

# Power To Hurt

Lyrics by William Shakespeare  
Music by saucybark

## Power To Hurt

*(based on sonnet no. 94; Richard III, Act 1, Scene 1)*

They that have the pow'r to hurt  
Are the owners of their faces  
They that have the pow'r to hurt  
They are the owners of their faces

They that have the pow'r to hurt  
And will do none  
That do not do the thing they most do show  
Who moving others, are themselves as stone  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
They are the lords and owners of their faces  
Others but stewards of their excellence  
They are the owners of their faces

They that have the pow'r to hurt  
Are the owners of their faces

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this son of York  
Grim-visag'd War,  
Hath smooth'd his wrinkled front  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks  
Have no delight to pass away the time

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature

## Curse The Hell Hound

*(based on Richard III, Act 1, Scene 2,3; Act 4, Scene 4)*

Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!  
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Proditionous, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his unhappiness!  
If ever he have wife, let her he made  
A miserable by the death of him  
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!

Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.  
If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested -

## Love's Too Young

*(based on sonnet no. 151)*

Love is too young to know what conscience is  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove

For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no father reason

But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side

No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall

## Those Pretty Wrongs

*(based on sonnet no. 41)*

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart  
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits  
For still temptation follows where thou art

Gentle thou art and therefore to be won  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed

## The Lights Burn Blue

*(based on Richard III, Act 5, Scene 3)*

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 high'st degree!  
Murder, stem 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 shall pity me:  
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Deform'd, unfinish'd, 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  
Have no delight

They that have the pow'r to hurt  
And will do none

## Faults Graces

*(based on sonnet no. 96)*

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness  
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less  
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort

As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated and for true things deem'd

How many lambs might the stem wolf betray  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.

## King's Pain

*(based on Richard II, Act 3, Scene 2)*

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;  
How some have been deposed; some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;  
Some poison'd by their wives: some sleeping kill'd;  
All murder'd:

For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus  
Comes at the last and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

Throw away respect,

And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?

Ay me! but yet thou mightest my seat forbear  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth

Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me

## A Thousand Growns

*(based on sonnet no. 131)*

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel  
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel

Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan  
To say they err I dare not be so bold  
Although I swear it to myself alone

And, to be sure that is not false I swear  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place

In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

## My Name Is Will

*(based on sonnet no. 136)*

If thy soul cheque thee that I come so near  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will'  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there  
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil

'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
Among a number one is reckon'd none

Then in the number let me pass untold  
Though in thy stores' account I one must be  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee

Make but my name thy love, and love that still  
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will'

## Shall I Compare

*(based on sonnet no. 18)*

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

## Lascivious Grace

*(based on sonnet no. 40)*

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?  
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call  
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more

Then if for my love thou my love receivest  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest

Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,

## With Others All Too Near

*(based on sonnet no. 61)*

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken  
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home into my deeds to pry  
To find out shames and idle hours in me  
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?

O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake

For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere  
From me far off, with others all too near

## My Love

*(based on sonnet no. 147)*

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nursed the disease  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please

My reason, the physician to my love  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except

Past cure I am, now reason is past care  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are  
At random from the truth vainly express'd

For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night

## Tomorrow

*(based on Macbeth, Act 5, Scene 5)*

She should have died hereafter  
There would have been a time for such a word  
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty  
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows  
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes

## Tired With All These

*(based on sonnet no. 66)*

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry  
As, to behold desert a beggar born  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn

And guided honour shamefully misplaced  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced  
And strength by limping sway disabled

And art made tongue-tied by authority  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity  
And captive good attending captain ill

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone

## Roses Are Red

*(traditional)*

I like your style  
I like your class  
But most of all  
I like your ass  
Roses are red  
violets are corny  
When I think of you  
baby, I get horny

Eat me, Beat me, Bite me, Blow me  
Suck me, Fuck me – Very slowly –  
If you kiss me  
Don't be sassy. Use your tongue!  
Use your tongue, and make it nasty

Roses are red  
pickles are green  
I love your legs  
and what's between  
Roses are red  
lemons are sour  
Spread your legs  
and give me an hour

So pull down your pants  
And lay in the grass  
Cause I'm in the mood  
for a piece of that ASS!

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury  
Signifying nothing

## Therefore I Lie With Her

*(based on sonnet no. 138)*

When my love swears that she is made of truth  
I do believe her, though I know she lies  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young  
Although she knows my days are past the best  
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust  
And age in love loves not to have years told

Therefore I lie with her and she with me  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be

# Power To Hurt

A cinematic-musical-trip after William Shakespeare

An evening on a dark and mighty phenomenon, trying to infect both traditional and new Shakespeare-lovers (and even the few, who are not addicted yet) with the genius of the unforgettable dramatist.

Stage-Cast:  
Raphael von Bargaen (voc., sax, clar.), Christian Mair (git., bass, key., loops)

Film-Cast:  
Raphael von Bargaen, Deborah Fasan, Hanna Gureczny, Luzia Oppermann, Carmen Schrenk

Stage & Light: Andreas Lungenschmid  
Costume: Antoaneta Stereva  
Live sound: Christian Reddeker  
Music: saucybark (Raphael von Bargaen & Christian Mair)  
Visuals: Anna Maria Krassnigg & Christian Mair  
Camera, edit: Christian Mair  
Artistic support: Viktorie Knotková  
Dramatic compositor: Anna Maria Krassnigg

Produced by *DramaShop*

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