

Messenger Award

Choose one of these set speeches.

(Please note that the spelling has been modernised, but the punctuation is original.)

Speech One

Henry VI
Part 3 Act 2 Scene 1

Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have entered Troy.
But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds:
And many strokes, though with a little Axe,
Hews down and fells the hardest-timbered Oak.
By many hands your Father was subdued,
But only slaughtered by the ireful Arm
Of un-remitting *Clifford*, and the Queen:

Speech Two

Antony and Cleopatra
Act 1 Scene 4

Caesar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pirates
Makes the Sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt,
No Vessel can peep forth: but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: for *Pompey's* name strikes more
Than could his War resisted.

Speech Three

Coriolanus
Act 4 Scene 6

The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: some news is coming
That turns their Countenances.
And worthy Sir,
The Slave's report is seconded, and more
More fearful is delivered.
It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joined with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

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Speech Four

A Midsummer Night's Dream
Act 3 Scene 2

And at our stamp, here o'er and o'er, one falls:
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For, briers and thorns, at their apparel, snatch:
Some sleeves, some hats; from yielders, all things catch.
I led them on, in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Tytania waked, and straightway loved an Ass.

Speech Five

Henry IV Part 2
Prologue

Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping West,
(Making the wind my post-horse) still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports,
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world