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Adversaries

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

The Taming of the Shrew. I.ii.271-74

face to face,
And frowning brow to brow
Richard II. I.i.15-16

BASSANIO: Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Merchant of Venice. IV.i.66-67

AUFIDIUS: O Marcius, Marcius!
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 Marcius. 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 clip
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 loved 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 waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no 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-bear.
Coriolanus. IV.v.102-32

Age

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left.
Comedy of Errors. V.i.312-316

Well struck in years
Richard III. I.i.92

my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown
Henry IV, Part One. III.iii.3

Lord Chief-Justice: Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!
Henry IV, Part Two. I.ii.169-74

the old folk, time's dotting chronicles
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.iv.126

OLIVIA: Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO: Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a cooling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Twelfth Night. I.v.149-55

CLOWN: [Sings]
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Twelfth Night. II.iii.44-49

venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver
Troilus and Cressida. I.iii.65

Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd:
Troilus and Cressida. I.iii.291-92

old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,
Troilus and Cressida. II.i.99-100

AENEAS: 'Tis the old Nestor.
HECTOR: Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Troilus and Cressida. IV.v.200-02

He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act.
All's Well That Ends Well. I.ii.28-30

'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil.'
All's Well That Ends Well. I.ii.58-59

KING LEAR: How old art thou?
KENT: Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any
thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.
King Lear. I.iv.35-38

Thou should'st not have been old till thou had'st been wise.
King Lear. I.v.36

O, sir, you are old.
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.
King Lear. II.iv.141-43

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment
Antony & Cleopatra. I.v.73-74

Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.
The Winter's Tale. IV.iv.413-15

Beauty, ugliness

When she did think my master loved her well

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. IV.iv.150-51

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;

Richard III. I.i.16-23

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder

Love's Labor's Lost. IV.ii.109

nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution

Twelfth Night. I.ii.48-49

VIOLA: Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA: 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: is't not well done?

[Unveiling.]

VIOLA: Excellently done, if God did all.

Twelfth Night. I.v.217-23

O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman:

Troilus and Cressida. . I.i.52-56

Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee.

All's Well That Ends Well. I.ii.19-21

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.

Othello. II.i.60-65

Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time?
Antony & Cleopatra. I.v.27-29

He went to bed to her very description.
Pericles. IV.ii.92

MIRANDA: O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
The Tempest. V.i.181-84

Centeredness, self-knowledge, also lack of

how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Comedy of Errors. II.ii.118-19

I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
King John. IV.iii.140-41

such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Merchant of Venice. I.i.6-7

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
Henry IV, Part One. II.iii.53-56

The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
Henry IV, Part Two. I.i.163-65

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.
Henry V. IV.i.31-32

poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Julius Caesar. I.ii.46

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Julius Caesar. II.i.63-69

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Hamlet. III.ii.62-66

If your mind dislike anything, obey it.

Hamlet. V.ii.196

Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.i.43-44

I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

ESCALUS: One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Measure for Measure. III.ii.218-20

Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Macbeth. I.iii.137-42

'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

King Lear. I.i.292-93

an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

King Lear. I.ii.122-29

KING LEAR: Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL: Lear's shadow.

King Lear. I.iv.220-21

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw

King Lear. IV.i.18-19

Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that I said!—'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

King Lear. IV.96-104

GLOUCESTER: O, let me kiss that hand!

KING LEAR: Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

King Lear. IV.vi.131-32

KING LEAR: You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

King Lear. IV.vii.84-86

CORIOLANUS: Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Coriolanus. II.i.191-93

The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Timon of Athens. I.i.277-78

The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends

Timon of Athens. IV.v.299-300

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born

Cymbeline. I.vi.95-99

a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too.

The Winter's Tale. I.ii.352-54

Charity, compassion, empathy

he is gracious, if he be observed:

He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.iv.30-32

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd.
Troilus and Cressida. . i.i.46-48

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
Macbeth. I.v.16-17

GLOUCESTER: Now, good sir, what are you?
EDGAR: A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity.
King Lear. IV.vi.216-19

CORDELIA: O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

KENT: Kind and dear princess!
CORDELIA: Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

DOCTOR: Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

CORDELIA: How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

KING LEAR: You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like moulten lead.

CORDELIA: Sir, do you know me?

KING LEAR: You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

CORDELIA: Still, still, far wide!

DOCTOR: He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

KING LEAR: Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

CORDELIA: O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, sir, you must not kneel.

KING LEAR: Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA: And so I am, I am.

KING LEAR: Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

CORDELIA: No cause, no cause.

King Lear. IV.vii.26-76

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

Timon of Athens. I.i.107-08

TIMON: O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

VENTIDIUS: A noble spirit!

TIMON: Nay, my lords,
[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]
Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me.

Timon of Athens. I.ii.8-20

AUTOLYCUS: I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed
to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEPHERD: Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

The Winter's Tale. V.ii.141-45

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer:

The Tempest. I.ii.1-6

Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,

The Tempest. I.ii.25-27

Children, Parents & Children

Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have that savage duke thine heir
And disinherited thine only son.

Henry VI, Part Three. I.i.220-25

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
Comedy of Errors. I.i.124

Dear father, soul and substance of us all,
Titus Andronicus. I.i.377

For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.
Titus Andronicus. III.i.10-11

DUCHESS OF YORK: Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,

Richard III. II.ii.17-18

DUCHESS OF YORK: Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Richard III. II.ii.47-54

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit
Richard III. III.i.7-8

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
A Midsummer Night's Dream. I.i.41-45

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
Romeo & Juliet. I.ii.14

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me.
Romeo & Juliet. I.iii.19-20

MONTAGUE: O thou untaught! what manners is in this?
To press before thy father to a grave?
Romeo & Juliet. V.iii.214-15

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Richard II. I.iii.69

Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My
honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for,
indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste.
Merchant of Venice. II.ii.12-14

it is a wise father that knows his own child.
Merchant of Venice. II.ii.70

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me

To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners.

Merchant of Venice. II.iii.16-19

the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children

Merchant of Venice. III.v.1-2

KING CLAUDIUS: But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

HAMLET: [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Hamlet. I.ii.64-65

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

All's Well That Ends Well. I.iii.135-38

It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for
creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I
could not have owed her a more rooted love.

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.v.7-11

BRABANTIO: My daughter! O, my daughter!

ALL: Dead?

BRABANTIO: Ay, to me.

Othello. I.iii.61

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. I.vii.54-60

By the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever.

King Lear. I.i.109-16

This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor.

King Lear. I.i.213-18

KING LEAR: When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL: I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

King Lear. I.iv.162-65

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

King Lear. I.iv.279-80

I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

King Lear. I.iv.196

KING LEAR: I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet, no more see one another:

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:

King Lear. II.iv.213-21

LEAR: I gave you all.

REGAN: And in good time you gave it.

King Lear. II.iv.245

That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

King Lear. IV.ii.32-36

Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

King Lear. IV.vi.201-03

KING LEAR: No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDMUND: Take them away.

KING LEAR: Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.

King Lear. V.8-25

KENT: Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

KING LEAR: Ay, so I think.
King Lear. V.iii.292-93

O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget
Pericles. V.i.196-97

No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you.

Cymbeline. I.i.70-72

HERMIONE: Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

POLIXENES: We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

HERMIONE: Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

POLIXENES: We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

The Winter's Tale. I.ii.60-75

This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised,

The Winter's Tale. II.ii.59-61

PERDITA: And give me leave,
 And do not say 'tis superstition, that
 I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
 Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
 Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

The Winter's Tale. V.iii.42-46

 You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!

The Winter's Tale. V.iii.121-23

MIRANDA: Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

PROSPERO: O, a cherubim
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

The Tempest. I.ii.151-58

Christ, Christianity, Religion

Christ's Mother helps me, else were I too weak

Henry VI, Part One. I.ii.106

KING HENRY VI: How doth your grace affect their motion?

GLOUCESTER: Well, my good lord; and as the only means
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood
 And 'stablish quietness on every side.

