

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 816
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Popular Shakespearian Quotations

Selected and Arranged by
Lloyd E. Smith



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POPULAR SHAKESPEARIAN
QUOTATIONS

“AS SHAKESPEARE SAYS”

A book of this kind hardly needs justification. The great number of Shakespearian quotations which occur even in casual conversation are justification enough for a book twice this size. A word, though, as to the purpose and scope:

The material has been selected and arranged not only with the intention of providing a source-book to enable readers to locate elusive lines, but also to provide readers and writers of English with appropriate quotations for various phases of composition and rhetoric. If your own pet Shakespearian quotation has not found a place in the more than half a thousand selections listed herein, don't be too disappointed or too harsh in your censure. When we come right down to it, *all* of Shakespeare is familiar,—even popular.

The compilation, finally, has been made as a complement to the more general selection, *A Book of Familiar Quotations* (Little Blue Book No. 815).

POPULAR SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATIONS

I. PROVERBS AND PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS

Shakespeare is rich in proverbial utterances, many of which have become established in his form or wording of them. Large numbers of these, of course, are not original, but the present familiarity and popularity of a good majority of them can be ascribed, without erring far from the truth, to Shakespeare's inclusion of them in his immortal works.

Love's Labor's Lost:

1. Many can brook the weather that love not the wind. (iv, 2.)
2. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. (v, 2.)

The Comedy of Errors:

3. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast. (iii, 1.)

The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

4. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. (i, 1.)
5. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. (iii, 1.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream:

6. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. (i, 1.)
7. Love looks not with eyes, but with the mind;

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And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.¹
(i, 1.)

The Merchant of Venice:

8. They are as sick that surfeit with too much,
as they that starve with nothing. (i, 2.)
9. 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. (i, 2.)
10. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but
a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree. (i, 2.)
11. The devil can cite Scripture for his pur-
pose. (i, 3.)
12. It is a wise father that knows his own child.
(ii, 2.)
13. Truth will come to sight; murder cannot be
hid long.² (ii, 2.)
14. But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.³
(ii, 6.)
15. All that glisters is not gold. (ii, 7.)
16. Hanging and wiving goes by destiny. (ii, 9.)
17. There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue in his outward parts.
(iii, 2.)
18. Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea. (iii, 2.)
19. He is well paid that is well satisfied. (iv, 1.)

The Taming of the Shrew:

20. There's small choice in rotten apples. (i, 1.)
21. Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at
leisure.⁴ (iii, 2.)

¹Compare No. 14.

²Compare No. 99.

³Compare No. 7.

⁴Compare William Congreve, *The Old Bachelor*:
"Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."

The Merry Wives of Windsor:

22. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt.⁶ (i, 1.)

Much Ado About Nothing:

23. He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man. (ii, 1.)
24. Everyone can master a grief but he that has it. (iii, 2.)
25. The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. (iii, 3.)
26. Comparisons are odorous. (iii, 5.)
27. Patch grief with proverbs. (v, 1.)
28. Charm ache with air, and agony with words. (v, 1.)
29. For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the toothache patiently. (v, 1.)

As You Like It:

30. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world. (i, 2.)
31. The little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. (i, 2.)
32. Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. (i, 3.)
33. I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. (ii, 4.)
34. He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends. (iii, 2.)
35. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad. (iv, 1.)
36. Good orators, when they are out, they will spit. (iv, 1.)
37. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them,—but not for love. (iv, 1.)

⁶Compare Publius Syrus, *Maxim* 640: "Familiarity breeds contempt."

38. Good wine needs no bush.⁶ (Epilogue.)

Twelfth Night:

39. Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know. (ii, 3.)
40. Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them.
(ii, 5.)
41. Foolery does walk about the orb like the sun;
it shines everywhere. (iii, 1.)
42. 'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁷
with Satan. (iii, 4.)

Troilus and Cressida:

43. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. (iii, 3.)
44. One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin. (iii, 3.)

All's Well That Ends Well:

45. The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. (i, 1.)
46. He must needs go that the devil drives. (i, 3.)
47. A young man married is a man that's marr'd.
(ii, 3.)
48. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. (v, 3.)

Measure for Measure:

49. Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
(ii, 1.)
50. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
(iv, 1.)

Cymbeline:

51. Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys. (iv, 2.)

⁶Bush: A bough used as the sign of a tavern or a vintner.

⁷Cherry-pit: A children's game in which cherry stones are tossed into a hole.

52. Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. (iv, 2.)

The Winter's Tale:

53. What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. (iii, 2.)
54. A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. (iv. 3.)

The Tempest:

55. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-
fellows. (ii, 2.)
56. He that dies pays all debts. (iii, 2.)

King Richard II:

57. The ripest fruit first falls. (ii, 1.)
58. As for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.⁸
(v, 5.)

King Henry IV, Part 1:

59. If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work. (i, 2.)
60. The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare! (i, 3.)
61. Two stars keep not their motion in one
sphere. (v, 4.)
62. The better part of valor is discretion. (v, 4.)

