

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass —

Occasionally two strong syllables come together. This is called a **Spondee**. Trochees and spondees are the most common of the irregular feet in Shakespeare.

-- -- U -- U -- -- --

Blow, winds/and crack/ your cheeks!/ Rage, blow!

King Lear

Punctuation — In general, I use punctuation as a suggestion. Shakespeare himself was probably not responsible for the punctuation we find in his plays. That was the job of the stage manager or some editor. But you have to start somewhere. Periods, question marks and exclamation points (and in a few cases dashes) indicate complete thoughts.

Feminine Ending (a.k.a. weak ending) — An extra, unstressed syllable at the end of a line. Can be a clue denoting uncertainty, turbulence, emotional change. An internal feminine ending can occur in a line of poetry usually before a strong bit of punctuation.

U -- U -- U -- -- U U -- U

To be, /or not/ to be, / that is /the question:

-- U U -- U -- U -- U -- U

Whether / tis no/bler in/ the mind/to suffer

U -- U -- U -- U -- U -- U

The slings/ and ar/rows of/ outra/geous fortune,

U -- U -- U -- U -- U -- U

Or to/take arms against a sea of troubles

U -- U -- U -- U

And by/ oppos/ing end/ them.

Hamlet, III, 1, 56

Ellision — Running the end of one word into the beginning of the next. You move through an elusion quickly to preserve the meter of the poetry.

Here to this place i'th'open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.

The Winter's Tale, III, ii

Antithesis — Opposites or comparisons within a line or thought. (good thing/bad thing)

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb.
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;

Romeo and Juliet, III, ii

Contraction-- Shortening the word so that two syllables become one without sacrificing meaning.

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

R&J, II, 2

Expansion — Lengthening words by the addition of an extra sound or extra length of sound. Also in support of the meter.

--
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished."
--

That "banished" that one word "banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there;

R&J, III, 2

Caesura — Because of the length of a five beat line, there is almost always a break in the line, a natural beat usually after the second or third stressed syllable.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we make our scene,

R&J Prologue

Assonance — Repetition of a vowel sound in neighboring words or syllables in a line.

Unwhipt of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Lear, III,2

Consonance — Repetition of consonant sounds in neighboring words in a line, especially at the end of stressed syllables. (see above)

Alliteration — The repetition of usually initial consonant sounds in two or more neighboring words or syllables.

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!

Onomatopoeia — The naming of a thing or action by a vocal imitation of the sound associated with it. (Howl, buzz, hiss)

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!

Sources: **Shakespeare Spoken Here**, by Dakin Matthews and **The Actor and the Text**, by Cicely Berry.

DEFINITION: OPERATIVE WORD(S): THE WORD OR WORDS UPON WHICH AN IMAGE PHRASE DEPENDS FOR ITS MEANING; THE WORDS OR WORDS WITHOUT WHICH THERE WOULD BE NO IMAGE; THE WORDS YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT; THE WORDS FROM WHICH THE LISTENER CAN GUESS THE REST.

1. Articles (“a”, “an”, “the”), prepositions (“to”, “from”, “in”, “on”, “with”, etc.) And - conjunctions (“and”, “but”, etc.) are usually not operatives. They contain no images, but serve to show the relationships between images. Such relationships are usually conveyed in speaking by the inflections with which you link one image to another; the inflections are the natural result of your imaging process as you speak.
2. Stress not the negative. “No” and “not” are almost never operative. They contain no images, but serve instead to negate other images. The operative word is therefore the word that is being negated. “I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.” “Do not say so.”
3. Verbs of being (“am”, “is”, “was”, “shall”) are rarely operative. The operative words are instead the words that explain the kind or quality of being. “I am king.” “Thou shalt be king.” “I am happy.” “I am in love.” “He is my brother.”
4. Adjectives and adverbs should be treated as part of the noun or verb they modify and incorporated in the image. The key operative word is the noun or verb, with the adjective or adverb incorporated into the image as a modifier that qualifies the meaning of the noun or verb. “She’s a nice girl.” “Let’s have a good time.” “He’s a tired old fool.”
5. The same guideline applies to possessive nouns. “My father’s house.”
6. Avoid stressing pronouns whenever it is possible to do so. (“he”, “she”, “it”, etc.) Whenever there is an alternative that makes sense, use it. This includes possessive pronouns (“his”, “her”, “my”, etc.) Pronouns are used in speech usually as a substitute form for a noun which it has become unnecessary to stress. “I saw Helena. She told me she didn’t love me.”
7. Repetitive contrast: an image that is repeated is not operative. What is operative is any new quality that is added in the repetition. “I wanted a red shirt. I got a blue shirt.”
8. Generally speaking, nouns are more operative than verbs — think about trying to communicate with someone who doesn’t speak English — the first thing they must understand is the subject of the image, then what the subject is doing.

SCANSION: The important thing is that there be FIVE LONG BEATS per line. Whether you make something an anapest or a feminine ending, or scan by doing an elision between syllables, the result is ultimately THE SAME. The rest is for people writing scholarly treatises. What is important is that you find the UNDERLYING METRIC STRUCTURE and IDENTIFY WHERE THE IMAGES ARE PLACED within that structure. If you speak the images, you will speak in a wide variety of inner rhythms and phrase-lengths, and metric structure will support you.

IAMB U --	TROchee	-- U
DACTyl(l) -- UU	anaPEST	U U --
SPON-DEE -- --	pyr-rhic	UU

SHAKESPEARE

1.) Iambic Pentameter from early plays versus later plays

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Julia Act 1,2

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:' that I'll tear away.
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one on another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Richard II

Act 1,3

John of Gaunt

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Winter's Tale

Act 1, sc 2

Leontes

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I

Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play.

There have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't

Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know't;

It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage: many thousand on's

Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

2.) Argument and Narrative

Tell the story

Henry V

Act 1 Scene 2

CANTERBURY

Therefore doth heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion;

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts;

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home

To the tent-royal of their emperor;

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic porters crowding in

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,

That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrarily:

As many arrows, loosed several ways,

Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;

As many lines close in the dial's centre;

So may a thousand actions, once afoot.

End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

Henry V

Act 5, sc 2

Burgundy

My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,--as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,--
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

Winter's Tale

Act 3, scene 2

Hermione

Sir, spare your threats.

The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder; myself on every post
 Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
 But yet hear this -- mistake me not; for life,
 I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
 Which I would free -- if I shall be condemned
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle:
 Apollo be my judge!

3.) Antithesis. Setting the word against the word

Henry VI, part 3

Act 2 scene 5

KING HENRY.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light,
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind,
 Now one the better, then another best,
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory!
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the battle, swearing both
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
 For what is in this world but grief and woe?
 O God! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours brings about the day,

How many days will finish up the year,

How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times;
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth!
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Measure for Measure

Act 2, sc 2

Angelo

From thee, even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Even till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd how

Hamlet

Act 2 sc 2

Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 Ha!
 'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
 But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 O, vengeance!
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion!
 Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil: and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the play 's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

4.) Heightened and Naturalistic Language

Poetry and Prose

Merchant of Venice

Act 1 scene 1

A street

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

ANTONIO

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
 It wearies me; you say it wearies you;

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALARINO

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALANIO

Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALARINO

My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO

Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALARINO

Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO

Fie, fie!

SALARINO

Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

5.) Following the phrase to the end of the line

Merchant of Venice

Act 3, scene 2

Portia

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtue, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Tempest

Act 5, scene 1

Prospero

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book.

Cymbeline

Act 2, scene 2

IACHIMO

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her and would under-peep her lids
To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design
To note the chamber. I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures-
Why, such and such; and the contents o' th' story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;

[Taking off her bracelet]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes]

One, two, three. Time, time!

Exit into the trunk

6.) Examples of Irony in Shakespeare

Richard II

Act 3, scene 2

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors and talk of wills.
And yet not so -- for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings!
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed --
All murdered; for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

Othello

Act 2, scene 1

Iago

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb--
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too--
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me.
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen tin used.

Acting Clues in Shakespeare's Text:

PROSE VERSUS POETRY:

At first meeting, Olivia speaks prose and Viola poetry, but soon Olivia also breaks into poetry.

Beatrice speaks all in prose, until she hears of Benedicke's love for her, when she speaks poetry.

ALLITERATION:

And tell them, there thy *fixed foot* shall grow
Till thou have audience.
ORSINO "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

That's as Yorke thrives to *beate backe Bullinbroke*.
BUSHY: "Richard II"

ASSONANCE:

If *Musicke* be the *food* of Love, play on,
ORSINO "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

O what a *Noble* minde is heere o're-throwne?
OPHELIA "Hamlet"

RHYME:

To woe your lady: yet a barrefull *strife*,
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his *wife*.
VIOLA "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not *wee*,
For such as we are made, if such we *bee*:
VIOLA "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

SIMILE:

For women are as *Roses*, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that very howre.
ORSINO "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

But let concealment *like a worme i'th'budde*
Feede on her damaske cheeke.
VIOLA "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

METAPHOR:

I have said too much unto a *hart of stone*,
OLIVIA "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

Live you the *Marble-brested* Tirant still.
ORSINO "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

REPEATED WORDS:

Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
ANNE "Richard III"

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
ANGELO "Measure for Measure"

CLEVER WORDS:

Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That *live* in her. When *Liver*, Braine, and Heart,
These soveraigne thrones,
ORSINO "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

O time, thou must untangle this, *not I*,
It is too hard a *knot* for me t'unty.
VIOLA "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

SEPARATIONS:

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious *Summer* by this Son of Yorke:
RICHARD "Richard III"

The fourth Sonne, Yorke *claymes* it from the third:
WARWICK, "2 Henry VI"

END WORDS OF LINES:

Father, I charge thee by thy *reverence*
Heere to unfold, though lately we *intended*
To keepe in darknesse, what occasion *now*
Reveales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost *know*
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and *me*.
OLIVIA "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

Since what I am to say, must be but *that*
Which contradicts my Accusation, *and*
The testimonie on my part, no *other*
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot *me*
To say, Not guiltie: mine *Integritie*
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse *it*)
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres *Divine*
Behold our humane Actions (as they *doe*)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall *make*
False Accusation blush, and *Tyrannie*
Tremble at Patience.