KING HENRY VI: Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Henry VI, Part One. V.i.11-14

Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
Henry VI, Part Two. I.i.112

Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
Henry VI, Part Two. II.i.65-66

the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
Richard II. II.i.56

I hate him for he is a Christian
Merchant of Venice. I.iii.38

ANTONIO: Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
Merchant of Venice. I.iii.33-37

SALERIO: Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHYLOCK: To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
Merchant of Venice. III.i.44-64

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

Henry IV, Part One. I.i.24-27

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ
Henry IV, Part One. III.ii.111

With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in His parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.ii.15-22

his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way:
Merry Wives of Windsor. I.iv.11-13

thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error,
All's Well That Ends Well. I.iii.197-98

Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.
Macbeth. IV.iii.108-11

O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Pericles. I.i.73-74

But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense.
That I was nothing.
The Winter's Tale. III.i.8-11

It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
The Winter's Tale. V.iii.94-97

Court/city vs. country

They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

As You Like It. I.i.107-11

DUKE SENIOR: Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

As You Like It. II.i.1-17

CORIN: And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE: Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.

As You Like It. III.ii.11-20

How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling;

Cymbeline. III.iii.44-49

These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!

Cymbeline. IV.ii. 31-33

SHEPHERD: Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS: Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe.

The Winter's Tale. IV.iv.717-24

Death

Well, we were born to die.

Romeo & Juliet. III.iv.4

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Romeo & Juliet. IV.v.31-32

PRINCE HENRY: Why, thou owest God a death.
[Exit PRINCE HENRY.]

FALSTAFF: 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day.

Henry IV, Part One. V.i.126-28

DOLL TEARSHEET: I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

FALSTAFF: Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Henry IV, Part Two. II.iv.213-18

He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Henry IV, Part Two. V.ii.4-5

GHOST: I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

Hamlet. I.v.9-22

HAMLET: To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
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 pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet. III.i.56-88

KING CLAUDIUS: Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET: At supper.

KING CLAUDIUS: At supper! where?

HAMLET: Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

Hamlet. IV.iii.16-18

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not

how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.

Hamlet. V.i.163-72

HAMLET: The rest is silence.

[Dies.]

HORATIO: Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Hamlet. V.343-45

He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.26-28

CLAUDIO: Death is a fearful thing.

ISABELLA: And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUDIO: 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 pendent 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.

Measure for Measure. III.i.116-30

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Macbeth. I.iv.7-11

'Tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.

King Lear. I.i.38-41

KING LEAR: And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never!
King Lear. V.iii.306-09

[Lear Dies.]

EDGAR: He faints! My lord, my lord!
KENT: Break, heart; I prithee, break!
EDGAR: Look up, my lord.
KENT: Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
King Lear. V.iii.311-16

Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Cymbeline. III.iv.96-97

FIRST JAILER: A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called
to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as
the procuring of mirth.
Cymbeline. V.iv.156-60

FIRST JAILER: You know not which way you shall go.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS: Yes, indeed do I, fellow.
FIRST JAILER: Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured.
Cymbeline. V.iv.173-78

Eating, food, drink

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Comedy of Errors. V.i.74

you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvelous searching wine, and it
perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?'
Henry IV, Part Two. II.iv.25-27

LANCASTER: Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[Exeunt all but Falstaff.]

FALSTAFF: I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith,
this same young sober- blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;
but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to
any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that
they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then when they marry, they get wenches:

they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and curdy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.ii.81-119

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking.

Othello. II.iii.31-32

IAGO: If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk tonight already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress' dog.

Othello. II.iii.43-46

Pompey, good night.

Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all.

Antony & Cleopatra. II.vii.117-24

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.

Pericles. I.iv.39-46

Envy

But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.

Julius Caesar. I.ii.198-214

Fathers

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. I.iii.80-83

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. II.vi.36-38

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. I.i.47-51

thou, the earthly author of my blood,

Richard II. I.iii.69

KING CLAUDIUS: 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd: whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.'

Hamlet. I.ii.87-106

had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being.

Cymbeline. I.i.34-38

Flattery, humility

I thank my God for my humility.

Richard III. ii.i.72

PRINCESS: Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

Love's Labor's Lost. II.i.13-19

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Love's Labor's Lost. IV.i.17

THESEUS: I will hear that play;

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
A Midsummer Night's Dream. V.i.82-83

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted
beautiful

Twelfth Night. II.i.22-23

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth
Troilus and Cressida. I.iii.240-41

COUNTESS: Where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go
with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness;
she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

LAFEU: Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNTESS: 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.

All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.37-44

Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.
All's Well That Ends Well. I.ii.41-45

I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Through it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Measure for Measure. I.i.68-73

MARCIUS: Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induced
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

COMINIUS: You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own:...

MARCIUS: I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Coriolanus. I.ix.13-29

not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks,

Cymbeline. I.i.12-14

Freedom

he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords.

Comedy of Errors. V.i.290

Friendship

VALENTINE: Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!

Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say

I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. V.iv.62-66

We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Henry IV, Part Two. III.ii.203

be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.i.220-23

BRUTUS: Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

Julius Caesar. IV.ii.18-21

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Much Ado About Nothing. II.i.157-62

Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres.

Hamlet. II.ii.19-21

Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Othello.III.iii.20-28

ALBANY: [To KENT and EDGAR.]

Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

KENT: I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.

King Lear. V.iii.320-23

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me.

Timon of Athens. I.i.100-01

This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Pericles. IV.i.20-21

Happiness

the pert and nimble spirit of mirth

A Midsummer Night's Dream. I.i.13

O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.iv.91-93

DON PEDRO: In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEATRICE: Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.

Much Ado About Nothing. II.i.280-82

This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports.

Pericles. V.iii.40-41

his eyes in flood with laughter

Cymbeline. I.vi.74

JUPITER: You know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.

Cymbeline. V.iv.100-02

Honor, courage

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Henry VI, Part Two. III.ii.232-35

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE: Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

King John. I.i.222-23

My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation.

Richard II. I.i.176-78

FALSTAFF: ...Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? what is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

Henry IV, Part One. V.i.129-37

from his metal was his party steel'd

Henry IV, Part Two. I.i.116

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

Henry IV, Part Two. I.i.162

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' the 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.

Julius Caesar. I.ii.84-89

Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Julius Caesar. II.ii.32-37

ANTONY: This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

Julius Caesar. V.v.68-75

he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the
feats of a lion

Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.13-14

Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester
than I.

Much Ado About Nothing. III.v.13-14

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.

Much Ado About Nothing. V.i.120

but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Twelfth Night. I.iii.27-30

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honor on him.

Twelfth Night. V.i.45-53

in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I
know also life is a shuttle.

Merry Wives of Windsor. V.i.20-22

Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
Troilus and Cressida. . I.i.86-89

Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.
Troilus and Cressida. V.iii.26-28

Let higher Italy,—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it
All's Well That Ends Well. II.i.12-15

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
Measure for Measure. I.iv.77-79

I must be found:
My parts, my title and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly.
Othello. I.ii.30-32

IAGO: What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO: Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO: Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO: Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the
immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my
reputation!

IAGO: As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is
more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false
imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no
reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.

Othello. II.iii.249-59

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.
Othello.III.iii.155-61

Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.
Othello.III.iii.386-88

My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.

Othello.III.iii.386-88
[variant readings; "Her" is from second quarto, "my" from first quarto and folio]

LODOVICO: O thou Othello, thou wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

OTHELLO: Why, any thing:
An honorable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honor.
Othello.V.ii.292-97

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!
Antony & Cleopatra. I.iii.97-101

I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness
Antony & Cleopatra. I.iv.10-13

Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,

The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Antony & Cleopatra. I.iv.55-71

O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.

Antony & Cleopatra. I.v.18-24

For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Antony & Cleopatra. II.ii.97-99

MENAS: These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

POMPEY: Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Antony & Cleopatra. II.vii.69-79

If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless.

Antony & Cleopatra. III.iv.22-24

He stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport:

Coriolanus. II.ii.101-03

Manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.

Coriolanus. III.i.246-47

I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.

Cymbeline. I.i.167-69

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming.

Cymbeline. I.vi.169-71

Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at.

Cymbeline. II.iv.20-23

When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever,

Cymbeline. III.i.2-4

cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

Cymbeline. V.iii.12-13

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honor does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

The Winter's Tale. I.ii.398-404

Imagination, fancy

I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. V.i.2-17

THESEUS: The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst
are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIPPOLYTA: It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. V.i.209-11

PRINCE HENRY: O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves.

King John. V.vii.13-20

with great imagination
Proper to madmen

Henry IV, Part Two. I.iii.31-32

HAMLET: My father!—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO: Where, my lord?

HAMLET: In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hamlet. I.ii.183-85

HAMLET: Ay, so, God be wi' ye;

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have?

Hamlet. II.ii.515-27

This is the very coinage of your brain.

Hamlet. III.iv.141

I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes

Cymbeline. IV.ii.298-301

Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

The Winter's Tale. III.ii.78-81

Insults, curses

Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Henry VI, Part One. II.iii.15-24

Base dunghill villain and mechanical

Henry VI, Part Two. I.iii.191

Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Henry VI, Part Two. III.ii.49-50

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

Henry VI, Part Two. V.i.157-58

But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Henry VI, Part Three. II.ii.135-38

Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man:

Comedy of Errors. V.i.237-42

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

Richard III. I.ii.17-28

stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honor! thou detested—

Richard III. I.iii.215-32

DUCHESS OF YORK: Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

KING RICHARD III: And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCHESS OF YORK: No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subdued, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

Richard III. IV.iv.163-75

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

A Midsummer Night's Dream. III.ii.328-30

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. V.i..62-66

THESEUS: What are they that do play it?

PHILOSTRATE: Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labor'd in their minds till now

A Midsummer Night's Dream. V.i.72-75

 this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

King John. II.i.177-78

O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!

King John. III.i.114-20

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Richard II. I.i.39-42

I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were
hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!

Merchant of Venice. III.i.78-79

O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

Henry IV, Part One. I.ii.101-02

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Henry IV, Part One. I.iii.235-37

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,—

Henry IV, Part One. II.iv.215-17

'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,—

Henry IV, Part One. II.iv.232-35

Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.

Henry IV, Part One. II.iv.379

in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou has lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,

Henry IV, Part One. III.ii.85-88

Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Henry IV, Part One. IV.i.94-97

you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Henry IV, Part Two. I.ii.148

Why, thou globe of sinful continents!

Henry IV, Part Two. II.iv.266

FALSTAFF: Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.

[Exeunt Justices.]

On, Bardolph; lead the men away.

[Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.]

As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street: and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Henry IV, Part Two. III.ii.279-310

LANCASTER: You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.ii.50-51

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.iii.28-29

DAUPHIN: For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

EXETER: Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Henry V. II.iv.116-20

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.

Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.92-96

BENEDICK: Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.152-56

his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,

As You Like It. II.vii.38-40

JAQUES: Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO: Yes, just.

JAQUES: I do not like her name.

ORLANDO: There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

As You Like It. III.ii.251-55

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

As You Like It. III.v.49-60

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio

Twelfth Night. I.v.85

She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor.

Twelfth Night. III.ii.16-17

For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Twelfth Night. III.ii.54-56

A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Twelfth Night. III.iv.369

I am weaker than a woman's tear
Troilus and Cressida. . I.i.9

ALEXANDER: They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

CRESSIDA: So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.
Troilus and Cressida. I.ii.15-18

Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint
Troilus and Cressida. I.iii.192-93

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes.
All's Well That Ends Well. II.v.41-42

Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.
All's Well That Ends Well. III.vi.7-11

O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Othello. I.ii.61-71

O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.
Othello.IV.i.140-41

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

King Lear. I.iv.267-80

Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!

King Lear. I.iv.290-92

KENT: Fellow, I know thee.

OSWALD: What dost thou know me for?

KENT: A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly,
three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-
taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue; one-
trunk- inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art
nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and
heir of a mongrel bitch.

King Lear. II.ii.10-20

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

King Lear. II.ii.87-90

All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!...
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

King Lear. II.iv.157-63

GONERIL: I have been worth the whistle.

ALBANY: O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.

King Lear. IV.ii.29-31

This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,

To rot itself with motion.

Antony & Cleopatra. I.iv.44-47

CLEOPATRA: O, is't come to this?

MARK ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out.

Antony & Cleopatra. III.xiii.114-20

What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

Coriolanus. I.i.159-61

BRUTUS: There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

CITIZENS: It shall be so, it shall be so.

CORIOLANUS: You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

Coriolanus. III.iii.117-36

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen.

Cymbeline. II.49-53

Profane fellow

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferred so well.

Cymbeline. II.iii.124-31

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease!

The Tempest. II.ii.1-3

Jealousy

Self-harming jealousy

Comedy of Errors. II.i.102

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

Comedy of Errors. V.i.69-70

FORD: What a damned 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 fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous 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 praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged 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!

Merry Wives of Windsor. II.ii.259-82

IAGO: O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-eyed 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!

OTHELLO: 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 heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTHELLO: Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a lie of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved: 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!

Othello.III.iii.165-92

Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ:

Othello.III.iii.322-24

OTHELLO: Ha! ha! false to me?

IAGO: Why, how now, general! no more of that.

OTHELLO: Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.

IAGO: How now, my lord!

OTHELLO: What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night 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.

OTHELLO: 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 troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dead clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Othello.III.iii.333-57

EMILIA: Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

DESDEMONA: Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

EMILIA: But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Othello.III.iv.155-62

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play.
There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor: nay, there's comfort in't
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.

The Winter's Tale. I.ii.186-99

Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

The Winter's Tale. I.ii.303-05

This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

The Winter's Tale. I.ii.449-55

Kings, Rulers, Majesty, Power

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!

Henry VI, Part One. I.i.1-6

Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Henry VI, Part Two. IV.ix.1-6

Father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Henry VI, Part Three. I.ii.28-31

Borrowed majesty

King John. I.i.4

I give you welcome with a powerless hand

King John. II.i.15

KING JOHN. ...we, God's wrathful agent

King John. II.i.87

We were not born to sue, but to command;

Richard II. I.i.196

God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death:

Richard II. I.ii.37-39

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Richard II. I.iii.214-15

'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Richard II. II.iv.7-15

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;

Richard II. III.ii.54-55

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

Richard II. III.ii.174-77

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,

Richard II. IV.i.263

A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.

Merchant of Venice. V.i.94-97

By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he;'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at:

Henry IV, Part One. III.ii.46-57

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Henry IV, Part Two. III.i.31

God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:

Henry IV, Part Two. III.i.72-74

for full well he knows

He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.i.204-14

the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.215-19

You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.ii.26-28

God knows, my son,
By what bypaths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.v.183-85

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.v.213-14

KING HENRY V: No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me: the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Henry V. IV.i.98-110

Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown.

Henry V. V.ii.122-25

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power.

Julius Caesar. II.i.18-19

Madness is great ones must not unwatched go.

Hamlet. III.i.184

Do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

Hamlet. IV.v.120-23

Weigh you the worth and honor of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces?

Troilus and Cressida. II.ii.26-28

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Measure for Measure. II.ii.107-09

Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure. II.ii.114-22

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them

Macbeth. IV.iii.91-95

I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.

King Lear. I.i.130-32

KING LEAR: Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT: You.

KING LEAR: Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT: No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

KING LEAR: What's that?

KENT: Authority.

King Lear. I.iv.23-29

GLOUCESTER: The trick of that voice I do well remember:

Is 't not the king?

KING LEAR: Ay, every inch a king:

King Lear. IV.vi.105-06

If he fill'd

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony & Cleopatra. I.iv.25-33

Why have you stol'n upon us thus! You come not
Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved; we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Antony & Cleopatra. III.vi.42-55

King's are earth's gods.

Pericles. I.i.104

THIRD FISHERMAN: I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISHERMAN: Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.

Pericles. II.i.26-29

He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government.

Pericles. II.i.100-01

Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

Cymbeline. III.i.57-60

Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Cymbeline. III.v.4-7

Language, speech

KATHARINA: Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO: It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

The Taming of the Shrew. II.i.264-65

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. III.i.104-05

SPEED: 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

LAUNCE: It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. III.i.320-21

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Titus Andronicus. I.i.317

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought
Titus Andronicus. III.ii.39

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word
Richard III. I.ii.168

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbor vocatur nebor; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Love's Labor's Lost. V.i.16-25

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.
Love's Labor's Lost. V.i.35-36

honorificabilitudinitatibus
Love's Labor's Lost. V.i.39

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief
Love's Labor's Lost. V.ii.743

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice.
Merchant of Venice. I.i.114

by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me.
Merchant of Venice. IV.i.239-41

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Henry IV, Part One. I.iii.209-10

KING HENRY V: No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.
Henry V. V.ii.175-78

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
Julius Caesar. III.ii.214-21

LEONATO: You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.
Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.53-56

BENEDICK: O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her;...She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her
Much Ado About Nothing. II.i.215-24

JAQUES: But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?
TOUCHSTONE: Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JAQUES: And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE: I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQUES: Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE: O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

As You Like It. V.iv.63-97

VIOLA: Thy reason, man?

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

Twelfth Night. III.i.21-24

He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Merry Wives of Windsor. I.iii.45-46

POLONIUS: This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS: Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this:

Hamlet. II.ii.85-107

PAROLLES: I love not many words.

SECOND LORD: No more than a fish loves water.

All's Well That Ends Well. III.vi.76-77

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macbeth. IV.iii.208-10

I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:

Cymbeline. II.iii.104-06

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.

The Tempest. I.ii.363-64

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech.

The Tempest. I.ii.497-98

Language & silence

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. II.ii.16-18

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Titus Andronicus. II.iv.36-37

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart concealing it will break,

The Taming of the Shrew. IV.iii.77-78

I had a thing to say, but let it go

King John. III.iii.33

silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

Merchant of Venice. I.i.111-12

Music! hark!

NERISSA: It is your music, madam, of the house.

PORTIA: Nothing is good, I see, without respect:

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NERISSA: Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

PORTIA: The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise and true perfection!

Merchant of Venice. V.i.97-108

Thou wilt be like a lover presently

And tire the hearer with a book of words.

Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.273-74

BEATRICE: Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLAUDIO: Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Much Ado About Nothing. II.i.273-75

I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.
As You Like It. III.ii.192-93

Guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.
Othello.V.i.109-10

I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.
Timon of Athens. V.i.62-64

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
The Winter's Tale. II.ii.41-42

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder
The Winter's Tale. V.iii.21-22

I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
The Tempest. III.iii.36-39

Language—magnificent

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.
Henry VI, Part Two. III.ii.335-38

now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow
Comedy of Errors. V.i.312-13

tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?
The Taming of the Shrew. I.ii.46-47

that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Titus Andronicus. III.i.250-51

O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
Titus Andronicus. V.iii.70-71

GLOUCESTER: But shall I live in hope?
LADY ANNE: All men, I hope, live so.
Richard III. I.ii.200-01

the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Richard III. III.vii.128-29

sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
Richard III. III.vii.227-30

ADRIANO DE ARMADO: Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?
MOTH: The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since
Love's Labor's Lost. I.ii.104-05

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her
Love's Labor's Lost. III.i.155-56

Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep
Love's Labor's Lost. IV.iii.29

FERDINAND: Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
PRINCESS: A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
Love's Labor's Lost. V.iii.776-79

TITANIA: Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,

To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. II.i.121-37

And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,

King John. I.i.200-01

France, whose armour conscience buckled on

King John. II.i.564

No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil,

King John. III.i.234-37

thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

King John. III.i.323

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.

King John. III.iv.79-81

kiss the lips of unacquainted change

King John. III.iv.166

SALISBURY: Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

King John. IV.ii.9-16

like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

King John. IV.ii.23-24

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
King John. IV.ii.91-92

Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
King John. IV.ii.197-98

Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
King John. V.ii.45-46

MELUN: Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
King John. V.iv.22-27

BASTARD: Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
King John. V.vi.37-38

PRINCE HENRY: How fares your majesty?
KING JOHN: Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
King John. V.vii.34-41

bescreened in night
Romeo & Juliet. II.ii.53

although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.'
Romeo & Juliet. II.ii.116-20

'banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it:
Romeo & Juliet. III.iii.46-48

with his own tears made drunk

Romeo & Juliet. III.iii.83

Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

Romeo & Juliet. III.v.211-12

The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Richard II. I.iii.150-53

if you crown him, let me prophesy:
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;

Richard II. IV.i.136-38

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,

Richard II. V.i.55-56

out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

Henry IV, Part One. II.iii.9-10

KING HENRY IV: God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.

Henry IV, Part One. III.ii.29-31

The skipping king, ...
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded.

Henry IV, Part One. III.ii.60,68-76

I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Henry IV, Part One. IV.ii.55

He seem'd in running to devour the way

Henry IV, Part Two. I.i.47

this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume
Henry IV, Part Two. I.i.60-61

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.
Henry IV, Part Two. III.i.97-98

Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.i.17-18

it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on:
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.i.107-10

Will fortune never come with both hands full?
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.iv.103

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.v.124-26

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Henry IV, Part Two. V.ii.72

make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
Henry V. I.ii.163-65

Giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel.
Henry V. III.vi.27
you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's
feather.
Henry V. IV.i.188-90

ANTONY: O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Julius Caesar. III.i.254-75

DON PEDRO: Officers, what offense have these men done?

DOGBERRY: Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

DON PEDRO: First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offense; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Much Ado About Nothing. V.i.204-13

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

As You Like It. IV.iii.102

'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so.

As You Like It. V.i.26-27

DUKE ORSINO: And what's her history?

VIOLA: A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night. II.iv.108-14

you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard

Twelfth Night. III.ii.23-25

Heaven make you better than your thoughts!
Merry Wives of Windsor. III.iii.180

my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills.
Merry Wives of Windsor. III.v.19-20

FORD: Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

PAGE: 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offense.
Merry Wives of Windsor. IV.iv.6-11

FALSTAFF: I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should
set hell on fire
Merry Wives of Windsor. V.v.33-35

they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Hamlet. I.ii.204-5

the morn and liquid dew of youth
Hamlet. I.iii.41

HAMLET: 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.
Hamlet. 356-60

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:

Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Hamlet. IV.vii.166-81

LAERTES: Must there no more be done?

PRIEST: No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES: Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Hamlet. V.i.211-18

ULYSSES: Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game.

Troilus and Cressida. IV.v.54-63

HELENA: Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

KING: I knew him.

HELENA: The rather will I spare my praises towards him:
Knowing him is enough.

All's Well That Ends Well. II.i.100-04

her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant

All's Well That Ends Well. III.iv.27-28

disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door.

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.i.27-28

this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.iii.14-15

I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

All's Well That Ends Well. V.ii.3-5

OTHELLO: Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter. . . .

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story.
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Othello. I.iii.76-170

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Othello. IV.ii.33-34

SCENE I: A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

{Thunder. Enter the three Witches.}

FIRST WITCH: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH: Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH: Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH: Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH: Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH: Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

{Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.}

HECATE: O well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains;
And now about the cauldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.]

[HECATE retires.]

SECOND WITCH: By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Macbeth. IV.i.1-44

SEYTON: The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH: She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,

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

Macbeth. V.v.16-28

{Enter GONERIL.}

LEAR: Who comes here? O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!

King Lear. II.iv.184-87

KING LEAR: O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not: but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

King Lear. II.iv.259-81

KING LEAR: Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!...
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure: here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

King Lear. III.ii.1-24

I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

King Lear. III.iv.27-36

Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, 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.

King Lear. IV.vi.49-55

GLOUCESTER: O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

KING LEAR: I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy
worst, blind Cupid! I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning
of it.

GLOUCESTER: Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

EDGAR: I would not take this from report; it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

KING LEAR: Read.

GLOUCESTER: What, with the case of eyes?

KING LEAR: O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

GLOUCESTER: I see it feelingly.

King Lear. IV.vi.133-47

KING LEAR: Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,

Look there, look there!

[Dies.]

King Lear. V.iii.310-12

MECAENAS: She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENOBARBUS: When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA: There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

ENOBARBUS: I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA: O, rare for Antony!

ENOBARBUS: Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,

Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA: Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS: Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA: Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

ENOBARBUS: I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MECAENAS: Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS: Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

Antony & Cleopatra. II.ii.185-239

Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer
And earns a place i' the story.

Antony & Cleopatra. III.xiii.41-46

The next Caesarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Antony & Cleopatra. III.xiii.162-67

O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Antony & Cleopatra. IV.viii.17-18

All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all.

Antony & Cleopatra. IV.xii.20-24

CLEOPATRA: Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
 [MARK ANTONY dies.]
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.
 [Faints.]

CHARMIAN: O, quietness, lady!

IRAS: She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN: Lady!

IRAS: Madam!

CHARMIAN: O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS: Royal Egypt,

Empress!

CHARMIAN: Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA: No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel.

Antony & Cleopatra. IV.xv.59-81

DERCETAS: I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR: The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Antony & Cleopatra. V.i.13-19

DOLABELLA: Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEOPATRA: I cannot tell.

DOLABELLA: Assuredly you know me.

CLEOPATRA: No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

DOLABELLA: I understand not, madam.

CLEOPATRA: I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOLABELLA: If it might please ye,—

CLEOPATRA: His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

DOLABELLA: Most sovereign creature,—

CLEOPATRA: His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

DOLABELLA: Cleopatra!

CLEOPATRA: Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

DOLABELLA: Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA: You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Antony & Cleopatra. V.ii.71-100

Go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance

Antony & Cleopatra. V.ii.172-74

CLEOPATRA: Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN: Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

CLEOPATRA: This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied!

CHARMIAN: O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA: Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Antony & Cleopatra. V.ii.279-310

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Coriolanus. V.iv.17-24

Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

Timon of Athens. IV.iii.89-90

She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.
Pericles. III.ii.97-102

THAISA: My father's dead.
PERICLES: Heavens, make a star of him!
Pericles. V.iii.78-79

Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cymbeline. I.i.154-56

I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm
eyes as he.
Cymbeline. I.iv.10-11

Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast.
Cymbeline. III.i.16-22

Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
Cymbeline. III.iv.136-37

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.
Cymbeline. III.iv.180-81

I tremble stiff with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
Cymbeline. IV.ii.303-05

I am amazed with matter.
Cymbeline. IV.iii.28

Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold:

Cymbeline. V.v.179-81

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.

Cymbeline. V.v.382-84

See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

The Winter's Tale. IV.iv.52-54

The changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed:

The Winter's Tale. V.ii.10-15

THIRD GENTLEMAN: Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

SECOND GENTLEMAN: No.

THIRD GENTLEMAN: Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favor.

The Winter's Tale. V.ii.39-47

THIRD GENTLEMAN: But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

FIRST GENTLEMAN: The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENTLEMAN: One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes—caught the water though not the fish—was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

The Winter's Tale. V.ii.69-88

Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable

The Tempest. I.i.28-29

One midnight

Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

The Tempest. I.ii.128-32

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

The Tempest. II.i.109-118

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. II.vii.18-20

Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love.

Love's Labor's Lost. I.ii.160

When Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love's Labor's Lost. IV.iii.339-40

for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;

A Midsummer Night's Dream. I.i.132-34

Things base and vile, folding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:

A Midsummer Night's Dream. I.i.232-33

to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days

A Midsummer Night's Dream. III.i.139-40

I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye:
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

King John. II.i.496-503

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Romeo & Juliet. I.v.41-42

JULIET: Go ask his name: if he be married.
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Romeo & Juliet. I.v.134-35

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

Romeo & Juliet. II.ii.15-17

At lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs.
Romeo & Juliet. II.ii.92-93

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have.
Romeo & Juliet. II.ii.133-35

Love, loving not itself, none other can.
Richard II. V.iii.88

Love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
Merchant of Venice. II.vi.36-37

O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.
Merchant of Venice. III.ii.111-14

Good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly.
Henry V. V.ii.196-97

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate.
Henry V. V.ii.267

BENEDICK: They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. ...
When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.
Much Ado About Nothing. II.iii.211-23

URSULA: She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
HERO: If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
Much Ado About Nothing. III.i.104-06

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
As You Like It. III.v.81

ROSALIND: No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to

die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

As You Like It. IV.i.85-98

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

As You Like It. IV.i.189-92

Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

As You Like It. V.ii.31-39

O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the sea

Twelfth Night. I.i.9-11

Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

Twelfth Night. III.i.153

Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.

Twelfth Night. V.i.91

Who ever strove
So show her merit, that did miss her love?

All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.218-19

The brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

All's Well That Ends Well. III.ii.14-16

Love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offense,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.

All's Well That Ends Well. V.iii.57-62

for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.

Othello. I.ii.24-28

That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honor and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Othello. I.iii.248-59

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 laboring 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

Othello. II.i.179-97

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello.III.iii.90-92

OTHELLO: Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head.
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Othello.IV.ii.47-64

DESDEMONA: O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did.
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Othello.IV.ii.148-61

OTHELLO: 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 the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again.
It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

[Kisses her.]

Ah 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 this 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.

Othello.V.i.1-22

O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Othello.V.ii.273-82

OTHELLO: Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus.

[Stabs himself.]

Othello.V.ii.339-57

What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

King Lear. I.i.238-41

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:

Antony & Cleopatra. I.iii.33-37

You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Cymbeline. I.i.88-92

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss,

Cymbeline. I.i.119-20

Love's reason's without reason.

Cymbeline. IV.ii.22-23

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet.
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

The Winter's Tale. IV.iv.135-46

At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.

The Tempest. I.ii.441-43

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

The Tempest. I.ii.451-53

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

The Tempest. III.i.37-49

Marriage

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship

Henry VI, Part One. V.v.55-56

In Syracuse was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,

Comedy of Errors. I.i.37-38

What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.

Comedy of Errors. II.i.96-98

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board.

Comedy of Errors. III.ii.17-18

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve.
Comedy of Errors. III.ii.21-23

though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?
The Taming of the Shrew. I.i.122-24

such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
The Taming of the Shrew. I.ii.190

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch
thee, Kate:
The Taming of the Shrew. III.ii.223-34

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
The Taming of the Shrew. IV.i.195-96

KATHARINA: Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

The Taming of the Shrew. V.ii.137-80

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

King John. I.i.184

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;

King John. II.i.441-46

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 honorable 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 father'd 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!
Julius Caesar. II.i.278-304

BENEDICK: Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his
cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith; an
thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays.
Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.175-79

BENEDICK: That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I
likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my
forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because
I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and
the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.
Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.212-19

I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before
he transgressed.
Much Ado About Nothing. II.i.225-27

HAMLET: 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 nunnery, go:
farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well
enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too.
Farewell.

OPHELIA: O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET: I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you
one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and
nick-name 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 marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Hamlet. III.i.132-45

Nature craves

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband?

Troilus and Cressida. II.ii.173-76

A young man married is a man that's marr'd.

All's Well That Ends Well. II.iii.292

BRABANTIO: Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

DESDEMONA: My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Othello. I.iii.177-89

O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites!

Othello.III.iii.268-70

DESDEMONA: 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?

EMILIA: There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA: Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA: Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA: No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA: Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

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

DESDEMONA: Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA: The world's a huge thing: it is a great price

For a small vice.

DESDEMONA: In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA: In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. 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 the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

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

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

DESDEMONA: I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA: Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played 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.

DESDEMONA: Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

Othello.IV.iii.57-104

Men

I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. I.iii.19-23

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
The Two Gentlemen of Verona. V.iv.111-13

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Romeo & Juliet. III.iii.126-27

let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Twelfth Night. II.iv.28-34

Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O
admirable man!
Troilus and Cressida. . I.ii.224-25

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
To eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.
*Othello.*III.iv.103-06

KING LEAR: Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered
body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou
owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.
Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself:
unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare, forked animal as thou art.
King Lear. III.iv.96-103

O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man.
Cymbeline. I.i.93-95

Mercy, justice, civil law

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Henry VI, Part One. II.iv.11-18

KING HENRY VI: If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.

Henry VI, Part Two. III.ii.139-40

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus. I.i.120-22

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:

Richard III. V.iii.310-11

If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:

King John. IV.i.25-26

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

King John. IV.iii.116-18

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Merchant of Venice. IV.i.88

PORTIA: The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice. IV.i.183-201

KING HENRY V: We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Henry V. III.vi.109-15

kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

As You Like It. IV.iii.132

LORD POLONIUS: My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAMLET: God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

Hamlet. II.ii.497-501

Heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

Hamlet. III.iv.177-79

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Measure for Measure. I.iii.19-31

to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions

Measure for Measure. I.iv.62-64

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Measure for Measure. II.i.1-4

JUSTICE: Lord Angelo is severe.

ESCALUS: It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Measure for Measure. II.i.265-67

Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

Measure for Measure. II.ii.58-63

ANGELO: Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

ISABELLA: Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Measure for Measure. II.ii.71-79

ISABELLA: Yet show some pity.

ANGELO: I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know.

Measure for Measure. II.ii.100-02

KING LEAR: What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look
with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine
ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLOUCESTER: Ay, sir.

KING LEAR: And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great
image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

King Lear. IV.vi.148-69

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger.
Coriolanus. V.iv.27-28

I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
Timon of Athens. III.v.7-9

FIRST SENATOR: You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

ALCIBIADES: My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defense, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Timon of Athens. III.v.38-58

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS: Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is, to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,

And deal with others better.

CYMBELINE: Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Cymbeline. V.v.412-17

HERMIONE: The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

The Winter's Tale. III.ii.118-22

PROSPERO: Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL: Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO: Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL: Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO: And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

The Tempest. V.i.6-32

Messengers

the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.
Henry IV, Part Two. I.i.100-03

The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Antony & Cleopatra. I.ii.92

Money, wealth

nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
The Taming of the Shrew. I.ii.80

PROTEUS: Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.
SPEED: And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona. I.i.120-21

My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
Richard III. IV.ii.36-39

ROMEO: There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Romeo & Juliet. V.i.81-84

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.
Merchant of Venice. I.ii.5

Therefore, 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:
Merchant of Venice. III.ii.101-04

FALSTAFF: I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only
lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.
Henry IV, Part Two. I.ii.223-25

HECTOR: Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

TROILUS: What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Troilus and Cressida. II.ii.50-52

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Cymbeline. III.vi.53-55

Moods

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,

Comedy of Errors. II.ii.31-33

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo & Juliet. I.i.161

 some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Romeo & Juliet. III.v.73-74

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Merchant of Venice. I.i.51-56

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:

Henry V. I.ii.241-43

LEONATO: Did he break out into tears?

Messenger: In great measure.

LEONATO: A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.22-25

JAQUES: I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry's contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

As You Like It. IV.i.10-18

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 vapors. 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.

Hamlet. II.ii.283-297

OTHELLO: Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke.

Othello. II.iii.194-99

Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit
My heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.

Othello.IV.i.179-80

Music

I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
The Taming of the Shrew. . I.i.92-93

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
The Taming of the Shrew. III.i.9-12

JULIA: Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host: Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where
you shall hear music
The Two Gentlemen of Verona. IV.ii.29-31

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music:

Merchant of Venice. III.ii.43-45

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Merchant of Venice. V.i.51-65

JESSICA: I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO: The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice. V.i.69-88

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Henry V. I.ii.178-83

Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?
Much Ado About Nothing. II.iii.56-57

'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
Measure for Measure. IV.i.13-14

Fa, sol, la, mi
King Lear. 133

DOCTOR: Louder the music there.
King Lear. IV.vii.26

I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Pericles. II.v.25-28

I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it
will penetrate.
Cymbeline. II.iii.11-12

Music! Awake her! Strike!
The Winter's Tale. V.iii.98

Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air:
The Tempest. I.ii.388-94

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

The Tempest. III.ii.132-40

Nature, nurture; nature, art

KING: We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate.

All's Well That Ends Well. II.i.114-19

POET: What have you there?

PAINTER: A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

POET: Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

PAINTER: 'Tis a good piece.

POET: So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

PAINTER: Indifferent.

POET: Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

PAINTER: It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is't good?

POET: I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Timon of Athens. I.i.25-38

PERDITA: The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

POLIXENES: Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PERDITA: For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

POLIXENES: Say there be; yet nature is made better

By no mean; so over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

PERDITA: So it is.

POLIXENES: Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PERDITA: I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.

The Winter's Tale. IV.iv.81-103

Order & disorder in the state, cosmos

Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian 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 fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.v.123-132

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Hamlet. I.i.69

thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame

Hamlet. I.ii.18-19

ULYSSES: Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this center
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;

And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Troilus and Cressida. I.iii.75-137

KING LEAR: Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practiced on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

King Lear. III.ii.49-60

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

King Lear. IV.ii.46-50

You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?

Coriolanus. I.i.181-83

Patience

PROTEUS: Have patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA: I must, where is no remedy.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. II.ii.1-2

SILVIA: A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. V.iii.3-4

Patient yourself, madam

Titus Andronicus. I.i.124

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

HASTINGS: With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

Richard III. I.i.125-26

That which in mean men we intitle patience

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Richard II. I.ii.33-34

I do oppose

My patience to his fury.

Merchant of Venice. IV.i.10-11

FALSTAFF: I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.

Henry IV, Part Two. I.ii.120

CONRADE: You should hear reason.

DON JOHN: And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

CONRADE: If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

Much Ado About Nothing. I.iii.5-7

Her very silence and her patience

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

As You Like It. I.iii.74-75

Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, today was moved:

Troilus and Cressida. . I.ii.4-5

the protractive trials of great Jove

To find persistive constancy in men:

Troilus and Cressida. I.iii.20-21

There is between my will and all offenses

A guard of patience:

Troilus and Cressida. V.ii.51-52

O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That thou so oft have boasted to retain?
King Lear. III.vi.57-58

I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die.
King Lear. IV.vi.75-77

KING LEAR: I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.
GLOUCESTER: Alack, alack the day!
KING LEAR: When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools:
King Lear. IV.vi.174-80

PERICLES: Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.
Pericles. V.i.135-40

Poetry

I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry.
The Taming of the Shrew. I.i.92-93

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona. III.ii.71

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona. III.ii.77-78

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms,
figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in
the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the
mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am
thankful for it.

Love's Labor's Lost. IV.ii.62-69

HOTSPUR: Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Henry IV, Part One. III.i.126—33

Pregnancy

herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Comedy of Errors. I.i.45-46

Pride

All pride is willing pride.
Love's Labor's Lost. II.i.36

These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
Julius Caesar. I.i.72-75

Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.
Much Ado About Nothing. III.49-56

Achilles ... the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
Troilus and Cressida. II.iii.178-79

self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon.
All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.140

Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country he did it to
please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even till the altitude of his virtue.
Coriolanus. I.i.34-37

MENENIUS: You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRUTUS: We do it not alone, sir.

MENENIUS: I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!

Coriolanus. II.i.30-37

You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Coriolanus. III.i.80-82

Right & Wrong, Sin

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

King John. I.i.42-43

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours

King John. I.i.261-62

KING PHILIP: From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:

King John. II.i.112-14

oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

King John. IV.ii.30-35

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye.

King John. IV.ii.71-72

God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;

Henry V. I.ii.13-17

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!
Much Ado About Nothing. IV.i.137-41

O, my offense is rank—it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder.
Hamlet. III.iii.36-38

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.
Measure for Measure. I.i.32-40

Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
Measure for Measure. I.iv.57-61

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Measure for Measure. II.i.38

I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Measure for Measure. II.iv.57-58

DUKE VINCENTIO: Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Measure for Measure. III.ii.17-25

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.

Macbeth. II.ii.60-63

LADY MACBETH: Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will
not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Macbeth. V.i.48-50

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Macbeth. V.iii.22-28

I have supp'd full with horrors.

Macbeth. V.v.13

FOOL: We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring i' the winter.
All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a
nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great
wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it: but the great one
that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better
counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool
gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm,

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT: Where learned you this, fool?

FOOL: Not i' the stocks, fool.

King Lear. II.iv.65-83

O Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.

Cymbeline. V.i.5-7

The Sexes

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.

ADRIANA: Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUCIANA: Because their business still lies out o' door.
Comedy of Errors. II.i.7-11

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:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more preeminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Comedy of Errors. II.i.16-25

DIANA: 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.

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.ii.16-19

I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate

All's Well That Ends Well. V.iii.210-17

Sleep

For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,

Richard III. IV.i.82-83

death-counterfeiting sleep

A Midsummer Night's Dream. .III.ii.364

sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. III.ii.436-37

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Julius Caesar. II.i.230-33

sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Troilus and Cressida. IV.ii.4-6

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

*Othello.*III.iii.330-33

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:

*Othello.*III.iii.414-15

MACBETH: 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 MACBETH: What do you mean?

MACBETH: 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.'
Macbeth. II.ii.34-43

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!

Macbeth. II.iii.77-78

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense
Repairs itself by rest.

Cymbeline. II.ii.11-12

sleep, thou ape of death

Cymbeline. II.ii.31

Stage Directions—interesting

{Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about her ears}

Richard III. II.ii.32

{Enter the BASTARD, with AUSTRIA'S head.}

King John. III.ii.1

{Enter PERICLES, wet.}

Pericles. II.i.1

{Enter ARIEL, invisible.}

The Tempest. II.i.178

Study, learning

ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven
Henry VI, Part Two. IV.68-69

for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
The Taming of the Shrew. I.i.17-20

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
The Taming of the Shrew. I.i.39-40

I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
The Taming of the Shrew. III.i.18-20

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
Love's Labor's Lost. I.i.12-14

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine
Love's Labor's Lost. I.i.25

BIRON: What is the end of study? let me know.
FERDINAND: Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
BIRON: Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
FERDINAND: Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.
Love's Labor's Lost. I.i.55-58

Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books
Love's Labor's Lost. I.i.86-87

So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
Love's Labor's Lost. I.i.139-43

Nurse: O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
Romeo & Juliet. III.iii.159-60

I say, there is no darkness but ignorance
Twelfth Night. IV.ii.42-43

CERIMON: I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former.
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
Pericles. III.ii.26-41

Suffering

To weep is to make less the depth of grief
Henry VI, Part Three. II.i.85

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
Henry VI, Part Three. III.i.24-25

my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
Comedy of Errors. 217

TITUS ANDRONICUS: If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
Titus Andronicus. III.i.220-21

O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Richard III. II.iv.64-66

methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me,
Richard II. II.ii.9-11

Men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel;...
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself...
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
Much Ado About Nothing. V.i.20-38

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.
Hamlet. IV.v.76-77

MACDUFF: He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM: Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF: I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
Macbeth. IV.iii.216-21

EDGAR: [Aside] O gods! Who is't can say 'I am at the worst'?
I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN: 'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDGAR: [Aside] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'
King Lear. IV.i.25-28

KENT: Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

GENTLEMAN: Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT: O, then it moved her.

GENTLEMAN: Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

King Lear. IV.iii.9-24

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

King Lear. IV.vi.173

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

King Lear. V.iii.196-200

KING LEAR: Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of
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.

King Lear. V.iii.258-62

That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
The Winter's Tale. III.ii.88-107

but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person
The Tempest. I.ii.415-17

Time

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me
Richard II. V.v.49

he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.'
As You Like It. II.vii.20-28

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Twelfth Night. V.i.156-57

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Hamlet. I.v.187-88

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude
Troilus and Cressida. III.iii.145-47

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me
Macbeth. I.iii.58-60

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
The Tempest. I.i.49-50

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest. IV.i.146-58

Truth, lying

I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true.

Merry Wives of Windsor. I.i.60-61

to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Hamlet. II.ii.177-78

Unreality, dreams, play metaphor

here we wander in illusions

Comedy of Errors. IV.iii.38

Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

The Taming of the Shrew. Intro. ii. 66-67

BRAKENBURY: What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

CLARENCE: Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAKENBURY: Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

CLARENCE: Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAKENBURY: Awaked you not with this sore agony?

CLARENCE: O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul,
 Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
 And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
 'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
 With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made the dream.

Richard III. I.iv.8-63

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

Romeo & Juliet. II.ii.139-41

learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this:

Richard II. V.i.17-20

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Merchant of Venice. I.i.77-79

Chorus: O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casks
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide on man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Henry V. Prologue

O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host.
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!— we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

Henry V. Chorus.28-53

DUKE SENIOR: Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

As You Like It. II.vii.136-39

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

As You Like It. II.vii.139-43

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Twelfth Night. III.iv.119-20

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.

Cymbeline. V.iv.145-48

Villains, villainy

'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest man resort.

Comedy of Errors. V.I.27-28

the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:

Richard III. I.iii.70-71

I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Richard III. IV.ii.62-64

BORACHIO: ... I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

DON JOHN: Will it serve for any model to build mischief on?

Much Ado About Nothing. I.iii.39-40

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

Hamlet. I.v.106-08

my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged

Hamlet. III.iv.206-07

He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.iii.256-57

IAGO: Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe.

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor:

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:

To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how? Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
Othello. I.iii.377-98

With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.
Othello. II.i.167-68

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 practicing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.
Othello. II.i.280-306

IAGO: And what's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetted to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Othello. II.iii.318-45

If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.

Othello.V.i.18-20

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!

Cymbeline. I.i.84-85

O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
The Winter's Tale. I.ii.415-17

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.
The Tempest. III.iii.104-06

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost
The Tempest. IV.i.188-90

War, fighting

What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Henry VI, Part One. I.iv.72-75

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
King John. II.i.35-36

And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
King John. II.i.307-09

O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker!
King John. V.ii.15-17

this neighbor-stainéd steel
Romeo & Juliet. I.i.80

He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:
Romeo & Juliet. I.i.109-10

Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes.
Romeo & Juliet. III.i.18-19

those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

Henry IV, Part One. I.i.9-15

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.ii.89-91

Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

Henry V. I.ii.105-10

KING HENRY V: Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;

Henry V. III.i.1-8

KING HENRY V: How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit;
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

Henry V. III.iii.1-41

Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?
Henry V. IV.i.37-38

WILLIAMS: But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

Henry V. IV.i.127-38

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.

Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.7-8

I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Merry Wives of Windsor. II.i.201-03

VIRGILIA: His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA: Away, you fool! it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning.

Coriolanus. I.iii.36-41

I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.

Coriolanus. IV.vii.33-35

What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Pericles. IV.vi.161-64

Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring.

Cymbeline. V.iii.8

Wisdom

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

As You Like It. V.i.31-32

I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer.

All's Well That Ends Well. II.ii.37-38

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all.

King Lear. V.ii.9-11

VENTIDIUS:

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Caesar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offense
Should my performance perish.

SILIUS: Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction.

Antony & Cleopatra. III.i.11-29

Women

These are no women's matters.
Henry VI, Part Two. I.iii.115

 herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Comedy of Errors. I.i.45-46

I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.
Comedy of Errors. III.i.109-10

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
The Taming of the Shrew. . I.i.69

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
The Taming of the Shrew. I.ii.198-208

she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
The Taming of the Shrew. III.ii.153

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

The Taming of the Shrew. . IV.ii.41-42

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

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. I.ii.23-24

What a 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.'

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. I.ii.53-56

LAVINIA: No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!

Titus Andronicus. II.iii.182-83

Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
[From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.]
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself
And where we are our learning likewise is:
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practicers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valor, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,

For charity itself fulfills the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
Love's Labor's Lost. IV.iii.286-360

A woman, naturally born to fears
King John. III.i.15

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
Richard II. V.ii.90-91

DUKE OF YORK: Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
DUCHESS OF YORK: Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
Richard II. V.ii.101-04

One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I
am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.
Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair,
or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good
discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God.
Much Ado About Nothing. II.iii.24-32

wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood
hath the victory.
Much Ado About Nothing. II.i.154-56

O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her
child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!
As You Like It. IV.i.159-62

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.
Twelfth Night. I.v.189-91

How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
Twelfth Night. II.ii.28-31

I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she
carves, she gives the leer of invitation.
Merry Wives of Windsor. I.iii.38-40

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Hamlet. I.ii.146

HAMLET: Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA: 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET: As woman's love.

Hamlet. III.ii.136-38

But more in Troilus thousandfold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.

Troilus and Cressida. I.ii.270-79

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

Troilus and Cressida. V.ii.105-08

You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Othello. II.i.115

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Macbeth. I.v.38-52

Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman.

King Lear. III.iv.90-91

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

King Lear. IV.ii.60-61

Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

King Lear. IV.vi.117-30

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

King Lear. V.iii.273-74

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd vestal.

Antony & Cleopatra. III.xii.27-31

Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd.

Cymbeline. II.v.1-5

O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?

