

## LIVE AND LET LOVE

*(Romeo and Juliet; The Tragedy of King Lear; The Tempest: The Passionate Pilgrim ( Various Poems); Sonnet 66; Sonnet 89; Sonnet 121)*  
compiled by Bogumiła Misztal

### **Narrator:**

Miłość daje życie. Ale ślepa miłość, ograniczona własnymi uprzedzeniami i egoizmem, może to życie odebrać. Miniatura sceniczna „Live and Let Love” jest głosem w dyskusji nad granicami wolności człowieka od chwili urodzenia i nad prawem każdego z nas do samodzielnych wyborów.

(czasy współczesne; mieszkanie)

### **Mother:**

O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,  
Never was seen so black a day as this.

Ho, daughter, are you up?

### **Daughter:**

Who isn't that calls? It is my lady mother.

### **Mother:**

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?  
I must needs wake you.

### **Daughter:**

Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die  
Take him and cut him out in little stars.

### **Mother:**

Jesu, what haste!  
Do not see that I am out of breath?

You not know how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he;  
Though his face be better than any man's.

### **Daughter:**

My true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.

### **Mother:**

I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.  
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

### **Daughter:**

I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

### **Mother:**

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

**Daughter:**

Tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.

**Mother:**

Lie there, my art.-Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

**Daughter:**

I pray thee leave me to myself tonight.

**Mother:**

Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need.

I love you more than words can wield the matter;  
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,  
No less than life;

**Daughter:**

Good night, good rest- ah, neither be my share.  
She bade good night that kept my rest away.

When we are born, we cry that we are come  
To this great stage of fools.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!

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

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's a drink, I drink to thee.

**Mother:**

O me, O me, my child, my own life!  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.  
Help, help, call help!

She's dead, deceased. She's dead, she's dead!

O child, O child, my soul and not my child!  
Dead art thou, alack, my child is dead.  
And with my child my joys are buried.

O lamentable day!