

Male Speeches

Julius Caesar

Act 1 Scene 3

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful? A common slave—you know him well by sight— Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword— Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glared upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: and there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit Even at noon-day upon the market-place, Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 'These are their reasons; they are natural;' For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon

Macbeth - The Sergeant Act One Scene 2

As two spent swimmers, that do cling
together And choke their art. The merciless
Macdonwald. Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him. from the western
isles Of kerns and gallowglasses is
supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel
smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore: but
all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that
name. Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd
steel, Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his
passage Till he faced the slave;

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him, Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful
thunders break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels, But the Norway lord surveying
vantage,

With furbish'd arms and new supplies of
men Began a fresh assault.

;As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. If I say sooth, I must report they
were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so
they Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking
wounds, Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help

Romeo and Juliet - Benvolio

Act 3 Scene 1

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay; Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal Your high displeasure: all this uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd, Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast, Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity, Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, 'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue, His agile arm beats down their fatal points, And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled; But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain. And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly. This is the truth, or let Benvolio die