

MALE

From *Romeo & Juliet*

*Romeo:*       He jests at scars that never felt a wound.  
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.  
Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green  
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.  
It is my lady. Oh, it is my love!  
Oh, that she knew she were!  
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?  
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars  
As daylight doth a lamp, her eye in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.  
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

MALE

From *As You Like It*

*Orlando:* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but only a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. He keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that "keeping" for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better! He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

MALE

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,

*Bottom (Pyr.):* Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;  
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;  
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,  
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.  
But stay, O spite!  
But mark, poor knight,  
What dreadful dole is here!  
Eyes, do you see?  
How can it be?  
O dainty duck! O dear!  
Thy mantle good,  
What, stained with blood!  
Approach, ye Furies fell!  
O Fates, come, come,  
Cut thread and thrum;  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

Come, tears, confound;  
Out, sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus;  
Ay, that left pap,  
Where heart doth hop:  
[Stabs himself.]  
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.  
Now am I dead,  
Now am I fled;  
My soul is in the sky:  
Tongue, lose thy light;  
Moon take thy flight:

Now die, die, die, die, die.  
[Dies.]

MALE

From *Cymbeline*

*Cloten:* I am near to the place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapped it truly. How fit his Garments serve me? Why should his Mistress who was made by him that made the Tailor, not be fit too? I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despite. What Mortality is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this hour be off, thy Mistress enforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my Mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all in-to my commendations.

FEMALE

From *Romeo & Juliet*

*Juliet:*       The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.  
Oh she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over louring hills.  
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me,  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

O God, she comes!—O honey Nurse, what news?

FEMALE

From *As You Like It*

*Rosalind:* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, hangeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything—as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color—would now like him, now loathe him; then Entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

FEMALE

From *As You Like It*

*Phoebe:* 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 offense, 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 mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked 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 remembered, scorned at me.  
I marvel why I answered 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?

FEMALE

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

*Titania:* 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 gossiped by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarkéd traders on the flood.  
When we have laughed 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.



## EITHER GENDER

From *Romeo & Juliet*

*Chorus:* Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life,  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which but their children's end, naught could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What hear shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.  
*[Exit]*

## EITHER GENDER

From *The Tempest*

*Ariel:* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.  
To every article. Have I  
Perform'd to point the tempest that you bade me.  
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.