

Shakespeare Duologues

Women & Women

All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Scene 3 (Countess & Helena)

COUNT.

Even so it was with me when I was young.
If ever we are nature's, these are ours. This thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

HEL.

What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNT.

You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

HEL.

Mine honorable mistress.

COUNT.

Nay, a mother,
Why not a mother? When I said "a mother,"
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in "mother,"
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
—Why, that you are my daughter?

HEL.

That I am not.

COUNT.

I say I am your mother.

HEL.

Pardon, madam;
The Count Rossillion cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honored name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

COUNT.

Nor I your mother?

HEL.

You are my mother, madam; would you were—
So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother! Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

COUNT.

Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield you mean it not! "daughter" and "mother"
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness! Now I see
The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head, now to all sense 'tis gross:
You love my son. Invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so; for look, thy cheeks
Confess it, t' one to th' other, and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors
That in their kind they speak it. Only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

HEL.

Good madam, pardon me!

COUNT.

Do you love my son?

HEL.

Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNT.

Love you my son?

HEL.

Do not you love him, madam?

COUNT.

Go not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

HEL.

Then I confess

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest, so's my love.
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still. Thus Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love, O then give pity
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies.

COUNT.

Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
To go to Paris?

HEL.

Madam, I had.

COUNT.

Wherefore? tell true.

HEL.

I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

COUNT.

This was your motive

For Paris, was it? speak.

HEL.

My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Happily been absent then.

COUNT.

But think you, Helen,

If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

HEL.

There's something in't

More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honor
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day, an hour.

COUNT.

Dost thou believe't?

HEL.

Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNT.

Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone tomorrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

As You Like It, Act 3, Scene 2 (Celia & Rosalind)

CEL.

Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS.

O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL.

That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

ROS.

Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CEL.

But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

ROS.

I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CEL.

Trow you who hath done this?

ROS.

Is it a man?

CEL.

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

ROS.

I prithee who?

CEL.

O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROS.

Nay, but who is it?

CEL.

Is it possible?

ROS.

Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL.

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

ROS.

Good my complexion, dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL.

So you may put a man in your belly.

ROS.

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

CEL.

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS.

Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL.

It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

ROS.

Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.

CEL.

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS.

Orlando?

CEL.

Orlando.

ROS.

Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CEL.

You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS.

But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL.

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

ROS.

It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit.

CEL.

Give me audience, good madam.

ROS.

Proceed.

CEL.

There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

ROS.

Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL.

Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

ROS.

O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL.

I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.

ROS.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CEL.

You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

ROS.

'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Scene 1 (Adriana & Luciana)

ADR.

Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two a' clock.

LUC.

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time,
they'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

ADR.

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUC.

Because their business still lies out a' door.

ADR.

Look when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

LUC.

O, know he is the bridle of your will.

ADR.

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUC.

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe:
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADR.

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUC.

Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

ADR.

But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUC.

Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

ADR.

How if your husband start some other where?

LUC.

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR.

Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause—
They can be meek that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would relieve me;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

LUC.

Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 2 (Portia & Nerissa)

POR.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NER.

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR.

Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

NER.

They would be better if well follow'd.

POR.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree—such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word choose! I may neither choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER.

Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lott'ry that he hath devis'd in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR.

I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

NER.

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR.

Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

NER.

Then is there the County Palentine.

POR.

He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "And you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER.

How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

POR.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palentine; he is every man in no man. If a throstle sing, he falls straight a-cap'ring. He will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER.

What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR.

You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

NER.

What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

POR.

That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety and seal'd under for another.

NER.

How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR.

Very vildly in the morning, when he is sober, and most vildly in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER.

If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR.

Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER.

You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

POR.

If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NER.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

POR.

Yes, yes, it was Bassanio—as I think, so was he call'd.

NER.

True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR.

I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Othello, Act 4, Scene 3 (Emilia & Desdemona)

EMIL.

How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

DES.

He says he will return incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

EMIL.

Dismiss me?

DES.

It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

EMIL.

I would you had never seen him!

DES.

So would not I. My love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns—
Prithee unpin me—have grace and favor in them.

EMIL.

I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DES.

All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

EMIL.

Come, come; you talk.

DES.

My mother had a maid call'd Barbary;
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of "Willow,"
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song tonight
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee dispatch.

EMIL.

Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

DES.

No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMIL.

A very handsome man.

DES.

He speaks well.

EMIL.

I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

DES.

Singing.

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the stones,
Sing willow"—
Lay by these—

Singing.

"— willow, willow"—
Prithee hie thee; he'll come anon—

Singing.

"Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve"—
Nay, that's not next. Hark, who is't that knocks?

EMIL.

It's the wind.

DES.

Singing.

"I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow;
If I court moe women, You'll couch with moe men."—
So get thee gone, good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

EMIL.

'Tis neither here nor there.

DES.

I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMIL.

There be some such, no question.

DES.

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL.

Why, would not you?

DES.

No, by this heavenly light!

EMIL.

Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' th' dark.

DES.

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL.

The world's a huge thing; it is a great price
For a small vice.

DES.

Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMIL.

By my troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had done't. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for all the whole world—'ud's pity, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DES.

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

EMIL.

Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world; and having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES.

I do not think there is any such woman.

EMIL.

Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage as would store the world they play'd for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite:
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DES.

Good night, good night. God me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Romeo & Juliet, Act 2, Scene 5 (Juliet & Nurse)

JUL.

The clock strook nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks—many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE.

Peter, stay at the gate.

JUL.

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE.

I am a-weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I!

JUL.

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee speak, good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE.

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL.

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE.

Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he. Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench, serve God. What, have you din'd at home?

JUL.

No, no! But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE.

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a' t' other side—ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JUL.

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE.

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
An' a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JUL.

Where is my mother! why, she is within,
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
'Where is your mother?'"

NURSE.

O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL.

Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE.

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JUL.

I have.

NURSE.

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

JUL.

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Romeo & Juliet, Act 3, Scene 5 (Juliet & Lady Capulet)

LA. CAP.

Within.

Ho, daughter, are you up?

JUL.

Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
She goeth down from the window. Enter Mother, Lady Capulet.

LA. CAP.

Why, how now, Juliet?

JUL.

Madam, I am not well.

LA. CAP.

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JUL.

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LA. CAP.

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JUL.

Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LA. CAP.

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL.

What villain, madam?

LA. CAP.

That same villain Romeo.

JUL.

Aside.

Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LA. CAP.

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JUL.

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LA. CAP.

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JUL.

Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

LA. CAP.

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL.

And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

LA. CAP.

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.

JUL.

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LA. CAP.

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JUL.

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LA. CAP.

Here comes your father, tell him so yourself;
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Twelfth Night, Act 1, Scene 5 (Olivia & Viola)

VIO.

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI.

Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIO.

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLI.

Whence came you, sir?

VIO.

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLI.

Are you a comedian?

VIO.

No, my profound heart; and yet (by the very fangs of malice I swear) I am not that I play.
Are you the lady of the house?

OLI.

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIO.

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLI.

Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

VIO.

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLI.

It is the more like to be feign'd, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

VIO.

I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI.

Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

VIO.

The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

OLI.

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO.

Most sweet lady—

OLI.

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO.

In Orsino's bosom.

OLI.

In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIO.

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI.

O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIO.

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI.

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present.

Unveiling.

Is't not well done?

VIO.

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI.

'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIO.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLI.

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIO.

I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty.

OLI.

How does he love me?

VIO.

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLI.

Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him,

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO.

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLI.

Why, what would you?

VIO.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me!

OLI.

You might do much.

What is your parentage?

VIO.

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLI.

Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him; let him send no more—
Unless (perchance) you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

VIO.

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervor like my master's be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

OLI.

"What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

Twelfth Night, Act 3, Scene 1 (Olivia & Viola)

VIO.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odors on you! My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

OLI.

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hand, sir.

VIO.

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI.

What is your name?

VIO.

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLI.

My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
Y' are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIO.

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI.

For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

VIO.

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLI.

O, by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him;
But would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIO.

Dear lady—

OLI.

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and I fear me you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So let me hear you speak.

VIO.

I pity you.

OLI.

That's a degree to love.

VIO.

No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI.

Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

VIO.

Then westward-ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI.

Stay!
I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIO.

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLI.

If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO.

Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLI.

I would you were as I would have you be.

VIO.

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLI.

Aside.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.—
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIO.

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam, never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLI.

Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhors, to like his love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Scene 2 (Julia & Lucetta)

JUL.

But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

LUC.

Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

JUL.

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

LUC.

Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

JUL.

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUC.

As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

JUL.

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUC.

Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

JUL.

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUC.

Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

JUL.

How now? what means this passion at his name?

LUC.

Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JUL.

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUC.

Then thus: of many good I think him best.

JUL.

Your reason?

LUC.

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

JUL.

And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

LUC.

Ay—if you thought your love not cast away.

JUL.

Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

LUC.

Yet he, of all the rest, I think best loves ye.

JUL.

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUC.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

JUL.

They do not love that do not show their love.

LUC.

O, they love least that let men know their love.

JUL.

I would I knew his mind.

LUC.

Peruse this paper, madam.

JUL.

"To Julia"—say, from whom?

LUC.

That the contents will show.

JUL.

Say, say; who gave it thee?

LUC.

Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

JUL.

Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There! take the paper; see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.

LUC.

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JUL.

Will ye be gone?

LUC.

That you may ruminate.

Exit.

JUL.

And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter;
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What 'fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say "no" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "ay."
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That (like a testy babe) will scratch the nurse
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Enter Lucetta.

LUC.

What would your ladyship?

JUL.

Is't near dinner-time?

LUC.

I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

JUL.

What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

LUC.

Nothing.

JUL.

Why didst thou stoop then?

LUC.

To take a paper up that I let fall.

JUL.

And is that paper nothing?

LUC.

Nothing concerning me.

JUL.

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUC.

Madam, it will not lie where it concerns
Unless it have a false interpreter.

JUL.

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

LUC.

That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note, your ladyship can set.

JUL.

As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

LUC.

It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JUL.

Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?

LUC.

Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JUL.

And why not you?

LUC.

I cannot reach so high.

JUL.

Let's see your song.

Takes the letter.

How now, minion?

LUC.

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

JUL.

You do not?

LUC.

No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

JUL.

You, minion, are too saucy.

LUC.

Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

JUL.

The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

LUC.

Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.

JUL.

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!

Tears the letter.

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.

LUC.

She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so ang'red with another letter.

Exit.

JUL.

Nay, would I were so ang'red with the same.
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia,
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."
Poor wounded name: my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was "Proteus" written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that, some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus:
To the sweet Julia"—that I'll tear away—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

LUC.

Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

JUL.

Well, let us go.

LUC.

What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

JUL.

If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUC.

Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

JUL.

I see you have a month's mind to them.

LUC.

Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

JUL.

Come, come, will't please you go?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Scene 4 (Silvia & Julia)

JUL.

Gentlewoman, good day; I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

SIL.

What would you with her, if that I be she?

JUL.

If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SIL.

From whom?

JUL.

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SIL.

O, he sends you for a picture?

JUL.

Ay, madam.

SIL.

Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this. Tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

JUL.

Madam, please you peruse this letter—
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

SIL.

I pray thee let me look on that again.

JUL.

It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

SIL.

There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines;
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

JUL.

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

SIL.

The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

JUL.

She thanks you.

SIL.

What say'st thou?

JUL.

I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

SIL.

Dost thou know her?

JUL.

Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

SIL.

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?

JUL.

I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

SIL.

Is she not passing fair?

JUL.

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

SIL.

How tall was she?

JUL.

About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

SIL.

She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

JUL.

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

Exit Silvia with Attendants.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respect in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee.

Male & Female

All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Scene 2 (Bertram & Diana)

BER.

They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIA.

No, my good lord, Diana.

BER.

Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now; for you are cold and stern,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.

DIA.

She then was honest.

BER.

So should you be.

DIA.

No;

My mother did but duty, such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

BER.

No more a' that.

I prithee do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

DIA.

Ay, so you serve us

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

BER.

How have I sworn!

DIA.

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness. Then pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by Him whom I protest to love
That I will work against Him; therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd—
At least in my opinion.

BER.

Change it, change it!

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

DIA.

I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

BER.

I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

DIA.

Will you not, my lord?

BER.

It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose.

DIA.

Mine honor's such a ring,
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honor on my part,
Against your vain assault.

BER.

Here, take my ring!

My house, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

DIA.

When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

BER.

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

Exit.

DIA.

For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sate in 's heart. She says all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid.
Only in this disguise I think't no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Scene 1 (Parolles & Helena)

HEL.

O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him; my imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away; 'twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table – heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES

One that goes with him; I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' th' cold wind; withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

PARO.

Save you, fair queen!

HEL.

And you, monarch!

PARO.

No.

HEL.

And no.

PARO.

Are you meditating on virginity?

HEL.

Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

PARO.

Keep him out.

HEL.

But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

PARO.

There is none. Man setting down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

HEL.

Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

PARO.

Virginity being blown down man will quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is mettle to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion. Away with 't!

HEL.

I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PARO.

There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very

paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.
Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of
self-love which is the most inhibited sin in the
canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but loose
by't. Out with 't! Within ten year it will make
itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the
principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't!

HEL.

How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

PARO.

Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it
likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with
lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't
while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request.
Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out
of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable: just
like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not
now. Your date is better in your pie and your
porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity,
your old virginity, is like one of our French
withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry,
'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better;
marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you anything with it?

HEL.

Not my virginity; yet...

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord-dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court's a learning-place, and he is one—

PARO.

What one, i' faith?

HEL.

That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

PARO.

What's pity?

HEL.

That wishing well had not a body in't
Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Return us thanks.

Antony & Cleopatra, Act 1, Scene 3 (Antony & Cleopatra)

CLEO.

I am sick and sullen.

ANT.

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose—

CLEO.

Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall.
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANT.

Now, my dearest queen—

CLEO.

Pray you stand farther from me.

ANT.

What's the matter?

CLEO.

I know by that same eye there's some good news.
What, says the married woman you may go?
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANT.

The gods best know—

CLEO.

O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

ANT.

Cleopatra—

CLEO.

Why should I think you can be mine, and true
(Though you in swearing shake the throned gods),

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

ANT.

Most sweet queen—

CLEO.

Nay, pray you seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT.

How now, lady?

CLEO.

I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

ANT.

Hear me, Queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEO.

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

ANT.

She's dead, my queen.
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when and where she died.

CLEO.

O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANT.

Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affects.

CLEO.

Cut my lace, Charmian, come!

But let it be; I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

ANT.

My precious queen, forbear,

And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

CLEO.

So Fulvia told me.

I prithee turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

ANT.

You'll heat my blood; no more.

CLEO.

You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

ANT.

Now, by my sword—

CLEO.

And target.—Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

ANT.

I'll leave you, lady.

CLEO.

Courteous lord, one word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

ANT.

But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEO.

'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becoming kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

ANT.

Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goes yet with me;
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away!

As You Like It, Act 3, Scene 2 (Orlando & Rosalind)

ROS.

I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

ORL.

Very well. What would you?

ROS.

I pray you, what is't a' clock?

ORL.

You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS.

Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORL.

And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

ROS.

By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL.

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS.

Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORL.

Who ambles Time withal?

ROS.

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

ORL.

Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS.

With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL.

Who stays it still withal?

ROS.

With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL.

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS.

With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL.

Are you native of this place?

ROS.

As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL.

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remov'd a dwelling.

ROS.

I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

ORL.

Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS.

There were none principal, they were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

ORL.

I prithee recount some of them.

ROS.

No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL.

I am he that is so love-shak'd, I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROS.

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL.

What were his marks?

ROS.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue); then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL.

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS.

Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admir'd?

ORL.

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS.

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL.

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS.

Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cur'd is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL.

Did you ever cure any so?

ROS.

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL.

I would not be cur'd, youth.

ROS.

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORL.

Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

ROS.

Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL.

With all my heart, good youth.

ROS.

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

Cymbeline, Act 3, Scene 2 (Pisanio & Imogen)

PIS.

