

Men's Monologues

PAROLLES/ALLS WELLS THAT ENDS WELL

Are you meditating on virginities?

with'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

KING OF FRANCE(to Bertram)/ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,

To giue some Labourers roome.

BERTRAM/ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

O, they haue married me: Heere comes my clog.

HAMLET/HORATIO

Our last King, So by his Father lost:

KING/HAMLET

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death

With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.

HAMLET/KING

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable As of a Father;

HAMLET/HAMLET

Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I?

And can say nothing:

MACBETH/MACBETH

Two Truths are told, Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING/JOHN

I cannot hide what I seeke not to alter me.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING/BENEDICKE

Bene. O she misusde me past the indurance of a block:

conference, with this Harpy:

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING/BENEDICKE

Bene. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing be of what colour it please God, hah!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING/BENEDICKE

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly

[*Enter Beatrice.*]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING/LEONATO

Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not euery earthly thing

To her foule tainted flesh.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING/LEONATO

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,

My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement.

OTHELLO/IAGO

Iago. O Sir content you. For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

OTHELLO/BRABANTIO

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe, Subdue him, at his perill.

OTHELLO/OTHELLO

Othe. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors, I won his Daughter.

OTHELLO/OTHELLO

Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:

This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.

OTHELLO/IAGO

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world 723: Adieu.

LOVES LABORS LOST/ARMADO

470: *Brag.* I doe affect the very ground (which is base) 487: whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*]

LOVES LABORS LOST/BEROWNE

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare, 1350: Foole, sweetest Lady.

JULIUS CAESAR/BRUTUS

626: *Brut.* It must be by his death: and for my part, 650: And kill him in the shell.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM/PUCK

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in loue, 1056: *Tytania* waked, and straightway lou'd an Asse.

WOMEN'S MONOGOLUES

ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL/HELEN

Then I confesse

But knowes of him no more.

HAMLET/OPHELIA

Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted. And to the last, bended their light on me.

HAMLET/QUEEN

One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele, Drown'd, drown'd.

OTHELLO/DESDEMONA

Most Gracious Duke, By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

OTHELLO/DESDEMONA

My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him, And he's Indited falsely.

OTHELLO/AEMILIA

why, who would not make her hus-band The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

LOVES LABORS LOST/PRINCESS

Good L[ord]. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean, Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

LOVES LABORS LOST/PRINCESS

Grant vs your loues. Neither intitled in the others hart.

KING JOHN/CONSTANCE

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace? But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

KING JOHN/CONSTANCE

my poore childe is a prisoner. My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure. [*Exit.*]

THE WINTERS TALE/ HERMIONE

Since what I am to say, must be but that And onely that I stand for.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM/HELENA

Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent

A poore soules patience, all to make you sport,

JULIUS CAESAR/PORTIA

Y'haue vnghently *Brutus* Why you are heauy: