

SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE OR LOVE IN SHAKESPEARE'S

(*Sonnet 23; Sonnet 147; Much Ado About Nothing; The Taming of the Shrew; Romeo and Juliet;
Two Gentlemen of Verona ; A Midsummer Night's Dream*)
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Shakespeare:

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I for fear of trust forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let mine books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed
Learn to read what silent love hath writ
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Narrator:

Shakespeare in love or love in Shakespeare's. You may understand it as you like. Or you may laugh at love as Shakespeare does sometimes.

Narrator:

Being the man of his times he couldn't imagine women as actors. So this evening we are going to take revenge on him.

Narrator:

As you can notice we are all women except these very young creatures that can't be called men yet. Let's treat them as a part of the scenery...

Benedict:

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

Narrator:

When a man meets a woman his gentle manners usually win her heart.

Petruccio:

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

Kate:

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing. They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

Petruccio:

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom.

Narrator:

And poor creature believes his words, falls in love and decides to take the first step into despair...

Julia:

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black – browed night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I 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

Narrator:

We must admit that Shakespeare himself was hit by Cupid's arrows and suffered a lot. At least at the beginning...

Shakespeare :

My love is as fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desp'rate now approve
Desire is death, which physics did except
Past cure I am, now reason is past cure,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expresses;
For I have sworn thee fair; and thought thee bright,
Who art. As black as hell, as dark as night.

Narrator:

But soon she stays alone with a ring on her finger because he must do some important business...

Proteus:

Have patience, gentle Julia.

Julia:

I must where is no remedy.

Proteus:

When possibly I can I will return.

Julia:

If you turn not, you will return the soon.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

Proteus:

Why then, we'll make exchange. Here, take you this.

Julia:

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Narrator:

And don't think he will die for love...

Balthazar:

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh o more

Men were deceivers ever.

One foot in sea, and one on shore

To one thing constant never.

Than sigh not so but let them go,

And be your blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into hey nonny, nonny.

Narrator:

After some time he comes back with his socks to be washed and his stomach to be filled. And he claims his rights...

Petruccio:

Come on, I say. Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands.

Narrator:

Now she's got the choice: to become a saint or to die strangled by her loving husband. Fortunately women are fantastic diplomats.

Kate:

Thy husband s thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,

The head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance

commits his body to painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,

And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, ad true obedience,

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Narrator:

The time passes, the love fades away and becomes only 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. But that's life and Shakespeare knew it very well. But 'All's Well That Ends Well.'

Rosalind:

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine need no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue.

My way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women.

I charge you, o women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you.

And I charge you, o men, for the love you bear to women that between you and women the play may please.

And I am sure as many as have good hearts will for my kind offer, bid me farewell.

Robin:

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear,
And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend
And as I am an honest puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long,
Else the puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.