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse? Leonatus!
O master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master,
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her,
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? Her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?

Reading.

"Do't; the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity." O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMO.

How now, Pisanio?

PIS.

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMO.

Who, thy lord? That is my lord Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physic love—of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

Reads.

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel
to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise

you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.

Leonatus Posthumus."

O for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I

Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,

Who long'st like me to see thy lord; who long'st

(O let me bate!)—but not like me—yet long'st,

But in a fainter kind—O, not like me,

For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick

(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,

To th' smothering of the sense), how far it is

To this same blessed Milford. And by th' way

Tell me how Wales was made so happy as

T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,

How we may steal from hence; and for the gap

That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

And our return, to excuse. But first, how get hence.

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?

We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,

How many score of miles may we well rid

'Twixt hour and hour?

PIS.

One score 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam, 's enough for you—and too much too.

IMO.

Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,

Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say

She'll home to her father; and provide me presently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit

A franklin's huswife.

PIS.

Madam, you're best consider.

IMO.

I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them

That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee,

Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say:

Accessible is none but Milford way.

Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 1 (Hamlet & Ophelia)

HAM.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia. Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins rememb'ed.

OPH.

Good my lord,
How does your honor for this many a day?

HAM.

I humbly thank you, well, well, well.

OPH.

My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now receive them.

HAM.

No, not I,
I never gave you aught.

OPH.

My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made these things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAM.

Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPH.

My lord?

HAM.

Are you fair?

OPH.

What means your lordship?

HAM.

That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH.

Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAM.

Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPH.

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM.

You should not have believ'd me, for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

OPH.

I was the more deceiv'd.

HAM.

Get thee to a nunn'ry, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunn'ry. Where's your father?

OPH.

At home, my lord.

HAM.

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

OPH.

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAM.

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunn'ry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunn'ry, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

OPH.

Heavenly powers, restore him!

HAM.

I have heard of your paintings, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and you lisp, you nickname God's creatures and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriage. Those that are married already (all but one) shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunn'ry, go.

Exit.

OPH.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectation and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of time, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and stature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 4 (Hamlet & Gertrude)

Enter HAMLET

HAMLET

Now mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET

What's the matter now?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET

No, by the rood, not so.
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And, would it were not so, you are my mother.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho!

LORD POLONIUS

[Behind the arras] What, ho! Help!

HAMLET

[Drawing] How now? A rat! Dead, for a ducat, dead.
Makes a pass through the arras

LORD POLONIUS

[Behind] O, I am slain.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET

Nay, I know not.
Is it the king?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET

A bloody deed. Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

As kill a king?

HAMLET

Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[Lifts up the array and discovers Polonius, dead] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool,
farewell.
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET

Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths – O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow
O'er this solidity and compound mass
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

HAMLET

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now what follows:
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders will.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET

Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty!

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O, speak to me no more.
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

HAMLET

A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket -

QUEEN GERTRUDE

No more!

HAMLET

A king of shreds and patches -

Enter Ghost

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Alas, he's mad!

HAMLET

Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command? O say!

GHOST

Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:.
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET

How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAMLET

On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour – tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET

Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAMLET

Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET

Why, look you there, look how it steals away.
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

Exit Ghost

QUEEN GERTRUDE

This the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Henry Act 6, Scene 2 & Act 3, Scene 2 (Queen Margaret & Suffolk)**QUEEN.**

Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF.

Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

QUEEN.

Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

SUF.

A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fix'd an end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!

Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

QUEEN.

Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself,
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turns the force of them upon thyself.

SUF.

You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN.

O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief,
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

SUF.

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

QUEEN.

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence, the King, thou know'st, is coming.
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

SUF.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest,
From thee to die were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN.

Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk! Let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF.

I go.

QUEEN.

And take my heart with thee.

She kisseth him.

SUF.

A jewel, lock'd into the woefull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

QUEEN.

This way for me.

Julius Caesar, Act 2, Scene 2 (Brutus & Portia)

PORTIA
Brutus, my lord.

BRUTUS
Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA
Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further: then you scratch'd your head
And too impatiently stamp'd 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.

BRUTUS
I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA
Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS
Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA
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, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy – and what men tonight
Have had to resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But as it were in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman: but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound,
Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

(Knock)

Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste.

Exit PORTIA

Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 7 (Macbeth & Lady Macbeth)

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-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, horsed
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.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not, he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH

Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt

Macbeth, Act 2, Scene 2 (Macbeth & Lady Macbeth)

LADY M.

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

MACB.

Within.

Who's there? What ho?

LADY M.

Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

MACB.

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY M.

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACB.

When?

LADY M.

Now.

MACB.

As I descended?

LADY M.

Ay.

MACB.

Hark! Who lies i' th' second chamber?

LADY M.

Donalbain.

MACB.

This is a sorry sight.

Looking on his hands.

LADY M.

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB.

There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY M.

There are two lodg'd together.

MACB.

One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

List'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"

LADY M.

Consider it not so deeply.

MACB.

But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

LADY M.

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACB.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY M.

What do you mean?

MACB.

Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more."

LADY M.

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB.

I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY M.

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knock within.

MACB.

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?

What hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY M.

My hands are of your color; but I shame

To wear a heart so white.

Knock.

I hear a knocking

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed;

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.

Knock.

Hark, more knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us

And show us to be watchers. Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB.

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Knock.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Macbeth, Act 3, Scene 2 (Macbeth & Lady Macbeth)

LADY M.

Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content;

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

MACB.

We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it;

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

LADY M.

Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACB.

So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him eminence both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY M.

You must leave this.

MACB.

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

LADY M.

But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACB.

There's comfort yet, they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecat's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY M.

What's to be done?

MACB.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow

Makes wing to th' rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So prithee go with me.

Measure for Measure, Act 2, Scene 4 (Angelo & Isabella)

ANG.

Teach her the way.

Exit Servant.

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive; and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offense.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

ISAB.

I am come to know your pleasure.

ANG.

That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB.

Even so. Heaven keep your honor!

ANG.

Yet may he live a while; and it may be
As long as you or I. Yet he must die.

ISAB.

Under your sentence?

ANG.

Yea.

ISAB.

When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

ANG.

Ha? fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid. 'Tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

ISAB.

'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANG.

Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

ISAB.

Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANG.

I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

ISAB.

How say you?

ANG.

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I (now the voice of the recorded law)
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

ISAB.

Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANG.

Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

ISAB.

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! You granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

ANG.

Nay, but hear me,
Your sense pursues not mine. Either you are ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

ISAB.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

ANG.

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed. But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

ISAB.

So.

ANG.

And his offense is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

ISAB.

True.

ANG.

Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question), that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer—
What would you do?

ISAB.

As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

ANG.

Then must your brother die.

ISAB.

And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

ANG.

Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

ISAB.

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANG.

You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

ISAB.

O, pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANG.

We are all frail.

ISAB.

Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

ANG.

Nay, women are frail too.

ISAB.

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women? Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

ANG.

I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames), let me be bold.

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants), show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

ISAB.

I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

ANG.

Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISAB.

My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

ANG.

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

ISAB.

I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

ANG.

Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.

ISAB.

Ha? little honor to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

ANG.

Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,

Or by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can: my false o'erweighs your true.

Exit.

ISAB.

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

Exit.

Measure for Measure, Act 3, Scene 1 (Claudio & Isabella)

CLAUD.

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISAB.

Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
Tomorrow you set on.

CLAUD.

Is there no remedy?

ISAB.

None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUD.

But is there any?

ISAB.

Yes, brother, you may live;

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If You'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

CLAUD.

Perpetual durance?

ISAB.

Ay, just, perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

CLAUD.

But in what nature?

ISAB.

In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUD.

Let me know the point.

ISAB.

O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

CLAUD.

Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISAB.

There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUD.

The prenzie Angelo?

ISAB.

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed!

CLAUD.

O heavens, it cannot be.

ISAB.

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offense,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest tomorrow.

CLAUD.

Thou shalt not do't.

ISAB.

O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUD.

Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISAB.

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUD.

Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISAB.

Which is the least?

CLAUD.

If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!

ISAB.

What says my brother?

CLAUD.

Death is a fearful thing.

ISAB.

And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUD.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

ISAB.

Alas, alas!

CLAUD.

Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

ISAB.

O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAUD.

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISAB.

O fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

CLAUD.

O, hear me, Isabella!

Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Scene 2 (Portia & Bassanio)

POR.

I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you, and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.
So will I never be, so may you miss me,
But if you do, You'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrow your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Puts bars between the owners and their rights!
And so though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS.

Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR.

Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS.

None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love;
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR.

Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

BASS.

Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

POR.

Well then, confess and live.

BASS.

Confess and love

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR.

Away then! I am lock'd in one of them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then if he lose he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win,

And what is music then? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch; such it is

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules,

Live thou, I live; with much, much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

Here music.

A song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

ALL.

Reply, reply.
It is engend'ed in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it. Ding, dong, bell.

ALL.

Ding, dong, bell.

BASS.

So may the outward shows be least themselves—
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who inward search'd, have livers white as milk,
 And these assume but valor's excrement
 To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore then, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

POR.

Aside.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess!
 I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.

BASS.

What find I here?

Opening the leaden casket.

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demigod
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes—
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

Reads.

“You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.”

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

POR.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish myself much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractic'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours—my lord's!—I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Scene 2 (Mistress Quickly & Falstaff)

QUICK.

Give your worship good morrow.

FAL.

Good morrow, goodwife.

QUICK.

Not so, and't please your worship.

FAL.

Good maid then.

QUICK.

I'll be sworn,
As my mother was the first hour I was born.

FAL.

I do believe the swearer. What with me?

QUICK.

Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

FAL.

Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

QUICK.

There is one Mistress Ford, sir—I pray come a little nearer this ways. I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius—

FAL.

Well, on. Mistress Ford, you say—

QUICK.

Your worship says very true. I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

FAL.

I warrant thee, nobody hears—mine own people, mine own people.

QUICK.

Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

FAL.

Well; Mistress Ford, what of her?

QUICK.

Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worship's a wanton! Well—heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray—

FAL.

Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford—

QUICK.

Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all (when the court lay at Windsor) could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning, but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has been earls, nay (which is more) pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

FAL.

But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.

QUICK.

Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter—for the which she thanks you a thousand times—and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

FAL.

Ten and eleven?

QUICK.

Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of. Master Ford her husband will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him. He's a very jealousy man. She leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

FAL.

Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

QUICK.

Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

FAL.

Not I, I assure thee. Setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

QUICK.

Blessing on your heart for't!

FAL.

But I pray thee tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

QUICK.

That were a jest indeed! They have not so little grace, I hope. That were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves. Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page, no remedy.

FAL.

Why, I will.

QUICK.

Nay, but do so then, and look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

FAL.

Fare thee well, commend me to them both. There's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman.

Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Robin.

This news distracts me!

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Scene 1 (Demetrius & Helena)

DEM.

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stol'n unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL.

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM.

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

HEL.

And even for that do I love you the more;
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel; spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEM.

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HEL.

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEM.

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL.

Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,

When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM.

I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL.

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will; the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger—bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valor flies.

DEM.

I will not stay thy questions. Let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL.

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Exit Demetrius.

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Scene 1 (Benedick & Beatrice)

BENE.

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEAT.

Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENE.

I will not desire that.

BEAT.

You have no reason, I do it freely.

BENE.

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

BEAT.

Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

BENE.

Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEAT.

A very even way, but no such friend.

BENE.

May a man do it?

BEAT.

It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENE.

I do love nothing in the world so well as you—is not that strange?

BEAT.

As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing so well as you, but believe me not; and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

BENE.

By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEAT.

Do not swear and eat it.

BENE.

I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEAT.

Will you not eat your word?

BENE.

With no sauce that can be devis'd to it. I protest I love thee.

BEAT.

Why then God forgive me!

BENE.

What offense, sweet Beatrice?

BEAT.

You have stay'd me in a happy hour, I was about to protest I lov'd you.

BENE.

And do it with all thy heart.

BEAT.

I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENE.

Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

BEAT.

Kill Claudio.

BENE.

Ha, not for the wide world.

BEAT.

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

BENE.

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEAT.

I am gone, though I am here; there is no love in you. Nay, I pray you let me go.

BENE.

Beatrice—

BEAT.

In faith, I will go.

BENE.

We'll be friends first.

BEAT.

You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

BENE.

Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEAT.

Is 'a not approv'd in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonor'd my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancor—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENE.

Hear me, Beatrice—

BEAT.

Talk with a man out at a window! a proper saying!

BENE.

Nay, but, Beatrice—

BEAT.

Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, she is sland'ered, she is undone.

BENE.

Beat—

BEAT.

Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect, a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for

my sake! But manhood is melted into cur'sies, valor into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

BENE.

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEAT.

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENE.

Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

BEAT.

Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENE.

Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead; and so farewell.

Othello, Act 5, Scene 2 (Othello & Desdemona)

OTH.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the tree.

Kisses her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DES.

Who's there? Othello?

OTH.

Ay, Desdemona.

DES.

Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTH.

Have you pray'd tonight, Desdemon?

DES.

Ay, my lord.

OTH.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

DES.

Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTH.

Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

DES.

Talk you of killing?

OTH.

Ay, I do.

DES.

Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

OTH.

Amen, with all my heart!

DES.

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTH.

Humh!

DES.

And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTH.

Think on thy sins.

DES.

They are loves I bear to you.

OTH.

Ay, and for that thou di'st.

DES.

That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

OTH.

Peace, and be still!

DES.

I will so. What's the matter?

OTH.

That handkerchief which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

DES.

No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

OTH.

Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury, thou art on thy death-bed.

DES.

Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH.

Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DES.

Then Lord have mercy on me!

OTH.

I say, amen.

DES.

And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

OTH.

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

DES.

He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

OTH.

He hath confess'd.

DES.

What, my lord?

OTH.

That he hath us'd thee.

DES.

How? unlawfully?

OTH.

Ay.

DES.

He will not say so.

OTH.

No—his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

DES.

O, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

OTH.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

DES.

Alas, he is betray'd and I undone!

OTH.

Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

DES.

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTH.

Down, strumpet!d

DES.

Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight!

OTH.

Nay, an' you strive—

DES.

But half an hour!

OTH.

Being done, there is no pause.

DES.

But while I say one prayer!

OTH.

It is too late.

Smothens her.

DES.

O Lord, Lord, Lord!

OTH.

What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful,

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Pericles, Act 5, Scene 1 (Marina & Pericles)

MAR.

Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

PER.

Hum, ha!

Pushing her roughly back.

MAR.

I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gaz'd on like a comet. She speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief

Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings,

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude.

Aside.

I will desist,

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

PER.

My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine—was it not thus? What say you?

MAR.

I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

PER.

I do think so. Pray you turn your eyes upon me.
You're like something that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

MAR.

No, nor of any shores,
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PER.

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been. My queen's square brows,
Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight,
As silver-voic'd, her eyes as jewel-like
And cas'd as richly, in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

MAR.

Where I am but a stranger. From the deck
You may discern the place.

PER.

Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments which
You make more rich to owe?

MAR.

If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

PER.

Prithee speak.

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest
Modest as Justice, and thou seemest a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible, for thou lookest
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee—that thou cam'st
From good descending?

MAR.

So indeed I did.

PER.

Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thoughts' thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were opened.

MAR.

Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

PER.

Tell thy story;
If thine, considered, prove the thousand part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come sit by me.

MAR.

My name is Marina.

PER.

O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

MAR.

Patience, good sir!

Or here I'll cease.

PER.

Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me
To call thyself Marina.

MAR.

The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.

PER.

How, a king's daughter?

I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Richard 3, Act 1, Scene 2 (Richard & Anne)

ANNE.

What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have. Therefore be gone.

GLOU.

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

ANNE.

Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O gentlemen, see, see dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead;
Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

GLOU.

Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE.

Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

GLOU.

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

ANNE.

O wonderful, when devils tell the troth!

GLOU.

More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

ANNE.

