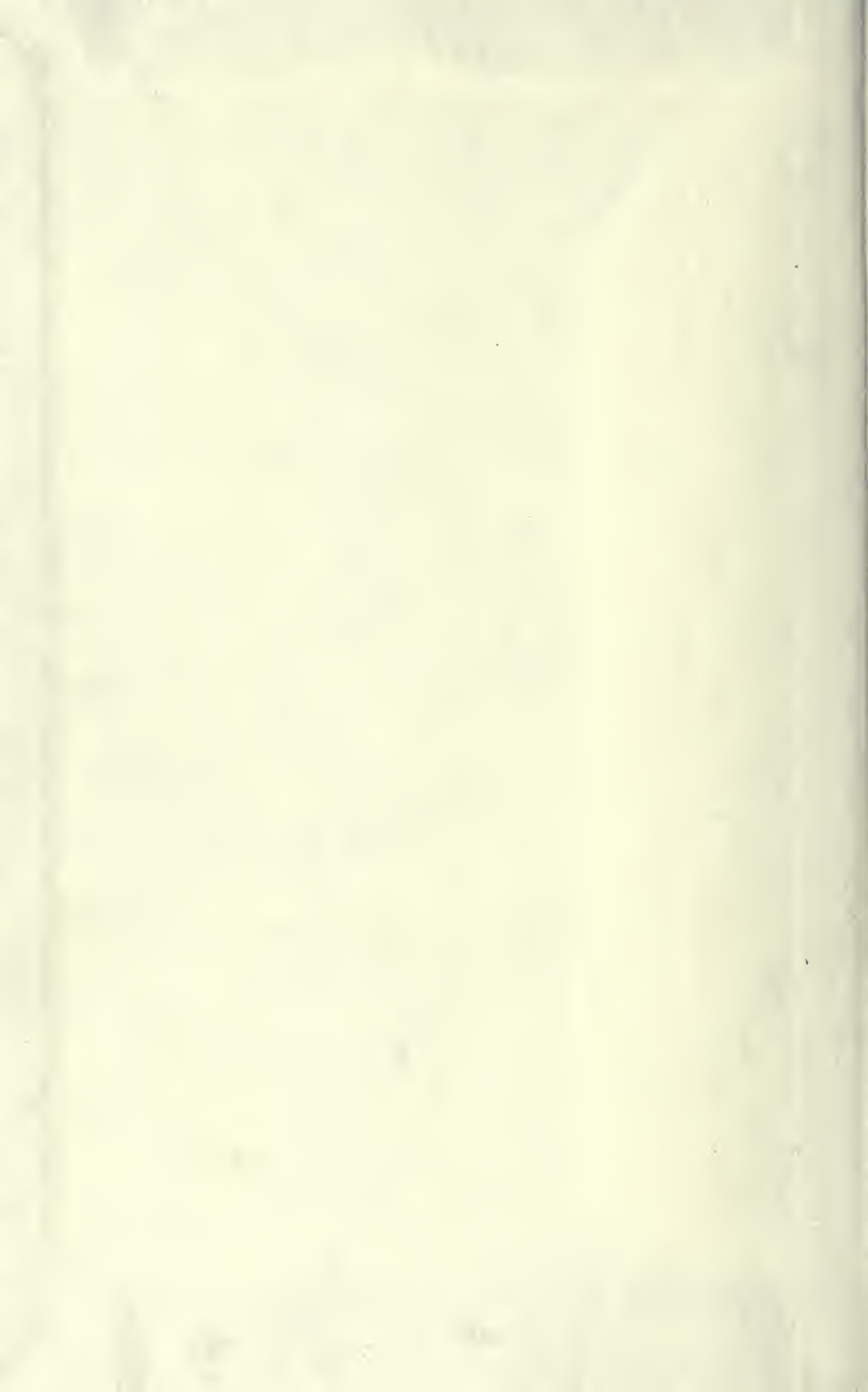


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AN INDEX TO SHAKESPEARIAN
THOUGHT.

A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be, most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise. *Cymbeline*, v. 4.

AN INDEX TO
SHAKESPEARIAN THOUGHT:

A COLLECTION OF PASSAGES

FROM THE

PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE,

CLASSIFIED UNDER APPROPRIATE HEADINGS

AND ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

BY

CECIL ARNOLD.



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DEDICATED TO

HENRY IRVING,

AS A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR THE GENIUS THAT
WORTHILY INTERPRETS THE CREATIONS

OF SHAKESPEARE.



P R E F A C E .

THE endeavour of the editor of this book has been to classify under accurate headings every passage of interest in the works of Shakespeare, including descriptions, aphorisms, metaphors and similes, definitions, and thoughts upon general subjects. Some passages, naturally, might be looked for under several headings equally good ; and therefore, for the assistance of the reader, she has in each case given cross-references in place of repeating the quotation.

The editor hopes that the book will be found useful to students by showing them at a glance the mode of thought of Shakespeare upon every subject handled by him, thus enabling them to compare it with the work of other writers, while at the same time it will be interesting to the general reader, and form a collection of excellent quotations.

This "Index" differs from all other books of the kind in being much more comprehensive ; while care has been taken to follow the most accurate text, and to cope in the best manner possible with the difficulties of correct classification.

CECIL ARNOLD.

ERRATA.

Page 5, line 28 ; *aspèct* should be *aspéct*.

Page 9, line 17 ; *r* should be *3*.

Page 38, line 28 ; *Ant.* should begin the line.

Page 56, line 11 ; *delectâble* should be *delectable*.

Page 66, line 8 ; after *See* should be inserted *how*.

Page 102, line 32 ; *âspect* should be *aspéct*.

Page 150, line 7 ; *duly* should be *dully*.

Page 187, line 5 ; *arms* should be *alms*.

Page 315, line 17 ; *has* should be *hast*.

Page 324, line 25 ; after *glanced* should be inserted *at*.



INDEX TO SHAKESPEARIAN THOUGHT.

Abilities, Varied.

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 rendered you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. *Henry V.* I. I.

Absence, Benefit of.

O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

Sonnet XXXIX.

Absence, How to look at.

The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Richard II. I. 3.

Absence made easier.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest :
 Suppose the singing birds musicians,
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
 The flowers, fair ladies, and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance.

Richard II. 1. 3.

Absence, Misery of.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
 What old December's bareness every where !

Sonnet xcviI.

Absence, Pains of.

To die, is to be banish'd from myself :
 And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her
 Is self from self—a deadly banishment !
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale ;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon.
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Acting ; a good part.

That part
 Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

T. of Shrew, Ind. Sc. 1.

Acting, Art of.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature : to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let those that play

your clowns speak no more than is set down for them : for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Acting, Power of.

Guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Action and Thought.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.
K. John, v. 1.

Action, Eloquence of.

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than their ears. *Coriolanus*, III. 2.

Action, Necessary.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. *Henry VIII.* 1. 2.

If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only. *Ibid.*

Action, Pause before.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. *Julius Cæsar*, II. 1.

Actions, Careful.

Things done well
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear.

Henry VIII. I. 2.

Actions, Good and Evil.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.

Julius Cæsar, III. 2.

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. *Henry VIII.* IV. 2.

I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm
Is often laudable ; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. *Macbeth*, IV. 2.

Actions, Judgment goes by.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant. *Troil. and Cres.* II. 3.

Actions wrongly judged.

What we oft do best
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. *Henry VIII.* I. 2.

Actors, Imagination of.

This player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspèct,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit. And all for nothing !
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Actors, Power of.

They are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time:
After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than
their ill report while you live. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Adoption.

Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds. *All's Well*, I. 3.

Adultery, Wives'. (See HUSBANDS, BEHAVIOUR OF.)

Adversity.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

As you Like it, II. 1.

Adversity, How to treat. (See RESIGNATION TO CIRCUMSTANCES.)

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. *Coriolanus*, IV. 1.

Adversity, Value of. (See CHECKS.)

Advice, Friendly.

Friendly counsel cuts off many foes. *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Advice ; in love.

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense. *Cymbeline*, III. 2.

Advice, Unavailing.

Cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. *Much Ado about Nothing*, V. 1.

All too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose ;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Richard II. II. 1.

Advice without example.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Hamlet*, I. 3.

Advice, Worldly.

When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou
hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good hus-
band, and use him as he uses thee. *All's Well*, I. 1.

Affection.

He only loves the world for him. *M. of Venice*, II. 7.

Affliction. (See MISFORTUNE, SUPERIORITY TO.)

Cam. Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

After-effects, Dangers of.

This body hath a tail
More perilous than the head. *Cymbeline*, IV. 2.

Age, Calmness of.

At your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble
And waits upon the judgment. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Age, Despised.

"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions." *All's Well*, I. 2.

Age, Dignity of.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.
2 Henry IV. v. 5.

Age, Foolishness of.

A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say,
when the age is in, the wit is out. *Much Ado*, IV. 1.

Age in love.

Age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Sonnet CXXXVIII.

Age, Lusty.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility ;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly. *As you Like it*, II. 3.

Age, Old.

The lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.
 Second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
As you Like it, II. 7.

Nature in you stands on the very verge
 Of her confine. *K. Lear*, II. 4.

Though now this grainèd face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up :
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear. *C. of Errors*, v. 1.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

Sonnet, LXXIII.

These grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like agèd, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. I *Henry VI.* II. 5.

My way of life

Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf. *Macbeth, v. 1.*

Age, Old; Caution of.

It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. *Hamlet, II. 1.*

Age, Old; Promptness necessary in.

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. *All's Well, v. 3.*

Age, Old; Uselessness of.

I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvèd from my hive,
To give some labourers room. *All's Well, I. 2.*

Age, Reputation of.

His silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity. *Julius Cæsar*, II. 1.

Age retains Youthful Capabilities.

Though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. *A. & Cleo.* IV. 8.

Age, Signs of.

Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow
cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing
belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your
chin double? your wit single? and every part about you
blasted with antiquity? 2 *Henry IV.* I. 2.

Aid, Rejected. (See MEANS, NEGLECT OF.)

Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.

All's Well, II. 1.

Inspirèd merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with Him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men. *Ibid.*

Aims, High.

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues. *Meas. for Meas.* I. 1.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. *Henry VIII.* III. 2.

Air, Pure.

Dunc. The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. The guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate. *Macbeth*, I. 6.

Alteration inevitable.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed ;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.

Sonnet XVIII.

Ambition a Dream.

Ham. O God ! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have had dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition ; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Ambition, A Soldier's. (*See* AMBITION SUBDUED.)**Ambition, Baulked.**

Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way :
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off.

3 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

Ambition, Death of.

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
 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. 1 *Henry IV.* v. 4.

Ambition, Error of.

Fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?

Henry VIII. III. 2.

Ambition, Excessive.

I have ventured,
 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.

Henry VIII. III. 2.

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other side. *Macbeth*, I. 7.

Ambition, Fearlessness of.

A delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. *Hamlet*, IV. 4.

Ambition gratified.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. *Julius Cæsar*, II. I.

Ambition, Hesitating.

Yet do I fear thy nature ;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be great ;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
 That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries " Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone." *Macbeth*, I. 5.

Ambition; in Thought.

The eagle-wingèd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts.

Richard II. I. 3.

Ambition reproved.

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?

Two Gent. of Verona, III. I.

Ambition, Sternness of.

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Julius Cæsar, III. 2.

Ambition subdued.

A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : for learn this, Silius ;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person : Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him : and in his offence
Should my performance perish. *A. & Cleo.* III. I.

Ambition, Worldly.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage ;

Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost. *Rape of Lucrece.*

Amusement in moderation. (See RECREATION.)

Pastime passing excellent

If it be husbanded with modesty.

T. of Shrew, Ind., Sc. I.

Amends, Insufficient.

No man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace.

Sonnet xxxiv.

Anarchy, A state of.

Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland !
Let heav'n kiss earth ! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined ! let order die !
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

2 Henry IV. I. I.

Angel, An.

A ministering angel shall my sister be. *Hamlet, v. I.*

Anger, Injustice of.

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things
Though great ones are their object. *Othello, III. 4*

Anger, Prudence in. (See PRUDENCE IN ANGER.)

Anger, Temporary.

You are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again. *Julius Cæsar, IV. 3.*

Anger, Unopposed.

Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. *Henry VIII. I. I.*

Anger, Weakness of.

Never anger

Made good guard for itself. *A. & Cleo.* IV. I.

Animals, Instinct of.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Coriolanus, II. I.

Annoyance, Consequence of constant.

In food and sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast

C. of Errors, V. I.

Answer, A woman's.

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you
take her without her tongue. *As you Like it*, IV. I.

Anticipation, Sweets of.

The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he doth acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbèd time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim. *All's Well*, II. 4.

Apparel.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Hamlet*, I. 3.
The soul of this man is his clothes. *All's Well*, II. 5.

Apparel, Extravagant.

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
Or what is, he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not of my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech ?

As you Like it, II. 7.

Apparel, Value of.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
 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 eye ?

T. of Shrew, iv. 3.

Appeal, A Wife's.

In what have I offended you ? what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable :
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your
 friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife in this obedience
 Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you : if, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. *Henry VIII. ii. 4.*

Appearances and Utility. (See UTILITY AND APPEARANCES.)

Appearances, Deceptive. (See DISSIMULATION.)

So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
 The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damnèd error but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it :
 So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. *M. of Venice*, III. 2.

The untainted virtue of your years
 Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :
 No more can you distinguish of a man
 Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
 Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
 Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;

Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts.

Richard III. III. 1.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness wade in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!

Meas. for Meas. III. 2.

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?

Henry VI. III. 1.

O how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnished and decked in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And, but it purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee:
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. *Henry V.* II. 2.

Nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution. *T. Night,* I. 2.
All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

A. & Cleo. II. 6.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
Macbeth, I. 4.

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
Pericles, I. 4.

Appearances, Disregard of.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
M. of Venice, II. 6.

Applause, Popular.

That nothing gift of differing multitudes.
Cymbeline, III. 6.

I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Avès* vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. *Meas. for Meas.* I. 1.

Appreciation, Want of. (See Sympathy, Want of.)

Apricots.

Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Richard II. III. 4.

April.

Spongy April. *Tempest*, IV. 1.
Proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Sonnet XCVIII.

Arcadia, An.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;

No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
 And women too,—but innocent and pure :
 No sovereignty ;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison,¹ all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying among his subjects ?

Ant. None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age. *Tempest*, II. I.

Archbishop, An.

Who hath not heard it spoken
 How deep you were within the books of God ?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
 To us, the imagined voice of God himself ;
 The very opener and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings. *2 Henry IV.* IV. 2.

Army, An.

All furnished, all in arms,
 All plumed like estridges² that wing the wind ;
 Bated like eagles having lately bathed ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

1 Henry IV. IV. I.

Army, A Starving.

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favouredly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

¹ Plenty.

² Ostriches.

And our air shakes them passing scornfully ;
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps ;
 Their horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless :
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself. *Henry V.* IV. 2.

Arrogance ; of Kings. (*See Kings, Authority of.*)

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Henry VIII. III. 1.

Artists.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
 To make some good, but others to exceed.

Pericles, II. 3.

Assassination.

If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,—
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. *Macbeth,* I. 7.

Astonishment.

The changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were
 very notes of admiration ; they seemed almost, with staring

on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture : they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed ; a notable passion of wonder appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Winter's Tale, v. 2.

Astonishment, Silent.

I like your silence,—it the more shows off
Your wonder. *Winter's Tale*, v. 3.

Authority, Virtues of those in.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking! *Meas. for Meas.*, III. 2.

Autumn.

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease.

Sonnet, xcviI.

The time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold. *A. & Cleo.* I 5.

Avarice. (See Gold.)

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object. 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 5.

For a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his
salvation, the inheritance of it ; and cut the entail from all
remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

All's Well, iv. 3.

Avoidance of Danger.

'Tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.

Winter's Tale, I. 2.

Bachelor, A Reclaimed. (*See MARRIAGE; A SCOFFER CONQUERED.*)

Banishment.

Myself—a prince by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the king in blood, and near in love
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stooped my neck under your injuries,
 And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Disparked my parks and felled my forest woods,
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,—
 To show the world I am a gentleman.

Richard II. III. I.

Banishment, Plea against.

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deservèd at your highness' hand.
 The language I have learned these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego :
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstringèd viol or a harp,
 Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony :
 Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue,
 Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler, to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now :
 What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

Richard II. I. 3.

Barge, Cleopatra's.

Eno. The barge she sat in like a burnished throne

Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy out-work nature ; on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends, adoring : at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame¹ the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible pérfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthronèd in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature. *A. & Cleo.* II. 2.

Baseness.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
 Between the pass and fell incensèd points
 Of mighty opposites. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

Battle, A.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light,—
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

¹ Nimble perform.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
 Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
 Now one the better, then another best ;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquerèd :
 So is the equal poise of this fell war. 3 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Battle, Preparing for.

A time,

When creeping murmur and the poring dark
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixed 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 umbered 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 condemnèd English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
 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. Oh now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruined 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-watchèd night,
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attain
 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. *Henry V. iv. Prologue.*

Battle Turned, A.

Post. All was lost
 But that the Heavens fought. The king himself,
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damned
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthened shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with turf;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for 's country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than those for preservation cased, or shame,)
 Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled,
 " Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
 To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
 But to look back in frown. Stand, stand !" — These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many, —
 For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing, — with this word, " Stand, stand !"
 Accommodated by the place, more charming¹
 With their own nobleness, which could have turned
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renewed ; that some, turned coward
 But by example, — O, a sin in war,
 Damned in the first beginners ! — 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon
 A rout, confusion thick : forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles ; slaves,
 The strides they victors made. And now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need ; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens ! how they wound !
 Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave : ten, chased by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field. *Cymbeline*, v. 3.

Beauties, Rival.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

¹ Constraining.

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be washed away.

King. 'Twere good yours did ; for, sir, to tell you
plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washed to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love : my foot and her face
see. [Showing his shoe.]

Biron. O, if the streets were pavèd with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

L. L. Lost, iv. 3.

Beauty.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with't. *Tempest, i. 2.*

O happy fair !

Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's sweet air,

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

M. N. Dream, I. 1.

Beauty, A.

Nature's miracle. I *Henry VI.* v. 3.

Beauty, A Foolish.

Her beauty and her brain go not together ; she's a good
sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Cymbeline, I. 2.

Beauty, Allurement of.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As You Like It, I. 3.

Beauty and Favour.

Her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 1.

Beauty and Goodness.

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good :
the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in
goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion,
shall keep the body of it ever fair.

Meas. for Meas. III. 1.

Beauty, Artificial.

Since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.

Sonnet CXXVII.

Beauty, Chaste.

They that have power to hurt and will to none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.

Sonnet XCIV.

Beauty, Contaminated.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die ;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity :
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

*Sonnet xciv.***Beauty, Despised.**

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*C. of Errors, II. I.***Beauty, Dissimulation of.**

If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known ;
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
 And fears by pale-white shown :
 Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know ;
 For still her cheeks possess the same
 Which native she doth owe. *L. L. Lost, I. 2.*

Beauty, Exaggerated. (*See EXAGGERATION OF BEAUTY.*)**Beauty, Excessive.**

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, this poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.

*Sonnet xvii.***Beauty induces Marriage.**

That hook of wiving—
 Fairness which strikes the eye. *Cymbeline, v. 5.*

Beauty, Judgment of.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

*L. L. Lost, II. I.***Beauty, Manly.**

See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
 A station like the herald Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man. *Hamlet*, iii. 4.

Beauty neglected.

Since she did neglect her looking-glass,
 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
 The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
 And pinched the lily-tincture of her face.

Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4.

Beauty, Persuasive power of.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator. *Rape of Lucrece*.

Beauty, Picture of a.

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion ? Here are severed lips,
 Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,—
 How could he see to do them ? Having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnished. Yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprising it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance. *M. of Venice*, iii. 2.

Beauty powerless.

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.

As You Like It, iii. 5.

Beauty, Power of. (See LOVERS, TREACHERY OF.)

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Played foul play with our oaths ; your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposèd end of our intents :
 And what in us hath seemed ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Formed by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance :
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,—
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make them. Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves proved false,
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

The power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from
 what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can trans-
 late beauty into his likeness ; this was sometime a paradox,
 but now the time gives it proof. *Hamlet* III. 1.

Beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

1 *Henry VI. v. 3.*

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

L. L. Lost, iv. 3.

Beauty, Short-lived.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently ;

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
 And as goods lost are sold or never found,
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemished once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost. *P. Pilgrim.*

Duke. Women are as roses, whose fair flower
 Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;—
 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Twelfth Night, II. 4.

Beauty, Truthful.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

Sonnet, LIV.

Bed.

The dear repose for limbs with travel tired.

Sonnet, XXVII.

Bees.

Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. *Henry V.* I. 2.

Beginnings, Bad.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

Macbeth, III. 2.

Beginnings, Poor.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 3.

Great floods have flown from simple sources.

All's Well, II. I.

A little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. *K. John*, III. 4.

Most poor matters
Point to rich ends. *Tempest*, III. I

Beheading, Death by.

The block of death,
Treason's true bed, and yielder-up of breath.

2 Henry IV. IV. 2.

Birth, A wonderful.

Glend. At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had but kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on
fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb ; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipped in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

I *Henry IV.* III. I.

Birth, Fortunate.

Thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great.

K. John, III. I.

Birth, High. (See VIRTUE AND KNOWLEDGE.)

I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard III. I. 3.

Birth, Instinct of.

O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head : and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed ! *Cymbeline*, IV. 2.

Birth, Low ; Advantages of.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Henry VIII.* II. 3.

Black.

Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night.
L. L. Lost. IV. 3.

Blessing, A.

God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !
Richard III. II. 2.

Blessings from everything.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
3 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Blessings recalled by God.

O you gods !
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves. *Pericles*, III. 1.

Bluntness.

His heart's his mouth :
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent.
Coriolanus, III. 1.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 2.

Boasters.

They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares,
are they not monsters ? *T. & Cres.* III. 2.

Boasting, Foolish.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man :

But will they come when you do call for them?

I *Henry IV.* III. I.

Boasting, Warning against.

The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.

Henry V. IV. 3.

Body, The.

My soul's palace. 3 *Henry VI.* II. I.

Bold Spirit, A.

A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast. *Richard II.* I. I.

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—

Parts that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;

But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal ; pray thee, take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit. *M. of Venice,* II. 2.

Book, A.

A book? O, rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,

As good as promise. *Cymbeline,* v. 4.

Borrowing.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be :

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Hamlet, I. 3.

Bounteousness in Princes.

Princes in this should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them : and princes not doing so

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but killed

Are wondered at. *Pericles,* II. 3.

Bower, A.

The pleachèd bower
 Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter,—like favourites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it. *Much Ado*, III. 1.

Boyhood, Innocence of.

Two lads that thought there was no more behind
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal. *Winter's Tale*, 1. 2.

Boyhood remembered.

Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
 Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreeched,
 In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This quash, this gentleman. *Winter's Tale*, 1. 2.

Braggart, A.

If you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and
 I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the
 full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show
 like pin's heads to her, believe not the word of the noble.
 Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

2 *Henry IV.* IV. 3.

Braggarts.

Villains
 That dare as well answer a man indeed
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
 Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !—

Leon.

Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man ! I know them, yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:—
 Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
 Go antickly, show outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all. *Much Ado*, v. 1.

Brain, A Fool's.

As dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage. *As you Like It*, ii. 7.

He hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Ibid.*

Brain, A scheming.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

2 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Brain, The.

The soul's frail dwelling place. *K. John*, v. 7.

Brevity. (*See WIT, THE SOUL OF.*)

It is better to be brief than tedious. *Richard III.* I. 4.

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Bribes. (*See GOLD.*)

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?

J. Cæsar, IV. 3.

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

Richard III. IV. 2.

Britain, Conquest of.

A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame—
The first that ever touched him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,—
Poor ignorant baubles !—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune !—to master Cæsar's sword,

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage. *Cymbeline*, III. 1.

Brother, A bad.

He keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better: for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education.

As You Like It, I. 1.

Brothers.

You are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. *As You Like it*, I. 1.

Bullets.

You leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire.

All's Well, III. 2.

Burial at Sea.

Nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze,
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And e'er remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. *Pericles*, III. 1.

Business, Secret.

Affairs that walk
 (As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
 In them a wilder nature, than the business
 That seeks despatch by day. *Henry VIII.* v. 1.

Calmness.

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Cannon.

You mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit.
Othello, III. 3.

Case, A weak.

A rotten case abides no handling. *2 Henry IV.* IV. 1.

Caution.

If ever fearful
 To do a thing where I the issue doubted,—
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance,—'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest. *Winter's Tale*, I. 2.

Caution, A pertinent.

My caution was more pertinent
 Than the rebuke you give it. *Coriolanus*, II. 2.

Caution, Excessive.

It seems it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. *Hamlet*, II. 1.

Celerity.

Celerity is never more admired
 Than by the negligent. *A. & Cleo.* III. 7.

Ceremony.

Ceremony was but devised at first,
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
T. of Athens, I. 2.

Ceremony, Valuelessness of.

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
 What is thy soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being feared
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee, and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high-shore of this world,—
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
 Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest. *Henry V.* IV. I.

Certainty. (*See* UNCERTAINTY.)

Chance.

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:—
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving. *M. of Venice*, II. 1.

Challenge, A written.

Write it in a martial hand ; be curst and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention : taunt him with the licence of ink : if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down ; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Twelfth Night*, III. 2.

Change. (See ALTERATION.)

Chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration.

2 Henry IV. III. 1.

Changeableness. (See INDECISION.)

With every minute you do change a mind.

Coriolanus, I. 1.

Thy mind is a very opal. *T. Night*, II. 4.

Charity, Unlawful.

Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity. *T. & Cres.* v. 3.

Chastity.

You seemed to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

Much Ado, IV. 1.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy in the world
In me to lose. *All's Well*, IV. 2.

Checks, Temporary.

We have scotched the snake, not killed it.

Macbeth, III. 2.

Checks, Value of.

The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below
 Fails in the promised largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest reared,
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

* * * * *

Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,
 And think them shames which are indeed nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love : for then the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin :
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. *T. & Cres. 1. 3.*

Child, A.

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all ;
 He makes a July's day short as December,
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Winter's Tale, 1. 2.

Child, An undutiful.

She is peevish, sullen, froward,
 Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
 Neither regarding that she is my child,
 Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
 And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
 And where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
 I now am full resolved to take a wife,
 And turn her out to who will take her in :
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower,
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Child, A Widow's.

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.

K. John, III. 4.

Childhood, Innocence of.

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
 And bleat the one at the other. What we changed,
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dreamed
 That any did. Had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
 With stronger blood, we should have answered Heaven
 Boldly, *Not guilty* ;—the imposition cleared,
 Hereditary ours. *Winter's Tale*, I. 2.

Children.

Unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Children, Desire for.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory.

Sonnet 1. (See *Sonnets* II.-XVIII.)

Children, Family likeness in.

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime. *Sonnet III.*

Although the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father ; eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valleys,
 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his smiles ;
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

Winter's Tale, II. 3.

Children, Mercenary.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind ;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind. *K. Lear*, II. 4.

See, sons, what things you are !
 How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object !
 For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
 Their bones with industry :
 For this, they have engrossèd and piled up
 The cankered heaps of strange-achievèd gold ;
 For this, they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets,
 Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey packed,
 We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
 Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

2 *Henry IV.* IV. 5.

Christmas, Legends concerning.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,—
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time. *Hamlet*, I. I.

Clergy, The.

Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

1 *Henry VI.* III. I.

Clergy, Virtues of the.

Love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition ;

Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. *Henry VIII.* v. 3.

Cleverness in Contriving. (See THRIFT.)

A good wit will make use of anything.

2 *Henry IV.* i. 2.

Cliff, A.

A cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep. *K. Lear,* iv. 1.

Cliff, View from a.

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong. *K. Lear,* iv. 6.

Climate, English.

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns. *Henry V.* III. 5.

“Cloth of Gold, Field of the.”

Buck. Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor.

'TwiXt Guynes and Arde:

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weighed
Such a compounded one?

Buck.

All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory : men might say,
 Till this time pomp was single, but now married
 To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
 Made Britain India : every man that stood
 Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting : now this masque
 Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them : him in eye,
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
 (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believed. *Henry VIII.* I. I.

Clouds. (*See* MORTALITY, EMBLEMS OF.)

Clouds not Storms.

Every cloud engenders not a storm. 3 *Henry VI.* v. 3.

Cock-crow.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine. *Hamlet,* I. I.

Comets.

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky.

