

# Richard III

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Memory Passages

Period \_\_\_\_\_

Choose memory passages from the following pages. Then print out this first page along with any other page on which your passages appear. You must memorize passages whose **line totals add up to 30-38 lines**. Also, you must recite at least **one passage that is 12 lines or longer**, and you may **not** recite more than two passages that are shorter than 5 lines. When you recite a passage, you must **(1) identify the speaker, (2) identify the act and scene, and (3) explain the context** in which the passage is spoken.

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### Act I, Scene 1, Lines 1-13

Richard

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this son of York,  
And all the clouds that loured upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbèd steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 13 lines

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### Act I, Scene 1, Lines 14-40

Richard

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;  
I, that am rudely stamped and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to see my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity.  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determinèd to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence and the King  
In deadly hate, the one against the other;  
And if King Edward be as true and just  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up  
About a prophecy which says that "G"  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 27 lines

### Act III, Scene 2, Lines 51-71

Anne

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us  
not,  
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy hell,  
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclams.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
*[She points to the corpse.]*

O, gentlemen, see, see dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells.  
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—  
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his  
death!  
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,  
Or Earth gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd.

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 10 lines

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### Act I, Scene 2, Lines 247-259

Richard

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?  
Was ever woman in this humor won?  
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
What, I that killed her husband and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against  
me,  
And I no friends to back my suit at all  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks?  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
Ha!

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 11 lines

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**Act I, Scene 2, Lines 273-284**

Richard

I do mistake my person all this while!  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking glass  
And entertain a score or two of tailors  
To study fashions to adorn my body.  
Since I am crept in favor with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave  
And then return lamenting to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 12 lines

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**Act III, Scene 4, Lines 98-103**

Hastings

O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 6 lines

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**Act IV, Scene 1, Lines 69-91**

Anne

[ . . . ] When he that is my husband now  
Came to me as I followed Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well washed from his  
hands  
Which issued from my other angel husband  
And that dear saint which then I weeping followed—  
O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,  
This was my wish: be thou, quoth I, accursed  
For making me, so young, so old a widow;  
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words  
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,  
Which hitherto hath held my eyes from rest,  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 23 lines

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**Act IV, Scene 2, Lines 63-68**

Richard

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her—  
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in  
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 6 lines

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**Act IV, Scene 4, Lines 63-80**

Queen Margaret

Bear with me. I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward,  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Young York, he is but boot, because both they  
Matched not the high perfection of my loss.  
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabbed my Edward,  
And the beholders of this frantic play,  
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
Only reserved their factor to buy souls  
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly conveyed from hence.  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God I pray,  
That I may live and say "The dog is dead."

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 18 lines

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**Act V, Scene 4, Lines 9-13**

Richard

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain today instead of him.  
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

\_\_\_\_\_ out of 5 lines

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**Act V, Scene 3, Lines 189-215**

Richard

Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!  
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
The lights burn blue; it is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.  
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.  
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason why:  
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?  
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good  
That I myself have done unto myself?  
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself  
For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.  
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;  
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty, guilty!"  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,  
And if I die no soul will pity me.  
And wherefore should they, since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself?

\_\_\_\_\_ **out of 27 lines**