King Henry IV, Part 2:

63. Past and to come seems best; things present
worst. (i, 3.)
64. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
(iii, 1.)
65. A man can die but once. (iii, 2.)
66. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
(iv, 5.)
67. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

⁸Compare *Matt. xix 24*: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

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Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.⁹ (v, 3.)

King Henry V:

68. Base is the slave that pays. (ii, 1.)

King Henry VI, Part 1:

69. Delays have dangerous ends. (iii, 2.)

King Henry VI, Part 2:

70. Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. (iii, 1.)

King Henry VI, Part 3:

71. And many strokes, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
(ii, 1.)

72. The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on. (ii, 2.)

73. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.¹⁰ (ii, 5.)

74. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
(iv, 8.)

75. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. (v, 6.)

King Richard III:

76. The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch. (i, 3.)

77. So wise so young, they say, do never live long. (iii, 1.)

78. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. (iv, 4.)

King Henry VIII:

79. Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. (i, 1.)

80. Press not a falling man too far! (iii, 2.)

81. Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. (iv, 2.)

⁹Compare No. 73.

¹⁰Compare No. 67.

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82. 'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man. (v, 3.)
Titus Andronicus:
83. More water glideth by the mill
Than wots¹¹ the miller of. (ii, 1.)
84. Easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.¹² (ii, 1.)
85. The eagle suffers little birds to sing. (iv, 4.)

Romeo and Juliet:

86. The weakest goes to the wall. (i, 1.)
87. He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
(i, 1.)
88. One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.
(i, 2.)
89. That book in many eyes doth share the
glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
(i, 3.)
90. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
(ii, 2.)
91. What's in a name? That which we call a
rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
(ii, 2.)
92. Violent delights have violent ends. (ii, 6.)
93. Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
(ii, 6.)

Julius Caesar:

94. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
of princes. (ii, 2.)
95. The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
(iii, 2.)

¹¹Wots: Knows.

¹²Shive: Slice.

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Hamlet:

96. Brevity is the soul of wit. (ii, 2.)
97. There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. (ii, 2.)
98. Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? (ii, 2.)
99. For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.¹³ (ii, 2.)
100. The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. (ii, 2.)
101. Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. (iii, 1.)
102. Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. (iii, 4.)
103. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. (iv, 3.)
104. We know what we are, but know not what we may be. (iv, 5.)
105. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. (v, 1.)
106. Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and the dog will have his day. (v, 1.)
107. There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. (v, 2.)

Othello:

108. We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. (i, 1.)
109. The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief. (i, 3.)
110. O God, that men should put an enemy in their [men's] mouths to steal away their brains! (ii, 3.)
111. Poor and content is rich and rich enough. (iii, 3.)

¹³Compare Nos. 13 and 346.

112. They laugh that win. (iv, 1.)

King Lear:

113. Nothing will come of nothing. (i, 1.)

114. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! (i, 4.)

Macbeth:

115. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day. (i, 3.)

116. 'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. (ii, 2.)

117. There's daggers in men's smiles. (ii, 3.)

118. Things bad begun make strong themselves
by ill. (iii, 2.)

119. Angels are bright still, though the brightest
fell. (iv, 3.)

120. The night is long that never finds the day.
(iv, 3.)

Timon of Athens:

121. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
—honest water, which ne'er left man i' the
mire. (i, 2.)

122. Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
(i, 2.)

Antony and Cleopatra:

123. Small to greater matters must give way.
(ii, 2.)

Coriolanus:

124. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
(ii, 1.)

II. FAMILIAR PHRASES, IDIOMS, AND COLLOQUIALISMS

These are listed here because they occur in Shakespeare, and not because (though this is often the first record of them) this may or may not be their first occurrence (and certainly not their

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last) in literature. Italics have been added to emphasize the familiar element.

Love's Labor's Lost:

125. To sell a bargain well is as cunning as *fast and loose*. (iii, 1.)

The Comedy of Errors:

126. Every *why* hath a *wherefore*. (ii, 2.)
 127. Let's go *hand in hand*, not one before another. (v, 1.)

The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

128. Is she not *passing fair*? (iv, 4.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream:

129. But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
 Than that which withering on the virgin
 thorn
 Grows, lives, and dies in *single blessed-*
ness. (i, 1.)

130. That would hang us, *every mother's son*.
 (i, 2.)

131. My heart
 Is *true as steel*. (ii, 1.)

132. A *lion among ladies* is a most dreadful
 thing. (iii, 1.)

133. The true *beginning of our end*. (v, 1.)

The Merchant of Venice:

134. In the *twinkling of an eye*. (ii, 2.)

135. Let it serve for *table-talk*. (iii, 5.)

The Taming of the Shrew:

136. Let the *world slide*. (Induction, 1.)

137. I'll not *budge an inch*. (Induction, 1.)

138. And thereby *hangs a tale*.¹⁴ (iv, 1.)

The Merry Wives of Windsor:

139. We *burn daylight*. (ii, 1.)

140. This is *the short and the long of it*. (ii, 2.)

141. I cannot tell *what the dickens* his name is.
 (iii, 2.)

¹⁴Compare No. 150.

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142. As good *luck would have it.* (iii, 5.)
 143. So curses all *Eve's daughters*, of what complexion soever. (iv, 2.)

Much Ado About Nothing:

144. As merry as *the day is long.* (ii, 1.)
 145. Sits the *wind in that corner?* (ii, 3.)
 146. From *the crown of his head to the sole of his foot*, he is all mirth. (iii, 2.)
 147. Are you *good men and true?* (iii, 3.)
 148. Some of us will *smart for 't.* (v, 1.)

As You Like It:

149. And then he drew a dial from his poke,¹⁵
 And looking on it with lack-luster eye,
 Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
 Thus we may see," quoth he, "*how the world wags.*" (ii, 7.)
 150. 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.*¹⁶ (ii, 7.)
 151. True is it that we have *seen better days.*
 (ii, 7.)
 152. With *bag and baggage.* (iii, 2.)
 153. Neither *rhyme nor reason.* (iii, 2.)
 154. Can one desire *too much of a good thing?*
 (iv, 1.)
 155. For *ever and a day.* (iv, 1.)
 156. It is *meat and drink* to me. (v, 1.)

Twelfth Night:

157. At *my fingers' ends.* (i, 3.)
 158. My purpose is, indeed, a *horse of that color.* (ii, 3.)
 159. This is very *midsummer madness.* (iii, 4.)
 160. Still you keep o' *the windy side of the law.*
 (iii, 4.)

¹⁵Poke: Pouch.

¹⁶Compare Nos. 138 and 190; also *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (i, 4).

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161. Out of *the jaws of death*.¹⁷ (iii, 4.)
All's Well That Ends Well:
162. My friends were *poor but honest*. (i, 3.)
Cymbeline:
163. *The game is up*. (iii, 3.)
164. I have not slept *one wink*. (iii, 4.)
King Henry IV, Part 1:
165. He will give *the devil his due*. (i, 2.)
166. *God save the mark*. (i, 3.)
167. I know *a trick worth two of that*. (1, 3.)
168. *Exceedingly well read*. (iii, 1.)
King Henry IV, Part 2:
169. He hath eaten me *out of house and home*.
(ii, 1.)
170. We are ready to try our fortunes
To the last man. (iv, 2.)
King Henry V:
171. Even at *the turning o' the tide*. (ii, 3.)
172. As cold as any stone. (ii, 3.)
King Henry VI, Part 1:
173. *Halcyon days*. (i, 2.)
King Henry VI, Part 2:
174. *Main chance*. (i, 1.)
King Richard III:
175. Framed in *the prodigality of nature*. (1, 2.)
Romeo and Juliet:
176. For you and I are past *our dancing days*.
(i, 4.)
177. I am the very *pink of courtesy*. (ii, 4.)
178. My man's as *true as steel*.¹⁸ (ii, 4.)
Julius Caesar:
179. *The live-long day*. (i, 1.)

¹⁷Probably more familiar in Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*.

¹⁸Compare No. 131; also *Troilus and Cressida*, (iii, 2).

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180. But, for my own part, *it was Greek to me.*
(i, 2.)
181. A dish *fit for the gods.* (ii, 1.)
182. Cry "Havoc," and let slip *the dogs of war.*
(iii, 1.)
183. Friends, Romans, countrymen, *lend me your ears.* (iii, 2.)

Hamlet:

184. *The memory be green.* (i, 2.)
185. In my *mind's eye*, Horatio. (i, 2.)
186. I do not set my life *at a pin's fee.* (i, 4.)
187. *Cudgel thy brains* no more about it. (v, 1.)
188. *A ministering angel* shall my sister be.
(v, 1.)

Othello:

189. I will wear *my heart upon my sleeve*
For daws to peck at. (i, 1.)
190. O, *thereby hangs a tale.*¹⁹ (iii, 1.)
191. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is *the green-eyed monster* which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. (iii, 3.)
192. But this denoted a *foregone conclusion.*
(iii, 3.)
193. 'Tis *neither here nor there.* (iv, 3.)
194. It *makes us or it mars us.* (v, 1.)

King Lear:

195. Although the *last, not least.* (i, 1.)
196. Ay, *every inch a king.* (iv, 6.)
197. Pray you now, *forget and forgive.* (iv, 7.)

Macbeth:

198. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' *the milk of human kindness.*
(i, 5.)
199. *Stand not upon the order of your going,*
But go at once. (iii, 4.)
200. What, will the line stretch out to *the crack*
of doom? (iv, 1.)

¹⁹Compare No. 150.

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201. I bear a charmed life. (v, 8.)
Timon of Athens:
202. We have seen better days. (iv, 2.)

III. RHETORICAL FIGURES AND EXCLAMATIONS

Many of these are in more or less common use, in figurative capacity, the figure depending for its effect on the original meaning of the words in their original context.

A Midsummer Night's Dream:

203. Masters, spread yourselves. (i, 2.)
204. A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. (i, 2.)
205. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. (iii, 1.)
206. Lord, what fools these mortals be! (iii, 2.)
207. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. (v, 1.)

The Merchant of Venice:

208. I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
(i, 1.)
209. He doth nothing but talk of his horse. (i, 2.)
210. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. (i, 2.)
211. What news on the Rialto? (i, 3.)
212. Many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me. (i, 3.)
213. For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
(i, 3.)
214. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun.
(ii, 1.)
215. The very staff of my age, my very prop.
(ii, 2.)
216. Must I hold a candle to my shames? (ii, 6.)
217. I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? (iii, 1.)

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218. A harmless necessary cat. (iv, 1.)
 219. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? (iv, 1.)
 220. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! (iv, 1.)
 221. Is it so nominated in the bond? (iv, 1.)
 222. An upright judge, a learned judge! (iv, 1.)
 223. I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. (iv, 1.)

The Taming of the Shrew:

224. My cake is dough. (v, 1.)

The Merry Wives of Windsor:

225. I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. (i, 1.)
 226. Mine host of the Garter. (i, 1.)
 227. O base Hungarian wight!²⁰ wilt thou the spigot wield? (i, 3.)
 228. Thou art the Mars of malcontents. (i, 3.)
 229. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open. (ii, 2.)
 230. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground. (ii, 2.)

Much Ado About Nothing:

231. Benedick the married man. (i, 1.)
 232. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! [Refers to marriage.] (iv, 1.)
 233. Flat burglary as ever was committed. (iv, 2.)
 234. O, that he were here to write me down an ass! (iv, 2.)
 235. I was not born under a rhyming planet. (v, 2.)

As You Like It:

236. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel. (i, 2.)
 237. Not a word?
 Not one to throw at a dog. (i, 3.)

²⁰Wight: Person.

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238. O, how full of briers is this working-day world! (i, 3.)
239. Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. (ii, 1.)
240. I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley²¹ fool. (ii, 7.)
241. Motley's²¹ the only wear. (iii, 7.)
242. The "why" is plain as way to parish church.
(ii, 7.)
243. I do desire we may be better strangers.
(iii, 2.)
244. I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.
(v, 1.)
245. The Retort Courteous; . . . the Quip Modest;
. . . the Reply Churlish; . . . the Reproof
Valliant; . . . the Countercheck Quarrelsome;
. . . the Lie with Circumstance; . . . the Lie
Direct. (v, 4.)
246. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue
in If. (v, 4.)

Twelfth Night:

247. Wherefore are these things hid? (i, 1.)
248. Is it a world to hide virtues in? (i, 1.)
249. Is there no respect of place, persons, nor
time in you? (ii, 3.)
250. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too. (ii, 4.)
251. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
(ii, 4.)
252. ~~Me~~ matter for a May morning. (iii, 4.)

Measure for Measure:

253. He was ever precise in promise-keeping.
(i, 2.)
254. A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.
(i, 4.)

²¹Motley: The particolored dress of a fool or a clown.

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255. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
(ii, 2.)

256. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept. (ii, 2.)

257. The cunning livery of hell. (iii, 1.)

258. The hand that hath made you fair hath
made you good. (iii, 1.)

259. My business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna. ((v, 1.)

260. What's mine is yours, and what is yours is
mine. (v, 1.)

The Tempest:

261. I would fain die a dry death. (i, 1.)

262. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of
sea for an acre of barren ground. (i, 1.)

263. My library
Was dukedom large enough. (i, 2.)

264. A kind
Of excellent dumb discourse. (iii, 3.)

265. Deeper than e'er plummet sounded. (iii, 3.)

266. Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. (v, 1.)

King John:

267. Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
(ii, 1.)

268. Zounds²² I was never so bethump'd with
words
Since first I call'd my brother's father dad.
(ii, 2.)

269. Now my soul hath elbow-room. (v, 7.)

King Richard II:

270. A mockery king of snow. (iv, 1.)

King Henry IV, Part 1:

271. 'Tis my vocation, Hal; 'Tis no sin for a
man to labor in his vocation. (i, 2.)

²²Zounds: A corruption of "God's wounds."

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272. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. (ii, 2.)
273. Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. (ii, 3.)
274. Brain him with his lady's fan. (ii, 3.)
275. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. (ii, 4.)
276. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. (ii, 4.)
277. I was now a coward on instinct. (ii, 4.)
278. No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!
(ii, 4.)
279. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.
(ii, 4.)
280. Play out the play. (ii, 4.)
281. I am not in the roll of common men. (iii, 1.)
282. I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same meter ballad-
mongers. (iii, 1.)
283. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn.²³
(iii, 3.)
284. Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me. (iii, 3.)
285. Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. (iv, 2.)
286. I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.
(v, 1.)
287. I could have better spared a better man.
(v, 4.)
288. I'll purge, and leave sack,²⁴ and live cleanly. (v, 4.)

²³Pepper-corn: An insignificant or mean person, derived from the name of a berry of the pepper plant.

²⁴Sack: A general name for various sherry-like wines.

King Henry IV, Part 2:

289. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion. (i, 2.)

290. Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. (ii, 2.)

291. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. (ii, 3.)

292. I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame."
(iv, 3.)

King Henry V:

293. I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety. (iii, 1.)

294. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. (iii, 7.)

295. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. (iv, 1.)

296. All hell shall stir for this. (v, 1.)

297. If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.
(v, 2.)

King Richard III:

298. Off with his head! (iii, 4.)

299. Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down.
(iii, 4.)

300. The king's name is a tower of strength. (v, 3.)

301. Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
(v, 3.)

302. I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field.
(v, 4.)

303. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
(v, 4.)

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Romeo and Juliet:

304. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. (i, 1.)
 305. For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase.
 (i, 4.)
 306. See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek! (ii, 2.)
 307. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Ro-
 meo? (ii, 2.)
 308. A plague o' both your houses! (iii, 1.)
 309. The damned use that word in hell. (iii, 3.)
 310. Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no
 prouds. (iii, 5.)

Julius Caesar:

311. Beware the ides of March. (i, 2.)
 312. Help me, Cassius, or I sink! (i, 2.)
 313. There was a Brutus once that would have
 brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king. (i, 2.)
 314. Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
 That he is grown so great? (i, 2.)
 315. Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'
 nights:
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
 He thinks too much: such men are danger-
 ous. (i, 2.)
 316. Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded? (ii, 1.)
 317. The ides of March are come.
 Ay, Caesar; but not gone. (iii, 1.)
 318. Et tu, Brute!²⁵ (iii, 1.)
 319. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me
 for my cause, and be silent that you may
 hear. (iii, 2.)
 320. Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved
 Rome more. (iii, 2.)

²⁵Thou too, Brutus!

321. Who is here so base that would be a bond-
man? (iii, 2.)
322. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
(iii, 2.)
323. For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men. (iii, 2.)
324. When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath
wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
(iii, 2.)
325. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. (iii, 2.)
326. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now. (iii, 2.)
327. This was the most unkindest cut of all.
(iii, 2.)
328. I am no orator, as Brutus is. (iii, 2.)
329. I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. (iv, 3.)
330. Then I shall see thee again?
Ay, at Philippi.
Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. (iv, 3.)
331. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
(v, 6.)
332. His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand
up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
(v, 6.)
- Hamlet:*
333. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
(i, 2.)
334. But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of
woe. (i, 2.)
335. That it should come to this! (i, 2.)
336. Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. (i, 2.)
337. Frailty, thy name is woman! (i, 2.)

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338. A little month. (i, 2.)
339. Like Niobe, all tears. (i, 2.)
340. My father's brother, but no more like my
father
Than I to Hercules. (i, 2.)
341. It is not nor it cannot come to good. (i, 2.)
342. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked
meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
(i, 2.)
343. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
344. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred. (i, 2.)
345. Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
(i, 2.)
346. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to
men's eyes.²⁶ (i, 2.)
347. Springes to catch woodcocks. (i, 3.)
348. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that
lets²⁷ me! (i, 4.)
349. Something is rotten in the state of Den-
mark. (i, 4.)
350. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle! (i, 5.)
351. O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
(i, 5.)
352. That one may smile, and smile, and be a
villain. (i, 5.)
353. There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. (i, 5.)
354. The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! (i, 5.)
355. This is the very ecstasy of love. (ii, 1.)

²⁶Compare Nos. 13 and 99.

²⁷Lets: Hinders.

POPULAR SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATIONS 27

356. What do you read, my lord?
Words, words, words. (ii, 2.)
357. Though this be madness, yet there is method
in't. (ii, 2.)
358. Man delights not me: no, nor woman either.
(ii, 2.)
359. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the
king. (ii, 2.)
360. I am myself indifferent honest.²⁸ (iii, 1.)
361. Get thee to a nunnery, go. (iii, 1.)
362. I have heard of your paintings, too, well
enough; God has given you one face, and
you make yourselves another. (iii, 1.)
363. To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to na-
ture. (iii, 2.)
364. Here's metal more attractive. (iii, 2.)
365. 'Tis brief, my lord.
As woman's love. (iii, 2.)
366. By and by is easily said. (iii, 2.)
367. I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
(iii, 2.)
368. I must be cruel, only to be kind. (iii, 4.)
369. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her
soul, she's dead. (v, 1.)
370. Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. (v, 1.)
371. Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou. (v, 1.)
372. 'Tis the breathing time of day with me. (v, 2.)
373. I have shot nine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. (v, 2.)
374. A hit, a very palpable hit. (v, 2.)
375. I am more an antique Roman than a
Dane. (v, 2.)
376. The rest is silence. (v, 2.)

Othello:

²⁸I.e., virtuous.

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377. For I am nothing, if not critical. (ii, 1.)
 378. Be sure of it; give me ~~the~~ ocular proof.
 (iii, 3.)
 379. But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the
 pity of it, Iago! (iv, 1.)

King Lear:

380. Mend your speech a little,
 Lest it may mar your fortunes. (i, 1.)
 381. Let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks! (ii, 4.)
 382. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
 blow! (iii, 2.)
 383. A poor, infirm, weak, and depised old man.
 (iii, 2.)
 384. I am a man
 More sinn'd against than sinning. (iii, 4.)
 385. The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
 (iii, 4.)
 386. Child Roland to the dark tower came,²⁹
 His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
 I smell the blood of a British man. (iii, 4.)
 387. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the
 course. (iii, 7.)
 388. Mine enemy's dog,
 Though he had bit me, should have stood
 that night
 Against my fire. (iv, 7.)
 389. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
 Make instruments to plague us. (v, 3.)

Macbeth:

390. When shall we three meet again
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
 When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won. (i, 1.)
 391. Fair is foul, and foul is fair. (i, 1.)
 392. I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none. (i, 7.)
 393. If we should fail?

²⁹See Robert Brownings poem so entitled.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. (i, 7.)

394. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
(ii, 1.)
395. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!" (ii, 2.)
396. Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is
done. (iii, 2.)
397. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.
(iii, 2.)
398. Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! (iii, 4.)
399. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble. (iv, 1.)
400. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks! (iv, 1.)
401. A deed without a name. (iv, 1.)
402. The weird sisters. (iv, 1.)
403. Stands Scotland where it did? (iv, 3.)
404. What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop? (iv, 3.)
405. Out, damned spot! out, I say! (v, 1.)
406. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?
(v, 1.)
407. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand. (v, 1.)
408. Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.
(v, 3.)
409. I gin to be aweary of the sun. (y, 5.)
410. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
(v, 5.)
411. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries. "Hold,

enough!" (v, 8.)

Antony and Cleopatra:

412. Where's my serpent of old Nile? (i, 5.)
 413. The shirt of Nessus is upon me. (iv, 12.)
 414. I am dying, Egypt, dying. (iv, 15.)
 415. Let's do it after the high Roman fashion.
 (iv, 15.)
 416. I have
 Immortal longings in me. (v, 2.)

IV. FAMOUS PASSAGES

417. Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 (*Tempest*: i, 2.)
418. Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-
 aces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. (*Tempest*: iv, 1.)
419. 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.
 (*Measure for Measure*: ii, 2.)
420. Ay, but 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 a thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world.

(*Measure for Measure*: iii, 1.)

421. 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.

(*Much Ado About Nothing*: ii, 1.)

422. 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;
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*: v, 1.)

423. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
 The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth; and by adventuring
 both,

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I oft found both.

(*Merchant of Venice*: i, 1.)

424. The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
 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 throned 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 enthroned 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.

(*Merchant of Venice*: iv, 1.)

425. 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 Troyan walls,
 And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
 Where Cressid lay that night.
 In such a night
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
 And ran dismay'd away.
 In such a night
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
 Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
 To come again to Carthage.
 In such a night
 Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
 That did renew old Aeson.

(*Merchant of Venice*: v, 1.)

POPULAR SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATIONS 33

426. The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd 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.

(*Merchant of Venice*: v, 1.)

427. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the run-
 ning brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

(*As You Like It*: ii, 1.)

428. 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 woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the
 pard;³⁰

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quar-
 rel,

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
 justice,

In fair round belly with good capon³¹ lined,

³⁰Pard: Leopard.

³¹Capon: A male chicken, gelded to fatten for eating.

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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 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. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing. *(As You Like It: ii, 7.)*

429. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor!

(Twelfth Night: i, 1.)

430. To gild refined 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 eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

(King John: iv, 2.)

431. Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor
prick me off when I come on,—how then?
Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no:
or take away the grief of a wound? no.
Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no.
What is honor? a word. What is in that
word honor; what is that honor? air. A
trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died

o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis 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. Honor is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism.
(*King Henry IV, Part 1: v, 1.*)

432. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies³²
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'
legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
Her traces of the smallest spider web,
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
of love;

On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies
straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream
on fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
plagues,

³²Atomies: Atoms,

Because their breath with sweetmeats
tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's³³
tail

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign
throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and
wakes,

And being thus frightened swears a prayer
or two

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune
bodes. (*Romeo and Juliet*: i, 4.)

433. If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands
do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

³³Tithe-pig: One given in payment of the church
tax.

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

(*Romeo and Juliet*: i, v.)

434. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
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 Caesar*: ii, 2)

435. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to
Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

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When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal³⁴

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambi-
tion?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without
cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn
for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with
me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

(*Julius Caesar*: iii, 2)

436. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and
you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

(*Julius Caesar*: iii, 2)

³⁴Lupercal: A sacred grotto on the Palatine Hill.

437. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.

'Twas on a summer evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger
through;

See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd
him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty
heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
here:

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
traitors.

(*Julius Caesar*: iii, 2)

438. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honorable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know
 not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and
 honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your
 hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
 That love my friend; and that they know
 full well

That give me public leave to speak of him;
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of
 speech

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that which you yourselves do
 know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor,
 dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I
 Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
 tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

(*Julius Caesar*: iii, 2)

439. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
 well

It were done quickly. 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 poison'd
 chalice
 To our own lips. (*Macbeth*: i, 7)

440. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
 clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was
 going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
 senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon³⁵ gouts³⁶ of
 blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such
 thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-
 world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
 abuse
 The curtain'd sleep. (*Macbeth*: ii, 1)

441. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

³⁵Dudgeon: Handle.

³⁶Gouts: Drops.

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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, 3)

442. O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seems to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! oh, fie, fie! 'Tis an unweeded
garden,

That grows to seed; things rank and gross
in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to
this! (*Hamlet*: i, 2)

443. Give my thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in France of the best rank and
 station

Are most select and generous in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all: to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

(*Hamlet*: i, 3)

444.

I am thy father's spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of
 nature

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
 forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 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 knotty and combined locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.³⁷

But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood.

(*Hamlet*: i, 5)

445.

What a piece of work is a man! How noble
 in reason! How infinite in faculty! In
 form and moving how express and admira-
 ble! In action how like an angel! In
 apprehension how like a god! The beauty
 of the world! The paragon of animals!

³⁷Porpentine: Porcupine.

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And yet, to me, what is this quintessence
of dust? (Hamlet: ii, 2)

446. To be or not to be: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die; to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. 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 shuffl'd 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 con-
tumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd 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?³⁸ Who would fardels³⁹
bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than to fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us
all;

³⁸Bodkin: Dagger.

³⁹Fardels: Burdens.

And thus 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)

V. MISCELLANEOUS

447. *Action*:

Suit the action to the word, the word to the
action; with this special observance, that
you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.

(*Hamlet*: iii, 2)

448. *Age*:

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.

(*The Passionate Pilgrim*: viii)

449. *Ambition*:

I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels.

(*Henry VIII*: iii, 2)

450. *Ambition*:

'Tis a common proof,
That 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 de-
grees
By which he did ascend.

(*Julius Caesar*: ii, 1)

451. *Anger*:

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

(*Henry VIII*: i, 1)

452. *Business*:

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

(*Antony and Cleopatra*: iv, 4)

453. *Care:*
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
(*Romeo and Juliet*: ii, 3)
454. *Care:*
I am sure care's an enemy to life.
(*Twelfth Night*: i, 3)
455. *Clothes:*
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do
appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
(*King Lear*: iv, 6)
456. *Conscience:*
My conscience hath a thousand several
tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
(*Richard III*: v, 3)
457. *Consideration:*
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.
(*Henry V*: i, 1)
458. *Courage:*
For courage mounteth with occasion.
(*King John*: ii, 1)
459. *Death:*
The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
(*Richard II*: ii, 1)
460. *Death:*
All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
(*Hamlet*: i, 2)
461. *Devotion:*
With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
(*Hamlet*: iii, 1)
462. *Disease:*
Diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. (*Hamlet*: iv, 3)

463. *Doubt*:

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that
searches
To the bottom of the worst.
(*Troilus and Cressida*: ii, 2)

464. *Doubt*:

To be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd. (*Othello*: iii, 3)

465. *Doubt*:

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
(*Measure for Measure*: i, 4)

466. *Dreams*:

I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.
(*Romeo and Juliet*: i, 4)

467. *Duty*:

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
(*A Midsummer Night's Dream*: v, 1)

468. *Evil*:

There is some soul of goodness in things
evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
(*Henry V*: iv, 1)

469. *Evil*:

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done!
(*King John*: iv, 2)

470. *Eyes*:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes.

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That show, contain, and nourish all the
world. (*Love's Labor's Lost*: iv, 3)

471. *Face*:

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
(*Macbeth*: i, 4)

472. *Faults*:

They say, best men are moulded out of
faults,
And, for the most, become much more the
better
For being a little bad.
(*Measure for Measure*: v, 1)

473. *Fears*:

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
(*Macbeth*: i, 3)

474. *Fears*:

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
(*Macbeth*: iv, 2)

475. *Fortune*:

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
(*King John*: iii, 4)

476. *Friend*:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
(*Julius Caesar*: iv, 3)

477. *Good Deed*:

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
(*The Merchant of Venice*: v, 1)

478. *Good Name*:

Good name in man and woman, dear my
lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;

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'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)

479. *Grief*:

Men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel.

(*Much Ado About Nothing*: v, 1)

480. *Grief*:

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.

(*King John*: iii, 4)

481. *Guilt*:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

(*Hamlet*: iv, 5)

482. *Habit*:

How use doth breed a habit in a man:

(*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: v, 4)

483. *Happiness*:

How bitter a thing it is to look into happi-
ness through another man's eyes!

(*As You Like It*: v, 2)

484. *Honesty*:

To be honest as this world goes, is to be one
man picked out of ten thousand.

(*Hamlet*: ii, 1)

485. *Honesty*:

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

(*All's Well That Ends Well*: iii, 5)

486. *Honesty*:

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a

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poor house; as your pearl in your foul
oyster. (As You Like It: v, 4)

487. *Hope:*

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. (*Measure for Measure*: iii, 1)

488. *Hope:*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
kings. (*Richard III*: v, 2)

489. *Horror:*

On horror's head horrors accumulate.
(*Othello*: iii, 3)

490. *Jealousy:*

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. (*Othello*: iii, 3)

491. *Jest:*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
(*Love's Labor's Lost*: v, 2)

492. *Joy:*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I
were but little happy, if I could say how
much. (*Much Ado About Nothing*: ii, 1)

493. *Judgment:*

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or
two
Guiltier than him they try.
(*Measure for Measure*: ii, 1)

494. *Judgment:*

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things out-
ward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.
(*Antony and Cleopatra*: iii, 13)

495. *King:*
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
(*Hamlet*: iv, 5)
496. *Life:*
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
(*King John*: iii, 4)
497. *Liking:*
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
(*The Taming of the Shrew*: i, 1)
498. *Love:*
Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.
(*Sonnets* cxvi)
499. *Love:*
There is beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.
(*Antony and Cleopatra*: i, 1)
500. *Love:*
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves. (*Hamlet*: iv, 5)
501. *Love:*
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple
faith. (*Julius Caesar*: iv, 2)
502. *Love:*
For stony limits cannot hold love out.
(*Romeo and Juliet*: ii, 2)
503. *Love:*
Love sought is good, but given unsought is
better. (*Twelfth Night*: iii, 1)
504. *Love:*
Speak low if you speak love.
(*Much Ado About Nothing*: ii, 1)

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505. *Lovers:*
At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.
(*Romeo and Juliet*: ii, 2)
506. *Lovers:*
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.
(*Troilus and Cressida*: iii, 2)
507. *Memory:*
Memory, the warder of the brain.
(*Macbeth*: i, 7)
508. *Mercy:*
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.⁴⁰
(*Measure for Measure*: ii, 2)
509. *Mercy:*
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
(*Titus Andronicus*: i, 2)
510. *Opportunity:*
We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
(*Julius Caesar*: iv, 3)
511. *Pain:*
The labor we delight in physics pain.
(*Macbeth*: ii, 3)
512. *Pardon:*
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.
(*King John*: iv, 2)

⁴⁰Compare No. 424.

513. *Patience:*
How poor are they that have not patience!
(*Othello*: ii, 3)
514. *Philosophy:*
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
(*Romeo and Juliet*: iii, 3)
515. *Reason:*
I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so
(*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: i, 2)
516. *Reputation:*
Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I
have lost my reputation! I have lost the
immortal part of myself, and what re-
mains is bestial. (*Othello*: ii, 3)
517. *Robbery:*
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at
all. (*Othello*: i, 3)
518. *Scandal:*
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
(*The Rape of Lucrece*: Line 1006)
519. *Season:*
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
(*The Merchant of Venice*: v, 1)
520. *Self-Love:*
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. (*Henry V*: ii, 4)
521. *Service:*
Service is no heritage.
(*All's Well That Ends Well*: i, 3)
522. *Shame:*
Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.
(*Hamlet*: iv, 1)
523. *Sin:*
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
(*Timon of Athens*: iii, 5)

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524. *Slander:*

No, 'tis 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.

(*Cymbeline*: iii, 4)

525. *Sleep:*

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep!" the innocent
sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of
care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's
bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

(*Macbeth*: ii, 2)

526. *Sorrow:*

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not
speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it
break.

(*Macbeth*: iv, 3)

527. *Sorrow:*

When sorrows come, they come not single
spies,
But in battalions.

(*Hamlet*: iv, 5)

528. *Strength:*

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

(*Measure for Measure*: ii, 2)

529. *Taciturnity:*

Men of few words are the best men.

(*Henry V*: iii, 2)

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530. *Tears:*
 O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear.
 (*A Lover's Complaint*: Line 288)
531. *Time:*
 The end crowns all,
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.
 (*Troilus and Cressida*: iv, 5)
532. *Time:*
 Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.
 (*King Lear*: i, 1)
533. *Truth:*
 Truth is truth
 To the end of reckoning.
 (*Measure for Measure*: v, 1)
534. *Truth:*
 Truth hath a quiet breast.
 (*Richard II*: i, 3)
535. *Virtue:*
 Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
 (*Measure for Measure*: iii, 1)
536. *Voice:*
 Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in
 woman.
 (*King Lear*: v, 3)
537. *Weariness:*
 Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.
 (*Cymbeline*: iii, 6)
538. *Well:*
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
 (*King Lear*: i, 4)
539. *Wifehood:*
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
 (*The Taming of the Shrew*: v, 2)

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540. *Wine:*
 O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast
 no name to be known by, let us call thee
 devil! (Othello: ii, 3)
541. *Woe:*
 One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
 So fast they follow. (Hamlet: iv, 7)
542. *Woman:*
 She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.
 (Henry VI, Part 1: v, 3)
543. *Woman:*
 There was never yet fair woman but she
 made mouths in a glass.
 (King Lear: iii, 2)
544. *Words:*
 'Tis well said again,
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
 And yet words are no deeds.
 (Henry VIII. iii, 2)
545. *World:*
 I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
 tiano,—
 A stage, where every man must play a part;
 And mine a sad one.
 (The Merchant of Venice: i, 1)
546. *Worst:*
 The worst is not
 So long as we can say, "This is the worst."
 (King Lear: iv, 1)

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