1. In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

2. O monstrous! What reproachful words are these?

3. The dissall’st day is this that e’er I saw.

4. Let my tears stanch the earth’s dry appetite.

5. Give me a sword, I’ll chop off my hands too.

6. O what a sympathy of woe is this,  
   As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

7. If any power pities wretched tears,  
   To that I call!

8. I have not another tear to shed.

9. Let’s kiss and part, for we have much to do.

10. Will’t please you eat?

Titus from *Titus Andronicus*
1. Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!

2. I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold.

3. Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand.

4. Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

5. O how this villany
   Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.

6. Sweet babe, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

7. Save the child,
   If thou do this, I’ll show thee wondrous things

8. Even now I curse the day
   Wherein I did not some notorious ill.

9. If one good deed in all my life I did
   I do repent it from my very soul.

Aaron from *Titus Andronicus*
1. I’ll find a day to massacre them all.

2. This day all quarrels die.

3. Let us sit down
   Each wreathed in the other’s arms

4. Revenge it as you love your mother’s life.

5. Your mother’s hand shall right your mother’s wrong.

6. Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?

7. Now, sweet emperor, be blithe again
   And bury all thy fear in my devices.

8. Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair

9. Revenge now goes
   To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tamora from *Titus Andronicus*
1. Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words  
   Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

2. Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
   And say there is no sin but to be rich

3. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
   When gold and silver becks me to come on.

4. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

5. Put up thy sword betime;  
   Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
   That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

6. There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
   As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

7. The smallest thread  
   That ever spider twisted from her womb  
   Will serve to strangle thee.

8. I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way  
   Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

9. Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,  
   Where be your powers?

10. Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
    And we shall shock them.

The Bastard from *King John*
1. Let me play the fool:  
   With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

2. Let my liver rather heat with wine  
   Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

3. I wish you all the joy that you can wish

4. We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

5. O, be thou damned, inexecrable dog!

6. Thou almost makes me waver in my faith.

7. Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

8. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself.

9. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong!

10. What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Gratiano from *The Merchant of Venice*
1. When shall we laugh? Say, when?

2. I will not fail you.

3. As I am, I live upon the rack.

4. O happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

5. My blood speaks to you in my veins

6. There is such confusion in my powers,

7. I should then have told you That I was worse than nothing;

8. No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay, No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

9. But life itself, my wife, and all the world, Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

10. I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Bassanio from *The Merchant of Venice*
1. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

2. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow, Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die

3. I will instruct my sorrows to be proud; For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

4. My grief's so great That no supporter but the huge firm earth Can hold it up

5. You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood, But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:

6. Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings! A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

7. O, upon my knee, Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

8. O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth! Then with a passion would I shake the world

9. I am not mad; too well, too well I feel The different plague of each calamity.

10. Fare you well: had you such a loss as I, I could give better comfort than you do.

Constance from *King John*
1. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,  
   Please but your honour hear me.

2. O, it is excellent  
   To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
   To use it like a giant.

3. Go to your bosom;  
   Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

4. I am come to know your pleasure.

5. I had rather give my body than my soul.

6. With an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud  
   What man thou art.

7. Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
   'Tis best thou diest quickly.

8. I have spirit to do  
   anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

9. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

10. Heaven shield your grace from woe,  
    As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Isabella from Measure for Measure
1. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
   Proclaim you are no less!

2. Our doubts are traitors
   And make us lose the good we oft might win
   By fearing to attempt.

3. I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.
   By your renouncement an immortal spirit,

4. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion
   of a codpiece to take away the life of a man!

5. I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red:

6. I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

7. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would
   sooner confess:

8. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose
   for thy speeches?

9. This may prove worse than hanging.

Lucio from Measure for Measure
1. An if the devil come and roar for them I will not send them.

2. I will ease my heart,
    Although it be a hazard of my head.

3. Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul
    Want mercy if I do not join with him.

4. In his behalf I’ll empty all these veins,
    And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust.

5. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
    To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

6. Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
    This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

7. I had rather be a kitten and cry ‘mew’
    Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

8. Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect
    The very life-blood of our enterprise.

9. I better brook the loss of brittle life
    Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.

10. O, I could prophesy,
    But that the earthy and cold hand of death
    Lies on my tongue.

Hotspur from *Henry IV, part one*