





# WIT AND WISDOM OF SHAKESPEARE

*Being a treasury of over four thousand 'gems of the purest  
and serene' collected from the complete Poetic and Dra-  
matic works of the greatest Philosopher-poet of the  
world and classified under about three hundred subjects*

B,  
N. B. Sen

**New Book Society of India**

**POST BOX No. 250, NEW DELHI**

Printed at  
The Eastern Printers, Chuna Mandi, Pahar Ganj, New Delhi



**Dedicated**  
**to**  
**the memory of**  
**Dr. SIR TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU**  
*Statesman, Scholar and Litterateur,*  
*who inspired and encouraged*  
*me in my literary career.*

*Uniform with this volume*

**Other Books Edited by N.B. Sen**

**Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi**

**Wit and Wisdom of Nehru**

**Wit and Wisdom of Tagore**

**Wit and Wisdom of India**

**Wit and Wisdom of Bacon**

**Wit and Wisdom of Napoleon**

## *Preface*

Shakespeare is primarily a Poet of Mankind. His writings have a tremendous appeal to the human mind, which he has explored deeply with a genius all his own. "Shakespeare," says Goethe, "is a great psychologist and whatever can be known of the heart of man may be found in his plays."

As a matter of fact, he had made such a perfect study of the human mind, in all its aspects, and expressed various feelings and emotions of mankind in such a sweet poetic language, that the world has stood to gaze in admiration all these years. Surely Shakespeare left the world much richer in thought than he found it.

A collection of more than four thousand inspiring thoughts of everlasting value has been made from all the Plays, Poems and Sonnets of Shakespeare and classified under about three hundred subjects of popular interest. It is hoped that such a work of reference will be found useful by scholars, students and booklovers alike.

**N. B. Sen**

***In reading Authors when you find  
Bright passages, that strike your mind,  
And which, perhaps, you may have reason  
To think on, at another season  
Be not contented with the sight,  
But take them down with black and white.  
Such a respect is wisely shown,  
As makes another's sense one's own.***

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES  
POEMS AND SONNETS

*Written by*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Quotations under each subject have been arranged in the following alphabetical order of the Plays and Poems.*

1. All's Well That Ends Well.
2. Antony and Cleopatra.
3. As You Like It.
4. Comedy of Errors.
5. Coriolanus.
6. Cymbeline.
7. Hamlet,
8. Henry IV (1st Part)
9. Henry IV (2nd Part)
10. Henry V.
11. Henry VI (1st Part).
12. Henry VI (2nd Part).
13. Henry VI (3rd Part).
14. Henry VIII.
15. Julius Caesar.
16. King John.
17. King Lear.
18. Lover's Complaint.
19. Love's Labour Lost.
20. Macbeth.
21. Measure for Measure.
22. Merchant of Venice.
23. Merry Wives of Windsor.
24. Midsummer Night's Dream.
25. Much Ado About Nothing.

26. Othello.
27. Passionate Pilgrim.
28. Pericles.
29. Phoenix and the Turtle.
30. Rape of Lucrece.
31. Richard II.
32. Richard III.
33. Romeo and Juliet.
34. Sonnets.
35. Sundry Notes of Music.
36. Taming of the Shrew.
37. Tempest.
38. Timon of Athens.
39. Titus Andronicus.
40. Troilus and Cressida.
41. Twelfth Night.
42. Two Gentlemen of Verona
43. Venus and Adonis.
44. Winter's Tale.

## C O N T E N T S

<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
Absence	..	...	...	25
Abstinence	.	..	...	25
Accent	...	...	..	25
Accident	...	..	...	26
Action	...	...	...	26
Acting	...	...	...	31
Adultery	...	...	...	32
Advantage	...	...	...	32
Adversity	...	...	..	32
Advice	..	...	...	32
Affection	...	...	...	35
Affliction	...	...	..	36
Age	.		..	36
Air	...	...	...	39
Alms	...	...	...	40
Ambition	.	.	..	40
Angel	..	...	.	41
Anger	...	...	..	42
Answer	...	..	..	44
Apparel	...	.	...	44
Appearance	...	..	..	45
Appetite	...	...	...	47
Applause	...	...	...	47
Argument	...	...	...	48
Army	...	...	...	49
Art	...	...	...	49
Authority	...	...	...	50
Authors	...	...	...	52
Beauty	...	...	...	52

<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
<b>Bed</b>	...	...	...	<b>57</b>
<b>Beggars</b>	...	...	...	<b>58</b>
<b>Behaviour</b>	...	..	...	<b>59</b>
<b>Birth</b>	..	...	...	<b>60</b>
<b>Blessing</b>	...	...	...	<b>64</b>
<b>Blood</b>	...	..	...	<b>65</b>
<b>Blushing</b>	...	...	...	<b>68</b>
<b>Body</b>	...	...	...	<b>69</b>
<b>Bondage</b>	...	...	...	<b>70</b>
<b>Books</b>	...	...	...	<b>71</b>
<b>Borrowing</b>	...	...	...	<b>72</b>
<b>Bosom</b>	...	...	...	<b>72</b>
<b>Brain</b>	...	...	...	<b>73</b>
<b>Breakfast</b>	...	...	...	<b>74</b>
<b>Breast</b>	...	...	...	<b>74</b>
<b>Brevity</b>	...	...	...	<b>75</b>
<b>Bribery</b>	...	...	...	<b>75</b>
<b>Butterfly</b>	...	...	...	<b>75</b>
<b>Calamity</b>	...	...	...	<b>76</b>
<b>Care</b>	..	...	...	<b>76</b>
<b>Caution</b>	.	...	...	<b>77</b>
<b>Celibacy</b>	..	...	...	<b>77</b>
<b>Ceremony</b>	.	...	...	<b>78</b>
<b>Character</b>	...	...	...	<b>79</b>
<b>Charity</b>	.	...	...	<b>81</b>
<b>Charm</b>	.	...	...	<b>82</b>
<b>Chastity</b>		...	...	<b>83</b>
<b>Children</b>		...	...	<b>84</b>
<b>Choice</b>	...	...	...	<b>85</b>
<b>Comfort</b>	...	...	...	<b>86</b>
<b>Commodity</b>	...	...	...	<b>87</b>
<b>Conceit</b>	...	...	...	<b>87</b>
<b>Conscience</b>	..	...	...	<b>88</b>
<b>Conspiracy</b>	...	...	...	<b>90</b>
<b>Constancy</b>	...	...	...	<b>90</b>
<b>Contempt</b>	...	..	...	<b>91</b>
<b>Content</b>	...	...	...	<b>91</b>
<b>Corruption</b>	...	...	...	<b>93</b>
<b>Courtesy</b>	...	...	...	<b>93</b>

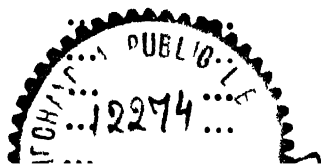


<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
Courtiers	...	...		95
Courtship		...	...	96
Cowardice	...	...	...	97
Crime	..	...	...	99
Crown		...	...	100
Cruelty		...	...	101
Curse		...	...	102
Custom	...	...	...	103
Dancing	...	...	...	104
Danger	.	...	...	104
Death	...	...	...	106
Deceit	...	...	...	112
Degree	...	...	...	114
Delay	...	...	...	115
Delights	...	...	...	116
Desire	...	...	...	116
Dew	...	...	...	117
Discontent	..	...	---	118
Discretion	...	...	...	119
Disease	...	...	...	120
Doubt	...	..	...	121
Dowry	...	...	...	121
Dream	...	..	...	121
Drink	...	..	...	123
Drinking	...	...	...	125
Duty	...	...	...	125
Economy	...	...	...	127
End	...	...	...	127
England	...	...	...	127
Enmity	...	...	...	128
Envy	...	...	...	129
Equality	...	...	..	130
Error	...	...	...	130
Evening	...	...	...	131
Evil	...	...	...	131
Excess	...	...	...	132
Excuse	...	...	...	134
Exile	...	...	...	134

<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
Experience	...	...	...	134
Eyes	...	...	...	135
Face	...	...	...	139
Faith	...	...	....	140
Falsehood	...	...	...	140
Fame	...	...	....	142
Familiarity	...	...	...	143
Fashion	...	...	...	143
Fate	...	...	...	144
Fatness	...	...	...	144
Fault	...	...	...	145
Fear	...	...	...	148
Fever	...	...	...	150
Flattery	...	...	...	151
Flowers	...	...	...	153
Folly	...	...	...	154
Fools	...	...	...	155
Force	...	...	...	157
Forgetfulness	...	...	...	158
Forgiveness	...	...	...	159
Fortitude	...	...	...	159
Fortune	...	...	...	160
Frailty	...	...	...	164
France	...	...	...	164
Friendship	...	...	...	165
Future	...	...	...	168
Gentlemen	...	...	...	169
Germany	...	...	...	171
Gifts	...	...	...	171
Glory	...	...	...	171
God	...	...	...	172
Gods	...	...	...	174
Gold	...	...	...	175
Goodwill	...	...	...	177
Government	...	...	...	177
Grace	...	...	...	178
Gratitude	...	...	...	178
Grave	...	...	...	179

<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
Greatness	...	...	...	180
Grief	.	...	...	183
Guests	...	...	...	190
Hand	...	...	...	191
Happiness	..	...	...	192
Haste	...	...	...	194
Hate	...	...	...	195
Health	...	...	...	195
Heart	..	...	...	196
Heaven	...	...	...	199
Helplessness	...	...	...	200
History	..	...	...	201
Honesty	...	...	...	201
Honour	...	...	...	203
Hope	...	...	...	206
Hospitality	...	...	...	207
Humour	...	...	...	207
Hunger	...	...	...	208
Husband	...	...	...	208
Idleness	...	...	...	210
Ignorance	...	...	...	211
Imagination	...	...	...	212
Inconstancy	...	...	...	213
India	...	...	...	213
Ingratitude	..	...	...	214
Innocence	...	...	...	217
Jealousy	...	...	...	218
Jest	...	...	...	219
Jewels	...	...	...	220
Justice	...	...	...	220
Kindness	...	...	...	222
Kings	...	...	...	222
Kisses	...	...	...	226
Knowledge	...	...	...	228
Law	...	...	...	229

<i>Subject</i>	<i>Page</i>
Lawyers	231
Lending	232
Liberty	232
Lies	233
Life	233
Limit	236
Love	236
Lovers	249
Loyalty	252
Lust	253
Madness	257
Maid	258
Manners	259
Marriage	259
Medicine	261
Memory	261
Men	262
Mercy	267
Merit	270
Mind	271
Miracles	272
Misery	273
Modesty	274
Money	274
Moon	275
Morning	276
Murder	278
Music	280
Nature	282
Necessity	285
News	286
Night	287
Oath	288
Obedience	292
Offence	293
Omission	293
Opinion	294



<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
Opportunity	..	..	...	294
Optimism	..	..	...	296
Orator	...	...	...	297
Order	...	...	...	298
Parents	..	...	...	299
Parting	.	...	...	299
Passion	..	...	...	300
Patience	..	...	...	301
Patriotism	.	...	...	303
Peace	...	...	...	305
Perseverance	...	...	...	307
Philosophy		...	...	307
Pleasure	...	...	...	307
Poetry	...	...	...	308
Poets	..	...	.	309
Poison	.	..	...	310
Policy	...	.	..	310
Poverty	...	...	...	311
Praise	...	.	..	311
Prayer			.	313
Pride	...	..	..	314
Promise	..	...	...	316
Punishment	...	...	...	316
Quarrel	...	...	...	317
Queen	...	...	...	318
Reason	...	...	...	319
Religion	...	...	...	320
Repentance	...	...	...	321
Resolution	..	...	...	322
Restraint	...	...	...	323
Revenge	...	...	...	323
Rumour	...	...	...	325
Sacrifice	...	....	...	326
Secrecy	...	...	...	326
Self-defence	...	...	...	327
Selfishness	...	...	...	327

<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
Self-knowledge	...	...	...	327
Self-love	...	...	...	328
Self-praise	...	...	...	329
Service	...	...	...	329
Sickness	...	...	...	329
Silence	...	...	...	330
Similes	...	..	...	330
Simplicity	...	...	...	336
Sin	...	...	...	337
Sincerity	...	...	...	338
Slander	...	...	...	338
Sleep	...	...	...	342
Smile	...	...	...	344
Society	...	...	...	345
Soldiers	...	....	...	345
Solitude	..	...	...	346
Soul	...	...	...	346
Speech	...	...	...	347
Sport	...	...	...	350
Star	...	...	...	350
Strength	..	...	...	351
Study	...	...	...	352
Success	...	...	...	352
Sufferance	...	...	...	353
Suicide	...	...	...	354
Suspicion	...	...	...	354
Tears	...	...	...	355
Temptation	...	...	...	358
Thought	...	...	...	359
Time	...	...	...	361
Traitors	...	...	...	364
Travel	..	...	...	365
Travellers	...	...	...	366
Treason	...	...	...	366
Trust	...	...	...	367
Truth	...	...	...	367
Unity	...	...	...	368
Use	'''	'''	...	369

*Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime.*

Shakespeare

<i>Subject</i>				<i>Page</i>
Valour	...	...	...	369
Value	...	...	...	371
Victory	...	..	...	372
Villainy	..	..	...	372
Virginity	..		.	374
Virgins		..	..	375
Virtue	.		.	376
Voice	.	.		379
Vulgarity	..		..	379
Walking	...	...	...	380
Want		..	...	380
War	...		...	380
Water	...	...	...	382
Waves	..	...	...	382
Weakness	...	...	..	382
Wealth	...	...	...	383
Weapons	...	...	...	385
Weather	...	...	.	385
Weeping	...	...	...	386
Welcome	..	...	...	386
Whispers		...	..	387
Wickedness	...	...	...	387
Widow	...	...	...	387
Wife	...	...	..	387
Wind	...	...	...	388
Wisdom	..	...	..	388
Wit	...	...	...	389
Women	...	...	...	390
Words	...	...	...	394
World	...	...	...	397
Youth	...	...	...	399
Zed	...	...	...	400



## ABSENCE

O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love.

*Sonnet xxxix.*

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !  
What old December's bareness every where !

*Sonnet xcvi.*

Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

## ABSTINENCE

Refrain to-night;

And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Abstinence engenders maladies.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power  
To qualify in others.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Or else, good nig! your vow !

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

## ACCENT

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase  
in so removed a dwelling.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

He speaks... like a soldier : do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear !

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Action and Accent did they teach him there ;  
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear.'

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

**ACCIDENT**

All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Be not with mortal accidents opprest.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

The accident which brought me to her eye  
Upon the moment did her force subdue.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 247*

O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides !

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Think no more of this night's accidents  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

**ACTION**

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie  
Which are ascribe to heaven : the fated sky  
Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

If the great gods be just, they shall assist the deeds of  
justest men.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . A lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed !

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . It is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too.  
*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.  
*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.  
*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

In action how like an angel I  
*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . With devotion's visage  
And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with  
this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of  
nature.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

An act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to  
perform.  
*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

I thank him that he cuts me from my tale.  
For I profess not talking. Only this,—  
Let each man do his best.  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

You see, my good-wench, how men of merit are sought  
after : the undeserver may sleep when the man of action is  
called on.  
*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose.  
*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Doing is activity ; and he will still be doing.  
*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

O graceless men ! they know not what they do.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

. . . . We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2*

. . . . If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-Statues only.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss :  
Is not amiss when it is truly done ;  
And being not done, where doing tends to ill.  
The truth is then most done not doing it.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Strong reasons make strong actions.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes deeds ill done.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :  
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 1,*

Away ! and glister like the god of war  
 Where he intendeth to become the field :  
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
 What ! shall they seek the lion in his den  
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?  
 O ! let it not be said.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Things without all remedy  
 Should be without regard : what's done is done.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

A deed without a name !

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Unnatural deeds  
 Do breed unnatural troubles.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Put not yourself into amazement how these things should  
 be ; all difficulties are but easy when they are known.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Make not impossible  
 That which but seems unlike.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

How far that little candle throws his beams !  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Do not fret yourself too much in the action.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

O ! what men dare do ! what men may do !  
 What men daily do, not knowing what they do !

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

If such actions may have passage free,  
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Moving accidents by flood and field.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O you powers !  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 908.*

Talkers are no good doers.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,  
The most arch act of pitcous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance.

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Let my decds be witness of my worth.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . How can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action ?

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Joy's soul lies in the doing.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Checks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infact the sound pine and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Esteem no act but that of hand.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters ?

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . O heavens ! what some men do,  
While some men leave to do.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . One good deed dying tongueless  
Slaugeter a thousand waiting upon that.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . If powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do.

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## ACTING

When goodwill is show'd, though 't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy,  
history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-  
historical, . . . . Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus  
too light

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed ?  
Do you hear, let them be well used ; for they are the abstract  
and brief chronicles of the time : after your death you were  
better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

If I do not act it, hiss me.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The actors are at hand and by their show  
You shall know all that you are like to know.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

A strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Go, play, boy, play : thy mother plays, and I  
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

**ADULTERY**

Adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence!  
*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I would divorce me from my mother's womb.  
 Sepulchring an adultress.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

She's an Adultress . . . . She's an adultress ; . . . .  
 A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
 That vulgars give bold'st titles.

*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

**ADVANTAGE**

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Make use of time, let not advantage slip.

*Venus and Adonis, 1.*

**ADVERSITY**

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;  
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
 As much or more we should ourselves complain.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O hard condition !  
 Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath  
 Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
 But his own wringing.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
 For wise men say it is the wisest course.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee.

*Romco and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A man I am cross'd with adversity.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

**ADVICE**

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,



Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
 Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 And recks not his own rede.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Counsel every man,  
 The aptest way for safety and revenge.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good  
 counsellor ?

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act, 4, Sc. 2.*

Bosom up my counsel,  
 You'll find it wholesome.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1*

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
 Be sure you be not loose.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

You are a counsellor,  
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale  
 in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : . . . the best  
 of me is diligence.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

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.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Have more than thou showest,  
 Speak less than thou knowest,  
 Lend less than thou owest,  
 Ride more than thou goest,  
 Learn more than thou trowest,  
 Set less than thou throwest.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay ;  
 For when we rage, advice is often seen  
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 159.*

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Take a homely man's advice.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Good counsellors lack no clients.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Fasten your ear on my advisings.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done,  
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well' ; 'fiend' say I, 'you counsel well'.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The fiend gives the more friendly counsel.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. .2.*

. . . . I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in sieve : give not me counsel ;  
Nor let no comfortor delight mine ear  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor ?

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

This advice is free I give and honest,  
Probal to thinking.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Scorning advice, read the conclusion then.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Thou art a grave and noble counsellor.

*Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 244.*

Direct not him whose way himself will choose ;  
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

All too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

My counsel is my shield.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Good counsel, marry : learn it, learn it.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

He, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say how true.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

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

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young not yet unwed.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 93.*

You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements  
to silence . . . use your authority ; if you cannot, give thanks  
you have lived so long.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

O ! that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

How shall I dote on her with more advice, ^  
That thus without advice begin to love her !

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 640.*

Cast your good counsels upon his passions.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## AFFECTION

My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of  
Portugal.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Out, affection !  
All bond and privilege of nature, break !

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

O, with what wings shall his affection fly  
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay !

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;  
Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,  
Cannot contain their urine ; for affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes or loathes.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;  
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
 The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 271.*

Nothing can affection's course control,  
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 500.*

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;  
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

*Venus and Adonis, 1.*

Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,  
 But then woos best when most his choice is forward.

*Venus and Adonis, 1.*

Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre :  
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
 Communicatest with dreams.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## AFFLICTION

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I think affliction may subduc the cheek,  
 But not take in the mind.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

This affliction has a taste as sweet  
 As any cordial comfort.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## AGE

On us both did haggish age steal on.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
 It does from childishness.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

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 and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

~~It~~ **T** is better playing with a lion's whelp  
 Than with an old one dying.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11*

“Second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shrank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows  
bald by nature.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

An old man twice a boy.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

An old man is twice a child.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent ;  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,  
And pithless arms; like to a wither'd vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

O ! let us have him, for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter  
to the best of our times ; keeps our fortunes from us till our  
oldness cannot relish them.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

*King Lear Act 1, Sc. 5.*

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency  
lives longer.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Old folks, you know, have discretion as they say, and  
know the world.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

When the age is in, the wit is out.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

I am declined into the vale of years.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care :  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame ;  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore thee.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 157.*

Why art thou old and yet not wise ?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1550.*

Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 275.*

The aged man that coffers-up his gold  
Is plagu'd with cramps and goutts and painful fits ;  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 855.*

And let them die that age and sullens have ;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,

Such seems your beauty still.

*Sonnet, CIV.*

And age in love loves not to have years told.

*Sonnet CXXXVIII.*

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measured or confined.

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary ;  
Their blood is cak'd, 't seldom flows ;  
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind ;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Prerogative of age !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## AIR

The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels officed all.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad  
so wholesome as that you vent.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Welcome, then,  
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !  
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

The climate's delicate, the air most sweet.

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## ALMS

That base wretch,  
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Content your lord, who hath received you  
At fortune's alms.

*King Lear, Act 4 Sc. 1.*

So shall I clothe me in a forced content,  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
And time to see one that by alms doth live.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 985.*

## AMBITION

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.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

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

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

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

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act. 3, Sc. 1.*

Fie on ambition !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 10.*

. . . . Fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,



The image of his maker, hope to win by 't ?

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . But 't is 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  
But which he did ascend.

*Julius Caesar, Act. 2, Sc. 1.*

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

As he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up  
Thine own life's means.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . . I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

. . . . . O ! now, for ever  
Farewell the tranqu' mind ; farewell content !  
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue !

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . The task he undertakes  
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;  
And for they cannot, die in their pride.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## ANGEL

An angel ! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon !

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

A ministering angel shall my sister be.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Now, good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings !

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn ;  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

If the angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Good angels guard the from the boar's annoy !  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still :  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

*Sonnet CXLIV.*

## ANGER

Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten  
thy trial.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . To be furious  
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

Never anger made good guard for itself.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;  
One time will owe another.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to's heels.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1,*

Anger 's my meat ; I sup upon myself,  
And so 'ha'l starve with feeding.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way.  
Self-mettle tires him.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun  
By voilent swiftness that which we run at,  
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it ?

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . You are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Anger hath a privilege.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Wrath, which men may blame but not control.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Angering itself and others.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Men in rage strike those that wish them best.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Put not another sin upon my head  
By urging me to fury.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

A little pot and soon hot.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . To be in anger is impiety ;  
But who is man that is not angry ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

**ANSWER**

Answer me in one word.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

You are full of pretty answers.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

**APPAREL**

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted :  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;  
Be secret-false.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

All hoods make not monks.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

O ! 't is the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In princely guards.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

I see the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

... And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :  
For 't is 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 feathers are more beautiful ?  
Or is the adder better than the eel  
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## APPEARANCE

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a commandin't ; though thy tackl's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes,  
But bear it as our Roman actors do  
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Thy outside looks so fair and warlike.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

One by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.

*Lover's Complaint, 1.*

... There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell,  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

O ! what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2,*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

All that glitters is not gold ;  
Gilded tombs do worms unfold.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

So may the outward shows be least themselves :  
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . In religion,  
What demand error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ;  
And these assume but valour's excrement  
To render them redoubted !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Ornament is but the gilded shore  
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

They have a good cover ; they show well outward.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

God defend the lute should be like the case !

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1*

When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Men should be what they seem ;  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1252.*

O ! let my looks be then the eloquence  
 And dumb presages of my speaking breast.

*Sonnet XXIII*

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they must do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.

*Sonnet XCIV*

## APPETITE

She would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Who riseth from a feast  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc.6.*

Doth not the appetite alter ? a man loves the meat in his  
 youth that he cannot endure in his age.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

To make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge.

*Sonnet CXVIII*

Appetite, an universal wolf, . . .  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And last eat up himself.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act, 1, Sc. 3.*

## APPLAUSE

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
 That should applaud again

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Hearing applause and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

This general applause and loving shout  
 Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

How his silence drinks up this applause !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

**ARGUMENT**

'Tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

It was much like an argument that fell out last night where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

If arguing make us sweat.

The proof of it will turn to redder drops,

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments ?

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

For me I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1021*

How can my Muse want subject to invent.  
Whilst thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?

*Sonnet XXXVIII*

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you ;  
And you and love are still my argument.

*Sonnet IXXVI*

The argument all bare is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside !

*Sonnet CIII.*

It may prove an argument of laughter.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 3.*



I cannot fight upon this argument ;  
It is too starved a subject for my sword.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

All the argument is cuckold and a whore ; a good quarrel  
to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## ARMY

For lo ! within a ken our army lies,  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

My lord, our army is dispersed already :  
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses  
East west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up  
Each hurried toward his home and sporting-place.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

From camp to camp through the foul womb of night  
The hum of either army stilly sounds . . .  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.

*Henry V, Act 4, Prologue.*

His army is a ragged multitude  
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

With a puissant and a mighty power  
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns  
Is marching hitherward in proud array.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 9.*

## ART

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
But thou art all my art and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

*Sonnet IXXVIII, 1.*

I must obey : his art is of such power.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

**AUTHORITY**

There is no fettering of authority.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Authority melts from me.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 13.*

They do prank them in authority  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

. . . . By Jove himself !  
It makes the consuls base ; and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take  
The one by the other.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place :  
So in the world ; 't is furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,  
And the creature run from the cur,  
There thou might'st behold the great image of authority ;  
A dog 's obeyed in office.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc.6.*

Thus can the demi-god Authority  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,  
The words of heaven ; on whom it will, it will ;  
On whom it will not, so : yet still 't is just

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder.  
Merciful heaven !  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle ; but man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep ; who with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . 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.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . . O place ! O form !  
How oft dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming !

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;  
More nor less to cithers paying  
Than by self offences weighing.  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own living.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Hence hath offence his quick celerity  
When it is borne in high authority.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

O ! what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by  
the nose with gold.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

AUTHORS

. . . . I'll never  
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,  
 As if a man were author of himself  
 And knew no other kin.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Thou sett'st me free,  
 And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee ;  
 He was the author, thou the instrument.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Where is any author in the world  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

For men's sake, the authors of these women,  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

O thou, the earthly author of my blood !

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

I will be proud, I will read politic authors.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

BEAUTY

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Let there be no honour  
 Where there is beauty ; truth where semblance ; love  
 Where there's another man.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Mine eyes  
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

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

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from  
 what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate  
 beauty into his likeness.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
 Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . Proud Frenchwoman

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;  
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled  
That they have caught the king.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . Will you have her ?  
She is herself a dowry.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thou art fair and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast  
And with the half-blown rose.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

My beauty though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow,  
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true :  
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous;  
truer than truth itself

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Beauty doth vanish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
O ! 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night ;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good :  
the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in good-  
ness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep  
the body of it ever fair.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight ;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

She exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth  
the last of December.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1. Sc. 1.*

. . . . . Beauty is a witch  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

She never yet was foolish that was fair.  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir . . . .  
She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;  
A shining glass that vadeth suddenly :  
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud ;  
A brittle glass that is broken presently :  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 169.*

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,  
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 175.*

Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

*Rape Lucrece, Line 27.*

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator ;  
What needeth then apologies be made  
To set forth which is so singular?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 29,*

When virtue bragg'd beauty would blush for shame  
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 54.*

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;  
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red.  
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild  
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;  
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
 When shame assail'd, and red should fence the white.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 57.*

All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 268.*

Desire my piot is, beauty my prize ;  
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 279.*

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 496.*

Fairer than tongue can name thee.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun,  
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world began.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Her beauty makes  
 The vault a fasting presence full of light.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

O ! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.  
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,  
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die.

*Sonnet 1.*

Beauty effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was ;  
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
 Leese but their show ; their substance still lives sweet.

*Sonnet V.*

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

*Sonnet IX.*

Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed.

*Sonnet XI.*

O ! How much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give.

*Sonnet LIV.*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

*Sonnet LXV.*

The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

*Sonnet LXX.*

I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O ! that her hand.  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To other's eyes.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Beauty's a flower.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Let her beauty be her wedding-dower.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Is she kind as she is fair ?  
For beauty lives with kindness ;  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness ;  
And, being help'd inhabits there.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 3.*



Beauty within itself should not be wasted :  
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 130.*

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
 Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 575.*

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 1019.*

## BED

. . . . In your bed  
 Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed.  
 Remain there but an hour

*All's Well That Ends Well Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The bed's in the east are soft.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
 So sweet a bedfellow ?

*Henry VIII, Act, 2, Sc. 2.*

If not the face of men,  
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 And every man hence to his idle bed.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

There's millions now alive  
 That nightly lie in those unproper beds  
 Which they dare swear peculiar.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes hither frame,  
 To seek her as a bedfellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow.

*Pericles, Act 1.*

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired.

*Sonnet XXVII, Sc. 1.*

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
 Whither away, or where is thy abode ?  
 Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
 Happier the man, whose favourable stars,  
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, . . .  
 To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early : so  
 that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

**BEGGARS**

I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will  
 not become me.

*As You Like It, Epilogue, Line 11.*

Falsehood is worse in kings than beggars.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Beggars mounted run their horses to death.

*Henry VI (3rd Part) Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . A beggar's book  
 Outworts a noble's blood.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Like a poor beggar, rail<sup>1</sup>eth on the rich.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
 And say there is no sin but to be rich ;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
 To say there is no vice but beggary.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Our basest beggars  
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ?

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Speak with me, pity me, open the door :  
 A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Like silly beggars  
 Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
 That many have and others must sit there :  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

A begging prince what beggar pities not !

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,  
they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## BEHAVIOUR

. . . . Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

If thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good  
manners, then thy manner must be wicked ; and wickedness is  
sin, and sin is damnation.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Those that are good manners at the court are as ridicul-  
ous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most  
mockable at the court.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whip-  
ping ? Use them after your own honour and dignity ; the less  
they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and  
admiration.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . If I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman betters than ambition ;  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Our country manners give our betters way.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

When we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own  
behaviour,

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2,*

I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve him truly that will put me in trust ; to love him that is honest ; to converse with him that is wise, and says little ; to fear judgment ; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Showing fair nature is both kind and tame.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 311.*

I will teach the children their behaviours.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 4, Sc. 4,*

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

## BIRTH

You were born under a charitable star.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1,*

I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 6.*

. . . 'T is better to be lowly born.

And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in glistering grief

And wear a golden sorrow.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6,*

Every man with his effects is born,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The world must be peopled.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I was not born under a rhyming planet.

*Much Ado About Nothing Act 5, Sc. 2.*

At their births good stars were opposite.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory :

But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
 Making a famine where abundance lies,  
 Thyself thy foe to thy sweet self too cruel.  
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
 Within thine own buduriest thy content  
 And tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
 To eat the world's due by the grave and thee.

*Sonnet I.*

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow  
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :  
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
 To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise—  
 How much more praise descend thy beauty's use,  
 If thou could'st answer This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine—  
 This were to be new made when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold

*Sonnet II.*

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest ,  
 Now is the time that face should form another ,  
 Whose fresh repair it now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair whose, unear'd womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love to stop posterity ?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime ,  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time,  
 But if thou live, rememb'rd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

*Sonnet III.*

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
 And being frank, she lends to those are free :  
 Then beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give ?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use

So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone.  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive :  
 Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?  
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives the executor to be.

*Sonnet IV.*

Then let not winter's wraged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
 Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure; ere it be self-kill'd.  
 That use is not forbidden usury,  
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee ;  
 Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,  
 Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

*Sonnet VI.*

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight.  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
 And having cilm'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;  
 But when from highmost pitch, with weary car  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way :  
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

*Sonnet VII.*

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering :  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,

Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing :  
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
 Sings this to thee : 'Thou single wilt prove none'.

*Sonnet VIII.*

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?  
 Ah ! if thou issuesh shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife ;  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep  
 By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind,  
 Look ! what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it ;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end :  
 And, kept unus'd the user so destroys it.  
 No love toward others in that bosom sits  
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

*Sonnet IX*

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish :  
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more ;  
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish :  
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die,

*Sonnet XI.*

O ! that you were yourself ; but, love you are  
 No longer yours than you yourself here live :  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give :  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
 Find no determination ; then you were  
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?  
 O ! none but unthrifths. Dear my love you know  
 You had a father : let your son say so.

*Sonnet XIII.*

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
 If you will lead these graces to the grave  
 And leave the world no copy.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;  
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :  
 Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;  
 Thou wast begot ; to get it is thy duty.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 163.*

Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,  
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thine may live when thou thyself art dead ;  
 And so inspite of death thou dost survive,  
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 169.*

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
 Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
 And baren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
 Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night  
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 751.*

What is thy body but a swallowing grave.  
 Seeming to bury that posterity  
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?  
 If so the world will hold thee in disdain,  
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 757.*

## BLESSING

Let all the number of the stars give light  
 To thy fair way !

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Flow, flow  
 You heavenly blessings, on her !

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

The benediction of these covering heavens  
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy  
 To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

A double blessing is a double grace.

*Hamlet. Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Blessings on him : may he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 1.*



The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !

*Henry VIII, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Upon this land a thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness.

*Henry VIII, Act. 5, Sc. 5.*

Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking !

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc 4.*

The best of happiness,  
Honour and fortunes keep with you !

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

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

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## BLOOD

Does it curd thy blood  
To say I am thy mother ?

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Strange is it that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction yet stand off  
In differences so mighty.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

From face to foot  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was timed with dying cries.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

For my country I have shed my blood,  
Nor fearing outward force.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The blood he hath lost—  
Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country.

*Coriolanus Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I do know  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Head to foot  
Now is he total gules ; horridly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

At your age  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, its humble,  
And waits upon the judgment.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

They never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some  
of the king's blood spilt.'

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Can sodden water . . . .  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty ?

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :  
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 6.*

In that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mounting spirit, and there died.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows ;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Young blood doth not obey on old decree.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

They say, blood will have blood :  
 Stones have been known to move and trees to speak ;  
 Augurs and understood relations have  
 By maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
 The secret'st man of blood.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

I am in blood  
 Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

*Macbeth Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Who would have thought the old man to have had so  
 much blood in him ?

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Blood, thou art blood . . . . .  
 Why does my blood  
 Thus muster to my heart,  
 Making both it unable for itself,  
 And dispossessing all my other parts  
 Of necessary fitness ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a  
 body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

My blood begins my safer guides to rule.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill.

*Rape of Lucrece Line 1207.*

Her blue blood changed to black in every vein.

*Rape of Lucrece Line 1454.*

Corrupted blood some water; token shows ;  
 And blood untainted still do'h red abide.

*Rape of Lucrece Line 1748.*

Thy fierce hand  
 Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc 5.*

Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,  
 That blood should sprinkle n. 'o make me grow.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood !

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

*Romeo and Juliet, Prologue, 1.*

Now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1,*

Friend or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Is your blood

So madly hot that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same ?

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

## BLUSHING

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever;

We'll ne'er come there again.'

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I will go wash,

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether I blush or no.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 9.*

Thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing ? Wherefore blush you now ? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become ! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pots' maidenhead ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush, . . .

Wert thou not shameless.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 5.*

If I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,

Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 302.*

Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Behold how like a maid she blushes here ! . . .

She knoweth the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Such war of red and white within her cheeks.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart !

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Bid the cheek be ready with a blush.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's a baby.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

## BODY

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 and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

What need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize

Among my household ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Induction, 1.*

Here I commit my body to your mercies.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Epilogue, 1.*

My body shall

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice

Entreat you to your wanted furtherance ?

Then take my soul, my body, soul and all.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

What is the body when the head is off ?

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

My little body is a weary of this great world.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I never know so young a body with so old a head.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

It were a pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Our bodies are our gardens to which our wills are gardeners.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine ?

*Rape of Lucrece Line 1163.*

Who cannot abuse a body dead ?

*Rape of Lucrece Line 1267.*

**BONDAGE**

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,  
I think, to liberty.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy to be made a queen ?  
To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression  
of aged tyranny.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage !

*Richard II, Act, 1, Sc. 3.*

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
To make a boudmaid and a slave of me.  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . And would no more endure  
This wooden slavery.  
*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.  
*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !  
*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## BOOKS

. . . . A book ? O rare one !  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers.  
*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Because they could not read, thou hast hanged them ;  
when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy  
to live.  
*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7*

. . . . A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.  
*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;  
Small have continual plodders ever won  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a  
book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink:  
his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensi-  
ble in the duller parts.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs  
and Sonnets here.  
*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.  
*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

My books and instruments shall be my company.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Knowing I lov'd my books he furnish'd me  
From my own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . There thou may'st brain him  
Having first seiz'd his books.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

## BORROWING

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another;  
for were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake  
the gods.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

## BOSOM

Stall this in your bosom.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*



I know you are of her bosom.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

He did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 127.*

You have your father's bosom there  
And speak his very heart.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 254.*

## BRAIN

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha've  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 8.*

In his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Mine Italian brain  
'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vilely.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

This brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath used to do.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Cudgel thy brains no more about it.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

My brain more busy than the labouring spider  
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

His pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,  
Doth by the idle comments that it makes  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

If a man's brains were in's heels, wer't not in danger of kibes ?  
*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

If I be served another such trick, I'll have my brains ta'en  
 out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift.  
*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants  
 matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this ?  
*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

If a man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall wear nothing  
 handsome about him.  
*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
 My soul the father.  
*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

His brain as barren as banks of Libya.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

An honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but  
 he has not so much brain as ear-wax.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## BREAKFAST

I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends.  
*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf.  
*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast.  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

## BREAST

Till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.  
*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
 For you have seen him open't.  
*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Who has a breast so pure,  
 But some uncleanly apprehensions  
 Keep leets and law-days and in session sit  
 With meditations lawful ?

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## BREVITY

. . . . Brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

*Henry IV, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold' !  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . What ! so brief ?  
'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

## BRIBERY

His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you  
if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Sir, for a quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his  
salvation.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

I cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 9.*

Shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold  
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

## BUTTERFLY

I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he  
caught it, he let it go again.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly ; yet  
your butterfly was a grub.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

**CALAMITY**

You are transported by calamity  
Thither where more attends you.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thou are wedded to calamity.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

There is no true cuckold but calamity.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

**CARE**

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night !

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;  
And after summer evermore succeeds  
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold ;  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

*Henry VI, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

'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, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee  
to kill care.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.  
My care is loss of care, by old care done ;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won :  
The cares I give I have, though given away ;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Alas, why would you heap these cares on me ?  
I am unfit for state and majesty.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

Thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up rous'd by some distemperature.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain,  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## CAUTION

In cases of defence 't is best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems ;  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you  
Fast bind, fast find ;  
A proverb never false in thrifty mind.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Pitchers have ears.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 4*

Use careful watch ; choose trusty sentinels.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

'Tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## CELIBACY

Is the single man therefore blessed ? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of bachelor.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Abstinence engenders maladies.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Midsommer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I  
should live till I were married.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?  
Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife ;  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep  
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.

*Sonnet IX.*

## CEREMONY

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What infinite heart's ease  
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy !  
And what have kings that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?  
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?  
O ceremony ! show me but thy worth :  
What is thy soul of adoration ?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men ?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery?

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O ! be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give the cure  
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation ?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?  
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it ?

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farced title running fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set  
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day after dawn,  
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
 And follows so the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour to his grave :  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

When love begins to sicken and decay ;  
 It useth an enforced ceremony.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The sauce to meat is ceremony ;  
 Meeting were bare without it.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 4*

. . . . Ceremony was but devis'd at first  
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown ;  
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## CHARACTER

He's a most notorious coward, an infinite and endless liar,  
 an hourly promise-breaker.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth :  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He is gracious, if he be observed :  
He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity :  
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well observed.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

A true knight,  
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue ;  
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd ;  
His heart and hand both open and both free ;  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows ;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.  
Nor dignifies and impair thought with breath.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 5.*



I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;  
In voices well divulged, free learn'd and valiant ;  
And in dimensions and the shape of nature  
And gracious person.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

## CHARITY

. . . . His bounty,  
There was no winter in't : an autumn 't was  
That grew the more by reaping.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Thou mak'st a testament  
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Deliver all with charity.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Be aidant and remediate  
In the good man's distress.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Charity itself fulfils the law ;  
And who can sever love from charity ?

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's  
sake.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Charity  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,  
they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

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

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Strange, unusual blood,  
 When man's worst sin is he does too much good !  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

A dying coal revives with wind.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 338.*

**CHARM**

But all the charms of love,  
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip !  
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

This grave charm . . . .  
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 12.*

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms  
 And try if they can gain your liberty.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
 Mumbling of wicked charms.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Your vessels and your spells provide,  
 Your charms and everything beside.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Never harm,  
 Nor spell nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
 Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
 Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Is there not charms  
 By which the property of youth and maidhood  
 May be abused ?

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thou hast practised on her with foul charms.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

She was a charmer, and could almost read  
 The thoughts of people.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

## CHASTITY

My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
 In me to lose.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The very ice of chastity.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Chaste as the icicle.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

As chaste as un-sunn'd snow.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

More fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and  
 less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Your daughter's chastity . . .

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
 And she alone was cold . . . I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villainous.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not  
 escape calumny.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
 He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 314.*

There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
 Shook off my sober guards and civil fears.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 297.*

If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

You must lay down the treasures of your body.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

More than our brother is our chastity.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Sonnet 4.*

Your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in  
 the cheapest country under the cope.

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays !

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Whither than new snow on a raven's back.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . And that more dear  
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
And Lust, the thief, for poorer than before.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 692.*

She will prove a . . . Roman Lucrece for her chastity.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

She is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons.  
Be prodigal.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 751.*

My past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy.

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## CHILDREN

I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue  
O' my body ; for they say barnes are blessings.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . At first the infant,  
Mewling and pucking in his nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.

*As You like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

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

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Bring forth men-children only ;  
For thy undaunted metal should compose.  
Nothing but males.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

'Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I will teach the children their behaviours.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

'Tis not good that children should know any wickedness ;  
old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say and know the  
world.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

In the child the father's image lies.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1753*

If children pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring and they none of ours.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1756.*

Unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Ah ! my tender babes.  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## CHOICE

A crown, or else a glorious tomb !  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear :  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,

That cannot tread the way out readily ;  
 So with herself she in mutiny,  
 To live or die which of the twain were better,  
 When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1149.*

There 's small choice in rotten apples.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
 Makes merit her election, and doth boil,  
 As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd  
 Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,  
 What heart receives from hence the conquering part,  
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?  
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
 In no less working than are swords and bows  
 Directive by the limbs.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

If one should be a prey, how much the better  
 To fall before the licn than the wolf !

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## COMFORT

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
 But comforts we despise.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 15.*

He that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently cater's for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age !

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Thou art all the comfort  
 The gods will diet me with.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much.  
 I beg cold comfort.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

Good friend, be gone :  
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;  
 Thee they may hurt.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
 Discomfort swells.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

For trouble being gone, comfort should remain.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Comfort' in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Of comfort no man speak :  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth ;  
Let's choose executors and talk of wills :  
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

What comfort have we now ?  
By heaven, I'll hate him ever lastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth. "

*Sonnet XXXVII.*

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## COMMODITY

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity ;  
Commodity, the bias of the world ;  
The world, who of itself is poised well,  
Made to run even upon even ground.  
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :  
And this same bias, this Commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing world.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee !

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

## CONCEIT

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

I am not in the role of common men.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

There's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the theft.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

**Their conceits have wings**

Fleeter than arrows. bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.  
*Lover's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,  
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste.  
 But with a little act upon the blood,  
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.  
*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Conceit is still deriv'd  
 From some forefather grief.  
*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

They are but beggars that can count their worth.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
 To be seduced by thy flattery ?  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

**CONSCIENCE**

. . . . My conscience, thou art fetter'd  
 More than my shanks and wrists.  
*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Leave her to heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her.  
*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

. . . . The play's the thing  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.  
*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn away,  
 And lose the name of action.  
*Hamlet. Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's  
 soul is his own.  
*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*



Conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

A good conscience will make any possible satisfaction.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Epilogue 1.*

. . . . There is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Conscience, conscience ! O, 'tis a tender place.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The colour of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set .  
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
Inflame too nicely.

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The worm of conscience shall begnaw thy soul !

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

It makes a man a coward ; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him : 't is a blushing shame fast spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills a man full of obstacles ; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found ; it beggars any man that keeps it ; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means, to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Every man's conscience is a thousand men,  
To fight against this guilty homicide.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

O ! coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law !

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

*Sonnet CLI.*

I know thou art religious  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## CONSPIRACY

. . . . O conspiracy !  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free ? O' then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;  
Hide it in smiles and affability :  
For if thou path thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Security gives way to conspiracy.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## CONSTANCY

. . . . Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

As on a mountain top the cedar shows  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1,*

O constancy ! be strong upon my side.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

It is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . As mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant as earth to the centre.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Here is my hand for my true constancy !

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## CONTEMPT

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

He did solicit you in free contempt  
When he did need your loves, and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush ?

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,  
How in his suit he scorn'd you.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

## CONTENT

He that wants money, means and content, is without  
three good friends.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.

*Commedy of Errors, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

'T is good for men to love their present pains  
Upon example ; so the spirit is eased.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1,*

Ah ! what a life were this ; how sweet ! how lovely !  
 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?  
 O yes ! it doth : a thousand fold it doth.  
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;  
 Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian heads,  
 Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content ;  
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What fates impose, that man must needs abide :  
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . Our content  
 Is our best having.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . 'Tis better to be lowly born,  
 And range with humble livers in content,  
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief  
 And wear a golden sorrow.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

But, O my sweet ! what labour is 't to leave  
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,  
 Paling the place which did no form receive,  
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ?

*Iover's Complaint, Line 239.*

Nought's had, all's spent,  
 Where our desire is got without content,  
 'T is safer to be that which we destroy  
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2,*

My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

What I have I need not to repeat,  
And what I want it boots not to complain.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame  
That many have and others must sit there :  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope, being had,  
to triumph ; being lack'd, to hope.

*Sonnet LII.*

Content you in my discontent.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## CORRUPTION

Rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live !

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

My business in this state  
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
Till it ov'r-run the stew.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## COURTESY

He hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . O!  
Dissembling courtesy. How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be  
ever to pay and yet pay still.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of  
courtesy.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

The mirror of all courtesy.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite.  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as  
gentle as a lamb.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile  
Than hew to it with thy sword.

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

## COURTIERS

The art o' the court,  
As hard to leave as to keep, whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear 's as bad as falling.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

That man that sits within a monarch's heart  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack ! what mischiefs might he set abroad  
In shadow of such greatness.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

O ! how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours.  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life,  
And on the winking of authority  
To understand a law, to know the meaning,  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
Against that power that bred it.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.

*Sonnet XXV.*

Courtiers are free, as debonair, unarm'd.  
 As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :  
 But when they would seem soldiers they have galls,  
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and jove's accord,  
 Nothing so full of heart.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

**COURTSHIP**

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed :  
 maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when  
 they are wives.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Poor suitors have strong breaths.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

She's beautiful therefore to be woo'd ;  
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

*Henry VI (1st part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Who riseth from a feast  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
 Where is the horse that doth untread again  
 His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
 That he did pace them first ? All things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
 Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags ;  
 And 't is the very riches of thyself  
 That now I aim at.

*My Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd.

*Sonnet XLI.*

When a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd ?

*Sonnet XLI.*

For every day I cannot come to woo.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
 Say that she rail ; why then I'll tell her plain  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :  
 Say that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :  
 Say she be mute and will not speak a word  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :  
 If she do bid me pack ; I'll give her thanks,



As though she bid me stay by her a week :  
 If she deny to wed ; I'll crave the day  
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd :  
 She is a woman, therefore may be won.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Women are angels, wooing ;  
 Things won are done ; joy's soul lies in the doing :  
 That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this :  
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

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

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,  
 But rather to beget more love in you :  
 If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone ;  
 For why, the fools are mad if left alone.  
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;  
 For get you gone, she doth not mean, 'away' !  
 Flatter and praise, commend extol their grace ;  
 Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## COWARDICE

We'll have a swashine and a martial outside,  
 As many other mannish cowards have  
 That do outface it with their semblances

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever  
 Of hardness is mother.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;  
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

I was a coward on instinct.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too !

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

You are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this !

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

“Playing the mouse in absense of the cat.”

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten  
Runs far before them.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,  
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 5.*

So cowards fight when they can fly no further ;  
So doves do peck the falcon’s piercing talons ;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives ’gainst the officers.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn’d an open hand in sign of love.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life ; arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta’en before my face.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !  
Thou little valiant, great in villainy !  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . To be tender-minded  
Does not become a sword.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Would’st thou have that  
Which thou esteem’st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem ?

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
 Who inward search'd, have livers white as milk  
 And these assume but valour's excrement  
 To render them redoubted.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind  
 Makes speed to catch the tiger ; bootless speed.  
 When cowardice pursues and valour flies !

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Who cannot abuse a body dead ?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1267.*

That which in mean men we entitle patience  
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Wilt thou pupil-like,  
 Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
 And fawn on rage with base humility ?

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## CRIME

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
 When capital crimes clew'd swallow'd and digested,  
 Appear before us ?

*Henry V Act 2, Sc. 2.*

If you hide the crown  
 Even in your hearts, here will he rake for it.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

My lord, these faults are easy quickly answer'd ;  
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

By day and night he wrongs me ; every hour  
 He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
 That sets us all at odds.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Tremble, thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
 Unwhipp'd of justice.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Make me know  
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
 To them accordingly.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Crimes, like lands, are not inherited.

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

**CROWN**

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow ?  
Being so troublesome a bed fellow ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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 (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A crown, or else a glorious tomb !  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Fearless minds climb soonest into crowns.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
That owes two buckets filling one another ;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down unseen and full of water :  
That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;  
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The crown will find an heir : great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## CRUELTY

. . . . We  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,  
To fright the animals and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*As You Like it, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Let me be cruel, not unnatural :  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I must be cruel only to be kind.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . 'Tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

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 !

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Unkindness may do much ;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 130.*

He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 580.*

That mother tries a merciless conclusion,  
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one  
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1160.*

. . . . Do not count it holy  
To heart by being just : it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love ;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;  
For where a heart's hard they make no battery.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 425.*

## CURSE

The most infectious pestilence upon the ! . . . .  
Hence, horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head :  
Thou shall be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?  
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Thou torment'st thyself ;  
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

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

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes !  
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it !  
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Curses never pass  
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be  
 thine in great revenue !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## CUSTOM

. . . . Custom calls me to 't :  
 What custom wills, in all things should we do 't.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The breach of custom is breach of all.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . It is a custom  
 More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
 Of habits devil is angel yet in this,  
 That to the use of actions fair and good  
 He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
 That aptly is put on.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Nice customs court'sy too great kings.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . New customs,  
 Though they be never so ridiculous,  
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Think of this, good peers,  
 But as a thing of customs : 'tis no other ;  
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war,  
 My thrice-driven bed of down.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

**DANCING**

So to your pleasures :  
I am for other than for dancing measures.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

They bid us to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos ;  
Saying our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten  
our own hearts and our wives' heels.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

You and I are past our dancing days.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

**DANGER**

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat ;  
For, though I am not splentive and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wiseness fear.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple : O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

'The purpose you undertake is dangerous' ;—why, that's  
certain : 'ts dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I  
tell you, my lord fool, out of this nattle, danger, we pluck this  
flower, safety.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*



I must go and meet with danger there,  
Or it will seek me in another place  
And find me worse provided.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

'Tis true that we are in great danger ;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold the danger lurks within

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

He thinks too much—such men are dangerous.

*Julius Cæsar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . He reads much ;  
He is a great observer and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,  
. . . . 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 mov'd to smile at anything.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.

*Julius Cæsar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible ;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Julius Cæsar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Come not between the draggon and his wrath.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Before the days of change, still is it so.  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger ; as by proof we see  
The water swell before a boisterous storm.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Danger deviseth shifts,

*Venus and Adonis, Line 690.*

The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 788.*

**DEATH**

One that 's dead is quick.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us ?

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 13.*

And by the doom of death and woes and all.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 1, Sc. 1,*

Death that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie ;  
Which, being advanc'd declines, and then men die.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The sceptre learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death,  
Will seize the doctor too.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . All that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Come, let us take a muster speedily :  
Doomsday is near : die all, die merrily.

*Henry B (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

To die is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit  
of a man, who hath not the life of a man ; but to counterfeit  
dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but  
the true and perfect image of life indeed.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

And darkness be the burier of the dead !

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Then Death rock me asleep, abridge my hopeful days.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,  
For that 's the end of human misery.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Death,

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Certain, 't is certain ; very sure, very sure death as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but once ; we owe God a death.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

He that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

But now the arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourage !  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

See how the pangs of death do make him grin !  
Disturb him not ; let him pass peaceably.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Ah ! what a sign it is of evil life  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave ?

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Lo ! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood ;  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

When beggars die there are no comets seen ;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

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, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

That we shall die, we know ; 't is but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Death, death : O amiable lovely death !  
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to posterity.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

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, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;  
They kill us for their sports.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O ! Our lives' sweetness,  
That we the pain of death would hourly die  
Rather than die at once.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

There 's nothing serious in mortality,  
All is but toys.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st,  
Thy death which is no more.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Merely, thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Be absolute for death; either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . In this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension.  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Ah, 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 thoughts  
Imagine howling; 't is 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, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

O! death is a great disguiser.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Holy men at their death have good inspirations.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
That may be wish'd for.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . When I have pluck'd the rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again  
It needs must wither.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it, error.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Death may usurp on nuture many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits.

*Pericles, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

When great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death suppos'd.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 132.*

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1114.*

Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1768.*

O! but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . Within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh which walls about our life  
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus  
Comes at the last and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall; and farewell king!

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Cry woe, destruction ruin, loss, decay ;  
 The worst is death, and death will have his day.  
*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

And nothing can we call our own but death,  
 And that small model of the barren earth  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Death will have her day.  
*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw  
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,  
 To be o'erpower'd.  
*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Ah Sir ! ah sir ! well death 's the end of all.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

What less than doomsday is the prince's doom ?  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To play ashes ; the eyes' windows fall,  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

How oft when men are at the point of death  
 Have they been merry ! which their keepers call  
 A lightning before death.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell  
*Sonnet LXXI.*

Testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know.  
*Sonnet CXL.*

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image,  
*Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 1.*  
 And may not young men die as well as old ?  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He that dies pays all debts.  
*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves  
 Of their friends' gift ?  
 I should fear those that dance before me now  
 Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been done ;  
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

And why not death rather than living torment ?  
 To die is to be banish'd from myself.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 Hateful divorce of love,' thus chides she Death,  
 Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm !

*Venus and Adonis, Line 931.*

**DECEIT**

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

A crafty knave does need no broker.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit ?

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Things are often spoke and seldom meant.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Things ill got had ever bad success.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

O ! what man may within him hide,  
 Though angel on the outward side !

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*



An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villian with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart,  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament,  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text.  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4 Sc. 1.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see :  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1748.*

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shape  
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Oh ! that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate.

*Sonnet XCVI.*

Who lives that 's not depraved or depraves ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears  
And instances of infinite of love  
All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

## DEGREE

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You should mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass.  
For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd :  
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are  
Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves.  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats  
Do themselves homage.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Degree being vizarded  
The unworldest snows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre  
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 emmence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable 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 fixture !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O ! when degree is shak'd,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . 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 everything 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.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking.  
 And this neglection of degree it is  
 That by a pace goes backward, in 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.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## DELAY

When the sunshines let foolish gnats make sport,  
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . That we would do  
 We should do when we would, for this 'would' changes,  
 And hath abatements and delays as many  
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
 And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,  
 That hurts by easing.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

'T is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
Suffer them now and they 'll o'rgrow the garden,  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
Which, being suffer'd rivers cannot quench.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 8.*

The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,  
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 8.*

O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'T is like a pardon after execution :  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd mc;  
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.

*Henry VIII, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay.  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . In delay,  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

In delay there lies no plenty.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

**DELIGHTS**

Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,  
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

**DESIRE**

What our contempts do often hurl from us  
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Wishers were ever fools.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . I have

Immortal longings in me.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Your heart's desires be with you !

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb,  
And the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Can one desire too much of a good thing ?

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Most miserable

Is the desire that 's glorious.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

Every man hath business and desire.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Nought 's had, all 's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.

*Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;  
Then who fears smiling where such treasure lies ?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 279.*

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age :  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one, we gage ;  
As life for honour in fell battle's rage :  
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost,  
The death of all, and all together lost

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 141.*

. . . . My desire

More sharp than field steel, did spur me forth.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 389.*

## DEW

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Give me thy hand,  
That I may dew it with my mournful tears.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her.

*Henry VIII, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Liquid pearl.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I must go seek some dew drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowlip's ear.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## DISCONTENT

. . . . O thoughts of men accurst !  
Past and to come seems best ; things present worst.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

What 's more miserable than discontent ?

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sec. 4.*

'Tis wonderful  
What may be wrought out of our discontent,  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Happy thou art not :  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou are not certain ;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor ;  
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . It so falls out  
That 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, Act 4, Sc. 1,*

Poor and content is rich and rich enough,  
But riches humble is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
For what they have not, that which they possess  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less.  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such grief sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 134.*

In venturing ill we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect ;  
And this ambitious foul humanity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have ; so then we do not lack  
The thing we have ; and, ah, for want of wit,  
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 148.*

I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Nor I nor any man that but man is  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
With being nothing.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store.

*Sonnet CXXXV.*

. . . . Let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes.

*Ulysses Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## DISCRETION

It is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Let your own discretion be your tutor.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . , You are old ;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine ; you should be rul'd and led  
By some discretion that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

**DISEASE**

We do lance  
Diseases in our bodies .

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 1,*

O ! he 's a limb that has but a disease ;  
Mortal to cut it off ; to cure it easy.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,  
Or not at all.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Sick now ! Droop now ! this sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

We are all diseased,  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever;  
And we must bleed for it.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking,  
that I am troubled withal.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*



Where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

## DOUBT

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, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

When the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

*Measure for Measure, Act, 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . To be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolv'd.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## DOWRY

A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your king.  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich :  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

## DREAM

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

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

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Since this earth affords no joy to me  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Short as any dream.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream  
it was.....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 con-  
ceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

There are a kind of men so loose of soul  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal.

*Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

And for his dreams, I wonder he 's so simple  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy:  
Which is as thin of substances as to air,  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Dreamers often lie.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight !  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . We are such stuff.

As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Tempest. Act 4, Sc. 1.*

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !  
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Forgive me that I do not dream on thee  
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

*Twelfth Night, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

How like a dream is this I see and hear !

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Affrighted much  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys.

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

This dream of mine,—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes and weep.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## DRINK

Good wine needs no bush.

*As You Like It, Epilogue, Line 4.*

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 crudy vapours 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 valour 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 human principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine ;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

What three things does drink especially provoke ?

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to ; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine ! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O God ! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains ; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could

well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## DRINKING

I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night shall be drunk to bed.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

They have made him drink alm's-drink.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Thin drink doth so over-cool their blood . . . that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

A man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Would I were in an ale house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Give me some wine, fill full,

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

The gentleman has drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough . . . You must not think then that I am drunk.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 1.*

For God's sake, a pot of small ale . . .

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

*Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 2.*

## DUTY

My duty then shall pay me for my pains.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God, and to my gracious king.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

'T is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I owe him little duty, and less love.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak  
When power to flattery bows ?

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

My ever-esteemed duty pricks me on.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I do perceive here a divided duty.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

What poor duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Flect-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1216.*

Do thy duty, and have thy duty.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Duty never yet did want his meed.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## ECONOMY

Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

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 (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Thrift is a blessing if men steal it not.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3,*

## END

Things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

All's well that ends well : still the fine 's the crown ;

Whatever the course, the end is the renown.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 4,*

Many a man knows no end of his goods.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The sweet of industry would dry and die

But for the end it works to.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Let the end try the man.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I this infer,

That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously ;

As many arrows, loosed several ways,

Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;

As many lines close in the dial's centre ;

So many a thousand actions, cruce afoot,

End in one purpose.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

After every tempest come such calms.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

More are men's ends marked than their lives before.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The end crowns all.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

## ENGLAND

. . . . Britain is

A world by itself.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

O England ! modelled to thy inward greatness,

Like little body with a mighty heart.

*Henry V, Act 2, Chorus, Line 16.*

. . . . May he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this war-like isle !  
*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

England is safe, if true within itself.  
*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

This England never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.  
*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Not shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.  
*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.  
*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn jewry,  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world.  
*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious seige  
Of watery Neptune.  
*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

**ENMITY**

Be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use.  
*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1. Sc. 1.*

I know thou hadst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower.  
*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 2.*



Ill will never said well.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Rancour will out.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

You have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

'T is death to me to be at enmity ;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## ENVY

O ! what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O ! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through  
another man's eyes !

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I have heard you preach  
That malice was a great and grievous sin ;  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

When envy breeds unkind division,  
There comes the ruin there begins confusion.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy :  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton.  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Follow you envious courses, men of melice ;  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt  
In time will find their fit rewards.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
Dare bite the best.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.

*Julius Ceasar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . No metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness,  
Of thy sharp envy.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1,*  
Deep malice makes too deep incision.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## EQUALITY

Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike ?

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Every like is not the same.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

All men are not alike.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The self-same sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## ERROR

O hateful error, melancholy's child !  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . O error ! soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

The error of our eye directs our mind ;  
What error leads must err.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

## EVENING

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish ;  
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world  
 And mock our eyes with air ; thou hast seen these signs ;  
 They are black vesper's pageants.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 11.*

Light thickens, and the crow  
 Makes wing to the rooky wood ;  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
 While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . How still the evening is,  
 As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony !

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1226.*

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The weary sun hath made a golden set.  
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## EVIL

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

No evil lost is vail'd when it is gone.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil out.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Men's evil manners live in brass , their virtues  
 We write in water.

*Henry VIII, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The evil that men do lives after them,  
 The good is oft interred with their bones.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Before the curing of a strong disease,  
 Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension ;  
We are their parents and original.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 578.*

End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 579.*

. . . . O ! unlook'd-for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 846.*

## EXCESS

Can one desire too much of a good thing ?

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enactures with themselves destroy ;  
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

To be possessed 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, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

Allow not nature more than nature needs.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been

The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,  
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,  
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

It is dangerous to be aged in any kind of course.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Be not as extreme in submission,  
As in offence.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

As a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;  
Or as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive :  
So thou; my surfeit and my heresy,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me !

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

These violent delights have violent ends.  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume : the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness  
And in the taste confounds the appetite :  
Therefore love moderately ; long love doth so ;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Do not give dalliance too much the rein.

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Extremity of griefs would make men mad.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

## EXCUSE

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers lacking—God warn us ! matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

*Henry VI, (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

A cripple soon can find a halt.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 98.*

## EXILE

Ha ! banishment ! be merciful, say 'death' ;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death : do not say 'banishment'.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Banished is banish'd from the world.  
And the world's exile is death ; then 'banished',  
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death 'banished'.  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## EXPERIENCE

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience  
to make me sad.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Be guided by others' experiences.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :  
Experience, O, thou disprovest report.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

He is a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . To wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their school-masters.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite  
rate.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

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,

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Experience is by industry achiev'd  
And perfected by the swift course of time.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd but his judgment ripe.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

## EYES

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye :  
'T is 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 !

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Our very eyes.  
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the  
best use of eyes to see the way of blindness !

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

O Hamlet, speak no more :  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

How is 't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Go, clear thy crystals.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

There is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 1,*

A largess universal like the sun  
His liberal eye doth give to every one.

*Henry V, Act 4, Prologue.*

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace;  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
To search the secret treason of the world.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2,*

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
As I am glad I have not.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Why, this would make a man a man of salt  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

. . . . The eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection by some other things.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1,*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promathean fire.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*



Where is any author in the world

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

When ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn

Might shake of fifty, looking in her eye

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Rebuke me not for that which you provoke :

The virtue of your eye must break my oath

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?

Crystal is muddy

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Your eyes are lode-stars

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

His eyes were green as leeks,

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

O hell ! to choose love by another's eyes.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they look on

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by daylight.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

“An inviting eye.”

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Mine eyes do itch

Doth that bode weeping?

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Youngmen's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.

*Sonnet XXIV.*

Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double majesty.

*Sonnet IXXVIII.*

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poets can in praise devise

*Sonnet IXXXIII.*

If I could write the beauty of your eye  
And in fresh number all your graces,  
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'

*Sonnet XVII.*

Why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?

*Sonnet CXXI.*

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

"Most pure spirit of sense."

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Her eyes are grey as glass

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his flesh array  
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth :  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eyes

*Venus and Adonis, Line 481*

Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 140.*

## FACE

Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

His face is all bubbles, and wheels, and knobs, and flames  
o' fire, and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of  
fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

In thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth and loyalty.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instance.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

His face is the worst thing about him.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion.

*Sonnet XX.*

Believe me, sister, of all the men alive  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## FAITH

O, where is faith ? O, where is loyalty?  
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth ?

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith,  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever  
changes with the next block.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Better have none  
Than plural faith which is too much by one.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

## FALSEHOOD

The lie with circumstance; the lie direct !

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

I am falser than vows made in wine.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

I see, the jewel best enamelled  
Will lose his beauty. and though gold bides still,  
That others touch, yet often touching will  
Wear gold; and so a man that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . No wonder  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood,  
Is worse in kings than beggars.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Your bait of falsehood takes the carp of truth.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

As false as dicers' oaths.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying !

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire  
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Away, and mock the time with fairest show  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

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, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

If she be false,  
O, then heaven mocks itself !

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in

*Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify

*Sonnet CIX.*

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood ! when they've said 'as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,  
 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
 'As false as Cressid.'

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

**False**

As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false  
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that mixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Let me have no lying, it becomes none but tradesman

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3*

**FAME**

I have offended reputation,  
 A most unnoble swerving

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 9.*

Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Fame can not  
 Better be held nor more attain'd than by  
 A plice below the first for what miscaries  
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
 To the utmost of a man

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 1*

The man is noble and his fame fold in  
 This orb o' the earth

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

Would I were in an alchouse in London ! I would give all  
 my fame for a pot of ale and safety

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death,  
 When, spite of conmoiant devouring Time,  
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
 That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
 And make us heirs of all eternity

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

To much to know is to know nought but fame,  
 And every godfather can give a name.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I love the people,  
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes  
 Though it do well. I do not relish well  
 Their loud applause and Ayes vehement,  
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
 That does affect it.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 1*

Reputation is idle and most false imposition : oft got  
 whitout merit, and lost without deserving.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Who steals my purse steals trash 't is something nothing  
 't was mine, 't is 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, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation, that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Without characters, fame lives long

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He lives in fame, though uot in life.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honour rased quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

*Sonnet XXV.*

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## FAMILIARITY

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Upon familiarity will grow more contempt.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## FASHION

I do not like the fashion of your garments : you will say  
 they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,  
To change true rules for old inventions.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

**FATE**

Do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 14.*

My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

O God ! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea ! and other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Nature's hips.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What can be avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

What should be spoken here, where our fate,  
Hid in a auger-hole, may rush, and seize us ?

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O Fate ! take not away thy heavy hand,  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
That may be wished for.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

For me I am the mistress of my fate.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1069*

**FATNFSS**

He's fat, and scant of breath.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

A gross fat man, as fat as butter.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*



Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh !

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

As pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning.

*Venus and Adonis.*

## FAULT

. . . . 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, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Read not my blemishes in the world's report.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Taunt my faults

With such full licence as both truth and malice

Have power to utter.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us

Some faults to make us men.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us ?

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

The purest spring is not so free from mud.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,

Which time will bring to light.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,

Not you, correct him.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . We are all men,

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh ; few are angels.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

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, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will never be known,  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
And fears by pale white shown.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it  
Why every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

That we were all, as some would seem to be,  
From our faults, as faults from seeming free !

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Best men are moulded out of faults,  
And, for the most become much more the better,  
For being a little bad

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

His worst fault is that he is given to prayer, he is some-  
thing preevish that way but nobody but has his fault.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year !

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put  
them to mending.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Where 's that palace where into foul things  
Sometimes intrude not ?

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Who has a breast so pure  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful ?

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Guiltiness will speak  
Though tongues were out of use.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself,  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes are clear  
To stop the air would hurt them The blind mole casts  
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By man's opperession, and the poor worm doth die for 't

*Percles, Act 1, Sc. 1*

The fault unknown is as a thought unacted

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 527.*

Marks described in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 538*

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear,  
Their own transgressions partially they smother

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 633.*

O! how are they wrapp'd in with infamies  
That from their own misdeeds askeance their eyes

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 636*

Why should the worm intrude the maid in bud?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 848*

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 1*

Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth

*Sonnet XXXIII.*

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud

*Sonnet XXXV.*

All men make faults.

*Sonnet XXXV.*

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less ;  
 Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.

*Sonnet XCVI.*

Faults that are rich are fair.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,  
 What folly 't is to hazard life for ill.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . To persist  
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

There's something in me that reproves my fault ;  
 But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
 That it but mocks reproof.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . . We cite our faults,  
 That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

**FEAR**

In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . Defect of judgment  
 Is oft the cease of fears.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . Nothing routs us but  
 The villainy of our fears.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Distill'd almost to jelly with the act of fear.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

There is not such a word  
 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,  
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

True nobility is exempt from fear.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

. . . . Things done well  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Be just and fear not.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick and capable of fears ;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fear ;  
A woman, naturally born to fears.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

To alter favour ever is to fear.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

. . . . 'T is the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Hang those that talk of fear.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

That life is better life, past fearing death  
Than that which lives to fear.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

On horror's head horrors accumulate.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 230.*

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,  
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.  
Fear and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :  
And fight and die is death destroying death ;  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Be not afraid of shadows.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, find safer footing  
than blind reason stumbling without fear : to fear the worst  
oft cures the worse.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Fears make devils of cherubins ; they never see truly.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Alas ! it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

*Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Take thy fortunes up ;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## FEVER

What's fever but a fit of madness.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation ?

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me ; O, my heart is sick ! . . .  
Ay me ! this tyrant fever burns me up.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I would forget her ; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## FLATTERY

'T is holy sport to be little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

He that will give good words to thee will flatter  
Beneath abhorring.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun  
When the alarm were struck than idly sit  
To hear my nothing monster'd

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

There have been many greatmen that have flattered the  
people, who never loved them.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for 's power to thunder.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

Why should the poor be flatter'd ?  
No ; let the candied tongue lie absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

By God, I cannot flatter; I do myself  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

'T is sin to flatter.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 6.*

. . . . You play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

**The words I utter**

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.

*Julius Cuesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

They do abuse the king that flatter him ;  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing ;  
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Sit down ; thou art no flatterer :  
I thank thee for it.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

No visor does become black villainy  
So well as soft and tender flattery.

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . O flattering glass !  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me.

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery.

*Sonnet CXIV.*

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 1.*



Who dares,  
In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say 'This man's a flatterer'?

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

O ! that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

O ! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'  
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## FLOWERS

A life was but a flower.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Flower of warriors !

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the noddling violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :  
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The plants look up to heaven, from whence  
They have their nourishment.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd :

Not that devour'd but that which doth devour.  
Is worthy blame.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1254.*

Flower of England's face !

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace,  
Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 4*

. . . . My tender babes,  
My unblown flowers !

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

. . . . There she lies,  
Flower as she was deflowered by him

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 5*

Flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet  
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet

*Sonnet 1*

Sweet as spring-time flowers

*Tempest of the Shrew Act 3, Sc. 1*

. . . . I hang the head  
As flowers with frost

*Titus Antonicus, Act 1, Sc. 4*

Away before me to sweet bed of flowers  
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Women are as roses whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
Rot and consume them elves in little time

*Four and Adams, Line 131.*

## FOLLY

Withal full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superflous folly

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the  
presentation of that he shoots his wit

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

We call a nettle but a nettle, and  
The faults of fools but folly

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O ! too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,  
And thy dear judgment out !

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4*

. . . . Folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;  
Since all the power there of it doth apply  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

As you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them  
unfolded, turn another into the register of your own.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Why should . . . tyrant folly lurk in gentle breast ?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 851*

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun ;  
it shines everywhere.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## FOOLS

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise  
men do foolishly.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

For since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the  
little foolery that wise men have makes a great show,

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have.

*As You Like it, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

He that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Fools are not mad folks.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

These tedious old fools.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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 (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise :  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc 2.*

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

What is the trust or strength of a foolish man ?

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

My fool usurps my body.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again ; and must be used  
With checks as flatteries.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

I am even  
The natural fool of fortune.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Lord, what fools these mortals be !

*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1812.*

O, I am fortune's fool.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Honest fools lay out their wealth on courtesies.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Every guise of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do  
nothing but rail.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Fools, are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings ;  
the husband's the bigger.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are  
fools, let them use their talents.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit : . . .  
For folly that he wisely shows is fit ;  
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## FORCE

. . . . Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

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

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Do we must what force will have us do.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . They well deserved to have  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

**FORGETFULNESS**

Things that are past are done with me.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs ?

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
Than pity note how much.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

I'll not endure it : you forget yourself . . .  
Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Pray you now, forget and forgive.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

But men are men ; the best sometimes forget.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

That is not forgot  
Which ne'er I did remember.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done.

*Sonnet XXXV.*

What 's past is prologue.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Let us not burden our remembrance with  
A heaviness that 's gone.

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## FORGIVENESS

. . . . Let him not ask pardon :  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relics of it.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I have forgiven and forgotten all.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Pray you now, forget and forgive.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance.

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

*Tempest, Epilogue, Line 20.*

Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;  
With them forgive yourself.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## FORTITUDE

. . . . Cheer your heart ;  
Be you not troubled with the time which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities,

But let determined things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

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 ; fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle, wounded, craves.  
A noble cunning.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

To be, or not to be : that is the question :  
Whether 't is 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 ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Bless'd are those  
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Yield not thy neck  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O ! these flaws and starts,  
Imposters to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## FORTUNE

To mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*



. . . . Fortune knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 9.*

. . . . Men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

Let determined things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineament  
of Nature.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.  
*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

'Tis found to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.  
*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.  
*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrow'n,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

For some must watch, while some must sleep .  
So runs the world away.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;  
For 't is a question left us yet to prove  
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

There 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.  
*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well  
When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us  
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.  
*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

The fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and  
flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is by the moon.  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Will fortune never come with both hands full  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?  
She either gives a stomach and no food ;

Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast  
 And takes away the stomach : such are the rich,  
 That have abundance and enjoy it not.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
 The goddess blind,  
 That stands upon the rolling restless stone !

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind : and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation : and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls and rolls : in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it : Fortune is an excellent moral.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

What fates impose, that men must needs abide :  
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
 The fault is not in our stars  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What can be avoided  
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Fortune is merry,  
 And in this mood will give us anything.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

When Fortune means to men most good,  
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars ; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves and traitors by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on : an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star !

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Fortune, that errant whore,  
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall ;  
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none,  
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

Fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O vain boast !  
Who can control his fate ?

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Things must be as they may ; and what a man cannot get,  
he may lawfully deal for.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

All unavoided is the doom of destiny

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle fortune ;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

O ! frowning Fortune, cursed fickle dame.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 49.*

. . . . Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . You fools ! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care  
for himself, for all is but fortune.

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

When fortune in her shift and change of mood  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependents  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,  
The greater scorns the lesser ; not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Every grize of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

What is written shall be executed.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;  
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

As the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## FRAILTY

Frailty, Thy name is woman !

*Hamlet, Act 1 Sc. 2.*

We all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !  
For such as we are made of, such we be.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## FRANCE

France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

France is a stable : we that dwell in 't jades.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The vasty fields of France !

*Henry V, Act 1, Chorus Line 12.*

. . . . This best garden of the world  
Our fertile France !

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lu'ty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice

*Henry V, Act 4, Prologue 1.*

Done like a Frenchman : turn, and turn again !

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

England is safe, if true within itself ;  
Yes, but the safer when 't is back'd with France

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Fickle France !

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

France is a bawd to Fortune.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The hot-blooded France !

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

These English woes shall make me smile in France !

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## FRIENDSHIP

. . . . Keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

*As You Like It, Act 2 Sc. 7.*

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;  
The 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, unfledg'd comrade.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try

Directly seasons him his enemy.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

There is flattery in friendship.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again  
But where they mean to sink ye.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O ! let us embrace :

As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . To wail friends lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now ; for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear and equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

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.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The love of wicked friends converts to fear :

That fear to hate ; and hate turns one or both

To worthy danger and deserved death.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

God keep me from false friends !

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Every one that flatters thee,

Is no friend in misery

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 193.*

Words are easy, like the wind ;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 195.*

Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
But if store of crowns be spent,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such-like flattering,  
'Pity but he were a king'  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment,  
But if fortune on him do frown  
Then farewell his great renown ;  
They that fawn'd on him before  
Use his company no more.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 197.*

He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need .  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep .  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee does bear a part,  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 213*

O you gods ! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.

*Timon of Athens Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Friendship 's full of dregs :  
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2'*

. . . . Who can call him  
His friend that dips in the same dish ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What viler thing upon the earth than friends  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Kind nature doth require it so :  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . That which I would discover  
The law of friendship bids me to conceal.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O time most accurst !  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst !

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

**FUTURE**

Lord ! we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

O God ! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors ! O ! if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;  
The which observ'd a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie intracasured.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Against ill chances men are ever merry,  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*



. . . . O! that a man might know  
The end of his day's business ere it come ;  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where !

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

What 's to come is still unsure.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The wind is hush'd before it raineth.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 458.*

The wolf doth grin before he barketh.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 459.*

The berry breaks before it staineth.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 460.*

## GENTLEMEN

My master hath been an honourable gentleman ; tricks  
he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that  
differs not from the stalling of an ox ?

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers,  
and grave-makers : they hold up Adam's profession.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

An absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences  
of very soft society and great showing : indeed, to speak  
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you  
shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would  
see.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . He is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
And wondrous affable and as bountiful  
As mines of India.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

It was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up,  
*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

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, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . All the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . We are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman!

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Since every Jack became a gentleman  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Firm of word,  
Speaking of deeds and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd nor being provok'd soon calm'd;  
His heart and hand both open and both free;  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word, for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,  
He is complete in feature and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Thou art a gentleman—  
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—  
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

## GERMANY

. . . . 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!

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Do not say they be fled: Germans are honest men.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

## GIFTS

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . To the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

And with them, words of sweet breath compos'd  
As made the things more rich.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,  
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind  
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

She prizes not such trifles as these are;  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart, which I have given already  
But not deliver'd.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## GLORY

Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders.  
 This many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

When moon shone, we did not see the candle,  
 So doth the greater glory dim the less.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars.  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.

*Sonnet XXV.*

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;  
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.

*Sonnet XCI.*

Like madness is the glory of this life,  
 As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

O ! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Who 'd be so mock'd with glory ? or so live  
 But in a dream of friendship ?  
 To have his pomp and all that state compounds  
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

## GOD

. . . . He that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3,*

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ? . . .  
Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

God be at your table !

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

From a God to a bull? a heavy declension ! it was Jove's case.  
From a prince to a prentice ? a low transformation ! that shall  
be mine.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

God and his angels guard your sacred throne  
And make you long become it !

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

We are in God's hand, brother.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly  
from God.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1,*

O God, thy arm was here ;  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all ! . . . God fought for us.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 8.*

God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Now, God be praised, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee !  
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in my age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

In the great hand of God I stand.

*Macbeth, Act 2 Sc. 3.*

God 's a good man . . . God is to be worshipp'd

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

God's above all, and there be souls must be saved, and  
there be souls must not be saved.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . We cannot but obey  
The powers above us.

*Pericles, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

God, the widow's champion and defence !

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . God is much displeas'd  
That you take with unthankfulness His doing.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O ! upright, just, and true-disposing God !

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail !

*Roméo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry.

*Roméo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . 'Tis mad idolatry  
To make the service greater than the God.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## GODS

If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

To your protection I commend me, gods,  
From fairies and the tempters of the night  
Guard me, beseech ye.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The gods today stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders blend.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 1,*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Now the hot-blooded gods assist me . . .  
When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do?

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away?

*Pericles, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The providence that 's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles,  
There is a mystery, with whom relation  
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state,  
Which hath an operation more divine  
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The gods themselves,  
Humbling their duties to love have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them; Jupiter  
Became a bull, and below'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## GOLD

Though gold bides still  
The tester's touch, yet often-touching will  
Wear gold.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief . . .  
What can it not do and undo?

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Gold cannot come amiss.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

All that glisters is not gold.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Gold were as good as twenty orators.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

She will not . . .

Ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

There's thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beasts it down.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 29.*

What is here ?

Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? . . . . .

Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant . . .

This yellow slave, will knit and break religions, . . .

Make the hoar leprosy adored, . . . this is it.

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again . . .

Thou common whore of mankind.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !

Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue

To every purpose !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

What a god's gold,

That he is worship'd in a baser temple

Than where swine feed !

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave ;

To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey !

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*



This is fairy gold.

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## GOODWILL

And when goodwill is show'd though 't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

. . . . I should do it  
With much more ease, for my goodwill is to it.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## GOVERNMENT

Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

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,  
Congrecing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands ;  
But more when envy breeds unkind division :  
There comes the ruin. there begins confusion.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

'T is government that makes them seem divine ;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contended with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3,*

. . . . How, in one house,  
Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity ? 'T is hard ; almost impossible.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child !

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## GRACE

. . . . To some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

A double blessing is a double grace ;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Natural graces, that extinguish art !

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Grace is grace, despite of all controversy.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Alack ! when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not  
come in my grace.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring :  
Graces her subjects.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . That word 'grace'  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O ! momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

O ! mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

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.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

I think the boy hath grace in him : he blushes.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

## GRATITUDE

Compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and  
when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a  
penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

God will send more, if the man will be thankful.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you ; and such dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O God ! that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

The poorest service is repaid with thanks.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## GRAVE

Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Renowned be thy grave !

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier ;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Lay her in the earth ;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring !

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

So be my grave my peace !

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Gilded tombs do worms unfold.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Let us talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

If he be married.

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc.*

The earth can yield me but a common grave.

*Sonnet LXXXI.*

. . . . As we do turn our backs,  
From our companion thrown into his grave.  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air.  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempts, alone.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Graves only be men's works and death their gain !

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Repose you here in rest,  
Secure from wordly chances and mishaps !  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## GREATNESS

. . . . Great floods have flown  
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 11.*

. . . . Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour dream as I have done ;  
Wake, and find nothing.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour 's at the stake.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Greatness knows itself.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O foolish youth !  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,  
But great men tremble when the lion roars.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Great men often die by vile bezonian.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Great men have reaching hands.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 7*

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man . today he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes . tomorrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, tips his root,  
And then he falls

*Henry V III, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

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

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Greatmen great losses should endure.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Nature and fortune joined to make thee great.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

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 up the hill, let him draw thee after.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Greatmen may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them,  
But in the less foul profanation

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

That in the Captain 's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

He's so great can make his will his act.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

As men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Small lets are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
 And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste  
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 647.*

The lesser thing should not the greater hide ,  
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 663.*

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd  
 But little stars may hide them when they list

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1007.*

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
 And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ,  
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
 The stain upon his silver down will stay

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1009.*

Grats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
 But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1015.*

In great commanders grace and majesty  
 You might behold triumphing in their faces

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1387.*

More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,  
 While kites and buzzards prey at liberty .

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Greatmen should drink with harness on their throats.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A stirring dwarf we do allow mee give  
 Before a sleeping giant

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

'T is certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
 Must fall out with men too . what the declin'd is  
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
 As feel in his own falt ; for men, like butterflies,  
 Show not their meanly wings but to the summer,  
 And not a man, for being simply man,  
 Hath any honour . but honour for those honours  
 That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,  
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit :  
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Doth one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

What great ones do the less will prattle of.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 2*

Be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some  
achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

## GRIEF

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead excessive  
grief the enemy to the living.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

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 contemplation of my  
travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most  
humorous sadness.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,  
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Some griefs are med'cinable.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . O melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? and  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care  
Might earliest harbour in?

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . To persever  
 In obstinate condolment is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness ; 't is 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 ?

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
 But in battalions

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
 So fast they follow

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

A plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4*

As the wretch, whose fever-weakn'd joints,  
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
 Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief being now engag'd with grief,  
 Are thrice themselves

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Sudden sorrow,  
 Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes tomorrow'

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Grief softens the mind,  
 And makes it fearful and degenerate

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

My heart is drowned with grief,  
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind  
 And makes it fearful and degenerate.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

To weep is to make less the depth of grief.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O ! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*



Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

I will instruct my fellows to be proud ;  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . . Man's nature cannot carry  
The affliction nor the tear.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd.  
If all could so become it

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Woes by wrong imaginations lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?  
It cannot be; it is impossible :  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Brother, men  
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air and agony with words.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . My particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erberthing nature  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour  
In the day's glorious walk of peaceful night.  
The tomb where grief should sleep can breed me quiet?

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;  
That if heaven slumber while their creatures want,  
They may awake their helps to comfort them.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Rest us here.  
And by relating tales of other's griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher,  
O my distressed lord! even such our griefs are;  
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir  
That may succeed as his inheritor.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers' coat makes short their pilgrimage.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 790.*

Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words,  
Sometime 't is mad and too much talk affords.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1015*

True grief is fond and teary as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with rought agrees .  
Old woes, not infant sorrows bear them mild,  
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1094.*

Sad souls are slain in merry company,  
Grief be the pleur'd with grief's society  
True sorrow then a feelingly suffic'd  
When with like sense meet is sympathiz'd

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1110.*

Great grief or vice most at that would do it good  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood  
Woe, but toppe'd, the bounding bank overflow,  
Grief dilueth with no law nor limit knows

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1119.*

A wretched hostess brooks not merry guests.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1125.*

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,  
Dances, like sad tunes when time is kept with tears

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1127.*

Is woe the cure for woe?

Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1182.*

Deep sounds make less noise than shallow fords,  
And sorrow ebbs being blown with wind of words

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1329.*

Sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing with his own weight goes.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1493.*

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1573.*

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,  
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1574.*

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,  
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1581.*

Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Grief makes one hour ten.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
The grass whercon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance,  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Grief boundeth where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Sorrow, that dwells every where.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears  
Divides one thing entire to many objects  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon  
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry  
Distinguish form

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Woe is forerun with woe

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

My crown I am ; but still my griefs are mine.  
You may my glories and my state depose,  
But not my grief, still am I king of those.

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

'T is very true, my grief lies all within ;  
And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

So two, together weeping, make one woe.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . All of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Still use of grief makes wild grief tame.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Sad hours seem long.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Tut ! man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Some grief shows much of love ;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . It is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.

*Sonnet XL.*

If I should despair, I should grow mad.

*Sonnet CXL.*

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

*Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 2.*

Grief, that 's beauty's canker.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Our hint of woe  
Is common.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Why, I have not another tear to shed :  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy.  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Extremity of griefs would make men mad.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage ;  
So of concealed sorrow may be said.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 331.*

Every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
But none is best.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 970.*

Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 1007.*

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

This affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## GUESTS

Make yourself my guest  
Whilst you abide here.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast ; love  
thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou  
shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am  
pacified.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

You are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore  
take heed what guests you receive.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Here 's our chief guest :  
If he had been forgotten  
It had been as a gap in our great feast  
And all-thing unbecoming

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Be bright and jovial among your guests.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

A woeful hostess brooks not many guests.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1125.*

That sour unwelcome guest  
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast ?

*Venus and Adonis, Line 449.*

## HAND

A hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trimm'd kings

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 13*

That self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear,  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee!

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

To her white hand see thou commend this seal'd-up counsel.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A giving hand, though foul shall have fair praise.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . That phraseless hand,  
Whose white weights down the airy scale of praise.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 225*

I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand,  
And whiter than the paper it writ on  
Is the fair hand that writ

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss

*Rape of Lucrece, l. Line 380.*

. . . . Her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink

*Proclus and Coelia, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

By my troth, thou hast an open hand

*Twelfth Night, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 6.*

My heart is not confederate with my hand

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate,  
And with my hand, I seal my true heart's love

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## HAPPINESS

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience  
to make me sad.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through  
another man's eyes.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 2.*



. . . . Briefly die their joys  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.  
*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

As merry as crickets.  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As full of spirit as the month of May.  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

A merry heart lives long-a.  
*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;  
And so she died : had she been light, like you  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died ;  
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Receive what cheer you may ;  
The night is long that never finds the day.  
*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping.  
*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.  
*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

As merry as the day is long.  
*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.  
*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.  
*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O happiness enjoy'd but of few !  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As in the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun,  
And expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.  
*Rape of Lucrece, Line 22.*

Mirth doth search the bottom of annoy  
Sad souls are slain in merry company.  
*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1012.*

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
*Sonnet VIII.*

O joy ! e'en made away ere 't can be born.  
*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

**HASTE**

Celerity is never more admir'd  
Than by the negligent.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

As swift as meditation.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

. . . . This sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Let your haste commend your duty.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

As sudden as flaws congealed in the spring of day.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Haste is needful in this desperate case.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

As swift as thought

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answer leisure,  
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Swift as a shadow.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

He requires your haste-post-haste appearance.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The affair cries haste  
And speed must answer it.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Bloody with spurring fiery-red with haste.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2 Sc. 6.*

## HATE

In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . The hated, grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

There is the man of my soul's hate.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Upon familiarity will grow more contempt.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

What! can you do me greater harm than hate!

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Scorn and derision never come in tears

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

How comes this gentle concord in this world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford

No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

'I hate' from hate away she threw,

And saved my life, saying 'not you'.

*Sonnet CXIV, 1.*

Scorn at first makes after-love the more

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## HEALTH

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,

Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,  
But health alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Infirmity doth still neglect all office  
Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know.

*Sonnet CXI.*

He eats nothing but doves, love ; and that breeds hot  
blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts be-  
get hot deeds.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## HEART

If my heart were great,  
'T would burst at this

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Cheer your heart ;  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

. . . . I will ease my heart,  
Albert I make a hazard of my head.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

A good heart's worth gold.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine ;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black  
beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair  
face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart,

Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or rather the sun and not the moon , for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc 2*

O, Lord, that lends me life  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc 1.*

Were thy heart as hard as steel,  
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc 1.*

My heart is turn'd to stone and while 'tis mine,  
It shall be stony

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5 Sc 2.*

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

My old heart is crack'd, is crack'd !

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts ?

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

His flaw'd heart  
Alack, too weak the conflict to support !  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Buist smilingly

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3*

Break, heart , I prithee, break !

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc 3*

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc 2*

A light heart lives long

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc 3.*

A kind heart he hath , a woman would run through fire  
and water for such a kind heart

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc 4.*

My heart is true as steel

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the  
clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place . . . I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be burned in thy eyes.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

My heart is turned to stone : I strike it, and it hurts my hand.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

By our ears our hearts oft tainted be

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 28.*

Faint not, faint heart ! but stouly say, 'So be it'

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1209.*

Stone him with hard n'd hearts harder than stones

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 208.*

My heart is great, but it must break with silence,

Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Show me thy humble heart, and I of thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 3*

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see

*Thus Anthonicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O Heart, heavy heart

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth

And that no woman has ; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

*Twelfth Night, Act, 3, Sc. 1.*

I have said too much unto a heart of stone

And laid mine honour too uncharly out.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . A heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;  
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 423*

I have a tremor cordis on me : my heart dances ;  
But not for joy ; not joy.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I saw his heart in 's face.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## HEAVEN

In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law ; but 't is nor so above ;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To give in evidence.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thy heaven is on earth.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1,*

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs,

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The will of heaven  
Be done in this and all things !

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Heaven has an end in all.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Heaven is above ail yet ; there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens ;  
But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
 Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;  
 Why old men fool, and children calculate ;  
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
 Their natures, and preformed faculties,  
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find  
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits  
 To make them instruments of fear and warning  
 Unto some monstrous state.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O, let the heavens  
 Give him defence against the elements,  
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1836.*

My comfort is that heaven will take our souls,  
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . If angels fight,  
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The selfsame heaven  
 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;  
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Heaven and yourself  
 Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all.  
 And all the better is it for the maid :  
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;  
 With them forgive yourself.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## HELPLESSNESS

What fates impose, that men must needs abide :  
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . What cannot be avoided  
 'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*



Past cure is still past care.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard : what 's done is done.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

What is done cannot be undone.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Things past redress are now with me past care.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

What 's gone and what 's past help  
Should be past grief.

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## HISTORY

There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;  
The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## HONESTY

Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ;  
it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a  
big heart.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Bless'd be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which season comfort.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What news?  
None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest:  
Then is doomsday near.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Mine honesty shall be my dower.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

There is no terror in your threats  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind  
Which I respect not.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

If she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest is not safe.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

His honesty rewards him in itself.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

What a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman !

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me : she drops booties in my mouth.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## HONOUR

Aged honour cites a virtuous youth.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . She is young, wise, fair ;  
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,  
And these breed honour.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act, 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . That is honour's scorn  
Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
And is not like the sire.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Honours thrive  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers. The mere word 's a slave,  
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ;  
Mine honour, it.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . If I lose mine honour  
I lose myself.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,  
In peace what each of them by the other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cariolanus, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The due of honour in no point omit.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Though mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Knighthoods and honours. borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take  
away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in sur-  
gery then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is that word  
honour ? Air. A trim reckoning ! Who hath it ? He that died  
o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is  
it 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. Honour is a mere scutcheon ; and so ends my  
catechism.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

*Henry V, Act 2, Chorus.*

But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burden of dishonour home.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Give me worship and quietness :  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

A load would sink a navy, too much honour ;  
O ! 't is a burden, 't is a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Julius Cæsar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

New-made honour doth forget men's names.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . 'T is worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd !

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ;

They have it very oft that have it not.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Honour we love,

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Pricles, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,

Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 27.*

My honour I 'll bequeath unto the knife

That wounds my body so dishonoured

'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;

The one will live, the other being dead :

So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;

For in my death I murder shameful scorn :

My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1185.*

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;

Take honour from me, and my life is done.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Love they to live that love and honour have.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

'T is honour with most lands to be at odds.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Honour travels in a strait so narrow

Where one but goes abreast.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## HOPE

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises, and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . We must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empirics, or to disserve so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Men that hazard all  
Do it in hope of fair advantages.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 202.*

Even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life appearing.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;

Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

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, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The ample propositions that hope make  
In all designs begun on earth below  
Fails in the promis'd largeness

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Hope is a lover's staff: walk hence with that  
And manage it against despairing thoughts

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission

*Venus and Adonis, Line 567*

## HOSPITALITY

. . . Find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my fortunes  
Than my fortunes to me

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## HUMOUR

Now I am in a holiday humour

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

As humourous as winter

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

That's the humour of it.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most  
wholesome physic of thy health-giving air.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

I like not the humour of lying.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

I love not the humour of bread and cheese ; and there 's  
the humour of it.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Claw no man in his humour.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

And every humour hath its adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.

*Sonnet XCI.*

## HUNGER

Those mothers who. to nouse up their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd,  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

## HUSBAND

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never  
shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that  
I am father to, then call me husband.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Her beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves  
For wrying but a little.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

In second husband let me be accurst ;



None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

By my torth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if  
thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . 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.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . It is their husband's 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.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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 labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest worm 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.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
And when she 's frowned, 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 ?

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Nature craves  
 All dues be render'd to their owners : now,  
 What nearer debt in all humanity  
 Than wife is to the husband ? If this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation  
 To curb those raging appetites that are  
 Most disobedient and refractory.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Let still the woman take  
 An elder than herself, so wears she to him,  
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

**IDLENESS**

. . . . O ! then we bring forth weeds  
 When our quick minds lie still ; and our ills told us  
 Is as our earing.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What is a man,  
 If his chief good and market of his time  
 Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more,  
 Sure He that made us with such large discourse,  
 Looking before and after, gave us not  
 That capability and god-like reason  
 To fust in us unus'd.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
 The unyok'd humour of your idleness :  
 Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
 To smother up his beauty from the world,  
 That when he please again to be himself,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

I 'll so offend to make offence a skill,  
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The lethargy must have his quiet course,  
If not he foams at mouth, and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Idle weeds are fast in growth.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## IGNORANCE

The greater cattle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 10.*

Let me not burst in ignorance.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

O gross and miserable ignorance !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing herewith we fly to heaven.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

. . . . His ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O ! thou monster Ignorance, how deform'd dost you look.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me : use me as you will.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

He that is robb'd, not wanting is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't and he 's not robb'd at all.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Dull unfeeling barren ignorance  
Is made my goaler to attend on me.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Fonder than ignorance.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 2,*

I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3. Sc. 2.*

## IMAGINATION

He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

My imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

This is the very coinage of your brain :  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

The launtic, the lover, and the poet  
Arc of imagination all compact.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, nor whence thou com'st.  
Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

O! who can hold a fire in his hand  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
 O! no, the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## INCONSTANCY

. . . . Even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Frailty hath examples for his falling!

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 51.*

O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their  
 business might be every thing and their intent everywhere; for  
 that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . O heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins.

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

## INDIA

. . . . Thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . As bountiful  
As mines of India.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word.  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,  
they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen  
Although thy breath be rude.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot :  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be  
ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the  
which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monst-  
rous members.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . See, sons, what things you are !  
How quickly nature falls into revolt  
When gold becomes her object !  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with industry ;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The cancker'd heaps of strange-a chieved gold ;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises :  
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
 The virtuous sweets,  
 Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,  
 We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,  
 Are murder'd for our pains.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal,  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Henry VIII Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Be gone !  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms !

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2,*

This was the most unkindest cut of all !

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
 Than the sea-monster.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

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

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

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 of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
 Sing my white head ! and thou, all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !  
 Cracks nature's moulds, all germens spill at once.  
 That make ingrateful man !

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Filial ingratitude !  
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
 For lifting food to 't ? But I will punish home.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
 Was heavy on me.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 4,*

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
 Do like this worst.

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 577.*

. . . . God is much displeas'd  
That you take with unthankfulness His doing.  
In common worldly things 't is call'd ungrateful  
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;  
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.

*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . O ! see the monstrousness of man,  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape,  
He does deny him, in respect of his,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou,  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the adhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;  
Team with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented ! O ! a root ; dear thanks :  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption



Inhabits our frail blood.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Ungracious wretch !  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.

*Twelfth Night, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look  
you, it goes hard.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## INNOCENCE

Had I twenty times so many foes,  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any scath,  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

As innocent . . .

As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

My mind as generous, and my shape as true.

As honest madam's issue.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Play the pious innocent !

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Innocence shall make  
False accusation blush and tyranny  
Tremble at patience,

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## JEALOUSY

I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon  
over his hen.

*As You Like it, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Self-harming jealousy ! fie ! beat it hence.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

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

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

O ! beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

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

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

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

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost ;  
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'errun and trampled on : then what they do in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er top yours.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . A savage jealousy  
That sometime savours nobly.  
*Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Love, thou know'st is full of jealousy.  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest !  
*Venus and Adonis, Line 449.*

For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill !"  
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.  
*Venus and Adonis, Line 649.*

This sour informer, this hate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring.  
*Venus and Adonis, Line 655.*

## JEST

. . . . These jests are out of season :  
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
*Comedy of Errors, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time : there 's a time for all things.  
*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Hold, sir, for God's sake ! now your jest is earnest.  
*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Jesters do oft prove prophets.  
*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,  
But in the less foul profanation.  
*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

It were a better death than die with mocks,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.  
*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible'

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

With some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should  
have banged the youth into dumbness.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## JEWELS

From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

On the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd.

*Sonnet XCVI.*

Why, man, she is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :  
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind.  
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## JUSTICE

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . The justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd.  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself,  
Buys out the law.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1,*

Be just and fear not.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
Unwhipp'd of justice.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Justice always whirls in equal measure.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3,*

This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

. . . . I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try; what 's open made to justice,  
That justice seizes.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

As thou urgest justice, be assured  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

When the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1652.*

Sparing justice feeds iniquity.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1687.*

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 905.*

Sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven and move the gods  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## KINDNESS

Kindness, nobler ever than revenge !

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow a bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart is the sun and the moon : or rather the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

When a world of men  
Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Cold snow melts with sun's hot beams.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Yet do I fear thy nature ;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire  
and water for such a kind heart.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Kill a wife with kindness.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 1*

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies !  
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me than those that do !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Beauty lives with kindness.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 193.*

## KINGS

. . . . The gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through  
And keep their impious turbans on, without  
Good morrow to the sun.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone, but 'like a gulf doth draw  
What 's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things,  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequences,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . What infinite heart's ease  
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!  
And what have kings that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects and his royal friends.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way;  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,  
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

We under heaven are supreme head.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Every inch a king !

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

. . . . The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude !

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Kings are earth's god's ; in vice their law is their will ;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

King should let their ears hear their faults hid.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

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

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Princes in this should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them ;  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Kings like gods should govern everything.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 602.*

Kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 608.*

Happy monarch still are fear'd for love.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 610.*



Princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 614.*

Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1013.*

We were not born to sue, but to command.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,  
The pale-fac'd 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, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings ;  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;  
All murder'd ; for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps death his court, and there the antick sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp ;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh which walls about our life  
Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus  
Comes at the last and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king !

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence : throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For 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, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ?

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Fear not, my lord ; that power that made you king  
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

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

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The breath of wordly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . No hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal or usurp.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

What subject can give sentence on his king ?

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil ;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares :  
So that, between their titles and low names,  
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

What care these roarers for the name of king ?

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

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 shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## KISSES

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

We have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 10.*

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had  
beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths  
that I defied not.

*As You Like It, Epilogue.*

. . . . O, a kiss  
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !  
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
 And that 's a feeling disputation.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I can express no kinder sign of love  
 Than this kind kiss.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Take, O take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn :  
 But my kisses bring again, bring again,  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Some there be that shadows kiss ;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Then kissed me hard  
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
 That grew upon my lips ; then laid his leg  
 Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee : no way but this !  
 Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

'T is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made  
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 135.*

He took the bride about the neck  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack  
That at the parting all the church did echo.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Let's kiss and part for we have much to do.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 115.*

What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:  
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

*Venus and Adonis, Line 118.*

What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?

*Venus and Adonis, Line 207.*

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 209.*

Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:  
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 211.*

Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 233.*

You may ride 's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we heat an acre.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## KNOWLEDGE

O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Ignorance is the curse of God,  
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.  
*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
 And where we are our learning likewise is.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3*

Too much to know is to know nought but fame  
*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it  
 Because we see it ; but what we do not see  
 We tread upon, and never think of it.  
*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Alack, for lesser knowledge ! how accurs'd  
 In being so blest ! There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
 And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge  
 Is not infected ; but if one present  
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts, I have drunk, and seen the spider.  
*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge  
*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 2,*

## LAW

The law's delay !  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence ?  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

In the corrupted currents of this world  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
 And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Faith, I have been a truant in the law,  
 And never yet could frame my will to it ;  
 And therefore frame the law unto my will.  
*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

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 spittit of judgment ;

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Base dunghill villain and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech . . .  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
Not you, correct him.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . When law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He that holds his kingdom holds the law.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . Since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

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, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . What know the laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O just but severe law !

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should  
be unlawfully born.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . Laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statues  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Villain thou know'st no law of God nor man  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The law which is past depth  
To those who, without heed, do plunge into 't

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Let the law go whistle.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## LAWYERS

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulsion,  
nor the lawyer's, which is politic.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

May not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his  
quiddities now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his  
tricks?

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
They call false caterpillars.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me  
nothing for 't.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his quilllets shrilly.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## LENDING

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Lend less than thou owest.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Neither lend nor borrow  
By taking nor by giving of excess.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?  
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;  
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

I hate him for he is a Christian ;  
But more for that in low simplicity  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Lend nothing for God's sake.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

This is no time to lend money, especially upon bare  
friendship, without security.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## LIBERTY

. . . . I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have ;  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

A man is master of his liberty.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;



But life, being weary of these wordly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty !

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Liberty plucks justice by the nose ;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

If I had my liberty, I would do my liking.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

More pity that the eagle should be mew'd  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Liberty is all that I request.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## LIES

I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . If I do lie and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

O, it is much that a lie with a light oath and a jest with  
a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his  
shoulders !

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

God and good men hate so foul a liar.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Lies well steel'd with weighty arguments.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## LIFE

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill  
together : our virtues would be proud if our faults whipp'd

them not : and our crimes would despair if they were not  
cherished by our virtues.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . 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 and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I see a man's life is a tedious one.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

The single and peculiar life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the mind  
To keep itself from noyance ; but much more  
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests  
The lives of many.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

A man's life's no more than to say 'One' !

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

The end of life cancels all bonds.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O gentleman ! the time of life is short ;  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Where thou art, there is the world itself,  
With every several pleasure in the word,  
And where thou art not, desolation.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Live thou to joy thy life ;  
Myself no joy in nought but that thou liv'st,

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

For what is in this world but grief and woe ?  
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain ;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete ;

How many hours bring about the day ;  
 How many days will finish up the year ;  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the times ;  
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
 So many hours must I take my rest ;  
 So many hours must I contemplate ;  
 So many hours must I support myself ;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will can ;  
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :  
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

My life is run his compass.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

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, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?  
 Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?  
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2,*

. . . . . 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, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . 'T is all as easy  
 Falsely to take away a life true made,  
 As to put metal in restrained means  
 To make a false one.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . . Reason thus with life :  
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,  
 Servile to all the skyeey influences,  
 That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
 Hourly afflict.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Death is a fearful thing,  
And shamed life a hateful.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Life is a shuttle.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

It is silliness to live when to live is a torment.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

A life 's but a span.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . When I have pluck'd the rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

LIMIT

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 male's subjects and at their controls.  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

As boundless as the sea.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . Which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

You must confine yourself within the modest limits of  
order.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

LOVE

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Love, that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, 'That 's good that 's gone'

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

All impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Give me some music, music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd :  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearing thy heart in thy mistress praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well  
a dark house and a whip as madmen do ; and the reason why  
they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so  
ordinary that the whippers are in love too.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight ?

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

If ever, as that ever may be near,  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*As You like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

It is to be all made of sighs and tears.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

It is to be all made of faith and service.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

It is to be all made of fantasy,  
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;  
 All adoration, duty, and observance ;  
 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience !  
 All purity, all trial, all obeisance.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
 To the smothering of the sense.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Love's reason 's without reason.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

This is the very ecstasy of love,  
 Whose violent property fordoes itself  
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
 As oft as any passion under heaven,  
 That does afflict our natures.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;  
 Where little feats grow great, great love grows there.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange  
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;  
 For 't is a question left us yet to prove  
 Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Love is begun by time,  
 And that I see, in passages of proof,  
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

There lives within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,  
 And nothing is at it like goodness still,  
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
 Dies in his own too-much.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

When love beings to sicken and decay  
 It useth an enforced ceremony.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Love that makes breath poor and speech unable.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Love 's not love  
 When it is mingled with regards that stand  
 Aloof from the entire point.

*King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1.*

How can 'ha' be true love which is falsely attempted?  
 Love is a familiar: love is a devil: there is no evil angel but  
 Love.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

„Love, whose month is ever May.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
 Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Love is full of unbefitting strains;  
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;  
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,  
 Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,  
 Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll  
 To every varied object in his glance.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Since love's argument was first on foot,  
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
 From what is purpos'd.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
 Which still we thank as love.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

. . . . Who could refrain,  
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known ?

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bond new-made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head ?  
How begot, how nourished ?  
Reply, reply.  
It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;  
And others, when the bag pipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine : for affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his consellor.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues ;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state ;  
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

The course of true love never did run smooth.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

As wagish boys in games themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

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 judgment taste ;  
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste :  
 And therefore is I ove said to be a child,  
 Because in choice he is so often beguil'd.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1*

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

To say the truth, reason and love keep little company together.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Speak low, if you speak love.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Loving goes by haps :

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although I know my years be past the best,  
 I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
 Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest,  
 But wherefore says my love that she is young ?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
 O ! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
 And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
 Therefore I 'll lie with love, and love with me,  
 Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 1.*

Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :  
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;  
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
 The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 270.*

Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 355.*

Nothing can affection's course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 500.*

Love loving not itself none other can.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs ;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :  
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous ; and it pricks like thorn.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous night ;  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

With love's light wings did I o'er perch these walls ;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love attempt.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books ;  
But love from love toward school with heavy looks.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O ! that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes,

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

This drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling  
up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over lowering hills ;  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Love moderately, long love doth so ;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act, 2, Sc. 6.*

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

O ! learn to read what silent love hath writ ;  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

*Sonnet XXIII.*

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ; -  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call ;  
All mine was thine before thou hadst this his more.  
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;  
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest  
By willful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.

*Sonnet XL.*

O, no ! thy love, though much, is not so great :  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake.

*Sonnet LXI.*

Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
(Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

*Sonnet XCI.*

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;  
I love not less, though less the show appear :  
That love is merchandis'd whose rich esteeming  
Ine owner's tongue doth publish every where.

*Sonnet CII.*

Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

*Sonnet CXV.*

Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove ;  
 O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.

*Sonnet CXVI.*

Love 's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom,  
 If this be error and upon me prov'd,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

*Sonnet CXVI.*

Ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

*Sonnet CXIX.*

When my love swears that she is made of truth  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
 O ! love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told :  
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

*Sonnet CXXXVIII.*

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease ;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.

*Sonnet CXLVII.*

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

*Sonnet CLIV.*

Affection is not rated from the heart.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more !  
 For O ! loves bow  
 Shoots buck and doe :  
 The shaft confounds,  
 Nor that it wounds,  
 But tickles still the sore.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He eats nothing but doves, love : and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined ; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . But you are wise,  
 Or else you love not. for to be wise and love  
 Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The strong base and building of my love  
 Is as the very centre of the earth,  
 Drawing all things to it.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,  
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch so'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy,  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her ; when liver, brain, and heart,  
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd  
 Her sweet perfections with one self king

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . 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, Act 2, Sc. 4,*

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
 In the contempt and anger of his lip.  
 A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
 Than love that would seem hid ; love's night is noon.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans ;  
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth  
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights :  
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;  
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won :  
 However, but a folly bought with wit,  
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Love is your master, for he masters you ;  
 And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . As in the sweetest bud  
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . As the most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
 Even so by love the young and tender wit  
 Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,  
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

He after honour hunts, I after love :  
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;  
 I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

They do not love that do not show their love.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

O! they love least that let men know their love.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love  
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse

And presently all humbled kiss the rod.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

O! how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Love is blind.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . What, gone without a word?  
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

They say that love hath not an eye at all.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . . Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me as I confess  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

I love, thou know'st is full of jealousy.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Love bade me swear and love bids me forswear.  
O sweet-suggesting love! if thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

O! know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . Love is like a child,  
That longs for everything that he can come by.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

This weak impress of love is as a figure  
Trenched in ice, with which an hour's heat  
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Alas! how love can trifle with itself.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

O! 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,  
When women cannot love where they 're below'd.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 123.*

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 149.*

I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;  
If they burn too, I 'll quench them with my tears.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 192.*

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 387.*

My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 412.*

Looks kill love and love by looks reviveth ;  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 464.*

Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice is forward.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 568.*

Love can comment upon every woe.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 714.*



Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ;  
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.  
 Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies :  
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 799.*

Love makes young men thrall and old men dote.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 837.*

Love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 838.*

O hard-believing love ! how strange it seems  
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous ;  
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;  
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :  
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 985.*

Fie, fie, fond love ! thou art so full of fear  
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves  
 Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear.  
 Thy coward heart with false beflattering grieves.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 1021.*

## LOVERS

We that are true lovers run into strange capers.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye and sunken,  
 which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you  
 have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not : but I pardon  
 you for that, for simply your having it beard is a younger  
 brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your  
 bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unlutted, your shoe untied,  
 and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation.  
 But you are no such man : you are rather point-device in your  
 accoutrements ; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of  
 any other.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions  
 of a lover.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers lacking—God warn us !—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Sweet lovers love the spring.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike ;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Green indeed is the colour of lovers.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

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 Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

And it is marvel he outwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny ;  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?  
O weary reckoning !

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . At lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

A lover may bestride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble true ;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Seek never thou to choose anew.

*Sundry Notes of Music.*

These lovers cry O ! O ! they die !  
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
Doth turn O ! O ! to ha ! ha ! he ;  
So dying love lives still.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are  
able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vowing  
more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the  
tenth part of one.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . All true lovers are

Unstaid and skittish in all motions else  
 Save in the constant image of the creature  
 That is belov'd.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Lovers break not hours,  
 Unless it be to come before their time,  
 So much they spur their expedition.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
 His body for a girl that loves him not.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;  
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 573.*

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :  
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport :  
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
 End without audience, and are never done.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 842.*

## LOYALTY

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 and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

How smooth and even they do bear themselves !  
 As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's  
 soul is his own.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

With submissive loyalty of heart !

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . O! Where is loyalty?  
 If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?  
*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . But he that proves the king,  
 To him will we prove loyal.  
*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

And then end life when I end loyalty  
*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . O! bid me leap,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
 Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are—chain me with roaring bears,  
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Longer than I prove loyal to your grace  
 Let me not live.  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## LUST

. . . . O strange men!  
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
 When saucy trusting of cozen'd thoughts  
 Defiles the pitchy night—so lust doth play  
 With what it loathes for that which is away.  
*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both.  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Tie up the libertine in a field of beasts,  
 Keep his brain fuming, Epicurean cooks  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite  
 That sleep and feeding may prologue his honour  
 Even till a Leth'd dullness!  
*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;  
 For thou thyself has been a libertine,  
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast caught.  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick.  
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious,  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate !  
 Would'st thou not spite at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
 And break it with a deep-diversing vow ?

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . 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.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Epicurism and lust  
 Make it more like a tavern or a brothel  
 Than a grac'd palace.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck,  
 monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs : when a man  
 over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !  
 About him, fairies, sing a scornful rime ;  
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Fie on sinful fantasy !  
 Fie on lust and luxury !  
 Lust is but a bloody fire,  
 Kindled with unchaste desire.  
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,  
 As thoughts do blow them higher and higher,  
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually :  
 Pinch him for his villainy ;  
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted,

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Borne by the trustless wings of false desire !

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 2.*

O ! rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,

Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 48.*

. . . . Pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 167.*

What win I if I gain the thing I seek ?

A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.

Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week ?

Or sell eternity to get a toy ?

For one sweet grape who will the wine destroy ?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,

Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

*Rape of Lucrece. Line 211.*

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear

Is almost chock'd by unresisted lust.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 251.*

I know repentant tears ensue the deed.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 502.*

Foul appetite !

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 545.*

Light and lust are deadly enemies.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 674.*

Shame folded up in blind concealing night,

When most unscen then most doth tyrannize.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 675.*

This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;

This hot desire converts to cold disdain.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 690.*

Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,

And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 692.*

O ! deeper sin than bottomless conceit

Can comprehend in still imagination ;

Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 701.*

While lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,  
Till like a jade self-will himself doth tire.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 705.*

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble desire, all recitant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace.  
For there it revels; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 708.*

She bears the load of lust he left behind  
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 734.*

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;  
Past reason haunted; and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated; as a swallow'd bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe :  
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

*Sonnet CXXIX.*

O ! that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

*Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 2.*

Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Foregetting shames pure blush and honours wrack.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 555.*

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,



But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ;  
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.  
 Love surfeits not, Lust like glutton dies .  
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 799.*

## MADNESS

Though I am mad, I will not bite him.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

That he is mad, 't is true, 't is pity;  
 And pity 't is, 't is true.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly  
 I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that  
 often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so  
 prosperously be delivered of.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Madness would not err  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thralld,  
 But it reserved some quantity of choice.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend  
 Which is the mightier.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men!

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!  
 For then 't is like I should forget myself.  
 O' if I could, what grief should I forget.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's  
 health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

As mad as the vex'd sea.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness,  
civility and patience, to this his distemper.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

If I should despair, I should grow mad.

*Sonnet CXL.*

They dance! they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life.  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Extremity of griefs would make men mad.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Why, this is very mid-summer madness.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

A madman's epistles are no gospels.

*Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness.

*Winter's Tale, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## MAID

I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
That I protest I simply am a maid.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Maid are May when they are maids, but the sky changes  
when they are wives.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The chariest maid is prodigal enough  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence;  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
Than a command to parley.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

A maid, yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

. . . . When maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2,*

. . . . A maiden never bold ;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

An honest maid as ever broke bread.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

## MANNERS

Goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Frame your manners to the time.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Here 's a million of manners.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## MARRIAGE

If men could be contented to be what they are, there were  
no fears in marriage.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

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

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

As a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is  
the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare  
brow of a bachelor.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed:  
when maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes

they are wives.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

There 's a girl goes before the priest.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Wedding is a great Juno's crown:  
O blessed bond of board and bred!

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

The instances that second marriage move  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

God, the best maker of all marriages, combine your hearts  
in one, your realms in one.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

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

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

What is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The ancient saying is no here-sy:  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no  
great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon  
better acquaintance. when we are married and have more occa-  
sion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow  
more contempt.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Wooring, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a mea-  
sure, and a cinque-pace the first suit is hot and hasty, like a  
Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly—  
modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes  
repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace  
faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Is not marriage honourable in a beggar?

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . O course of marriage!  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:  
Make bold her beautiful years with your experience;  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;  
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

She 's not well married that lives married long;  
But she 's best married that dies married young.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . She is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

My wife is slippery.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## MEDICINE

. . . . I have seen a medicine  
That's able to breathe life into a stone,  
Q uicken a rock, and make you dance canary.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me  
love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk  
medicines.

*Henry IV, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Work on, my medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

## MEMORY

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory?

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Of our dear brother's death,  
The memory be green.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Remember thee !  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

I 'll note you in my book of memory.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Begot in the ventrical of memory, flourish'd in the womb  
of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Memory, the warder of the brain !

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . O ! it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

**MEN**

A man is master of his liberty :  
Time is their master, and when they see time  
They 'll go or come . . . .  
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath this 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 pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He is a man worth any woman.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

What, are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number's beach ? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul ?

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

Is there no way for men to be but women  
Must be half-workers ?

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

. . . . . Oft it chanceth in particular men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
As, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,  
Since nature cannot choose his origin,  
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,  
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausive manners; that these men,  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,  
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo,  
Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault : the dram of eale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

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 !

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.  
Sure he hath made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
to fust in us unus'd.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 4*

. . . . . But we are all men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh ; few are angels.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

In the spirit of men there is no blood

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

So in the world ; 'tis furnished well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 1,*

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, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Man's nature cannot carry,  
The affliction nor the fear.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou  
owest the worm no silk, the beast no hule, the sheep no wool,  
the cat no perfume . . . . Thou art the thing itself: unaccom-  
modated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked  
animal as thou art.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

O, the difference of man and man!  
To thee a woman's services are due:  
My fool usurps my body.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Men are as the time is

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Man, proud man,  
Drest 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, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

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, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 2.*



Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,  
But she would spell him backward . . . .  
So turns she every man she wrong side out  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1*

Man is a giddy thing.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man ;  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,  
They belch us.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 4,*

. . . . Men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Men have marble, women waxen minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;  
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1240.*

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep ;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1247.*

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1252.*

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd :  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame. O ! let it not be hild  
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
 With men's abuses : those proud lords, to blame,  
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

*Rape of Lucrece 1254.*

Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men.

*Romco and Juli t, Act 2, Sc. 3*

. . . . There's no trust,  
 No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjurd.  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

*Romco and Juliet. Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art ;  
 Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote  
 The unreasonable fury of a beast :  
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man !  
 Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming bold !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory.

*Sonnet XV.*

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,  
 That has such creatures in 't !

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . The stain of man 's bred out  
 Into baboon and monkey.

*Timon of Athens. Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Do you know what a man is ? Is not birth, beauty, good  
 shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth,

liberality and such like, the spice and salt that season a man ?  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A woman impudent and mannish grown  
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man  
 In time of action.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O heavens, what some men do,  
 While some men leave to do !  
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall  
 While others play the idiot in her eyes !

*Troilus And Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

We men may say more, swear more; but indeed  
 Our shows are more than will, for still we prove  
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:  
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion.  
 For men will kiss even by their direction.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 215.*

I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;  
 In every one of these no man is free.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## MERCY

. . . . The common executioner,  
 Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
 But first begs pardon.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male  
 tiger.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Whereto serves mercy  
 But to confront the visage of offence ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler  
 gamester is the soonest winner.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

**Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.**

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

**What doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?**

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 6.*

**What makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?**

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 6.*

**She's a woman to be pitied much :**

**Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;**

**Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;**

**The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn ;**

**And Nero will be tainted with remorse,**

**To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears**

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

**There's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers**

**More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.**

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

**Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue.**

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

**As fire drives out fire, so pity pity.**

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

**By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,**

**And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring**

**From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash**

**By any indirection.**

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

**Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;**

**Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.**

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

**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, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

**Neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.**

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

**. . . . 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, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

**. . . . It were as good**

**To pardon him that hath from nature stolen**

A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses ; lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath . it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than this 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,  
An earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . We do pray for mercy,  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render,  
The deeds of mercy.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Stones dissolv'd to water do convert.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 592.*

Melt at my tears and be compassionate ;  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 595.*

Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 626.*

The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;  
No word like 'pardon' for king's mouths so meet.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

If I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I'll turn my mercy out o'doors and make a stockfish of thee.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

**MERIT**

Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.  
It is not so with him that all things knows  
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows ;  
But most it is presumption in us when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1*

Good wine needs no bush.

*As You Like It, Epilogue, Line 1*

A good play needs no epilogue.

*As You Like It, Epilogue, Line 5.*

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

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The force of his own merit makes his way.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleft  
All by the name of dogs : the valu'd file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the stuble,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd : whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike : and so of men.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Good counsellors lack no clients.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Who shall go about  
To cozen fortune and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

O! that estates, degrees, and offices  
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer  
How many then should cover that stand bare;  
How many be commanded that command;  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour  
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times  
To be new-varnish'd!

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Every worth in show commends itself.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## MIND

. . . . Give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Clearse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . 'Tis but a base ignoble mind  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in  
So thin that life looks through and will break out.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . It is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . When the mind 's free  
The body 's delicate; the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :  
More needs she the divine than the physician.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages :  
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Men have marble, women waxen minds.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1240.*

'T is the mind that makes the body rich.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Neglecting wordly ends, all dedicate

To closeness and the bettering of my mind.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd ;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The error of our eye directs our mind.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

In nature there 's no blemish but the mind ;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,

But not take in the mind.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## MIRACLES

. . . . Great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

They say miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, encensing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Miracles are ceased ;

And therefore we must needs admit the means

How things are perfected.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 1.*



## MISERY

. . . . Misery doth part  
The flux of company.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . We are not all alone unhappy :  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . My son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Nothing almost sees miracles  
But misery.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,  
Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;  
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,  
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold.  
When every part a part of woe doth bear.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1234.*

Misery makes sport to mock itself.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O ill-dispersing wind of misery !

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before ;  
The one is filling still, never complete ;  
The other, at high wish : best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

These miseries are more than may be borne :  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Ah ! that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat ;  
 That ever death should let life bear his name,  
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Misery is trodden on by many,  
 And being low never reliev'd by any.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 707.*

**MODESTY**

The chariest maid is prodigal enough  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
 Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath

*Lover's Complaint, Line 293.*

. . . . Can it be  
 That modesty may more betray our sense  
 Than woman's lightness ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Pray thee take pain  
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
 Thy skipping spirit.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Do not impeach your modesty too much, . . .  
 To trust the opportunity of night  
 And the ill counsel of a desert place  
 With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Modest as the dove.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1*

. . . . My modesty,  
 The jewel in my dower.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that  
 Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay'.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
 Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

**MONEY**

He that wants money, means and content is without  
 three good friends.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

I can raise no money by vile means :  
 By heaven. I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for drachmans, than to wring  
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
 By any indirection

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## MOON

My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight;  
 Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
 The other four in wondrous motion.  
 Old men and beldams in the streets  
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The moon, like to a silver bow  
 New-bent in heaven.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1*

. . . . The moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound  
 And through this distemperature we see  
 The seasons alter

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanac, find out moonshine.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 1*

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye,  
 And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
 Lamenting some enforced chastity

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
 Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears, soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

It is the very error of the moon;  
 She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
 And makes men mad

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1007.*

O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skip-  
 ping a dialogue.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

## MORNING

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

. . . . I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,  
Awake the god of day.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

How bloodily the sun begins to pear  
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun ;  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Yon grey lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done  
That it in golden letters should be set  
Among the high tides in the calendar ?

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasure of the world,  
Is all too wanton.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,

Opening on Naptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Night's swift dragons out the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2*

. . . . And look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . The morning rise  
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 194.*

When from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . The sun advances his burning eye  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . The morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness.

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . The busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The sun begins to gild the western sky !

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds

*Jenus and Adams, Line 453*

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose sil'nt breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty,  
 Who doth the worlds so gloriously behold,  
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold

*Jenus and Adams Line 855.*

**MURDER**

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways

*'s You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Murder most foul as in the best it is  
 But this most foul strange and unnatural

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Murder, though it have no tongue will speak  
 With most miraculous organ

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2*

What if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than it elf with brother's blood,  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
 To wash it white as snow ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3*

Forgive me, my foul murder !

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Treason and murder ever kept together,  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly in a natural cause  
 That admiration did not whoop at them

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 2*

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
 No certain life achiev'd by other's death

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2*

Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Most sacriligious murder hath broke ope  
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contrived murder.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

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

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill,

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 167.*

. . . . The great king of kings  
Hath in the table of his law commanded  
That thou shall do no murder

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Friend or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

To kill, I grant, is sin's extreme disgust;  
But in deference, by mercy, 't is most just.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . O wonderful thing!  
How easily murder is discovered!

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

MUSIC

Give me some music ; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Make battery to our ears with the loud music.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

A wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . As sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing;  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

In sweet music is such art.  
Killing care and grief of heart.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . As sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Music oft hath such a charm  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear  
And summon him to marriage.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,



Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 The motion of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Music for the time doth change his nature.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

An admirable musician ! O! she will sing the savageness out  
 of a bear.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother.  
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 103.*

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1107.*

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . How sour sweet music is  
 When time is broke and no proportion kept !

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Music with her silver sound  
 With speedy help doth lend redress.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

That wild music burthens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

*Sonnet CII.*

Procure me music ready when he wakes,  
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

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 ?  
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
 And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

This music crept by me upon the waters,  
 Allaying both their fury and my passion  
 With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it  
 Or it hath drawn me rather.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;  
 And being once subdued in armed tail,  
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 10.*

If music be the food of love, play on ;  
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

O ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough ! no more :  
 'T is not so sweet now as it was before.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
 Make tigers tame and huge leviathans,  
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and hurt's deep-sore wounding,

*Venus and Adonis, Line 431.*

I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter  
 merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung  
 lamentably.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## NATURE

. . . . 'Tis often seen  
 Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds  
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Nature wants stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !  
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys !

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Nature crescent does not grow alone  
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

'T is dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell-incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And being frank, she lends to those are free.

*Sonnet IV.*

. . . . Nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry ! common mother, thou,  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms !

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean ; so, o'er that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art

That nature makes.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . This is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but  
The art itself is nature.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## NECESSITY

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . To lapse in fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Construe the times to their necessities.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Nature must obey necessity.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

O! reason not the need; our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Necessity will make us all forsworn,  
Three thousand times within this three years' space.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:  
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity'.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?  
The fairest grant is the necessity.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

When rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may  
make what price they will.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ?

*Percles, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
There is no virtue like necessity.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

To grim necessity, and he and I  
Will keep a league till death.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

They love not poison that do poison need.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

My poverty, but not my will consents.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !  
What an alteration of honour  
Has desperate want made !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd  
for food follows not the sheep

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages  
follows not thee.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Make a virtue of necessity.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

## NEWS

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

. . . . If 't be summer news,  
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

There's villainous news abroad.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

The first bringer of unwelcome news  
 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

These news, I must confess, are full of grief.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Do not seek to stuff  
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

There is no composition in these news  
 That gives them credit.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;  
 If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news,  
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

News, old news, and such news as you never heard of !

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,  
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## NIGHT

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 When churchyards yawn and hel' itself breathes out  
 Contagion to this world.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea,  
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
 That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The tyranny of the open night 's too rough  
 For nature to endure.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

The night is long that never finds the day.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!  
O night, which ever art when day is not!

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 117.*

O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of Shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders tell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator  
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 764.*

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 771.*

O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous Day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies married with disgrace  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 779.*

When the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage bloody here.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black!

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 773.*

## OATH

'T is not the many oaths that make the truth,  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 2.*



What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
 But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,  
 If I should swear by God's great attributes,  
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
 When I did love you ill? This has no holding,  
 To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
 That I will work against him: therefore your oaths  
 Are words and poore conditions, but unscal'd  
 At least in my opinion

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

All men

Have the like oaths he had sworn to marry me  
 When his wife's dead, therefore I'll lie with him  
 When I am buried

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any  
 standers-by to curtail his oaths.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The vows of women

Of no more bondage be to where they are made  
 Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Men's vows are women's traitors.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
 Lends the tongue vows

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3*

Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers  
 Not of that dye which their investments show,  
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
 The better to beguile

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3*

A good mouth-filling oath!

*Henry IV (1st Part) Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 3*

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath  
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,  
 And have no other reason for this wrong  
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

For a kingdom any oath may be broken.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What other oath  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs, unto had causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . But do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think that or our cause or our performance  
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

It is religion that doth make vows kept.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Swear not.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Vows were ever brokers to defiling.

*lover's Complaint, Line 173.*

Having sworn too hard a keeping oath,  
 Study to break it and not break my troth.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,  
 These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . What fool is not so wise  
 To lose an oath to win a paradise.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Swearing till my very roof was dry  
 With oaths of love.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,  
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
 For to deny each article with oath  
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
 That I do groan withal.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;  
 Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !  
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Do not swear at all ;  
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
 Which is the god of my idolatory,  
 And I 'll believe thee.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The strongest oaths are straw  
 To the fire i' the blood.

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
 And keeps the oath which by that God he swears.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;  
 They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

It comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering  
accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation  
than ever proof itself would have earned him

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

## OBEDIENCE

. . . . I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Servants must their masters' minds fulfil

*Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

What he bids be done is finished with his bidding.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Every good servant does not all commands,  
No bond but to do just ones.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant blow.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3*

. . . . Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion  
To which fix'd, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Let them obey that know not how to rule.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2,*

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

You have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1*

Obey thy parents.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## OFFENCE

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Where the offence is let the great axe fall.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

All offences, my lord, come from the heart.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 8.*

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, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

All 's not offence that indiscretion finds  
And dotage terms so.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 182.*

Hence hath offence his quick celerity  
When it is borne in high authority.

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

*Sonnet XXXIV.*

## OMISSION

Omittance is no quittance.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## OPINION

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

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

In the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The most fond and winnowed opinions

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputeless banishment.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side still where I am.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

Opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects!

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
O wisdom, gravity, profound conceit. . . .  
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.

*Pericles, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides,  
like a leather jerkin.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## OPPORTUNITY

There 's place and means for every man alive.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Let 's take the instant by the forward top,  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals ere we can effect them,

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd.  
Shall never find it more.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

We must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Full oft 't is seen,  
Our means secure us, and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours;  
But ill-annexed opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 868.*

O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great,  
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;  
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits Sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 876.*

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;

Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !  
 Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:  
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 883.*

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
 Thy private feasting to a public fast,  
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name.  
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
 Thy violent vanities can never last.  
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 890.*

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?  
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end ?  
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?  
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?  
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;  
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 897.*

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,  
 And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Take all the swift advantage of the hours.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

*Sonnet CXLVIII.*

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
 Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Make use of time, let not advantage slip.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 129.*

## OPTIMISM

. . . . 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 counsellors  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am'.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*



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, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . God almighty !  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out;  
For our bad neighbours makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry;  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all; admonishing  
That we should dress us fairly for our end.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O! sir, to willul men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

. . . . To be worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

O benefit of ill ! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better.

*Sonnet CXIX.*

. . . . Be cheerful  
And think of each thing well.

*Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## ORATOR

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace,  
She puts the period often from his place.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 563.*

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 805.*

## ORDER

. . . . Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor;  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Order gave each thing view.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . As fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threat'ning 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, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insitute, course, proportion, season, form,

Office. and custom, in all line of order.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## PARENTS

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;

And would my father had left me no more !

