

# Dramatic Monologues

1	<p>I HAVE studied many times          The marble which was chiseled for me—          A boat with a furled sail at rest in a harbor.          In truth it pictures not my destination          But my life.          For love was offered me and I shrank from its disillusionment;          Sorrow knocked at my door, but I was afraid;          Ambition called to me, but I dreaded the chances.</p>
2	<p>Yet all the while I hungered for meaning in my life.          And now I know that we must lift the sail          And catch the winds of destiny          Wherever they drive the boat.          To put meaning in one's life may end in madness,          But life without meaning is the torture          Of restlessness and vague desire—          It is a boat longing for the sea and yet afraid.</p>
3	<p>To be, or not to be: that is the question:          Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer          The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,          Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,          And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;          No more; and by a sleep to say we end          The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks          That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation          Devoutly to be wish'd.</p>
4	<p>To die, to sleep;          To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;          For in that sleep of death what dreams may come          When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,          Must give us pause: there's the respect          That makes calamity of so long life;          For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,          The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,          The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,</p>
5	<p>The insolence of office and the spurns</p>

	<p>That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  When he himself might his quietus make  With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  But that the dread of something after death,  The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  No traveller returns, puzzles the will  And makes us rather bear those ills we have  Than fly to others that we know not of?</p>
6	<p>Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  And thus the native hue of resolution  Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  And enterprises of great pith and moment  With this regard their currents turn awry,  And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!  The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  Be all my sins remember'd.</p>
7	<p>O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  The brightest heaven of invention,  A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,  Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire  Crouch for employment.</p>
8	<p>But pardon, and gentles all,  The flat unraised spirits that have dared  On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  So great an object: can this cockpit hold  The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  Within this wooden O the very casques  That did affright the air at Agincourt?  O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  Attest in little place a million;</p>
9	<p>And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  On your imaginary forces work.  Suppose within the girdle of these walls  Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:  Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  Into a thousand parts divide on man,  And make imaginary puissance;</p>

10	<p>Think when we talk of horses, that you see them          Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;          For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,          Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,          Turning the accomplishment of many years          Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,          Admit me Chorus to this history;          Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,          Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.</p>
11	<p>How happy some o'er other some can be!          Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.          But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;          He will not know what all but he do know.          And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,          So I, admiring of his qualities.          Things base and vile, holding no quantity,          Love can transpose to form and dignity.</p>
12	<p>Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,          And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.          Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;          Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.          And therefore is Love said to be a child,          Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.          As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,          So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.</p>
13	<p>For there, Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyes,          He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;          And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,          So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.          I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.          Then to the wood will he to-morrow night          Pursue her; and for this intelligence          If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.          But herein mean I to enrich my pain,          To have his sight thither and back again.</p>
14	<p>Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,          Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,          To the last syllable of recorded time;          And all our yesterdays have lighted fools          The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!          Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,          That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,          And then is heard no more. It is a tale</p>

	Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.
15	Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault, And I will comment upon that offence: Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt, Against thy reasons making no defence. Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill, To set a form upon desired change, As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will.
16	I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange; Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell, Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong, And haply of our old acquaintance tell. For thee, against my self I'll vow debate, For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.
17	Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove. O no! it is an ever-fixed mark That looks on tempests and is never shaken; It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
18	Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out even to the edge of doom. If this be error and upon me prov'd, I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.
19	Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimmed; And every fair from fair sometime declines,
20	By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st, Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade, When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.

	<p>So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.</p>
21	<p>How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  For the ends of being and ideal grace.  I love thee to the level of every day's  Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  I love thee freely, as men strive for right.</p>
22	<p>I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  I love thee with the passion put to use  In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  I shall but love thee better after death.</p>
23	<p>Ah yes! The night. (He raises his head.) But be a little more attentive, for pity's sake, otherwise we'll never get anywhere. (He looks at the sky.) Look! (All look at the sky except Lucky who is dozing off again. Pozzo jerks the rope.) Will you look at the sky, pig! (Lucky looks at the sky.) Good, that's enough. (They stop looking at the sky.) What is there so extraordinary about it? Qua sky. It is pale and luminous like any sky at this hour of the day. (Pause.) In these latitudes. (Pause.) When the weather is fine.</p>
24	<p>(Lyrical.) An hour ago (he looks at his watch, prosaic) roughly (lyrical) after having poured forth even since (he hesitates, prosaic) say ten o'clock in the morning (lyrical) tirelessly torrents of red and white light it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale (gesture of the two hands lapsing by stages) pale, ever a little paler, a little paler until (dramatic pause, ample gesture of the two hands flung wide apart) pppfff! finished! it comes to rest.</p>
25	<p>Hath <b>not</b> a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you <b>prick us, do we not</b> bleed?</p>