1. A Midsummer Night’s Dream Act II, sc. 1 (line 122) TITANIA
2. A Midsummer Night’s Dream Act I, sc. 1 (line 226) HELENA
3. A Midsummer Night’s Dream Act III, sc. 2 HELENA
4. A Midsummer Night’s Dream Act III, sc. 2 Puck
5. A Midsummer Night’s Dream Act V, sc. 2 Puck
6. A Midsummer Night's Dream Act III, sc. 2 HELENA
7. All's Well That Ends Well Act III, sc. 4 COUNTESS
8. All's Well That Ends Well Act I, sc. 1 HELENA
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10. Antony and Cleopatra Act V, sc. 2 (line 49) CLEOPATRA
11. Antony and Cleopatra Act V, sc. 2 (line 279) CLEOPATRA
12. As You Like It Act III, sc. 5 PHEBE
13. As You Like It Act III, sc. 5 PHEBE
14. Coriolanus Act V, sc. 3 (line 94) VOLUMNIA
15. Henry IV part 2 Act II, sc. 1 (line 16 - Prose) MISTRESS QUICKLY
16. Henry IV, Part Two Act II, sc. 3 (line 9) LADY PERCY
17. Henry IV, Part 1 Act II, sc. 3 LADY PERCY
18. Henry IV, Part Two Act II, sc. 1 (line 39 - Prose) MISTRESS QUICKLY
19. Henry VI Part 1 Act V, sc. 4 (line 72) JOAN LA PUCELLE
20. Henry VI Part 1 Act III, sc. 3 JOAN LA PUCELLE
21. Henry VI Part 2 Act III, sc. 2 (line 73) QUEEN MARGARET
22. Henry VIII Act II, sc. 4 (line 115) QUEEN KATHERINE
23. Henry VIII Act II, sc. 4 (line 12) QUEEN KATHERINE
24. Henry VIII Act IV, sc. 2 (line 128) QUEEN KATHERINE
25. Julius Caesar Act II, sc. 1 (line 237) PORTIA
26. Julius Caesar Act II, sc. 1 PORTIA
27. King John Act III, sc. 4 CONSTANCE
28. King John Act III, sc. 4 (line 70) CONSTANCE
29. Love’s Labours Lost Act V, sc. 2 (line 788) PRINCESS
30. Love’s Labours Lost Act V, sc. 2 (line 841) ROSALIND
31. Macbeth Act V sc 3 LADY MACBETH
32. Measure For Measure Act II, sc. 4 ISABELLA
33. Measure For Measure Act V, sc. 1 (line 37 -intercut) ISABELLA
34. Much Ado About Nothing Act 4, scene 1(prose) BEATRICE
35. Othello Act IV, sc. 3 (line 85) EMILIA
36. Othello Act IV, sc. 2 (line 148) DESDEMONA
37. Richard II Act I, sc. 2 (line 9) CONSTANCE
38. Richard III Act 1 Scene 2 LADY ANNE
39. Taming of the Shrew Act IV, sc. 3 KATHERINA
40. The Merchant of Venice Act III, sc. 4 (line 57) PORTIA
41. The Tempest Act III, sc. 3 (line 69) ARIEL
42. The Winter’s Tale IV vi 130 PERDITA
43. Titus Andronicus Act I, sc. 1 (line 107) TAMORA
44. Titus Andronicus Act IV, sc. 4 (line 83) TAMORA
45. Troilus and Cressida Act III, sc. 2 (line 107) CRESSIDA
46. Twelfth Night Act II, sc. 2 VIOLA
47. Two Noble Kinsmen Act II Scene 4 DAUGHTER

**A Midsummer Night’s Dream**

**Act II, sc. 1 (line 122)**

**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**

**Act I, sc. 1 (line 226)**

**HELENA**

How happy some o'er other some can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;

He will not know what all but he do know:

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities:

Things base and vile, folding no quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity:

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;

Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:

And therefore is Love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,

So the boy Love is perjured every where:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,

He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

**A Midsummer Night’s Dream**

**Act III, sc. 2**

**Puck**

My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.

~~The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,~~

~~Who Pyramus presented, in their sport~~

~~Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake~~

When I did him at this advantage take,

An ass's nole I fixed on his head:

Anon his Thisbe must be answered,

And forth my mimic comes. ~~When they him spy,~~

~~As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,~~

~~Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,~~

~~Rising and cawing at the gun's report,~~

~~Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,~~

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;

He murder cries and help from Athens calls.

Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;

Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,

And left sweet Pyramus translated there:

When in that moment, so it came to pass,

Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

**A Midsummer Night’s Dream**

**Act V, sc. 2**

**Puck**

If we shadows have offended,

Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumber'd here

While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend:

if you pardon, we will mend:

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

We will make amends ere long;

Else the Puck a liar call;

So, good night unto you all.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends.