Vouchsafe, defus'd infection of a man,
Of these known evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance t' accuse thy cursed self.

GLOU.

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE.

Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.

GLOU.

By such despair I should accuse myself.

ANNE.

And by despairing shalt thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

GLOU.

Say that I slew them not?

ANNE.

Then say they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

GLOU.

I did not kill your husband.

ANNE.

Why then he is alive.

GLOU.

Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

ANNE.

In thy foul throat thou li'st! Queen Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLOU.

I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANNE.

Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLOU.

I grant ye.

ANNE.

Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

GLOU.

The better for the King of Heaven that hath him.

ANNE.

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

GLOU.

Let him thank me that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

ANNE.

And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

GLOU.

Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

ANNE.

Some dungeon.

GLOU.

Your bedchamber.

ANNE.

I'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

GLOU.

So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

ANNE.

I hope so.

GLOU.

I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits
And fall something into a slower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

ANNE.

Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

GLOU.

Your beauty was the cause of that effect—
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE.

If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rent that beauty from my cheeks.

GLOU.

These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

ANNE.

Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

GLOU.

Curse not thyself, fair creature—thou art both.

ANNE.

I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

GLOU.

It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

ANNE.

It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

GLOU.

He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

ANNE.

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLOU.

He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

ANNE.

Name him.

GLOU.

Plantagenet.

ANNE.

Why, that was he.

GLOU.

The self-same name, but one of better nature.

ANNE.

Where is he?

GLOU.

Here.

She spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me?

ANNE.

Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

GLOU.

Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE.

Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes!

GLOU.

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE.

Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

GLOU.

I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedash'd with rain—in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
She looks scornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.
Nay, do not pause: for I did kill King Henry—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
She falls the sword.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE.

Arise, dissembler! Though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

GLOU.

Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE.

I have already.

GLOU.

That was in thy rage.

Speak it again, and even with the word
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

ANNE.

I would I knew thy heart.

GLOU.

'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

ANNE.

I fear me both are false.

GLOU.

Then never was man true.

ANNE.

Well, well, put up your sword.

GLOU.

Say then my peace is made.

ANNE.

That shalt thou know hereafter.

GLOU.

But shall I live in hope?

ANNE.

All men, I hope, live so.

GLOU.

Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE.

To take is not to give.

Gloucester slips the ring on her finger.

GLOU.

Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

ANNE.

What is it?

GLOU.

That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House;
Where (after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears)
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

ANNE.

With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

GLOU.

Bid me farewell.

ANNE.

'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

Romeo & Juliet, Act 2, Scene 2 (Romeo & Juliet)

ROM.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Enter Juliet above at her 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.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JUL.

Ay me!

ROM.

She speaks!

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL.

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM.

Aside.

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JUL.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arm nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROM.

I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL.

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM.

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL.

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROM.

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JUL.

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM.

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JUL.

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM.

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL.

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROM.

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL.

By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

ROM.

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

JUL.

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 mayest prove false: at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou thinkest 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 mayest think my behavior light,
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheardst, 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.

ROM.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JUL.

O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM.

What shall I swear by?

JUL.

Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROM.

If my heart's dear love—

JUL.

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight,
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROM.

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL.

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROM.

Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JUL.

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM.

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JUL.

But to be frank and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit above.

ROM.

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Enter Juliet above.

JUL.

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
I come, anon.—But if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee—

By and by, I come—

To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROM.

So thrive my soul—

JUL.

A thousand times good night!

Exit above.

ROM.

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Retiring. Enter Juliet again above.

JUL.

Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name. Romeo!

ROM.

It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

JUL.

Romeo!

ROM.

My niese?

JUL.

What a' clock tomorrow

Shall I send to thee?

ROM.

By the hour of nine.

JUL.

I will not fail, 'tis twenty year till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROM.

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL.

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROM.

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

JUL.

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone—

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,

That lets it hop a little from his hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silken thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM.

I would I were thy bird.

JUL.

Sweet, so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit above.

ROM.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly sire's close cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit.

Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Scene 1 (Petruchio & Katherina)

PET.

I'll attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence;
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banes, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katherine.

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATH.

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PET.

You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH.

Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

PET.

Why, what's a moveable?

KATH.

A join'd-stool.

PET.

Thou hast hit it; come sit on me.

KATH.

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET.

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH.

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PET.

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light.

KATH.

Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET.

Should be! should—buzz!

KATH.

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET.

O slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

KATH.

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PET.

Come, come, you wasp, i' faith you are too angry.

KATH.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET.

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATH.

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET.

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

KATH.

In his tongue.

PET.

Whose tongue?

KATH.

Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

PET.

What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman—

KATH.

That I'll try.

She strikes him.

PET.

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATH.

So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PET.

A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

KATH.

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PET.

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATH.

No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

PET.

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATH.

It is my fashion when I see a crab.

PET.

Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

KATH.

There is, there is.

PET.

Then show it me.

KATH.

Had I a glass, I would.

PET.

What, you mean my face?

KATH.

Well aim'd of such a young one.

PET.

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATH.

Yet you are wither'd.

PET.

'Tis with cares.

KATH.

I care not.

PET.

Nay, hear you, Kate. In sooth you scape not so.

KATH.

I chafe you if I tarry. Let me go.

PET.

No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

KATH.

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

PET.

Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

KATH.

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PET.

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATH.

A witty mother! witless else her son.

PET.

Am I not wise?

KATH.

Yes, keep you warm.

PET.

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed;
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father. Never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Twelfth Night, Act 3, Scene 1 (Viola & Clown)

VIO.

'Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLO.

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO.

Art thou a churchman?

CLO.

No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIO.

So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO.

You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

VIO.

Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLO.

I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

VIO.

Why, man?

CLO.

Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them.

VIO.

Thy reason, man?

CLO.

Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIO.

I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

CLO.

Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIO.

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLO.

No, indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO.

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

CLO.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIO.

Nay, and thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

CLO.

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO.

By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one—

Aside.

though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO.

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO.

Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

CLO.

I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIO.

I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begg'd.

CLO.

The matter, I hope, is not great, sir—begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin—I might say “element,” but the word is overworn.

Exit.

VIO.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art;
For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Winter's Tale, Act 4, Scene 4 (Perdita & Florizel)

FLO.

These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PER.

Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me.
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest 't with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd—sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLO.

I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PER.

Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vildly bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLO.

Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves
(Humbling their deities to love) have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PER.

O but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' pow'r of the King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

FLO.

Thou dear'st Perdita,

With these forc'd thoughts I prithee darken not
The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle!
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

PER.

O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious!

FLO.

See, your guests approach,

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Male & Male

Coriolanus, Act 4, Scene 5 (Coriolanus & Aufidius)

AUF.

Where is this fellow? Whence com'st thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

COR.

If, Tullus,

Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

AUF.

What is thy name?

COR.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF.

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

COR.

Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

AUF.

I know thee not. Thy name?

COR.

My name is Caius Martius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname—a good memory
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest,
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world

I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serve thy turn. So use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my cank'ered country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Th' art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

AUF.

O Martius, Martius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Martius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters. Here I cleep
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Martius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,

Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

COR.

You bless me, gods!

AUF.

Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Martius, that was much. Your hand; most welcome!

Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 1 (Two Clown Gravediggers)

1. CLO.

Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

2. CLO.

I tell thee she is, therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1. CLO.

How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defense?

2. CLO.

Why, 'tis found so.

1. CLO.

It must be so offendendo, it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches—it is to act, to do, to perform; argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2. CLO.

Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—

1. CLO.

Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that. But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2. CLO.

But is this law?

1. CLO.

Ay, marry, is't—crowner's quest law.

2. CLO.

Will you ha' the truth an't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out a' Christian burial.

1. CLO.

Why, there thou say'st, and the more pity that great folk should have count'nance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even-Christen. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gard'ners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2. CLO.

Was he a gentleman?

1. CLO.

'A was the first that ever bore arms.

2. CLO.

Why, he had none.

1. CLO.

What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2. CLO.

Go to.

1. CLO.

What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2. CLO.

The gallows-maker, for that outlives a thousand tenants.

1. CLO.

I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2. CLO.

Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1. CLO.

Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2. CLO.

Marry, now I can tell.

1. CLO.

To't.

2. CLO.

Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.

1. CLO.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask'd this question next, say "a grave-maker": the houses he makes lasts till doomsday. Go get thee in, and fetch me a sup of liquor.

Exit Second Clown. First Clown digs.

Song.

"In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract—O—the time for-a-my behove,

O, methought there-a-was nothing-a-meet."

"But age with his stealing steps

Hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

As if I had never been such."

Henry Act 4, Scene 1 & Act 1, Scene 2 (Prince Hal & Falstaff)

FAL.

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE.

Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-color'd taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL.

Indeed you come near me now, Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, "that wand'ring knight so fair." And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy Grace—Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none—

PRINCE.

What, none?

FAL.

No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE.

Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

FAL.

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be call'd thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon, and let men say we be men of good government, being govern'd, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

PRINCE.

Thou sayest well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by," and spent with crying "Bring in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL.

By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE.

As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

FAL.

How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE.

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL.

Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

PRINCE.

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FAL.

No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE.

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

FAL.

Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fubb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE.

No, thou shalt.

FAL.

Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

PRINCE.

Thou judgest false already. I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

FAL.

Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

PRINCE.

For obtaining of suits?

FAL.

Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd bear.

PRINCE.

Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

FAL.

Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE.

What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

FAL.

Thou hast the most unsavory similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

PRINCE.

Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

FAL.

O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain, I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE.

Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

FAL.

'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one, an' I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

PRINCE.

I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

FAL.

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Henry Act 4, Scene 2 & Act 4, Scene 5 (Prince Henry & King Henry IV)

KING.

But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter Prince Harry.

Lo where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

PRINCE.

I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind

That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours

Were thine without offense, and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Whom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum!

Have you a ruffin that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more.

England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honor, might;
For the fift Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

PRINCE.

O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honor and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,

Kneels.

Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it strook my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

KING.

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear (I think) the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown, and I myself know well
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honor snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou seest with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchas'd
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd; which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE.

My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be,
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Henry Act 6, Scene 3, & Act 5, Scene 6 (Richard & King Henry VI)

GLOU.

Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. HEN.

Ay, my good lord—my lord, I should say rather.

'Tis sin to flatter, "good" was little better:

'Good Gloucester' and "good devil" were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord."

GLOU.

Sirrah, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

Exit Lieutenant.

K. HEN.

So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

GLOU.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. HEN.

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

GLOU.

Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete

That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. HEN.

I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

GLOU.

Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. HEN.

A persecutor I am sure thou art.
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.

GLOU.

Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HEN.

Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
Orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discords sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

GLOU.

I'll hear no more; die, prophet, in thy speech:

Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN.

Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

Dies.

GLOU.

What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—

Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was, which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

Julius Caesar, Act 1, Scene 2 (Cassius & Brutus)

CAS.

Will you go see the order of the course?

BRU.

Not I.

CAS.

I pray you do.

BRU.

I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CAS.

Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRU.

Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one),
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CAS.

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRU.

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

CAS.

'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Caesar), speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRU.

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CAS.

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and shout.

BRU.

What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CAS.

Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU.

I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

CAS.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story:
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake—'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre, I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish.

BRU.

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Caesar.

CAS.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that "Caesar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age since the great flood
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRU.

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,

I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS.

I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Julius Caesar, Act 4, Scene 3 (Cassius & Brutus)

CAS.

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRU.

You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CAS.

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

BRU.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CAS.

I, an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU.

The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CAS.

Chastisement?

BRU.

Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab
And not for justice? What? shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CAS.

Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRU.

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CAS.

I am.

BRU.

I say you are not.

CAS.

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

BRU.

Away, slight man!

CAS.

Is't possible?

BRU.

Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CAS.

O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?

BRU.

All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CAS.

Is it come to this?

BRU.

You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS.

You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better"?

BRU.

If you did, I care not.

CAS.

When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

BRU.

Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

CAS.

I durst not?

BRU.

No.

CAS.

What? durst not tempt him?

BRU.

For your life you durst not.

CAS.

Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRU.

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmaes than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

CAS.

I denied you not.

BRU.

You did.

CAS.

I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU.

I do not, till you practice them on me.

CAS.

You love me not.

BRU.

I do not like your faults.

CAS.

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU.

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CAS.

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Caesar; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRU.

Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CAS.

Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

BRU.

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS.

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRU.

And my heart too.

CAS.

O Brutus!

BRU.

What's the matter?

CAS.

Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRU.

Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

King John, Act 4, Scene 2 (Hubert & King John)

HUB.

My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. JOHN.

Five moons?

HUB.

Old men and beldames in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. JOHN.

Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murd'red him. I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUB.

No had, my lord? Why, did you not provoke me?

K. JOHN.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humor than advis'd respect.

HUB.

Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. JOHN.

O, when the last accopt 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB.

My lord—

K. JOHN.

Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vild to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB.

Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never ent'red yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN.

Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not! but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

King Lear, Act 4, Scene 6 (Edgar & Gloucester)

GLOU.

When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

EDG.

You do climb up it now. Look how we labor.

GLOU.

Methinks the ground is even.

EDG.

Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

GLOU.

No, truly.

EDG.

Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

GLOU.

So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDG.

Y' are much deceiv'd. In nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

GLOU.

Methinks y' are better spoken.

EDG.

Come on, sir, here's the place; stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumb'ed idle pebble chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

GLOU.

Set me where you stand.

EDG.

Give me your hand. You are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge. For all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

GLOU.

Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off:
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG.

Now fare ye well, good sir.

GLOU.

With all my heart.

EDG.

Aside.

Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

GLOU.

O you mighty gods!

He kneels.

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

He falls.

EDG.

Gone, sir; farewell!

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?—
Ho, you, sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!—
Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

GLOU.

Away, and let me die.

EDG.

Hadst thou been aught but goss'mer, feathers, air

(So many fathom down precipitating),
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

GLOU.

But have I fall'n, or no?

EDG.

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height, the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

GLOU.

Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

EDG.

Give me your arm.
Up—so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

GLOU.

Too well, too well.

EDG.

This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

GLOU.

A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDG.

As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd and waved like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

GLOU.

I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
"The fiend, the fiend!"—he led me to that place.

EDG.

Bear free and patient thoughts.

King Lear, Act 5, Scene 3 (Kent & Lear)

LEAR.

Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

KENT.

Is this the promis'd end?
Or image of that horror?

LEAR.

This feather stirs, she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT.

Kneeling.

O my good master!

LEAR.

Prithce away.

KENT.

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR.

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' th' best; I'll tell you straight.

KENT.

If Fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

LEAR.

This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

KENT.

The same:

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

LEAR.

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

KENT.

No, my good lord, I am the very man—

LEAR.

I'll see that straight.

KENT.

That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps—

LEAR.

You are welcome hither.

KENT.

Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have foredone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 1, Scene 2 (Armado & Moth)

ARM.

Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH.

A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARM.

Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

MOTH.

No, no, O Lord, sir, no.

ARM.

How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH.

By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

ARM.

Why tough signior? Why tough signior?

MOTH.

Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

ARM.

I spoke it tender juvenal as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH.

And I tough signior as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARM.

Pretty and apt.

MOTH.

How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM.

Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH.

Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

ARM.

And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH.

Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM.

In thy condign praise.

MOTH.

I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM.

What? that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH.

That an eel is quick.

ARM.

I do say thou art quick in answers; thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH.

I am answer'd, sir.

ARM.

I love not to be cross'd.

MOTH.

Aside.

He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

ARM.

I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

MOTH.

You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARM.

Impossible.

MOTH.

How many is one thrice told?

ARM.

I am ill at reck'ning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH.

You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARM.

I confess both, they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH.

Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM.

It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH.

Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARM.

True.

MOTH.

Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied ere ye'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put "years" to the word "three," and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

ARM.

A most fine figure!

MOTH.

Aside.

To prove you a cipher.

ARM.

I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd cur'sy. I think scorn to sigh; me-thinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

MOTH.

Hercules, master.

ARM.

Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH.

Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love.

ARM.

O well-knit Sampson, strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH.

A woman, master.

ARM.

Of what complexion?

MOTH.

Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

ARM.

Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH.

Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM.

Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH.

As I have read, sir, and the best of them too.

ARM.

Green indeed is the color of lovers; but to have a love of that color, methinks Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

MOTH.

It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

ARM.

My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH.

Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colors.

ARM.

Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH.

My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

ARM.

Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetical!

MOTH.

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blush in cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM.

Is there not a ballet, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

MOTH.

The world was very guilty of such a ballet some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

ARM.

I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard. She deserves well.

MOTH.

Aside.

To be whipt; and yet a better love than my master.

ARM.

Sing, boy, my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH.

And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM.

I say, sing.

Macbeth, Act 4, Scene 3 (Malcolm & Macduff)

MAL.

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACD.

Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our downfall birthdom. Each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolor.

MAL.

What I believe, I'll wail,
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T' appease an angry god.

MACD.

I am not treacherous.

MAL.

But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

MACD.

I have lost my hopes.

MAL.

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
What ever I shall think.

MACD.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord,
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

MAL.

Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACD.

What should he be?

MAL.

It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

MACD.

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

MAL.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up
The cestern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

MACD.

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,

Finding it so inclin'd.

MAL.

With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels, and this other's house,
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACD.

This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL.

But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACD.

O Scotland, Scotland!

MAL.

If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

MACD.

Fit to govern?
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MAL.

Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

MACD.

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 1 (Antonio & Bassanio)

ANT.

Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you today promis'd to tell me of?

BASS.

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance.
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love,

And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT.

I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it,
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a willful youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT.

You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it; therefore speak.

BASS.

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchis' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift

That I should questionless be fortunate!

ANT.

Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do.
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Scene 2 (Ford & Falstaff)

FORD.

Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much. My name is Brook.

FAL.

Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD.

Good Sir John, I sue for yours—not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embold'ned me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FAL.

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD.

Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me. If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FAL.

Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD.

I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FAL.

Speak, good Master Brook, I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD.

Sir, I hear you are a scholar (I will be brief with you), and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

FAL.

Very well, sir, proceed.

FORD.

There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

FAL.

Well, sir.

FORD.

I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed I am sure I have receiv'd none, unless experience be a jewel—that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

“Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.”

FAL.

Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

FORD.

Never.

FAL.

Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

FORD.

Never.

FAL.

Of what quality was your love then?

FORD.

Like a fair house built on another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FAL.

To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

FORD.

When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say that, though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FAL.

O sir!

FORD.

Believe it, for you know it. There is money, spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. Use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

FAL.

Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

FORD.

O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves. I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defenses, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

FAL.

Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, and you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD.

O good sir!

FAL.

I say you shall.

FORD.

Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

FAL.

Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me. I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

FORD.

I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

FAL.

Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not. Yet I wrong him to call him poor. They say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favor'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

FORD.

I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

FAL.

Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt

know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave, and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

Exit.

FORD.

What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitae bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o' clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold, cuckold, cuckold!

Othello, Act 3, Scene 3 (Othello & Iago)

OTH.

Ha, ha, false to me?

IAGO.

Why, how now, general? No more of that.

OTH.

Avaunt, be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little.

IAGO.

How now, my lord?

OTH.

What sense had I in her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not; it harm'd not me.
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

IAGO.

I am sorry to hear this.

OTH.

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. O now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops and the big wars
That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

IAGO.

Is't possible, my lord?

OTH.

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;

Taking him by the throat.

Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof,

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath!

IAGO.

is't come to this?

OTH.

Make me to see't; or (at the least) so prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop

To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

IAGO.

My noble lord—

OTH.

If thou dost slander her and torture me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;

On horror's head horrors accumulate;

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add

Greater than that.

IAGO.

O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? Have you a soul? or sense?

God buy you; take mine office. O wretched fool,

That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offense.

OTH.

Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO.

I should be wise—for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.

OTH.

By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

IAGO.

I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

OTH.

Would? nay, and I will.

IAGO.

And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

OTH.

Death and damnation! O!

IAGO.

It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect; damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

OTH.

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO.

I do not like the office;

But sith I am ent'red in this cause so far
(Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love),
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves";
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand;
Cry, "O sweet creature!" then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then
Cried, "Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!"

OTH.

O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO.

Nay, this was but his dream.

OTH.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

IAGO.

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream,
And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH.

I'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO.

Nay, yet be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTH.

I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO.

I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I today
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH.

If it be that—

IAGO.

If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTH.

O that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

IAGO.

Yet be content.

OTH.

O blood, blood, blood!

IAGO.

Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

OTH.

Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Nev'r feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall nev'r look back, nev'r ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.

He kneels.

Now by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

IAGO.

Do not rise yet.

Iago kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

They rise.

OTH.

I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO.

My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request.
But let her live.

OTH.

Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her, damn her!
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO.

I am your own for ever.

Othello, Act 3, Scene 3 (Othello & Iago)

OTH.

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

IAGO.

My noble lord—

OTH.

What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO.

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

OTH.

He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

IAGO.

But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

OTH.

Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO.

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTH.

O yes, and went between us very oft.

IAGO.

Indeed!

OTH.

Indeed? ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

IAGO.

Honest, my lord?

OTH.

Honest? ay, honest.

IAGO.

My lord, for aught I know.

OTH.

What dost thou think?

IAGO.

Think, my lord?

OTH.

Think, my lord? By heaven, thou echo'st me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO.

My lord, you know I love you.

OTH.

I think thou dost;

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO.

For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTH.

I think so too.

IAGO.

Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

OTH.

Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO.

Why then I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTH.

Nay, yet there's more in this.
I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminat, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

IAGO.

Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vild and false,
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

OTH.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO.

I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not), that your wisdom then,
From one that so imperfectly coniects,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH.

'Zounds, what dost thou mean?

IAGO.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTH.

By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

IAGO.

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTH.

Ha?

IAGO.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTH.

O misery!

IAGO.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTH.

Why? why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No! to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this—
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO.

I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit; therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio,
Wear your eyes thus, not jealous nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let God see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTH.

Dost thou say so?

IAGO.

She did deceive her father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

OTH.

And so she did.

IAGO.

Why, go to then.

She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

OTH.

I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO.

I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTH.

Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO.

I' faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see y' are mov'd.
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

OTH.

I will not.

IAGO.

Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vild success
Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend—
My lord, I see y' are mov'd.

OTH.

No, not much mov'd:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO.

Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

OTH.

And yet how nature erring from itself—

IAGO.

Ay, there's the point; as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh, one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

OTH.

Farewell, farewell!
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

IAGO.

Going.

My lord, I take my leave.

OTH.

Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Richard 3, Act 5, Scene 5 (Richmond & Lord Stanley)

RICHM.

God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

STAN.

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo here this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHM.

Great God of heaven, say amen to all!
But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

STAN.

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

RICHM.

What men of name are slain on either side?

STAN.

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

RICHM.

Inter their bodies as become their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us,
And then as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself:
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire.
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say amen!

The Tempest, Act 2, Scene 1 (Sebastian & Antonio)

SEB.

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANT.

It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEB.

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANT.

Nor I, my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB.

What? art thou waking?

ANT.

Do you not hear me speak?

SEB.

I do, and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open—standing, speaking, moving—
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT.

Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEB.

Thou dost snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

ANT.

I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

SEB.

Well; I am standing water.

ANT.

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB.

Do so. To ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT.

O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often, do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEB.

Prithee say on.

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT.

Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB.

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

ANT.

O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you! No hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEB.

He's gone.

ANT.

Then tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEB.

Claribel.

ANT.

She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The Man i' th' Moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again
(And by that destiny) to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEB.

What stuff is this? How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANT.

A space whose ev'ry cubit

Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEB.

Methinks I do.

ANT.

And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

SEB.

I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT.

True.

And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

SEB.

But, for your conscience?

ANT.

Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like—that's dead,
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEB.

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my president: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

ANT.

Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB.

O, but one word.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Scene 4 (Proteus & Valentine)

VAL.

Now tell me: how do all from whence you came?

PRO.

Your friends are well and have them much commended.

VAL.

And how do yours?

PRO.

I left them all in health.

VAL.

How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

PRO.

My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

VAL.

Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth:
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

PRO.

Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

VAL.

Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

PRO.

No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VAL.

Call her divine.

PRO.

I will not flatter her.

VAL.

O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

PRO.

When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

VAL.

Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PRO.

Except my mistress.

VAL.

Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

PRO.

Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VAL.

And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flow'r,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

PRO.

Why, Valentine, what braggadism is this?

VAL.

Pardon me, Proteus, all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing:
She is alone.

PRO.

Then let her alone.

VAL.

Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
(Only for his possessions are so huge),
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PRO.

But she loves you?

VAL.

Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of—how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PRO.

Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

VAL.

Will you make haste?

PRO.

I will.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Scene 1 (Duke & Valentine)

DUKE.

Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VAL.

Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE.

Be they of much import?

VAL.

The tenure of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

DUKE.

Nay then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

VAL.

I know it well, my lord, and sure the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE.

No, trust me, she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawn my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dow'r,
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VAL.

What would your Grace have me to do in this?

DUKE.

There is a lady in Milano here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VAL.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

DUKE.

But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

VAL.

A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what ever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

DUKE.

But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

VAL.

Why then I would resort to her by night.

DUKE.

Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

VAL.

What lets but one may enter at her window?

DUKE.

Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

VAL.

Why then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tow'r,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

DUKE.

Now as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VAL.

When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE.

This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

VAL.

By seven a' clock I'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE.

But hark thee: I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

VAL.

It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

DUKE.

A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VAL.

Ay, my good lord.

DUKE.

Then let me see thy cloak—
I'll get me one of such another length.

VAL.

Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

DUKE.

How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What's here? "To Silvia"?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

Reads.

"My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where, senseless, they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord should be."
What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son),
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder, overweening slave,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience (more than thy desert)
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favors
Which (all too much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Exit.

VAL.

And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self, a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Scene 1 (Launce & Speed)

LAUNCE.

I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian.

Pulling out a paper.

Here is the cate-log of her condition. "Inprimis, She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry, therefore is she better than a jade. "Item, She can milk." Look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

SPEED.

How now, Signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

LAUNCE.

With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

SPEED.

Well, your old vice still: mistake the word. What news then in your paper?

LAUNCE.

The blackest news that ever thou heardst.

SPEED.

Why, man? how black?

LAUNCE.

Why, as black as ink.

SPEED.

Let me read them.

LAUNCE.

Fie on thee, jolthead, thou canst not read.

SPEED.

Thou liest; I can.

LAUNCE.

I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

SPEED.

Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUNCE.

O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

SPEED.

Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

LAUNCE.

There—and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

SPEED.

Reads.

“Inprimis, She can milk.”

LAUNCE.

Ay, that she can.

SPEED.

Reads.

“Item, She brews good ale.”

LAUNCE.

And thereof comes the proverb: “Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.”

SPEED.

“Item, She can sew.”

LAUNCE.

That’s as much as to say, “Can she so?”

SPEED.

“Item, She can knit.”

LAUNCE.

What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

SPEED.

“Item, She can wash and scour.”

LAUNCE.

A special virtue; for then she need not be wash’d and scour’d.

SPEED.

“Item, She can spin.”

LAUNCE.

Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPEED.

“Item, She hath many nameless virtues.”

LAUNCE.

That’s as much as to say “bastard virtues,” that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED.

Here follow her vices.

LAUNCE.

Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED.

"Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath."

LAUNCE.

Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

SPEED.

"Item, She hath a sweet mouth."

LAUNCE.

That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED.

"Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

LAUNCE.

It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

SPEED.

"Item, She is slow in words."

LAUNCE.

O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED.

"Item, She is proud."

LAUNCE.

Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED.

"Item, She hath no teeth."

LAUNCE.

I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPEED.

"Item, She is curst."

LAUNCE.

Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED.

"Item, She will often praise her liquor."

LAUNCE.

If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be prais'd.

SPEED.

"Item, She is too liberal."

LAUNCE.

Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED.

"Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

LAUNCE.

Stop there; I'll have her. She was mine and not mine twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

SPEED.

"Item, She hath more hair than wit"—

LAUNCE.

More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

SPEED.

"And more faults than hairs"—

LAUNCE.

That's monstrous. O that that were out!

SPEED.

"And more wealth than faults."

LAUNCE.

Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible—

SPEED.

What then?

LAUNCE.

Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

SPEED.

For me?

LAUNCE.

For thee? ay, who art thou? He hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

SPEED.

And must I go to him?

LAUNCE.

Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED.

Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of your love-letters!

Exit.

LAUNCE.

Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

Winter's Tale, Act 1, Scene 2 (Leontes & Camillo)

LEON.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM.

You had much ado to make his anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON.

Didst note it?

CAM.

He would not stay at your petitions, made
His business more material.

LEON.

Didst perceive it?

Aside.

They're here with me already, whisp'ring, rounding:
"Sicilia is a so-forth." 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

CAM.

At the good Queen's entreaty.

LEON.

At the Queen's be't; "good" should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? By some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

CAM.

Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON.

Ha?

CAM.

Stays here longer.

LEON.

Ay, but why?

CAM.

To satisfy your Highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON.

Satisfy?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? Satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd. But we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

CAM.

Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON.

To bide upon't: thou art not honest; or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM.

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were willful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage. If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

LEON.

Ha' not you seen, Camillo
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard
(For to a vision so apparent rumor
Cannot be mute), or thought (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

CAM.

I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

LEON.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty)? horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing,
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAM.

Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEON.

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAM.

No, no, my lord.

LEON.

It is: you lie, you lie!

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAM.

Who does infect her?

LEON.

Why, he that wears her like her medal hanging
About his neck, Bohemia—who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits
(Their own particular thrifts), they would do that
Which should undo more doing; ay, and thou,
His cupbearer—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM.

Sir, my lord,

I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress
(So sovereignly being honorable).
I have lov'd thee—

LEON.

Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets
(Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps),
Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince my son
(Who I do think is mine and love as mine),
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

CAM.

I must believe you, sir.
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

LEON.

Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

CAM.

My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

LEON.

This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

CAM.

I'll do't, my lord.

LEON.

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

Exit.

CAM.

O miserable lady! But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court. To do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Winter's Tale, Act 4, Scene 1 (Autolycus & Clown/Young Shepherd)

Enter Autolycus singing.

AUT.

When daffadils begin to peer,
With heigh, the doxy over the dale!
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey, the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chaunts,
With heigh, with heigh, the thrush and the jay!
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.
I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service.
But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bouget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.
My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me
Autolycus, who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of
unconsider'd trifles. With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the
silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway. Beating and hanging are
terrors to me. For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize, a prize!
Enter Clown.

CLO.

Let me see: every 'leven wether tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen
hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUT.

Aside.

If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

CLO.

I cannot do't without compters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?
Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with
rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made
me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers (three-man song-men all, and very good
ones), but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he
sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to color the warden pies; mace; dates,
none—that's out of my note; nut-megs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg;
four pounds of pruins, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.

AUT.

O that ever I was born!
Grovelling on the ground.

CLO.

I' th' name of me—

AUT.

O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

CLO.

Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT.

O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLO.

Alas, poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT.

I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLO.

What, by a horseman, or a footman?

AUT.

A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLO.

Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee. If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

AUT.

O good sir, tenderly, O!

CLO.

Alas, poor soul!

AUT.

O good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLO.

How now? canst stand?

AUT.

Softly, dear sir;

Picking his pocket good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO.

Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUT.

No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going. I shall there have money, or any thing I want, Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart.

CLO.

What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

AUT.

A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

CLO.

His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipt out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

AUT.

Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff, then he compass'd a morion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

CLO.

Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig! He haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUT.

Very true, sir; he, sir, he. That's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

CLO.

Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia. If you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT.

I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLO.

How do you now?

AUT.

Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLO.

Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT.

No, good-fac'd sir, no, sweet sir.

CLO.

Then fare thee well, I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Exit.

AUT.

Prosper you, sweet sir! Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.