

Bronze Award

Choose one set speech from SECTION ONE and one speech from SECTION TWO.
(Please note that the spelling has been modernised, but the punctuation is original.)

Section One

Speech One

Countess of Auvergne
from Henry VI
Part One Act 2 Scene 3
(First Folio text 1623)

Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!

Speech Two

Gratiano
from The Merchant of Venice
Act 1 Scene 1
(First Quarto Text 1600)

Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Then my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in Alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundice
By being peevish?

Speech Three

Hamlet from Hamlet
Act 2 Scene 2
(First Folio Text 1623)

Oh 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 whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warmed;
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?

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Section One continued

Speech Four

Coriolanus

from The Tragedy of Coriolanus

Act 3 Scene 3

(First Folio Text 1623)

You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten Fens: whose Loves I prize,
As the dead Carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Air: I banish you,
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble Rumour shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into despair[!]

Speech Five

Enobarbus

from Antonie and Cleopatra

Act 2 Scene 2

(First Folio Text 1623)

The Barge she sat in, like a burnished Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails: and so perfumed that
The Winds were Love-sick
With them
the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes.

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Section Two

Speech One

Lady Macbeth
from *Macbeth*
Act 1 Scene 5
(First Folio Text 1623)

The Raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty: make thick my blood,
Stop up th'access, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-ever, in your sightless substances,
You wait on Natures Mischief. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keen Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the Blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold.

Speech Two

Phoebe
from *As You Like It*
Act 3 Scene 5
(First Folio Text 1623)

'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailst, and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall down,
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers:
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it: Lean upon a rush
The Cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

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Section Two continued

Speech Three

Richard

from King Richard II

Act 4 Scene 1

(First Folio Text 1623)

Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the Regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail to me?
So *Judas* did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven do think him me.

Speech Four

Bassanio

from The Merchant of Venice

Act 1 Scene 1

(First Quarto Text 1600)

In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalued
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
which makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

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Section Two continued

Speech Five

Arthur

from King John

Act 4 Scene 1

(Edited First Folio Text 1623)

Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my hand-kercher about your brows
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes, to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor mans son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your sick service had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you.