

*Revealing the Music of Pentameter:
Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*

The Companion Documents

**Four excerpts of blank verse
from Shakespeare's plays presented
in light of their poetic-musical
pentameter structure:**

Prologue, "O for a Muse of fire," *Henry V*.

Romeo and Juliet, "But soft, what light," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II:ii.
Gertrude, the Queen, "There is a willow," *Hamlet*, Act IV:vii, l. 162ff.

King Leontes, "Inch thick, knee deep ... Go play, boy, play,"
The Winter's Tale, Act I:ii, l. 185ff.

◇ ◇ ◇

Each excerpt is presented in three versions:

*As the plain verse, then with the pulse and word-rhythms indicated,
and then with speech sounds also marked, showing vowel and consonant
repetitions as well as sounds of importance in shaping the lines.*

(Note: The actual soundings will vary according to one's regional accent.

The markings here are not meant to replicate Elizabethan English.

May we each do our own research toward that!)

Suggestions for working with the annotated excerpts:

After studying the report, using the plain document take time with each excerpt to begin to fathom and mark the pulse, the rhythms and the sounds on your own.

In particular, the third document for each will probably appear surprisingly well-marked. What is shown is the end-result of my work thus far in sounding the lines of the given excerpt. Not only are repetitions (alliteration and assonance) indicated, but resonator consonants, too – for their richness. Vowels often sound other than they are written; and so I mark the actual sounds.

*Annotations by
Kate Reese Hurd*

Henry the Fifth, Prologue by William Shakespeare

The plain script to work with. See the two other documents for this excerpt for markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse, word-rhythms and speech sounds, offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021.

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend

The brightest heaven of invention;

A Kingdom for a stage, Princes to act

And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,

Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels, [comportment]

Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,

The flat, unraisèd spirits that hath dared

On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth

So great an object. Can this cockpit hold

The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram

Within this wooden O the very casques [helmets]

That did affright the air at Agincourt?

O, pardon! since a crooked figure may

Attest in little place a million; [e.g. M = mega]

And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,

On your imaginary forces work.

Suppose within the girdle of these walls

Are now confined two mighty monarchies,

Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts

The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:

Into a thousand parts divide one man

And make imaginary puissance. [allowance]

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

Printing their proud hoofs i'th' receiving earth;

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,

Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,

Turning th'accomplishment of many years

Into an hourglass – for the which supply,

Admit me Chorus to this history,

Who, Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,

Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. *Exit.*

Henry the Fifth, Prologue by William Shakespeare

Markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse and word-rhythms are offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

O for a ^x— Muse of | fire, that would ascend
1 2 3 + 4

The brightest heaven of in|vention;
1 2 + 3 4 ◡

A Kingdom for a stage, |^xPrinces to act
1 + 2 3 4

And monarchs ^xto behold the ^xswelling |scene!
1 + 2 + 3 4 ◡

Then should the warlike |Harry, like himself,
1 2 3 + 4

Assume the port of Mars, and |at his heels, [comportment]
1 + 2 3 4

Leashed in like hounds, should |famine, sword, and fire
1 2 3 + 4

^x—Crouch for employment. But |pardon, gentles all,
1 2 3 + 4

.....
The ^x—flat, unraisèd |spirits that hath dared
1 (2) + 3 + 4

On this unworthy |^xscaffold to bring forth
1 2 3 uh 4

So ^x—great an object. |Can this cockpit hold
1 2 3 + 4

.....
The vasty ^xfields of France? |Or may we cram
1 + 2 3 4

Within this wooden ^x—O the |^x—very casques [helmets]
1 + 2 3 4

That did affright the air at Agin|court?
1 + 2 + 3 4 ◡

O, pardon! ^x—since a |crooked figure may [e.g. M = mega]
1 2 3 + 4

Attest in little place a |million;
1 2 + 3 + 4 ◡

And let us, |ciphers to this |^x—great accompt,
1 2 + 3 4

On your imaginary |forces work.
1 2 + 3 + 4 ◡

.....
Suppose within the |girdle of these walls
1 (2) + 3 + 4

.....
Are ^x—now confined |two mighty monarchies,
1 2 3 + 4

.....
Whose high-upreared and a |butting fronts
1 + (2) + 3 + 4 ◡

The perilous narrow |ocean ^xparts ^xasunder.
1 2 3 + 4

.....
Piece out our imperfections |with your thoughts:
1 2 + (3) + 4

.....
^xInto a thousand parts di|vide one man
1 2 + 3 4

.....
And ^x—make imaginary |puissance. [allowance]
1 2 + 3 + 4 ◡

Think, when we talk of horses, | that you see them
1 2 + (3) + 4

Printing their proud hoofs | i' th' receiving earth;
1 2 3 + 4

For 'tis your x-thoughts that | now must deck our kings,
1 2 3 + 4

Carry them here and there, | jumping o'er times,
1 2 + 3 4

x-Turning th' accomplishment of | x-many x-years
1 2 + 3 4

x-In—to an hourglass – | x-for the x-which supply,
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

Admit me Chorus to this | x-x-history,
1 2 + 3 + 4 ~

Who, Prologue-like, your | humble patience pray,
1 2 3 + 4

Gently to hear, | kindly to judge, our | play. Exit.
1 2 3 4 | 1

Henry the Fifth, Prologue by William Shakespeare

Markings of the sounds (for shaping, as repetitions, as reminders), word-rhythms and 5-stress-4-beat pulse are suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*,[©] September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

Ō ˇfor ˇa x-^{iu}Muse of | fire, that would ascēnd
1 2 3 + 4

The brightēst hēaven of in | vention;
1 2 + 3 4

A Kīngdom for a stage, | x-^jPrīnces to act
1 + 2 3 4

And mōnarchs x-to behold the x-swelling | scene!
1 + 2 + 3 4

Then shōuld the wârlike | Harry, like himself,
1 2 3 + 4

Assume the port of Mārs, ˇand | at his hēels, [comportment]
1 + 2 3 4

Lēashed in like hōunds, ˇshōuld | famīne, sword, and fire
1 2 3 + 4

x-^{oi}Crouch for employment. But |^vpardon, gēntles all,
1 2 3 + 4

The x-flāt, unraisēd | spirits thāt hāth dāred
1 (2) + 3 + 4

Ōn this unwōrthy | x-scāffold ˇto bring fōrth
1 2 3 uh 4

So x-grēat ˇān ōbject. | Cān this cōckpit hōld
1 2 3 + 4

The vāsty x-fīelds of Frānce? | Or māy wē crām
1 + 2 3 4

Wīthīn this wōōden x-Ō the | x-very cāsques [helmets]
1 + 2 3 4

Thāt dīd affrīght | the āir āt Āgīn | cōurt?
1 + 2 + 3 4

Ō, pārdon! x-sīnce a | croōked fīgure māy [e.g. M = mega]
1 2 3 + 4

Attēst in lītle plāce ā | mīllī ōn;
1 2 + 3 + 4

And lēt ūs, | fīphers to this | x-grēat āccōmpt,
1 2 + 3 4

Ōn yōur imaginary | fōrces wōrk.
1 2 + 3 + 4

Suppōse wīthīn the | gīrdle of thēse walls
1 (2) + 3 + 4

Are x-nōw confīned | | two ˇmighty mōnarchīes,
1 2 3 + 4

Whose hīgh-ūpreārēd and ā | butting frōnts
1 + (2) + 3 + 4

The perilōus narrōw | ōcēān x-pārts x-asūnder.
1 2 3 + 4

Pīce ōut ōur impērfectīōns | wīth | yōur | thōughts:
1 2 + (3) + 4

x-Into a | thōusand pārts ˇdī | vīde one mān
1 2 + 3 4

And x-make imaginary | pūīsance. [allowance]
1 2 + 3 + 4

Th|̄ink |wh|èn wē talk of horses, |̄[̣]tḥat[̣] ỵou sēē thēm
 1 2 + (3) + 4

Pr̄int̄ing their prōud hōō|fs| |̣[̣]tḥ' re|c|ēiving ēar|th|;
 1 2 3 + 4

F̄or 't̄is yōur^{x̣-} |th|ōughts[̣] tḥat |nōw must dēck ōur k̄ings,
 1 2 3 + 4

Cárry thēm hēre and thére, |j̄umping o'er times,
 1 2 + 3 4

^{x̣-}T̄urning th' accomplishment of |^{x̣}man̄y^{x̣-} yēars
 1 2 + 3 4

^{x̣-}·Īn—^utō^(uh) an hōurglass — |^{x̣}for the^{x̣} |wh|īch supply,
 1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

Adm̄it mē Chōrus tō^u th̄is |^{x̣}h̄istōry,
 1 2 + 3 + 4 ∪

Wh̄o^u, Prōlogue-like, yōur |humble pátience pr̄áy,
 1 2 3 + 4

^jGèntly tō^u hēar, |k̄indl̄y tō^u j̄udge^j, ōur |pl̄áy. Exit.
 1 2 3 4 | 1

Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii by William Shakespeare

The plain script to work with. See the two other documents for this excerpt for markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse, word-rhythms and speech sounds, offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021.

MERCUTIO Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO Go then, for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found. *Exit [with Mercutio]*

ROMEO *[coming forward]*:

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Enter Juliet above at a window.]

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii by William Shakespeare

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MERCUTIO Come, ˇshall ˇwe go?

BENVOLIO 1 (and) (uh) 2 |Go ˇthen, ˇfor ‘tis in vain
3 (and) (uh) 4 +

To seek him here that x–means |not to be found. Exit [with Mercutio]
1 + 2 3 4

ROMEO [coming forward]

He jests at x–scars ˇthat |never felt a wound.
1 2 3 + 4

[Enter Juliet above at a window]

But soft! What |light through yonder window breaks?
1 (2) 3 + 4 +

ˇIt is the East, and |Juliet is the sun!
|(1) + 2 3 + 4

Arise, fair x–sun, ˇand |kill the envious moon,
1 2 3 + 4

Who is already sick and pale with |x–grief
1 + 2 + 3 4 ˇ

That thou her x–maid ˇart |far more fair than she.
1 2 3 + 4

ˇBe not her maid, ˇsince |she is envious.
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Her vestal livēry |is but sick and green,
1 2 3 + 4

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it |off.
1 + 2 + 3 4 ˇ

It x–is ˇmy x–ˇlady; |O, it is my love!
1 2 3 + 4

x–O ˇthat ˇshe knew she were!
1 2 + 3 ˇ 4 ˇ

ˇShe x–speaks, ˇyet she says |nothing. ˇWhat of that?
1 (2) + 3 uh 4

Her x–eye ˇdiscourses; |I will answer it.
1 2 3 + 4

ˇI am too bold; ˇ’tis not to me she speaks.
1 + (2) 3 + 4

x–Two of the fairest |stars in x–all ˇthe heavēn,
1 2 3 + 4

Having some business, |do entreat her eyes
1 2 3 + 4

To twinkle in their x–spheres |till they return.
1 + 2 (3) + 4

What if her x–eyes were |there, they in her head?
1 2 3 + 4

The brightness of her x–cheek would |shame those stars
1 + 2 3 4

As daylight x–doth a lamp; ˇher |x–eyes in heavēn
1 + 2 3 4

ˇWould through the airy x–regiōn |stream so bright
1 + 2 3 4

That birds would x–sing and |think it were not night.
1 2 3 + 4

x- See yhow yshe x- leans her |cheek upon her hand!
1 2 3 + 4

x- O that I were a |glove upon that hand,
1 2 3 + 4

That I might touch that cheek!
1 + 2

JULIET Ay |me!
3

ROMEO She speaks.
4

O speak again, ybright x-y-angel! |For thou art
1 + 2 3 4

As glorious to this night, being |o'er my head,
1 + 2 3 4

yAs x-is a winged |messenger of heaven
1 2 3 + 4

x-Unto the white-upturned |wond'ring eyes
1 + 2 3 4

yOf mortals xthat yfall x-back yto |gaze on him
1 + 2 3 4

yWhen x-he yx-b' strides the |lazy-pacing clouds
1 2 3 + 4

And x-sails upon the |bosom of the air.
1 (2) + 3 + 4

JULIET

o Romeo, Romeo! |wherefore art thou Romeo?
1 2 3 + 4

yDeny thy father and re|fuse thy name;
1 2 + 3 4

yOr, yif thou wilt not, |be but sworn my love,
1 2 3 + 4

And I'll no longer |be a Capulet.
1 2 3 + 4

ROMEO [aside]

yShall I hear more, or |shall I speak at this?
1 2 3 + 4

JULIET

x-'Tis but thy x-name ythat |is my enemy.
1 2 3 + 4

x-Thou art xthyself, ythough not a |Montague.
1 2 + 3 + 4

yWhat's a Montague? It |is nor hand nor foot,
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Nor x-arm nor x-face, nor |any other part
1 2 3 + 4

yBelong'ng to a man. yO, |be some other name!
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

x-What's yin a name? |That ywhich ywe call a rose
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

By any other x-name ywould |smell as sweet. ...
1 + 2 3 4

Romeo and Juliet, Act II:ii by William Shakespeare

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MERCUTIO Come, ˇshall ˇwe go?

BENVOLIO 1 (and) (uh) 2 |Go ˇthen, ˇfor ´tis in vain
3 (and) (uh) 4 +

To seek him hēre that x- means |not to be found. Exit [with Mercutio]
1 + 2 3 4

ROMEO [coming forward]

He jèsts àt x- scars ˇthat |nèver fèlt a wound.
1 2 3 + 4

[Enter Juliet above at a window]

Bùt soft! |Wh|àt |light through yondēr wīndow breaks?
1 (2) 3 + 4 +

ˇIt is thē East, and |Jūliet is thē sun!
|(1) + 2 3 + 4

Àrise, fair x- sun, ˇand |kīll thē ènviōus moon,
1 2 3 + 4

Whō is alrèadȳ sīck and pālē with |x- grīf
1 + 2 + 3 4

That thōu hēr x- máid ˇart |fār more fáir than shē.
1 2 3 + 4

ˇBē not hēr máid, ˇsince |shē is ènviōus.
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Hēr vèstal līvērȳ |is bùt sīck and grēen,
1 2 3 + 4

And none bùt fools dō wear it. Cast it |off.
1 + 2 + 3 4

It x- is ˇmỹ x- lādȳ; |Ō, it is mỹ love!
1 2 3 + 4

x- Ō ˇthat ˇshē knēw shē wēre!
1 2 + 3 4

ˇShē x- spēaks, ˇyèt shē sàys |nōthing. ˇ|Wh|àt of that?
1 (2) + 3 uh 4

Hēr x- ēȳe x- dīscōurses; |I will answer it.
1 2 3 + 4

ˇI am tōo bōld; ˇ´tis not tō mē shē spēaks.
1 + (2) 3 + 4

x- Twō of thē fairest |stārs in x- all thē heavēn,
1 2 3 + 4

Having some būsīnēss, |dō èntrēat hēr ēȳes
1 2 3 + 4

Tō twinklē in thēir x- sphēres |till thēȳ rēturn.
1 + 2 (3) + 4

|Wh|at if hēr x- ēȳes wēre |thēre, |thēȳ in hēr head?
1 2 3 + 4

The brīghtness of hēr x- chēek wōuld |sháme thōse stārs
1 + 2 3 4

As dāȳlight x- dō|th| a lamp; ˇhēr |x- ēȳes in heavēn
1 + 2 3 4

ˇWōuld |th|rōugh thē airȳ x- rēgion |strēam so brīght
1 + 2 3 4

That bīrds wōuld x- sīng and |th|īnk it wēre not nīght.
1 2 3 + 4

.....
x- Sēe ʔhow ʔshē x- ʔlēans hēr |chēek ʔpōn hēr hānd!
1 2 3 + 4

x- ʔ Ō thăt Ỉ were a |glōve ʔpōn thăt hānd,
1 2 3 + 4

Thăt Ỉ might touch thăt chēek!
1 + 2

JULIET Ầy |mē!
3

ROMEO Shē spēaks.
4

Ō spēak agáin, ʔbrīght x- ʔ-ángel! |Fōr thōu ʔart
1 + 2 3 4

As glōrious to this nīght, bēing |ō'er mỹ hēad,
1 + 2 3 4

ʔAs x- ʔis a wīnged |mèssèngér ʔof hēavēn
1 2 3 + 4

x- ʔUnto the |wh|ite-upturnèd |wōnd'ring ēyes
1 + 2 3 4

ʔOf mortals x-thăt ʔfall x- ʔbăck ʔto |gáze on him
1 + 2 3 4

ʔ|Wh|en x- ʔhē x- ʔb' strīdes the |lázȳ-pácīng clōuds
1 2 3 + 4

.....
And x- ʔsáils ʔupon the |bōsōm ʔof the áir.
1 (2) + 3 + 4

JULIET

Ō Rōmēō, Rōmēō! | |wh|erefōre ʔart thōu Rōmēō?
1 2 3 + 4

ʔDēnỹ thỹ fāthēr and rē |fūse thỹ náme;
1 2 + 3 4

.....
ʔŌr, ʔif thōu wīlt not, |bē but swōrn mỹ lōve,
1 2 3 + 4

And Ỉ'll no lōngér |bē a Capulet.
1 2 3 + 4

ROMEO [aside]

ʔShall Ỉ hēar mōre, ōr |shāl Ỉ spēak ăt this?
1 2 3 + 4

JULIET

x- ʔTis but thỹ x- náme ʔthat |is mỹ ènemy.
1 2 3 + 4

x- Thōu ʔart x-thỹsèlf, ʔthough nōt a |Mōntague.
1 2 + 3 + 4

.....
ʔ|Wh|at's a Mōntague? Ỉt |is nōr hand nōr fōot,
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Nōr x- ʔarm nōr x- ʔface, nōr |any ʔthēr pǎrt
1 2 3 + 4

ʔBelông'ng ʔto a man. ʔŌ, |bē sōmē ʔthēr náme!
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

x- ʔ|Wh|at's ʔin a náme? |That ʔ|wh|ích ʔwē cāl a rōse
1 (uh) 2 3 + 4

By any ʔthēr x- náme ʔwōuld |smell as swēet. ...
1 + 2 3 4

Hamlet, Act IV:vii by William Shakespeare

The plain script to work with. See the two other documents for this excerpt for markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse, word-rhythms and speech sounds, offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021.

QUEEN

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow. Your sister's drowned, Laertes.

LAERTES Drowned! O, where?

QUEEN

There is a willow grows askant the brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make

Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.

There on the pendent bough her crownet weeds

Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,

When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,

And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,

Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,

As one incapable of her own distress, [unable to perceive]

Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element. But long it could not be

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay

To muddy death.

LAERTES Alas, then she is drowned?

QUEEN Drowned, drowned.

Hamlet, Act IV:vii by William Shakespeare

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QUEEN

~~~~~  
wOne ˘woe ˘doth x—tread ˘up|on another's heel,  
1 2 3 + 4

˘So fast they follow. ˘Your sister's |drowned, Laertes.  
1 + (2) + 3 4

LAERTES Drowned! ˘O, |where?  
1 (2) 3 4—

QUEEN

There is a willow |x\* grows askant the brook, [alongside]  
1 2 3 + 4

˘That x—shows ˘his hoar leaves |x\* in the glassy stream.  
1 2 3 + 4

˘Therewith ˘fantastic |garlands did she make  
1 2 3 + 4

Ôf crowflowêrs, nettles, |daisies, and ˘long purples,  
1 2 3 + 4

˘That libêral x˘shepherds |x\* give a grosser name,  
1 2 3 + 4

But our cold x—maids do |dead men's fingers call them.  
1 2 3 + 4

There on the pendent bough her |crownet weeds  
1 2 + 3 4

x—Clămb'ring to hang, ˘an |enviôus |x˘sliver broke,  
1 2 3 + 4

˘When down her weedy trophies |x— and ˘herself  
1 + 2 3 4

˘Fell in the weeping brook. ˘Her |clothes spread wide,  
1 + 2 3 4

~~~~~  
And mermaid-like awhile ˘they |bore ˘her up,
1 + 2 3 + 4—

˘Which x—time ˘she chanted |x˘snatches ˘of old lauds,
1 2 3 uh 4

As x—one incapâble of her |x—own ˘distress, [unable to perceive]
1 2 + 3 4

Or ˘like a creature |native and indued
1 2 3 + 4

˘Ûnto that elêment. But |long it could not be
1 + (2) 3 + 4

Till that her garments, |heavy with their drink,
1 2 3 + 4

x—Pulled the poor wretch ˘from her me|lodîous lay
1 2 + 3 4

˘To muddy death.
1 + (2)

LAERTES A|las, then she is drowned?
3 + 4

QUEEN

Drowned, (2) |drowned.
1 (2) 3 4—

Hamlet, Act IV:vii by William Shakespeare

Markings of the sounds (for shaping, as repetitions, as reminders), word-rhythms and 5-stress-4-beat pulse are suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*,[©] September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

QUEEN

~~~~~  
w<sup>o</sup>One <sup>1</sup>˘wōe <sup>2</sup>˘dōth <sup>3</sup>x-˘tread <sup>4</sup>˘up|on <sup>+</sup>an<sup>o</sup>th<sup>er</sup>'s heel,

˘Sō fast <sup>1</sup>théy <sup>+</sup>follow. <sup>(2)</sup>˘Yōur <sup>+</sup>sist<sup>er</sup>'s |<sup>3</sup>drōwned, <sup>4</sup>Láértēs.

LAERTES Drōwned! <sup>1</sup>˘Ō, |<sup>(2)</sup>whére? <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup>—

QUEEN

Thére is a <sup>1</sup>willōw |<sup>2</sup>x-grōws <sup>3</sup>askānt <sup>4</sup>the brōok, [alongside]

˘Thāt <sup>1</sup>x-shōws <sup>2</sup>˘hīs hōar <sup>3</sup>lēaves |<sup>4</sup>x-in <sup>+</sup>the glāssy strēam.

˘Therewith <sup>1</sup>˘fāntāstic |<sup>2</sup>garlands <sup>3</sup>dīd <sup>+</sup>shē <sup>4</sup>máke

Ōf <sup>1</sup>crow<sup>fl</sup>ōw<sup>er</sup>s, <sup>2</sup>nettles, |<sup>3</sup>dáisies, <sup>+</sup>and <sup>4</sup>˘long púrples,

˘That <sup>1</sup>lib<sup>er</sup>al <sup>2</sup>x-sheph<sup>er</sup>ds |<sup>3</sup>x-give <sup>+</sup>a grōss<sup>er</sup> <sup>4</sup>náme,

But <sup>1</sup>ōur <sup>2</sup>cōld <sup>3</sup>x-máids <sup>+</sup>do |<sup>4</sup>dèad mèn's <sup>+</sup>fing<sup>er</sup>s call <sup>4</sup>thēm.

There on <sup>1</sup>the <sup>2</sup>pèndènt bōugh <sup>+</sup>hēr |<sup>3</sup>crōwn<sup>et</sup> <sup>4</sup>weeds

x-Clāmb'ring <sup>1</sup>to hāng, <sup>2</sup>˘ān |<sup>3</sup>ènv<sup>i</sup>ous |<sup>+</sup>x-slīv<sup>er</sup> <sup>4</sup>brōke,

˘|Wh|en <sup>1</sup>dōwn <sup>+</sup>hēr <sup>2</sup>wēed<sup>y</sup> trōph<sup>i</sup>es |<sup>3</sup>x-and <sup>4</sup>˘h<sup>er</sup>sèlf

˘Fèll <sup>1</sup>in <sup>+</sup>the <sup>2</sup>wēep<sup>i</sup>ng brōok. <sup>3</sup>˘H<sup>er</sup> |<sup>4</sup>clōthes <sup>+</sup>spread <sup>4</sup>wīde,

~~~~~  
And ¹m^{er}máid-like ⁺a|wh|īle ²˘théy |³bōre ⁺˘h^{er} ⁴up,

˘|Wh|ich ¹x-˘tīme ²˘she ³chānted |⁴x-snatches ^{uh} ˘of ⁴ōld lāuds,

As ¹x-one ²īncap^{able} ⁺of ³hēr |⁴x-ōwn ⁺˘dīstress, [unable to perceive]

Ōr ¹˘like ²a ^{ch}crēature |³nātive ⁺and ⁴īndued^{iu}

˘Ūnt^u ¹that ⁺èlēm^{ent}. ⁽²⁾But |³lōng ⁺it cōuld ⁴not be

Till ¹that ²hēr ³garm^{en}ts, |⁴hèavy ⁺with ⁴their ⁴drīnk,

x-˘Pūll^{ed} ¹the ²pōor ³wrètch ⁺˘frōm ⁴hēr ⁺mè|lōdⁱous ⁴lay

˘To ¹muddy ⁺dèa|²th|. ⁽²⁾

LAERTES ³˘A|lās, ⁺then ⁴she is ⁴drōwned?

