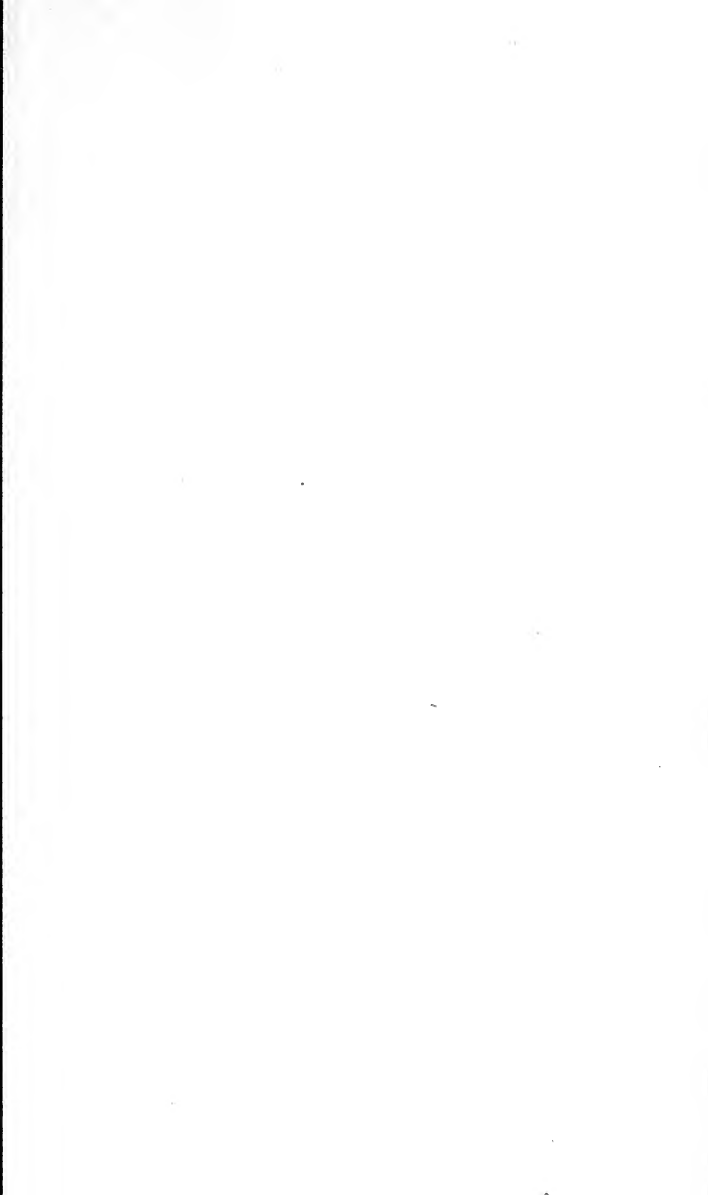


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SHAKESPEARE'S * * MEN AND WOMEN

AN
EVERY
DAY
BOOK

CHOSEN
AND
ARRANGED
BY
ROSE PORTER



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1897

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Contents

January.

Selections from

The Tempest.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Comedy of Errors.

February.

Selections from

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Measure for Measure.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

March.

Selections from

Much Ado About Nothing.

Twelfth Night.

Love's Labour's Lost.

April.

Selections from

As You Like It.

The Merchant of Venice.

A Winter's Tale.

May.

Selections from

Taming of The Shrew.

All's Well That Ends Well.

King John.

June.

Selections from

King Richard The Second.

King Henry The Fourth—Part I.

King Henry The Fourth—Part II.

July.

Selections from

King Henry The Fifth.

King Henry The Sixth—Part I.

King Henry The Sixth—Part II.

August.

Selections from

King Henry The Sixth—Part III.

King Richard The Third.

King Henry The Eighth.

September.

Selections from

Julius Cæsar.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Troilus and Cressida.

October.

Selections from

Othello, The Moor of Venice.

Coriolanus.

Timon of Athens.

November.

Selections from

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Romeo and Juliet.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

December.

Selections from

King Lear.

Cymbeline.

Titus Andronicus.

Macbeth.

Poems and Sonnets.

January.

The Tempest,
Two Gentlemen of Verona,
Comedy of Errors.

○! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! ○, brave new world,

That has such people in't!

The Tempest, Act V, Sc. 1.

The Tempest.

January 1.

Wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Act II, Sc. 1.

January 2.

Look! he's winding up the watch of his
wit; by and by it will strike. . . . Fie, what a
spendthrift is he of his tongue.

Act II, Sc. 1.

January 3.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-
ness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Act II, Sc. 1.

January 4.

Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a
time
The harmony of their tongues hath into
bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several vir-
tues
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, O you,

The Tempest.

So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Act III, Sc. 1.

January 5.

It is foul weather in us all,
When you are cloudy.

Act II, Sc. 1.

January 6.

MEN.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Consider, . . .
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil.

Act III, Sc. 2.

January 7.

MEN.

Wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Act III, Sc. 2.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WOMEN.

Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a
lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a
time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bond-
age
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, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

January 8.

MEN.

He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world;
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Act I, Sc. 3.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WOMEN.

Maids, in modesty, say *no* to that
Which they would have the profferer construe
ay.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the
nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

Act I, Sc. 2.

January 9.

MEN.

Hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can
feed on the air, I am one that am nourished
by my victuals, and would fain have meat.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

‘Is she not a heavenly saint?’

‘No; but she is an earthly paragon.’

Act II, Sc. 4.

January 10.

MEN.

Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WOMEN.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Act II, Sc. 4.

January 11.

MEN.

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.
Act II, Sc. 7.

WOMEN.

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.
Act III, Sc. 1.

January 12.

MEN.

You have an exchequer of words, and, I
think, no other treasure to give your follow-

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Of many good I think him best. . . . I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so,—because I think him so.

Act I, Sc. 2.

January 13.

MEN.

I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without^rdesert so well reputed.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

He after honor hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more:
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Act I, Sc. 1.

January 14.

MEN.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

January 15.

MEN.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

January 16.

MEN.

O, heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through
all the sins.

Act V, Sc. 4.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WOMEN.

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're be-
loved.

Act V, Sc. 4.

January 17.

MEN.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for
better.

Act. II, Sc. 6.

WOMEN.

She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
To her let us garlands bring.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

January 18.

MEN.

Slander. . . .
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman ;
Especially, against his very friend.

Act III, Sc. 2.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WOMEN.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

January 19.

MEN.

I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, Welcome.

Act II, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

“Say . . . wouldst thou counsel me to fall in love?”

“Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.”

Act I, Sc. 2.

January 20.

MEN.

The man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WOMEN.

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
her :

. . . . Scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you ;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
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.

Act III, Sc. 1.

January 21.

MEN.

Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

To be slow in words is a woman's. . . . virtue.
Act III, Sc. 1.

January 22.

MEN.

"How know you that I am in love?"
"Marry, by these special marks : first, you

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

have learned to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast ; to walk alone like one that has the pestilence ; to sigh like a school-boy that has lost his A B C ; to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch like one that fears robbing. 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.”

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Act II, Sc. 1.

January 23.

MEN.

We cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's
food ?

Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in,

Comedy of Errors.

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.
Act II, Sc. 7.

January 24.

MEN.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all. . . .
O, they love least that let men know their
 love.
Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

She hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor,
Act II, Sc. 1.

Comedy of Errors.

January 25.

MEN.

Learn, sir, to jest in good time.
There's a time for all things.
Act II, Sc. 2.

Comedy of Errors.

WOMEN.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd 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-savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved
to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh how comes
it,

That thou art thus estranged?

Act II, Sc. 2.

January 26.

MEN.

Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than
he's worth to reason.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard
men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and
day?

There's no Time for a man to recover his hair,
that grows old by nature.

Act II, Sc. 2.

Comedy of Errors.

WOMEN.

Of excellent discourse :
Pretty and witty : wild, and yet too, gentle.
Act III, Sc. 1.

January 27.

MEN.

A mere anatomy
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.
Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
Act V, Sc. 1.

January 28.

MEN.

One whose hard heart is button'd up with
steel :
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff ; . . .
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper.
Act IV, Sc. 2.

Comedy of Errors.

WOMEN.

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.

Act III, Sc. 2.

January 29.

MEN.

Slander lives upon succession ;
For ever housèd where it gets possession.

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I
know not)
Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you
show not,
Thou our earth's wonder ; more than earth
divine,
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
speak.

Act III, Sc. 2.

Comedy of Errors.

January 30.

MEN.

A man is master of his liberty ;
Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.

Act III, Sc. 2.

January 31.

MEN.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their con-
trols :

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.

Act II, Sc. 1.

Comedy of Errors.

WOMEN.

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.

Act II, Sc. 2.

February.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Measure for Measure.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

There is a kind of character in thy life
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold.

Measure for Measure. Act I, Sc. 1.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

February 1.

MEN.

They say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I know the young gentlewoman : she has good gifts Seven hundred pounds and possibilities.

Act I, Sc. 1.

February 2.

MEN.

An honest, willing, kind fellow no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate : his worst fault is he is something peevish ; but nobody but has his fault.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

She is pretty, and honest, and gentle ; and one that is your friend.

Act I, Sc. 4.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

February 3.

MEN.

He hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored beard.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

The warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

February 4.

MEN.

Wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Act V, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers
said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides,
and shins.

Act V, Sc. 5.

The MerryWives of Windsor.

February 5.

MEN.

No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Act V, Sc. 3.

February 6.

MEN.

You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself.
That now I aim at.

Act III, Sc. 4.

Measure for Measure.

February 7.

MEN.

A man may be too confident.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A kind heart he hath: a woman would run
through fire and water for such a kind heart.

Act III, Sc. 4.

Measure for Measure.

February 8.

MEN.

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
touch'd
But to fine issues.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Measure for Measure.

WOMEN.

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.

Act I, Sc. 2.

February 9.

MEN.

Good counsellors lack no clients : though
you change your place, you need not change
your trade.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Act I, Sc. 2.

February 10.

MEN.

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Act II, Sc. 2.

Measure for Measure.

WOMEN.

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.

Act I, Sc. 5.

February 11.

MEN.

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

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

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, should
keep the body of it ever fair.

Act III., Sc. 1.

February 12.

MEN.

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

Act I, Sc. 5.

Measure for Measure.

WOMEN.

It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean :
I sometimes do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Act II, Sc. 4.

February 13.

MEN.

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.
Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

True prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
to nothing temporal.
Act II, Sc. 2.

Measure for Measure.

February 14.

MEN.

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 *aves* vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted : . . .
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Act I, Sc. 4.

February 15.

MEN.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, . . .
Another thing to fall.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're
none ;

Measure for Measure.

If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now.

Act II, Sc. 4.

February 16.

MEN.

Man, proud man !
Dress'd in a little brief authority ;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.

Act II, Sc. 2.

February 17.

MEN.

Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to
get ;
And what thou hast, forget 'st.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Measure for Measure.

WOMEN.

Woman!—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.

Act II, Sc. 4.

February 18.

MEN.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful:

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She, having the truth of honor in her, hath
made him that gracious denial which he is
most glad to receive.

Act III, Sc. 1.

February 19.

MEN.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

Act III, Sc. 2.

Measure for Measure.

WOMEN.

I have heard of this lady, and good words
went with her name.

Act III, Sc. 1.

February 20.

MEN.

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 !

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

This virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.

Act II, Sc. 2.

February 21.

MEN.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according.

Act V, Sc. 1.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

WOMEN.

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close
patience.

Act IV, Sc. III.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

February 22.

MEN.

To say the truth, reason and love keep little
company together now-a-days.

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

O happy fair !

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

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

Act I, Sc. 1.

February 23.

MEN.

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth :
Turn melancholy forth to funerals ;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

Act I, Sc. 1.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

WOMEN.

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.

Act V, Sc. 1.

February 24.

MEN.

His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing
impaired, but all disordered.

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Be advised, fair maid :
To you your father should be as a god.

Act I, Sc. 1.

February 25.

MEN.

A good moral . . . it is not enough to
speak, but to speak true.

Act V, Sc. 1.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

WOMEN.

We cannot fight for love, as man may do :
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Act II, Sc. 1.

February 26.

MEN.

This fellow doth not stand upon points.
. . . He knows not the stop.

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

The imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd 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.

Act II, Sc. 1.

February 27.

MEN.

The country proverb known,
That every man should take his own.

Act III, Sc. 2.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

WOMEN.

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
. . . And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Act III, Sc. 2.

February 28.

MEN.

The will of man is by his reason sway'd.
Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

She hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright?
Act II, Sc. 2.

March.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Twelfth Night.

Love's Labour's Lost.

God is to be worshipped ; all men are not alike.

Much Ado About Nothing. Act III, Sc. 3.

Much Ado About Nothing.

March 1.

MEN.

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.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Act III, Sc. 1.

March 2.

MEN.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

By this day! she's a fair lady:
I do spy some marks of love in her.

Act II, Sc. 3.

Much Ado About Nothing.

March 3.

MEN.

God hath blessed you with a good name ;
to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

March 4.

MEN.

Manhood is melted into courtesies, valor
into compliments, and men are only turned
into tongue, and trim ones too.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I
will die a woman with grieving.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

Much Ado About Nothing.

March 5.

MEN.

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
This is an accident of hourly proof.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Can virtue hide itself? . . . graces will ap-
pear, and there's an end.

Act II, Sc. 1.

March 6.

MEN.

A man to a man : stuffed with all honorable
virtues. . . It is so, indeed ; he is no less than
a stuffed man : but for the stuffing,—well, *we
are mortal.*

Act I, Sc. 1.

Much Ado About Nothing.

WOMEN.

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 !

Act I, Sc. 1.

March 7.

MEN.

Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother. . . . He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

What, my dear Lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

Act I, Sc. 1.

March 8.

MEN.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him ; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the

Much Ado About Nothing.

clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Act I, Sc. 1.

March 9.

MEN.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

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 blithe and fony.

Act II, Sc. 3.

Much Ado About Nothing.

March 10.

MEN.

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.

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.

Act II, Sc. 1.

March 11.

MEN.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

Act V, Sc. 1.

Much Ado About Nothing.

WOMEN.

Methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Act I, Sc. 1.

March 12.

MEN.

Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' 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.

Act V, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Twelfth Night.

March 13.

MEN.

To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: 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.

Act I, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

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.

Act II, Sc. 4.

March 14.

MEN.

However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. . . .

Twelfth Night.

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 display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

Act II, Sc. 4.

March 15.

MEN.

The devil a puritan that he is, or anything
constantly but a time-pleaser ; an affectioned
ass, that cons state without book, and utters it
by great swarths : the best persuaded of him-
self, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences,
that it is his ground of faith that all that look
on him love him.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

A lady . . . of many accounted beautiful . . .
She bore a mind that envy could not but call
fair.

Act II, Sc. 1.

Twelfth Night.

March 16.

MEN.

Look you now, he's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Act I, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

'Twill endure wind and weather.—
'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Act I, Sc. 5.

March 17.

MEN.

God give them wisdom that have it ; and
those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Act I, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

She'll not match above her degree, neither
in estate, years, nor wit.

Act I, Sc. 3.

Love's Labour's Lost.

March 18.

MEN.

Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou
now?

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Fair, gentle, sweet
Your wit makes wise things foolish: . . . your
capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but
poor.

Act V, Sc. 2.

March 19.

MEN.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor
such fanatical phantasies; such insociable
and point-devise companions; such rackers of
orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he
should say doubt; det, when he should pro-
nounce debt.

Act V, Sc. 1.

Love's Labour's Lost.

WOMEN.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face.
Act V, Sc. 2.

March 20.

MEN.

His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory. . . his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected. too odd, as it were, to peregrinate, as I may call it.

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !

Act V, Sc. 2.

March 21.

MEN.

I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; . . . witty without affection. . . learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.

Act V, Sc. 1.

Love's Labour's Lost.

WOMEN.

O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal
tell.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

March 22.

MEN.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star
Have no more profits of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they
are.

Too much to know is to know nought but
fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the
brow.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

March 23.

MEN.

Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Love's Labour's Lost.

WOMEN.

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Act II, Sc. 1.

March 24.

MEN.

O, a most dainty man !
To see him walk before a lady and to bear
her fan !
To see him kiss his hand ! . . .
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit !

Act IV, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

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.

Act. IV, Sc. 1.

March 25.

MEN.

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice, . . .
. . . The ladies call him sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :

Love's Labour's Lost.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone.

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
thee.

Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

Act V, Sc. 2.

March 26.

MEN.

This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please :
He is wit's pedler. . .

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud ;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture
shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Act V, Sc. 2.

March 27.

MEN.

They have been at a great feast of languages,

Love's Labour's Lost.

and stolen the scraps.—O, they have lived long
on the alms-basket of words !

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Act V, Sc. 2.

March 28.

MEN.

A man of sovereign parts . . .
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 match'd with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
wills
It should none spare that come within his
power.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear,

Love's Labour's Lost.

When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Act II, Sc. 1.

March 29.

MEN.

The mind shall banquet, though the body
pine :

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the
wits.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

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.

Act I, Sc. 2.

March 30.

MEN.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;

Love's Labour's Lost.

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.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female ;
or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.

Act I, Sc. 1.

March 31.

MEN.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd 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.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A maid of grace, and complete majesty.

Ac. I, Sc. 1.

April

As You Like It.

The Merchant of Venice.

A Winter's Tale.

I charge you, ☉ women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of these plays as please you : and I charge you, ☉ men, for the love you bear to women, . . . that between you and the women, the play may please.

As You Like It. Epilogue.

As You Like It.

April 1.

MEN.

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.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

A woman's thought runs before her actions.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

April 2.

MEN.

Men are April when they woo,
December when they wed.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

April 3.

MEN.

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Act III, Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

WOMEN.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

Act II, Sc. 7.

April 4.

MEN.

He's gentle ; never school'd, and yet
learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts en-
chantingly beloved.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

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

Ros. I would we could do so ; for her benefits
are mightly 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-favouredly.

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.

Act I, Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

April 5.

MEN.

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

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

They are but burs. . . if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Act I, Sc. 3.

April 6.

MEN.

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 running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

. . . Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Act II, Sc. 1.

As You Like It.

WOMEN.

Honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey
a sauce to sugar.

Act III, Sc. 3.

April 7.

MEN.

Have the grace to consider that tears do not
become a man.

Act III, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

And your experience makes you sad : I had
rather have a fool to make me merry, than ex-
perience to make me sad !

Act IV, Sc. 1.

April 8.

MEN.

Know you not, master, 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.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Invenoms him that bears it.

Act II, Sc. 3.

As You Like It.

WOMEN.

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 conscience.

Act III, Sc. 2.

April 9.

MEN.

Since the little wit that fools have was
silenced, the little foolery that wise men have
makes a great show.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Act I, Sc. 3.

April 10

MEN.

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.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

The people praise her for her virtues.

Act I, Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

April 11.

MEN.

Those that are good manners at the court
are as ridiculous in the country, as the be-
haviour of the country is most mockable at the
court.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Act III, Sc. 2.

April 12.

MEN.

The more one sickens the worse at ease he
is ; and that he that wants money, means, and
content, is without three good friends.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Do you not know I am a woman . When I
think, I must speak.

Act III, Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

April 13.

MEN.

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.

Act II, Sc. 7.

WOMEN.

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.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

April 14.

MEN.

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. . . . He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the

The Merchant of Venice.

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.

Act III, Sc. 2.

April 15.

MEN.

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Act V, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

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 face of Rosalind.

Act III, Sc. 2.

The Merchant of Venice.

April 16.

MEN.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her
time :

The Merchant of Venice.

Some that will evermore peep through their
eyes,
And laugh, like parrots at a bagpiper ;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of
smile.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her
eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.

Act I, Sc. 2.

April 17.

MEN.

You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care : . . .
Hold the world but as the world, . . .
A stage, where every man must play a part.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

Act I, Sc. 1.

The Merchant of Venice.

April 18.

MEN.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages prince's 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 o'er a cold decree ; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

While we shut the gate upon one wooer,
another knocks at the door.

Act I, Sc. 2.

April 19.

MEN.

Mark you this, . . .
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,

The Merchant of Venice.

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband.

Act V, Sc. 1.

April 20.

MEN.

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 search'd, have livers white as
milk !
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted !

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

She is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;

The Merchant of Venice.

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.

Act II, Sc. 6.

April 21.

MEN.

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.

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Act V, Sc. 1.

April 22.

MEN.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that
takes. . . .

The Merchant of Venice.

It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.
Act III, Sc. 2.

April 23.

MEN.

The dearest friend . . . The kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

'Tis a fair hand :
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Act II, Sc. 4.

April 24.

MEN.

I am married to a wife,
Which is dear to me as life itself.
Act II, Sc. 5.

A Winter's Tale.

WOMEN.

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 unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, 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.
Act III, Sc. 2.

A Winter's Tale.

April 25.

MEN.

Prosperity's the very bond of love.
Act IV, Sc. 3.

A Winter's Tale.

WOMEN.

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.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

April 26.

MEN.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly.
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recall
Twenty-three years, and saw myself un-
breech'd,
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,

A Winter's Tale.

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

She was as tender
As infancy and grace.

Act V, Sc. 3.

April 27.

MEN.

How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman.

Act III, Sc. 2.

April 28.

MEN.

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.

Act I, Sc. 2.

A Winter's Tale.

WOMEN.

A lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's.
Act I, Sc. 2.

April 29.

MEN.

Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.
Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Act IV, Sc. 3.

April 30.

MEN.

I saw his heart in 's face.
Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things : one good deed dying
tongueless,

A Winter's Tale.

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.

Act I, Sc. 2.

1000
1000
1000
1000

128

May.

Taming of The Shrew.
All's Well That Ends Well.
King John.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
 . . . So shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

King John, Act V. Sc. 1.

Taming of the Shrew.

Day 1.

MEN.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore . . . hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens
life.

