

LOSERS

(*Sonnet 91; Macbeth; Sonnet 3; Hamlet; Sonnet 3; Sonnet 52; King Lear; Sonnet 94; Sonnet 66;*)
compiled by Bogumiła Misztal

Narrator:

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments (though new- fangled ill),
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse, But these particulars are not my
measure.

Character 1:

Yet here's a spot.
Out, damn spot; out I say. One, two-why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord,
fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it when none can call our power to
account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?
What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that. You mar all with starting.
Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
O,O,O!
Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale.
To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
What's done cannot be undone.

Narrator:

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Character 2:

O heat dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eyes!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight
Till our scale turns the beam.
O heavens, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance in itself
After the thing it loves.

Narrator :

Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love towards others in that blossom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

Character 3:

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,

Narrator:

Blessed are those whose worthiness gives scope,
Being mad, to triumph; being lacked, to hope.

Character 4:

Look, look, a mouse!
Peace, peace, this place of toasted cheese will do't.
There's my gauntlet. I'll prove it on a giant.
Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird, i'th clout, i'th clout!
Whew! Give the word.
When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter;
When the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em,
There I smelt 'em out.
O ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head,
Nor no money in your purse?
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light;
Yet you see how this world goes.
What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes; look with thine ears.
See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear:
Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound upon a wheel of fire,
That mine own tears do scold like molten lead.

Narrator:

The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

Narrator:

The oldest have borne most. We that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Character 5:

I have almost forget the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would be a dismal treatise rouse and sir
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

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
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly,
But bear- like I must fight the course.

Narrator:

They have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who moving others are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.

Character 3:

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry:

Character 2:

As to behold desert a beggar born,

Character 3:

And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,

Character 4:

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

Character 5:

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,

Character 4:

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

Character 2:

And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,

Character 1:

And strength by limping sway disabled

Character 5:

And art made tongue-tied by authority,

Character 4:

And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,

Character 3:

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,

Character 1:

And captive good attending captain ill:

Character 3:

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.