

Hamlet: To be, or not to be, that is the question: whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep – no more, and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. To die, to sleep – to sleep, perchance to dream.....

Juliet: Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Romeo: But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east and Juliet is the sun! Arise, fair son, and kill the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief that you, her maid, are far more fair than she. It is my lady; oh it is my love! Oh 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. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!

Juliet: aye, me.

Romeo: She speaks. Oh, speak again bright angel.

Juliet: Oh Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name; or, if you will not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo: Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet: It is but your name that is my enemy. You are yourself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? It is not hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a man. Oh, 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 called. Retain that dear perfection which he owns without that title. Romeo, doff your name; and for your name, which is no part of you, take all myself.

Romeo: I take you at your word. Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized. Henceforth I never will be Romeo!

Juliet: What man are you that, hidden by the night, listens to my private words?

Romeo: By a name I know not how to tell you who I am. My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, because it is an enemy to you. Were it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet: My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words of thy tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound. Are you not Romeo and a Montague?

Romeo: Neither, fair maid, if either you dislike.

Juliet: How did you get in here, tell me, and *why*?

Romeo: My love for you has led me here.

Juliet: The darkness of night is upon my face; other wise you would have seen me blushing at that which you have heard me speak tonight. – Do you love me? I know you will say “Aye”; and I will take your word. Yet, if you swear, you may prove false. Oh, gentle Romeo, if you do love, pronounce it faithfully. Or, if you thin I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say, “nay, nay.” I will do these things if you so desire. In truth, fair Montague,

I am too fond to play trivial games with your sweet love. But trust me, Romeo, I'll prove more true than those that have more cunning to play games. I should have been more coy, I must confess, but you overheard my true love passion. So, how could I deny the very truth that Romeo overheard me profess?

Romeo: Lady, by younger blessed moon, I vow –

Juliet: Do not swear at all; or, if you wish, swear by your gracious self, which is the god of my idolatry and I will believe you.

Romeo: Oh blessed, blessed night! I am afraid, since it is night, that this is but a dream, too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Juliet: It is almost morning, you should be gone. Goodnight, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

King Richard II: Let's talk of graves, or worms, and epitaphs, make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes write

sorrow on the bosom of the earth. Let's choose executors and talk of wills; and yet not so, for what can we bequeath, save our deposed bodies to the ground? Our lands, our lives, and all are Bullingbrook's, and nothing can we call our own but death, and that small model of the barrel earth which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

Marc Antony: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus hath told

you Caesar was ambitious; if it were so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Caesar answer'd it. I come to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me. You all did love him once, not without cause; What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause till it comes back to me.

Helper: This is Richard the Third

Richard III: Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York; and all the clouds that low'r'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 monuments.... Grim'visag'd
War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.

Helper: This is Richard the Third just after losing his horse in battle.

Richard III: A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Cleopatra: Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have
immortal longings in me. Now no more the juice of Egypt's
grape shall moist this lip. Methinks I hear Antony call; I see
him rouse himself to praise my noble act. I hear him mock
the luck of Caesar, which the gods give men to excuse their
after wrath. Husband, I come! Now to that name my courage

prove my title! I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life. So have you done? Come then and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, long farewell.....

Lady MacBeth- Out, damn'd spot! Out say! One- tw- why then `tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call out pow'r to accompt? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands n`er be clean? No more o` that, my lord, no more o`

that; you mar all with this starting. Here's the smell of blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. To bed, to bed. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Witch 1: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd

Witch 2: Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd

Witch 3: Harpier cries, "tis time, tis time"

Witch 1: Round about the cauldron go; in the poison entrails throw; toad that under cold stone days and nights has thirt-one swelter'd venom sleeping got, boil thou first I' th' charmed pot.

All: Double double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble

Witch 2: fillet of a fenny snake, in the cauldron boil and bake; eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog, adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg and howlet's wing, for a charm of pow'rful trouble like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All: Double double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble

Witch 3: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, witch's mummy maw and gulf... of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, root of hemlock digg'd l' th' dark, sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, nose of turk and tartar's lips, make the gruel thick and slav, and thereto a tiger's chawdron, for th' ingredience of our cauldron

All: Double double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble

All: Double double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble

Witch 2: By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes

All : By the pricking of our thumbs, something wicked this way comes.

Roderigo: I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me

Iago: What? In the contrary.

Roderigo: Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suff'ered

Iago: Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Roderigo: Faith, I have heard too much. Your words and your performances are no kin together.

Iago: You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo: With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd hem and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago: Very well.

Roderigo: I tell you tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Rosalind: Never talk to me, I will weep.

Celia: Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind: But have I not cause to weep?

Celia: As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Rosalind: His very hair is of the dissembling color

Celia: Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children!

Rosalind: I'faith his hair is of a good color.

Celia: An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only color.

Rosalind: And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia: He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously, the very ice of chastity in them.

Rosalind: But why did he swear he would come this morning when he comes not?

Celia: Nay, certainly there is no truth in them.

Rosalind: Do you think so?

Celia: Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind: Not true in love?

Celia: Yes, when he is in – but I think he is not in.

Rosalind: you have heard him swear downright he was!

Celia: “Was”, is not “is”. Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings.

Katherine: Uh.....uh.....*(points to the wrong part of her body each time)* De hand, de fingers, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, and.....de foot. *(smiles in satisfaction since she pointed to the right spot)*

Duke Orsino: If music be the food of love, play on. Give me some music. That old antique song we heard last night; methought it did relieve my passion much, more than light airs and recollected terms of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Oh fellow, come, the song we had last night. Mark it old and plain. The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their thread with bones, do use to chaunt it. It is silly sooth, and dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age.