1 *Henry VI.* 1. 1.

Comforter, A good.

Thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. 2 *Henry IV.* 4. 4.

Common, Making things.

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they
have a good thing, to make it too common.

2 *Henry IV.* 1. 2.

Commons, The.

Their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Richard II. 11. 2.

Companions.

Cam. They were trained together in their childhoods,
and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection,
which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more
mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of
their society, their encounters, though not personal, have
been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters,
loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together,
though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced,
as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens
continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice or
matter to alter it. *Winter's Tale,* 1. 1.

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. *Winter's Tale,* 1. 2.

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

As you Like it, 1. 3.

In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

M. of Venice, III. 4.

Companions, Evil of Bad. (See TEMPTATION OF ONESELF.)

'Tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Julius Cæsar, I. 2.

Complexion, A fine.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Twelfth Night, I. 5.

Concealment, Ill-advised.

So much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. *Hamlet*, IV. I.

Condemnation, Unjust.

We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition. *2 Henry IV.* IV. I.

Confidence.

You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if
you deny your griefs to your friend. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Confidence, Excessive.

Security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. *Macbeth*, III. 5.

Confidence, Misplaced.

We hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Richard II. II. I.

Confidence, Unrestricted.

I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

Twelfth Night, I. 4.

Conjugal Union. (*See* HUSBAND AND WIFE.)

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown ;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects ;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,
Unless I spake, looked, touched, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus estrangèd from thyself ?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate !
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?
I know thou wouldst ; and therefore, see thou do it.
I am possessed with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust :
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
 I live unstained, thou undishonourèd. *C. of Errors*, II. 2.

Conquest, Easy, is despised.

. . . too light winning
 Make the prize light. *Tempest*, I. 2.

Conscience.

It's a dangerous thing,—it makes a man a coward ; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; he cannot swear, but it checks him ; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing, shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found ; it beggars any man that keeps it : it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and to live without it. *Richard III.* I. 4.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard III. v. 3.

Conscience, Accusing.

Conscience does make cowards of us all. *Hamlet*, III. I.

Conscience, A guilty.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty ! guilty !

Richard III. v. 3.

Conscience, A hard.

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,*

Consolation by Words.

I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was piercèd through the ear.

Othello, I. 3.

Conspiracy.

O conspiracy!
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou hath thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. *Julius Cæsar*, II. I.

Constancy.

Oh that I thought it could be in a woman,—
As, if it can, I will presume in you,—
To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

T. and Cres. III. 2.

Contempt.

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly. *Coriolanus*, II. I.

Content.

Our content
Is our best having. *Henry VIII.* II. 3.
My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen : my crown is called content ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

3 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Content a Necessary.

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content. *Macbeth*, III. 2.

Content, Lack of. (*See* DISCONTENT, UNREASONABLE.)

Whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing. *Richard II.* v. 5.

Content, True.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new fangled mirth ;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

L. L. Lost, I. 1.

Contention.

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him. 2 *Henry IV.* I. 1.

Contentment ; with one's Lot.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest.

Richard II. I. 3.

Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. *As you Like it*, I. 1.

Contentment ; with Places.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Richard II. I. 3.

Conversation, Clever.

Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ;
pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. *L. L. Lost*, v. 1.

Conversation disgraced.

The best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.

M. of Venice, III. 5.

Conversation, Dull.

Discourse is heavy, fasting. *Cymbeline*, III. 6.

Conversation during travelling.

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome ;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

Richard II. II. 3.

Coronation, A.

The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her, while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think—flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, “ This is my wife,” there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar ; where she kneeled, and, saint like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people :
When, by the Archbishop of Canterbury,

She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her : which performed, the choir,
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung " Te Deum." So she parted,
 And with the same full state paced back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

Henry VIII. IV. 1.

Corpse, A.

Off have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.

2 Henry VI. III. 2.

Corruption.

Ham. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table : that's the end.

King. Alas ! alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

Hamlet, IV. 3.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : as thus : Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust : the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam : and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !

Hamlet, v. 1.

Countenance, A boding.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. *Macbeth, 1. 5.*

This man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witnessed usurpation. *2 Henry IV. 1. 1.*

Countenance afforded. (*See AGE, POWER OF.*)

That which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like to richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Julius Cæsar, 1. 3.

Countenance, A truthful.

In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange.

Sonnet XCIII.

Counterfeit Looks.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems. *Richard III. III. 5.*

Country Life.

This our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As you Like it, II. 1.

*Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,*

Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me. As you Like it, II. 5.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 Oh yes, it doth—a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couchèd in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

3 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Courage, Communicated.

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. *Henry V.*, iv. *Prologue.*

Courage in War.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 And fight and die is death destroying death ;
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Richard II. III. 2.

Courage, Woman's.

Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

3 *Henry VI.* v. 4.

Courtesy, Excessive.

I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil
 himself with courtesy. *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2.

Courtesy in Speech.

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms.

A. & Cleo. II. 2.

Court, Friends at.

A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.

2 *Henry IV.* v. 1.

Courtier, A noble.

The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection ; calls him Posthumus Leonatus ;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber ;
 Puts him to all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered ;
 And in 's spring became a harvest : lived in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most praised, most loved :
 A sample to the youngest : to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,

For whom he now is banished, her own price
 Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is. *Cymbeline*, I. 1.

Courtier, Requirements of a.

If God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it
 off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his
 hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ;
 and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for
 the court. *All's Well*, II. 2.

Coward, A.

He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is
 reputed one of the best that is : in a retreat, he outruns
 any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

All's Well, IV. 3.

Cowardice concealed. (See VALOUR, FALSE.)

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish cowards have
 That do outface it with their semblances.

Much Ado, I. 3.

Cowardice mocked at.

Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most
 magnanimous mouse. *2 Henry IV.* III. 2.

Cowslips.

I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green :
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see ;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours.

M. N. Dream, II. 1.

Coxcomb, A.

I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutred like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy
 With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;—
 I could not do withal ;—then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them ;
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practice. *M. of Venice*, III. 4.

Credulity of Women. (*See* FRAILTY.)

How easy is it for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we ;
 For such as we are made of, such we be.

Twelfth Night, II. 2.

Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

C. of Errors, III. 2.

Crown, A.

The hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king.

Richard II. III. 2.

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

3 *Henry VI.* I. 2.

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Richard III. IV. 4.

The round

And top of sovereignty. *Macbeth*, IV. 1.

Crown, Prayer for the.

There is your crown ;
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours ! 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 5.

Crown, Troubles of a.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
 O polished perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
 Snores out the watch of night. 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 5.

Cupid.

Wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,
 conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind
 rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes, because his own
 are out. *As you Like it*, IV. 1.

Curse, A.

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Delivered 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 should 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 burdened 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 basilisks!
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 2 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

Curses.

Buck. Curses never pass
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

Richard III. I. 3.

Cursing ; a pleasure.

Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

2 Henry VI. III. 2.

Custom.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Oft habit's devil, is angel yet in this,—
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Use almost can change the stamp of nature. *Ibid.*

Custom, A bad.

A custom
More honoured in the breach, than the observance.

Hamlet, I. 4.

Custom, Ill Effects of.

What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to over-peer. *Coriolanus*, II. 3.

Customs bow to the great.

Nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you
and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's
fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the
liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-
faults. *Henry V.* v. 2.

Customs, New.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.

Henry VIII. I. 3.

Daffodils.

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

Danger.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
I *Henry IV.* II. 3.

Day, A changeable.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Sonnet xxxiii.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
Sonnet xxxiv.

Day, A memorable.

The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday. *K. John*, III. 1.

Day, Dawn of.

Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Macbeth, III. 2.

Yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Julius Cæsar, II. 1.

The gentle day,
 Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

Much Ado, v. 3.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.

1 *Henry VI.* II. 2.

See the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!

3 *Henry VI.* II. 1.

The busy day,
 Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer.

Troil. and Cres. IV. 2.

The difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

1 *Henry IV.* III. 1.

The morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light;—
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

3 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Daylight, Power of.

When the searching eye of Heaven is hid
 Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage, boldly here;
 But when from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

Richard II. III. 2.

Dead, Appearance of the. (*See* CORPSE, A.)

Dead, The.

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life.

3 *Henry VI.* II. 6.

Death lies upon her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

R. and Juliet, IV. 5.

Dead, Contempt for the.

As the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility. 1 *Henry IV.* I. 3.

Dead, Love for the.

These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell.

3 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Dead, Memory of the.

He doth sin that doth belie the dead.

2 *Henry IV.* I. 1.

Dead, Sorrow for the. (*See* MOURNING.)

Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips

With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears:

To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:

But all in vain are these mean obsequies,

And to survey his dead and earthly image,

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

2 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

Death.

Misery's love. *K. John,* III. 4.

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries.

1 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Our little life

Is rounded with a sleep. *Tempest,* IV. 1.

Nothing can we call our own but death.

Richard II. III. 2.

“Hard-favoured tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,” thus chides she death,
“Grim-grinning ghost, earth’s worm.” *V. & Adonis.*

Thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant’s heart. *Ibid.*

Death, A courageous.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As ’twere a careless trifle. *Macbeth*, I. 4.

Death, A happy. (*See HAPPINESS, EXTREME.*)

And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother’s dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.

2 Henry VI. III. 2.

Death, Anticipated.

Ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

Richard II. I. 3.

Death, Approaching. (*See AGE, OLD.*)

O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
 In their continuance will not feel themselves.
 Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them insensible, and his siege is now
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
 With many legions of strange fantasies,
 Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. *K. John, v. 7.*

The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned,
 And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
 Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair :
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be utterèd ;
 And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
 And module of confounded royalty. *Ibid.*

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
 Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory ;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Sonnet LXXVII.

The life of all his blood
 Is touched corruptibly ; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality. *K. John, v. 7.*

The earthy and cold hand of death
 Lies on my tongue. *1 Henry IV. v. 4.*

My cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.

2 Henry IV. iv. 5.

Death, A terrible.

What a sign it is of evil life,
 When death's approach is seen so terrible!

2 Henry VI. III. 3.

So bad a death argues a monstrous life. *Ibid.*

Death cancels all.

He that dies pays all debts. *Tempest*, III. 2.

Death, Carelessness of.

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal. *Meas. for Meas.* IV. 2.

Death, Certainty of. (*See* MORTALITY.)

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be. *Ibid.*

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. *K. Lear*, v. 2.

Death contemplated.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of out-worn buried age:
When sometimes lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,—
That time will come, and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet LXIV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? *Sonnet LXV.*

Death, Delaying.

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Julius Cæsar, III. I.

Death desired.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
 Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
 Might in the ground be closèd up in rest.

3 Henry VI. II. I.

Death, Fear of.

Fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Richard II. III. 2.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies. *Meas. for Meas. III. I.*

To die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 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-ribbèd ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thought
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Ibid.*

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,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels¹ bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Hamlet, III. I.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Julius Cæsar, II. 2.*

Death of a Murderer.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

¹ Burdens.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
 Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingèd soul !

2 *Henry VI.* III. 3.

Death of Another desired.

Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life. 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 5.

Death of the Brave and Cowardly.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.

Julius Cæsar, II. 2.

Death of the Weakly.

The weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground. *M. of Venice,* IV. 1.

Death, Peacefulness of.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
 Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further ! *Macbeth,* III. 2.

Death, Readiness for.

The ripest fruit first falls. *Richard II.* II. 1.

Death Scorned.

Thou antic death which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

1 *Henry VI.* IV. 7.

Death, Universality of.

Kings, and mightiest potentates, must die ;
 For that's the end of human misery.

1 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

Death, Unlikely haunts of.

Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war. *Cymbeline,* v. 3.

Death unsought.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? 1 *Henry IV.* v. 1.

Death welcomed.

O amiable lovely death !

Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy détestable bones ;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
 And wring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
 And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
 Oh, come to me ! *K. John*, III. 4.

Deceit. (*See DISSIMULATION, and DEMURENESS SIMULATED.*)

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;—
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

M. of Venice, 1. 3.

Cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
 Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity : and Gloucester's show
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
 Or as the snake rolled in a flowering bank,
 With shining chequered slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

2 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Deeds, Evil. (*See ACTIONS.*)

Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Hamlet, 1. 2.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

C. of Errors, III. 2.

Deeds, Evil ; Effects of.

Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. *Macbeth*, v. 1.

Deeds, Evil ; their Agents.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Makes deeds ill done ! *K. John*, IV. 2.

Deeds, Good ; Perseverance in. (*See* PERSEVERANCE,
NECESSITY OF.)

Deeds, Good.

How far that little candle throws his beams !

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

M. of Venice, v. 1.

Defeat, Self-procured.

Their defeat

Does by their own insinuation grow. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

Defects.

You are too wilful-blame,

And since your coming hither have done enough

To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :

Though sometimes it shows greatness, courage, blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :

The least of which haunting a nobleman,

Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation. I *Henry IV.* III. 1.

Oft it chances in particular men,

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin,)

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners ;—that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect—
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault : the dram of evil
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,
 To his own scandal. *Hamlet*, I. 4.

Defects, in the Good. (*See* FAULTS IN THE GOOD.)

The more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Richard II. I. I.

Defence, Adequate.

In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems ;
 So the proportions of defence are filled ;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth. *Henry V.* II. 4.

Defence in Peace.

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintained, assembled and collected,
 As were a war in expectation. *Henry V.* II. 4.

Delay.

Fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.

Richard III. IV. 3.

Delays have dangerous ends. I *Henry VI.* III. 2.

In delay
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

R. and Juliet, I. 4.

If we use delay
Cold biting winter mars our hoped for hay.

3 *Henry VI.* iv. 8.

In delay there lies no plenty. *T. Night,* II. 3.

Demureness simulated.

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen,
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

M. of Venice, II. 2.

Deposition of a King.

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
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 figured goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects for a pair of carvèd 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?

Richard II. III. 3.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hand I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duty's rites ;
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revénues I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny ;
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved ;
 And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !

Richard II. IV. 1.

Desert.

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity : the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

Hamlet, II. 2.

Desert, Great.

Thou art so far before
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved,
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth, I. 4.

Desert proved.

Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove ; our head shall go bare till merit crown it : no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith. *T. & Cres.* III. 2.

Desertion of Women, Men's.

When you have our roses
 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
 And mock us with our bareness. *All's Well*, IV. 2.

Despair.

If I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so : I

shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. *As you Like it*, I. 2.

I shall despair!—there is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soul shall pity me. *Richard III.* v. 3.

Despotism.

Burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the Parliament of England. 2 *Henry VI.* iv. 7.

Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself? *Coriolanus*, III. I.

Destiny. (See FATE.)

All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Richard III. iv. 4.

Destiny, Submission to.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

3 *Henry VI.* iv. 3.

Destruction of Fellow-Creatures.

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep. *K. Lear*, iv. 2.

Development of Man.

There is differency between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing. *Coriolanus*, v. 4.

Dew.

Liquid pearl. *M. N. Dream*, I. I.

Dirge, A.

*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak;
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone:
 Fear not slander, censure rash:
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

*No exorciser harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have:
 And renown'd be thy grave! *Cymbeline*, IV. 2.*

Discontent, Unreasonable. (See CONTENT, LACK OF.)

O thoughts of men accurst!

Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.

2 Henry IV. I. 3.

Happy thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. *Meas. for Meas.* III. I.

Discord.

How sour sweet music is
 When time is broke and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives. *Richard II.* v. 5.

Discord among Authorities.

When two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other. *Coriolanus*, III. I.

Discretion.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to outsport discretion. *Othello*, II. 3.

Discretion, True.

Less fearful than discreet. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Disfavour, One held in.

You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy. *Twelfth Night*, III. 2.

Disgrace. (See AMENDS, INSUFFICIENT.)**Disgrace, Cruelty to One in.**

Press not a falling man too far. *Henry VIII.* III. 2.

'Tis a cruelty

To load a falling man. *Henry VIII.* v. 3.

Dissension, Civil.

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

1 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Dissimulation. (See DECEIT, and APPEARANCES, DECEPTIVE.)

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

2 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

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 chameleon ;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.

3 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

To beguile the time,
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. *Macbeth*, I. 5.

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
Macbeth, I. 7.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
Hamlet, I. 5.

Dissimulation advised.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty !
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret-false. *C. of Errors*, III. 2.

Dissimulation, Effect of.

I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness. *Coriolanus*, III. 2.

Dissimulation necessary.

This must be patched
With cloth of any colour. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Dissimulation, Politic.

Speak
To the people, not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;

And you will rather show our general louts
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin. *Coriolanus*, III. 2.

Distinctions, Necessity of.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office and custom, in all line of order ;
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
 Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspécts of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues and what porténts, what mutiny,
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaken,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,—
 Between whose endless jar justice resides—
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdained
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath; so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation. *T. and Cres.* I. 3.

Distribution of Goods.

Take physic, pomp:
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And show the Heavens more just. *K. Lear*, III. 4.

Heavens, deal so still!
 Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough. *K. Lear*, IV. 1.

Dog, A heartless.

I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that

lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole; this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "*Father, your blessing!*" Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman. Well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 3.

Dogs' barking.

Dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so. *Coriolanus*, II. 3.

Dogs, Hunting.

The. My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go.—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,

When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
 With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flewed, so sanded: and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls,
 Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

M. N. Dream, IV. 1.

Doubt.

Modest doubt is called
 The beacon of the wise. *T. and Cres. II. 2.*

Doubt, Period of.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;—
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I even so;
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

M. of Venice, III. 1.

Doubts.

Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. *Meas. for Meas. I. 4.*

Dreams.

For his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

Richard III. III. 2.

Dress. (See APPAREL.)

Drowning, A Dream of.

Clar. Lord! Lord! methought what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
Which wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Richard III. I. 4.

Drowning, Death by.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued
 Unto that element: but long it could not be
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death. *Hamlet*, iv. 7.

Drowning Man, A.

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee
 in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
 In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
 For them to play upon, entreats you pity him.

Pericles, II. I.

Drunkard, A.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one
 draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads
 him; and a third drowns him. *Twelfth Night*, I. 5.

Drunkenness, Disgrace of.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations:
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though performed at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute. *Hamlet*, I. 4.

Drunkenness, Foolishness of.

O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
 to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel,
 pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Othello, II. 3.

To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and pre-
 sently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is un-
 blessed, and the ingredient is a devil. *Ibid.*

Dulness.

Your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.

Hamlet, v. I.

Dulness provokes Wit.

The dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.

As you Like it, I. 2.

Duty, A Divided.

My gracious lord, that which I would discover
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
 But when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that,
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift,
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Duty, Humble Service of.

The. Never any thing can be amiss,
 When simpleness and duty tender it.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
 And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake :
 And what poor willing duty cannot do,
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposèd
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome ;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

M. N. Dream, v. 1.

Duty Rewarded.

Duty never yet did want his meed.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

Dying, Inspiration of the.

Holy men at their death have good inspirations.

M. of Venice, I. 2.

Dying, Power of the.

They say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony :
 Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
 He that no more must say is listened more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
 More are men's ends marked, than their lives before :
 The setting sun, and music at the close,—
 As the last taste of sweets,—is sweetest last ;—
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Richard II. II. I.

Earth.

Common mother thou,
 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
 Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venomèd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine.

Timon of Athens, IV. 3.

Eating and Drinking. (See LIFE ; ITS COMPOSITION.)**Education, Value of.**

You are certainly a gentleman, thereto
 Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
 Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
 In whose success we are gentle. *Winter's Tale*, I. 2.

Effeminacy.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
 In time of action. *T. and Cres.* III. 3.

Elizabeth of England.

I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west;
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free. *M. N. Dream*, II. I.

This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her!)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be loved and feared: her own shall bless her:
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
 In her days every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but, as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself,

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fixed : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his.
 She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

Henry VIII. v. 5.

Eloquence.

When he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

Henry V. I. I.

Eloquence Inadequate.

The tract of everything
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. *Henry VIII. I. I.*

Eloquence, Modest.

Words sweetly placed, and modestly directed.

Henry VI. v. 3.

Eloquence, Power of.

We,
 Almost with ravished listening, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute. *Henry VIII. I. 2.*

Emergency, Behaviour in an.

Those cold ways,
 That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
 Where the disease is violent. *Coriolanus, III. I.*

Diseases desperate grown
 By desperate appliance are relieved. *Hamlet, IV. 3.*

Endowments, Natural ; their proper use.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to the observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do—
 Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
 But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. *Meas. for Meas.* I. I.

Ulyss.

A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil.

This is not strange, Ulysses,

The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself,
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye opposed
 Salutes each other with each other's form :
 For speculation turns not to itself
 Till it hath travelled, and is mirrored there
 Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—

It is familiar,—but at the author's drift,
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of any thing,

Though in and of him there be much consisting,
 Till he communicate his parts to others :
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them formed in the applause
 Where they're extended ; who, like an arch, reverberates
 The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. *T. and Cres.* III. 3.

Endurance.

Thou hast been
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing ;
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Endurance, Bravery of.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
 His outsides ;—to wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger. *T. of Athens*, III. 5.
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

T. of Athens, III. 5.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threat'nings ? sleep upon 't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats
 Without repugnancy ? If there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
 And the ass more captain than the lion ; the felon,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. *T. of Athens*, III. 5.

Engagement, An.

Three crabbèd months had soured themselves to death,
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
 And clap thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,
 " *I am yours for ever.*" *Winter's Tale*, I. 2.

Engagement Broken. (*See LOVERS SEPARATED BY FAULTS.*)

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,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renownèd for their deeds as far from home,—
 For Christian service, and true chivalry,—
 As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's son :
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world. . . .
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune. *Richard II.* II. I.

Our sea-wallèd garden. *Richard II.* III. 4.

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 At Neptune's park, ribbèd and palèd in
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. *Cymbeline,* III. I.

Nook-shotten isle of Albion. *Henry V.* III. 5.

That pale, that white-faced shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders ;
 . . . that England, hedged in with the main,
 That water-wallèd bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes. *K. John,* II. I.

England, Appeal to.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,—
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!

Henry V. II. Prologue.

England; its Invincibility.

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. Nought shall make us rue
 If England to itself do rest but true. *K. John, v. 7.*

England, Safeguard of.

Let us be backed with God, and with the seas
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only defend ourselves;
 In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

3 Henry VI. IV. 1.

Englishmen.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. *Henry V. III. 7.*

Enjoyment of Life.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? *M. of Venice*, I. I.

Enterprise, A Great. (See OATHS UNNECESSARY.)

Entry, A King's.

The duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seemed 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 imag'ry, 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 passed along.

Richard II. v. 2.

Envious Man, An.

He reads much ;

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 2.

Envy.

Envy, oft the rack

Of earned praise. *Pericles*, IV. Gower.

Envy, Evil of.

When envy breeds unkind division,
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

I *Henry VI.* IV. 1.

Equality.

The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.¹

Hamlet, v. 1.

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

All's Well, I. 1.

Equivocation.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. *M. of Venice*, III. 5.

Error.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

Julius Cæsar, v. 3.

Error of Judgment.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts
of our losses!

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown
our gain in tears! *All's Well*, iv. 3.

Eruptions.

Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexèd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. 1 *Henry IV.* III. 1.

Evil Courses.

By bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.

Richard II. II. 1.

¹ Chilblain.

Evil, Good out of.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry :
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself. *Henry V.* IV. I.

Evil in Women. (*See WOMEN'S WEAKNESS.*)

Evil Justified.

Wrest once the law to your authority :
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

M. of Venice, IV. I.

Evil Plots, Fitting Occasion for.

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 (Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
 A passion hateful to my purposes ;))
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,—
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

K. John, III. 3.

Evil, The Departure of.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,
 On their departure most of all show evil :
 When Fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

K. John, III. 4.

Evil, Time to Check.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

2 Henry VI. III. 1.

A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
 Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

3 Henry VI. IV. 8.

Exaggerated Beauty.

So is it not with me as with that muse
 Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse ;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
 Making a couplement of proud compare
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in his huge rondure hems.
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air.

Sonnet XXI.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she, belied with false compare. *Sonnet cxxx.*

Example, Power of.

Inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution. *K. John, v. 1.*

Excellence, Modesty of.

It is the witness still of excellency
 To put a strange face on his own perfection.

Much Ado, II. 3.

Excess, Dangers of.

Violent fires soon burn out themselves :
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.

Richard II. II. 1.

Excess, Penalty of.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
 So every scope by the immoderate use
 Turns to restraint. *Meas. for Meas. 1. 2.*

Excuses.

Excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
 As patches set upon a little breach
 Discredit more, in hiding of the fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so patched.

K. John, IV. 2.

Executioner, An.

The common executioner,
 Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
 But first begs pardon. *As you Like it, III. 5.*
 He that dies and lives by bloody drops. *Ibid.*

Expectation.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

All's Well, II. 1.

Expedition. (*See* CELERITY.)

Fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Richard III. IV. 3.

Experience ; How won.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. 3.

Extemporizing, Gift of.

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it. *L. L. Lost*, IV. 2.

Extremes. (*See* TROUBLE, HOW TO MEET.)

To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear ;
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. *K. Lear*, IV. 1.

Extremes of Mirth and Sadness.

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

M. of Venice, I. 1.

Eye, A King's.

Yet looks he like a king ; behold his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. *Richard II.* III. 3.

Eye, The.

Most pure spirit of sense. *T. and Cres.* III. 3.

Eye, One.

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace :
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

1 *Henry VI.* I. 4.

Eyebrows, Black.

Black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen. *Winter's Tale,* II. 1.

Eyelids.

Fringèd curtains of thine eyes. *Tempest,* I. 2.

Windows, white and azure-laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. *Cymbeline,* II. 2.

Cases to those heavenly jewels. *Pericles,* III. 2.

Downy windows. *Ant. and Cleo.* v. 2.

Windows of mine eyes. *Richard III.* v. 3.

Eyes.

The frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies.

As you Like it, III. 5.

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 eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

R. and Juliet, II. 2.

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

T. of Shrew, IV. 5.

Eyes, Blue.

Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth ;
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumined with her eye. *V. and Adonis.*

Eyes, Closed.

Enclosèd lights, now canopied
 Under these windows, white and azure-laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. *Cymbeline, II. 2.*

Her eyes like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
 And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day. *Rape of Lucrece.*

Eyes, Influence of.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.

Sonnet LXXVIII.

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 called tyrants, butchers, murderers !
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;
 Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
 Or, if thou canst not, oh, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 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. *As you Like it, III. 5.*

Eyes, Piercing.

As piercing as the mid-day sun. 3 *Henry VI.* v. 2.

Eyes, Sorrowful.

Not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face.

Sonnet CXXXII.

Face, A Painted.

God has given you one face, and you make yourselves
another. *Hamlet*, III. 1.

Fact, Strangeness of.

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn
it as an improbable fiction. *Twelfth Night*, III. 4.

Failure, Accidental.

We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

1 *Henry VI.* III. 3.

Fallen, Respect for the.

Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man. *Henry VIII.* v. 3.

Falsehood.

Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. *Cymbeline*, III. 6.

Falsehood, Effect of Continued.

One,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,¹
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Tempest*, I. 2.

¹ "It," i.e. his lie.

False Witness.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Richard III. 1. 3.

Fame.

Fame and honour, which dies i' the search,
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must court'sey at the censure. *Cymbeline*, III. 3.

His fame folds in

This orb o' the earth. *Coriolanus*, v. 6.

Fame, a Reward for Wrongs.

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
 Gives her fame, which never dies:
 So the life that died with shame,
 Lives in death with glorious fame. *Much Ado*, v. 3.

Fame, Dishonourable.

The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt he wiped it out,—
 Destroyed his country,—and his name remains
 To the ensuing age, abhorred. *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Fame, Immortality of.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity. *L. L. Lost*, I. 1.

Fame Won by Danger.

I, considering how honour would become such a person,
 —that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the
 wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him
 seek danger where he was like to find fame.

Coriolanus, 1. 3.

Famine, The Cry of.

O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs. *Pericles*, 1. 4.

Famine, Time of.

These mouths who but of late, earth, sea, and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defiled for want of use,
 They are now starved for want of exercise :
 Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;
 Those mothers, who, to nouse up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now
 To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life :
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

Pericles, 1. 4.

Farewell.

Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. *T. & Cres.* III. 3.

Farewell, A Second.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave. *Hamlet*, 1. 3.

Farewell cut short.

Injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
 And scants us with a single famished kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken¹ tears.

T. & Cres. iv. 4.

Farewell of a Friend.

His eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

M. of Venice, II. 7.

Farewell, Sorrowful.

I have too grieved a heart
 To take a tedious leave. *M. of Venice, II. 6.*

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Richard II. I. 3.

Farewell to a Traveller.

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. I.

¹ Interrupted.

Fashion, Extravagance of.

Fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

Much Ado, III. 3.

Fashion, A Man of.

King. A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,¹
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight .
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

L. L. Lost, I. 1.

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practised not his gait :
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. 2 *Henry IV.* II. 3.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,²
The observed of all observers. *Hamlet*, III. 1.

¹ Called.

² Model for behaviour.

Fashions, Old.

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

T. of Shrew, III. 1.

Fate. (*See DESTINY.*)

Our will and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown ;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

Hamlet, III. 2.

Fate, Mastery of.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Julius Cæsar, I. 2.

Father, Respect due to a.

To you your father should be as a god,
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it. *M. N. Dream, I. 1.*

Fault-finding, Habit of.

I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why Nature, drawing of an antique,
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 movèd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Much Ado, III. 1.

Faults, Common.

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Amongst the infinite doings of the world
Sometimes puts forth. *Winter's Tale*, I. 2.

Faults Exposed.

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides ;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

K. Lear, I. I.

Faults in the Good. (See DEFECTS.)

I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,—
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchased ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses. *A. & Cleo.* I. 4.

Favour at Court.

The art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep : whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling. *Cymbeline*, III. 3.

Favour, Uncertainty of. (See MERIT ILL-REWARDED; and FORGETFULNESS, THE WORLD'S.)

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. *Richard III.* III. 4.

O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Henry VIII.* III. 2.

Favourites, Insolence of.

Favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. *Much Ado*, III. I.

Fawning.

Why should the poor be flattered?

No, let the candièd tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Fear. (*See* SUFFERING, HARDENING EFFECT OF; and NOBILITY.)

Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

2 Henry VI. III. 1.

Fear, Appearance of.

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,¹
Starts up and stands on end. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Fear, Danger of Cowardly.

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. *Macbeth*, IV. 2.

Fear of Foes.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Richard II. III. 2.

Fear, Suspiciousness of.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes
That what he feared is chanced. *2 Henry IV.* I. 1.

Fearlessness.

Fearless minds creep soonest into crowns.

3 Henry VI. IV. 7.

Fears, Wise.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

¹ The hair of dead animals.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear : to fear the worst, oft cures the worst. *T. & Cres.* III. 2.

Feast, An empty.

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty feast.
C. of Errors, III. 1.

Feasting, Requirements of.

The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it. *Macbeth*, III. 4.

Fertility, Dangerous.

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds.
2 Henry IV. IV. 4

Festivals.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set—
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet* LII.

Fickleness.

With every minute you do change a mind.
Coriolanus, I. 1.

Fidelity.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly : yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story. *A. & Cleo.* III. 13.
There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.
T. of Athens, IV. 3.

Few words to fair faith. *T. & Cres.* III. 2.

Fishing, Pleasurable.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
Much Ado, III. 1.

Flatterers.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest: but men—men are the things themselves. *T. of Athens*, IV. 3.

Flattery.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.

T. of Athens, I. 1.

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing.

Pericles, I. 2.

Flattery of the People.

I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. *Coriolanus*, II. 3.

Flattery rebuked.

Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

L. L. Lost, II. 1.

Flattery, Useless.

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

L. L. Lost, IV. 1.

Fleet, A.

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. Oh, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold

A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestic.

Henry V. III. Prologue.

Flight of Soldiers.

His death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best tempered courage in his troops :
For from his mettle was his party steeled,
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turned on themselves like dull and heavy lead :
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. 2 *Henry IV. I. I.*

Flowers' Beauties stolen.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.—
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair ;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair,
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee. *Sonnet xcix.*

Flowery Bank, A.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

M. N. Dream, II. 1.

Foe, A treacherous.

Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch¹ at him some way,
Or wrath, or craft, may get him. *Coriolanus*, I. 10.

Food, Influence of.

The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. *Coriolanus*, V. 1.

Fool, A.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Twelfth Night, III. 1.

Fool, Dulness of a.

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear. *Hamlet*, IV. 2.

Foolhardiness.

Manhood is called foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Foolishness.

Foolery, sir, doth walk about the orb ; like the sun, it
shines everywhere. *Twelfth Night*, III. 1.

¹ Push roughly.

Forebodings.

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles

I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Richard II. II. 2.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.

Richard III. II. 3.

Foresight, Natural.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;
The which observed a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasurèd ;
Such things become the hatch and brood of time.

2 *Henry IV.* III. 1.

Forethought, Prudent.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all? 2 *Henry IV.* I. 3.

Forethought, Want of.

Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

2 Henry IV. I. 3.

Forgetfulness of Names.

New-made honour doth forget men's names ;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. *K. John, I. I.*

Forgetfulness, The World's. (*See FAVOUR.*)

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Sonnet xxv.

Forgiveness, Full. (*See MAGNANIMITY.*)

Forgiveness of Foes. (*See PARDON.*)

Cherish those hearts that hate thee.

Henry VIII. III. 2.

Fortitude. (*See ENDURANCE.*)

You were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating : fortune's blows
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning. *Coriolanus, IV. I.*

Fortune, Bad.

My good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. *A. & Cleo. III. 13.*

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

K. Lear, II. 2.

Fortune, Figure of.

Pist. Giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you, that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral. *Henry V.* III. 6.

Fortune, Gifts of.

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's; Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit. *As you Like it,* I. 2.

Fortune, Good; Approach of.

Heaviness foreruns the good event.

2 *Henry IV.* IV. 2.

Fortune, Niggardliness of.

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.

2 *Henry IV.* iv. 4.

Frailty.

Frailty, thy name is woman. *Hamlet*, i. 2.

Frailty of Women.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women !—Help Heaven ! men their creation mar
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;
 For we are soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints. *Meas. for Meas.* ii. 4.

Men have marble, women waxen minds,
 And therefore are they formed as marble will ;
 The weak oppressed, the impression of strange kinds
 Is formed in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamped the semblance of a devil.
 Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-killing evils that obscurely sleep ;
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.
 No man inveigh against the withered flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath killed !
 Not that devoured, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. Oh, let it not be hild
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfilled

With men's abuses : those proud lords to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

Rape of Lucrece.

France.

Best garden of the world,

Our fertile France. *Henry V.* v. 2.

Friend, A grieved.

A discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness. *Coriolanus*, v. 1.

Friend, Duties of a.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Julius Cæsar, iv. 3.

Friends, Choice of.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

Hamlet, i. 3.

Friends, Cruelty of.

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves,

Of their friends' gift ? *T. of Athens*, i. 2.

Friends, Departure of. (See WATCHING DEPARTING FRIENDS.)

Friends, False.

Hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;

But when they should endure the bloody spur

They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades

Sink in the trial. *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2.

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels

Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye. *Henry VIII.* ii. 1.

Friends, Good.

He that wants money, means, and content, is without
 three good friends. *As you Like it*, iii. 2.

Friends, Loss of.

To wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Friends or Foes.

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.

3 Henry VI. IV. 1.

Friends, Rapacious.

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.

T. of Athens, 1. 2.

Friends, Remembrance of.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

Richard II. II. 3.

Friends, True and False.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend,
But if store of crowns be scant
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
“ *Pity but he were a king.*”
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;

They that fawned on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep,
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe. *P. Pilgrim.*

Friends, Two. (*See COMPANIONS.*)

Is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition ;
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.

M. N. Dream, III. 2.

Friends, Useful.

What need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? Oh, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! *T. of Athens, 1. 2.*

Friendship, Comfort of.

While I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end. *Sonnet xxx.*

Friendship, False. (*See PARASITES.*)

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy. *Hamlet, III. 2.*

Thus misery doth part the flux of company.

As you Like it, II. I.

Friendship, Inconstancy of.

Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together,—who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable,—shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : so fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. *Coriolanus, IV. 4.*

Friendship shown after Death.

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. *Hamlet, v. 2.*

Friendship, Unfaithful.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts. *Othello, III. 3.*

Friendships, Wise.

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.
T. & Cres. II. 3.

Frivolity, Effect of.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

Richard II. II. 1.

Future, Foreseeing the.

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! Oh, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

2 Henry IV. III. 1.

Future, Hope for the.

Sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus,—some good thing comes to-morrow.

2 Henry IV. IV. 2.

Future, Uncertainty of the.

What's to come is still unsure. *T. Night*, II. 3.

Gains, Ill-got.

Things ill-got had ever bad success.

3 Henry VI. II. 2.

Gain, Reckless Search for.

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Rape of Lucrece.

Gallant, A.

This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 He can carve too, and lisp. Why, this is he
 That kissed away his hand in courtesy ;
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
 A mean most meanly ; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can. The ladies call him, sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one
 To show his teeth as white as whalès bone :
 And consciences that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

3 Henry VI. III. 2.

General, A great. (*See SOLDIER.*)

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than nature,
 That shapes man better : and they follow him
 Against us brats, with no less confidence
 Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
 Or butchers killing flies. *Coriolanus, iv. 6.*

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
 Their talk at table, and their thanks at end.

Coriolanus, iv. 7.

Generosity.

For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping. *A. & Cleo. v. 2.*
 If it stand, as you yourself still do,
 Within the eye of honour, be assured
 My purse, my person, my extremest means,
 Lie all unlocked to your occasions. *M. of Venice, I. I.*

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere. *Henry VIII.* I. 3.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity. 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 4.

Generosity, Excessive ; its Penalty.

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good ;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt,—he owes
For every word ; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.

T. of Athens, I. 2.

Generosity, Ill-repaid.

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

T. of Athens, IV. 2.

A man by his own alms empoisonèd,
And with his charity slain. *Coriolanus,* v. 6.

Generosity, Unwise.

No villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

T. of Athens, II. 2.

Generosity, Wise.

His heart and hand, both open and both free :
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows ;
Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty.

T. & Cres. IV. 5

Gentleman, A.

He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest : he lasted long,

But on us both did haggish age steal on,
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
 To talk of your good father. In his youth
 He had the wit which I can well observe
 To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
 Till their own scorn turn to them unnoted
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
 His equal had awaked them ; and his honour,
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
 His tongue obeyed his hand. Who were below him
 He used as creatures of another place,
 And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
 Making them proud of his humility,
 In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
 Might be a copy to these younger times,
 Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
 But goes backward. *All's Well*, I. 2.

Though myself have been an idle truant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time
 To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
 Yet hath Sir Proteus—for that's his name—
 Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
 His years but young, but his experience old ;
 His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe ;
 And in a word, for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises that I now bestow,
 He is complete in feature and in mind
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

Gentleness, Power of.

Your gentleness shall force,
 More than your force move us to gentleness.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Gifts.

The ambassadors of Love. *L. L. Lost*, v. 2.

The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not delivered. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

Ham. I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honoured lord, you know right well you did ;
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for, to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

Hamlet, III. I.

Girl, A Modest.

A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself. *Othello*, I. 3.

Giving and Receiving.

There's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives.

T. of Athens, I. 2.

Glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

I Henry VI. I. 2.

Glory, Futility of Earthly. (See DEATH, CERTAINTY OF.)

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

3 Henry VI. v. 2.

Glory, Loss of. (See GREATNESS, FALL OF.)

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !

Richard II. II. 4.

Glow-worm, The.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. *Hamlet*, I. 5.

God, Serving.

Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? *Meas. for Meas.* II. 2.

God-fearer, A.

The man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him,
by some large jests he will make. *Much Ado*, II. 3.

Gold. (See WEALTH; MONEY; AVARICE.)

Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? Why this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads;
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it
That makes the wappened¹ widow wed again;
She whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations. *T. of Athens*, IV. 3.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! *Ibid.*

Gold, Accumulation of.

Gold that's put to use more gold begets. *V. & Adonis.*

Good Man, A.

A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.

T. of Athens, I. I.

Goodness and Beauty. (See BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.)

¹ Over-worn.

Goodness, Boldness of.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Meas. for Meas. III. 1.

Goodness cannot be hid.

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose ;
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
 Yet grace must still look so. *Macbeth*, IV. 3.

Goodness rebukes Wickedness.

How he glisters

Through my rust ! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker ! *Winter's Tale*, III. 2.

Good out of evil. (See EVIL, GOOD OUT OF.)**Good Woman, A.**

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections. *Hamlet*, IV. 7.

Government, Orderly. (See BEES.)

Exe. While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,
 The advisèd head defends itself at home :
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts doth keep in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fixèd as an aim or butt,
 Obedience
 . . . Many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously :
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Fly to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;
 As many fresh streams run in one salt sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre,—
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. *Henry V.* I. 2.

Government, Wise.

Oh ! what pity is it
 That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
 As we this garden ? We at time of year
 Do wound the bark—the skin of our fruit-trees—
 Lest being over-proud in sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself ;
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have lived to bear, and he to taste,
 Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches
 We lop away that bearing boughs may live ;
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Richard II. III. 4.

Governor, Severity of a New.

. . . the body public be
 A horse whereon the governor doth ride ;
 Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
 He can command lets it straight feel the spur.

Meas. for Meas. I. 2.

Gratitude, Natural.

As my hand has opened bounty to you,
 My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
 On you than any,—so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any. *Henry VIII.* III. 2.

Grave, A Maiden's.

Lay her i' the earth ;—
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring ! *Hamlet*, v. 1.

Grave, A Poor Man's.

Of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length !

3 *Henry VI.* v. 2.

Grave, Tending a.*Gui.*

Why, he but sleeps :

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
 And worms will not come to thee.

Arv.

With fairest flowers,

While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
 The azured hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweetened not thy breath ; the ruddock would
 With charitable bill—oh bill, sore shaming
 Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument !—bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground thy corse. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

Great, Condescension of the.

When the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

3 *Henry VI.* iv. 8.**Great, Perils of the.**

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
 And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Richard III. i. 3.**Great Man, A.**

His legs bestrid the ocean ; his reared arm
 Crested the world ; his voice was propertied
 As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends ;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. *A. & Cleo.* v. 2.

Great Man, Arrogance of a.

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he
 walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks
 before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with
 his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery.
 He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander.
 What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He

wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in. *Coriolanus*, v. 4.

Greatness.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. *Twelfth Night*, II. 5.

Greatness, Acquisition of.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Julius Cæsar*, II. I.

Greatness, Fall of. (See PARASITES ; GLORY, LOSS OF.)

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too ; what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer ;
And not a man for being simply man
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him,—as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,—
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. *T. & Cres.* III. 3.

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting ; I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Henry VIII.* III. 2.

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 ventured,
 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. *Ibid.*

Greatness, Fall of ; its cause.

Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run,
 By their own fear, or sloth. *Winter's Tale*, II. 1.

Greatness, Memories of Past. (*See* MEMORIES,
 TORTURING.)

O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !

Richard II. III. 3.

Greatness, Penalty of. (*See* SLANDER.)

If I am
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. *Henry VIII.* I. 2.

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honoured or begets him hate,
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is missed,
 But little stars may hide them when they list :
 The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unperceived fly with the filth away,
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay :
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day :
 Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
 But eagles gazed upon with every eye. *Rape of Lucrece.*

Greatness, Peril of.

Too much honour—
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Henry VIII. III. 2.

Greatness, Personal.

He doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Julius Cæsar, I. 2.

Greatness Surpassed.

So doth the greater glory dim the less :
 A substitute shines brightly as a king
 Until a king be by, and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. *M. of Venice*, v. 1.

Greeting, A Mother's.

A long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting.

Richard II. III. 2.

Greyhounds.

Thy greyhounds are as swift
 As breathèd stags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

T. of Shrew, Ind. Sc. II.

Grief.

Beauty's canker. *Tempest*, I. 2.

Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

V. & Adonis.

Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

All's Well, III. 4.

Grief, Abandonment to.

As one full of despair
 She vailed her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopped
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped ;

But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they viewed each other's sorrow—
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions thron'g her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief ;
All entertained, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best ; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

V. & Adonis.

Grief, Accumulated.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor. *Pericles*, 1. 4.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Hamlet*, IV. 5.

Grief, Addressing.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.
L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Grief, Advice in. (See PATIENCE, ADVISERS OF.)

Grief badly borne.

Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Richard II. 1. 3.

Grief, Companions in.

Shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ? *Pericles*, 1. 4.

The mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
K. Lear, III. 6.

Grief, Concealed. (*See SADNESS.*)

When my heart,
 As wedgèd with a sigh, would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile ;
 But sorrow that is couched in seeming gladness
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

T. & Cres. I. 1.

Grief; easily moved.

Sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.

Rape of Lucrece.

Grief, Effect of.

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
 And makes it fearful and degenerate.

2 Henry VI. IV. 4.

Grief, Excessive.

To persevere
 In obstinate condolment is a course
 Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief ;
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient ;
 An understanding simple and unschooled.

Hamlet, I. 2.

What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers ? *Hamlet, v. 1.*

Grief, Imaginary.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows
 Which show like grief itself, but is not so :
 For sorrow's eye, glazèd with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
 Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
 Distinguish form ; so your sweet majesty,

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Finds shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wail,—
 Which, looked on as it is, is nought but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not—more's not
 seen—

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Richard II. II. II. 2.

Grief, Impatience of.

Impatience waiteth on true sorrow. 3 *Henry VI.* III. 3.

Grief; its effect on a Child.

Now will canker sorrow eat my bud
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 And dim and meagre as an ague-fit;
 And so he'll die. *K. John*, III. 4.

Grief, Lover's.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheek down flows;
 Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
 Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep—
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,—
 So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe;
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show.
 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

L. L. Lost, IV. 3.

Why tell you me of moderation?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief;
 My love admits no qualifying dross,—
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

T. & Cres. IV. 4.

Grief, Mastery of.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Much Ado, III. 2.

Grief moderated.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green, and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe,—
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves. *Hamlet, I. 2.*

Grief not realized.

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

2 Henry VI. III. 2.

Grief, Outward.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspirations of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play;
 But I have that within which passeth show,—
 These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Hamlet, I. 2.

My grief lies all within;
 And these external manners of lament
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul.

Richard II. IV. 1.

The painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart. *Hamlet*, iv. 7.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. *Macbeth*, II. 3.

Grief, Overwhelming.

My particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself. *Othello*, I. 3.

Grief, Patient.

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better day ; those happy smiles,
That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved if all
Could so become it. *K. Lear*, iv. 3.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

Grief, Power of.

If the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ;
if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my
sighs. *Two Gent. of Verona*, II. 3.

Grief Proclaimed.

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air ; our eyes do weep till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; that,

If Heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.

Pericles, I. 4.

Grief recompensed.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Grief requires Sympathy.

Mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society :
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

Rape of Lucrece.

Grief, Revengeful.

I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart ;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,
For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !

3 *Henry VI.* II. I.

Grief, Sleepless. (*See SLEEP.*)

Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe.

M. N. Dream, III. 2.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Richard III. I. 4.

Grief, Speechless.

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macbeth, IV. 3.

Grief, Tearless.

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ;—the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities :—but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown. *Winter's Tale*, II. 1.

Grief, Tediousness of.

Grief makes one hour ten. *Richard II.* I. 3.

Grief, Unavailing.

What cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
3 *Henry VI.* v. 4.

Care is no cure, but rather cōrrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
1 *Henry VI.* III. 3.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
3 *Henry VI.* v. 4.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
Richard II. III. 2.

None can cure their harms by wailing them.
Richard III. II. 2.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Grief, Universal.

Who was most marble there, changed colour ; some
swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it,
the woe had been universal. *Winter's Tale*, v. 2.

Grief, Weight of.

Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
Richard II. I. 2.

Grief; well borne.

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Richard II. 1. 3.

Grief, Wild.

True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild :
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

Rape of Lucrece.

Grief, Woman's.

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn ;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

3 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Guests, Unbidden.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

1 *Henry VI.* II. 2.

Guilt, Suspicious.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

3 *Henry VI.* v. 6.

Hair, False.

'Tis purchased by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

M. of Venice, III. 2.

Thus in his cheek the map of days out-worn,
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head ;
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
 And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

Sonnet LXVIII.

Hair, Gray.

Gray locks, the pursuivants of death. 1 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Hair, Sympathetic.

O, what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
 Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity. *K. John*, III. 4.

Hand, A lovely.

This hand
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
 Or Ethiop's tooth, or the fanned snow that's bolted
 By the northern blasts twice o'er. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

That pure, congealèd white, high Taurus snow,
 Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
 When thou hold'st up thy hand : O, let me kiss
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

M. N. Dream, III. 2.

Her hand—

In whose comparison all whites are ink,

Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! *T. & Cres.* I. I.

Hands playing.

Those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them.

Titus Andron. II. 4.

Hanging.

Oh, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands
in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it;
of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck,
sir, is pen, book, and counters: so the acquittance follows.

Cymbeline, v. 4.

Happiness, Chequered.

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren Winter with his wrathful nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

2 Henry VI. II. 4.

Happiness, Extreme.

If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. *Othello,* II. I.

Happiness of others.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through
another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-
morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much
I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes
for. *As you Like it,* v. 2.

Haste.

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates.

Coriolanus, v. 4.

Haste, Undue.

We may outrun
 By violent swiftmess that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not
 The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it?

Henry VIII. I. 1.

Hastiness.

What I think
 I utter, and spend my malice in my breath.

Coriolanus, II. 1.

Hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion. *Ibid.*

Hazard.

Men that hazard all,
 Do it in hope of fair advantages. *M. of Venice*, II. 6.

Hazard, Imprudent. (See INVESTMENT, IMPRUDENT.)**Heart, A Broken.**

His flawed heart,—
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly. *K. Lear*, v. 3.

Heart, A Good.

A good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or rather, the
 sun and not the moon;—for it shines bright and never
 changes, but keeps his course truly. *Henry V.* v. 2.

Heart, A Loving.

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.

Cymbeline, III. 4.

Heart, A Sorrowful.

A heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 3.

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

A jewel locked into the woful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.

2 Henry VI. III. 2.

Heart's-ease, The.

I saw, but thou could'st not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed ; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.

M. N. Dream, II. I.

Heaven.

The treasury of everlasting joy. 2 *Henry VI.* II. I.

Heaven and Hell.

I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take
 to be too little for pomp to enter : some, that humble
 themselves, may, but the many will be too chill and
 tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the
 broad gate and the great fire. *All's Well*, IV. 5.

Hedge-hogs.

Hedge-hogs which
 Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my footfall. *Winter's Tale*, II. 2.

Help, True.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after. *T. of Athens*, I. I.

Henry V. of England.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to
 night !
 Comets, importing change of times and states,
 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
 That have consented unto Henry's death !—

Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command;
 His brandished sword did blind men with his beams;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies
 Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquerèd.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
 Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king, blessed of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

I *Henry VI.* I. 1.

Heretics, The true.

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in't. *Winter's Tale*, II. 3.

Home.

The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels officed all. *All's Well*, III. 2.

Home, Love of.

He loves his own barn better than he loves our house.

I *Henry IV.* II. 3.

Home-keeping ; its effects.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits :
 Were't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than, living duly sluggardized at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. I.

Honest Speech. (See BLUNTNESS.)

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is
 the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Much Ado, III. 2.

Honesty.

Ros. The world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near. But your news is not
 true. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man
 picked out of ten thousand. *Ibid.*

Honesty, Power of.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Henry VIII. III. 2.

Honour.

Life every man holds dear ; but the brave man
 Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

T. & Cres. v. 3.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation ; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. . . .
 Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Richard II. I. I.

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if Honour prick
 me off when I come on ? how then ? Can Honour set to a
 leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief of
 a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then ?
 No. What is Honour ? A word. What is that word

Honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon;—and so ends my catechism.

I *Henry IV.* v. 1.

Honour, A Craving for.

I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive. *Henry V.* iv. 3.

Honour, A Maiden's.

The honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty. *All's Well*, III. 5.

Honour assailed.

Rightly to be great
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. *Hamlet*, iv. 4.

Honour, Emulation of.

It stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of Heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. 2 *Henry IV.* II. 3.

Honour in War and Peace.

Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there. *Coriolanus*, III. 2.

Honour, Love of.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Julius Caesar, I. 2.

Honour the strongest Motive.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love : what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour. *K. John*, III. 1.

Honour, True.

That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers ; the mere word's a slave
Debauched on every tomb—on every grave
A lying trophy—and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. *All's Well*, II. 3.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff : walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Richard III. v. 2.

It never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

2 *Henry IV.* I. 3.

Hope, Ambitious.

So high an hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. *Winter's Tale*, II. 1.

Hope, False.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Richard II. II. 2.

Hope for the Miserable.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. *Meas. for Meas.* III. 1.

Hope in Sorrow.

The night is long that never finds the day.

Macbeth, IV. 3.

Horror, Appearance of.

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine. *Hamlet*, I. 5.

Horse, A Good.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack.

V. & Adonis.

Dau. I will not change my horse with any that treads
but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the
earth, as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the
Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him,
I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings
when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more
musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He is of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for
Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of
earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient
stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse;
and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excel-
lent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the
bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces
homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey ; it is a theme as fluent as the sea ; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all ; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the world, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus—"Wonder of Nature,"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser ; for my horse is my mistress.

Henry V. III. 7.

Horsemanship.

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,—
Rise from the ground likè feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

I *Henry IV.* IV. 1.

This gallant
Had witchcraft in 't ; he grew unto his seat ;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast : so far he topped my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did. *Hamlet*, IV. 7.

"Horsey Man," A.

Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse : and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

M. of Venice, I. 2.

Hospitality.

Ant. E. 'Pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. Oh, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest;

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

C. of Errors, III. 1.

Host, Duties of a.

Ourselves will mingle with society,

And play the humble host. *Macbeth*, III. 4.

Humility. (*See SELF-ACCUSATION.*)

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Humility, A noble.

My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod. *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Humility, Unrespected.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,

And you have found me; for, accordingly,

You tread upon my patience; but be sure

I will from henceforth rather be myself,

Mighty and to be feared, than my condition,

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,

And therefore lost that title of respect

Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

I *Henry IV.* I. 3.

Humours, Man of many.

This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant ; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion ; there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attainment but he carries some stain of it ; he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair ; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus—many hands and no use, or purblind Argus—all eyes and no sight. *T. & Cres. I. 2.*

Hunting Deer.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should in their own confines with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.

As you Like it, II. I.

Husband, A ; a Fool.

She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married : and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger. *Twelfth Night, III. I.*

Husband, A Disloyal.

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness :
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;
Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty !
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;

Be secret-false : what need she be acquainted ?

What simple thief brags of his own attain ?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board.

C. of Errors, III. 2.

Husband and Wife. (*See* CONJUGAL UNION.)

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate ;
If aught possess thee from me it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

C. of Errors, II. 2.

Husband and Wife, Confidence between.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation ?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife. *Julius Cæsar*, II. 1.

Husband, A Loving.

So loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. *Hamlet*, I. 2.

Husband, An Unworthy.

What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. *All's Well*, III. 4.

Husbands, Behaviour of.

It is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall : say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us ; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite ;
 Why, we have galls ; and though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
 Their wives have sense like them : they see and smell,
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
 I think it is ; and doth affection breed it ?
 I think it doth ; is 't frailty that thus errs ?
 It is so too : and have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ?
 Then let them use us well : else, let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so. *Othello*, IV. 3.

Hypocrisy. (*See APPEARANCES, DECEPTIVE.*)

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
 And with a virtuous visard hide deep vice !

Richard III. I. 4.

Hypocrite, A.

I clothe my naked villainy
 With old odd ends stolen forth of holy writ,
 And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Richard III. I. 3.

Idleness, Effect of.

We bring forth weeds
 When our quick minds lie still. *A. & Cleo.* I. 2.

“ If,” The Virtue of.

I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel,
 but when the parties were met themselves, one of them
 thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so* ; and
 they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the
 only peace-maker ; much virtue in *If*.

As you Like it, v. 4.

Ignorance.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

2 Henry VI. IV. 7.

Hol. O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost
 thou look !

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be—

Which we of taste and feeling are—for those parts that do fructify in us more than he;

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school. *L. L. Lost*, IV. 2.

Ignorance, Blessedness of.

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.

* * * * *

I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know 't a little. *Othello*, III. 3.

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.

Meas. for Meas. II. I.

Illness.

I am not very sick

Since I can reason of it. *Cymbeline*, IV. I.

Illness; its Power over the Mind. (See PAIN, EFFECT OF.)

Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. *K. Lear*, II. 4.

Imagination of the Weak.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Hamlet, III. 4.

Imagination of Love.

My soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.

Sonnet xxvii.

Imagination of Madness.

This is the very coinage of your brain :
 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 Is very cunning in. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Imagination powerless.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse ;
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Richard II. I. 3-

Imagination, Power of.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
 That is the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

M. N. Dream, v. 1.

Affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. *M. of Venice*, IV. 1.

Imaginings.

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. *Othello*, III. 3.

Imaginings, Horrible.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Macbeth*, I. 3.

Imitation, England's love of.

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation. *Richard II.* II. 1.

Implacability, Baseness of.

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Impossibility.

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars, then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,—
Murdring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work. *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Impossible Attempts.

The task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry.
Richard II. II. 2.

Imprisonment, After.

Even like a man new halèd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment.
Henry VI. II. 5.

Imprisonment, A Lenient.

I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as encagèd birds

Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

3 *Henry VI.* iv. 6.

Imprisonment powerless.

I know where I will wear this dagger, then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat ;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 3.

Improvement, Profitless attempts at.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. *K. Lear*, I. 4.
When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness.

K. John, IV. 2.

Incapability.

I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are
many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single ;
your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone.

Coriolanus, II. I.

Inconstancy.

When you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness. *All's Well*, IV. 2.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it
ever changes with the next block. *Much Ado*, I. I.

More inconstant than the wind who wooes
Even now, the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

R. & Juliet, I. 4.

Inconstancy ; a disgrace.

Jul. It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven!
were man

But constant, he were perfect ; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all the sins ;
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4.

Indecision of Mind.

'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swelled up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

2 Henry IV. II. 3.

The swan's down-feather,
That stand upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines. *A. & Cleo.* III. 2.

Indigestion.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions. *C. of Errors*, v. 1.

Inferiors, How to treat.

Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place,
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility ;
In their poor praise he humbled. *All's Well*, 1. 2.

Influence, A Friend's.

There is no tongue that moves,—none, none i' the world,—
So soon as yours could win me. *Winter's Tale*, 1. 2.

Ingratitude.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh, ho ! sing heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly !*

Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! &c. As you Like it, II. 7.

Ingratitude, Filial.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster! *K. Lear, I. 4.*

Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child! *Ibid.*

Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
 For lifting food to't? *K. Lear, III. 4.*

Ingratitude, Hatred of.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
 Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood. *Twelfth Night, III. 4.*

Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be
 ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of
 the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to
 be monstrous members. *Coriolanus, II. 3.*

Ingratitude, Victim of.

A man by his own alms empoisoned,
 And with his charity slain. *Coriolanus, v. 6.*

Injuries, Self-procured.

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

T. & Cres. III. 3.

To wilful men

The injuries that they themselves procure
 Must be their schoolmasters. *K. Lear, II. 4.*

Innocence, Courage of.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

2 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Innocence in Thought.

Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness. *As you Like it*, 1. 3.

Innocence protested.

If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.

As you Like it, 1. 3.

Innocence revealed.

If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. *Winter's Tale*, III. 2.

Innocence, Signs of.

I have marked
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 appeared a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. *Much Ado*, IV. 1.

Innocence, Silence of.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails. *Winter's Tale*, II. 2.

Innocence, Unsuspecting.

Unstained thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear.

Rape of Lucrece.

Innocent, Punishment of the. (See SIN VISITED ON THE GUILTLESS.)

Char. The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

A. & Cleo. II. 5.

Innovation, An Unwelcome.

In this the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigurèd :
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
 Startles and frights consideration,
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
 For putting on so new a fashioned robe. *K. John*, IV. 2.

Instability. (*See PEOPLE, INSTABILITY OF THE.*)

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust,—
 Such is the lightness of you common men.

3 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Instruments, Stringed; their musical power.

Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out
 of men's bodies? *Much Ado*, II. 3.

Intentions, Evil. (*See MISCHIEF PREVENTED.*)**Intentions, Good.** (*See DUTY, HUMBLE SERVICE OF.*)**Interest on Money.**

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed
 How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
 Well then, your bond; and, let me see—But hear you :
 Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
 Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,
 This Jacob from our holy Abraham was—
 As his wise mother wrought in his behalf—
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest,—not as you would say
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised¹
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.

* * * * *

Ant. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends—for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty. *M. of Venice*, I. 3.

Intolerance.

Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall
be no more cakes and ale? *Twelfth Night*, II. 3.

Investment, Imprudent.

Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

¹ Agreed.

It were not good : for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope,
 The very list, the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes. I *Henry IV.* IV. 1.

Irresolution.

The native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. *Hamlet*, III. 1.

James I. of England.

Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him. *Henry VIII.* v. 5.

Jealousy.

It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But, oh ! what damnèd minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves !

Othello, III. 3.

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. *Ibid.*

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous ; 'tis a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself. *Othello*, III. 4.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
 Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

C. of Errors, v. 1.

Jealousy, Love's.

Where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
 Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill* ;

Distempering gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring.

V. & Adonis.

Jealousy of Goodness.

To some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies,—
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it! *As you Like it*, II. 3.

Jest, A.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *L. L. Lost*, v. 2.

Jew and Christian.

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs,
dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same
food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same
diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled
by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you
prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh?
if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us,
shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we
will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian,
what is his humility? revenge; if a Christian wrong a Jew,
what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why,
revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and
it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

M. of Venice, III. 1.

Jewels, Women's love of.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Joan of Arc.

I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
 My wit untrained in any kind of art.
 Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
 To shine on my contemptible estate.
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
 God's mother deignèd to appear to me,
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Willed me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity :
 Her aid she promised, and assured success :
 In complète glory she revealed herself ;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infused on me,
 That beauty am I blessed with which you see.

I *Henry VI.* 1. 2.

Jollity, Innocent.

If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ! if to
 be old and merry be a sin, then many an host that I know
 is damned : if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's
 lean kine are to be loved. I *Henry IV.* 11. 4.

Joy, Silent.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little
 happy, if I could say how much. *Much Ado*, 11. 1.

Joy, Tearful.

My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. *Macbeth*, 1. 4.

Mess. Joy could not show itself modest enough without
 a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : there are no faces
 truer than those that are so washed. How much better is
 it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping !

Much Ado, 1. 1.

There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so
and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take
leave of them, for their joy waded in tears.

Winter's Tale, v. 2.

Judge, A vicious.

O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws. *Meas. for Meas.* II. 4.

Judgment and Offence.

To offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposèd natures. *M. of Venice*, II. 8.

Judgment repented of.

After execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom. *Meas. for Meas.* II. 2.

Judgments, Unjust.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemnèd for a fault alone.

Meas. for Meas. II. 1.

Julius Cæsar.

That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live;
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

Richard III. III. 1.

He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 2.

Jury, A.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What knows the law,
That thieves do pass¹ on thieves? *Meas. for Meas.* II. 1.

¹ Pass judgment.

Justice.

Poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

2 *Henry VI.* II. 1.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice,
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. *Meas. for Meas.* II. 2.

Justice, Failure of.

Not ever

The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. *Henry VIII.* v. 1.

Justice, Impartial.

King. How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleasèd to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king, whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment—
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son :
 Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained,
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your power soft silencing your son :
 After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
 And as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well,
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you and obey you as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words,—
 "Happy am I that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 And not less happy having such a son
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice." 2 *Henry IV.* v. 2.

Justice, Partiality of.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
 Robes, and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

K. Lear, iv. 6.

Justice, Heavenly.

Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge
 That no king can corrupt. *Henry VIII.* III. 1.

In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above,—
 There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. *Hamlet*, III. 3.

In the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. *M. of Venice*, IV. 1.

Just Man, A.

His life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others ; were he mealed
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being so, he's just. *Meas. for Meas.* IV. 2.

King, A.

The king is but a man as I am ; the violet smells to him
as it doth to me ; the element shows to him as it doth to
me ; all his senses have but human conditions ; his cere-
monies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ;
and though his affections are higher mounted than ours,
yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing ; there-
fore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of
doubt, be of the same relish as ours are. *Henry V.* IV. 1.

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. *Richard II.* III. 2.

The fount that makes small brooks to flow.

3 *Henry VI.* IV. 8.

King, A dethroned.

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 gentle 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 steeled
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him. *Richard II.* v. 2.

King, A good.

Cam. Never was monarch better feared and loved
 Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject
 That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
 Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True ; those that were your father's enemies
 Have steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you
 With hearts create of duty and of zeal. *Henry V.* II. 2.

I have not stopped 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 allayed their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears ;
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.

3 *Henry VI.* IV. 8.

King, A great.

Princes sit like stars about his throne,
 And he the sun for them to reverence ;
 None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
 Did vail their crowns to his supremacy. *Pericles*, II. 3.

King, A natural.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
 His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
 His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

3 *Henry VI.* IV. 6.

Yet looks he like a king ; behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. *Richard II.* III. 3.

King, Death of a.

The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixèd stars of heaven ;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looking prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Richard II. II. 4.

King, Divinity of a.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,—
Acts little of his will. *Hamlet*, IV. 5.

King, Importance of a.

Guild. Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan. *Hamlet*, III. 3.

King, Murder of a.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building. *Macbeth*, II. 3.

King, Personal power of a.

The presence of a king engenders love
 Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
 As it disanimates his enemies. I *Henry VI.* III. I.

King, Responsibility of a.

Princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
Rape of Lucrece.

King, Troubles of a.

Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,
 Our debts, our careful wives,
 Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!
 We must bear all. O hard condition,
 Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
 Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
 But his own wringing! ¹ what infinite heart's-ease
 Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony? *Henry V.* IV. I.

Kings.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
Pericles, I. I.

Kings, Authority of. (See ARROGANCE OF KINGS.)

Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 I *Henry IV.* I. 3.

Kings, Divine Right of.

God's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in His sight. *Richard II.* I. 2.
 That Power that made you king,
 Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
Richard II. III. 2.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose

¹ Suffering.

The deputy elected by the Lord ;
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel ; then if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall ; for Heaven still guards the right.
Ibid.

Show us the hand of God
 That hath dismissed us from our stewardship !
 For well we know no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends,
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in His clouds, on our behalf,
 Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Richard II. III. 3.

The figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
 Anointed, crownèd. *Richard II.* IV. I.

“King's Evil,” The.

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal.

'Tis called the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king,
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven
 Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers ; and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. *Macbeth*, IV. 3.

Kingship, Vanity of.

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 monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable,—and, humoured thus,
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

Richard II. III. 2.

King's Name, Power of the.

The king's name is a tower of strength.

Richard III. v. 3.

Kiss, A farewell.

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!

2 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

Kiss: a Sign of love.

I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss. 2 *Henry VI.* I. 1.

Kiss, Usefulness of a.

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay; you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. *As you Like it*, IV. 1.

Kisses, Sympathy of.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation. 1 *Henry IV.* III. 1.

Kissing, Chaste.

Ros. His kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. 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 is in them. *As you Like it*, III. 4.

Knavery, Excuse for.

Well, God give them wisdom that have it;
And those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Twelfth Night, I. 5.

Knight, A Carpet.

He is knight dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration. *Twelfth Night*, III. 4.

Knights of the Garter.

When first this order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking from distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnished in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

1 *Henry VI.* IV. 1.

Knowledge. (*See VIRTUE AND KNOWLEDGE.*)

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

2 *Henry VI.* IV. 7.

Knowledge taught by Women.

When would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire

Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long-during action tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
 And study too, the causer of your vow,—
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are our learning likewise is.
 Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 Oh, we have made a vow to study, lords,
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enriched you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
 And therefore finding barren practisers
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
 But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immurèd 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.

L. L. Lost, 1. 1.

Knowledge, Undesirable. (*See* IGNORANCE, BLESSEDNESS OF.)

There may be in the cup
 A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,
 And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
 Is not infected: but if one present
 The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
 With violent hefts. *Winter's Tale, 11. 1.*

Knowledge, Useless.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixèd star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is to know naught but fame ;
 And every godfather can give a name. *L. L. Lost*, I. 1.

Labour.

I earn that I eat, get that I wear. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Labour delighted in.

There be some sports are painful, but their labour
 Delight in them sets off. *Tempest*, III. 1.

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Macbeth*, II. 3.

'Tis good for men to love their present pains
 Upon example ; so the spirit is eased,
 And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity. *Henry V.* IV. 1.

To business that we love we rise betime,
 And go to it with delight. *A. & Cleo.* IV. 4.

Labour dignified.

Some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone. *Tempest*, III. 1.

Land, Possessors of.

He hath much land, and fertile ; let a beast be lord of
 beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis a
 chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Hamlet, v. 2.

Lark, The.

The lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate.

Sonnet XXIX.

Law, Despised.

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
 The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,
 Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep,—
 Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey. Now as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
 Only to stick it in their children's sight
 For terror, not to use, in time the rod
 Becomes more mocked than feared,—so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum. *Meas. for Meas.* I. 3.

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape till custom make it
 Their perch, and not their terror.

Meas. for Meas. II. I.

Law, Officer of the.

One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel ;
 A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough ;
 A wolf—nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;
 One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.

C. of Errors, IV. 2.

Law-breakers.

The great King of kings
 Hath in the tables of His law commanded
 That thou shalt do no murder, and wilt thou, then,
 Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's ?
 Take heed ; for He holds vengeance in His hand,
 To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

Richard III. I. 4.

Lawyer, A.

The justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Leader, A great.

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than nature,
 That shapes man better. *Coriolanus*, IV. 6.

Learning, Aptness at.

The King
 Puts him to all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered. *Cymbeline*, I. 1.

Lending.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Hamlet, I. 3.

Lenity, Advantages of.

When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler
 gamester is the soonest winner. *Henry V.* III. 6.

Lenity, True.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.
 Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example
 Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. Oh, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Henry V. II. 2.

Lenity, Undue.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

T. of Athens, III. 5.

What doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?

3 *Henry VI.* II. 6.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Meas. for Meas. II. I.

Lesson, A Lover's.

Often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind dis-
cover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover. *Two Gent. of Verona*, II. I.

Liberty of Men and Women.

Luc. A man is master of his liberty :
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go, or come : if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

C. of Errors, II. I.

Liberty, Unrestrained.

Headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.

C. of Errors, II. I.

Licence, Unrestrained.

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 curbed 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!

2 *Henry IV.* iv. 5.

Licentiousness.

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

Henry V. iii. 3.

Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. *Macbeth*, iv. 3.

Life.

Reason thus with life;—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyey influences
 That do this habitation where thou keep'st
 Hourly afflict; merely, thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant,
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself,
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigio, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age,
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessèd youth
 Becomes as agèd, and doth beg the arms
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life ? yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even. *Meas. for Meas.* III. 1.

Life ; beyond Man's Power to Give.

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
 Thy word is current with him for my death,
 But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Richard II. I. 3.

Life, Clinging to. (See DEATH, DELAYING.)

Am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout ? since he had rather
 Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
 By the sure physician, Death, who is the key
 To unbar these locks. *Cymbeline*, v. 4.

O our lives' sweetness !

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
 Rather than die at once ! *K. Lear*, v. 3.

Life, Composition of.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues. *All's Well*, IV. 3.

Sir To. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. *Twelfth Night*, II. 2.

Life, Course of.

“ Thus may we see,” quoth he, “ how the world wags ;
 ’Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more ’twill be eleven ;
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot ;
 And thereby hangs a tale.” *As you Like it*, II. 7.

Life, A Labourer’s.

Sir, I am a true labourer ; I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man’s happiness ; glad of other men’s good, content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Life, Misuse of.

What is a man
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
 Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To fust in us unused. *Hamlet*, IV. 4.

Life, Noble.

Prefer a noble life before a long. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Life, Rules for.

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest ;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score. *K. Lear*, I. 4.

Life, Seven Ages of.

All the world’s a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players ;
 They have their exits, and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school ; and then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow ; then the soldier
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth ; and then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;—
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Life, Shortness of.

A man's life's no more than to say "One."

Hamlet, v. 2.

How brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age. *As you Like it, III. 2.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing. *Macbeth*, v. 5.

The time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

I *Henry IV.* v. 2.

Life, Unevenness of.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungallèd play,—
 For some must watch, while some must sleep :
 Thus runs the world away. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Life, Vanity of.

Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
 And spend our flatteries to drink those men
 Upon whose age we void it up again
 With poisonous spite and envy. *T. of Athens*, I. 2.

Life, Weariness of.

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. *K. John*, III. 4.

Lightheartedness.

A light heart lives long. *L. L. Lost*, v. 2.

Likeness. (See CHILDREN, LIKENESS IN.)

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
 Than these two creatures. *Twelfth Night*, v. 1.

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,—
 A natural perspective. *Ibid.*

Mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limned and living in your face.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Lion and the Lamb, The.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey ;
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,
 And he from forage will incline to play ;
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

L. L. Lost, IV. 1.

Lips.

Gates of breath. *2 Henry IV. IV. 5.*

Kissing cherries. *M. N. Dream, III. 2.*

There was a pretty redness in his lip,—
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mixed in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

As you Like it, III. 5.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.

Richard III. v. 3.

Lips, Scornful.

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

Richard III. I. 2.

Loss, Exaggerating.

Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Lost, Value of Persons.

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed. *Much Ado, IV. 1.*

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wished until he were :
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes deared by being lacked. *A. & Cleo.* 1. 4.

I shall be loved when I am lacked. *Coriolanus*, IV. 1.

Lost, Value of Things.

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself. *A. & Cleo.* 1. 2.

What we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack¹ the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. *Much Ado*, IV. 1.

Love. (See CUPID.)

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity ;
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind ;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.

M. N. Dream, 1. 1.

Love is a familiar ; Love is a devil ; there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength ; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. *L. L. Lost*, 1. 2.

¹ Exaggerate.

Love is full of unbecfitting strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Formed by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms ;
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance. *L. L. Lost*, v. 2.

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves. *Hamlet*, iv. 5.

It is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

V. & Adonis.

Love ; a Comfort in Sorrow.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,—
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least,—
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Sonnet xxix.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.

Sonnet xxxvii.

Love, A Fool in.

Touch. I remember, when I was in love I broke my
 sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming
 anights to Jane Smile ; and I remember the kissing of her

batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked ; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, " Wear these for my 'sake."

As you Like it, II. 4.

Love a Madness.

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.

As you Like it, III. 2.

Love, Ambitious.

'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me :
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. *All's Well*, I. 1.

Love among Flowers.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Twelfth Night, I. 1.

Love and Friendship.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues :
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Much Ado, II. 1.

In love who respects friend ?

Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4.

Love and Hate.

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Richard II. III. 2.

Love and Prosperity.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

Love and Reason.

Reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. *M. N. Dream*, III. 1.

Though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. *Merry Wives*, II. 1.

Love a Natural Law.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born.

L. L. Lost, IV. 3.

Love anticipated.

I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me,—
Swooning destruction,—or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys—
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. *T. & Cres.* III. 2.

Love, Anxious.

Women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity—
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Hamlet, III. 2.

Love a Pilgrim.

A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
 Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly,
 And when the flight is made to one so dear—
 Of such divine perfection. *Two Gent. of Verona*, II. 7.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage ;
 But when his fair course is not hinderèd
 He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wide ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step
 Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessèd soul doth in Elysium. *Ibid.*

Love, A Plea for.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths !
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law,
 And who can sever love from charity ?

L. L. Lost IV. 3.

Love, A Soldier's.

When you went onward on this ended action
 I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
 That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
 Than to drive liking to the name of love :
 But now I am returned, and that war thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
 All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
 Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

Much Ado. I. I.

Love at first Sight.

There was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. *As you Like it*, v. 2.

The very instant that I saw you did
 My heart fly to your service; there resides
 To make me slave to it. *Winter's Tale*, III. 1.

Love, A Vow of.

Were I crowned the most imperial monarch—
 Thereof most worthy,—were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
 Without her love: for her employ them all,
 Commend them and condemn them to her service,
 Or to their own perdition. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

Love, Betrayed.

That cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
 But, oh, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
Othello, III. 3

Had it pleased Heaven
 To try me with affliction; had He rained
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;

Steeped 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 fixèd figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at !
 Yet could I bear that too—well, very well :
 But there, where I have garnered 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 complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,—
 Ay, there look grim as hell ! *Othello*, iv. 2.

Love, Blindness of.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit.

M. of Venice, ii. 5.

Love cannot be forced.

I cannot love him :
 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
 In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
 And in dimension and the shape of nature
 A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
 He might have took his answer long ago.

Twelfth Night, i. 5.

Love will not be spurred to what it loathes.

Two Gent. of Verona, v. 2.

Love, Birth and Death of.

*Tell me, where is fancy bred—
 Or in the heart or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourished ?*

Reply, reply.

*It is engendered in the eyes,
 With gazing fed, and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,—ding, dong, bell ;
Ding, dong, bell. M. of Venice, III. 2.*

Love, Changeableness of.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical. *Twelfth Night, I. I.*

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

Hamlet, III. 2.

Love, Changing.

The will of man is by his reason swayed,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

M. N. Dream, II. 2.

Love, Complexion of.

The pale complexion of true love.

As you Like it, III. 4.

Love, Concealed.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Twelfth Night, II. 4.*

Lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.
 An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed sorrow may be said,
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

V. & Adonis.

I think him better than I say,
 And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

C. of Errors, IV. 2.

Love, Confessed.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
 That every eye which in this forest looks
 Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.

As you Like it, III. 2.

Love, Constant.

K. Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last ?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Love, Contrariness of.

She dreams on him that has forgot her love ;
 You dote on her, that cares not for your love :
 'Tis pity love should be so contrary.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 3.

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
 When women cannot love where they're beloved.

Ibid. v. 4.

Love, Coquettish.

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues ;
 Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Merry Wives, II. 2.

Love, Covetousness of.

Love is like a child
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Love, Cowardly.

I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4.

Love, Credulous.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and wo are both of them extremes ;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous ;
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.
V. & Adonis.

Love, Crosses of.

Lys. Ah me ! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth ;
But either it was different in blood,—
Her. O cross ! too high to be enthralled to low !
Lys. Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,—
Her. O spite ! too old to be engaged to young !
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
Her. O hell ! to choose love by another's eyes !
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany¹ as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied² night,
That, in a spleen,³ unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, " Behold " !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

¹ Momentary.² Black.³ Sudden haste.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

M. N. Dream, 1. 1.

Love, Dawning.

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. *Twelfth Night, 1. 5.*

Love, Deserving.

Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be : who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?

All's Well, 1. 1.

Love despises Opposition.

Affection is not rated from the heart.

T. of Shrew, 1. 1.

Love, Disappointed.

Thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow.

Coriolanus, v. 3.

Love ; discovered soon.

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Twelfth Night, III. 1.

Love, Disinterested.

Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Twelfth Night, II. 4.

Love, Ecstasy of.

You have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a belovèd prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude,
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Expressed, and not expressed. *M. of Venice*, III. 2.

How all the other passions fleet to air—
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy !
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy ;
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;
 I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit ! *Ibid.*

Love, Effects of.

As the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turned to folly ; blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. I.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Ibid.

Love, Ennobling Power of.

Base men being in love have then a nobility in their
 natures more than is native to them. *Othello*, II. I.

Love, Equal.

I think there is not half a kiss to choose
 Who loves another best. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

Love ever new.

As the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told. *Sonnet LXXXVI.*

Love, Exacting.

I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. *Othello, III. 3.*

Love, Expedition of.

Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time ;
So much they spur their expedition.

Two Gent. of Verona, v. 1.

Lovers ever run before the clock. *M. of Venice, II. 5.*

Love, Eyes of.

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself!—
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

Love, Faithful.

Por.

Confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

M. of Venice, III. 2.

Love, Falling in.

Ros. What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love
no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport, neither,
than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come
off again. *As you Like it, I. 2.*

Love, Fearless.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote ;
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take them and there lie ;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death that hath such means to die :—
 Let love, being light, be drownèd if she sink !

C. of Errors, III. 2.

Love, Filial.

I love you more than words can wield the matter ;
 Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty ;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour ;
 As much as child e'er loved, or father found ;
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,—
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

K. Lear, I. 1.

Love, Filial ; Lack of.

That nature which contemns its origin
 Cannot be bordered certain in itself ;¹
 She that herself will sliver² and disbranch
 From her material sap, perforce must wither
 And come to deadly use. *K. Lear*, IV. 2.

Love, Folly of.

We that are true lovers run into strange capers ; but as
 all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in
 folly. *As you Like it*, II. 4.

Love, Food of.

The chameleon Love can feed on the air.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 1.

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of Love.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

Love, Generosity of.

Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord

¹ Kept within ordinary bounds.

² Cut off.

Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours, my lord. *M. of Venice*, III. 2.

We number nothing that we spend for you :
 Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
 That we may do it still without accompt.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Love, Glamour of.

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?

Sonnet CL.

Love, Glory of.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlooked for joy in that I honour most.

Sonnet xxxv.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garment's cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be,
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Sonnet xci.

Love, Hopeless.

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,
 Nor yet know how that desert should be.
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet, in this capacious and untenable sieve
 I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still ; thus, Indian-like,
 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, oh then give pity
 To her whose state is such that cannot choose
 But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

All's Well, 1. 3.

Love ; how won.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love. *T. of Shrew*, iv. 2.

Deserve my love by loving him.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 7.

Love, Humility of.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
 Such as I am : though for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better, yet for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself—
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich—
 That, only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me
 Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised :

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; then happier in this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.

M. of Venice, III. 2.

Love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 2.

Love, Immeasurable.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth. *A. & Cleo. I. 1.*

Love in Absence.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
 And slaves they are to me that send them flying;
 Oh could their master come and go as lightly,
 Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
 My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
 While I, their king, that hither them impórtune,
 Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
 Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
 I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
 That they should harbour where their lord should be.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Love, Increasing.

The heavens forbid
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow! *Othello, II. 1.*

Love in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
 These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
Oh thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was !

Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4.

Love in the Wise.

As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. 1.

Love, Invocation of.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 6.

Love ; its Functions.

Love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd 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 stopped ;
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 ;
And when love speaks the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write

Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs ;
 Oh then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility. *L. L. Lost*, iv. 3.

Love, Jealousy of. (*See JEALOUSY, LOVE'S.*)

Love like Spring.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day,
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Two Gent. of Verona, i. 3.

Love, Loss of.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now,—
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss.
 Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquered woe ;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

Sonnet xc.

Love, Maternal.

I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.

Macbeth, i. 7.

The queen, his mother,
 Lives almost by his looks. *Hamlet*, iv. 7.

Love, Men's.

There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
 So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
 No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much. *Twelfth Night*, II. 4.

We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
 Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love. *Ibid.*

However we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
 Than women's are. *Ibid.*

Love, Mercenary.

Love is not love
 When it is mingled with respects that stand
 Aloof from the entire point. *K. Lear*, I. 1.

Love, Messengers of.

A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify the approaching of his lord,
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
 To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love :
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

M. of Venice, II. 8.

Quick Cupid's post. *Ibid.*

Love, Nobility of.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

V. & Adonis.

Love, None die for.

The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in
 all this time there were not any man died in his own per-
 son, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains
 dashed out with a Grecian club ; yet he did what he could

to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander,—he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night : for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned and the foolish coroners of that age found it was—"Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *As you Like it*, IV. 1.

Love not Lust.

I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase : Oh, strange excuse !
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame,—
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done ;
Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies ;
Love is all truth ; lust full of forgèd lies. *V. & Adonis.*

Love obtained.

Contempt, farewell ! and, maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on,—I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band :
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. *Much Ado*, III. 1.

Love of a Lover.

Forty thousand brothers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum. *Hamlet*, v. 1.

Love of Princes.

Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
 His greatness weighed, his will is not his own;
 For he himself is subject to his birth;
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of this whole state,
 And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmastered importunity. *Hamlet*, 1. 3.

Love, Passionate.

Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of
 pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and
 tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks
 can report. *A. & Cleo.* 1. 2.

Love, Penalties of.

Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-strawed
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile ;
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward ;
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire ;
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

V. & Adonis.

Love, Persevering. (*See LOVE, SUCCESSFUL.*)

Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

V. & Adonis.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
 In your denial I would find no sense,—
 I would not understand it.

Oli.

Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
 And call upon my soul within the house ;
 Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love,

And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
 Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out " Olivia ! " Oh, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you should pity me. *Twelfth Night*, I. 5.

Love, Pleading.

She hath offered to the doom,
 Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,
 A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears,—
 Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered ;
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
 Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
 As if but now they waxèd pale for woe :
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Love, Power of.

O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
 Of stale example ? When thou wilt enflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?

Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
 shame,

And sweetens in the suffering pangs it bears,
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Lover's Complaint.

Wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we
 have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory.

Much Ado, II. 3.

Love, Pure. (See LOVE, TRUE.)

Love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

3 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

Love refused.

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has, nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it. *Twelfth Night*, III. 1.

Love, Release from.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane
 Be shook to air. *T. & Cres.* III. 3.

Love remembered.

Even so it was with me when I was young :
 If we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
 Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
 Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth :
 By our remembrances of days foregone
 Such were our faults, though then we thought them none.
All's Well, I. 3.

Love, Remembrances of.

Jul. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

(*Giving a ring.*)

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange : here, take you
 this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy ;
 And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day
 Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
 The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
 Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 2.

Love, Renewed.

O benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ;
 And ruined love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

Sonnet CXIX.

Love, Reticence of.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least that let men know their love.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. 2.

What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 2.

I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.

* * * * *

Sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Sonnet CII.

Love returned.

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,

Still constant in a wondrous excellence. *Sonnet cv.*

Love scorned. (*See SUITOR, A TROUBLESOME.*)

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading moment's
mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;

If haply won perhaps a hapless gain,

If lost why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. I.

Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved;

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

Ibid. IV. 2.

Love, Self-deception of.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.

As you Like it, III. 2.

Love, Self-sacrifice of.

My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
 And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good. *Much Ado*, I. I.

Love, Sensual.

It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. *Othello*, I. 3.

Love, Signs of.

You have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont when you laughed to crow like a cock; when you walked to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my master.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. I.

All his behaviours did make their retire
 To the court of his eye, peeping through desire;
 His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed;

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair ;
 Methought all his senses were locked in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
 Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were
 glassed,
 Did point you to buy them, along as you passed.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

L. L. Lost, II. 1.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not loved ;
 Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
 Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not loved ;
 Or if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not loved. *As you Like it, II. 4.*

A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not,—but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue,—then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements,—as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

As you Like it, III. 2.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o'mornings,—what should that bode ?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with

him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet : can you smell him out by that ?

Claud. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit—which is now crept into a lute string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : conclude, conclude, he is in love. *Much Ado*, III. 2.

Love, Silent Eloquence of.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,

Who with his fear is put beside his part,—

Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,—

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say

The perfect ceremony of love's rite,

And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.

Oh let my books be then the eloquence

And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,

Who plead for love, and look for recompense,

More than that tongue that more hath more expressed ;

Oh learn to read what silent love hath writ :

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Sonnet XXIII.

Love, Sisterly.

Val. The element itself till seven years hence

Shall not behold her face at ample view,

But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,

And water once a-day her chamber round

With eye-offending brine : all this to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. Oh she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love when the rich golden shaft
 Hath killed the flock of all affections else
 That live in her !—when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
 Her sweet perfections with one self king !

Twelfth Night, I. I.

Love's Liberty.

Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
 Let liberty make use of ; space enough
 Have I in such a prison. *Tempest, I. 2.*

Love's Lordship.

O gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord,
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
 There is no woe to his correction,
 Nor to his service no such joy on earth !
 Now no discourse except it be of love :
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

Love's Revenge.

I have done penance for contemning love,
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;
 For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

Ibid.

Love, Strength of.

Time, force, and death,
 Do to this body what extremes you can ;

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. *T. & Cres.* IV. 2.

Love, Successful.

Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover,—
What though the rose have prickles—yet 'tis plucked :
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.
V. & Adonis.

Love survives Unkindness.

His unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have
quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current,
made it more violent and unruly.

Meas. for Meas. III. 1.

Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. *Othello,* IV. 2.

Love's Wounds.

The wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make. *As you Like it,* III. 5.

Love, Sympathy with.

How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !

Much Ado, I. 1.

Love tested.

If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer, made in heat of blood,—
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love,—

Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine. *L. L. Lost*, v. 2.

Love, Timidity of.

Fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves ;
Trifles, unwitnessèd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
V. & Adonis.

Love to be Valued.

Thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
As you Like it, III. 5.

Love too late. (See REMORSE.)

Love, True. (See LOVE, PURE.)

His love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun.
3 *Henry VI.* III. 3.

Love Unbounded.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's éxtrême rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
Two Gent. of Verona, II. 7.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes
speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
As you Like it, III. 2.

That thou didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded ; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

As you Like it, IV. 1.

Love, Unchanging.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove.
 Oh no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

Sonnet CXVI.

Love, Unexacting.

So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
 A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

As you Like it, III. 5.

Love, Unprotesting.

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness. *K. Lear*, I. 1.

Love, Unreasoning. (*See LOVE AND REASON.*)

Love's reason's without reason. *Cymbeline*, IV. 1.

Love, Unsought.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Twelfth Night, III. 1.

Love, Victory of.

Oh !—and I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's
 whip ;
 A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ;
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !¹
 This wimpled,² whining, purblind, wayward boy,
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
 Dread prince of plackets,³ king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors,⁴—O my little heart !—
 And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
 What ? I ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !—
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watched that it may still go right ?
 Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all,
 And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
 Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard !
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
 To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan ;
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

L. L. Lost, III. I.

On a day—alack the day !—
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air ;

¹ Vain-glorious.

² Veiled.

³ Petticoats.

⁴ Subordinate officers.

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wished himself the heaven's breath.
 "Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee ;
 Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,
 Juno but an Ethiope were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love." *L. L. Lost*, iv. 3.
 Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smiled and wondered how.

Meas. for Meas. II. 2.

Love, Violent.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven
 That does afflict our natures. *Hamlet*, II. 1.

Love, Waning.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Julius Cæsar, IV. 2.

Love is begun by time ;

And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too much. *Hamlet*, IV. 7.

Love, Waywardness of.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humble, kiss the rod!

Two Gent. of Verona, I. 2.

Love, Weakness of.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose its form.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 2.

Love, Willing.

I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service. *All's Well*, IV. 2.

Love, Wise.

To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

T. & Cres. III. 2.

Love, Wronged.

Love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Sonnet XL.

Love, Youthful.

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute. *Hamlet*, I. 3.

Love-letter, A.

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look here is writ—" *Kind Julia*." Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—" *Love-wounded Proteus*".

Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly healed;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down?
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter
 Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
 "Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 To the sweet Julia;" that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names.
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Two Gent. of Verona, 1. 2.

Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.

Two Gent. of Verona, 1. 3.

By Heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true,
 that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely.
 More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than
 truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal!
 The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set
 eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenclo-
 phon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi,*
vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar (O base and obscure
 vulgar!), videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he
 came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came?
 the king; why did he come? to see; why did he see? to
 overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw
 he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The
 conclusion is victory; on whose side? the king's. The
 captive is enriched; on whose side? the beggar's. The
 catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no,

on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

L. L. Lost, iv. 1.

As much love in rhyme
As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides, the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Art thou a god to shepherd turned
That a maiden's heart hath burned?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Whiles the eye of men did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspéct?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me,
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die. *As you Like it, iv. 3.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar ;

But never doubt I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art to reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best, Oh, most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.

Hamlet, II. 2.

Love-letter, A deceitful.

I will not look upon your master's lines :

I know they are stuffed with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 4.

Lover, A.

The lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eye-brow. *As you Like it*, II. 7.

I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,

Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,

Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,

To win thee, lady. *M. of Venice*, II. 1.

Love is your master, for he masters you :

And he that is so yokèd by a fool,

Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. 1.

Lover, A determined.

Her virtues, gracèd with external gifts,

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart ;

And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts

Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

So am I driven, by breath of her renown,

Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

Where I may have fruition of her love.

Henry VI. v. 5.

Lover, A faithful.

Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say

No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 3.

Lover, A false.

For his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a
covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

As you Like it, III. 4.

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man !
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows ?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 2.

Lover, A forsaken.

Knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-belovèd name no more shall dwell ;
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

Sonnet LXXXIX.

Lover, A; like a Clock.

Orl. There's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else
sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would de-
tect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

As you Like it, III. 2.

Lover, A lost.

He's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. *All's Well*, I. 1.

Lover, A lukewarm.

Cupid hath clapped him o'the shoulder, but I warrant
him heart-whole. *As you Like it*, IV. 1.

Lover, A mercenary.

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas :
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua. *T. of Shrew.* I. 2.

Lover, An inconstant. (*See LOVE, CHANGING.*)

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Here true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus ?
She is fair ; and so is Julia, that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont :
Oh, but I love his lady too too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her ?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light ;
But when I look on her perfections
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love I will ;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 5.

To leave my Julia shall I be forsworn ;
 To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn ;
 To wrong my friend I shall be much forsworn ;
 And even that power which gave me first my oath
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury ;
 Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear.
 Oh sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinned,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
 And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will
 To learn his wit to change the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss—
 For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 For love is still more precious in itself ;
 And Silvia, (witness heaven, that made her fair !)
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead ;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine. *Ibid.*

Lover, A self-accusing.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story

Of faults concealed, wherein I am attained,
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

Sonnet LXXXVIII.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence :
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace. *Sonnet LXXXIX.*

Lover, A sincere.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 7.

Lover, A straightforward.

I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say —“ I love you :” then, if you urge me farther than to say “ Do you in faith ?” I wear out my suit. . . . Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance, for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence ; nor I have no

cunning in protestation, only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love,—by the Lord, no: yet I love thee, too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy: for he, perforce, must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or rather, the sun and not the moon;—for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. *Henry V.* v. 2.

Lover, A true.

Such as I am, all true lovers are;
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
 Save in the constant image of the creature
 That is beloved. *Twelfth Night*, II. 4.

I loved the maid I married; never man
 Sighed truer breath. *Coriolanus*, IV. 5.

Lover, A worthy.

He is as worthy for an empress' love,
 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

Lover, Death of a.

*Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.*

*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there. Twelfth Night, II. 4.*

Lover, Discourse of a. (See LOVERS, EGOTISTIC.)

Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.

Much Ado, I. I.

Lover, Riches of a.

Why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady.

Henry VIII. IV. I.

Lover, Self-sacrifice of a.

He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. I.

Lover, Solitude impossible to a.

It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night ;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me ?

M. N. Dream, II. 1.

A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company ;
For where thou art there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation. 2 *Henry VI. III. 2.*

Lover, The composition of a.

It is to be all made of sighs and tears,
It is to be all made of faith and service,
It is to be all made of fantasy, |
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty and obedience,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance. *As you Like it, v. 2.*

Lovers.

A pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.

1 Henry VI. II. 2.

You and you no cross shall part,
You and you are heart in heart,
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather. *As you Like it, v. 4.*

Lovers and Husbands.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

As you Like it, IV. 1.

Lovers, Egotistic. (*See LOVER, DISCOURSE OF A.*)

Lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

V. & Adonis.

Lovers' labours.

We vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers ; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise impo-

sition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

T. & Cres. III. 2.

Lovers separated by faults.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one :
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight. .
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame ;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name ;
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Sonnet xxxvi.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
 And for that riches where is my deserving ?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

Sonnet lxxxvii.

Losers.

I can give the loser leave to chide. 2 *Henry VI.* III. 1.

Loyal Subjects.

Allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crownèd with faith, and constant loyalty.

Henry V. II. 2.

Loyalty.

My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all men's endeavours ; my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filled with my abilities : mine own ends
Have been mine so, that ever more they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty—
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it. *Henry VIII.* III. 2.

For your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be,—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours. *Ibid.*

Loyalty, Duties of.

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour. *Macbeth*, I. 4.

Loyalty to the Fallen. (See SERVICE, FAITHFUL.)

Luck.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

Cymbeline, IV. 3.

Lust. (*See LOVE NOT LUST.*)

Lust, Delusiveness of.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action : and, till action, lust
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
 Enjoyed no sooner, but despisèd straight ;
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream :
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to hell.

Sonnet CXXIX.

Lust, Incurrible.

But virtue, as it never will be moved
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage. *Hamlet*, I. 5.

Lust, Penalty of.

If thou dost break her virgin knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be ministered,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow ; but barren Hate,
 Sour-eyed Disdain, and Discord, shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
 That you shall hate it both ; therefore take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you. *Tempest*, IV. 1.

Madness. (*See* IMAGINATION OF MADNESS.)

How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,¹
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. *Hamlet*, III. 1.

Madness, Innocence of.

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then ? His madness : if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged ;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

Magnanimity.

Now welcome more and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

3 *Henry VI.* v. 1.

Man. (*See* MEN.)

What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason !
how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express
and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension
how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon
of animals ! *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Man, A Good.

His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

Julius Cæsar, v. 5.

¹ Model for behaviour.

He was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones. *Cymbeline*, v. 5.

Man, Development of a. (See DEVELOPMENT OF A MAN.)

Man, Life of a Bad.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, treacherous, bloody,
More mild but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.

Richard III. iv. 4.

Mankind, Admiration of.

How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! Oh brave new world,
That has such people in 't ! *Winter's Tale*, v. 1.

Man's Virtues, A.

Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood,
learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like,
the spice and salt that season a man ? *T. & Cres.* i. 2.

Manliness, Loss of.

Manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compli-
ment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones
too ; he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie,
and swears it. *Much Ado*, iv. 1.

Manliness, True.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none. *Macbeth*, i. 7.

Manners. (See CUSTOMS.)

Manners, Variation of.

Those that are good manners at the court are as ridicu-
lous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most
mockable at the court. *As you Like it*, iii. 2.

Marigold, The.

The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4.

Marriage.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown ;
 O blessèd bond of board and bed !
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
 High wedlock then be honourèd :
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town ! As you Like it, v. 4.*

Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made even
 Atone together. *As you Like it, v. 4.*

Marriage, A Father's view of.

Reason my son
 Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason
 The father, all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
 In such a business. *Winter's Tale, iv. 4.*

Marriage, A love.

God, the best maker of all marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one ! *Henry V. v. 2.*

Marriage, A loveless.

The hearts of old gave hands,
 But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Othello, III. 4.

Marriage, A politic.

The policy of that purpose made more in the marriage
 than the love of the parties. *A. & Cleo. II. 3.*

Marriage, A run-away.

You would have married her most shamefully,
 Where was there no proportion held in love.
 The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
 Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
 The offence is holy that she hath committed,
 And this deceit loses the name of craft,
 Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
 Since therein she doth evitate and shun
 A thousand irreligious cursèd hours,
 Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.

Merry Wives, v. 5.

Marriage ; a Scoffer conquered.

I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage : but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No : the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I was married.

Much Ado, II. 3.

Marriage, Aversion to.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my brethren ; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. *Much Ado*, II. 1.

A maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunned
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. *Othello*, I. 2.

Marriage Blessings.

*Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earth's increase—foison plenty,—
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.* *Tempest*, IV. 1.

Marriage Ceremony.

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings.

Twelfth Night, v. 1.

Marriage-Day.

The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship. *M. N. Dream*, 1. 1.

Marriage determined on.

A college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. *Much Ado*, v. 4.

Marriage, Early.

A young man married is a man that's marred.

All's Well, II. 3.

Marriage, Free-will in.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And, therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace. 1 *Henry VI.* v. 5.

Marriage, Hasty.

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. 3 *Henry VI.* IV. 1.

Marriages made in Heaven.

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Merry Wives, v. 5.

Marriages, Mercenary. (*See* LOVER, A MERCENARY.)

Disgrace not so your king,
 That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
 To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
 Henry is able to enrich his queen,
 And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

1 Henry VI. v. 5.

Marriage prevented, A bad.

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

Twelfth Night, 1. 5.

Marriage, Reasons for. (*See* CHILDREN, DESIRE FOR.)**Marriage refused, A.**

God's bread ! it makes me mad ! Day, night, late, early,
 At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her matched ; and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
 Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,
 Proportioned as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

R. & Juliet, III. 5.

Marriage, Second.

When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man

from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

A. & Cleo. I. 2.

The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Hamlet, III. 2.

Marriage-Vows.

Ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited. *M. of Venice,* II. 5.

Married Man, A.

As a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is
the forehead of a married man more honourable than the
bare brow of a bachelor. *As you Like it,* III. 3.

Masters.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. *Othello,* I. I.

May.

As full of spirit as the month of May.

I Henry IV. IV. I.

Meals, Unquiet.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions. *C. of Errors,* v. I.

Meanness; in the Clergy.

In him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples. *Henry VIII.* I. 3.

Means, Neglect of. (See AID, REJECTED.)

The means that Heaven yields must be embraced
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,

And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse—
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Richard II. III. 2.

Medicine, Study of.

I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the fool and death. *Pericles*, III. 2.

Medicine, Wholesome.

'Tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end. *Meas. for Meas.* IV. 6.

Meekness.

So much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered.

Richard III. III. 7.

Meeting, Difficulties of.

It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains
may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

As you Like it, III. 2.

Melancholy.

I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks
eggs. *As you Like it*, II. 5.

O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare¹
Might easiliest harbour in? *Cymbeline*, IV. 2.

¹ Small trading-vessel.

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air,—look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!—and yet to me what is this?—quintessence of dust. Man delights not me, nor woman neither. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

T. of Shrew, Ind. Sc. 1.

Melancholy Man, A. (See SMILING, AVERSION TO.)

He doth nothing but frown; as you should say, *An if you will not have me—choose*: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth. *M. of Venice*, I. 2.

Melancholy, Varieties of.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

As you Like it, IV. I.

Memory.

The warder of the brain. *Macbeth*, I. 7.

Memory of the Past.

To the sessions of sweet silent thought

I summon up remembrance of things past. *Sonnet xxx.*

Memories, Sorrowful.

Mal. Dispute ¹ it like a man.

Macd.

I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. *Macbeth*, IV. 3.

Memories, Torturing. (See GREATNESS, MEMORIES OF.)

Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,

And left thee but a very prey to time ;

Having no more but thought of what thou wast

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Men. (See MAN.)

Men are men ; the best sometimes forget. *Othello*, II. 3.

Men, Falseness of.

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 blythe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mœ

Of dumps so dull and heavy ;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c. *Much Ado*, II. 3.

Men ; their love for women.

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us. *Othello*, III. 4.

¹ Fight against.

Merchant's fears, A.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
 There where your argosies with portly sail—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
 Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
 Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad ?

M. of Venice, I. I.

Merciless Man, A.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty
 From any dram of mercy. *M. of Venice, IV. I.*

Mercy. (*See* LENITY.)

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. *T. Andron.* I. 1.

No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Meas. for Meas.* II. 2.

How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made. *Ibid.*

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blest—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,—
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,—
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.
. We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *M. of Venice,* IV. 1.

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence? *Hamlet,* III. 3.

If when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?

2 *Henry VI.* IV. 7.

Merit.

“ *Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*”

And well said too : for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover that stand bare !
How many be commanded that command !
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour ! and how much honour
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnished ! *M. of Venice*, II. 8.

Merit acknowledged.

He hath deserved worthily of his country, and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted without any farther deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report ; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. *Coriolanus*, II. 2.

Merit ill-rewarded.

Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather. *Cymbeline*, III. 3.

Merit, Judgment of.

Our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time. *Coriolanus*, IV. 7.

Merit overlooked.

The merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer. *All's Well*, III. 6.

Mermaid, A.

A mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music. *M. N. Dream*, II. 1.

Merriment.

Flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on
a roar. *Hamlet*, v. 1.

Merry girl, A.

Bea. I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be
merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were
born in a merry hour. *Much Ado*, II. 1.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves.

2 Henry VI. I. 4.

Mind, A changeful. (See CHANGEABLENESS.)

Thy mind is a very opal. *Twelfth Night*, II. 4.

Mind, A troubled.

Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

Macbeth, v. 1.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart? *Macbeth*, v. 3.

When the mind's free
The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. *K. Lear*, III. 4.

Mind, An easy.

When the mind is quickened, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Henry V. IV. 1.

Mind, Greatness of the.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

T. of Shrew, IV. 3.

Mirth.

Bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

T. of Shrew, *Ind. Sc.* 1.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep, when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? *M. of Venice*, I. 1.

Ros.

Your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. *L. L. Lost*, v. 2.

Mischief prevented.

Fools do those villains pity who are punished
Ere they have done their mischief. *K. Lear*, IV. 2.

Misconstruction, Wilful.

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Julius Cæsar, I. 3.

Misers.

I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to
a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before

him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all. *Pericles*, II. 1.

Misery.

Misery makes sport to mock itself. *Richard II.* II. 1.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

Tempest, II. 2.

Misery, Unfriended.

Misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any. *V. & Adonis.*

Misfortune.

All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star.

Richard III. II. 2.

Misfortune, Approach of.

Against ill chances men are ever merry.

2 Henry IV. IV. 2.

Misfortune, Beneficial. (*See* MEDICINE, WHOLESOME.)

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Cymbeline, IV. 2.

Misfortune, Companions in.

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.

Richard II. v. 5.

Misfortune, Repair of. (*See* GRIEF, UNAVAILING.)**Misfortune, Superiority to.** (*See* AFFLICTION.)

I know not

What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come

To make my heart her vassal. *A. & Cleo.* II. 6.

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

3 *Henry VI.* IV. 3.

Misfortunes ; their Power over the Mind.

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. *A. & Cleo.* III. 13.

Misinterpretation of Looks.

Interpretation will mis-quote our looks.

1 *Henry IV.* v. 2.

Misjudged.

We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.

K. Lear, v. 3.

Mistake. (*See ERROR, AN.*)

Mistress, A.

The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.

As you Like it, III. 2.

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

C. of Errors, III. 2.

Mistress, A ; an inspiration.

How can my muse want subject to invent
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
Oh give thyself the thanks if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Sonnet xxxviii.

Mistress, Address to a.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bowed.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:
Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder—
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

L. L. Lost. iv. 2.

Mistress, A beloved.

O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine armed neck! leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

A. & Cleo. iv. 8.

Mistress, A fickle.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty;
A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing;

How many tales to please me hath she coined,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears and all were jestings.

P. Pilgrim.

Mistress, A Fool's.

He lives not now, that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman, but what woman I will not tell myself ; and yet 'tis a milkmaid ; yet 'tis not a maid for she hath had gossips ; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the catalog of her conditions. “*Imprimis, She can fetch and carry ;*” why, a horse can do no more : nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than a jade. “*Item, She can milk ;*” look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands. *Two Gent. of Verona*, III. I.

Mistress, A ; loved for Herself.

Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
 The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
 Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune ;
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Twelfth Night, II. 4.

Mistress, A Perfect. (*See PERFECTION IN WOMAN.*)

The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
 Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
 Would make a volume of enticing lines
 Able to ravish any dull conceit.
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights,
 But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
 She is content to be at your command ;

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

1 *Henry VI.* v. 5

Mistress, How to Win a.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what most contents
her.

Send her another ; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you ;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,—
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse whatever she doth say ;
For, " get you gone," she doth not mean " away ;"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Pro. You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity :
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet consort :¹ to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump ;² the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit³ her. *Ibid.* III. 2.

Serve always with assurèd trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew :
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back. *P. Pilgrim.*

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 passed.
I ran it through even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spoke 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 portance⁴ in my travels' history :
Wherein of antres⁵ 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 observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

¹ Band of musicians.² Elegy.³ Win.⁴ Procedure.⁵ Caverns.

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 intentively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. 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 wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked 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 passed ;
 And I loved her that she did pity them. *Othello*, i. 3.

Frame yourself
 To orderly soliciting, and be friended
 With aptness of the season ; make denials
 Increase your services ; so seem as if
 You were inspired to do those duties which
 You tender to her ; that you in all obey her
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless. *Cymbeline*, II. 3.

Mistress, Praise of a. (*See* PERFECTION IN WOMAN.)

Biron. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
 That, like a rude and savage man of Inde
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
 Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
 What péremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty ?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now ?
 My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
 She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron ;
 Oh, but for my love, day would turn to night !
 Of all complexions the culled sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
 Where several worthies make one dignity ;
 Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—
 Fie, painted rhetorick ! Oh, she needs it not :
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;
 She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot.
 A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye ;
 Beauty doth varnish age as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy ;
 Oh, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine !

L. L. Lost, iv. 3.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell. *Ibid.*

Pro. Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
 And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
 Yet let her be a principality,
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
 She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
 To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,
 Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
 And make rough winter everlastingly.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 4.

From the east to western Ind,
 No jewel is like Rosalind ;
 Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
 Through all the world bears Rosalind ;
 All the pictures, fairest lined,
 Are but black to Rosalind ;
 Let no face be kept in mind,
 But the fair¹ of Rosalind. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Beshrew me but I love her heartily,
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
 And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
 Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

M. of Venice, II. 5.

*Who is Silvia ? 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 admirèd 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 Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling :
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.*

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 2.

¹ Fairness.

Mistresses and Wives.

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky
changes when they are wives. *As you Like it*, IV. 1.

Mistresses, Names given to.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,—
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. *All's Well*, I. 1.

Mistrust misplaced.

I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.
3 *Henry VI.* IV. 2.

Mistrust of Men.

Trust none ;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck ;
Therefore, *Caveto* be thy counsellor. *Henry V.* II. 3.

Misuse.

The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.
Sonnet xciv.

Mocker, A.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed,
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
L. L. Lost, I. 2.

Mockers' tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
 As is the razor's edge invisible,
 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;
 Above the sense of sense : so sensible
 Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings
 Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Modesty.

The jewel in my dower. *Tempest, III. 1.*

Mole, A.

A mole, cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. *Cymbeline, II. 2.*

Money, Contempt of.

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
 And 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods. *Cymbeline, III. 6.*

Money, Necessity of.

You take my house when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

M. of Venice, IV. 1.

Money, Power of. (*See GOLD and WEALTH.*)

'Tis gold

Which buys admittance,—oft it doth ; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief ;
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man : what
 Can it not do, and undo ? *Cymbeline, II. 3.*

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

L. L. Lost, IV. 1.

Ford. They say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Merry Wives, II. 2.

Moon, The. (See SUN AND MOON.)

The moon, like to a silver bow

New-bent in heaven. *M. N. Dream*, I. 1.

The governess of floods. *M. N. Dream*, II. 2.

Thrice-crownèd queen of night. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Moonlight, Effect of.

Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the watery glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

M. N. Dream, I. 1.

Morning. (See DAWN and SUNRISE.)

The morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. *Hamlet*, I. 1.

Mortality. (See DEATH.)

What we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd; whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died to-day,

"This must be so." - *Hamlet*, I. 2.

All that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity. *Ibid.*

Like the baseless fabric of this vision

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit,¹ shall dissolve;

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack² behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep. *Tempest*, IV. 1.

Mortality, Emblems of.

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;

A vapour, sometime, like a bear or lion,

¹ Possess.

² Cloud.

A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
 And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs ;
 They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
 The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body : here I am Antony,
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape. *A. & Cleo.* IV. 12.

Mourning. (*See* GRIEF.)

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive
 grief the enemy to the living. *All's Well*, I. 1.

Mourning a Brother. (*See* LOVE, SISTERLY.)

Mourning a Child.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief. *K. John*, III. 4.

Mourning a Father.

The remembrance of her father never approaches her
 heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood
 from her cheek. *All's Well*, I. 1.

Mourning, Vain. (*See* GRIEF, UNAVAILING.)

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Richard III. I. 4.

Murder, A vile.

Sal. Have you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
 Or do you almost think, although you see,
 That you do see? could thought, without this object,
 Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms ; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this,
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damnèd and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand. *K. John*, iv. 3

Murder, Discovery of.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies¹ and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. *Macbeth*, III. 4.

Murder, Effect of.

His virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. *Macbeth*, I. 7.

Murder, Folly of committing.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill.
T. of Athens, III. 5.

Murder, Insecurity after.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.
Macbeth, III. 2.

¹ Magpies.

He that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

K. John, III. 4.

There is no sure foundation set in blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

K. John, IV. 2.

Murder; in Self-defence.

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy! 'tis most just.

T. of Athens, III. 5.

Murder, Punishment of.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. *Macbeth*, III. 2.

Murdered Man, A.

His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance. *Macbeth*, II. 3.

His face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.

2 Henry VI. III. 2.

Music.

The food of love. *Twelfth Night*, I. I.

That strain again—it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. *Ibid.*

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
 And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
 And what is music then? then music is
 Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
 To a new-crownèd monarch: such it is
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. *M. of Venice*, III. 2.

Music; a Love Song.

It is old and plain;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age. *Twelfth Night*, II. 4.

Duke. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
 Where love is throned. *Ibid.*

Music, Concord in.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing.

Sonnet VIII.

Music; in the Evening.

How still the evening is,
 As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

Much Ado, II. 3.

Music, Pleasing.

I do
 Protest my ears were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony. *Pericles*, II. 5.

Music, Power of.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze
 Bow themselves when he did sing:*

*To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung,—as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by :
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die. Henry VIII. III. 1.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted. *M. of Venice*, v. 1.

Music, Use of.

To refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain. *T. of Shrew*, III. 1.

Musician, A.

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envý those jacks, that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
 To be so tickled they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.

Sonnet CXXVIII.

Names, Value of.

What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet.

R. & Juliet, II. 2.

Narration, Honest.

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Native Land, A King's return to his.

I weep for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again.
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :
 As a long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense :
 But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee ;
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Richard II. III. 2.

Nature, Power of.

I forbid my tears ; but yet
 It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will. *Hamlet*, IV. 7.

Necessity.

There is no virtue like necessity. *Richard II.* I. 3.

Necessity, All things useful in.

The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. *K. Lear*, III. 2.

Necessity made an Excuse.

Necessity will make us all forsworn
 Three thousand times within this three years' space :
 For every man with his affects is born,
 Not by might mastered, but by special grace :
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
 I am forsworn "on mere necessity." *L. L. Lost*, I. I.

Needlework.

Her neeld composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
 Her inkle,¹ silk, twin with the rubied cherry.

Pericles, v. *Gower*.

Negligence, Danger of.

Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

T. & Cres. III. 3.

News, Bad and Good.

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news : give to a gracious message

¹ Worsted.

An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves when they be felt. *A. & Cleo.* II. 5.

News, Bad ; Bringer of.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remembered tolling a departing friend.

2 Henry IV. I. I.

This man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
 So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
 Hath left a witnessed usurpation. *2 Henry IV.* I. I.

News, Bad : its Power.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weakened joints
 Like strengthless hinges buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms,—even so my limbs,
 Weakened with grief, being now enraged with grief
 Are thrice themselves. *2 Henry IV.* I. I.

News, Good ; Bringer of. (*See* COMFORTER, A GOOD.)

Night.

Horrid night, the child of hell. *Henry V.* IV. I.

The tomb where grief should sleep. *Pericles,* I. 2.

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth.

T. & Cres. v. 8.

The world's comforter with weary gait

His day's hot task hath ended in the west :

The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late ;

The sheep are gone to fold, the birds to their nest ;

And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light

Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.

V. & Adonis.

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-laboured sense

Repairs itself by rest. *Cymbeline,* II. 2.

Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered Murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. *Macbeth*, II. 1.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick ;
 It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,
 Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

M. of Venice, v. 1.

Night is fled

Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.

1 *Henry VI.* II. 2.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea ;
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
 That drag the tragic melancholy night ;
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

2 *Henry VI.* IV. 1.

Night,—whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun. *K. John*, v. 4.
Night, A bad.

I have passed a miserable night.
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;—
 So full of dismal terror was the time. *Richard III.* I. 4.

Night, A beautiful.

Lor. The moon shines bright :—in such a night as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
 And they did make no noise,—in such a night,

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson. *M. of Venice*, v. 1.

Night, A tedious.

The cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. *Henry V.* iv. *Prologue.*

Night, Beauties of.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims—
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.

M. of Venice, v. 1.

Night, Effects of.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

M. N. Dream, III. 2.

Night, Swift-passing.

Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.

T. & Cres. IV. 2.

Nobility, Courage of true.

True nobility is exempt from fear. 2 *Henry VI. IV. 1.*

Noon.

The sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn.

V. & Adonis.

Novelty, Love of.

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er dusted. *T. & Cres. III. 3.*

Nun, A.

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessèd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

M. N. Dream, I. 1.

Oath, Breaking an.

Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk. *Coriolanus, v. 6.*

Oaths, Lovers'. (See VOWS, LOVERS'.)

The oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a
tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.

As you Like it, III. 4.

Oaths, The keeping of.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. 2 *Henry VI.* v. 1.

Oaths, True.

All those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night. *Twelfth Night*, v. 1.

Oaths, Unnecessary.

No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,¹
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Julius Cæsar, II. 1.

¹ Crafty.

Oaths, Valueless.

If you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn :
no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he
never had any. *As you Like it*, I. 2.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.

Pericles, I. 2.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vowed true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness. Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I love you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill? *All's Well*, IV. 2.

Obduracy.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart. *M. of Venice*, IV. 1.

Obstinacy.

You are one of those that will not serve God, if the
devil bid you. *Othello*, I. 1.

All bond and privilege of nature, break !
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate. *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Obstruction, Evil of.

Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Obstruction of the Ignorant.

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason,—where gentry, title, wisdom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slighness : purpose so barred, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose. *Ibid.*

Obtuseness, A wise.

He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob ; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Occupation, Pleasing.

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight. *A. & Cleo.* IV. 4.

Odds, Overwhelming.

All the world to nothing. *Richard III.* I. 2.

Offence, Unintentional.

If he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face. *Othello*, III. 3.

Offences.

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more
offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in,
imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.

Hamlet, III. 1.

Offences, Punishment of. (See ASSASSINATION.)

Office dignifies the Bearer.

Lear. Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou
mightst behold the great image of authority : a dog's obeyed
in office. *K. Lear*, IV. 6.

Omission no Pardon.

Omittance is no quittance. *As you Like it*, III. 5.

Open-heartedness.

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. *Othello*, I. 1.

Opportunity, Seizing the.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. *Julius Cæsar*, IV. 3.

Order.

Order gave each thing view : the office did
Distinctly his full function. *Henry VIII.* I. 1.

Ornament, Beauty's.

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !
Two Gent. of Verona, II. 1.

Ostentation, Foolish.

All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys. *Cymbeline*, IV. 2.

Outside Show, Choosing by.

The fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
M. of Venice, II. 8.

Over-reaching. (*See HASTE, UNDUE.*)**Owl, The.**

Night's herald. *V. & Adonis.*

Pain, Effect of. (*See ILLNESS.*)

Let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain. *Othello*, III. 4.

Papacy, Protest against the.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England,
 Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
 But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
 So, under Him, that great supremacy
 Where we do reign we will alone uphold
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
 So tell the pope—all reverence set apart
 To him and his usurped authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,—
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,—
 Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revénue cherish,
 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

K. John, III. 1.

Parasites. (*See GREATNESS, DECLINE OF.*)

I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me : t'has been done ;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

T. of Athens, I. 2.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly
 than we your lordship.

Tim. (Aside.) Nor more willingly leaves winter : such
 summer birds are men. *T. of Athens*, III. 6.

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks ! *Ibid.*

Parchment.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment?—that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.

2 *Henry VI.* IV. 2.

Pardon. (See LENITY, UNDUE.)

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouth so meet.

Richard II. v. 3.

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better. *Cymbeline*, v. 5.

Pardon, Free.

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption. *Meas. for Meas.* I. 4.

Pardon of Heaven.

What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? *Hamlet*, III. 3.

Pardon ready for bestowal.

He protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again. *Othello*, III. 1.

Pardon, Unjust.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

Meas. for Meas. IV. 2.

Partiality of the People.

He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offence. *Hamlet*, IV 3.

The other motive

Why to a public count I might not go
Is the great love the general gender bear him ;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. *Hamlet*, IV. 7.

Parting, A sad. (*See FAREWELL.*)

Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone :—
Oh, go not yet !—Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

2 *Henry VI.* III. 2.

Passion. (*See WOMAN, A PASSIONATE.*)

Though I am not splenitive and rash
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. *Hamlet*, V. 1.

Paternal Authority. (*See FATHER, RESPECT DUE TO A.*)

Patience.

Young and rose-lipped cherubin. *Othello*, IV. 2.
Patient as the midnight sleep. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.
Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.
Henry V. II. 1.

As patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed.
Hamlet, V. 1.

I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. *Winter's Tale*, II. 1.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

R. & Juliet, III. 3.

Patience, Advisers of.

Give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine :
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak to me of patience ;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain,
 As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form,—
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
 Bid sorrow wag, cry hem when he should groan,
 Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters,—bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man : for, brother, men
 Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel, but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
 No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
 But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself : therefore give me no counsel.

Much Ado, v. 1.

They can be meek that have no other cause.
 A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
 But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

C. of Errors, II. 1.

Patience, Fruits of.

How poor are they that have not patience !
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.

.
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.

Othello, II. 3.

Patience ; in a Wife.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Henry VIII. III. 1.

Patience in Suffering. (See GRIEF, PATIENT.)

I do oppose

My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his. *M. of Venice*, IV. 1.

Come what may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Macbeth, I. 3.

Patience sometimes Cowardice.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Richard II. I. 2.

Patriotism.

I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins. *Coriolanus*, III. 3.

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.

I *Henry VI.* III. 3.

Patriotism, A Mother's.

Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none
less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather
had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously
surfeit out of action. *Coriolanus*, I. 3.

Peace.

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births.

Henry V. v. 2.

Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep.

Richard II. I. 3.

Peace, A.

2 *Serv.* This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase
tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far

as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so : and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

2 *Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. *Coriolanus*, IV. 5.

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
 To be commenced in strands afar remote.
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armèd hoofs
 Of hostile paces : those opposèd eyes,
 Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now in mutual, well-beseeming ranks
 March all one way, and be no more opposed
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
 No more shall cut his master. 1 *Henry IV.* I. 1.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
 For then both parties nobly are subdued,
 And neither party loser. 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 2.

Peace, Behaviour during.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility. *Henry V.* III. 1.

Peace, Endless.

Peace proclaims olives of endless age. *Sonnet CVII.*

Peace, Victorious.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures ;
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
 And now—instead of mounting barbèd steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. *Richard III.* i. 1.

Peace-maker, A.

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion—
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum, or rash gunpowder. *2 Henry IV.* iv. 4.

Peace-making.

'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
C. of Errors, III. 2.

People, Contempt for the.

There have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't. *Coriolanus,* II. 2.

You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you,—
 And here remain with your uncertainty !
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders ; till at length

Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
 Making not reservation of yourselves—
 Still your own foes—deliver you as most
 Abated captives to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere. *Coriolanus*, III. 3.

People, Courting the.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
 Observed his courtship to the common people—
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar courtesy;
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere to banish their effects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With, "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"—
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Richard II. I. 4.

People, Ingratitude of the. (*See* INSTABILITY OF THE
 PEOPLE.)

Our slippery people,
 Whose love is never linked to the deserver
 Till his deserts are past: *A. & Cleo.* I. 2.

An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

2 Henry IV. I. 3.

This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion. *A. & Cleo.* I. 4.

People, The.

The many-headed multitude. *Coriolanus*, II. 3.

The mutable, rank-scented many. *Coriolanus*, III. I.

The blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude.

2 *Henry IV.* I. I.

People, The Faults of the.

He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like not peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate, and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. *Coriolanus*, I. I.

Perfection; in Man.

1 *Gent.*

A creature such

As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.*

You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;

Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly. *Cymbeline*, I. I.

Perfection; in Woman.

The senate-house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections. *Pericles*, I. I.

She hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsells them all. *Cymbeline*, III. 5.

Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
 What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
 I've eyed with best regard, and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
 Have I liked several women ; never any
 With so full soul but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
 And put it to the foil : but you, oh you !
 So perfect and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best. *Tempest*, III. I.

What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
 Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too ; when you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
 And own no other function : each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
 Or from the all that are took something good
 To make a perfect woman, she you killed
 Would be unparalleled. *Winter's Tale*, V. I.

The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show ;
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged
 That one body should be filled
 With all graces wide enlarged.

Nature presently distilled
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Perfection unattainable.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults. *Sonnet xxxv.*

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?

But no perfection is so absolute
 That some impurity doth not pollute. *Rape of Lucrece.*

Performance. (*See PROMISES and PURPOSES.*)

Peril incurred for Gain.

We all that are engagèd to this loss,
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
 That if we wrought our life 'twas ten to one :
 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
 Choked the respect of likely peril feared.
 And since we are o'erset, venture again ;
 Come, we will all put forth—body and goods.

2 *Henry IV.* I. I.

Perjury, The Cause of.

I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity.

L. L. Lost, v, 2.

Perseverance, Courageous.

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no.

3 *Henry VI.* v. 4.

Perseverance, Necessity of.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes :—
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. *Perséverance*, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast : keep, then, the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue : if you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost,—
Or, like the gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on : then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours.
For Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was !
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds
Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'erdusted.
 The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 Than what not stirs. *T. & Cres.* III. 3.

Perseverance rewarded.

In my school days, when I had lost one shaft
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
 I oft found both. *M. of Venice*, I. I.

Petitions, Women's.

When maidens sue

Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Meas. for Meas. I. 4.

Philosophy.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Hamlet*, I. 5.

Philosophy, Dangerous.

They say miracles are past, and we have our philo-
 sophical persons to make modern and familiar things
 supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make
 trifles of terrors,—ensconcing ourselves into seeming know-
 ledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown
 fear. *All's Well*, II. 3.

Philosophy, Easy. (See PATIENCE, ADVISERS OF.)

Philosophy, Use of.

Of your philosophy you make no use
 If you give place to accidental evils.

Julius Cæsar, IV. 3.

Pitilessness.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Richard III. IV. 2.

Pity. (*See JUSTICE and MERCY.*)

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly. *T. of Athens*, III. 5.

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Richard III. I. 1.

Pity and Love.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise;¹ for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies. *Twelfth Night*, III. 1.

Pity caused by bad Deeds.

Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. *Macbeth*, I. 7.

Pity invoked.

If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Pity pitiless.

Fire drives out fire, so pity, pity. *Julius Cæsar*, III. 1.

Plain Man, A.

I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have
cause and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have
stomach and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am
drowsy and tend on no man's business ; laugh when I am
merry and claw no man in his humour. . . . It better fits
my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage
to rob love from any. *Much Ado*, I. 3.

¹ Step.

Plainness misunderstood.

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy.
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abused
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? *Richard III.* 1. 3.

Plan, Spoiling a.

Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Othello*, 11. 3.

Play, A good. (See ACTING.)

An excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. *Hamlet*, 11. 2.

Play, A stupid.

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
 Which is as brief as I have known a play;
 But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
 Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted;
 And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
 For Pyramus therein doth kill himself—
 Which when I saw rehearsed I must confess
 Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears
 The passion of loud laughter never shed.

M. N. Dream, v. 1.

Pleasure abroad.

'Tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home.

Henry V. 1. 2.

Pleasure, Self-deception of.

Pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. *T. & Cres.* 11. 2.

Pleasure, Transient.

Salar. Oh, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind !

M. of Venice, II. 5.

Pleasures, Vain. (*See GAINS, ILL-GOT.*)

All delights are vain ; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain.

L. L. Lost, I. 1.

Plenty, Time of.

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
For Riches strewed herself even in the streets ;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kissed the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wondered at ;
Whose men and dames so jettèd and adorned
Like one another's glass to trim them by ;
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight ;
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Pericles, I. 4.

Poet, A.

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. *M. N. Dream*, v. 1.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs :
Oh, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility. *L. L. Lost*, v. 1.

Poet, A dead.

Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

Sonnet xxxii.

Poetry.

Poesy is as a gum which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished : the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. *T. of Athens*, I. 1.

Thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.

T. of Athens, v. 1.

The truest poetry is the most feigning.

As you Like it, III. 3.

Poetry conveys Immortality.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
Oh, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young. *Sonnet XIX.*

Your monument shall be my gentle verse
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead :
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men.

Sonnet LXXXI.

Poetry desecrated.

When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good. *T. of Athens, I. I.*

Poetry, How to write.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 2.

Poetry, Power of.

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. *Ibid.*

Poetry scorned.

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
I had rather hear a brazen can'stick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry :—
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

I Henry IV. III. I.

Poison.

I bought an unction of a mountebank
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratched withal. *Hamlet, IV. 7.*

Policy in War and Peace.

Honour and policy like unsevered friends
 I' the war do grow together : grant that and tell me
 In peace what each of them by the other lose
 That they combine not there. *Coriolanus*, III. 2.

Pomp, Extraordinary.

Till this time pomp was single, but now married
 To one above itself. *Henry VIII.* I. 1.

Pomp, Loss of.

Majesty and pomp,—the which
 To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire.
 Much better
 She ne'er had known pomp : though 't be temporal,
 Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
 As soul and body's severing. *Henry VIII.* II. 3.

Poor Man, A.

I have little wealth to lose ;
 A man I am crossed with adversity :
 My riches are these poor habiliments,
 Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 1.

Poor, The. (*See DISTRIBUTION OF GOODS.*)

What authority surfeits on would relieve us : if they
 would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome
 we might guess they relieved us humanely, but they think
 we are too dear : the leanness that afflicts us, the object of
 our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abun-
 dance ; our sufferance is a gain to them. *Coriolanus*, I. 1.

Popularity. (*See PARTIALITY.*)

All tongues speak of him, and the blearèd sights
 Are spectaclèd to see him : your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture¹ lets her baby cry
 While she chats him : the kitchen malkin² pins
 Her richest lockram³ 'bout her reechy neck,

¹ Fit.² Drudge.³ Linen.

Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed
 With variable complexions, all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him ; seld-shown flamens¹
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station ; our veiled dames
 Commit the war of white and damask in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses ; such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture. *Coriolanus*, II. I.

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
 The blind to hear him speak : matrons flung gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarves and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he passed ; the nobles bended
 As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.

Ibid.

Portrait, A.

Poet. How this grace
 Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power
 This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
 Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
 One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
 Here is a touch : is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
 It tutors nature : artificial strife
 Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

T. of Athens, I. I.

Portrait, A Mistress's.

Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love—
 The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep ;
 For since the substance of your perfect self

¹ Priests.

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Two Gent. of Verona, IV. 2.

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are severed lips
Parted with sugar-breath : so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : but her eyes !—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnished. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. *M. of Venice*, III. 2.

Portraits.

The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. *T. of Athens*, I. 1.

Poverty.

Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. *M. of Venice*, IV. 1.

Poverty, Effect of.

Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary. *K. John*, II. 1.

Poverty, Fear of.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough ;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. *Othello*, III. 3.

Poverty, Incivility of.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility. *As you Like it*, II. 7.

Poverty, Sympathy with. (*See DISTRIBUTION OF GOODS.*)**Power, Abuse of.**

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. *Julius Cæsar*, II. I.

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—nothing but thunder.
Merciful Heaven !

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarlèd oak
Than the soft myrtle ; 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 ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Meas. for Meas. II. 2.

Power, A great Man's.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed 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 brow, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres ;
For who lived king but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?

3 *Henry VI.* v. 2.

You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your wards,
 Domestic to you, serve your will as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. *Henry VIII.* I. 1.

Power, Instability of.

One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.

Coriolanus, IV. 7.

Power, Proper use of.

'Tis excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant. *Meas. for Meas.* II. 2.

Praise, An Object of.

As rich with praise

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

Henry V. I. 2.

Praise, Conduct during.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her
 praise in. *All's Well,* I. 1.

Praise, Genuine. (See SELF-PRAISE.)

No man

Can justly praise but what he does affect.

T. of Athens, I. 2.

The worthiness of praise distains his worth
 If that the praised himself bring the praise forth ;
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

T. & Cres. I. 3.

Praise of Lovers.

Every one her own hath garnishèd
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

L. L. Lost, II. 1.

Praise of the Absent.

Praising what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear. *All's Well,* v. 3.

Praise, Love of.

Praises—of whose taste the wise are fond.

Richard II. II. 1. 1.

Prin. Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't ;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart :
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord. *L. L. Lost*, IV. 1.

Praise, Unstinted.

I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, haply amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle¹ ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamped the leasing.² *Coriolanus*, v. 2.

Praise, Value of.

Cram's with praise, and make's

As fat as tame things : one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages : you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. *Winter's Tale*, I. 2.

¹ Deceitful.

² Given lying the appearance of truth.

Praises, Willing.

Praises which are paid as debts,
And not as given. *Pericles*, IV. *Gower*.

Prayer.

What's in prayer but this two-fold force,—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? *Hamlet*, III. 3.

Prayer, A.

To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, O defend me still!

Richard III. v. 3.

Prayer for the dying.

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to Heaven. *Henry VIII.* II. 1.

Prayer, Ineffectual.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Hamlet, III. 3.

Prayers, Sincere.

Pleas he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soul and all beside;
His weary joints would gladly rise I know,
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Richard II. v. 3.

Prayers, The granting of.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers. *A. & Cleo.* II. 1.

Precedent, Value of.

Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. *Henry VIII.* I. 2.

Precept and Practice. (See ADVICE WITHOUT EXAMPLE.)

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do,
chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages
princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own
instructions : I can easier teach twenty what were good to
be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a
hot temper leaps over a cold decree : such a hare is mad-
ness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel
the cripple. *M. of Venice,* I. 2.

Precepts, A Mother's.

Be thou blest, Bertram ! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape ; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. *All's Well,* I. 1.

Precocity.

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
Richard III. II. 4.

Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
Richard III. III. 1.

Preferment.

Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself
to thee. *Cymbeline,* III. 5.

Preferment by Merit.

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends,
 For, being not propped by ancestry—whose grace
 Chalks successors their way—nor called upon
 For high feats done to the crown, neither allied
 To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note
 The force of his own merit makes his way;
 A gift that Heaven gives which buys for him
 A place next to the king. *Henry VIII.* I. 1.

“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves :”
 And well said too ; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
 To wear an undeservèd dignity.
 Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover that stand bare !
 How many be commanded that command !
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour ! and how much honour
 Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times
 To be new varnished ! *M. of Venice,* II. 8.

Preferment, Unfair.

'Tis the curse of service ;
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. *Othello,* I. 1.

Present, Love of Things.

Time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms, outstretched as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing
 The present eye praises the present object.

T. & Cres. III. 3.

Present, Value of the.

Present mirth hath present laughter,
 What's to come is still unsure. *Twelfth Night*, II. 3.

Pretentious Man, A.

Triton of the minnows. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Pride. (*See SELF-PRAISE.*)

Why, who cries out on pride
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?

As you Like it, II. 7.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him : he is grown
 Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
 Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
 Which he treads on at noon. *Coriolanus*, I. 1.

Pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man. *Coriolanus*, IV. 7.

Pride hath no other glass
 To show itself but pride, for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

T. & Cres. III. 3.

He that is proud eats up himself ; pride is his own
 glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle ; and whatever
 praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the
 praise. *T. & Cres.* II. 3.

Pride, Descent of.

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To' imitate the graces of the gods—
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air—
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak ! *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Primroses.

Pale primroses
 That die unmarried ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

Prince, A.

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,¹
 The observed of all observers ! *Hamlet*, III. I.

Procrastination.

That we would do,
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing. *Hamlet*, IV. 7.

Promises and Performance.

Promising is the very air o' the time ; it opens the eyes
 of expectation ; performance is ever the duller for his act,
 and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people the
 deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is¹ most
 courtly and fashionable : performance is a kind of will or
 testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment
 that makes it *T. of Athens*, V. I.

Promises, Fulfilled.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.
 I *Henry VI.* I. 6.

Proof, Certain.

Proofs as clear as founts in July when
 We see each grain of gravel. *Henry VIII.* I. I.

Prosperity. (See LOVE AND PROSPERITY.)**Prosperity, Bad Effect of.**

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder.
Julius Cæsar, II. I.

Prosperity, Wane of.

Prosperity begins to mellow
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Richard III. IV. 4.

Providence, Divine.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
Hamlet, V. 2.

¹ Model for behaviour.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

Provocation, Giving.

He seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. *Coriolanus*, II. 2.

Prudence ; in Anger.

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage. *Coriolanus*, III. 2.

Puck.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow : are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn,
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm,
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work and they shall have good luck :
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal ;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale ;
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loff,
And waxen in their mirth, and sneeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there. *M. N. Dream*, II. I.

Punctuality, A Lover's.

He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole. *As you Like it*, IV. I.

Punishment, Mock.

Fond fathers

Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared.

Meas. for Meas. I. 3.

Punishment necessary. (See LENITY.)

This too much lenity

And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

3 *Henry VI.* II. 2.

Punishment reserved.

Go, go, be gone to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. I.

Purity.

Unstained thoughts do seldom dream on evil.

Rape of Lucrece.

Purposes accomplished. (See RESOLVES.)

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. *Macbeth*, IV. I.

Quarrel, A false.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

Much Ado, v. 1.

Quarrel, A just.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

2 Henry VI. III. 2.

Quarrel, Degrees of a.

I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort Courteous*. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip Modest*. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply Churlish*. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof Valiant*. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lied: this is called the *Counter-check Quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie Circumstantial* and the *Lie Direct*. *As you Like it*, v. 4.

Quarrel, Settling a.

When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. *Coriolanus*, II. 1.

Quarrels.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in
Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.

Hamlet, I. 3.

Quarrels.

D. Ped. In the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling. *Much Ado*, II. 3.

You shall have time enough to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do. *A. & Cleo.* II. 2.

Quarrels, Frivolous cause of.

What madness rules in brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise !

I *Henry VI.* IV. I.

Quarrels, The Fairies'.

Never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou has disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents :
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard ;
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
The crows are fatted with the murrain flock,
The nine-men's-morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable ;
The human mortals want their winter here ;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And through this distemperature we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;

And on old Hyems' chin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the mazèd world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;—
 We are their parents and original.

M. N. Dream, II. 2.

Queen, A dethroned.

I called thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
 I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was,
 The flattering index of a direful pageant,
 One heaved a-high to be hurled down below,
 A mother only mocked with two fair babes,
 A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble,
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says, "God save the queen?"
 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
 For happy wife, a most distressèd widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
 For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me;
 For one being feared of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time,
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert
 To torture thee the more being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke,
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance,—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Richard III. iv. 4.

Queen, Death of a.

When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be used with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

Henry VIII. iv. 2.

Rage, A People's. (*See* ANGER.)

Whose rage doth rend
 Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
 What they are used to bear. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Rage, Unheedful.

This tiger-footed Rage when it shall find
 The harm of unscanned swiftness will, too late,
 Tie leaden pounds to's heels. *Ibid.*

Rank. (*See* DISTINCTIONS.)

Rank, Privilege of.

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Meas. for Meas. II. 2.

Ransom. (*See* PARDON, FREE.)

Rashness sometimes successful.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do pall. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

Reason, A woman's.

I have no other but a woman's reason:
 I think him so, because I think him so.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. 2.

Reason, Hearing.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Much Ado, I. 3.

Reason ; in love. (*See LOVE AND REASON.*)**Reason, Loss of.** (*See MADNESS.*)

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.

Hamlet, IV. 5.

Reason Why, The.

Every why hath a wherefore. *C. of Errors*, II. 2.

Reasons.

Strong reasons make strong actions. *K. John*, III. 4.

Reasons, Compelled.

If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

I Henry IV. II. 4.

Rebellion.

I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. *As you Like it*, I. 1.

Rebellion, An Army's.

Your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
For that same word "rebellion" did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
Seemed on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word "rebellion" it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. *2 Henry IV.* I. 1.

Rebellion of Subjects.

Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God as well as us.

Richard II. III. 2.

Recompense.

He is well paid that is well satisfied,
 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
 And therein do account myself well paid.

M. of Venice, IV. I.

Recompense, Inadequate. (See DESERT, GREAT.)**Reconciliation of Foes.**

Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. *Coriolanus, IV. 5.*

Recreation, Necessity of. (See AMUSEMENT.)

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
 But moody and dull Melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair,
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

C. of Errors, V. I.

Recreation, Occasional.

If all the year were playing holydays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

I Henry IV. I. 2.

Redemption, Divine.

All the souls that were were forfeit once,
 And He that might the vantage best have took
 Found out the remedy. *Meas. for Meas. II. 2.*

Refinement.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Hamlet, V. I.

Reflection, A Subject for.

What you would work me to I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this and of these times
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said

I will consider, what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Julius Cæsar, 1. 2.

Reflection, Consequence of.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

Richard II. 1. 3.

Reformation, A forcible.

Those that tame wild horses
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. *Henry VIII. v. 3.*

Reformation of Life.

I know you all, and will a while uphold
 The unyoked humour of your idleness :
 Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That when he please again to be himself,
 Being wanted, he may be more wondered at
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

* * * * *

So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

I Henry IV. 1. 2.

You shall be as a father to my youth ;
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practised, wise directions.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections,
 And with his spirit sadly I survive
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now ;
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty. *2 Henry IV.* v. 2.

Happy are they that can hear their detractions, and can
 put them to mending. *Much Ado*, II. 3.

Reformation of Life, Sudden.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seemed to die too : yea, at that very moment
 Consideration like an angel came
 And whipped the offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made ;
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady current, scouring faults,
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once. *Henry V.* I. I.

Refusal, A Maiden's.

Take no repulse whatever she doth say ;
 For "get you gone" she doth not mean "away!"
Two Gent. of Verona, III. I.

Maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
 Which they would have the proff'rer construe, *Ay*.
Two Gent. of Verona, I. 2.

Rejection, A compassionate.

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me—do not, Phebe :
 Say that you love me not, but say not so
 In bitterness. The common executioner,

Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
 But first begs pardon : will you sterner be
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

As you Like it, III. 5.

Religion, Sham.

We are oft to blame in this—
 'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
 And pious action we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself. *Hamlet*, III. 1.

Remedies.

Diseases desperate grown
 By desperate appliance are relieved. *Hamlet*, IV. 3.

Remembrance of Friends.

You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
 Out-go my thinking on you. *A. & Cleo.* III. 2.

Remorse.

Love that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,
 Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rasher faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them until we know their grave :
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends and after weep their dust :
 Our old love waking cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

All's Well, v. 3.

Remorse, Terrors of.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly : better be with the dead
 Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. *Macbeth*, III. 2.

Repentance.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased ;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.

Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4.

Repentance advised.

Repent what's past, avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Repentance after Reflection.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Repentance, Insufficiency of.

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Sonnet XXXIV.

Repentance received.

Those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

Sonnet XXXIV.

Repentance, Signs of.

Heart-sorrow

And a clear life ensuing. *Tempest*, III. 3.

Repentance, Timely.

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking. *2 Henry IV.* IV. I.

Repetition ; of an act.

This act is as an ancient tale new told
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urgèd at a time unseasonable. *K. John*, IV. 2

Repetition ; of a story.

Tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *K. John*, III. 4.

Repining, Ingratitude of.

God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Richard III. II. 2.

Reproof better than Grief.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

Merry Wives, v. 3.

Reproof, Persistent.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

C. of Errors, v. 1.

Reputation. (*See* HONOUR.)

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft
got without merit, and lost without deserving.

Othello, II. 3.

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*, III. 3.

Reputation, Advantages of a.

There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. *Twelfth Night*, I. 5.

Reputation, Bad.

No man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

C. of Errors, II. I.

Reputation, Good.

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Macbeth, I. 7.

Reputation, Good ; Power of.

That which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Julius Cæsar, I. 3.

Request, Time for a.

He was not taken well ; he had not dined.

Coriolanus, V. I.

Resignation to Circumstances. (See GRIEF, UNAVAILING.)

What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. *Winter's Tale*, III. 2.

Things without remedy
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

Macbeth, III. 2.

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. *Coriolanus*, IV. I.

What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.

Merry Wives, V. 5.

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. *A. & Cleo.* III. 6.

Resolution.

He wants wit that wants resolvèd will.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 6.

Resolves, Broken. (See PURPOSES.)

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity;
Which now like fruit unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy.

Hamlet, III. 2.

Responsibility for Sin.

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

Richard II. IV. 1.

Restraint.

I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a
clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage.

Much Ado, I. 3.

Reticence.

Give thy thoughts no tongue
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Hamlet, I. 3.

Retreat, A discreet.

I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.

T. & Cres. v. 4.

Revenge.

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

T. of Athens, III. 5.

The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. *Tempest*, v. 1.

Revenge, An old Man's.

If they wrong her honour
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly. *Much Ado*, iv. 1.

Revenge, Danger of.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. *Henry VIII.* i. 1.

Revenge, Self-deception of.

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. *T. & Cres.* ii. 2.

Reward, An inadequate.

I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks ; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.
Twelfth Night, iii. 3.

Reward of Service.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services. *Henry V.* ii. 2.

Rewards declined.

Our spoils he kicked at,
And looked upon things precious as they were

The common muck of the world ; he covets less
 Than misery itself would give, rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To spend the time, to end it. *Coriolanus*, II. 2.

Riches, Superfluity of.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of
 this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were
 in the same abundance as your good fortunes are ; and
 yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too
 much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean
 happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean : superfluity
 comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

M. of Venice, I. 2.

Riding, Hasty.

He gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward struck his armèd heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-heads ; and starting so,
 He seemed in running to devour the way.

2 *Henry IV.* I. 1.

Ring, A Lover's.

Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger ;
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.

Richard III. I. 2.

Rivals in Greatness.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
 Nor can one England brook a double reign.

1 *Henry IV.* v. 4.

Romano, Julio.

That rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he
 himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would
 beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape.

Winter's Tale, v. 2.

Roses.

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,

One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both.

Sonnet xcix.

Royalty ; a Contrast. (*See KING.*)

By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wondered 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 dressed 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 crownèd king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wondered at : and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness and solemnity.

* * * * *

He was but as the cuckoo is 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 drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.

I Henry IV. III. 2.

Royalty, Cares of.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil,
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that betwixt their titles and low name
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Richard III. I. 4.

O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 5.

Royalty, Liberty of.

To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free. 1 *Henry VI.* v. 3.

Rumour.

Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant, wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
. . . Not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learned of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
2 *Henry IV. Prologue.*

Sadness.

I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
That I have much ado to know myself.

M. of Venice, I. 1.

Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly
From so divine a temple to commix
With winds that sailors rail at. *Cymbeline*, IV. 2.

Sadness, Great.

There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it,
therefore the sadness is without limit. *Much Ado*, I. 3.

Saint, A.

Virtuous and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I *Henry VI.* v. 4.

School-boy, A.

The whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. *As you Like it*, II. 7.

Scorn. (See SELF-LOVE.)

The red glow of scorn. *As you Like it*, III. 4.

Search, Vain.

I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

C. of Errors, I. 2.

Sea-shore, The.

The beachy girdle of the ocean. 2 *Henry IV.* III. 1.

Seasonableness.

Like of each thing that in season grows.

L. L. Lost, I. 1.

Things growing are not ripe until their season.

M. N. Dream, II. 2.

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!

M. of Venice, v. 1.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

C. of Errors, II. 2.

Security, Misplaced. (*See* CONFIDENCE.)

Seduction, Dangers of.

Their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under ; many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood cannot for all that dissuade succession, but they are limed with the twigs that threaten them.

All's Well, III. 5.

Self-accusation.

All that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon. *Henry V.* IV. 1.

Self-conceit.

'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.

As you Like it, III. 5.

Self-control.

She was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her. *K. Lear*, IV. 3.

Self-crimination.

Your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

Henry V. II. 2.

Self-deception.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

T. of Shrew, v. 2.

One of the points in the which women still give the lie
to their consciences. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Plan. The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparelled,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

I Henry VI. II. 4.

Self-depreciation.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. *Henry V.* II. 4.

Self-forgiveness.

Love thyself last. *Henry VIII.* III. 2.

What touches us ourself should be last served.

Julius Cæsar, III. I.

Self-indulgence.

Allow not nature more than nature needs. *K. Lear*, II. 4.

Self-interest.

That same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,—
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that,—
The smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world,—

The world, who of itself is peisèd well,
 Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.

* * * * *

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word.

K. John, II. 1.

Self-knowledge.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
 But graciously to know I am no better.

Meas. for Meas. II. 4.

Self-love.

You are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a dis-
 tempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free
 disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you
 deem cannon-bullets. *Twelfth Night*, I. 5.

An affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and
 utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of him-
 self, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is
 his ground of faith that all that look on him love him.

Twelfth Night, II. 3.

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. *Much Ado*, III. 1.

Self-praise. (See PRIDE and PRAISE.)

Bene. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere
 he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the
 bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question!—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter
 in rheum. Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if
 Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the con-
 trary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues. *Much Ado*, v. 2.

We wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

All's Well, I. 3.

Self-reliance.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. Oh, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revénue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing ;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks ; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. *Hamlet*, III. 2.

Self-restraint.

You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. *Coriolanus*, III. 2.

Sensuality.

Iago. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions ; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. *Othello*, I. 3.

Sentinels.

Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

I *Henry VI.* II. 1.

Servant, A thrifty.

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

As you Like it, II. 3.

Servants, Bad.

Trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their
coats,
Do themselves homage. *Othello*, I. 1.

Servants, Duty of.

Every good servant does not all commands ;—
No bond, but to do just ones. *Cymbeline*, V. 1.

Servants, Fawning.

Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse¹ t' unloose ; smooth² every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege,³ affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

K. Lear, II. 2.

¹ Involved.

² Encourage.

³ Renounce.

Servants, Good.

You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and, when he's old, cashiered.

Othello, I. I.

Service, Affectionate.

Never anything can be amiss
 When simpleness and duty tender it.

M. N. Dream, v. I.

Service, Faithful.

How well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty not for meed !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And, having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having. *As you Like it*, II. 3.

Service ill-received.

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
 And duty in his service perishing. *M. N. Dream*, v. I.

Servility rebuked.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
 Into the law of children. Be not fond
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
 That will be thawed from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools—I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banishèd ;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied. *Julius Cæsar*, III. I.

Sexton, A.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. *Hamlet*, v. 1.

Shallowness.

For every passion something, and for no passion truly anything. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Shame, Effect of.

Bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

K. John, III. 4.

Shepherd, Life of a.

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 days my ewes have been with young,
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece ;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Passed 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 !
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 Oh yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couchèd in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

3 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Shipwreck, A.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's ¹ cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer !—a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dashed all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perished.
 Had I been any god of power I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er

¹ Sky.

It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her. *Tempest*, I. 2.

Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em ; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. . . . To see how the sea flap-dragoned it : but, first, how the poor souls roared and the sea mocked them.

Winter's Tale, III. 3.

Shoemaker, A.

Mar. You, sir, what trade are you ?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave, what trade ?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me ; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou saucy fellow ?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl ; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. *Julius Cæsar*, I. I.

Sickness, A Wife in times of.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself.

C. of Errors, v. 1.

Silence.

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping. *Hamlet*, v. 1.

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

M. of Venice, 1. 1.

Silence of Innocence.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails. *Winter's Tale*, II. 2.

Silence, Wisdom of. (See WISDOM, PRETENDED.)

Sin, Deceitfulness of.

Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal! *Much Ado*, IV. 1.

Sin, Foulness of.

She is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again. *Ibid.*

Sin; in rich and poor.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear—
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks—
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

K. Lear, IV. 6.

Sin, Recklessness of.

Those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke;
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame. *Pericles*, 1. 1.

Sin, Victim of.

I am a man
More sinned against than sinning. *K. Lear*, III. 2.

Sin visited on the Guiltless. (*See INNOCENT, PUNISHMENT OF THE.*)

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressèd so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe;
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general? *Rape of Lucrece.*

Singing; a Lullaby.

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,—
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night—
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

I Henry IV. III. 1.

Single Life, Blessedness of a.

Thrice blessèd they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

M. N. Dream, 1. 1.

Single Life, Imperfection of.

Is the young Dauphin every way complete?
If not complete, oh say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he.

He is the half part of a blessèd man,
 Left to be finishèd by such as she ;
 And she a fair dividèd excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. *K. John*, II. 1.

Skill.

In mine ignorance
 Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
 Stick fiery off indeed. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

Sky, A red.

A red morn, that ever yet betokened
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.
V. & Adonis.

Sky, The.

This brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof
 fretted with golden fire. *Hamlet*, II. 2.

The floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
M. of Venice, v. 1.

Slander.

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. *Cymbeline*, III. 4.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?
Meas. for Meas. III. 2.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
Hamlet, I. 3.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not
escape calumny. *Hamlet*, III. I.

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Much Ado, III. I.

Slander, Effect of.

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors :—
Oh ! in a tomb where never scandal slept
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy.

Much Ado, V. I.

Slander ; long-lived.

A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungallèd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever housed, where it once gets possession.

C. of Errors, III. I.

Slander ; of the fair.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time ;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstainèd prime.
Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
Either not assailed, or victor being charged ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged :
If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

Sonnet LXX.

Sleep.

Downy sleep, death's counterfeit. *Macbeth*, II. 3.

The season of all natures. *Macbeth*, III. 4.

The honey-heavy dew of slumber. *Julius Cæsar*, II. I.

It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter. *Winter's Tale*, II. I.

Where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

R. & Juliet, II. 3.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Cymbeline*, III. 6.

Sleep ; denied to the Great.

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened 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 hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest 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 hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?—
Can'st 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.

2 Henry IV. III. 1.

Sleep, Innocent.

Innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve¹ of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Macbeth, II. 2.*

Sleep ; of the Poor.

The wretched slave
Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave.
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Henry V. IV. 1.

Smiles, Tearful. (*See JOY, TEARFUL.*)

You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day : those happy smiles
That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropped. *K. Lear, IV. 3.*

¹ Floss silk.

Smiling, Aversion to.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.

Julius Cæsar, I. 2.

Of such vinegar aspéct,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

M. of Venice, I. 1.

Smiling, Excessive.

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper. *Ibid.*

Snow.

The white, cold, virgin snow. *Tempest*, IV. 1.

Society, Pleasure of.

Society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

L. L. Lost, IV. 2.

Society undesired.

Society is no comfort

To one not sociable. *Cymbeline*, IV. 1.

Soldier, A.

The soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. *As you Like it*, II. 7.

Soldier, A good.

A soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble. *Coriolanus*, I. 4.

Soldier, A great. (See GENERAL, A GREAT.)

Virtue he had deserving to command ;

His brandished sword did blind men with his beams ;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies
 Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech :
 He ne'er lift up his hand but conquerèd.

I *Henry VI.* I. I.

Mirror of all martial men. I *Henry VI.* I. 4.

A breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquered spirit.

I *Henry VI.* IV. 2.

Soldier, A pious.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

I *Henry VI.* I. I.

Soldier, A sham.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ; I remember him now ; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services are done ;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on : and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. *Henry V.* III. 6.

Soldier, A true.

Let no soldier fly :

He that is truly dedicate to war
 Hath no self-love ; nor he that loves himself
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour. 2 *Henry VI.* v. 2.

Soldier, Career of a.

The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him ; he bestrid
 An o'erpressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers ; Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee ; in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-entered thus, he waxèd like a sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
 He lurched all swords of the garland.¹ For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say
 I cannot speak him home ; he stopped the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport ; as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,
 And fell below his stem ; his sword, death's stamp,
 Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries ; alone he entered
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet ; now all's his ;—
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce

¹ Won the wreath from all.

His ready sense ; then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil, and till we called
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting. *Coriolanus*, II. 2.

Soldier, Death of a. (*See* WAR, 'THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR DEATH IN.)

There, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Richard II. IV. 1.

Soldiers, Endurance of.

When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer ; thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at ; thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on : and all this—
 It wounds thy honour that I speak it now—
 Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
 So much as lanked not. *A. & Cleo.* I. 4.

Soldiers, Licentiousness of.

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send precepts to the Leviathan
 To come ashore. *Henry V.* III. 3.

Soldier's Love, A. (*See* LOVE, A SOLDIER'S.)

Soldier's Prayer, A,

The god of soldiers,
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that eye thee ! *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Somnambulism.

A great perturbation in nature !—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. *Macbeth*, v. 1.

Song, A. (*See* MUSIC.)

A very excellent good-conceited thing ; after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it. *Cymbeline*, II. 3.

Song, An old. (*See* LOVE SONG.)

That old and 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.

Twelfth Night, II. 4.

Song, A tuneless.

'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

As you Like it, IV. 2.

Sophistry, A Lover's.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore, but I will prove

Thou being a goddess I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace, being gained, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is ;

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; to thee it is ;

If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise ? *L. L. Lost*, IV. 3.

Sorrow. (*See* GRIEF.)

Sorrow, Forgetfulness of.

Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone. *Tempest*, v. 1.

Sorrow laid aside.

Lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition. *Richard II.* II. 2.

Sorrow universal.

We are not all alone unhappy ;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in. *As you Like it*, II. 7.

Speaker, A bad.

I have neither wit, nor word, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on.

Julius Cæsar, III. 2.

Speech.

His speech was like a tangled chain,—nothing impaired,
but all disordered. *M. N. Dream*, v. 1.

Speech, Correct.

It is not enough to speak, but to speak true. *Ibid.*

Speech, Eloquent.

Her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys ;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

2 Henry VI. I. 1.

Speech, Pleasing.

Words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear him.

As you Like it, III. 5.

Speech, Slow.

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 1.

Speed.

With wing as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love. *Hamlet*, I. 5.

Spending; a Disease.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. *2 Henry IV. i. 3.*

Spendthrift, A.

Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

2 Henry IV. i. 2.

Spirit, A good.

Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow. *2 Henry IV. III. 2.*

Sponger, A.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end. He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again. *Hamlet, iv. 2.*

Spring.

*When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight—
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;*

*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks—
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;*

*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! L. L. Lost, v. 2.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,—
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

Stag, A wounded.

He lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears. *As you Like it, II. 1.*

Stars.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks ;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine.

Julius Cæsar, III. 1.

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

M. of Venice, v. 1.

Blessed candles of the night. *Ibid.*

Fiery O's and eyes of light. *M. N. Dream, III. 2.*

Beauteous eyes of Heaven. *K. John, IV. 2.*

State Affairs, Mystery of.

The providence that's in a watchful state
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold ;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery—with whom relation
 Durst never meddle—in the soul of state,
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to.

T. & Cres. III. 3.

State, Prayer for the.

The honoured gods
 Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among 's !
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
 And not our streets with war ! *Coriolanus*, III. 3.

Station, Difference in.

Strange is it that our bloods
 Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In differences so mighty. *All's Well*, II. 3.

Stature of a Mistress.

Just as high as my heart. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Storm, A.

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds.

Julius Cæsar, I. 3.

Kent.

The wrathful skies
 Gallow¹ the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was man
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of horrid wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry

¹ Terrify.

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice : hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
Thou perjured, and thou simular¹ man of virtue
That art incestuous ; caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life ; close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. *K. Lear*, III. 2.

Storm, Address to a.

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow !
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks !
You sulphurous and thought-exécuting² fires,
Vaunt-couriers³ to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ungrateful man ! *Ibid.*

Storm, A threatened.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

I Henry IV. v. 1.

Storm at Sea.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of this ?
² *Gent.* A segregation⁴ of the Turkish fleet :

¹ Counterfeit.

² Executing as swiftly as thought.

³ Precursors.

⁴ Scattering.

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,—
 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
 The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 And quench the guards of th' ever fixèd pole :
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchain'd flood. *Othello*, II. I.

Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having recalled them from the deep ! Oh still
 Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders ; gently quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes !
 Thou stormest venomously !
 Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death
 Unheard. *Pericles*, III. I.

Stormy Day, A.

An unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolved to tears.

Richard II. III. 2.

Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks.

L. L. Lost, I. I.

Study, Aim of.

Biron. What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not
 know.

Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common
 sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense. *Ibid.*

Study, How to.

All delights are vain ; but that most vain
 Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :

As painfully to pore upon a book
 To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look ;
 Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile,
 So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
 Study me how to please the eye indeed
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.

L. L. Lost, I. I.

Study, Omissions of.

So study evermore is overshot :
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won as towns with fire ; so won, so lost. *Ibid.*

Study, Profitless.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

T. of Shrew, I. I.

Subjects, Behaviour of.

Your presence is too bold and péremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.

I Henry IV. I. 3.

Submission, A Wife's.

Luc. Oh know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adv. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
 There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
 But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky :
 The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls,
 Are their males' subject, and at their controls ;
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded you would bear some
sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved !—no marvel though she pause—
They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain :
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would relieve me :
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

C. of Errors, II. I.

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,
 Where 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?

T. of Shrew, v. 2.

Submission to authority.

We will untread the steps of damnèd flight,
 And, like a bated and retirèd flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,
 And calmly run on in obedience. *K. John, v. 4.*

Subterfuge.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth ;
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach
 With windlasses, and with assays of bias,¹
 By indirections find directions out. *Hamlet, II. I.*

Success, Effect of.

Nothing can seem foul to those that win.

I Henry IV. v. I.

Success, Winning.

They well deserve to have
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Richard II. III. 3.

Sufferance is permission.

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do ; for we bid this be done
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. *Meas. for Meas. I. 3.*

Suffering, Hardening effect of.

Where the greater malady is fixed,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;

¹ Indirect means.

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. *K. Lear*, III. 4.

Hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. *Cymbeline*, III. 6.

Suicide.

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. *Cymbeline*, III. 4.

Suicide, A.

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls. *Hamlet*, v. 1.

Suitor, A troublesome.

Bene. I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted ; and
I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard
heart, for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women ; they would else have
been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God,
and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that ; I had
rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he
loves me. *Much Ado*, I. 1.

Suitors.

The four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

M. of Venice, I. 1.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia ;
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia. *M. of Venice*, II. 6.

Suitors, Poor.

They say poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall
know we have strong arms too. *Coriolanus*, I. 1.

Sun and Moon.

Gold candles fixed in heaven's air. *Sonnet* XXI.

Sun, A red.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky¹ hill !—the day looks pale
At his distemperature. I *Henry IV.* v. 1.

Sun, Progress of the.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage :
But when from high-most pitch with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low track, and look another way.

Sonnet VII.

Sun, The. (*See* DAYLIGHT.)

That orbèd continent. *Twelfth Night*, v. 1.

Not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east.

Sonnet CXXXII.

In his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth.

V. & Adonis.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

¹ Woody.

Who doth the world so gloriously behold
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.
 Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :
 " Oh, thou clear god, and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright."

V. & Adonis.

Sunrise. (*See DAWN OF DAY.*)

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.

M. N. Dream, III. 2.

The eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessèd beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt, green streams. *Ibid.*

King Richard doth himself appear
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the east,
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.

Richard II. III. 3.

The golden sun salutes the morn
 And, leaving gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
 And overlooks the highest peering hills.

T. Andron. II. 1.

Sunset.

The sun begins to set ;
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
 Even with the vail and darking of the sun
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

T. & Cres. v. 3.

Sunshine.

The glorious sun
 Stays in his course and plays the alchemist ;
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.

K. John, III. 1.

Superfluity. (*See* DISTRIBUTION OF GOODS.)

For his weeping in the needless stream,—
 “Poor dear,” quoth he, “thou mak’st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much.” *As you Like it*, II. I.

Superfluity of Ornament.

To guard¹ a title that was rich before,
 To gild refinèd 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 eyes of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *K. John*, IV. 2.

Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixed ;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty’s truth to lay ;
 But best is best if never intermixed. *Sonnet CI.*

Surfeit, A.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
M. N. Dream, II. 2.

They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.

I *Henry IV.* III. 2.

Suspicion. (*See* SLANDER.)

A crow that flies in Heaven’s sweetest air. *Sonnet LXX.*
 Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes.

I *Henry IV.* v. 2.

The bird that hath been limèd in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.

3 *Henry VI.* v. 6.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Ibid.*

Suspicion caused by Deceit.

Fare thee well, most foul, most fair ; farewell,
 Thou pure impiety and impious purity !

¹ Embellish.

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
 And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang
 To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
 And never shall it more be gracious. *Much Ado*, IV. 1.

Suspicious.

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But with a little act upon the blood
 Burn like the mines of sulphur. *Othello*, III. 3.

Swallow, The. (See AIR, PURE.)

Sweat.

Beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbèd stream.

I *Henry IV.* II. 3.

Swimmer, A good.

I saw him beat the surges under him
 And ride upon their back; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
 As stooping to relieve him. *Tempest*, II. 1.

Sympathy.

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Sonnet VIII.

By the image of my cause I see
 The portraiture of his. *Hamlet*, v. 2.

Sympathy in Love.

King. In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

L. L. Lost, IV. 3.

Sympathy, Want of.

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's
 good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding,
 it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a
 little room. *As you Like it*, III. 3.

Talents, Misdirected.

The gentleman is learnèd, and a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound; his training such
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see
 When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They change to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so cômplete,
 Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravished listening, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute—he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmeared in hell. *Henry VIII.* I. 2.

Talk, Idle.

Things are often spoke and seldom meant.

2 *Henry VI.* III. I.

Talker, A foolish.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff,—you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search. *M. of Venice,* I. I.

Talker, A great.

Lor. I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ibid.

Talkers.

Talkers are no good doers; be assured
 We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Richard III. I. 3.

Tears.

A few drops of women's rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies. *Coriolanus,* v. 6.

Heaven-moving pearls. *K. John*, II. 1.

Crystal beads. *Ibid.*

All the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedashed with rain. *Richard III.* I. 2.

Women's weapons, water-drops. *K. Lear*, II. 4.

She shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moistened. *K. Lear*, IV. 3.

Tears, Effect of.

What a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear,
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmèd here?
Oh, cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

Lover's Complaint.

Tears, Falling.

His tears run down his beard like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. *Winter's Tale*, V. 1.

Tears, Loving.

The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.

A. & Cleo. III. 2.

Tears, Merry.

More merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

M. N. Dream, V. 1.

Tears, Sympathetic.

Drops that sacred pity hath engendered.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Temper, A calm.

I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm. *Henry VIII.* III. 1.

Temper, A hasty. (*See HASTINESS.*)

Being incensed, he's flint ;
 As humourous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observed :
 Chide him for faults and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth ;
 But, being moody, give him line and scope
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 4.

Temper, A quick.

A very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal
 of patience. *Coriolanus*, II. I.

Tempest. (*See STORM.*)**Temptation.**

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. *Meas. for Meas.* II. I.

Temptation, Dangerous.

Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue. *Meas. for Meas.* I. 3.
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly show.

Othello, II. 3.

Temptation of Oneself. (*See COMPANIONS, BAD.*)

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

T. & Cres. IV. 4.

Temptation resisted.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
 He left a promise to return again
 Within an hour ; and pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befell ! He threw his eye aside,
 And mark what object did present itself !

Under an oak whose boughs were mossed with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
 The opening of his mouth, but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush ; under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to Orlando,—did he leave him there,
 Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so,
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him. *As you Like it*, IV. 3.

Tenderness mocked at.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms ! *Winter's Tale*, I. 2.

Terror inspired by the Powerful.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars.

2 *Henry VI.* III. I.

Test of Worth.

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk. *T. & Cres.* I. 3.

Thankfulness.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

2 Henry VI. II. I.

Thanks.

That they call compliment is like the encounter of two
dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks
I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly
thanks. *As you Like it,* II. 5.

All my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Richard II. II. 3.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor,
Which till my infant fortune comes to years
Stands for my bounty. *Ibid.*

Thought, Force of.

There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes
it so. *Hamlet,* II. 2.

Thought, Nimble.

Nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.

Sonnet XLIV.

Thoughts.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father ; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,¹

¹ *i. e.* his prison.

In humours like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermixed
 With scruples, and do set the Word itself
 Against the Word :
 As thus, “Come, little ones ;” and then again,
 “It is as hard to come as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a small need’s eye.”
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders ;—how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune’s slaves
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
 That many have and others must sit there ;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
 Of such as have before endured the like.

Richard II. v. 5.

Thoughts, A Woman’s.

Ros. A woman’s thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

As you Like it, iv. 1.

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.

M. of Venice, iii. 2.

Thoughts, Quickness of.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
 thought. 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 1.

Thoughts, Sad.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time’s waste :

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before. *Sonnet xxx.*

Thoughts, Unclean.

Where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
 With meditations lawful? *Othello*, III. 3.

Thoughts, Untried.

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.
Rape of Lucrece.

Thrift. (See CLEVERNESS IN CONTRIVING.)

For my means, I'll husband them so well
 They shall go far with little. *Hamlet*, IV. 5.
 Thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

M. of Venice, I. 3.

Time.

Time's the king of men,
 He's both their parent and he is their grave.
Pericles, II. 3.

I, that please some, try all—both joy and terror
 Of good and bad,—that make and unfold error.
Winter's Tale, IV. I.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Two Gent. of Verona, III. I.

Ros. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.
 I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal,
 who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.
Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain ; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Time, End of.

But Thought's the slave of Life, and Life Time's fool ;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. I *Henry IV.* v. 4.

Time for Everything.

There's a time for all things. *C. of Errors*, II. 2.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first. *A. & Cleo.* II. 2.

Time, Linging.

How slow

This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

M. N. Dream, I. 1.

Time long to the Sorrowful.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Rape of Lucrece.

Time, Power of. (*See* POETRY CONVEYS IMMORTALITY.)

Time, Progress of.

Never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there ;
Sap-checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snowed, and bareness everywhere.

Sonnet v.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment ;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night.

Sonnet xv.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crookèd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

Sonnet LX.

Time comes stealing on by night and day.

C. of Errors, IV. 2.

Time's revenge.

The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Twelfth Night, V. 1.

Time, Swift-passing. (*See* NIGHT, SWIFT-PASSING.)

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Othello, II. 3.

Time, Wasters of. (*See* LIFE, SHORTNESS OF.)

We play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. 2 *Henry IV.* II. 2.

Time, Work of.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,

To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,

To stamp the seal of time in aged things,

To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,

To wrong the wronger till he render right,

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,

And smear with dust their glittering golden towers ;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,

To feed oblivion with decay of things,

To blot old books and alter their contents,

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,

To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,

To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,

And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel ;

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,

To make the child a man, the man a child,

To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,

To tame the unicorn and lion wild,

To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled,

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,

And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Rape of Lucrece.

Title, A newly-created.

Fire-new stamp of honour: *Richard III.* 1. 3.

Toothache.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Much Ado, v. 1.

Traitor, A.

Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. *Cymbeline*, III. 4.

Traitors.

Oh villains, vipers, damned without redemption !
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart !
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !

Richard II. III. 2.

Traitors, Protestations of.

Thus do all traitors :
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.

As you Like it, I. 3.

Travel, Expensive.

You have sold your own lands to see other men's ; then
to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich
eyes and poor hands. *As you Like it*, IV. 1.

Travel, Necessity of.

He wondered that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some to the wars to try their fortune there,
Some to discover islands far away,
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man
Not being tried and tutored in the world.

Two Gent. of Verona, i. 3.

Traveller, Humours of a.

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear
strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country,
be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for
making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce
think you have swam in a gondola. *As you Like it, iv. 1.*

Treachery, A Friend's.

Val. Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love—
For such is a friend now,—treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The private wound is deepest. Oh time most curst!
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4.

Treason and Murder.

Thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coined me into gold,
Would'st thou have practised on me for thy use?
May it be possible that foreign hire

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May it be possible that foreign hire

Trumpets, War.

Clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

Macbeth, v. 6.

Trust betrayed.

My trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. *Tempest*, I. 2.

Truth.

Truth loves open dealing. *Henry VIII.* III. 1.

Truth hath a quiet breast. *Richard II.* I. 3.

Truth, Confirmed.

Truth can never be confirmed enough
Though doubts did ever sleep. *Pericles*, v. 1.

Truth, Unseasonable.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster. *Tempest*, II. 1.

Truthful Man, A.

His nature is too noble for the world ;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. *Coriolanus*, III. 1.

Truthful Woman, A.

Falseness cannot come from thee ; for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crowned truth to dwell in. *Pericles*, v. 1.

Tyrants, Dissimulation of.

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

Pericles, I. 2.

Ugliness, Value of.

The elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my comfort
is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more
spoil upon my face. *Henry V.* v. 2.

Unavoidable Calamity. (See GRIEF, UNAVAILING.)

Unbelief.

They say miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

All's Well, II. 3.

Uncertainty. (*See TROUBLE, HOW TO MEET.*)

Doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born. *Cymbeline*, I. 6.

Unchangeableness.

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks—
They are all fire, and every one doth shine—
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So in the world ; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little show it. *Julius Cæsar*, III. I.

Unfaithfulness.

Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths : oh, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act. *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Unfortunate Person, An. (See DESPAIR.)

One out of suits with Fortune. *As you Like it*, I. 2.

No ill-luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs, but o' my breathing ; no tears, but o' my shedding.

M. of Venice, III. I.

The world to me is like a lasting storm. *Pericles*, IV. I.

Unmusical Man, An.

If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

As you Like it, II. 7.

Unscrupulous Man, An. (See POWER, A MAN IN.)**Unscrupulous Tools.**

They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour. *Winter's Tale*, II. I.

Unsuspiciousness.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are. *Othello*, I. 3.

Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none. *K. Lear*, I. 2.

Uprightness.

To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, I. 3.

Use in everything.

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

T. & Cres. II. 3.

Uselessness.

Thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.

As you Like it, II. 3.

Usurpation accomplished.

Pro. The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom
To trash¹ for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed them,
Or else new formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Oh, good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke—out of the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

¹ Cut down.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he played
 And him he played it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! my library
 Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates—
 So dry he was for sway—with the king of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom yet unbowed (alas! poor Milan!)
 To, most ignoble stooping. *Tempest*, I. 2.

Usurpation, Effects of.

A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand
 Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
 And he that stands upon a slippery place
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

K. John, III. 4.

Usurper, An.

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair where he is falsely set.

Richard III. v. 3.

A vice of kings;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket! *Hamlet*, III. 4.

Usurpers.

Though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
 Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

3 *Henry VI.* III. 3.

Utility and Appearances.

Nature, what things there are
 Most abject in regard and dear in use!
 What things again most dear in the esteem
 And poor in worth! *T. & Cres.* III. 3.

Valour.

Valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver. *Coriolanus*, II. 2.

Valour, False. (*See COWARDICE.*)

Coward dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. *Henry V.* II. 4.

Valour guided by Wisdom.

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. *Macbeth*, III. I.

Valour loved by Women.

There is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in
man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Twelfth Night, III. 2.

Valour, Prudent.

The better part of valour is discretion.

Henry IV. v. 4.

Valour, True. (*See ENDURANCE, BRAVE.*)

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

Much Ado, v. I.

Valour, Unreasoning.

When valour preys on reason

It eats the sword it fights with. *A. & Cleo.* III. 13.

Value, Real.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer; 'tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects,¹

Without some image of the affected merit.

T. & Cres. II. 2.

Vanities, Disclosure of.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—

So it be new, there's no respect how vile—

That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?

Richard II. II. I.

¹ Attributes imaginary qualities.

Vanity.

I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies. *Coriolanus*, 1. 9.

Vengeance, God's.

If God will be avengèd for the deed,
Oh, know you, yet He doth it publicly ;
Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm ;
He needs no indirect or lawless course
To cut off those that have offended Him.

Richard III. 1. 4.

Venture, A bold. (*See PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.*)**Verbosity.**

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than
the staple of his argument. *L. L. Lost.* v. 1.

Vice attracted by Virtue.

Is this her fault or mine ?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?
Ha ! not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there ? Oh, fie, fie, fie !
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo ?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good ? Oh let her brother live :
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes ? What is 't I dream on ?
Oh cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue : never could the strumpet

With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. *Meas. for Meas.* II. 2.

Vice, Blindness of.

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion. *A. & Cleo.* III. 13.

Vice punished.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us. *K. Lear*, v. 3.

Vice, Ugliness of.

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.

Twelfth Night, III. 4.

Victor, A. (See DOUBT, ONE IN.)

Victory, A real.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home
full numbers. *Much Ado*, I. 1.

Victory, A vain.

We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish which side should win. *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose
Assured loss, before the match be played.

K. John, III. 1.

Villain, A.

He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity re-
deems him. *All's Well*, IV. 3.

Violets.

Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

Virginity.

Hel. You have some stain of soldier in you ; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak ; unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none ; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up !—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found ; by being ever kept it is ever lost : 'tis too cold a companion ; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't : 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin ; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you cannot choose but lose by't : out with't : within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase ; and the principal itself not much the worse : away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying: the longer kept, the less worth: off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear.

All's Well, I. I.

Virtue and Beauty.

Honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey
A sauce to sugar. *As you Like it*, III. 3.

Virtue and Knowledge.

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. *Pericles*, III. 2.

Virtue and Vice.

But virtue, as it never will be moved
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage. *Hamlet*, I. 5.

Virtue, Boldness of.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Meas. for Meas. III. I.

Virtue, Elevating power of.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions swell, and virtue none
It is a dropsied honour; good alone

Is good without a name ; vileness is so :
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. *All's Well*, II. 3.

Virtues, Hidden.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality ;
 And so the prince obscured his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty. *Henry V.* I. 1.

His vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Henry V. II. 4.

Virtues, Kingly.

King-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude. *Macbeth*, IV. 3.

Virtuous Man, A.

A well-accomplished youth,
 Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :
 Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
 And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

L. L. Lost, I. 2

Voice, A Woman's.

Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle and low ; an excellent thing in woman.

K. Lear, v. 3.

Vows, Binding.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
 But vows to every purpose must not hold.

T. & Cres. v. 3.

Vows, Broken.

Oh, let thy vow,
 First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven performed ;
 That is, to be the champion of our church !
 What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performèd by thyself :
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is but amiss when it is truly done ;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it.
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is to mistake again ; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
 Within the scorched veins of one new burned.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept ;
 But thou hast sworn against religion,
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st ;
 And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear ?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vow against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself. *K. John*, III. 1.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 6.

Vows, False.

Jul. A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
 And instances as infinite of love,
 Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Two Gent. of Verona, II. 7.

Vows, Lovers'. (See OATHS.)

He swore that he did hold me dear
 As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

I do know

When the blood burns how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows ; these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat—extinct in both,
Even in their promise as it is a-making—
You must not take for fire
. They are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. *Hamlet*, i. 3.

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters? *T. & Cres.* III. 2.

Vows, Men's.

Men's vows are women's traitors. *Cymbeline*, III. 4.

Want. (*See* SORROW PROCLAIMED.)

War.

The world's great snare. *A. & Cleo.* iv. 8.

Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.
Coriolanus, iv. 5.

The toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour. *Cymbeline*, III. 3.

War, A Country during.

All her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleached,¹
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disordered twigs : her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate² such savagery :
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country ;
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffused³ attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural. *Henry V. v. 2.*

War, A righteous.

If you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.

Richard III. v. 3.

War, Behaviour in.

When the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

¹ Woven together.

² Uproot.

³ Irregular.

Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured 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 gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled 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 noblest 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 sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers : now attest
 That those whom you called fathers did beget you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war ! And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding,—which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. *Henry V.* III. 1.

War, Cowardly.

There's a saying, very old and true,
 " If that you will France win,
 Then with Scotland first begin."
 For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;—
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Henry V. 1. 2.

War, Farewell to.

Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars
 That make ambition virtue ! Oh, farewell !

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And, oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! *Othello*, III. 3.

War, Horrors of.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the fleshed soldier—rough and hard of heart—
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war—
 Arrayed in flames, like to the prince of fiends—
 Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats
 Enlinked to waste and desolation ?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation ? *Henry V.* III. 3.

War, Participation in.

To the wars, my boy, to the wars !
 He wears his honour in a box unseen,
 That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
 Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
 Which should sustain the bond and high curvet
 Of Mars's fiery steed. *All's Well*, II. 3.

War, Protest against rash.

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war—
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed :
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.

Henry V. I. 2.

War ; the Attack.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.

Henry V. III. 5.

War, The Responsibility for Death in.

Bates. We know enough if we know we are the king's subjects ; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—" We died at such a place ;" some swearing ; some crying for a surgeon ; some upon their wives left poor behind them ; some upon the debts they owe ; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it ; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him ; or if a servant under his master's command transporting a sum of money be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant ; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some, of

beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience; and, dying so, death is to him advantage, or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer it.

Henry V. IV. I.

Warnings.

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day:
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

Richard II. III. 2.

Watching departed Friends.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked
 them but
 To look upon him till the diminution

Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle :
 Nay, followed him till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
 Have turned mine eye and wept. *Cymbeline*, 1. 3.

As one on shore
 Gazing upon a late embarkèd friend
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend—
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

V. & Adonis.

Water.

Too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left
 man i' the mire. *T. of Athens*, 1. 2.

Wealth. (See VIRTUE AND KNOWLEDGE.)

Wealth, Misery of.

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
 Who'd be so mocked with glory ? or so live
 But in a dream of friendship ?
 To have his pomp and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnished friends ?

T. of Athens, IV. 2.

Wealth, Pleasures of.

Lord. Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.
 Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays, (*Music*)
 And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing.
 Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
 On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.
 Say thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground :
 Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapped,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
 Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course: thy greyhounds are as
swift

As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook:

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguilèd and surprised,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

T. of Shrew, Ind. Sc. 11.

Wealth, Vanity of.

Tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death. *Pericles, III. 2.*

Wealthy Man, A.

You see how all conditions, how all minds—

As well of glib and slippery creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality—tender down

Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer

To Apemantus—that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself—even he drops down

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timon's nod. *T. of Athens, I. 1.*

Weather-warnings. (*See SKY, A RED.*)

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

Richard III. II. 3.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
 Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Richard III. v. 3.

Wedding. (*See WOOING AND WEDDING, and MARRIAGE.*)**Weeping.**

All my mother came into my eyes,
 And gave me up to tears. *Henry V.* IV. 6.

Weeping a Relief.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief.

3 *Henry* VI. II. 1.

Welcome.

Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. *T. & Cres.* III. 3.

The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony.

Hamlet, II. 2.

Welcome, A Conqueror's.

But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens !
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.

Henry V. v. Prologue.

Welcome, A noisy. (*See POPULARITY.*)

He returns,
 Splitting the air with noise. *Coriolanus*, v. 6.

Welsh Language, The.

Thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute. *I Henry IV.* III. 1.

Wickedness blind to Virtue.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savour but themselves. *K. Lear*, IV. 2.

Wife ; a Blessing.

It is very meet

The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow. *M. of Venice*, III. 5.

Wife, Age of a.

Duke. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him ;
So sways she level in her husband's heart ;
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Twelfth Night, II. 4.

Wife, A happy.

Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she
does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all,
go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ;
and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in
Windsor she is one. *Merry Wives*, II. 2.

Wife, A hated.

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord. *All's Well*, III. 5.

Wife, A loved.

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Julius Cæsar*, II. 1.

Wife, A lovely.

O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

2 *Henry VI.* I. 1.

A wife

Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress. *All's Well*, v. 3.

Wife, A neglected.

His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard :
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault,—he's master of my state :
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruined ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair ;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home : poor I am but his stale.

C. of Errors, II. 1.

Wife, An excellent.

That man i' th' world who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted
 For speaking false in that : thou art alone,—
 If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government—
 Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,—
 The queen of earthly queens :—she's noble born,
 And like her true nobility she has
 Carried herself towards me. *Henry VIII.* II. 4.

To restore the king,

He counsels a divorce : a loss of her
 That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
 Of her that loves him with that excellence
 That angels love good men with ; even of her
 That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
 Will bless the king. *Henry VIII.* II. 2.

Wife, A provoking.

I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-
 pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against
 rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my
 desires than a monkey ; I will weep for nothing ; like Diana
 in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed
 to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou
 art inclined to weep. *As you Like it,* IV. 1.

Wife, Death of a. (*See MARRIAGES, SECOND.*)**Wife, Influence of a.**

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. *Hamlet,* IV. 7.

Wife, Qualities desirable in a.

Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ;
 virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look
 on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for

an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.

Much Ado, II. 3.

Wild Spirits. (See BOLD SPIRIT.)

Her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock. *Much Ado*, III. 1.

Will, A.

Thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. *As you Like it*, II. 1.

Will, A lawless.

Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

I *Henry VI.* II. 4.

Will for the Deed, Taking the.

When good will is showed, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. *A. & Cleo.* II. 5.

Will, Power of the. (See SENSUALITY.)

Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop, and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

Othello, I. 3.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

All's Well, I. 1.

Wind, Wintry.

The icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—

“This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.”

As you Like it, II. 1.

Wine.

The merry cheerer of the heart. *Henry V.* v. 2.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to
be known by let us call thee devil! *Othello*, II. 3.

Wine (Canaries).

You have drunk too much canaries ; and that's a mar-
vellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one
can say, “What's this?” 2 *Henry IV.* II. 4.

Wine, Power of.

Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not
love me : nor a man cannot make him laugh—but that's
no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these
demure boys come to any proof ; for thin drink doth so
over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that
they fall into a kind of male green-sickness, and then
when they marry they get wenches ; they are generally
fools and cowards,—which some of us should be too, but
for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold
operation in it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me
there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which
environ it ; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of
nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes which, delivered o'er
to the voice (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes ex-
cellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris
is the warming of the blood, which, before cold and
settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge
of pusillanimity and cowardice ; but the sherris warms it,
and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme.
It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning
to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm ; and
then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster
me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up
with this retinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this
valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is

nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack. 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 3.

Wine ; properly used.

Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well-used.

Othello, II. 3.

Winning.

Winning would put any man into courage.

Cymbeline, II. 3.

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 in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who!*

*To-wit, to-who—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 Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, etc.*

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;
Sap-checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnowed, and bareness everywhere. *Sonnet v.*

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold.

2 *Henry VI.* II. 4.

Winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wished, more rare.

Sonnet LVI.

A lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly. *As you Like it*, II. 3.

Wisdom causes a proper Fear.

The effect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear. *Cymbeline*, IV. 2.

Wisdom, Pretended.

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who would say, "I am Sir Oracle;
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

M. of Venice, I. I.

Wise in Love, The.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are caught,
As wit turned fool: folly, in wisdom hatched,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity. *L. L. Lost*, v. 2.

Wish, A good.

Fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war.

1 *Henry VI.* II. 5.

Wishers.

Wishers were ever fools. *A. & Cleo.* IV. 15.

Wishes Fulfilled.

I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy. *Coriolanus*, II. 1.

Wishes, Poverty of.

Hel. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't
Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effect of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think—which never
Returns us thanks. *All's Well*, I. 1.

Wit.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it
is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on
beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath
given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair
than wit. *C. of Errors*, II. 2.

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Wit, A.

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 ravishèd :
So sweet and voluble is his discourse. *L. L. Lost, 1. 2.*

The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit. *L. L. Lost, v. 2.*

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain
of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent
any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or
is invented on me. I am not only witty myself, but the
cause that wit is in other men. 2 *Henry IV. 1. 1.*

A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

Hamlet, v. 1.

Wit, A Woman's.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at
the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ;
stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

As you Like it, IV. 1.

Wit, The Soul of.

Brevity is the soul of wit. *Hamlet, II. 2.*

Wolsey, Cardinal.

Kath. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom ; simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law ; i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning ; he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful ;
His promises were, as he was then, mighty,
But his performance, as he is now, nothing ;
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif.

Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer ;
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely ; ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;¹
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little ;
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Henry VIII. iv. 2.

Woman, A bad.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
 But God, he knows, thy share thereof is small :
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired,
 The contrary doth make thee wondered at :
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine,
 The want thereof makes thee abominable :
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.²

¹ Goodness that founded it.

² North.

Oh, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide,
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

3 *Henry VI.* I. 4.

Woman, A beautiful.

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

T. of Shrew, IV. 5.

See where she comes, apparelled like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever rased, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion. *Pericles,* I. I.

Woman, A bewitching.

Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself in thee fair and admired!

A. & Cleo. I. I.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish. *A. & Cleo.* II. 2.

Women will love her that she is a woman
 More worth than any man; men, that she is
 The rarest of all women. *Winter's Tale,* v. I.

This is such a creature
 Would she begin a sect might quench the zeal

Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow. *Ibid.*

Woman, A chaste.

The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

Woman, A deserving.

She that was ever fair and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, " Now I may ;"
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind.

Othello, II. I.

Woman, An accomplished.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admirèd lays ;
Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses :
Her inkle,¹ silk, twin with the rubied cherry.

Pericles, v. *Gowzer*.

Woman, A passionate.

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.

T. of Shrew, v. 2.

Woman, A perfect. (*See PERFECTION IN WOMAN*).

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ;
Her words do show her wit incomparable ;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

³ *Henry VI.* III. 2.

¹ *Worsted*.

Woman, A royal.

Her peerless feature, joinèd with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none but for a king ;
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
 More than in women commonly is seen,
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve
 As is fair Margaret he be linked in love.

1 *Henry VI.* v. 5.

Woman, A shrewish.

She misused me past the endurance of a block ; an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered 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 to the north star ; I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed ; she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até 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 follow her. *Much Ado*, II. 1.

Woman asleep, A.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;

Between whose hills her head entombèd is,
Where like a virtuous monument she lies.

* * * * *

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
Showed like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, played with her breath ;
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality :
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered.

Rape of Lucrece.

Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss !—one kiss ! Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do 't !—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows,—white, and azure-laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. *Cymbeline*, II. 2.

Woman, Description of a.

Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

T. of Shrew, II. 1.

Woman's Way, A.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak. *As you Like it*, III. 2.

Women. (*See* WOMAN, A BAD.)**Women, Influence of.**

When a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled.

I *Henry VI.* II. 2.

Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

Coriolanus, v. 3.

Women our best Teachers.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

L. L. Lost, I. 1.

Women should be wooed.

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

T. Andron. II. 1.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

I *Henry VI.* v. 3.

We cannot fight for love as men may do ;
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.

M. N. Dream, II. 1,

Women, The handmaids of.

Fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self. *Cymbeline*, III. 4.

Women, Vanity of.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it. *As you Like it*, II. 7.

Women's Aversion.

Falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
 Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Two Gent. of Verona, III. 2

Wooing, Affected.

Oh, never will I trust to speeches penned,
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;
 Nor never come in visor to my friend ;
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song !
 Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical—these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :
 I do forswear them ; and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.

L. L. Lost, v. 2.

Wooing and Wedding.

Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace ; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig and full as fantastical ; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry ; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. *Much Ado*, II. 1.

Wooing and Winning.

Women are angels, wooing :
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :
 That she, beloved, knows nought that knows not this—
 Men prize the thing ungained more than it is :
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is command ; ungained, beseech ;
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

T. & Cres. I. 2.

Wooing, A successful. (See MISTRESS, HOW TO WIN.)

Stand forth, Lysander ;—and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitched the bosom of my child.
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchanged love-tokens with my child ;
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
 And stolen the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth ;
 With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart.

M. N. Dream, 1. 1.

Wooing, Insincere.

Many a wooer doth commence his suit
 To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he wooes—
 Yet will he swear he loves. *Much Ado, 11. 3.*

Wooing, Troubles of.

He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour ; would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic.

As you Like it, 111. 2.

Words.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Richard III. IV. 4.

Words pay no debts, give deeds. *T. & Cres.* III. 2.

Words, Evil. (*See* EVIL DEEDS.)

Words, Evil ; their power to taint.

By our ears our hearts oft tainted be. *Rape of Lucrece.*

Words, Foolish.

Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.

All's Well, II. 4.

Words, Men of few.

Men of few words are the best men. *Henry V.* III. 2.

Words, Thoughtful.

His plausible words

He scattered not in ears, but grafted them,

To grow there, and to bear. *All's Well*, I. 2.

Workers, Humble.

He that of greatest works is finisher,

Oft does them by the weakest minister :

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes ; great floods have flown

From simple sources, and great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

All's Well, II. 1.

What poor an instrument may do a noble deed.

A. & Cleo. v. 2.

World, The.

The world's a stage. *As you Like it*, II. 7.

A stage, where every man must play a part.

M. of Venice, I. I.

'Tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. *Hamlet*, I. 2.

World, Errors of the.

Behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill. *Sonnet LXVI.*

World, Experience of the.

He cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being tried and tutored in the world.

Two Gent. of Verona, I. 3.

World, Respect for the.

You have too much respect upon the world :
 They lose it that do buy it with much care.

M. of Venice, I. 1.

World, Troubles of the.

How full of briers is this working-day world !

As you Like it, I. 3.

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
 Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.

Richard II. II. 2.

The world is full of rubs. *Richard II. III. 4.*

World, Weariness of the.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world ! *Hamlet, I. 2.*

Worst, The.

Things at the worst will cease. *Macbeth, IV. 2.*

Worthiness.

Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

Sonnet LII.

Wounds, Trifling.

Scratches with briers,
 Scars to move laughter only. *Coriolanus, III. 3.*

Writing, Unmalicious.

My free drift
 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
 In a wide sea of wax: no levelled malice
 Infects one comma in the course I hold;
 But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no track behind. *T. of Athens*, I. 1.

Writing, Unpleasant.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
 That ever blotted paper! *M. of Venice*, III. 2.

Wrong-doing persisted in.

To persist
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *T. & Cres.* II. 2.

Youth.

My salad days,
 When I was green in judgment. *A. & Cleo.* I. 5.

Youth, A. (*See COXCOMB, A.*)

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a
 boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling
 when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis with him e'en standing
 water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured,
 and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his
 mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Twelfth Night, I. 5.

How green you are, and fresh, in this old world.

K. John, III. 4.

Youth, A gallant.

In the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Henry V. I. 2.

Youth and Age.

You that are old consider not the capacities of us that
 are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the
 bitterness of your galls. 2 *Henry IV.* I. 2.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together ;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare ;
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee ;
 O my love, my love is young ;
 Age, I do defy thee ;
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long. *P. Pilgrim.*

Youth, Aspiring.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.

A. & Cleo. iv. 4.

Youth, Commendation of.

I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment
 to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew
 so young a body with so old a head.

M. of Venice, iv. 1.

Youth, Evanescence of.

Youth's a stuff will not endure. *T. Night, 11. 3.*

Youth, Lightheartedness of.

Youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness. *Hamlet, iv. 7.*

Youth of Promise, A.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age ;
 doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath,
 indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect
 of me to tell you how. *Much Ado*, I. 1.

Youth, Susceptibility of.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear ;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Hamlet, I. 3.

Youth, Wasted.

The camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it
 grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears.

I *Henry IV.* II. 4.

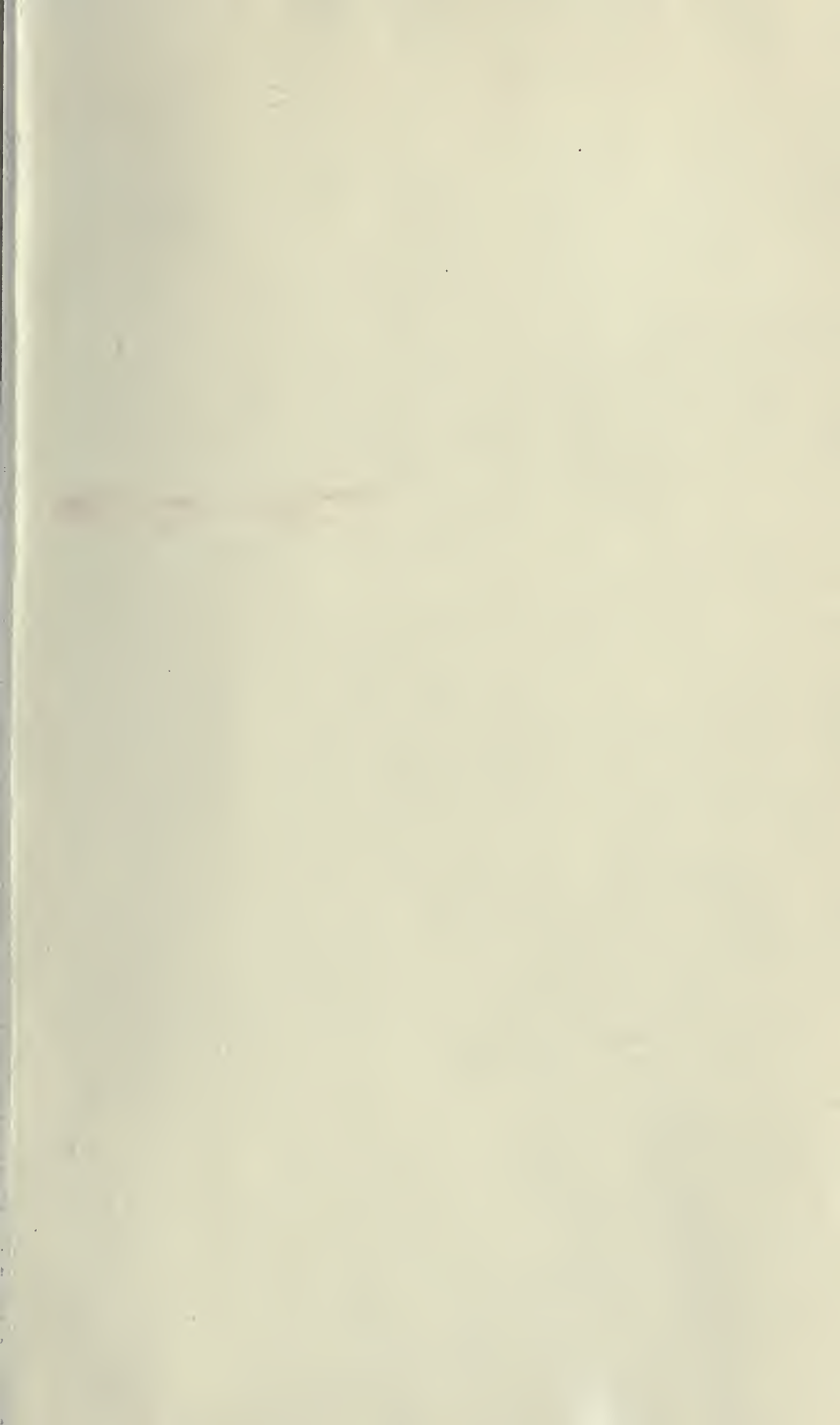
Youths. (See AGE DESPISED.)**Youths, Headstrong.**

Boys who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment. *A. & Cleo.* I. 4.

Zeal, Misplaced.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Henry VIII. III. 2.



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