

**HENRY IV / MIDSUMMER – MALE UNDER 30 (ish)**

**DEMETRIUS:**

**(has just been magically made to fall in love with a woman that he has previously scorned)**

O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!  
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow  
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss  
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

**BOTTOM**

**(lobbying to play all the parts in a play)**

I will play Pyramus, a lover that kills himself most gallant for love. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split:

The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far  
And make and mar  
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. But if I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too! I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: "Thisne, Thisne!" "Ah, Pyramus, lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

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### PRINCE HAL

(making fun of Falstaff)

Why, thou whoreson round man, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch, what's the matter? Thou trunk of humours, thou bolting-hutch of beastliness, thou huge bombard of sack, thou villainous, abominable misleader of youth, what sayst thou now?

### PRINCE HAL

(watching his tavern companions and thinking about his future)

I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
So, when this loose behavior I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
Like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

### HOTSPUR

(explaining to the king why he didn't turn over his prisoners from a recent battle)

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfum'd like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose and took't away again;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,  
He should or he should not; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds.