

Choral Reading Student Example

from *The Tempest* by William Shakespeare

This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst
Give me Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o'th'isle.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you,
For I am all the subjects that you have.

*Filth as thou art,
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.*

I had peopled else the isle with Calibans.
All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inchmeal a disease!
The spirit torments me. O!

(1.2.395-421)

*He's in his fit now, and does not talk after
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have
Never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove
His fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will
Not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that
Hath him, and that soundly. Open your mouth.
Here is that which will give language to you, cat.
Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I
Can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who's
Your friend. Open your chaps again.*

These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him, for the liquor is not earthly.
I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,
And I will kiss they foot. I prithee, be my god.

Choral Reading Student Example

*I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
Headed monster. A most scurvy monster. I could
Find in my heart to beat him. But that the poor
Monster's in drink. An abominable monster.
A howling monster, a drunken monster.*

'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban
has a new master. Get a new man.

(2.2.75-191)

How does thy Honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not
Serve him; he is not valiant.
I say from sorcery Prospero got this isle;
From me he got it. If they Greatness will,
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not.

(3.2.25-62)

*Go, sirrah, to my cell.
Take with you your companions. As you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.*

Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool.

(5.1.349-354)