

## **THE TEMPEST IV.1 - Prospero, Ariel, Caliban, Stephano, Trinculo, (spirits)**

### **PROSPERO**

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, & c*

Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet*

### **CALIBAN**

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

### **STEPHANO**

Monster, your fairy, which you say is  
a harmless fairy, has done little better than  
played the Jack with us.

### **TRINCULO**

Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at  
which my nose is in great indignation.

### **STEPHANO**

So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take  
a displeasure against you, look you,--

### **TRINCULO**

Thou wert but a lost monster.

### **CALIBAN**

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

### **TRINCULO**

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,--

### **STEPHANO**

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,  
monster, but an infinite loss.

### **TRINCULO**

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your  
harmless fairy, monster.

### **STEPHANO**

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears  
for my labour.

### **CALIBAN**

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

**STEPHANO**

Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

**TRINCULO**

O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

**CALIBAN**

Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

**TRINCULO**

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

**TRINCULO**

Thy grace shall have it.

**CALIBAN**

The dropsy drown this fool I what do you mean To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

**STEPHANO**

Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

**TRINCULO**

Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

**STEPHANO**

I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

**TRINCULO**

Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

**CALIBAN**

I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low.

**STEPHANO**

Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

**TRINCULO**

And this.

**STEPHANO**

Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on*

**PROSPERO**

Hey, Mountain, hey!

**ARIEL**

Silver I there it goes, Silver!

**PROSPERO**

Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

**ARIEL**

Hark, they roar!

**PROSPERO**

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service.

*Exeunt*

**Henry IV pt 1, II.3 (Hotspur, Lady Percy, Servant)**

**HOTSPUR**

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

**LADY PERCY**

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;  
And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?  
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd  
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of a heady fight.  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war  
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow  
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?  
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

**HOTSPUR**

What, ho!

*Enter Servant*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

**Servant**

He is, my lord, an hour ago.

**HOTSPUR**

Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

**Servant**

One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

**HOTSPUR**

What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

**Servant**

It is, my lord.

**HOTSPUR**

That roan shall by my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

*Exit Servant*

**LADY PERCY**

But hear you, my lord.

**HOTSPUR**

What say'st thou, my lady?

**LADY PERCY**

What is it carries you away?

**HOTSPUR**

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

**LADY PERCY**

Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise: but if you go,--

**HOTSPUR**

So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

**LADY PERCY**

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

**HOTSPUR**

Away,

Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou

have with me?

**LADY PERCY**

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

**HOTSPUR**

Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am on horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

**LADY PERCY**

How! so far?

**HOTSPUR**

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:  
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
Will this content you, Kate?

**LADY PERCY**

It must of force.

Cymbeline I.2 (Cloten, two Lords)

**SCENE II. The same. A public place.**

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords*

**First Lord**

Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

**CLOTEN**

If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

**Second Lord**

[Aside] No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.

**First Lord**

Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

**CLOTEN**

The villain would not stand me.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

**First Lord**

Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

**CLOTEN**

I would they had not come between us.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

**CLOTEN**

And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

**Second Lord**

[Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

**First Lord**

Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

**CLOTEN**

Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

**Second Lord**

[Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall  
of an ass, which is no great hurt.

**CLOTEN**

You'll go with us?

**First Lord**

I'll attend your lordship.

**CLOTEN**

Nay, come, let's go together.

**Second Lord**

Well, my lord.

*Exeunt*

Much Ado About Nothing I.1

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and BALTHASAR*

**DON PEDRO**

Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

**LEONATO**

Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

**DON PEDRO**

You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

**LEONATO**

Her mother hath many times told me so.

**BENEDICK**

Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

**LEONATO**

Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

**DON PEDRO**

You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

**BENEDICK**

If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

**BEATRICE**

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

**BENEDICK**

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

**BEATRICE**

Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

**BENEDICK**

Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

**BEATRICE**

A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man

swear he loves me.

**BENEDICK**

God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

**BEATRICE**

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

**BENEDICK**

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

**BEATRICE**

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

**BENEDICK**

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

**BEATRICE**

You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

**DON PEDRO**

That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

**LEONATO**

If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.

*To DON JOHN*

Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

**DON JOHN**

I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

**LEONATO**

Please it your grace lead on?

**DON PEDRO**

Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

**Romeo & Juliet II.4 Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, Nurse, Peter**

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and PETER*

**MERCUTIO**

A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO**

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

**Nurse**

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

My fan, Peter.

**MERCUTIO**

Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

**Nurse**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**Nurse**

Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO**

'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

**Nurse**

Out upon you! what a man are you!

**ROMEO**

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

**Nurse**

By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**

I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

**Nurse**

You say well.

**MERCUTIO**

Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

**Nurse**

if you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

**BENVOLIO**

She will indite him to some supper.

**MERCUTIO**

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

**ROMEO**

What hast thou found?

**MERCUTIO**

No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie,  
that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*Sings*

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent

But a hare that is hoar

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll  
to dinner, thither.

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

*Singing*

'lady, lady, lady.'

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

**Nurse**

Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy  
merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

**ROMEO**

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,  
and will speak more in a minute than he will stand  
to in a month.

**Nurse**

An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him

down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such  
Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.

Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am  
none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by  
too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

**PETER**

I saw no man use you a pleasure; if I had, my weapon  
should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare  
draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a  
good quarrel, and the law on my side.

**Nurse**

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about  
me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word:  
and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you  
out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:  
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into  
a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross

kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

**ROMEO**

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee--

**Nurse**

Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

**ROMEO**

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

**Nurse**

I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

**ROMEO**

Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

**Nurse**

No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO**

Go to; I say you shall.

**Nurse**

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

**ROMEO**

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:  
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

**Nurse**

Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

**ROMEO**

What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

**Nurse**

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

**ROMEO**

I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

**NURSE**

Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady--Lord,  
Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:--O, there  
is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain  
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief  
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her

sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

**ROMEO**

Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

**Nurse**

Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the--No; I know it begins with some other letter:--and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady.

**Nurse**

Ay, a thousand times.

*Exit Romeo*

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

Peter, take my fan, and go before and apace.

*A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM III.2*

**LYSANDER**

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?  
Scorn and derision never come in tears:  
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.  
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

**HELENA**

You do advance your cunning more and more.  
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!  
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:  
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

**LYSANDER**

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

**HELENA**

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

**DEMETRIUS**

[Awaking] O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!  
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow  
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss  
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

**HELENA**

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment:  
If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With your derision! none of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

**LYSANDER**

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

**HELENA**

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

**DEMETRIUS**

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.  
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,  
And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
There to remain.

**LYSANDER**

Helen, it is not so.

**DEMETRIUS**

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.  
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense.  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

**LYSANDER**

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

**HERMIA**

What love could press Lysander from my side?

**LYSANDER**

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,  
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night  
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

**HERMIA**

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

**HELENA**

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived  
To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,--O, is it all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition;  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

**HERMIA**

I am amazed at your passionate words.  
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

**HELENA**

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What thought I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
But miserable most, to love unloved?  
This you should pity rather than despise.

**HERMIA**

I understand not what you mean by this.

**HELENA**

Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;  
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.

But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;  
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

**LYSANDER**

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:  
My love, my life my soul, fair Helena!

**HELENA**

O excellent!

**HERMIA**

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

**DEMETRIUS**

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

**LYSANDER**

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:  
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.  
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

**DEMETRIUS**

I say I love thee more than he can do.

**LYSANDER**

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

**DEMETRIUS**

Quick, come!

**HERMIA**

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

**LYSANDER**

Away, you Ethiopel!

**DEMETRIUS**

No, no; he'll [ ]  
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,  
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

**LYSANDER**

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,  
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

**HERMIA**

Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?  
Sweet love,--

**LYSANDER**

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!  
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

**HERMIA**

Do you not jest?

**HELENA**

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

**DEMETRIUS**

I would I had your bond, for I perceive  
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

**LYSANDER**

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

**HERMIA**

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?  
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!  
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?  
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.  
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left  
me:

Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!--  
In earnest, shall I say?

**LYSANDER**

Ay, by my life;  
And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;  
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

**HERMIA**

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night  
And stolen my love's heart from him?

**HELENA**

Fine, i'faith!  
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

**HERMIA**

Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.  
And are you grown so high in his esteem;  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;  
How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

**HELENA**

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice:  
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,  
Because she is something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

**HERMIA**

Lower! hark, again.

**HELENA**

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.  
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;  
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back  
And follow you no further: let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond I am.

**HERMIA**

Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

**HELENA**

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

**HERMIA**

What, with Lysander?

**HELENA**

With Demetrius.

**LYSANDER**

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

**HELENA**

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!  
She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

**HERMIA**

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

**LYSANDER**

Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;  
You bead, you acorn.

**DEMETRIUS**

You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.

**LYSANDER**

Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

*Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

**HERMIA**

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

**HELENA**

I will not trust you, I,

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

*Exit*

**HERMIA**

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

**OTHELLO (Montano, Cassio, Gentleman, Roderigo, Iago, Desdemona, Emilia)**

**ACT II SCENE I. A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.**

**MONTANO**

But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

**CASSIO**

Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid  
That paragons description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

*Re-enter second Gentleman*

How now! who has put in?

**Second Gentleman**

'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

**CASSIO**

Has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands--  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,--  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

**MONTANO**

What is she?

**CASSIO**

She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants*

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

**DESDEMONA**

I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

**CASSIO**

He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught  
But that he's well and will be shortly here.

**DESDEMONA**

O, but I fear--How lost you company?

**CASSIO**

The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship--But, hark! a sail.

*Within 'A sail, a sail!' Guns heard*

**Second Gentleman**

They give their greeting to the citadel;  
This likewise is a friend.

**CASSIO**

See for the news.

*Exit Gentleman*

Good ancient, you are welcome.

*To EMILIA*

Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

*Kissing her*

**IAGO**

Sir, would she give you so much of her lips  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'll have enough.

**DESDEMONA**

Alas, she has no speech.

**IAGO**

In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

**EMILIA**

You have little cause to say so.

**IAGO**

Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,  
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives' in your beds.

**DESDEMONA**

O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

**IAGO**

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

**EMILIA**

You shall not write my praise.

**IAGO**

No, let me not.

**DESDEMONA**

What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst  
praise me?

**IAGO**

O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical.

**DESDEMONA**

Come on assay. There's one gone to the harbour?

**IAGO**

Ay, madam.

**DESDEMONA**

I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.  
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

**IAGO**

I am about it; but indeed my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;  
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,  
And thus she is deliver'd.  
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

**DESDEMONA**

Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

**IAGO**

If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

**DESDEMONA**

Worse and worse.

**EMILIA**

How if fair and foolish?

**IAGO**

She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

**DESDEMONA**

These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i'  
the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for  
her that's foul and foolish?

**IAGO**

There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

**DESDEMONA**

O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best.  
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving  
woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her  
merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

**IAGO**

She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,  
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'  
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,

She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind,  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,--

**DESDEMONA**

To do what?

**IAGO**

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

**DESDEMONA**

O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn  
of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say  
you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal  
counsellor?

**CASSIO**

He speaks home, madam: You may relish him more in  
the soldier than in the scholar.

**IAGO**

[Aside] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said,  
whisper: with as little a web as this will I  
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon  
her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.  
You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as  
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had  
been better you had not kissed your three fingers so  
oft, which now again you are most apt to play the  
sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent  
courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers  
to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!

*Trumpet within*

The Moor! I know his trumpet.

**CASSIO**

'Tis truly so.

**DESDEMONA**

Let's meet him and receive him.

**CASSIO**

Lo, where he comes!

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants*

**OTHELLO**

O my fair warrior!

**DESDEMONA**

My dear Othello!

**OTHELLO**

It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

**DESDEMONA**

The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

**OTHELLO**

Amen to that, sweet powers!  
I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

*Kissing her*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

**IAGO**

[Aside] O, you are well tuned now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am.

**OTHELLO**

Come, let us to the castle.  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks  
are drown'd.  
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,  
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants*

**IAGO**

Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come  
hither. If thou be'st valiant,-- as, they say, base  
men being in love have then a nobility in their  
natures more than is native to them--list me. The  
lieutenant tonight watches on the court of  
guard:--first, I must tell thee this--Desdemona is  
directly in love with him.

**RODERIGO**

With him! why, 'tis not possible.

**IAGO**

Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed.  
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor,  
but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies:

and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,--as it is a most pregnant and unforced position--who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

**RODERIGO**

I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

**IAGO**

Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

**RODERIGO**

Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

**IAGO**

Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion, Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find

some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

**RODERIGO**

Well.

**IAGO**

Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

**RODERIGO**

I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

**IAGO**

I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel:  
I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

**RODERIGO**

Adieu.

*Exit*

**IAGO**

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;  
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:  
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,  
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;  
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure  
I stand accountant for as great a sin,  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb--  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too--  
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me.

For making him egregiously an ass  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:  
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.  
*Exit*

**HENRY IV PART 2 V.5 (Falstaff, Pistol, Shallow, Henry, Lord C-J)**

**FALSTAFF**

Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

**PISTOL**

God bless thy lungs, good knight.

**FALSTAFF**

Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

**SHALLOW**

It doth so.

**FALSTAFF**

It shows my earnestness of affection,--

**SHALLOW**

It doth so.

**FALSTAFF**

My devotion,--

**SHALLOW**

It doth, it doth, it doth.

**FALSTAFF**

As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,--

**SHALLOW**

It is best, certain.

**FALSTAFF**

But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

**PISTOL**

'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

**SHALLOW**

'Tis so, indeed.

**PISTOL**

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance and contagious prison;  
Haled thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell  
Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

**FALSTAFF**

I will deliver her.

*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound*

**PISTOL**

There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter KING HENRY V and his train, the Lord Chief-Justice among them*

**FALSTAFF**

God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

**PISTOL**

The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

**FALSTAFF**

God save thee, my sweet boy!

**KING HENRY V**

My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

**Lord Chief-Justice**

Have you your wits? know you what 'tis to speak?

**FALSTAFF**

My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

**KING HENRY V**

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;

But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I am the thing I was;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strengths and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word. Set on.

*Exeunt KING HENRY V, & c*

**FALSTAFF**

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

**SHALLOW**

Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

**FALSTAFF**

That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

**SHALLOW**

I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

**FALSTAFF**

Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

**SHALLOW**

A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

**FALSTAFF**

Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter Prince John of LANCASTER, the Lord Chief-Justice; Officers with them*

**Lord Chief-Justice**

Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:  
Take all his company along with him.

**FALSTAFF**

My lord, my lord,--

**Lord Chief-Justice**

I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.  
Take them away.

**Hamlet 2.2 "Piece of work" (3 people, 5+ mins)**

**GUILDENSTERN**

My honoured lord!

**ROSENCRANTZ**

My most dear lord!

**HAMLET**

My excellent good friends! How dost thou,  
Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

**ROSENCRANTZ**

As the indifferent children of the earth.

**GUILDENSTERN**

Happy, in that we are not over-happy;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

**HAMLET**

Nor the soles of her shoe?

**ROSENCRANTZ**

Neither, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of  
her favours?

**GUILDENSTERN**

'Faith, her privates we.

**HAMLET**

In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she  
is a strumpet. What's the news?

**ROSENCRANTZ**

None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

**HAMLET**

Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true.  
Let me question more in particular: what have you,  
my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune,  
that she sends you to prison hither?

**GUILDENSTERN**

Prison, my lord!

**HAMLET**

Denmark's a prison.

**ROSENCRANTZ**

Then is the world one.

**HAMLET**

A goodly one; in which there are many confines,  
wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

**ROSENCRANTZ**

We think not so, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing  
either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me  
it is a prison.

**ROSENCRANTZ**

Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too

narrow for your mind.

**HAMLET**

O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

**GUILDENSTERN**

Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

**HAMLET**

A dream itself is but a shadow.

**ROSENCRANTZ**

Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

**HAMLET**

Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

**ROSENCRANTZ / GUILDENSTERN**

We'll wait upon you.

**HAMLET**

No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

**ROSENCRANTZ**

To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

**HAMLET**

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

**GUILDENSTERN**

What should we say, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

**ROSENCRANTZ**

To what end, my lord?

**HAMLET**

That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

**ROSENCRANTZ**

[Aside to GUILDENSTERN] What say you?

**HAMLET**

[Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.--If you love me, hold not off.

**GUILDENSTERN**

My lord, we were sent for.

**HAMLET**

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late--but wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

**ROSENCRANTZ**

My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

**HAMLET**

Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

**ROSENCRANTZ**

To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*R and G shuffle Hamlet off the stage*

**Taming of the Shrew 2.1 “They meet and such” (4+ people, 9+ minutes)**

**BAPTISTA**

How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

**HORTENSIO**

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

**BAPTISTA**

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

**HORTENSIO**

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

**BAPTISTA**

Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

**HORTENSIO**

Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume  
with them.'  
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way;  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;  
While she did call me rascal fiddler  
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,  
As had she studied to misuse me so.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:  
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

**BAPTISTA**

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:  
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;  
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO**

I pray you do.

*Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO*

I will 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 banns and when be married.  
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter KATHARINA*

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

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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 praised in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

**KATHARINA**

Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither  
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first  
You were a moveable.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, what's a moveable?

**KATHARINA**

A join'd-stool.

**PETRUCHIO**

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

**KATHARINA**

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

**KATHARINA**

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Should be! should--buzz!

**KATHARINA**

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

**PETRUCHIO**

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

In his tongue.

**PETRUCHIO**

Whose tongue?

**KATHARINA**

Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

**PETRUCHIO**

What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,  
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

**KATHARINA**

That I'll try.

*She strikes him*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

So may you lose your arms:  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

**PETRUCHIO**

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

There is, there is.

**PETRUCHIO**

Then show it me.

**KATHARINA**

Had I a glass, I would.

**PETRUCHIO**

What, you mean my face?

**KATHARINA**

Well aim'd of such a young one.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

Yet you are wither'd.

**PETRUCHIO**

'Tis with cares.

**KATHARINA**

I care not.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.

**KATHARINA**

I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

**PETRUCHIO**

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 are 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 slanderous 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.

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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!

**KATHARINA**

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

**PETRUCHIO**

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

**KATHARINA**

A witty mother! witless else her son.

**PETRUCHIO**

Am I not wise?

**KATHARINA**

Yes; keep you warm.

**PETRUCHIO**

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharina, 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 Katharina to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA and HORTENSIO*

**BAPTISTA**

Now, Signior Petruccio, how speed you with my daughter?

**PETRUCHIO**

How but well, sir? how but well?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

**BAPTISTA**

Why, how now, daughter Katharina! in your dumps?

**KATHARINA**

Call you me daughter? now, I promise you  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A mad-cup ruffian and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

**PETRUCHIO**

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:  
If she be curst, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

**KATHARINA**

I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

**PETRUCHIO**

Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:  
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss  
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twink she won me to her love.  
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.  
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;  
I will be sure my Katharina shall be fine.

**BAPTISTA**

I know not what to say: but give me your hands;  
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

**PETRUCHIO**

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;  
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:  
We will have rings and things and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.  
*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA severally*

Henry IV part 1 (buncha people)

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine*

**POINS**

Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

**FALSTAFF**

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too!  
marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I  
lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend  
them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!  
Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?  
He drinks

**PRINCE HENRY**

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?  
pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale  
of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

**FALSTAFF**

You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is  
nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man:  
yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime  
in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack;  
die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be  
not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a  
shotten herring. There live not three good men  
unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and  
grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say.  
I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any  
thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

**PRINCE HENRY**

How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

**FALSTAFF**

A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy  
kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy  
subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese,  
I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

**PRINCE HENRY**

Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

**FALSTAFF**

Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

**POINS**

'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the  
Lord, I'll stab thee.

**FALSTAFF**

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call  
thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I  
could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight  
enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your  
back: call you that backing of your friends? A  
plague upon such backing! give me them that will  
face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I

drunk to-day.

**PRINCE HENRY**

O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou  
drunkest last.

**FALSTAFF**

All's one for that.

He drinks

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What's the matter?

**FALSTAFF**

What's the matter! there be four of us here have  
ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

**FALSTAFF**

Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon  
poor four of us.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, a hundred, man?

**FALSTAFF**

I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a  
dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by  
miracle. I am eight times thrust through the  
doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut  
through and through; my sword hacked like a  
hand-saw--ecce signum! I never dealt better since  
I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all  
cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or  
less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Speak, sirs; how was it?

**GADSHILL**

We four set upon some dozen--

**FALSTAFF**

Sixteen at least, my lord.

**GADSHILL**

And bound them.

**PETO**

No, no, they were not bound.

**FALSTAFF**

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I  
am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

**GADSHILL**

As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

**FALSTAFF**

And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, fought you with them all?

**FALSTAFF**

All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

**FALSTAFF**

Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

**FALSTAFF**

Four, Hal; I told thee four.

**POINS**

Ay, ay, he said four.

**FALSTAFF**

These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Seven? why, there were but four even now.

**FALSTAFF**

In buckram?

**POINS**

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

**FALSTAFF**

Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

**FALSTAFF**

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

**FALSTAFF**

Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

**PRINCE HENRY**

So, two more already.

**FALSTAFF**

Their points being broken,--

**POINS**

Down fell their hose.

**FALSTAFF**

Began to give me ground: but I followed me close,

came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of  
the eleven I paid.

**PRINCE HENRY**

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

**FALSTAFF**

But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten  
knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive  
at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst  
not see thy hand.

**PRINCE HENRY**

These lies are like their father that begets them;  
gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou  
clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou  
whoreson, obscene, grease tallow-catch,--

**FALSTAFF**

What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth  
the truth?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal  
green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy  
hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

**POINS**

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

**FALSTAFF**

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the  
strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would  
not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on  
compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as  
blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon  
compulsion, I.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine  
coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker,  
this huge hill of flesh,--

**FALSTAFF**

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried  
neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O  
for breath to utter what is like thee! you  
tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bowcase; you vile  
standing-tuck,--

**PRINCE HENRY**

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and  
when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons,  
hear me speak but this.

**POINS**

Mark, Jack.

**PRINCE HENRY**

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and  
were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain

tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

**POINS**

Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

**FALSTAFF**

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

**FALSTAFF**

Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

**Hamlet IV.5 (Laertes, Ophelia, Claudius)**

**LAERTES**

How now! what noise is that?

*Re-enter OPHELIA*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!  
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as moral as an old man's life?  
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

**OPHELIA**

[Sings]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:--  
Fare you well, my dove!

**LAERTES**

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

**OPHELIA**

[Sings]

You must sing a-down a-down,  
An you call him a-down-a.  
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false  
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

**LAERTES**

This nothing's more than matter.

**OPHELIA**

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray,  
love, remember: and there is pansies. that's for thoughts.

**LAERTES**

A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

**OPHELIA**

There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue  
for you; and here's some for me: we may call it  
herb-grace o' Sundays: O you must wear your rue with  
a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you  
some violets, but they withered all when my father  
died: they say he made a good end,--

*Sings*

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

**LAERTES**

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

**OPHELIA**

[Sings]

And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead:

Go to thy death-bed:

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye.

*Exit*

**LAERTES**

Do you see this, O God?

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we can ours,

To you in satisfaction; but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul

To give it due content.

**LAERTES**

Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral--

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation--

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,

That I must call't in question.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

*Exeunt*