Ind. Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I saw sweet beauty in her face,
. . . I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Day 2.

MEN.

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Taming of the Shrew.

WOMEN.

Till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Ind. Sc. 2.

Day 3.

MEN.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
I am bold to show myself a forward guest.

Act II, Sc. 1.

Day 4.

MEN.

Use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Taming of the Shrew.

WOMEN.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

Act V, Sc. 2.

May 5.

MEN.

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

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,
Whilst 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.

Act V, Sc. 2.

Taming of the Shrew.

May 6.

MEN.

'Tis age that nourisheth,
But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

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 woman are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for
peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.

Act V, Sc. 2.

May 7.

MEN.

'Tis deeds must win the prize

Act II, Sc. 1.

Taming of the Shrew.

WOMEN.

Young, budding virgin, fair and fresh and
sweet, . . .

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whose favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bride.

Act IV, Sc. 5,

May 8.

MEN.

Such wind as scatters young men through the
world

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courte-
ous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

Taming of the Shrew.

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Act II, Sc. 1.

May 9.

MEN.

Why, man, there be good fellows in the world.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She is not froward, but modest as the dove;
She's not hot, but temperate as the morn.

Act II, Sc. 1.

May 10.

MEN.

Even in these honest mean habiliments :
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 ?

Act IV, Sc. 3.

All's Well That Ends Well.

WOMEN.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

May 11.

MEN.

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their
fury :

Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :

. . . She looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Act II, Sc. 1.

All's Well That Ends Well.

May 12.

MEN.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the
dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Act I, Sc. 1.

All's Well That Ends Well.

WOMEN.

It were 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.

Act I, Sc. 1.

May 13.

MEN.

He is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Act II, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

What *her* is this ?

Why, Doctor She. . . .

. . . Her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath arranged me.

Act II, Sc. 1.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Day 14.

MEN.

Most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak :
His powerful sound within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.
Act II, Sc. 1.

Day 15.

MEN.

Many a man's tongue shakes out his mas-
ter's undoing.

Act II, Sc. 4.

All's Well That Ends Well.

WOMEN.

Time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as
thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

Day 16.

MEN.

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; en-
sconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,
when we should submit ourselves to an un-
known fear.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing
. . . thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose.

Act II, Sc. 3.

All's Well That Ends Well.

May 17.

MEN.

Love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I love him for his sake ;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely
bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind ; withal, full oft
we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Act I, Sc. 1.

May 18.

MEN.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

All's Well That Ends Well.

WOMEN.

Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

May 19.

MEN.

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 obey'd his hand: who were below
him

He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd 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.

Act I, Sc. 2.

All's Well That Ends Well.

WOMEN.

She herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds.

Act I, Sc. 3.

May 20.

MEN.

Let me not live, . . .
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 con-
stancies
Expire before their fashions.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

It hurts not him
That he is loved of me : . . .
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,

All's Well That Ends Well.

Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

Act I, Sc. 3.

Day 21.

MEN.

Truly, if God have lent a man any manners,
he may easily put it off at court.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I play the noble housewife with the time
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Act II, Sc. 2.

Day 22.

MEN.

Sirrah, I write man ; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir ;
And these breed honour : that is honour's
scorn,

All's Well That Ends Well.

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.

. . . Virtue and she,
Is her own dower.

Act II, Sc. 3.

May 23.

MEN.

How mightily, sometimes, we make us comfort of our losses ! . . .

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.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

The tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

All's Well That Ends Well.

May 24.

MEN.

I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating. . . . 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb. . . . Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Act IV, Sc. 5.

May 25.

MEN.

A man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

A wife

Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took
captive;

King John.

Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to
serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

Act V, Sc. 3.

King John.

May 26.

MEN.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Act III, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Act III, Sc. 1.

May 27.

MEN.

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.

Act III, Sc. 4.

King John.

WOMEN.

Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen.
Act III, Sc. 4.

May 28.

MEN.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
Act III, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

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. . .
O Lord! my boy, . . . my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!
Act III, Sc. 4.

King Jobn.

Day 29.

MEN.

To avoid deceit I mean to learn ;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A woman, naturally born to fears.
Act III, Sc. 1.

Day 30.

MEN.

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night ;
And have is have, however men do catch :
Near or far off, well won is still well shot.
Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's.
Act I, Sc. 1.

Day 31.

MEN.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
For new-made honour doth forget men's
names !
Act I, Sc. 1.

King John.

WOMEN.

Make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she is in beauty, education, blood.
Act II, Sc. 2.



June.

King Richard the Second.

King Henry the Fourth, Part I. Part II.

Troilus and Cressida.

Welcome ever smiles,

And Farewell goes out sighing.

Troilus and Cressida. Act III, Sc. 2.

King Richard II.

June 1.

MEN.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast,
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

If of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have, I need not to repent ;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Act III, Sc. 4.

June 2.

MEN.

What is six winters ? they are quickly gone,
To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.
Act I, Sc. 3.

King Richard II.

WOMEN.

The trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues.
Act I, Sc. 1.

June 3.

MEN.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

She came adorned . . . like sweet May.
Act V, Sc. 1.

June 4.

MEN.

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.

Act II, Sc. 1.

King Richard II.

WOMEN.

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and
grief.

Act II, Sc. 2.

June 5.

MEN.

Wrath-kindled gentleman, be ruled by me ;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

To be a make-peace shall become my age.

Act I, Sc. 1.

June 6.

MEN.

Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

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

King Richard II.

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 :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Love they to live, that love and honour have.
Act II, Sc. 1.

June 7.

MEN.

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
Act V, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Act I, Sc. 2.

King Richard II.

June 8.