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Happy always was it for that son

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind,

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Obeÿ thy parents.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

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

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

To you your father should be as a god ;

One that compos'd 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.

*Midsommer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

All love the womb that their first being bred.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Every mother breeds not sons alike.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## PARTING

Though parting be a fretful corrosive.

It is applied to a deathful wound.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

If I depart from thee I cannot live ;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

God give us leisure for these rights of love !

Once more, adieu !

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet again.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Eyes, look your last !

Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you,

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Injurious time now with a robber's haste

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how

As many farewells as be stars in heaven.

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them.

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss

Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## PASSION

. . . . 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.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The bravery of his grief did put me

Into a towering passion.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Passion, I see, is catching.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Passion, having my best judgment colied,  
Assays to lead the way.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

*Othello Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The passions of the mind,  
That have their first conceptions by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## PATIENCE

Patience is settish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that 's mad.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 13.*

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

As patient as the female dove.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

You tread upon my patience.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . To climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
Till they obey the manage.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I will be the pattern of all patience.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

**Begin it with weak straws.**

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

I thank God I have as little patience as another man ; and therefore I can be quiet.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Thou dost look  
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act.

*Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience ;  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
And let it answer every strain for strain,  
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,  
In every lincament, branch, shape, and form :  
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem !' when he should groan,  
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

'T is 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.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

How poor are they that have not patience !  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Those that do teach young babes  
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
They that whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1156.*

That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,  
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

*Sonnet CXL.*

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs  
tarry the grinding.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

You must stay the cooking too, or you may chance to  
burn your lips.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pin'd in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

## PATRIOTISM

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather had  
eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit  
out of action.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

When he did love his country, it honour'd him.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Alas, how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound? . . . Thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread . . .  
On thy mother's womb  
That brought thee to this world.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,

And treasure of my loins.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O! for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles;  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;  
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 5.*

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I shall be well content with any choice  
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's: then if thou fall'st,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Who is here so vile, that will not love his country?

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Courage mounteth with occasion.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*



. . . . I weep for joy  
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.  
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:  
 As a long-parted mother with her child  
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,  
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way;  
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;  
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder  
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:  
 This earth shall have a feeling and these stones  
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## PEACE

Quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
 By any desperate change.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The time of universal peace is near:  
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
 Shall bear the olive freely.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as for as day  
 does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.  
 Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy,  
 insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer  
 of men.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

As war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it  
 cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
 For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
 And neither party loser.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Peace

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births !

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

One would have lingering wars with little cost ;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Blessed are the peacemakers on earth !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
In such a just and charitable war.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . 'Tis not so hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

## PERSEVERANCE

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Much rain wears the marble.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## PHILOSOPHY

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy  
could find it out.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Of your philosophy you make no use  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

I fear he will prove the weening philosopher when he grows  
old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

There was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy!

*Romeo and Juliet Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## PLEASURE

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch

Without some pleasure now.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . The present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,  
And at their heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and fæces to life?

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

All delights are vain ; but that most vain,  
Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many more ?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1478.*

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment.  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

*Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 2.*

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## POETRY

The truest poetry is the most feigning: and lovers are given  
to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers  
they do feign.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The elegancy, facility and golden cadence of poesy !

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

If music and sweet poetry agree,

As they must needs, the sister and the brother.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 103.*

Yet do thy worst, old Time. despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

*Sonnet XIX.*

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Then unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

*Sonnet LV.*

And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

*Sonnet LX.*

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,  
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

*Sonnet LXXXI.*

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
From whence 't is nourish'd; the fire i' the flint  
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and like the current flies  
Each bound it chafes.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans  
I orsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## POETS

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.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

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 a 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.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## POISON

I feed myself with most delicious poison.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

. . . . O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

In poison there is physic.

*Henry II (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

They love not poison that do poison need.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

## POLICY

Manhood is called foolery when it stands  
Against a falling fabric.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Men must learn how with pity to dispense ;  
For policy sits above conscience.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The devil knew not what he did when he made man  
politic ; he crossed himself by 't : and I cannot think but in  
the end the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly  
this lord strives to appear foul ! takes virtuous copies to be  
wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole  
realms on fire.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

'T is policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,  
And think perchance they 'll sell ; if not,  
The lustre of the better yet to show  
Shall show the better.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## POVERTY

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.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !  
If one should be a prey, now much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf !

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## PRAISE

I will praise any man that will praise me.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

. . . . Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

This praise doth nourish agues.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Make her chronicle as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With Sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . Praise we may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

This comes too near the praising of myself.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

She 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise  
and too little for a great praise.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

There 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise  
himself.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse.  
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

*Sonnet LXXXIV.*

Thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise  
And make it half behind her.

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . No man  
Can justly praise but what he does effect.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter show'rs,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

When no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth :  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*



Whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed  
in the praise.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

They praise me and make ass of me.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Good things should be praised.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Our praises are our wages.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## PRAYER

. . . . Prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

What 's in prayer but this two-fold force,  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will :  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee :  
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass.  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1*

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven !

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayers.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
 Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor  
 As fancy values them ; but with true prayers  
 That shall rise up at heaven and enter there  
 Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
 From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate  
 To nothing temporal.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

If you bethink yourself of any crime  
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace  
 Solicit for it straight.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

If you require a little space for prayer,  
 I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,  
 For the gods are quick of ear.

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

He prays but faintly and would be denied.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

She prayed, that never prayed before.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
 Long continuance, and increasing,  
 Hourly joys be still upon you !

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

**PRIDE**

Why, who cries out on pride,  
 That can therein tax any private party ?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the weary very means do ebb ?

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

My pride fell with my fortunes.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Pride, which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Pride went before, ambition follows him.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Small things make base men proud.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

This many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

All pride is willing pride.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O short-liv'd pride!

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . But man, proud man,  
 Drest in a little brief authority,  
 Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,  
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
 As make the angels weep.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
 Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !  
 No glory lives behind the back of such.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

'Tis pride that pulls the country down.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Pride must have a fall.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

He that is proud cuts up himself; pride is his own glass,  
 his own trumpet, his own chronicle.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I do hate a proud man, as hate I the engendering of toads.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . Pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself but pride, for supple knees  
 Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

How one man eats into another's pride,  
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars,  
 A mock is due.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

PROMISE

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,  
You must not take for fire.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

*Henry VIII, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Keep thy word justly.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Commit not with man's sworn spouse.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 8.*

Promising is the very aim o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

To promise is most courtly and fashionable, performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

PUNISHMENT

Where the offence is let the great axe fall.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Give the devil his due.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Answering one foul wrong  
Lives not to act another.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

God sends a curst cow short horns.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many more?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone

Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
 For one's offence why should so many fall,  
 To plague a private sin in general?

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1478.*

## QUARREI.

. . . . Holy seems the quarrel  
 Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
 On the opposer.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Noble friends,  
 That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
 A leaner action rend us What's amiss,  
 May it be gently heard; when we debate  
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
 Murder in healing wounds; then, noble partners,  
 The rather for I earnestly beseech,  
 Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
 Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

As quarrelous as the weasel.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Find quarrel in a straw  
 When honour 's at the stake.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
 By those that feel their sharpness.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . As full of quarrel and offence  
 As my young mistress, dog.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc.2.*

Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair  
more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast ?

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no  
other reason but because thou hast hazal eyes. What eye, but  
such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ?

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and  
yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street,  
because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the  
sun.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new  
doublet before Easter ? with another, for tying his new shoes  
with old riband ? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Quarrelling . . .

Is valour misbegot and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

This petty brabble will undo us all.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

QUEEN

. . . . Fic, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired !

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

The fairest queen that ever king received.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Ay me, unhappy !

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

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I had rather be a country servant-maid  
Than a great queen with this condition,  
To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## REASON

Every why hath a wherefore.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Love's reason 's without reason.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fust in us unus'd.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no  
man a reason upon compulsion.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Let your reason with your choler question.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

O Judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Strong reasons make strong actions.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious :  
pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious  
without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange with-  
out heresy.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner ?

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Do not banish reason  
For inequality, but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Who will not change a raven for a dove ?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Reason says you are the worthier maid,  
Things growing are not ripe until their season :  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;  
And touching now the point of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will  
And leads me to your eyes.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

It fits thee not to ask the reason why.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy, partial weight.

*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 91.*

. . . . Reason and respect  
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I have no other but a woman's reason :  
I think him so because I think him so.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## RELIGION

. . . . Thus Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . And sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

It is religion that doth make vows kept ;  
But thou hast sworn against religion.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow



Will bless if and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oath : for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## REPENTANCE

Try what repentance can what can it not ?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Confess yourself to heaven ;  
Repent what 's past ; avoid what is to come ;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds  
To make them ranker.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Under your good correction, I have seen,  
When, after execution, judgment hath  
Repented o'er his doom.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
That I do groan withal.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

And wet his grave with my repentant tears !

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Who by repentance is not satisfied  
Is nor of heaven nor earth.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

**RESOLUTION**

. . . . Let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

. . . . Keep unshak'd

That temple, thy fair mind.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . The native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,  
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;  
What to ourselves in passion we propose  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Steel thy fearful thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution :  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art  
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

As positive as the earth is firm.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 243.*

My will is back'd with resolution.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 352*

Will is deaf and hears no heedful friends.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 495.*

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Must you resolve  
That what you cannot as you would achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

For what I will, I will, and there an end.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

### RESTRAINT

The thing that's heavy in itself.  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The more thou damm'st it up the more it burns.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Then let me go and hinder not my course.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with his enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage :  
And so by many winding nooks he strays  
With willing sport to the wild ocean.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

### REVENGE

. . . . Be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Revenge should have no bounds.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

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

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Give the devil his due.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

. . . . Proud Frenchwoman :

Could I come near your beauty with my nails  
I 'd set my ten commandments in your face

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . All vengeance comes too short  
Which can pursue the offender.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Cursed be my tribe  
If I forgive him !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

How shall I be revenged on him ? for revenged I will be,  
as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Now, I do love her too,  
Not out of absolute lust,  
But partly led to diet my revenge.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O ! that the slave had forty thousand lives ;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . 'T is a meritorious fair design  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1692.*

Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies harms.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1694.*

It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide,

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . All have not offended;

For those that were; it is not square to take

On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands

Are not inherited.

*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Pleasure and revenge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice

Of any true decision.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Do not count it holy

To hurt by being just.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

## RUMOUR

Open your ears; for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud rumour speaks ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Induction.*

. . . . Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,

And of so easy and so plain a stop

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,

The still-discordant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Induction, Line 15.*

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the fear'd.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . This from rumour's tongue

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Cruel are the times, . . . when we hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,

But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

## SACRIFICE

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Upon such sacrifices,  
The gods themselves throw incense.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die.

*Sonnet XCIV.*

## SECRECY

In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Constant you are,  
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
No lady closer ; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

How hard it is for women to counsel !

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

A secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

There are a kind of men so loose of soul  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Thou art sworn  
As deeply to effect what we intend  
As closely to conceal what we impart.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Two may keep counsel when the third 's away.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Who shall be true to us  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

### SELF-DEFENCE

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safe-guard of the brood.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

### SELFISHNESS

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
'T is just the fashion ; wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The great man down you mark his favourite flies ;  
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Who will not change a raven for a dove ?

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

### SELF-KNOWLEDGE

I will chide no brother in the world but myself, against  
whom I know most faults.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O ! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of  
your necks, and make but an interior survey of your goodselves.  
O ! that you could.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . In way of caution, I must tell you.  
You do not understand yourself so clearly.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Speak no more ;  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;  
And there I see such black and grained spots  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Go to your bosom ;  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 633.*

. . . . Fear not, take thy fortunes up ;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

My foes tell me plainly I am an ass : so that by my foes,  
sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself.

*Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## SELF-LOVE

Self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the cannon.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,  
As self-neglecting.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Love thyself last.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . She cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
And all my soul and all my every part :  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart

*Sonnet LXII.*

Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth off such account ;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

*Sonnet LXII.*



I to myself am dearer than a freind,  
For love is still most precious in itself.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

### SELF-PRAISE

We wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of  
our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

There is not one wise man among twenty that will praise  
himself

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

When no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . Lay thy finger on thy lips :  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth ;  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

### SERVICE

Service is no heritage.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

That merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and  
exact performer.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this  
instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but  
blows.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd; to apprehend thus  
Draws us a profit from all things we see,  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . 'T is the curse of service,  
Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . You know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

### SICKNESS

Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Sickness is catching.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## SILENCE

. . . . Be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable to your silence still;  
And what so ever else shall hap tonight,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

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

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods  
They froze me into silence.

*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## SIMILIES

As innocent as grace itself.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Plain as way to parish church.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

As sensual as the brutish sting itself.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea ?

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

As easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of  
a lover.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

- As full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.  
*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*
- More deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*
- Chaste as the icicle.  
*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*
- As certain as I know the sun is fire.  
*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 4.*
- As quarrellous as the weasel.  
*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*
- Sharper than the sword.  
*Cymbeline, Act 3 Sc. 4.*
- As good as promise.  
*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*
- As pure as grace.  
*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*
- Swift as quicksilver.  
*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*
- As swift as meditation.  
*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*
- As hush as death  
*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*
- As chaste as ice.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*
- As pure as snow.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*
- White as snow.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*
- Soft as sinews of the new-born babe.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*
- As false as dice's' oaths.  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*
- Mad as the sea and wind  
*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*
- As low an ebb as the foot of the ladder.  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*
- Fresh as a bridegroom.  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*
- Smooth as oil  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*
- Soft as young down.  
*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

As merry as crickets.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Gross as a mountain

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As plenty as blackberries.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As valiant as Hercules.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As fat as butter.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As sure as day.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

As tedious as a tired horse.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Valiant as a lion.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

As bountiful as mines of India.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

My skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

As full of spirit as the month of May.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Wanton as youthful goats.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Wild as young bulls.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

As vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

As hot as molten lead.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

They grow like Hydra's heads.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

As good as heart can wish.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

As humorous as winter.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

As sudden as flaws congealed in the spring of day.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

As clear as is the summer's sun.

*Henry V. Act 1, Sc. 2.*

- As cold as any stone.  
*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 3.*
- Clear as day.  
*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*
- As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe.  
*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*
- As terrible as storms.  
*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*
- As even as a calm.  
*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*
- Constant as the northern star.  
*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*
- As huge as high Olympus.  
*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*
- As tedious as a twice-told tale.  
*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*
- As hollow as a ghost.  
*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*
- As dim and meagre as an ague's fit.  
*King John, Act 3, Sc. 4.*
- As sad as night.  
*King John, Act 4, Sc. 1.*
- As true as honest madam's issue  
*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 2.*
- Sharper than a serpent's tooth.  
*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*
- Ripe as the pomewate .  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*
- As true we are as flesh and blood can be.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*
- As swift as thought.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*
- Subtle as Sphinx.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*
- As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*
- As keen as is the razor's edge.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*
- Wanton as a child.  
*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*
- As false as stairs of sand.  
*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

- White as milk.** *Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*
- Sing as sweetly as the lark.** *Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*
- Dull as night.** *Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*
- Dark as Erebus.** *Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*
- As positive as the earth is firm.** *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 2.*
- As crest-fallen as a dried pear.** *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 4, Sc. 5.*
- As blue as bilberry.** *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*
- As wicked as his wife.** *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*
- As slanderous as Satan.** *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*
- Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.** *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*
- Short as any dream.** *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*
- Momentary as a sound.** *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*
- Swift as a shadow.** *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*
- Brief as the lightning.** *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*
- My heart is true as steel.** *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*
- As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.** *Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*
- You are more intemperate in your blood than Venus.** *Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*
- Light as air.** *Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*
- As poor as winter.** *Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*
- As prime as goats.** *Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

- As hot as monkeys. *Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*
- As salt as wolves in pride. *Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*
- Fools as gross as ignorance made drunk. *Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*
- As loud as thunder. *Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 1.*
- Deaf as the sea. *Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*
- Hasty as fire. *Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*
- As confident as is the falcon's fight  
Against a bird. *Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*
- Swift like lightning. *Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*
- As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true. *Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*
- Sharp as thorn. *Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*
- It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye. *Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 4.*
- As thin of substances as the air. *Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*
- More inconstant than the wind. *Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*
- As boundless as the sea. *Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*
- Richer than wealth. *Sonnet XCI.*
- Sweet as spring-time flowers. *Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*
- She sings as sweetly as a nightingale. *Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*
- . . . . She looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew. *Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*
- Modest as the dove. *Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*
- Temperate as the morn. *Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

**With a heart as willing as bondage e'er of freedom.**

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

**Worse than any death.**

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

**As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers.**

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

**Weaker than a woman's tear.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

**Tamer than sleep.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

**Fonder than ignorance.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

**Less valiant than the virgin in the night.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

**Skillless as unpractis'd infancy.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

**Hard as the palm of ploughman.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

**Speak frankly as the wind.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

**As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,**

**As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,**

**As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

**I am as true as truth's simplicity.**

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

**As dark as ignorance.**

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

**As dark as hell.**

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

**More sharp than filed steel.**

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

**As white as a lilly.**

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

**As small as a wand.**

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

**As patient as a gentle stream.**

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

## SIMPLICITY

**There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.**

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

**Never anything can be amiss,**

**When simpleness and duty tender it.**

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*



## SIN

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Foul deeds will rise,

though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Ah! what a sign it is of evil life

Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed!

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . I am a man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Our compell'd sins,

Stand more for number than for accompt.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.

'T is best that thou diest quickly.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

O! 't is the cunning livery of hell,

The damned'st body to invest and cover

In princely guards.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Those that sleep and think not on their sins

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

O! what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Confess thee freely of thy sin.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

He 's no man on whom perfections wait,  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight !

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

One sin, I know, another doth provoke.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Water cannot wash away your sin.

*Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

You cannot make gross sins look clear.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . All the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

## SINCERITY

. . . . My heart  
Is as true as steel.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the  
clapper ; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Bashful sincerity !

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Speak frankly as the wind.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## SLANDER

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Slander lives upon succession,  
For ever housed where it gets possession.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

My tongue, though not my heart; shall have his will,  
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere ;  
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,  
 Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,  
 And thereof comes it that his head is light.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Away ! I do condemn mine ears that have  
 So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,  
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue not  
 For such an end thou seek'st ; as base as strange.  
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
 From thy report as thou from honour.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

. . . 'Tis slander,  
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue  
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath  
 Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
 All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,  
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
 This viperous slander enters.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Virtue itself 'scapes not caluminous strokes ;  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not  
 escape calumny.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue  
 In noise so rude against me ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . Slander,  
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
 As level as the cannon to his blank,  
 Transports his poison'd shot.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
 The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Induction.*

I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him : in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Ah ! kill me with thy weapon. not with words.  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point  
Than can my ears that tragic history.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 6.*

This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
As is the razor's edge invisible.  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,  
Above the sense of sense ; so sensible  
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

No might or greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What king so strong  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

She is dead, slander'd to death by villains,  
That dare as well answer a man indeed  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues !

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

O! fie upon thee, slanderer.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
Never pray more abandon all remorse.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Imputation and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth !

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

'T is better to be much abus'd  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office  
Have not devis'd this slander.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair.

*Sonnet LXX.*

. . . . Slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater.

*Sonnet LXX*

Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

*Sonnet CXL.*

Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put  
his head in ? Such may rail against great buildings.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 4*

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing  
but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he  
do nothing but reprove.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

. . . . 'Tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Where your good word cannot advantage him,  
Your slander never can endamage him.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Calumny will sear  
Virtue itself.

*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.

*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## SLEEP

O sleep ! thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,  
And be her sense but as a monument  
Thus in a chapel lying.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

He that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . By a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 't is 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 surpris'd 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 ?

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects }  
Are at this hour asleep ! O Sleep ! O gentle Sleep !  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch-case or a common larum bell ?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,  
That with the hurly death itself awakes ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

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, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber !  
Layst thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays the music ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

. . . . The innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit !

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Thy best of rest is sleep.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I pray you, let none of your people stir me : I have an  
exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

I let fall the windows of mine eyes.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth  
It is a comforter.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts ; I find  
They are inclined to do so.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

## SMILE

. . . . Loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Those happy smilets  
That play'd on her ripe lip !

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

How deceits were gilded in his smiling.

*Lover's Complaint, Line 172.*



There's daggers in men's smiles.

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

A villain with a smiling cheek !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

A smile recures the wounding of a frown.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 465.*

## SOCIETY

Let 's meet as little as we can.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Society is no comfort  
To one not sociable.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me !

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage  
is caught, as men take diseases, one of another therefore let  
men take heed of their company.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . 'Tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes ,  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Upon familiarity will grow more contempt

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## SOLDIERS

. . . . And ambition,  
The soldier's virtue.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

You say you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so : make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well.

*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Fie! a soldier, and afeard ?

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . 'T is the soldiers' life

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

A soldier 's a man;

A life 's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . . But we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## SOLITUDE

. . . . . Happily this life is best,  
If quiet life be best.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3*

. . . . . I myself am best  
When least in company.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5. Sc. 3.*

## SOUL

Believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light  
nut; the soul of this man is his clothes.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !  
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! Make assay !

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

But, look, amazement on thy mother sits;  
O, step between her and her fighting soul.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Now my soul's palace is become a prison.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . . Within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor  
And with advantage means to pay thy love.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;  
It would not out at windows nor at doors.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

I have a kind soul that would give you thanks  
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

That unlettered small-knowing soul.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

An evil soul producing holy witness  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh jew,  
Thou makest thy knife keen.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis ?

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

My parts, my title and my perfect soul  
Shall manifest me rightly

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

I will not vex your souls—  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Truly, the souls of men are full of dread.

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## SPEECH

. . . . Be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator,  
Look sweet, speak fair.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

When he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Things are often spoke and seldom meant :  
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

'Tis better said than done.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I had a thing to say,  
But I will fit it with some better time . . .  
I had a thing to say, but let it go.

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,  
Fie, painted rhetoric !

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

One rubbed his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore  
A better speech was never spoke before.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . It oft falls out  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

It is spoke as a Christian ought to speak.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Speak scholarly and wisely.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the  
Soldier than in the scholar.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

I will speak as liberal as the north :  
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

He that no more must say is listen'd more  
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Fie speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

O ! but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

He speaks nothing but madman : fie on him !