QUEEN

Drōwned, ¹ ⁽²⁾ |³drōwned. ⁴—

The Winter's Tale, Act I:ii by William Shakespeare

The plain script to work with. See the two other documents for this excerpt for markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse, word-rhythms and speech sounds, offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021.

LEONTES *[others have exited except his son, Mamillius, and Camillo]*

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'erhead and ears a forked one!

Go play, boy, play. Thy mother plays, and I

Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave. Contempt and clamor

Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th'arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence

And his pond fished by his next neighbor, by

Sir Smile, his neighbor. Nay, there's comfort in't

Whiles other men have gates and those gates opened,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none.

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly. Know't

It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's

Have the disease and feel't'not. How now, boy?

MAMILLIUS:

I am like you, they say.

LEONTES: Why, that's some comfort.

The Winter's Tale, Act I:ii by William Shakespeare

Markings of the 5-stress-4-beat pulse and word-rhythms are offered as suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © September 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

LEONTES [*others have exited except his son, Mamilius, and Camillo*]:

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er | head and ears a forked one!
1 2 3 + 4

Go play, boy, play. Thy | x~mother x~plays, and I
1 2 3 4 +

~Play too, but so dis|graced a part, whose issue
(1) + 2 + 3 + 4

Will hiss me x~to my grave. | Contempt and clamor
1 + 2 (3) + 4

Will be my knell. Go play, boy, |play. There have been,
1 + 2 3 4

Or I am much deceived, |cuckolds ere now;
1 + 2 3 4

And many~a man there is, | x~even ~at ~this present, [13]
1 + 2 3 4

Now while I speak this, |holds his wife by th'arm,
1 2 3 + 4

That little thinks she has been | x~sluiced in's x~absence
1 + 2 3 4

And his pond x~fished by |his next neighbor, by
1 2 3 4 (ee) +

Sir Smile, his x~neighbor. |Nay, there's comfort in't
(1) (ee) + (uh) 2 3 4 +

~Whiles other men have gates and |those gates opened,
1 + 2 3 4

As x~mine, against their will. | ~Should all despair
1 + 2 (3) + 4

That x~have revolted wives, the |tenth of mankind
1 + 2 3 4

Would hang themselves. | x~Physic for't there's none.
1 + (2) 3 + 4

~It x~is a bawdy planet, | x~that ~will strike
1 2 + (3) + 4

~Where x~'tis predominant; ~and ~'tis |powerful, think it,
1 2 + 3 4

From east, ~west, north, and south. |Be it ~concluded,
1 2 + 3 4

~No barricado for a belly. | Know't.
1 + 2 + (3) 4

It will let x~in ~and |out the enemy
1 2 3 + uh 4 ~

With bag and baggage. |Many thousand on's
1 2 3 + 4

Have ~the ~disease and feel't not. |How now, boy?
1 (triplet) + 2 3 4

MAMILLIUS:

I~am like you, they say.
1 2 +

LEONTES: ~Why, |that's some comfort.
3 4

The Winter's Tale, Act I:ii by William Shakespeare

Markings of the sounds (for shaping, as repetitions, as reminders), word-rhythms and 5-stress-4-beat pulse are suggestions by Kate Reese Hurd in light of her report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter: Putting Shakespeare Through His Paces*, © Septembers 2021. As in music, the finer nuances of expression cannot be notated.