MEN.

My fair name,
Despite of Death, that lives upon my grave.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Act I, Sc. 3.

June 9.

MEN.

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
For 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 :

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in
meeting.

Act III, Sc. 2.

King Richard II.

June 10.

MEN.

Deal mildly with his youth ;
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the
more.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares
down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won :
The cares I give I have, though given away.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

June 11.

MEN.

. . . Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your
foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Act III, Sc. 2.

King Henry IV, Part II.

WOMEN.

He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his
tongue.

Act III, Sc. 2.

King Henry IV, Part I.

June 12.

MEN.

I would thou and I knew where a commod-
ity of good names were to be bought !

Act I, Sc. 2,

WOMEN.

Constant you are,
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee.

Act II, Sc. 3.

June 13.

MEN.

'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his voca-
tion.

Act I, Sc. 2.

King Henry IV, Part I.

WOMEN.

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

Act I, Sc. 3.

June 14.

MEN.

That ever, this fellow should have fewer
words than a parrot, and yet the son of a
woman!

Act. II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

My condition
. . . 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.

Act I, Sc. 3.

June 15.

MEN.

Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no
man regards it.

Act I, Sc. 2.

King Henry IV, Part I.

WOMEN.

What a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood.
Act I, St. 3.

June 16.

MEN.

If all the years were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come they wish'd-for
come.
Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?
Well, do not then ; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself.
Act II, Sc. 3.

June 17.

MEN.

Being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
little

Henry IV, Part II.

More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than . . . have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Henry IV, Part 2.

June 18.

MEN.

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. . . .
. . . The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news

Henry IV, Part II.

Than they have learn'd of me : from Rumour's
tongues

They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs.

Ind.

WOMEN.

Open your ears : for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour
speaks ?

Ind.

June 19.

MEN.

This man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful
dove, or most magnanimous mouse.

Act III, Sc. 2.

June 20.

MEN.

Be honest, be honest ; and Heaven bless
your expedition !

Act I, Sc. 2.

Henry IV. Part II.

WOMEN.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

Act I, Sc. 1.

June 21.

MEN.

All is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping
wolf.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

Act I, Sc. 1.

June 22.

MEN.

He is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Henry IV, Part II.

WOMEN.

So came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes.

Act II, Sc. 3.

June 23.

MEN.

There is not a white hair on your face but
should have his effect of gravity.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Loving wife, and gentle daughter, . . .
Put not you on the visage of the times.

Act II, Sc. 3.

June 24.

MEN.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

Troilus and Cressida.

WOMEN.

You are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Act II, Sc. 4.

Troilus and Cressida.

June 25.

MEN.

Have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Act I, Sc. 1.

June 26.

MEN.

This man . . . hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the ele-

Troilus and Cressida.

phant: 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 attain but he carries some stain of it . . . he hath the joints of everything, but everything, so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Weaker than a woman's tear.

Act I, Sc. 1.

June 27.

MEN.

He has a shrewd wit, . . . and he's man good enough: he has the soundest judgment . . . and he's a proper man of person.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the
doing;

Troilus and Cressida.

That she belov'd knows nought that knows
not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd 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 ; ungain'd, beseech ;
Then though my heart's content firm love doth
bear,
Nothing of that shall from my eyes appear.
Act I, Sc. 2.

June 28.

MEN.

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.
Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Let her be as she is ; if she be fair 'tis the
better for her ; an she be not, she has the
mends in her own hands.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Troilus and Cressida.

June 29.

MEN.

Blind fear that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling with-
out fear; to fear the worst oft cures the worst.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

To make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Act III, Sc. 1.

June 30.

MEN.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune

Must fall out with men too

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first.

Act III, Sc. 2.

July.

Julius Cæsar.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Othello.

The eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Julius Cæsar, Act I, Sc. 2.

Julius Cæsar.

July 1.

MEN.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel !

Act II, Sc. 4.

July 2.

MEN.

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

Act II, Sc. 4.

Julius Cæsar.

July 3.

MEN.

. . . He loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does ; being then most flattered.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Act II, Sc. 3.

July 4.

MEN.

Men at some time are masters of their fates.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men :
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Act II, Sc. 1.

Julius Cæsar.

July 5.

MEN.

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 dangerous.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue !

Act II, Sc. 4.

July 6.

MEN.

Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave
me
Makes me forgetful ?

Act IV, Sc. 3.

Julius Cæsar.

July 7.

MEN.

. . . O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

July 8.

MEN.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to for-
tune :

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Act. IV, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

. . . Steel with valour
The melting spirits of women.

Act II, Sc. 1.

Julius Cæsar.

July 9.

MEN.

It was but an effect of humour,
Which sometimes hath his hour with every
man.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy.

Act II, Sc. 1.

July 10.

MEN.

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 !*

Act V, Sc. 5.

Jullus Cæsar.

WOMEN.

My true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Act II, Sc. 1.

July 11.

MEN.

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

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Ah me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is !

Act II, Sc. 4.

July 12.

MEN.

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-
grees
By which he did ascend.

Act II, Sc. 1.

Julius Cæsar.

WOMEN.

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound.

. . . Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Act II, Sc 1.

July 13.

MEN.

He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men ; . . .
.
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Act II, Sc. 1.

Julius Cæsar.

July 14.

MEN.

'Tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman : but, withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?

Act II, Sc. 1.

July 15.

MEN.

He will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

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 ;

Antony and Cleopatra.

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in
the suburbs
Of your good pleasure?

Act II, Sc. 1.

Antony and Cleopatra.

July 16.

MEN.

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.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; . . .

. . . But not such a wife.

Act II, Sc. 2.

July 17.

MEN.

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of
heaven,

Antony and Cleopatra.

More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot
change,
Than what he chooses.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Act I, Sc. 3.

July 18.

MEN.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious mes-
sage
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Act II, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

Her beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men:
Her virtue, and general grace, speak
That which none else can utter.

Act II, Sc. 2.

Antony and Cleopatra.

July 19.

MEN.

What, was he sad, or merry?
Like to the time o' the year between the ex-
tremes

Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Act I, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

.
You shall be more believing than beloved.

Act I, Sc. 2.

July 20.

MEN.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Under a compelling occasion, let women die :
. . . I have seen her die twenty times upon
far poorer moment : I do think there is mettle

Antony and Cleopatra.

in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. She is cunning past man's thoughts.

Act I, Sc. 2.

July 21.

MEN.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself.

Act II, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed : but she makes hun-
gry
Where most she satisfies.

Act II, Sc. 2.

July 22.

MEN.

Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard
speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the
feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Act II, Sc. 2.

Antony and Cleopatra.

WOMEN.

She did make defect, perfection.

Act II, Sc. 2.

July 23.

MEN.

If I lose mine honor

I lose myself.

Act III, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

The April's in her eyes : it is love's spring.

Act III, Sc. 2.

July 24,

MEN.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,

If that the former dare but what it can,

No chance may shake it.

Act III, Sc. 11.

WOMEN.

That time !—O times !—

I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience.

Act II, Sc. 5.

Othello.

July 25.

MEN.

'Tis the curse of service,
Perferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She is a most exquisite lady.

Act II, Sc. 3.

July 26.

MEN.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Your daughter . . .

. . . Hath made a gross revolt
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Otbello.

July 27.

MEN.

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.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

What an eye she has ! . . .
An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right
modest.

Act II, Sc. 3.

July 28.

MEN.

Good name in man or woman, . . . ,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis some-
thing, 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.

Act III, Sc. 3.

Otello.

WOMEN.

Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Act II, Sc. 3.

July 29.

MEN.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

. . . My wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
pany,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances.

Act III, Sc. 3.

July 30.

MEN.

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

.
We must not think men are gods.

Act III, Sc. 4.

Otbello.

WOMEN.

When she speaks is it not an alarum to love?

Act II, Sc. 3.

July 31.

MEN.

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned
spirit,
Of human dealings.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

O, the world hath not a sweeter creature!
. . . I do but say what she is: so delicate
with her needle! an admirable musician! O,
she will sing the savageness out of a bear!
of so high and plenteous wit and invitation!

Act IV, Sc. 1.

August.

Romeo and Juliet.

King Henry the Sixth—Part I.

King Henry the Sixth—Part II.

Now God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Henry VI—Part II. Act, II Sc. I.

Romeo and Juliet.

August 1.

MEN.

A man, . . . such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.
Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

She'll not be hit
+ With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, . . . from love's weak childish bow she
lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold;
O, she is rich in beauty.
Act I, Sc. 1.

August 2.

MEN.

Love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Act II, Sc. 6.

WOMEN.

She speaks;
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

Romeo and Juliet.

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wandering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Act II, Sc. 2.

August 3.

MEN.

He was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Her sorrow . . .

.
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

August 4.

MEN.

Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burn-
ing,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;

Romeo and Juliet.

Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish :

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Act I, Sc. 2,

WOMEN.

She,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

Act I, Sc. 2.

August 5.

MEN.

To move is—to stir ; and to be valiant is—to stand ; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Romeo and Juliet.

August 6.

MEN.

He, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Act I, Sc. 1.

August 7.

MEN.

Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

If thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.

Act II, Sc. 2.

Romeo and Juliet.

August 8.

MEN.

You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous and it pricks, like a
thorn.

Act I, Sc. 4.

August 9.

MEN.

What a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then
lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world be-
gun.

Act I, Sc. 2.

Romeo and Juliet.

August 10.

MEN

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing
fair ?

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

With unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Act I, Sc. 2.

August 11.

MEN.

He jest at scars, that never felt a wound.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Love ! Lord ! ay—husband, friend !
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.

Act III, Sc. 5.

Romeo and Juliet.

August 12.

MEN.

A gentleman, . . . that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.

Act I, Sc. 2.

August 13.

MEN.

He bears him like a portly gentleman;
. . . A virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

Act I, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

Act I, Sc. 5.

Romeo and Juliet.

August 14.

MEN.

You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of
that ?

Her eye discourses.

Act II, Sc. 2.

August 15.

MEN.

Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art :
Thy tears are womanish.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath
all,
And all the better it is for the maid :
Your part in her you could not keep from
death ;

Romeo and Juliet.

But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion.
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced ;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?

Act IV, Sc. 5.

August 16.

MEN.

Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Here comes the lady : O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Act II, Sc. 6.

August 17.

MEN.

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their
worth.

Act II, Sc. 6.

Romeo and Juliet.

WOMEN.

Trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange.

Act II, Sc. 2.

August 18.

MEN.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

. . . An eagle. . .

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.

Act III, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat 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.

Act II, Sc. 2.

King Henry VI.—Part I.

August 19.

MEN.

An honest gentleman, and a courteous, and
a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a
virtuous.

Act II, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field

Act IV, Sc. 5.

King Henry VI.—Part I.

August 20.

MEN.

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than midday sun fierce bent against their
faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all
speech:

He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Act I, Sc. 1.

King Henry VI.—Part I.

WOMEN.

Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Act I, Sc. 1.

August 21.

MEN.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

These women are shrewd tempters with their
tongues.

Act I, Sc. 2.

