

**A Midsummer's Night's Dream**

Act 3 scene 2

**Helena**

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment.  
If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With your derision! None of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

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**Helena, All's Well That Ends Well Act 1 scene 3**

Then, I confess  
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son.  
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
Be not offended, for it hurts not him  
That he is loved of me; I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit,  
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve  
I still pour in the waters of my love  
And lack not to lose still. Thus,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love  
For loving where you do; but if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love, O then give pity  
To her whose state is such that cannot choose  
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;

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**As You Like It**

Act 3 scene 5

**Phebe**

I would not be thy executioner;  
I fly thee for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
'Tis 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, murtherers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.  
Now counterfeit to swoond; why, now fall down,  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

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## **Henry IV Part 1**

Act 3 scene 2

### **Prince Henry**

Do not think so, you shall not find it so,  
And God forgive them that so much have 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, when e'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
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 behalf;  
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 perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.  
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.

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## **Julius Caesar**

### Act 1 scene 2

#### **Cassius**

I was born free as Caesar, so were you;  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"  
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake – 'tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre, I did hear him groan;  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
As a sick girl. 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.

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**Love's Labour's Lost**

Act 4 scene 3

**Berowne**

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me!  
Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove  
These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
Your eyes do make no [coaches;] in your tears  
There is no certain princess that appears;  
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;  
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!  
But are you not asham'd? Nay, are you not,  
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?  
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
But I a beam do find in each of three.  
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a gnat!  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!  
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?  
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
And where my liege's? All about the breast!  
A caudle, ho!

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## **Much Ado About Nothing**

Act 2 scene 2

### **Benedick**

O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block; An oak but with one green leaf on it would have answer'd her. My very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect the north star. I would not marry her though she were endow'd with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd. She would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; You shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

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**Troilus and Cressida**

Act 3 scene 2

**Cressida**

Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,  
With the first glance that ever--pardon me,  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now, but till now not so much  
But I might master it. In faith, I lie,  
My thoughts were like unbridled children grown  
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!  
Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,  
For in this rapture I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
[Cunning] in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.