HERMIONE "The Winters Tale"

CAPITALISED WORDS:

He sacrifice the *Lambe* that I do love,
To spight a *Ravens* heart within a *Dove*.
ORSINO "Twelwe Night, Or what you will"

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned *Monarch* better then his *Crowne*.
His *Scepter* shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and *Majestie*,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of *Kings*:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of *Kings*,
It is an attribute to *God* himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest *Gods*
When mercie seasons *Justice*. Therefore *Jew*,
Though *Justice* be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of *Justice*, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercie. I have spoke thus much
To mittigate the justice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of *Venice*
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the *Merchant* there.
PORTIA "The Merchant of Venice"

Iambic first with firm and steady pace;
 Then the trochee follows to replace it;
 In comes the dactyl with energy sizzling,
 The amphibrach next with its beat in the middle,
 And behind all the rest comes the quick anapaest.
 'Me too!' 'Who's he?' "Spondee!"

/ / - / - / b̃ic first / with firm / and stea- / - / dy pace;
 Then the / trochee / follows / ^{changing places} / ~~to re-~~ / - / place it;
 / / comes the / dactyl with / energy / sizzling,
 The amphi- / - / brach next with / its beat in / the middle,
 And behind / all the rest / comes the quick / anapaest.
 / / 'Me too!' / 'Who's he?' / "Spondee!"

/ / weak strong
 / - strong weak
 / / strong weak weak
 / / weak strong weak
 / / weak weak strong
 / / strong strong

We hit the words we want the world to hear

English stresses words that really matter

Speaking with emphasis lends us authority

By being emphatic we sound more dramatic

It's the words that we stress that give shape to our speech

Speak clear, make sense, sound strong

Iambic first, a firm and steady pace;
Trochees offer simple variation;
Dactyls have energy, jumping and flickering;
The amphibrach also may bristle or quicken;
And the last and not least is the swift anapaest.
'Me too!' 'Who's he?' 'Spondee!'

iamb	weak-strong
trochee	strong-weak
dactyl	strong-weak-weak
amphibrach	weak-strong-weak
anapaest	weak-weak-strong
spondee	strong-strong

lam- / bic first, / a firm / and stea- / dy pace;
Trochees / offer / simple / vari - / ation;
Dactyls have / energy, / jumping and / flickering;
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LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk wherein you dress'd yourself?
Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale at what it did so freely?
From this time such I account thy love.
Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valour as thou art in desire?
Wouldst thou have that which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
[and live a coward in thine own esteem],
letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage?

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life, [and live a coward in thine own esteem], letting 'I dare not wait upon 'I
would,' like the poor cat i' the adage?

Romeo

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

Juliet

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

Romeo

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Juliet

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pray'r.

Romeo

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

Juliet

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

Romeo

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Juliet

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Juliet

You kiss by th' book.

BENEDICK

If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEATRICE

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENEDICK

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEATRICE

Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BENEDICK

Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEATRICE

A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK

God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEATRICE

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENEDICK

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEATRICE

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENEDICK

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

BEATRICE

You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

LUCIANA

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus.
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, be fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Sweet mistress--what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,--
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

LUCIANA

What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

ANTIPHOLUS

OF SYRACUSE

Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

LUCIANA

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUCIANA

Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANTIPHOLUS

OF SYRACUSE

As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

LUCIANA

Why call you me love? call my sister so.

ANTIPHOLUS

OF SYRACUSE

Thy sister's sister.

LUCIANA

That's my sister.

ANTIPHOLUS

OF SYRACUSE

No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.

LUCIANA

All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANTIPHOLUS

OF SYRACUSE

Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.

Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:

Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

LUCIANA

O, soft, air! hold you still:

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

Exit

HENRY VI Early Play

Charles

Go, call her in. But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle

Reignier

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Joan

Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reignier

She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Joan

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! Whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see....

HENRY VII Late Play

Lord Chamberlain

Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne

My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Lord Chamberlain

It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women. There is hope
All will be well.

Anne

Now, I pray God, amen!

Lord Chamberlain

You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne

I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender.
More than my all is nothing, nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Lord Chamberlain

Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you....

RICHARD II Mid career play

King Richard

Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so.
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former happy state a dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen

What! Is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd! Hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

King Richard

A king of beasts indeed; if aught but beasts
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France;
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds....