

BBS Original Shakespearean Pronunciation Workshop - April 2023

Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene 1

It must be by his death: and for my part,
239 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
240 But for the general. He would be crown'd:
241 How that might change his nature, there's the
question.
242 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
243 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?--
that;--
244 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
245 That at his will he may do danger with.
246 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
247 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow
mischievous,
248 And kill him in the shell.

Julius Caesar 2.1 First Folio Text

It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow
mischieuous;
And kill him in the shell.



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Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene 1

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep?

Enter PORTIA

PORTIA Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across,

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks;

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,

I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,

Julius Caesar 2.1 First Folio Text

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe?

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit

Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*

Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper

You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.

Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,

I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,

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By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

BRUTUS You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart

PORTIA If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

Knocking within

BRUTUS Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in
awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

Leave me with haste.

Exit PORTIA

Lucius, who's that knocks?

By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene
Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

Knocke.

Bru. Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a
while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.

Leaue me with hast. *Exit Portia.*

Lucius, who's that knockes.

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Othello, Act II, Scene 1

Iago. That Cassio loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to Desdemona
A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my
Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wift.
Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Ielouzie so strong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our Michael Cassio on the hip,

Othello 2.1 First Folio Text

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,

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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 till used.

Othello. Act III, Scene 3. (Handkerchief Scene)

I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en
out,
And give't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

IAGO How now? What do you here alone?

EMILIA Do not you chide. I have a thing for you.

Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward
me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.

Othello 3.3 First Folio Text

AEmil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,
(For he coniu'r'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she reserues it euermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane
out,
And giu't Iago: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

AEmil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

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IAGO You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing—

EMILIA Ha?

IAGO To have a foolish wife.

EMILIA O, is that all? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

IAGO What handkerchief?

EMILIA What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,

That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO Hast stol'n it from her?

EMILIA No, faith, she let it drop by negligence,

And to th' advantage I, being here, took 't up.

Look, here 'tis.

IAGO A good wench! Give it me.

EMILIA What will you do with 't, that you have

been so earnest

To have me filch it?

IAGO Why, what is that to you?

EMILIA If it be not for some purpose of import,

Give 't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

IAGO Be not acknown on 't.

I have use for it. Go, leave me.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?

It is a common thing---

AEmil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

AEmil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now

For that same Handkerchiefe.

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

AEmil. What Handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gaue to Desdemona,

That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Hast stolne it from her?

AEmil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,

And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:

Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.

AEmil. What will you do with't, that you haue

bene

So earnest to haue me filch it?

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Iago. Why, what is that to you?

AEmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,

Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad

When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:

I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit AEmil.*

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As You Like It, Act III Scene 5

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

SILVIUS Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody
drops?

PHEBE I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine
eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers,
murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

As You Like It 3.5 First Folio Text

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*

Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitternesse; the common executioner
Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes
hard

Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody
drops?

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,

I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine
eye,

'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailst, and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers,
murtherers.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,

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And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall
down;

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for
shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!

Now show the wound mine eye hath made
in thee:

SILVIUS O dear Phebe,

If ever,--as that ever may be near,--

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE But till that time

Come not thou near me: and when that
time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;

As till that time I shall not pity thee.

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee:

Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall
downe,

Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for
shame,

Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:

Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in
thee.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,

If euer (as that euer may be neere)

You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of
fancie,

Then shall you know the wouuds inuisible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me: and when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mockes, pittty me not,

As till that time I shall not pittty thee.

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As You Like It, Act III, Scene 5

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that
heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes
him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the
difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt
him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet

As You Like It 3.5 First Folio Text

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
Betwixt 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

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Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire
blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*?

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, *Siluius*?