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it  
is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 208.*

Lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 329.*

Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;  
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 334.*

. . . . . When you speak sweet,  
I would have you do it ever : when you sing,  
I would have you buy and sell so.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## SPORT

It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was  
sport for ladies.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Wanton as youthful goats.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,  
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

That sport best pleases that doth least know how ;  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents ;  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

## STAR

. . . . . 'T were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

My good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 13.*

The star is fall'n  
And time is at his period.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 14.*

. . . The moist star  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brook a double reign

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

What ! we have seen the seven stars

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Now, now you stars that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers ? show now your mended faiths.  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

The stars above us govern our conditions

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd

*Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . We'll feast here awhile,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 4*

That full star that ushers in the even

*Sonnet CXXXII.*

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star whose influence  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

My stars shine darkly over me the malignancy of my fate  
might perhaps distemper yours

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

But truer stars did govern Protenus' birth

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

## STRENGTH

I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure  
in strength.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

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

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father dead.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

**STUDY**

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . 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,  
'T is won as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

What is the end of study ? Let me know ?  
Why, that to know which else we should not know,  
Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense ?  
Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

**SUCCESS**

. . . . Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon.

*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Nothing can seem foul to those that win.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Things ill got had ever bad success.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

And have is have, however men do catch.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

They laugh that win.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . They well deserve to have  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*



## SUFFERANCE

From the smoke into the smother !

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

They can be meek that have no other cause.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever

Of hardness is mother.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Of sufferance comes ease.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

O ! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe !

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

'T is 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.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

There was never yet philosopher

That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,

However they have writ the style of gods

And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore ;

He ten times pines that pines belolding food ;

To see the slave doth make the wound ache more.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1115.*

Deep torture may be call'd a hell,

When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1287.*

Asses are made to bear.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Women are made to bear.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

## SUICIDE

. . . . Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

## SUSPICION

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
That what he fear'd is chanced.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,  
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 6.*

The bird that hath been limed in a bush  
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 6.*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 6.*

O father Abram! what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream an evil,  
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 87.*

They whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye benolds their shame.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1342.*

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## TEARS

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

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring  
And these the showers to bring it on.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

My tears that fall  
Prove holy water on thee.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

Too much of water hast thou  
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet . . .  
The woman will be out.

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Sad unhelpful tears!

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;  
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
 To wash away my woeful monuments.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

. . . . Tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart  
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;  
 For self-same wind that I should speak withal  
 Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,  
 And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.  
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . See, see ! what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ,  
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn ,  
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . What I should say  
 My tears gainsay , for every word I speak,  
 Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries , but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . He has strangled  
 His language in his tears.

*Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
 For villainy is not without such rheum.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
 That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks :  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation :

But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . She shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . 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.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . What a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear,  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?

*Lover's Complaint, Line 288.*

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, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . One, whose subdu'd eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinable gum.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Tears harden lust though marble wear with raining.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 560.*

O! if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears and be compassionate.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 593.*

. . . . Dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,  
Advantaging their loan with interest  
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which, you mistaking, offer up to joy.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

*Sonnet XXXIV.*

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from hemlocks foul as hell within.

*Sonnèt CXIX.*

O, cunning love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

*Sonnet CXLVIII.*

. . . . Let it be your glory  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Weaker than woman's tear !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my  
tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my  
sighs.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## TEMPTATION

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make deeds ill done !

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

'Tis one thing to be tempted,  
Another thing to fall.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1*

. . . . Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Never could the strumpet,  
With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Tempt not a desperate man

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer,  
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale  
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 231.*

Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;  
Then be my dear, since I am such a park;  
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 235.*

## THOUGHT

He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2,*

Our worser thought, heavens mend!

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 12.*

Make not your thoughts your prisons.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

A woman's thought runs before her actions.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes  
it so.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh :  
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks:  
never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better  
than thine.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Do you think me a swallow, an arrow or a bullet? have I,  
in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Thy wish was father to that thought.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
I know not where I am, nor what I do.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,  
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Faster than spring-time showers, comes, thought on thought!

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 4.*



. . . . Thoughts are no subjects,  
 Intents but metel thoughts.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tired.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 353.*

Sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts !

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

O! who can hold a fire in his hand  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 O! no, the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

When holy and devout religious men  
 Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them thence;  
 So sweet is zealous contemplation

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

. . . . Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams  
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.

*Sonnet XLIV.*

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Thought is bounty's foe;  
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Thought is free

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Cogitation,  
 Resides not in that man that does not think.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2*

## TIME

In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and  
 let Time try.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Time suppresseth wrongs.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Old Time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time!

*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Why should proud summer boast  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth,  
But like of each thing that in season grows.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Things growing are not ripe until their season.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

A man loves the meet in his youth that he cannot endure  
in his age.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;  
Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 925.*

Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 936.*

O Time! thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 995.*

O Time! cease thou thy course, and last no longer,

If they surcease to be that should survive.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1765.*

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

*Richard II, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where.

*Sonnet V.*

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

*Sonnet XII.*

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets.

*Sonnet XIX.*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

*Sonnet LX.*

Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd.  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound

*Sonnet LX.*

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow ,  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

*Sonnet LX.*

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd ;  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore ;  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with store :  
When I have seen such interchange of state,

Or state itself confounded to decay ;  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,  
 That Time will come and take my Love away.

*Sonnet LXIV.*

O ! how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?  
 O fearful meditation ! where, alack !  
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?  
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?  
 O ! none, unless this miracle have might,  
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

*Sonnet LXV.*

Reckoning Time , whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things.

*Sonnet CXV.*

Frame your manners to the time.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand.  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Crasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

*Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## TRAITORS

. . . . Thus do all traitors:  
 If their purgation did consist in words,  
 They are as innocent as grace itself.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,  
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Think him as a serpent's egg  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Revenge! —About! —Seek! —Burn! —Fire! —Kill! —Slay!  
—Let not a traitor live.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

*Pericles, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so and too bad to live.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:  
Off with his head!

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

## TRAVEL

. . . . 'Tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home.

*Henry V, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways  
 Draw out our miles and make them wearisome ;  
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Travel,  
 Which to a stranger,  
 Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
 Rough and unhospitable.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

I rather would entreat thy company  
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## TRAVELLERS

Travellers must be content.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad.  
 I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's ; then,  
 to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and  
 poor hands.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Travellers ne'er did lie,  
 Though fools at home condemn them.

*Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

## TREASON

Treason is not inherited, my lord.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Mistake me not so much  
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Treason is but trusted like the fox.  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;  
 Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,  
 Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,  
 That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
 His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Treason and murder ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose.  
Working so grossly in a natural cause  
That admiration did not whoop at them.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

An arrant traitor as any is in the universal world.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 8.*

And in his simple show he harbours treason.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The purest spring is not so free from mud  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign,

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

O treason of the blood !

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Treason works ere traitors be espied.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 361.*

If ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous.

*Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## TRUST

. . . . I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
And so far will I trust thee.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Well, you may fear too far :  
Safer than trust too far.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

He 's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's  
health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

. . . . And my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in it 's contrary as great  
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound.

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## TRUTH

O ! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Truth loves open dealing.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Truth is truth.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Pericles, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 158.*

Truth hath a quiet breast .

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*Richard III, Act 4 Sc. 4.*

Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay,  
But best is best, if never intermix'd.

*Sonnet CI.*

I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Troilus and Cressida Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
Is 'plain and true'; there 's all the reach of it.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## UNITY

. . . . We still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd play'd eat together,  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*



Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition;  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

## USE

Use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either master the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency.

*Hamlet, Act 3 Sc. 4.*

Things that are mouldy lack use.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan.

*Sonnet VI.*

The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

*Sonnet XCV.*

. . . . Nature, what things there are,  
Most abject in regard, and dear in use !  
What things, again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth !

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man !

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear;  
Dainties to taste. fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 163.*

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure trets,  
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 767.*

## VALOUR

. . . . When valour preys on reason  
It eats the sword it fights with.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

. . . . It is held  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and

Most dignifies the haver.

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . He that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.

*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . O! the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Valiant as a lion!

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The better part of valour is discretion.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

That's valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

He is as full of valour as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

There 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Courage mounteth with occasion.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we 'll not fail.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

. . . . Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire?

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

To that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety.

*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

I take him to be as valiant as Hector.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

True valour still a true respect should have.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 201.*

A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

They were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet.

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Less valiant than the virgin in the night.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Even so

Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness  
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why then, the things of courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
Retorts to chiding fortune.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

There is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in  
man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels pur-  
posely on others to taste their valour.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4*

## VALUE

Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

*Henry V, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

On the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd.

*Sonnet XCVI.*

Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 't is precious of itself  
As in the prizer.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

## VICTORY

. . . . Upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory ! and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet !

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Nothing can seem foul to those that win.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 1*

He saw me, and yielded.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

I came, saw, and overcame.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Sound trumpets ! let our bloody colours wave !  
And either victory, or else a grave.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

To whom God will, there be the victory !

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

The harder match'd the greater victory.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## VILLAINY

He hath out-villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

When we in our viciousness grow hard,  
O misery on 't ! the wise gods seel our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut

To our confusion.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

O villainy ! Ho, let the door be lock'd  
Treachery ! seek it out.

*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

O God ! what mischiefs work the wicked ones,  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Mischief, thou art afoot.  
Take thou what course thou wilt !

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted  
villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Such smiling rogues as these,  
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain  
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion  
That in the natures of their lords rebel;  
Being oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd  
When others are more wicked; not being the worst  
Stands in some rank of praise

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard  
but I will better the instruction.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,  
That when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Divinity of hell !  
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
 With old odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ,  
 And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Villain and he be many miles asunder.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3. Sc. 5.*

There's nothing level in our cursed natures  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorri'd  
 All feats, societies, and throngs of men ! .

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

**VIRGINITY**

Man is enemy to virginity.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Bless our poor virginity from under-miners and blowers up!  
 Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up :  
 marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves  
 made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth  
 of nature to preserve virginity.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never  
 virgin got till virginity was first lost.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found, by  
 being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion:  
 away with 't.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

There 's little can be said in 't: 't is against the rule of  
 nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your  
 mothers, which is most infallible disobedience.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself,  
 and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit,  
 as a desperate offendress against nature.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself,

to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhabited sin in the canon.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't! within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth : off with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of request.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable : just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered years; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; 't was formerly better; marry, yet 't is a withered pear. Will you any thing with it ?

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## VIRGINS

The honour of a maid is her name.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought !

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . . When maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,  
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . . . A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
Whither away, or where is thy abode?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay'.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

## VIRTUE

Where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honour.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

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, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . To some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies.

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

The tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times that true valour is turned bear-herd; pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A good heart 's worth gold.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*



'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Angels love good men.

*Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Virtue finds no friends.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water.

*Henry VIII, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

My heart laments that virtue cannot live,  
Out of the teeth of emulation.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

*Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . His virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off.

*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

. . . . . Good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . . Theyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Good counsellors lack no clients.

*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . . Never could the strumpet,  
With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Can virtue hide itself?

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Virtue ! a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus.  
Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are  
gardeners.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Pericles, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness !

*Pericles, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

. . . . O unlook'd-for evil,  
When virtue is profaned in such a devil !

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 846.*

What virtue breeds iniquity devours.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 872.*

What 's in a name ? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and plays as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

*Sonnet LIV.*

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
They never do beget a coal-black calf.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

That man, how dearly ever parted,

How much in having, or without, or in,  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection ;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . O ! let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for thing it was.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Any thing that 's mended is but patched : virtue that  
 transgresses is but patched with sin and sin that amends is but  
 patched with virtue.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
 Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

## VOICE

I thank you for your voices : thank you :  
 Your most sweet voices : now you have left your voices,  
 I have no further with you

*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Her voice was ever soft,  
 Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice  
 To slander music any more than once.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . O, for a falconer's voice,  
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Thy small pipe  
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

## VULGARITY

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
 In blood of princes.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

. . . . I'll about  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

O base and obscure vulgar !

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

**WALKING**

When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground  
shrinks before his treading.

*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Here walk I in the black brow of night  
To find you out.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 6.*

I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who  
have died holily in their beds.

*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall.

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

**WANT**

. . . . Women are not  
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure  
The ne'er touch'd vestal.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 12.*

She again wants nothing to name want,  
If want it be not that she is not he.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,  
Weary of all, shall want some.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

For what I have I need not to repeat ;  
And what I want it boots not to complain.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

**WAR**

War, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

. . . . The toil o' the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame and honour ; which dies i' the search,  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what 's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

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-favour'd rage ;  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head  
 Like the brass cannon , let the brow o'erwhelm it  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

There are few die well that die in a battle.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . 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 !

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

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.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

It is war's prize to take all vantages.  
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Away ! and glister like the god of war  
 When he intendeth to become the field :  
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . The big wars  
 That make ambition virtue !

*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front !

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;  
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Religious cannons, civil laws are cruel ;  
 Then what should war be ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Now good or bad, 't is but the chance of war !

*Troilus and Cressida, Prologue, Line 31.*

Count wisdom as no member of the war.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## WATER

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords.

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1329.*

Court holy-water in a dry house in better than this rain-water out o' door.

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.

*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## WAVES

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no . . .  
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . The yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

What care these roarers for the name of King?

*Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

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.

*Tempest. Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The wild waves, . . .  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 819.*

## WEAKNESS

He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . If angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The weakest goes to the wall.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

The weaker vessels are ever thrust to the wall.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## WEALTH

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth : yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand 'o the stealer ; and 't is gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief,  
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man. What  
Can it not do and undo ?

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

How quickly nature falls into revolt  
When gold becomes her object !  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with industry ;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-acnieved gold ;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
To say there is no vice but beggary.

*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

. . . . If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor ;  
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And death unloads thee.

*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

There is some ill abrewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags tonight.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

If money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O ! What a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
 Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
 And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Saint-seducing gold !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an  
 aglet baby ; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head,  
 though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses : why,  
 nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?

*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
 'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler  
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars  
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer.  
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,  
 That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,  
 That solder'st close impossibilities,  
 And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue,  
 To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !  
 Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue



Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd ;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee and approbation  
With senators on the bench ; this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;  
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April day again.

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold, that 's put to use more gold begets.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 767.*

Though authority be a stubborn bear,  
Yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.

*Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

## WEAPONS

. . . . Be well assured  
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Behold, I have a weapon ;  
A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day  
That, with this little arm and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop.

*Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

## WEATHER

I must make fair weather yet a while.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

It is impossible you should take true root but by the fair  
weather that you make yourself.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## WEEPING

. . . . Look, they weep ;  
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed ; for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I  
will do that when you are disposed to be merry.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me !

*Henry VI (3rd part), Act 2, Sc. 1*

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.

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . 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, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

How much better it is to weep at joy than to joy at weeping !

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help !

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
Worse than tears drown.

*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

## WELCOME

You 're welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;  
And to you all, good health.

*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

A man is . . . never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome !'

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

## WHISPERS

. . . . They shake their heads  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinked brows, with nods, and rolling eyes.

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

## WICKEDNESS

What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Such is thy audacious wickedness,  
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,  
As very infants prattle of thy pride.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## WIDOW

. . . . O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker !

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made pride and purchase of his lustful eye.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 7.*

I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

## WIFE

. . . . War is no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife  
is when she's fallen out with her husband.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen may.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him.  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives.

*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

## WIND

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow !  
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . The splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

## WISDOM

. . . . Full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

Full of wise saws and modern instances !

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Learn of the wise, and perpend.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

The wiser, the waywarder.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The fool doth think he is wise but the wise man knows  
himself to be a fool.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise ;  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Your wisdom be your guide !

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redeem their harms.

*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Wisdom wishes to appear more bright  
When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

There are a sort of men . . . reputed wise  
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears  
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a  
reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with  
so old a head.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy heavens.

*Richard II, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

So wise, so young, they say, do never live long.

*Richard III, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

## WIT

There's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Brevity is the soul of wit.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

They have a plentiful lack of wit.

*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

A good wit will make use of anything ; I will turn disease  
to commodity.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

When the age is in, the wit is out.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and  
hose and leaves off his wit !

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thy wit is as quick as the grey hound's mouth; it catches.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Fairness and wit,  
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sauce.

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country.

*Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

He wants wit that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Wit waits on fear !

*Venus and Adonis, Line 690.*

## WOMEN

There is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

. . . . Women are not  
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 10.*

I know that a woman is a dish for the gods. if the devil  
dress her not.

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . The city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders !

*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

A woman's thought runs before her actions.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you  
take her without her tongue

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

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, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the  
casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't  
will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

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

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1,*

If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from 'ainting.

*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . There's no motion  
That tends to vice in man but I affirm  
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of pides, disdain,  
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice but of a minute old for one  
Not half so old as that.

*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Fear and niceness,  
The handmaids of all women, or more truly  
Woman it pretty self, into a waggish courage;  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarellous as the weasel.

*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

'Tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Frailty, thy name is woman !

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Women's fear and love holds quantity,  
In neither ought, or in extremity,

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Constant you are,  
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . . A railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house.

*Henry IV (1st Part), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Women are shrews, both short and tall.

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Haply a woman's voice may do some good  
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

*Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . When a world of men  
Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O ! tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide,  
*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;  
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine,  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.  
*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible.  
*Henry VI (3rd Part), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.  
*Henry VIII, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Ah me ! how weak a thing  
 The heart of woman is.  
*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

How hard it is for women to keep counsel !  
*Julius Caesar, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
 So horrid as in woman.  
*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !  
*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

. . . . Her voice was ever soft,  
 Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.  
*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . Women are frail too,  
 As the glasses where they view themselves,  
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Women are light at midnight.  
*Measure for Measure, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

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 villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong.

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
 We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;  
 The better angel is a man, right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 15.*

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,



Poor women's faces are their own faults' books,  
*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1252.*

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.  
*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
 Dissembled with an outward show,  
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
 The cock that treads them shall not know  
 Have you not heard it said full oft,  
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought?  
*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 125.*

Think, women love to match with men  
 And not to live so like a saint  
 Here is no heaven they holy then  
 Begin when age doth them attain  
*Sundry Notes of Music, Line 131.*

Women are made to beat.  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
 Shall win my love.  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick with beauty.  
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

I am asham'd 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.  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

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?  
*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

To make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A woman impudent and mannish grown  
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
 In time of action.  
*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,  
When women cannot love where they 're belov'd.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves.

*Winter's Tale, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Every inch of woman in the world,  
Ah, every dram of woman's flesh is false.

*Winter's Tale, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

**WORDS**

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to myself

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

As fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce  
her with bitter words.

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

I will not eat my word.

*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . Words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear,

*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but  
wind.

*Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Let deeds express what 's like to be their words.

*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth.

*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Men of few words are the best men.

*Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I have been as good as my word.

*Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 8.*

. . . . Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfaillable.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

*Henry VI (1st Part), Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Had I but said, I would have kept my word,

But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

*Henry VI (2nd Part), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

'T is a kind of good deed to say well.

And yet words are no deeds.

*Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Good words are better than bad strokes.

*Julius Caesar, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Your large speeches may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of love.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I want that glib and oily art  
To speak and purpose not.

*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives

*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

You but waste your words

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

How every fool can play upon the word!

*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

But words are words !

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . I never yet did hear

That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Your words and performances are no kin together.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Out, idle words ! servants to shallow fools,

Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !

Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools .

Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ,

To trembling clients be you meditators

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1016.*

This helpless smoke of words doth me no right

*Rape of Lucrece, Line 1027.*

'Few words', quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending'

*Rape of Lucrece Line 1613*

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain.

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Talkers are no good doers.

*Richard III. Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

All my best is dressing old words new.

*Sonnet IXXVI.*

'Twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice.

*Laming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense

*Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Words pay no debts, give her deeds.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters ?

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart,

The effect doth operate another way

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them . . .  
Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Methinks his words do from such passion fly

That he believes himself.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot of.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

## WORLD

O ! how full of briers is this working-day world !

*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . All the world's a stage,

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, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

. . . . How the world wags

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine.

And after one hour more 't will 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, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

O world ! thy slippery turns. Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity.

*Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

. . . . O God ! God !  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.  
 Fie on 't ! ah fie ! 't is an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely.

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
 The heart ungalled play;  
 For some must watch, while some must sleep :  
 So runs the world away.

*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

What is in this world but grief and woe ?

*Henry VI (2<sup>rd</sup> Part), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
 When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

. . . . World, world, O world !  
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee  
 Life would not yield to age.

*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

I hold the world but as the world,  
 A stage where every man must play a part.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

You have too much respect upon the world :  
 They lose it that do by it with much care.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

World's false forgeries !

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 4.*

The world is full of rubs.

*Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . The world is grown so bad  
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

*Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

*Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.

*Sonnet XV.*

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The world hath ending with thy life.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 12.*

## YOUTH

If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn  
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;  
 Our blood to us, this to our blood is born '  
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
 Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc 3*

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
 You are no maiden, but a monument

*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . . He wears the rose  
 Of youth upon him

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 11.*

. . . . Hath not else his eye  
 Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?  
 A sin prevailing much in youthful men,  
 Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing

*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

In the morn and liquid dew of youth,  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent  
 Be wary then, best safety lies in fear  
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near

*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

A very riband in the cap of youth,  
 Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes  
 The light of careless livery that it wears  
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds.  
 Importing health and graveness

*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are  
 young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitter-  
 ness of your galls, and we that are in the vaward of our youth,  
 I must confess, are wags too

*Henry IV (2nd Part), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . Youth  
 The rich advantage of good exercise '

*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The younger rises when the old doth fall !

*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

*Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper  
 leaps o'er a cold decree such a hare is madness, the youth, to  
 skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.

*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

**We have some salt of our youth in us !**

*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :  
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care :  
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather,  
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare,  
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short,  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, do adore thee.

*Passionate Pilgrim, Line 157.*

. . . . Deal mildly with his youth;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

*Richard II, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

**Be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth !**

*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

. . . . Lust and liberty  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot !

*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . . Young men, whom Aristotle thought  
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrowed.

*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Tender youth is soon suggested.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?  
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?  
 If springing things be any jot dimmish'd,  
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :  
 The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young  
 Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

*Venus and Adonis, Line 415.*

**ZED**

**Thou whoreson zed ! thou unnecessary letter !**

*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 2.*



