

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

BEATRICE.

Much Ado about Nothing.

DISDAIN and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprising what they look on; and her wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-endear'd,
 I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
 But she would spell him backward; if fair-faced,
 She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
 Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
 If low, an agate very vilely cut:
 If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds:
 If silent, why a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore;
 To one thing constant never:
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy,
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

INNOCENCE.

I HAVE mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those
 blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth.

A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

Taming of the Shrew.

THINK you, a little din can daunt my ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

THE MIND ALONE VALUABLE.

FOR 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
 O, no, good Kate: neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

A WIFE'S DUTY.

FEW, few! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads:
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 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,
 While thou liest warm 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.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
 And, when she's froward, 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!—
 I am ashamed 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.
 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?

MIRTHFULNESS.

Love's Labour's Lost.

A MERRIER man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal:
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished;
 So sweet and voluble in his discourse.

WOMAN'S EYES.

FROM woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BUT 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.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye :
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 feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled
snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross
in taste ;
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his
hair ; [the gods
And, when love speaks, the voice of all
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony,
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with love's
sighs :
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility,

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home i' the
pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo !
Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
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SERENADE TO SYLVIA.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WHO is Sylvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?

Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admir'd be,

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 helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

THE ABUSE OF POWER.

Measure for Measure.

O, 'T is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

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 ; no-
thing but thunder—
Merciful Heaven !
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sul-
phurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled
oak,
Than the soft myrtle : O, but 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.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know not
where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;

OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS
COURTSHIP OF DESDEMONA.

Othello.

This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence 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 imprison-
ment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

SLANDER.

Cymbeline.

No, '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.

HARK ! HARK ! THE LARK !

(CLOTEN'S SONG.)

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin ;
My lady sweet, arise.

Most potent, grave, and reverend sig-
niors,
My very noble and approved good
masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's
daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I
in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of
peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven
years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they
have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and
battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my
cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your
gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs,
what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty
magic
(For such proceeding I am charged
withal),
I won his daughter with.

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Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges,
fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish
days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell
it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous
chances,
Of moving accidents by flood, and field ;
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Of being taken by the insolent foe,

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Wherein I spake of most disastrous  
chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood, and field ;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent  
deadly breach ;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery ; of my redemption  
thence,  
And portance in my travel's history :  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose  
heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak ;—such was the  
process ;—  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose  
heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This  
to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house affairs would draw her  
thence ;  
Which ever as she could with haste  
despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse : which I ob-  
serving,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good  
means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest  
heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something  
heard,  
But not intently. I did consent ;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful  
stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being  
done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of  
sighs :  
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas  
passing strange ;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :  
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she  
wish'd  
That Heaven had made her such a man :  
she thank'd me ;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved  
her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my  
story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this  
hint, I spake :  
She loved me for the dangers I had  
pass'd ;  
And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

OTHELLO'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE  
MURDERING HIS WIFE.

*Desdemona discovered asleep ; enter  
Othello.*

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste  
stars !—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her  
blood ;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than  
snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more  
men.  
Put out the light, and then—put out the  
light ?  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me :—but once put out  
thine,  
Thou cunningest pattern of excelling  
nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean  
heat,  
That can thy light relume.  
When I have pluck'd thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again.

JEALOUSY.

TRIFLES, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

SCENE BETWEEN OTHELLO  
AND DESDEMONA.

*Desdemona.* Alas, the heavy day !—  
Why do you weep ?  
Am I the occasion of these tears, my  
lord ?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect,  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have  
lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.  
*Othello.* Had it pleas'd Heaven  
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare  
head ;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost  
hopes ;  
I should have found in some part of my  
soul  
A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make  
me  
A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—  
Yet I could bear that too ; well, very  
well ;  
But there, where I have garner'd up my  
heart ;  
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;  
The fountain from the which my current  
runs,  
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in !—Turn thy com-  
plexion there !  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd  
cherubim ;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

EMILIA'S INDIGNATION  
AGAINST SLANDERERS.