LEONTES [*others have exited except his son, Mamilius, and Camillo*]:

Īnch-|th|ĭck, knēē-deēp, ō'er | head and ēars a fōrked ōne|

Gō pláy, bōy, pláy. Thỹ | x̣mother x̣pláys, and Ī

Pláy too, but sō dīs | gráced a part, whōse ĩssue

Will hĭss me x̣to my gráve. | Contēpt and clamōr

Will bē my knēll. Go pláy, bōy, | pláy. Thēre hāve bēē, ĩ

Or I am mūch deēived, | cūckolds ēre nōw;

And mǎny ā man thēre ĩs, | x̣even x̣at x̣thĭs prēsēnt, [13]

Nōw while Ī spēak thĭs, | holds hĭs wĭfe bỹ th'arm,

That lĭttle |th|ĭnks shē hās bēē | x̣sluiced ĩn's x̣absence

And hĭs pond x̣fĭshed bỹ | hĭs next nēighbōr, bỹ

Sĭr Smĭle, hĭs x̣nēighbōr. | Náy, thēre's cōmfort ĩn't

Whĭles ōther mēn have gátes and | thōse gátes ōpēned,

As x̣mĭne, agàinst thēir wĭll. | Shōuld āll dēspáir

Thāt x̣hāve rēvōlted wĭves, the | tēn|th| ōf mǎnkĭnd

Wōuld hǎng thēmselfs. | x̣Phỹsĭc for't thēre's nōne.

Īt x̣is a bāwdy plānēt, | x̣thāt x̣will strĭke

Whēre x̣tis prēdomĭnant; and x̣tis | pōwērful, |th|ĭnkĭt,

From ēast, x̣west, nor|th|, and sōu|th|. | Bē it x̣conclūded,

Nō barrĭcādō fōr a bēlly. | Know't.

Īt will lèt x̣in x̣and | ōut thē ènēm̄y

With bǎg and bǎggage. | Many |th|ōusand ōn's

Hāve x̣the x̣dīsēase and fēel't nōt. | Hōw nōw, bōy?

MAMILLIUS:



Ī am lĭke yōu, x̣thēy sáy.

LEONTES: | Whỹ, | that's sōme cōmfort.

The 5-STRESS-4-BEAT STRUCTURE SYLLABIC RHYTHMS and PENTAMETER

Markings developed by Kate Reese Hurd
as in the report, *Revealing the Music of Pentameter*

Syllabic markings for shaping the *upper* rhythm of the lines in relation to the metrical *lower* rhythm:

- x = first syllable is heavy: xmeasure
- ˘ = first syllable is light or short: ˘celestial
- x˘ = move from heavy to light quickly: x˘kitt'ns
- ˘x = move from light to heavy quickly: ˘xbedeck
- = syllable is longer: x˘dazzling x˘minnows
- = dot lengthens a syllable to create a dotted skipping rhythm, as in music: x•stalked 'n caught =  x•pause 'n fall = 
- | = articulate between words: cinched|cellophane
- [a] = intentionally unspoken syllable: [a]'way

Pentameter is a formative musical-metrical structure. *The relationship of the five stresses to the four-beat measure of each line of blank verse is a lively one.* Note which stress lands on each of the four beats; write the beat number under that syllable and place a broken vertical before the syllable that falls on the third beat, to demarcate the middle of the 4/4 measure. The fifth stress will land *between* two beats (usually on the half-beat). Hence it can sound in varied places within the stream of the 4/4 time.

Here are just the most basic possibilities. Where the fifth stress lands is marked with + :

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|-----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | + | 4 |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | | 4 + |

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|--|---|
| 1 | + | 2 | | 3 | | 4 |
| 1 | | 2 | + | 3 | | 4 |

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|--------------|---|---|---|--------------|
| 1 | + | 2 | + | 3 | | (4 is empty) |
| 1 | | (2 is empty) | | 3 | + | 4 + |

The first thing to notice is that one half of the measure will have more stresses sounding in it than the other does, because one (or maybe more) of the stresses falls on a half-beat. *A beautiful musical differentiation arises naturally: the stresses in one half come more quickly than those in the other, crowding that part of the measure, the line. Syllables shorten or lengthen and vary in weight accordingly, creating rhythmic complexity.* In this novel relationship between the rhythmic iambic units and the beat structure, the iambic feet do not *walk* on the beats one-to-one, the way the metrical feet of other meters do, such as in tetrameter and hexameter (with its two caesuras): the fifth iambic foot is freed; and it calls for sensitive musical handling. Blank verse is *poetry*, distinct from the prose narrative and dialogue in the plays; and as Rudolf Steiner said, poems are scores that need to be fathomed and brought to expression (“Poetry and the Art of Speech,” April 6, 1921 lecture, Dornach).