

### **All's Well that Ends Well, 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. 'Twere all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table; heart too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

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

**All's Well that Ends Well: 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  
So 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.

**Hamlet - Hamlet (Copied from Open Source Shakespeare)**

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! ah, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two.  
So excellent a king, that was to this  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month-  
Let me not think on't! Frailty, thy name is woman!-  
A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she followed my poor father's body  
Like Niobe, all tears- why she, even she  
(O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would have mourn'd longer) married with my uncle;

My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.  
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

## Henry VI p2 - Young Clifford

Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;  
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
Whom angry heavens do make their minister  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.  
He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself  
Hath not essentially but by circumstance  
The name of valour.  
[Seeing his dead father]  
O, let the vile world end,  
And the promised 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 turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. 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.  
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:  
As did AEneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then AEneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

## **Merchant of Venice - Salarino**

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,

And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought  
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?  
But tell not me; I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.



## King John - Constance

My bed was ever to thy son as true  
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey  
Than thou and John in manners; being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think  
His father never was so true begot:  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

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You have beguiled me with a counterfeit  
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,  
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league.  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!  
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

## **Midsummer - Helena**

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,

Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'd give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look, and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.