

## FARNHAM SHAKESPEARE WALKS

Devised and performed by GUILDFORD SHAKESPEARE COMPANY

Venue: **The Victorian Garden**  
Actor: **ROSALIND BLESSED**  
Speech: **Polonius from *Hamlet***

Yet here, [*friends*]! Aboard, aboard, for shame!  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in [Farnham] of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all: to thine ownself be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Venue: **The Haren Garden**  
Actor: **GAVIN FOWLER**  
Speech: **Sonnet 29**

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone bewep my outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Venue: **Gostrey Meadow Bandstand**  
Actor: **CHRIS PORTER**  
Speech: **Duke Senior from *As You Like It***

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.  
I would not change it.

Venue: **Vicarage Lane**  
Actor: **ISABELLA MARSHALL**  
Speech: **Sonnet 57**

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

Venue: **St Andrew's Churchyard**  
Actor: **JOHANNE MURDOCK**  
Speech: **Sonnet 33**

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon, permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Ev'n so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But out alack! He was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud has mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,  
Suns of the world may stain, when heav'n's sun  
staineth.

Venue: **Farnham Museum Garden**  
Actor: **ELI MURTON**  
Speech: **Perdita from *The Winter's Tale***

Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.  
Now, my fair'st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes

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Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength - a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lillies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!  
[O], take your flowers:  
Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals...

Venue: **Corner of Hart and West Street**  
Actor: **IMRAN MOMEN**  
Speech: **Sonnet 50**

How heavy do I journey on the way  
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend.'  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed being made from thee.  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side,  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind -  
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

Venue: **Lion & Lamb Yard**  
Actor: **DEWI MUTIARA SARGINSON**  
Speech: **Sonnet 91 & Portia *The Merchant of Venice***

### **Sonnet 91**

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:  
But these particulars are not my measure;  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:  
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away and me most wretched make.

### **Portia**

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.

Venue: **BORELLI'S WINE BAR**  
Actor: **SIMON NOCK & ROBIN MORRISSEY**  
Speech: ***The Comedy of Errors***

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Why, how now, Dromio! Where runn'st thou so fast?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man?  
am I myself?

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides  
myself.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

What woman's man? and how besides thyself?  
besides thyself?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one  
that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will  
have me.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

What is she?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may  
not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.' I have  
but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a  
wondrous fat marriage.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease;  
and I know not what use to put her to but to make a  
lamp of her and run from her by her own light.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

What complexion is she of?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing half so  
clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over  
shoes in the grime of it.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

What's her name?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an  
ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip  
to hip.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Then she bears some breadth?

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### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Marry, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Where Scotland?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Where England?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Where Spain?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Where America, the Indies?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Oh, sir, upon her nose all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her!

### **ANTIPHOLUS**

Go hie thee presently, post to the road:  
An if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night:  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk till thou return to me.  
If every one knows us and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

### **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife.