

Sonnet Walk Weekend VI (2017) – Sonnets, Speeches & Sonneteers

GOAL KEEPER – Sonnet 150 (Marcello Cruz)

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

METAL DETECTOR – Sonnet 106 (Pippa Moss)

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Had eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

ROSALIND from AS YOU LIKE IT (Emily Tucker)

There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with
carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and
elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I
could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel,
for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him... There is none of
my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in
love...A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which
you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard
neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that: then your
hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve
unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you
demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; ...in
good sooth, *are* you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein
Rosalind is so admired?...Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you,
deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the
reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so
ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by
counsel...and *once* in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his
mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I,
being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing
and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears,
full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any
thing; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then
forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my
suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness;
which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a
nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him...

KEEP FIT INSTRUCTOR – Sonnet 18 (Chris Porter)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

ALLOTMENT GARDENER – Sonnet 15 (Rosie Hilal)

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and cheque'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

STAG PARTY PRANK – TAMORA from TITUS ANDRONICUS (Imran Momen)

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.

ISLAND - Duke of Clarence from RICHARD III (Tom Jack Merivale)

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.
Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! Methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

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Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream...
O...My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

TENNIS MATCH – Sonnets 10 & 34 (Al Coppola & Phoebe Hyder)

For shame! Deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire.
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

SENSORY GARDEN – The King from ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL (Ed Halsted)

We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it.

By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman,--'twill not prove so;--
And yet I know not:
...she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.
I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

STOKE PUB – Moth & Armado from LOVE'S LABOURS LOST (Dominic Rye & Rosalind Blessed)

ARMADO

Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH

A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARMADO

Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

MOTH

No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

ARMADO

How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH

By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

ARMADO

Why tough senior? Why tough senior?

MOTH

Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

ARMADO

I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH

And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARMADO

Pretty and apt. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

MOTH

I am answered, sir.

ARMADO

I love not to be crossed.

MOTH

[Aside] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

ARMADO

I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH

You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARMADO

Impossible.

MOTH

How many is one thrice told?

ARMADO

I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

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MOTH

You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARMADO

I confess both...*and*...I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. Comfort, me: what great men have been in love?

MOTH

Hercules, master.

ARMADO

Most sweet Hercules!

MOTH

Samson, master.

ARMADO

O well-knit Samson! Strong-jointed Samson! I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH

A woman, master.

MOTH

Samson, master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

ARMADO

O well-knit Samson! Strong-jointed Samson! I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH

A woman, master.

ARMADO

Of what complexion?

MOTH

Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

ARMADO

Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH

Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARMADO

Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH

As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

ARMADO

Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

MOTH

It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

ARMADO

My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH

Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

ARMADO

Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH

My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.*

ARMADO

Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH

Forbear till this company be past.

ARMADO

I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. Adieu, valour! Rust rapier! Be still, drum! For your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Macbeth
5. Globe
8. Laertes
10. Cell
12. Boar
13. Rosalind
16. Fifty-Two
17. Moth
19. Allotments
21. Bear
22. The Heavens
24. John
27. Assassination
29. Yorick
30. New Place

DOWN

2. Arden
3. Belly
4. Theatre
5. Groundlings
6. Bum-Baily
7. Earl of Oxford
9. Skull
11. Cue
14. Tempest
15. Hemminges
18. Heath
20. Oberon
23. Henley
23. Jonson
25. Hat
26. Quince
28. Sack

We hope you enjoyed the Sonnet Walks and the crossword – do let us know how you got on at @GuildfordBard

See you in the summer!