I WILL be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some  
office,  
Hath not devis'd this slander ; I'll be  
hanged else.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The Moor's abus'd by some most villan-  
ous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy  
fellow :—  
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst  
unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascals naked through the  
world,  
Even from the east to the west !

REPUTATION.

GOOD name, in man and woman, dear  
my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis  
something, nothing ;  
'Twas mine, 'tis 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'S DESPAIR.

O NOW, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell  
content !  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big  
wars  
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the  
shrill trumpet,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing  
fife,  
The royal banner ; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious  
war !  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude  
throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours  
counterfeit,  
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

OTHELLO'S DYING SPEECH.

SOFT you ; a word or two before you  
go.  
I have done the state some service, and  
they know it ;  
No more of that. I pray you, in your  
letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds re-  
late,  
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice : then must  
you speak  
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too  
well :  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being  
wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose  
hand,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose  
subdu'd eyes,  
Albeit unus'd to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum. Set you down  
this:

And say besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

~~~~~  
QUEEN MAB.

Romeo and Juliet.

O, THEN, I see queen Mab hath been
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon spokes made of long spin-
ners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery
beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of
film;

Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-
makers.

And in this state she gallops night by
night

Through lover's brains, and then they
dream of love:

On 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;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats
tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's
nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a
suit;

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-
pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's
neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign
throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish
blades,

Of healths five fathom deep; and then
anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and
wakes;

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer
or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the
night;

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish
hairs,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune
bodes.

* * * * *

I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain;
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the 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,

~~~~~

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

O, SHE doth teach the torches to burn  
bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of  
night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too  
dear!

THE GARDEN SCENE.

*Romeo.* HE jests at scars that never felt  
a wound.—

But, soft! what light through yonder  
window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than  
she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious:  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it  
off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:  
O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what  
of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they  
return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her  
head:

The brightness of her cheek would shame  
those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in  
heaven

Would through the airy region stream so  
bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were  
not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her  
hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

~~~~~

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor
foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other
name!

What's in a name? that which we call a
rose

By any other name would smell as sweet:

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo
call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy
name:

And for that name, which is no part of
thee,

Take all myself.

~~~~~

THE WINNING OF JULIET.

*Juliet.* THOU know'st the mask of night  
is on my face:

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my  
cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak  
to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain  
deny

What I have spoke: but farewell com-  
pliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt  
say, Ay:

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou  
swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' per-  
juries,

They say Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee  
nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else not for the  
world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou mayst think my  
'haviour light.

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more  
true

Than those that have more cunning to be  
strange.

I should have been more strange, I must  
confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was  
'ware,

My true love's passion: therefore pardon  
me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Romeo.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon  
I swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.

*Juliet.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Romeo.* What shall I swear by?

*Juliet.* Do not swear at all, Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee.

*Romeo.* If my heart's dear love—  
*Juliet.* Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night; It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden:

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Romeo.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Juliet.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Romeo.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Juliet.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

*Romeo.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

*Juliet.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have: 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.

#### JULIET'S IMPATIENCE.

COME, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

That all the world will be in love with night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun.

#### RELUCTANCE TO PART.

*Juliet.* WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Romeo.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east; Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops: I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Juliet.* Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales, To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua; Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

*Romeo.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:

I am content, so thou wilt have it so. I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow, Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go;— Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so,—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

*Juliet.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division; This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

#### DREAMS.

IF I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

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.

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.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

#### THE APOTHECARY.

I do remember an apothecary,— And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brow,

Culling of simples, meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said,—

And if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

#### THE DEATH OF ROMEO.

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry? which their keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks, And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee, Than with that hand that cut thy youth

in twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy? Forgive me, cousin?—Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial Death is amorous; And that the lean abhorred monster

keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour? For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;

And never from this palace of dim night Depart again; here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids; O here

Will I set up my everlasting rest; And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh.—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 !—  
Come, bitter conduct, come unsavoury  
guide !  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run  
on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary  
bark !  
Here's to my love !—*[Drinks the poison.]*  
O, true apothecary !  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss  
I die. *[Dies.]*

CONSTANCE'S REPROACHES TO  
THE ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

*King John.*

O LYMOGES ! O Austria thou dost  
shame  
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou  
wretch, thou coward ;  
Thou little valiant, great in villany !  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never  
fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety ; thou art perjured,  
too,  
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool  
art thou,  
A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and  
swear,  
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded  
slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my  
side ?  
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me de-  
pend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy  
strength ?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?  
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for  
shame,  
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant  
limbs.

A COMPLETE LADY.

If lusty love should go in quest of  
beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in  
Blanch ?  
If zealous love should go in search of  
virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in  
Blanch ?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than  
lady Blanch ?

PERFECTION NEEDS NO  
ADDITION.

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.

DESPONDENCY.

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.

THE CURSES OF ROYALTY.

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 advised respect.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
How oft the sight of means to do ill  
deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou  
been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of  
shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind.  
But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,—  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's  
death ;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made  
a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed ;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express words ;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made  
me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought  
fears in me.

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE.

THIS England never did, nor never  
shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home  
again,  
Come the three corners of the world in  
arms,  
And we shall shock them : Naught shall  
make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

THE TRAGICAL FATE OF KINGS.

*King Richard II.*

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 be-  
queath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Boling-  
broke's,  
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.  
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the  
ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of  
kings :—  
How some have been deposed, some slain  
in war :  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have  
deposed :  
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  
antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his  
pomp ;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchise, 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—fare-  
well king !  
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'S HUMILITY.

WHAT must the king do now ? Must he  
submit ?  
The king shall do it. Must he be de-  
pos'd ?  
The king shall be contented. Must he  
lose

The name of king? O' God's name, let it go.  
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;  
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;  
 My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;  
 My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood;  
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;  
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints;  
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
 A little little grave—an obscure grave:  
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:  
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;  
 And, buried once, why not upon my head?

~~~~~

BOLINGBROKE'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

THEN, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
 You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
 With painted imagery, had said at once,—
 Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen:*
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
 * * * * *
 As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt,
 men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cried,
 God save him;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

~~~~~

ENGLAND.

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd 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.

~~~~~

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

King Henry IV.

BUT, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home;
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd and talk'd;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds,
 being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!),
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

~~~~~

LADY PERCY'S SPEECH TO HER HUSBAND.

O, MY good lord, why are you thus alone?  
 For what offence have I, this fortnight,  
 been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;  
 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,  
 To thick-eyed musing, and curs'd melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry "Courage—to the field!" And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the currents of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

~~~~~

KING HENRY IV. TO PRINCE HENRY.

HAD I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession :
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
That men would tell their children,
"This is he ;"

Others would say, "Where ?—which is
Bolingbroke ?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's
hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their
mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned
king.

Thus did I keep my person fresh and
new ;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at ; and so my
state,

Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a
feast ;

And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and
down

With shallow jesters, and rash bavin
wits,

Soon kindled, and soon burn'd ; carded
his state ;

Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
Had his great name profaned with their
scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his
name,

To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the
push

Of every beardless vain comparative :
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :

That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof
a little

More than a little, is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo in June,

Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with
such eyes,

As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-
lids down,

Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries :
Being with his presence glutted, gorged
and full.

PRINCE HENRY'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

GOD forgive them, that have so much
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from
me !

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my
shame with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it
lights,

That this same child of honour and re-
nown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised
knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance to
meet :

For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes ; and on my
head

My shames redoubled ! for the time will
come

That I shall make this northern youth
exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my be-
half ;

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his
time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his
heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise
here :

The which, if He be pleas'd I shall per-
form,

I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemper-
ance :

If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

YOUNG HARRY.

I SAW young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mer-
cury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the
clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horse-
manship.

PRINCE HENRY'S SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR.

FARE thee well, great heart !
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou
shunk !

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 :—this earth, that bears
thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of
zeal :—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven :

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in thy grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

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 ?
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 perfumed chambers of the
great,

Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest me-
lody ?

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 hang-
ing them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery
clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself
awakes ?—

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 ?—Then, happy low, lie
down !

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

THE CHARACTER OF KING HENRY V. BY HIS FATHER.

HE is gracious if he be observ'd ;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity :

Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he'
flint ;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;
But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

~~~~~  
FORTUNE.

