

## **FIVE FACES OF A WOMAN**

*(The Taming of the Shrew; Hamlet; Macbeth; The Merry Wives of Windsor; Romeo and Juliet)*  
compiled by Bogumiła Misztal

### **Woman 1**

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window  
To be your Valentine.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.  
Pray, love, remember.  
And there's pansies: that's for thoughts.  
There's fennel for you, and columbines.

Larded with sweet flowers,  
Which bewept to the grave did not go  
With true-love showers.

### **Woman 2**

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

They are but beggars that can count their worth,  
But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

### **Woman 3**

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.  
And while it is so, one so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Ask me no reason why I love you,  
For though Love use Reason for his precision,  
He admits him not for his counsellor.

You are not young;  
No more am I.  
Go to, then, there's sympathy.

### **Woman 3**

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eyes of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

How easy is it then!  
A little water clears us of this deed.

Yet here is a spot.

Out, damned spot; out, I say.  
Here's the smell of the blood still.  
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O,O,O!

### **Woman 4**

Hark, I am called! My little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.  
I come, I come, I come, I come,  
With all the speed I may,  
With all the speed I may.

Now I go, now I fly,  
Malki my sweet spirit and I.

O what a dainty pleasure 'tis  
To ride in the air  
When the moon shines fair,  
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss.  
Over woods, high rocks and mountains,  
Over seas and misty fountains,  
Over steeples, towers and turrets,  
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

