1. A Midsummer Night’s Dream Act I, sc. 1 (line 93 – intercut LYSANDER
2. A Midsummer Night's Dream Act IV, sc. 1(prose) BOTTOM
3. A Midsummer Night's Dream Act V, sc. 1 FLUTE
4. Cymbeline Act III, sc. 2 (line 1) PISANIO
5. Henry VI Part II Act V Scene ii Young CLIFFORD
6. Julius Caesar Act I, sc. 2 (line 271) CASSIUS
7. Julius Caesar Act II, sc. 1 (line 10) BRUTUS
8. Loves Labours Lost Act III, sc. 1 (line 173) BEROWNE
9. Merchant of Venice Act III, sc. 1 (line 53 - Prose) SHYLOCK
10. Much Ado About Nothing Act II, sc. 1 (line 239 - Prose) BENEDICK
11. Much Ado About Nothing Act IV, sc. 1 (lines 48-54 & 100-109) CLAUDIO
12. Much Ado About Nothing Act IV, sc. 2 (line 74 - Prose) DOGBERRY
13. Much Ado About Nothing Act II, sc. 3 (line 220 - Prose) BENEDICK
14. Pericles Act I, sc. 1 (line 121) PERICLES
15. Richard III Act IV, sc. 6 (line 302) RICHARD
16. Taming of the Shrew Act II, sc. 1 (line 304) PETRUCHIO
17. Taming of the Shrew Act IV, sc. 3 (line 163) PETRUCHIO
18. The Comedy of Errors Act III, sc. 2 (line 24) ANTIPHOLUS
19. Titus Andronicus Act V Scene 1 AARON
20. Twelfth Night Act II, sc. 5 (line 74 - Prose) MALVOLIO
21. Winter’s Tale Act I, sc. 2 (line 295) CAMILLO

**A Midsummer Night’s Dream**

**Act I, sc. 1 (line 93 - intercut)**

**LYSANDER**

You have her father's love, Demetrius;

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

***~~EGEUS~~***

*~~Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, And what is mine my love shall render him. And she is mine, and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.~~*

**LYSANDER**

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,

As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd, If not with vantage, as Demetrius';

And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**

**Act IV, sc. 1**

**BOTTOM (prose)**

*[Awaking]* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair

Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker!

Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision.

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he

go about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what.

Methought I was,.and methought I had,.but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to

say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,

man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my

dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called

Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play,

before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**

**Act V, sc. 1**

**FLUTE**

*[as Thisbe]*

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These My lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan:

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

*[Stabs herself]*

And, farewell, friends;

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*[Dies]*

**Henry VI Part II**

**Act V Scene ii**

**Young Clifford**

O, let the vile world end,

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight

My heart is stone: York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,

And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

**Cymbeline**

**Act III, sc. 2 (line 1)**

**PISANIO**

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,

O master! what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,

As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal!

No: She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue. O my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low as were

Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love and truth and vows which I

Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity

so much as this fact comes to?

**Loves Labours Lost**

**Act III, sc. 1 (line 173)**

**BEROWNE**

And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy;

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting 'paritors:--O my little heart:--

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:

Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

**Pericles**

**Act I, sc. 1 (line 121)**

**PERICLES**

If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain you were not so bad

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where now you're both a father and a son,

By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;

And she an eater of her mother's flesh,

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,

Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;

Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:

Poison and treason are the hands of sin,

Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:

Then, lest my lie be cropp'd to keep you clear,

By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

***The Comedy of Errors***

**Act III, sc. 2 (line 24)**

**ANTIPHOLUS**

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe

Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:

Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,

And in that glorious supposition think

He gains by death that hath such means to die:

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

**The Merchant of Venice**

**Act III, sc. 1 (line 53 - Prose)**

**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.

**The Winter’s Tale**

**Act I, sc. 2 (line 295)**

**CAMILLO**

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Among the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful

To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

Where of the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty

Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,

Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By its own visage: if I then deny it,

'Tis none of mine.

**Titus Andronicus**

**Act V Scene 1**

**Aaron**

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

 **Richard III**

**Act IV, sc. 6 (line 302)**

**Richard**

Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I’ll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of an one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

**Julius Caesar**

**Act I, sc. 2 (line 271)**

**CASSIUS**

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And after this let Caesar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

**Julius Caesar**

**Act II, sc. 1 (line 10)**

**BRUTUS**

It must be by his death: and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?--that;--

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend.

**Much Ado About Nothing**

**Act IV, sc. 2 (line 74 - Prose)**

**DOGBERRY**

Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to

write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written

down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be

proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer,

and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is

in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a

fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about

him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass!

**Much Ado About Nothing**

**Act IV, sc. 1 (lines 48-54 & 100-109)**

**CLAUDIO**

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed

About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

Thou pure impiety and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

**Much Ado About Nothing**

**Act II, sc. 3 (line 220 - Prose)**

**BENEDICK**

This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from

Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me!

why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly,

if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any

sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that

hear their detractions and can put them to mending. 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. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit

broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite

alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and

sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?

No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I

should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do

spy some marks of love in her.

**Much Ado About Nothing**

**Act II, sc. 1 (line 239 - Prose)**

**BENEDICK**

O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it

would have answered her; my very visor began to assume lie and scold with her. She told

me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a

great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood

like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every

word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near

her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed

with all that Adam bad left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules

have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her:

you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would

conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a

sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all

disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

**Taming of the Shrew**

**Act IV, sc. 3 (line 163)**

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his fathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

if thou account'st it shame. lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

**Taming of the Shrew**

**Act II, sc. 1 (line 304)**

**PETRUCHIO**

Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharina shall be fine.

**Twelfth Night**

**Act II, sc. 5 (line 74 - Prose)**

**MALVOLIO**

M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow

to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. (Reads)

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of

greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust

upon 'em. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. (Reads)

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have

me.