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.

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PRINCE HENRY REBUKED BY HIS FATHER.

King Henry. COME hither to me, Harry :—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
Prince Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.
King Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself ;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my ears
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees :
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the Fifth is crown'd ;—up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt ;
England shall give him office, honour, might :
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !
Prince Henry. O, pardon me, my liege !
but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*]
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown,
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours !

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KING HENRY'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

*King Henry V.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends,  
—once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead !  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility ;  
But 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.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height ! On, on, you noble English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.

NIGHT IN THE CAMP.

FROM camp to camp  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !  
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;  
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile ;  
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note,  
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night :  
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,

With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear.

MARTIAL SPIRIT.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man ;  
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air ;  
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF KING HENRY V.

HEAR him but reason in divinity,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a prelate :  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all  
his study ;  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music :  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter ; that, 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.

KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

HE that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say—To-morrow is saint Crispian :  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day ; then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered,—  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition :  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;  
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles  
any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

*King Henry VI.*

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?  
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.

THE KING'S ENVY OF A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

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 sport myself ;

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months,  
and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet !  
how lovely !

RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

WHY, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;  
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions ;  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :  
I can add colours to the camelion ;

Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this and cannot get a crown ?

DYING WORDS OF WARWICK THE KING MAKER.

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 treasons of the world :  
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres :  
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I 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. ON HIS OWN LENITY.

I HAVE not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling  
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears :  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

SUFFOLK'S HATRED OF HIS ENEMIES.

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-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest  
words:  
Mine eyes shall sparkle like the beaten  
flint;  
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and  
ban:  
And even now my burden'd heart would  
break,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their  
drink!  
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that  
they taste!  
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress  
trees!  
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basi-  
lisks!  
Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's  
stings;  
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;  
And boding screech-owls make the concert  
full!  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell.

THE DUKE OF GLOSTER ON  
HIS DEFORMITY.

*King Richard III.*

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of  
York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our  
house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious  
wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monu-  
ments;  
Our stern alarums, chang'd to merry  
meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful mea-  
sures.  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his  
wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed  
steeds,  
To fight the souls of fearful adversaries,—

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive  
tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-  
glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want  
love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half  
made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by  
them;—  
Why I, in this weak piping time of  
peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time;  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity;  
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a  
lover,  
To entertain these fair well spoken  
days,—  
I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

QUEEN MARGARET'S  
EXECRATIONS ON GLOSTER.

THE worm of conscience still be-gnaw  
thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou  
liv'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest  
friends!  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of  
thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting  
dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils;  
Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, rooting  
hog!

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG  
PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

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

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody  
dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild com-  
passion,  
Wept like two children, in their death's  
sad story.  
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the  
gentle babes—"  
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling  
one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms:  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd  
each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost  
changed my mind;  
But, O, the devil"—there the villain  
stopp'd;  
When Dighton thus told on,—"We  
smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of  
Nature,  
That, from the prime creation, e'er she  
fram'd."—  
Hence both are gone, with conscience and  
remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them  
both,  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

RICHMOND'S ADDRESS TO HIS  
ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE  
OF BOSWORTH.

FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving  
friends,  
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father  
Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The wretched, bloody, and usurping  
boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruit-  
ful vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and  
makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul  
swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we  
learn:  
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's  
march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous  
friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE  
VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

*King Henry VIII.*

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my  
greatness,  
This is the state of man; to-day he puts  
forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow  
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,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-  
tured,  
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.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I  
hate ye;  
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how  
wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes'  
favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would  
aspire to,