

Muse Of Fire
Henry 4- 1.7

HENRY 4

Heauen pardon thee: Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is hee:

Others would say; Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.

And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,

And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,

That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,

Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,

Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.

Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,

My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,

Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,

Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,

And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.

As You Like It
Rosalind- 3.5

ROSALIND

And why I pray you? Who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, and all at once
O'er the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may god dark bed)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work. 'Ods my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud Mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inkie brows, your black Silke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream
That can entomb my spirits to your worship.
You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and raine?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.

'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her.
But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanks heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;
For I must tell you, friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule being foule to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Love's Labour's Lost
Princess of France- 5

QUEEN (PRINCESS) OF FRANCE:

We have receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue,
Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Loue,
And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more deuout than these [in] our respects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues,
In their owne fashion, like a merriment. [CUT]
No, no my lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltiness, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forelone and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all pleasures of the world:
There stay, until the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this trial, and last loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My woefull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Father's death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither entitled in the others hart.

Hamlet
Polonius- 1.3

POLONIUS

I doe know

When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time
Be somewhat scancer of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,

As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:

Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Cymbeline
Imogen- 1.4

IMOGEN

Thou shouldn't have made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him. [CUT]

I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked them, but
To looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. [CUT]

I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The shoes of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: of have charged him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then

I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

King John
Bastard- 2.1

BASTARD

By [God], these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements

As in a Theater, whence they gape and point

At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.

Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee:

Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem,

Be friends a-while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.

By East and West let France and England mount

Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,

Till their souls-fearing glamours have bravl'd downe

The flinty ribbes of the contemptuous Citie.

I'de play incessantly vpon these Jades,

Euen until vnfenced desolation

Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre.

That done, disseuer your united strengths

And part your mingled colors once againe;

Turne face to face, and bloody point to point.

Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy Minion.

To whom in fauor she shall give the day

And kisse him with a glorious victory.

How like you this Wilde counsel, mighty States?

Smackes it not something of the policie?

Richard 3

Anne- 4.1

ANNE

No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henries Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on Richards Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepe,

But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my Father Warwicke,

And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Comedy Of Errors
Antipholus of Ephesus- 5.1

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash prouoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could wnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthasar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.

Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By'th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare lugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To giue me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.