

***ROMEO AND JULIET*** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 2, Sc 2)**

**JULIET:**

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment.  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',  
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light.  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true-love passion. Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

**(Act 3, Sc 1)**

**BENVOLIO:**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal  
Your high displeasure: all this uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,  
Retorts it. Romeo, he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

**HENRY V** by William Shakespeare

**(Act One, Sc 1)**

**CHORUS:**

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,  
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  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O pardon, since a crookèd figure may  
Attest in little place a million,  
And let us, ciphers to this great account,  
On your imaginary forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high uprearèd 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.  
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.

**(Act 3, Sc 2)**

**BOY:**

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

***TWELFTH NIGHT*** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 2, Sc 2)**

**VIOLA:**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me, indeed so much, That  
methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.  
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love:  
As I am woman (now alas the day!)  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

**HAMLET** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 4, Sc 4)**

**HAMLET:**

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,  
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom  
And ever three parts coward, I do not know  
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'  
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means  
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:  
Witness this army of such mass and charge  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd  
Makes mouths at the invisible event,  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough and continent  
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

***THE TEMPEST*** by William Shakespeare

(Act 3, Sc 1)

**FERDINAND:**

Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration, worth  
What's dearest to the world. Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best. Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides  
To make me slave to it. And for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.  
O heaven, O Earth bear witness to this sound  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true! If hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world  
Do love, prize, honour you.

***KING LEAR*** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 1, Sc 2)**

**EDMUND:**

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?  
When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take  
More composition and fierce quality  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to th' creating of a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund  
As to th' legitimate. Fine word "legitimate"!  
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top th' legitimate -: I grow, I prosper;  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

**OTHELLO** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 2, Sc 2)**

**IAGO:**

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it.  
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit  
The Moor – howbeit that I endure him not -  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,  
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too,  
Not out of absolute lust – though peradventure  
I stand accountant for as great a sin -  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leapt into my seat, the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife -  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do;  
If this poor trash of Venice whom I trace  
For his quick hunting stand the putting on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb -  
For I fear Cassio with my nightcap, too -  
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me  
For making him egregiously an ass,  
And practising upon his peace and quiet,  
Even to madness: 'tis here, but yet confus'd;  
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

***AS YOU LIKE IT*** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 3, Sc 5)**

**PHOEBE:**

I would not be thy executioner;  
I fly thee for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.  
Now counterfeit to swoon – why now fall down!  
Or if thou canst not – O, for shame, for shame –  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean thou upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

**MACBETH** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 1, Sc 7)**

**MACBETH:**

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all – here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

***JULIUS CAESAR*** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 2, Sc 1)**

**PORTIA:**

Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose, and walked about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I asked you what the matter was  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urged you further: then you scratched your head  
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.  
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not  
But with an angry wafture of your hand  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,  
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.  
Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,  
You have some sick offence within your mind  
Which by the right and virtue of my place  
I ought to know of: and upon my knees  
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, your self, you half,  
Why you are heavy – and what men tonight  
Have had resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I your self  
But as it were in sort of limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed  
And talk to sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

**ARDEN OF FAVERSHAM** by Anonymous

**(Act 3, Sc 3)**

**ALICE:**

Is this the end of all thy solemn oaths?  
Is this the fruit thy reconciliation buds?  
Have I for this given thee so many favours,  
Incurr'd my husband's hate, and, out alas!  
Made shipwreck of mine honour for thy sake?  
And dost thou say "henceforward know me not"?  
Remember, when I lock'd thee in my closet,  
What were thy words and mine; did we not both  
Decree to murder Arden in the night?  
The heavens can witness, and the world can tell,  
Before I saw that falsehood look of thine,  
'Fore I was tangled with thy 'ticing speech,  
Arden to me was dearer than my soul,  
And shall be still: base peasant, get thee gone,  
And boast not of thy conquest over me,  
Gotten by witchcraft and mere sorcery!  
For what hast thou to countenance my love,  
Being descended of a noble house,  
And match'd already with a gentleman  
Whose servant thou may'st be! and so farewell.

**(ACT 1, SC 1)**

**GREENE:**

Pardon me, Mistress Arden, I must speak,  
For I am touch'd. Your husband doth me wrong  
To wring me from the little land I have.  
My living is my life, only that [land]  
Resteth remainder of my portion.

Desire of wealth is endless in his mind,  
And he is greedy-gaping still for gain;  
Nor cares he though young gentlemen do beg,  
So he may scrape and hoard up in his pouch.  
But, seeing he hath taken my lands, I'll value life  
As careless as he is careful for to get:  
And tell him this from me, I'll be reveng'd,  
And so as he shall wish the Abbey lands  
Had rested still within their former state.

**(ACT 3, SC 6)**

**MICHAEL:**

Thus feeds the lamb securely on the down,  
Whilst through the thicket of an arbour brake  
The hunger-bitten wolf o'erpries his haunt  
And takes advantage [for] to eat him up.  
Ah, harmless Arden, how, how hast thou misdome,  
That thus thy gentle life is levell'd at?  
The many good turns that thou hast done to me  
Now must I quittance with betraying thee.  
I that should take the weapon in my hand  
And buckler thee from ill-intending foes,  
Do lead thee with a wicked fraudulent smile,  
As unsuspected, to the slaughter-house.  
So have I sworn to Mosbie and my mistress,  
So have I promis'd to the slaughtermen;  
And should I not deal currently with them,  
Their lawless rage would take revenge on me.  
Tush, I will spurn at mercy for this once:  
Let pity lodge where feeble women lie,  
I am resolv'd, and Arden needs must die.

***THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*** by William Shakespeare

**(Act 3, Sc 2)**

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE:**

Sweet mistress, what your name is else I know not,  
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine;  
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not  
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.  
Teach me dear creature, how to think and speak;  
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you  
To make it wander in an unknown field?  
Are you a god? Would you create me new? Transform me then.  
And to your power I'll yield.  
But if that I am I, then well I know  
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;  
Far more, far more to you do I decline;  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie,  
And in that glorious supposition think

He gains by death that hath such means to die;

Let love, being light, drowned if she sink.

**(Act 3, Sc 2)**

**Luciana:**

And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? Shall Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness.  
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth-  
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;  
Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?  
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?  
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
Alas! poor women, make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:  
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.