Cymbeline. V.v.46-47

Our praises are our wages

The Winter's Tale. I.ii.94

Words—Interesting

intermissive miseries

Henry VI, Part One. I.i.88

otherwhiles

Henry VI, Part One. I.ii.7

it disanimates his enemies

Henry VI, Part One. III.i.182

endamage

King John. II.i.209

endart

Romeo & Juliet. I.iii.98

partialize

Richard II. I.i.120

discomfortable

Richard II. III.ii.36

Lies crafty-sick

Henry IV, Part Two. I.intro.37

the saltness of time

Henry IV, Part Two. I.ii.93

congregated

Henry V. V.ii.31

transshape

Much Ado About Nothing. V.i.164

non-regardance

Twelfth Night. V.i.115

The princes orgulous

Troilus and Cressida. . Prologue.2

this cormorant war

Troilus and Cressida. II.ii.6

there's no maculation in thy heart

Troilus and Cressida. IV.iv.63

Do but encave yourself

*Othello.*IV.i.81

an auricular assurance

King Lear. I.ii.89

Sir, I hope

My words disbench'd you not.

Coriolanus. II.ii.68-69

I will unbolt to you.

Timon of Athens. I.i.51

Celestial Dian, goddess argentine.

Pericles. V.i.251

In feathered briefness

Pericles. V.ii.15

Jupiter[Jove]: Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth

Cymbeline. V.iv.105

Aphorisms, clichés begun, misc. famous quotes

thou wolf in sheep's array

Henry VI, Part One. I.ii.55

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Henry VI, Part Two. IV.ii.68

dead as a doornail

Henry VI, Part Two. IV.x.38

in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason

Comedy of Errors. II.ii.48

There's small choice in rotten apples.

The Taming of the Shrew. I.i.132

Where two raging fires meet together

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

The Taming of the Shrew. II.i.132-33

To make a virtue of necessity

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. IV.i.62

All the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Titus Andronicus. IV.ii.101-02

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Richard III. I.iii.70-71

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Richard III. V.iv.7

Young blood doth not obey an old decree
Love's Labor's Lost. IV.iii.212

We cannot cross the cause why we were born
Love's Labor's Lost. IV.iii.213

A light heart lives long.
Love's Labor's Lost. V.ii.18

the apple of her eye
Love's Labor's Lost. V.ii.476

That sport best pleases that doth least know how.
Love's Labor's Lost. V.ii.514

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it:
Love's Labor's Lost. V.iii.851-53

now my soul hath elbow-room
King John. V.vii.28

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Romeo & Juliet. II.iii.15-18

they stumble that run fast.
Romeo & Juliet. II.iii.94

if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise
Romeo & Juliet. II.iv.156

nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Romeo & Juliet. IV.v.83

Lions make leopards tame.

Richard II. I.i.174

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

Richard II. I.iii.236

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Richard II. I.iii.274-75

but whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.

Richard II. V.v.38-41

pride must have a fall

Richard II. V.v.88

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.

Merchant of Venice. I.ii.12-13

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Merchant of Venice. II.ii.70

If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh

Merchant of Venice. I.iii.142-46

All that glitters is not gold

Merchant of Venice. II.vii.65

To offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Merchant of Venice. II.ix.60-61

the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children

Merchant of Venice. III.v.1-2 (See Ex.20:5;34:7;Num.14-18;Deut.5:9)

He is well paid that is well satisfied;
Merchant of Venice. IV.i.413

He will give the devil his due.
Henry IV, Part One. I.ii.112

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work
Henry IV, Part One. I.ii.192-93

a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!
Henry IV, Part One. II.ii.25-26

to dog his heels
Henry IV, Part One. III.ii.127

The better part of valor is discretion;
Henry IV, Part One. V.iv.118

He hath eaten me out of house and home
Henry IV, Part Two. II.i.70

MOWBRAY: Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
WESTMORELAND: That argues but the shame of your offense:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.i.159-61

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds.
Henry IV, Part Two. IV.iv.54

FALSTAFF: What, is the old king dead?
PISTOL: As nail in door
Henry IV, Part Two. V.iii.118-19

'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
Henry V. I.ii.272-73

God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
Henry V. IV.i.3-5

then shall our names.
Familiar in his mouth as household words
Henry V. IV.iii.51-52

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
Henry V. IV.iii.93-94

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.
Julius Caesar. I.ii.139-41

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Julius Caesar. II.ii.13

This was the most unkindest cut of all.
Julius Caesar. III.ii.183

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
Julius Caesar. IV.iii.218-21

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Much Ado About Nothing. I.i.284-85

fear and trembling
Much Ado About Nothing. II.iii.180

Everyone can master a grief but he that has it.
Much Ado About Nothing. III.ii.25

An' two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.
Much Ado About Nothing. III.v.35-36

what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.
Much Ado About Nothing. IV.i.216-20

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

ORLANDO: Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
As You Like It. III.ii.373-75

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.
Twelfth Night. I.v.18

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Twelfth Night. II.iii.105-06

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.
Twelfth Night. II.v.132-34

I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:
Merry Wives of Windsor. I.i.224

O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!
Merry Wives of Windsor. III.iv.32-33

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
Hamlet. I.i.112

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Hamlet. I.iii.58-80

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hamlet. I.iv.90

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Hamlet. I.v.164-65

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.

Hamlet. II.ii.201

there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so

Hamlet. II.ii.243-44

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown.

Hamlet. III.i.146

HAMLET: Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Hamlet. III.ii.213-14

I must be cruel only to be kind.

Hamlet. III.iv.182

Sweets to the sweet.

Hamlet. V.i.219

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Hamlet. V.i.270

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet. V.ii.10-11

We defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

Hamlet. V.ii.199-202

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Troilus and Cressida. I.i.14-15

'tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god

Troilus and Cressida. II.ii.56-57

Fears make devils of cherubims

Troilus and Cressida. III.ii.64

The present eye praises the present object.

Troilus and Cressida. III.iii.179

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

Troilus and Cressida. III.iii.229

COUNTESS: Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!

All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.56-65

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love.

All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.87-88

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven

All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.208-09

Strange is it that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty.

All's Well That Ends Well. II.iii.117-20

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.iii.66-69

All's well that ends well.

All's Well That Ends Well. IV.iv.35

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

Othello. I.i.64

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Othello. II.iii.353

O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Othello. IV.i.237-39

then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Othello. V.ii.344-45

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
Macbeth. I.i.11-12

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Macbeth. IV.iii.22

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.
Macbeth. III.iv.121

LADY MACBETH: Out, damned spot! out, I say!
Macbeth. V.i.34

Nothing will come of nothing.
King Lear. I.i.90

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
King Lear. II.iv.45

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods.
They kill us for their sport.
King Lear. IV.i.36-37

When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.
Antony & Cleopatra. III.xiii.199-200

Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating.
Coriolanus. IV.i.2-7

The passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care

Pericles. I.ii.11-13

the game is up

Cymbeline. III.iii.107

ARVIRAGUS: [To IMOGEN] Brother, stay here
Are we not brothers?

IMOGEN: So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.

Cymbeline. IV.ii.2-5

I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable.

Cymbeline. IV.ii.11-13

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Cymbeline. IV.252-53

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

Cymbeline. IV.iii.46

I am a feather for each wind that blows.

The Winter's Tale. II.iii.153

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

The Tempest. I.ii.400-02

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

The Tempest. II.ii.38-39

Misc.

I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,

Comedy of Errors. I.ii.35-36

He kills her in her own humor.

The Taming of the Shrew. IV.i.168

living dully sluggardized at home

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. I.i.7

These follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an
urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. II.i.36-39

Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. III.i.156

Thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. IV.iv.89-90

Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound.

Titus Andronicus. II.iii.262

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

King John. III.iv.108-12

Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry.

Richard II. II.ii.145-46

FALSTAFF: Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-
compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I
invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in
other men.

Henry IV, Part Two. I.ii.6-10

I muse you make so slight a question.

Henry IV, Part Two. IV.i.167

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-
comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene
individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For
the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Hamlet. II.ii.372-78

COUNTESS: What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

LAFEU: He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath
persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only
the losing of hope by time.

All's Well That Ends Well. I.i.11-15

Our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past,

Antony & Cleopatra. I.ii.181-83

Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty.

Cymbeline. I.i.109-11

Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Cymbeline. III.v.38-41

I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Cymbeline. IV.ii.198-201