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| **RICHARD II****Act V, Scene 1, 1-50*****Queen***This way the king will come; this is the wayTo Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,To whose flint bosom my condemned lordIs doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:Here let us rest, if this rebellious earthHave any resting for her true king's queen. *Enter KING RICHARD II and Guard*But soft, but see, or rather do not see,My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,That you in pity may dissolve to dew,And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,When triumph is become an alehouse guest?***King Richard II***Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,To think our former state a happy dream;From which awaked, the truth of what we areShows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,To grim Necessity, and he and IWill keep a league till death. Hie thee to FranceAnd cloister thee in some religious house:Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,Which our profane hours here have stricken down.***Queen***What, is my Richard both in shape and mindTransform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposedThine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rageTo be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,And fawn on rage with base humility,Which art a lion and a king of beasts?***King Richard II***A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,I had been still a happy king of men.Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.In winter's tedious nights sit by the fireWith good old folks and let them tell thee talesOf woeful ages long ago betid;And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,Tell thou the lamentable tale of meAnd send the hearers weeping to their beds:For why, the senseless brands will sympathizeThe heavy accent of thy moving tongueAnd in compassion weep the fire out;And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,For the deposing of a rightful king. | **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE****Act I, Scene 3, 107-138 SHYLOCK:** Signior Antonio, many a time and oftIn the Rialto you have rated meAbout my moneys and my usances:Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,And all for use of that which is mine own.Well then, it now appears you need my help:Go to, then; you come to me, and you say'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;You, that did void your rheum upon my beardAnd foot me as you spurn a stranger curOver your threshold: moneys is your suitWhat should I say to you? Should I not say'Hath a dog money? is it possibleA cur can lend three thousand ducats?' OrShall I bend low and in a bondman's key,With bated breath and whispering humbleness, Say this; 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; another timeYou call'd me dog; and for these courtesiesI'll lend you thus much moneys'?**Act III, Scene 1, 62-78 SHYLOCK:** I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.**Act IV, Scene 1, 184-205** **PORTIA:** The quality of mercy is not strain'd,It droppeth as the gentle rain from heavenUpon the place beneath: it is twice blest;It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomesThe throned monarch better than his crown;His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,The attribute to awe and majesty,Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;But mercy is above this sceptred sway;It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,It is an attribute to God himself;And earthly power doth then show likest God'sWhen mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,Though justice be thy plea, consider this,That, in the course of justice, none of usShould see salvation: we do pray for mercy;And that same prayer doth teach us all to renderThe deeds of mercy. |

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|  **Venus and Adonis, 1593**'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began, 7'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,More white and red than doves or roses are;Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meedA thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,But rather famish them amid their plenty, Making them red and pale with fresh variety,Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:A summer's day will seem an hour but short,Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,The precedent of pith and livelihood,And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:Being so enraged, desire doth lend her forceCourageously to pluck him from his horse. 30Over one arm the lusty courser's rein, Under her other was the tender boy,Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,He red for shame, but frosty in desire. \* \* \*'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now, 97Even by the stern and direful god of war,Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,Who conquers where he comes in every jar;Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.'Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obey'd,Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight! 114 | 'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled, 793Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;Under whose simple semblance he hath fedUpon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,As caterpillars do the tender leaves.'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.'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;The text is old, the orator too green.Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,Do burn themselves for having so offended.' 910 \* \* \*'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy: 1135Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:It shall be waited on with jealousy,Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'dWith sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:The strongest body shall it make most weak,Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,Make the young old, the old become a child.'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;It shall be merciful and too severe,And most deceiving when it seems most just;Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.'It shall be cause of war and dire events,And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;Subject and servile to all discontents,As dry combustious matter is to fire: 1162 Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.' |

 **HAMLET**

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| ***Claudius:***Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death The memory be green, and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one brow of woe, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature That we with wisest sorrow think on him Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state, Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, With an auspicious, and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole, Taken to wife /…/ **(Act 1, Scene 2, 1-14)*****Claudius:***'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your father; But you must know, your father lost a father; That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound In filial obligation for some term To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever In obstinate condolement is a course Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief; It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, An understanding simple and unschool'd;For what we know must be, and is as common As any the most vulgar thing to sense, Why should we in our peevish opposition Take it to heart? **(Act 1, Scene 2, 87-101)*****Hamlet:*** O, that this too too solid would meltThaw and resolve itself into a dew!Or that the Everlasting had not fix'dHis canon ‘gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, Seem to me all the uses of this world!Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature possess it merely. That it should come to this!But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two: So excellent a king; that was, to this,Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my motherThat he might not beteem the winds of heavenVisit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!Must I remember? why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grownBy what it fed on: and yet, within a month --Let me not think on't -- Frailty, thy name is woman! --A little month, or ere those shoes were oldWith which she follow'd my poor father's body, Like Niobe, all tears: -- why she, even she --O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,Would have mourn'd longer--married with mine uncle,My father's brother, but no more like my father | Than I to Hercules: within a month: Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tearsHad left the flushing in her galled eyes,She married. O, most wicked speed, to postWith such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not nor it cannot come to good: But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue. (Act **I, Scene 2, 129-159)*****Hamlet:*** Angels and ministers of grace defend us!Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,Be thy intents wicked or charitable,Thou comest in such a questionable shapeThat I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!Let me not burst in ignorance; but tellWhy thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,To cast thee up again. What may this mean,That thou, dead corse, again in complete steelRevisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,Making night hideous; and we fools of natureSo horridly to shake our dispositionWith thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? **(I, 4, 39-57)*****Polonius:*** And these few precepts in thy memory Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar: Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel; But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the man, And they in France of the best rank and station Are most select and generous, chief in that.  Neither a borrower nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend, And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all- to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day,  Thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell. My blessing season this in thee! **(I, 3, 56-81)** |

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|  **Act III Scene 1, 56-90** ***Hamlet:*** To be, or not to be: that is the question:Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to sufferThe slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;No more; and by a sleep to say we endThe heart-ache and the thousand natural shocksThat flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummationDevoutly 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 comeWhen we have shuffled off this mortal coil,Must give us pause: there's the respectThat makes calamity of so long life;For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,The insolence of office and the spurnsThat patient merit of the unworthy takes,When he himself might his quietus makeWith 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 bournNo traveller returns, puzzles the willAnd makes us rather bear those ills we haveThan fly to others that we know not of?Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;And thus the native hue of resolutionIs sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,And enterprises of great pith and momentWith this regard their currents turn awry,And lose the name of action. - Soft you now!The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisonsBe all my sins remember'd. **Act III, Scene 4, 39-114*****Queen.*** What have I done that thou dar’st wag thy tongueIn noise so rude against me?***Hamlet.*** Such an actThat blurs the grace and blush of modesty,Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the roseFrom the fair forehead of an innocent loveAnd sets a blister there, makes marriage vowsAs false as dicers’ oaths; O! such a deedAs from the body of contraction plucksThe very soul, and sweet religion makesA rhapsody of words; heaven’s face doth glow,Yea, this solidity and compound mass,With tristful visage, as against the doom,Is thought-sick at the act.***Queen.*** Ay me! What act,That roars so loud and thunders in the index?***Hamlet.*** Look here, upon this picture, and on this;The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.See, what a grace was seated on this brow;Hyperion’s curls, the front of Jove himself, | An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,A station like the herald MercuryNew-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,A combination and a form indeed,Where every god did seem to set his seal,To give the world assurance of a man.This was your husband: look you now, what follows.Here is your husband; like a mildew’d ear,Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?You cannot call it love, for at your ageThe heyday in the blood is tame, it’s humble,And waits upon the judgment; and what judgmentWould step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,Else could you not have motion; but sure, that senseIs apoplex’d; for madness would not err,Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thrall’dBut it reserv’d some quantity of choice,To serve in such a difference. What devil was’tThat thus hath cozen’d you at hoodman-blind?Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,Or but a sickly part of one true senseCould not so mope.O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,If thou canst mutine in a matron’s bones,To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shameWhen the compulsive ardour gives the charge,Since frost itself as actively doth burn,And reason panders will.***Queen.***  O Hamlet! speak no more;Thou turn’st mine eyes into my very soul;And there I see much black and grained spotsAs will not leave their tinct.***Hamlet.*** Nay, but to liveIn the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,Stew’d in corruption, honeying and making loveOver the nasty sty, -***Queen.*** O! speak to me no more;These words like daggers enter in mine ears;No more, sweet Hamlet!***Hamlet.*** A murderer, and a villain;A slave that is not twentieth part the titheOf your precedent lord; a vice of kings;A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,And put it in his pocket!***Queen.*** No more!***Hamlet.***  A king of shreds and patches, - ***Enter* Ghost**Save me, and hover o’er me with your wings,You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?***Queen.*** Alas! he’s mad!***Hamlet.*** Do you not come your tardy son to chide,That, laps’d in time and passion, lets go byThe important acting of your dread command?O! say.***Ghost.*** Do not forget: this visitationIs but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;O! step between her and her fighting soul;Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;Speak to her, Hamlet. |