**A Midsummer Night’s Dream**

**Act III, sc. 2**

**HELENA**

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**

**Act III, sc. 2**

**HELENA**

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us,--O, is it all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grow together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet an union in partition;

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

**All's Well That Ends Well**

**Act I, sc. 1**

**HELENA**

O! were that all. I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one

That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

**All's Well That Ends Well**

**Act I, sc. 1**

**HELENA**

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie

Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky

Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull

Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

What power is it which mounts my love so high;

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings

To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those

That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose

What hath been cannot be: who ever strove

To show her merit, that did miss her love?

The king's disease, --my project may deceive me,

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.

**All's Well That Ends Well**

**Act III, sc. 4**

**COUNTESS**

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,

To this unworthy husband of his wife;

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth

That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger:

When haply he shall hear that she is gone,

He will return; and hope I may that she,

Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,

Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense

To make distinction. Provide this messenger.

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;

Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

**Antony and Cleopatra**

**Act V, sc. 2 (line 279)**

**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.

**Antony and Cleopatra**

**Act V, sc. 2 (line 49)**

**CLEOPATRA**

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I

Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up

And show me to the shouting varletry

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make

My country's high pyramides my gibbet,

And hang me up in chains!

**As You Like It**

**Act III, sc. 5**

**PHEBE**

I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail.st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swound; why now fall down;

Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

**As You Like It**

**Act III, sc. 5**

**PHEBE**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;

But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

Have more cause to hate him than to love him:

**Coriolanus**

**Act V, sc. 3 (line 94)**

**VOLUMNIA**

Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life

We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself

How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;

Making the mother, wife and child to see

The son, the husband and the father tearing

His country's bowels out. And to poor we

Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy; for how can we,

Alas, how can we for our country pray.

Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,

Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose

The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,

Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win:

**Henry IV part 2**

**Act II, sc. 1 (line 16 - Prose)**

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good

Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes

continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods--to buy a saddle; and he is indited to

dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that errant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

**Henry IV, Part Two**

**Act II, sc. 1 (line 39 - Prose)**

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me

upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not

goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in

to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

**Henry IV, Part Two**

**Act II, sc. 3 (line 9)**

**LADY PERCY**

O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endeared to it than now;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:

He had no legs that practised not his gait;

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;

For those that could speak low and tardily

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him:

**Henry IV, Part 1**

**Act II, sc. 3**

**LADY PERCY**

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,

And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?

~~In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,~~

~~And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;~~

~~Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;~~

~~Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd~~

~~Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,~~

~~Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,~~

~~Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,~~

~~Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,~~

~~And all the currents of a heady fight.~~

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

**Henry VI Part 1**

**Act V, sc. 4 (line 72)**

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you, that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

**Henry VI Part 1**

**Act III, sc. 3**

**JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defaced

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see the pining malady of France;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.

O, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots.

**Henry VI Part 2**

**Act III, sc. 2 (line 73)**

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends:

It may be judged I made the duke away;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

**Henry VIII**

**Act II, sc. 4 (line 115)**

**QUEEN KATHERINE**

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak

To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart

Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.

You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,

Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,

You tender more your person's honour than

Your high profession spiritual: that again

I do refuse you for my judge; and here,

Before you all, appeal unto the pope,

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,

And to be judged by him.

**Henry VIII**

**Act II, sc. 4 (line 12)**

**QUEEN KATHERINE**

Alas, sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause

Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off,

And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable;

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,

Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

As I saw it inclined: when was the hour

I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He were mine enemy? what friend of mine

That had to him derived your anger, did I

Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice

He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you:

**Henry VIII**

**Act IV, sc. 2 (line 128)**

**QUEEN KATHERINE**

My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

And now I should not lie, but will deserve

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.

The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me;

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,

And something over to remember me by:

If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,

As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

**Julius Caesar**

**Act II, sc. 1 (line 237)**

**PORTIA**

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across,

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks;

I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,

And could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

**Julius Caesar**

**Act II, sc. 1**

**PORTIA**

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.

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?

**King John**

**Act III, sc. 4 (line 70)**

**CONSTANCE**

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud

'O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!'

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

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.

But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud

And chase the native beauty from his cheek

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

**King John**

**Act III, sc. 4**

**CONSTANCE**

Thou art not holy to belie me so;

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;

For being not mad but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself:

If I were mad, I should forget my son,

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

**Love’s Labours Lost**

**Act V, sc. 2 (line 788)**

**PRINCESS**

A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in.

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:

If for my love, as there is no such cause,

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There stay until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about the annual reckoning.

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood;

If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial and last love;

Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine

I will be thine;

**Love’s Labours Lost**

**Act V, sc. 2 (line 841)**

**ROSALIND**

Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,

Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

Which you on all estates will execute

That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,

And therewithal to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won,

You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day

Visit the speechless sick and still converse

With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavor of your wit

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

**Macbeth**

**Act V sc 3**

**Lady Macbeth**

Yet here's a spot.  
Out, damned spot! out, I say!  
One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't;  
Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier and afeard?  
What need we fear who knows it,  
when none can call our power to account?  
Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?  
The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?  
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?  
No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that;  
you mar all with this starting.  
Here's the smell of the blood still:  
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.  
Oh, oh, oh!  
Wash your hands, put on your nightgown;  
look not so pale:  
To bed, to bed;  
there's knocking at the gate:  
What's done cannot be undone:  
to bed, to bed, to bed.

**Measure For Measure**

**Act II, sc. 4**

**ISABELLA**

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,

That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,

Either of condemnation or approof;

Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:

Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.

That, had he twenty heads to tender down

On twenty bloody blocks, he'ld yield them up,

Before his sister should her body stoop

To such abhorr'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:

More than our brother is our chastity.

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,

And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

**Measure For Measure**

**Act V, sc. 1 (line 37 -intercut)**

**ISABELLA**

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;

Is it not strange and strange?

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

*~~Nay, it is ten times strange.~~*

**ISABELLA**

It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange:

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

*~~Away with her! Poor soul,~~*

*~~She speaks this in the infirmity of sense~~.*

**ISABELLA**

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:

If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,

Had I more name for badness.

**The Merchant of Venice**

**Act III, sc. 4 (line 57)**

**PORTIA**

They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished

With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accoutred like young men,

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace,

And speak between the change of man and boy

With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

Into a manly stride, and speak of frays

Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love,

Which I denying, they fell sick and died;

I could not do withal; then I'll repent,

And wish for all that, that I had not killed them;

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,

That men shall swear I have discontinued school

Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,

Which I will practise.

# **Much Ado About Nothing**

**Act 4, scene 1**

**BEATRICE**

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?

O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until

they come to take hands; and then, with public

accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,

--O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

(cut)

Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony,

a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant,surely!

O that I were a man for his sake! or that I

had any friend would be a man for my sake! But

manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into

compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and

trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules

that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a

man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

**Othello**

**Act IV, sc. 2 (line 148)**

**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. I cannot say 'whore:'

It does abhor me now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

**Othello**

**Act IV, sc. 3 (line 85)**

**EMILIA**

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.

**Richard II**

**Act I, sc. 2 (line 9)**

**CONSTANCE**

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,

Or seven fair branches springing from one root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,

One flourishing branch of his most royal root,

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,

Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.

Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee

Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy father's death,

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life.

**Richard III**

**Act 1 Scene 2**

**LADY ANNE**

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

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;   
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,   
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.   
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,   
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.   
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds   
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!  
Blush, Blush, thou lump of foul deformity;   
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood   
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;   
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,   
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.   
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!   
O earth, which this blood drink'st revenge his death!

**Taming of the Shrew**

**Act IV, sc. 3**

**KATHERINA**

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty have a present aims;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oath kept waking and with brawling fed:

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

**The Tempest**

**Act III, sc. 3 (line 69)**

**ARIEL**

*ALONSO, SEBASTIAN & c. draw their swords*

You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate: the elements,

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember—

For that's my business to you--that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero;

Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,

Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have I

incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:

Lingering perdition, worse than any death

Can be at once, shall step by step attend

You and your ways;

**Titus Andronicus**

**Act IV, sc. 4 (line 83)**

**TAMORA**

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings

He can at pleasure stint their melody:

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

**Titus Andronicus**

**Act I, sc. 1 (line 107)**

**TAMORA**

Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,

A mother's tears in passion for her son:

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

O, think my son to be as dear to me!

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,

To beautify thy triumphs and return,

Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,

For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O, if to fight for king and commonweal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful:

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:

Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

**Troilus and Cressida**

**Act III, sc. 2 (line 107)**

**CRESSIDA**

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day

For many weary months.

Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever--pardon me--

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

**Twelfth Night**

**Act II, sc. 2**

**VIOLA**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this?

**Two Noble Kinsmen**

**Act II Scene 4**

Athens. A room in the prison.

(Jailer’s Daughter)

Enter Jailer’s Daughter alone.

**DAUGHTER**

Why should I love this gentleman? ’Tis odds

He never will affect me. I am base,

My father the mean keeper of his prison,

And he a prince. To marry him is hopeless;

To be his whore is witless. Out upon’t!

What pushes are we wenches driven to

When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him:

I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;

He has as much to please a woman in him

(If he please to bestow it so) as ever

These eyes yet look’d on. Next, I pitied him;

And so would any young wench o’ my conscience

That ever dream’d, or vow’d her maidenhead

To a young handsome man. Then, I lov’d him,

Extremely lov’d him, infinitely lov’d him;

And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;

But in my heart was Palamon, and there,

Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him

Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!

**The Winter’s Tale**

**IV vi 130**

**Perdita**

Out, alas!   
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January   
Would blow you through and through. 1990  
Now, my fair'st friend,   
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might   
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,   
That wear upon your virgin branches yet   
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina, 1995  
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall   
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,   
That come before the swallow dares, and take   
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,   
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 2000  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses   
That die unmarried, ere they can behold   
Bight Phoebus in his strength—a malady   
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and   
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds, 2005  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,   
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,   
To strew him o'er and o'er!