August 22.

MEN.

Though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for
grace :

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Act I, Sc. 4.

King Henry VI.—Part I.

WOMEN.

When a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled.

Act II, Sc. 2

August 23.

MEN.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch ;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
mouth ;
Between two blades, which bears the better
temper ;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best ;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest
eye ;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judg-
ment ;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Act II, Sc. 4,

WOMEN.

Your cheeks do counterfeit our roses.

Act II, Sc. 4.

King Henry VI.—Part I.

August 24.

MEN.

I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says
no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.

Act V, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;
She's a woman, therefore to be won.

Act V, Sc. 3.

August 25.

MEN.

A man just and upright.

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,

King Henry VI.—Part II.

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.

Act V, Sc. 5.

King Henry VI.—Part II.

August 26.

MEN.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;
But great men tremble when the lion roars.

Act III, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wandering fall to weeping
joys ;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Act I, Sc. 1.

August 27.

MEN.

King. But what a point, my lord, your fal-
con made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—

King Henry VI.—Part II.

To see how God in all His creatures works !
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, . . .

They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's
pitch.

Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble
mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience.

Act II, Sc. 4.

August 28.

MEN.

A crafty knave does need no broker.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Act I, Sc. 2.

King Henry VII.—Part II.

August 29.

MEN.

Pride went before, ambition follows him.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

Act I, Sc. 2.

August 30.

MEN.

What stronger breastplate than a heart un-
tainted?

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

August 31.

MEN.

Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Act III, Sc. 1.

King Henry VI.—Part II.

WOMEN.

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.

Act I, Sc. 1.



September.

King Henry the Sixth—Part III.

King Richard the Third.

King Henry the Eighth.

What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

King Henry the Sixth—Part III. Act V, Sc. 2.

King Henry VI.—Part III.

September 1.

MEN.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerily seek how to redress their harms.

Act V, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;

.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most ad-
mired ;

The contrary doth make them wonder'd at :

'Tis government that makes them seem divine.

Act I, Sc. 4.

September 2.

MEN.

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

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible.

Act I, Sc. 4.

King Henry VI.—Part III.

September 3.

MEN.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Act V, Sc. 6.

WOMEN.

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ;
Her words do show her wit incomparable ;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

Act III, Sc. 2.

September 4.

MEN.

I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me.

Act IV, Sc. 6.

WOMEN.

Courage . . . what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these
words,

Infuse his breast with magnanimity.

Act V, Sc. 4.

King Henry VI.—Part III.

September 5.

MEN.

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherds' 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 couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on
 him.

Act II, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

She's a woman to be pitied much :

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn.

Act III, Sc. 1.

King Richard III.

September 6.

MEN.

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-
day ;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such
a spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his
heart.

Act III, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Within so small a space, my woman's heart
. . . Grew captive to his honey words.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

September 7.

MEN.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings ;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
kings.

Act V, Sc. 2.

King Richard III.

WOMEN.

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Act I, Sc. 3.

September 8.

MEN.

We will not stand to prate ;
Talkers are no good doers ; . . .
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Act I Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

She hath a pretty foot, a cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue.

Act I, Sc. 1.

September 9.

MEN.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Act I, Sc. 3.

King Richard III.

WOMEN.

She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

Act I, Sc. 3.

September 10.

MEN.

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?

Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Teach not thy lips such scorn; for they were
made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

Act I, Sc. 2.

September 11.

MEN.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Act I, Sc. 3.

King Richard III.

WOMEN.

Your beauty . . . did haunt me in my sleep,
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that : it is my day, my life

Act I, Sc. 2.

September 12.

MEN.

What is done cannot be now amended :
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

A daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

September 13.

MEN.

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.

Act I, Sc. 4.

King Richard III.

WOMEN.

Madam, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing
them.

Act II, Sc. 2.

September 14.

MEN.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of
God !

Act III, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Go, . . . mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your expe-
rience,
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

September 15.

MEN.

I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

King Henry VIII.

WOMEN.

Shallow, changing woman!
Act IV, Sc. 4.

King Henry VIII.

September 16.

MEN.

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall everywhere.

.
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.
Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature.
Act III, Sc. 2.

September 17.

MEN.

Fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man
then,

King Henry VIII.

Thy image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that
hate thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not :

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Two women placed together makes cold
weather.

Act I, Sc. 4.

September 18.

MEN.

Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.

Act V, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

. . . Verily,
. . . 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,

King Henry VIII.

Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Act II, Sc. 3.

September 19.

MEN.

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.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

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 fear'd : her own shall
bless her.

Act V, Sc. 5.

September 20.

MEN.

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; his training
such,

King Henry VIII.

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 turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding.

Act II, Sc. 4.

September 21.

MEN.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue,
Are to be fear'd.

Act I, Sc. 2.

King Henry VIII.

WOMEN.

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her ; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing.

Act II, Sc. 3.

September 22.

MEN.

This imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

I have perused her well ;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled.

Act II, Sc. 3.

September 23.

MEN.

'Tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds.

Act III, Sc. 2.

King Henry VIII.

WOMEN.

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.

Act II, Sc. 2.

September 24.

MEN.

The force of his own merits makes his way.
Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

You wrong your virtues
With these weak woman's fears : a noble
spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it.
Act III, Sc. 1.

September 25.

MEN.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,

King Henry VIII.

As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. 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. 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.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Heaven bless thee !
Thou hast the sweetest face . . .
. . . She is an angel.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

September 26.

MEN.

His own opinion was his law :
.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

King Henry VIII.

WOMEN.

A constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Act III, Sc. 1.

September 27.

MEN.

Be advised ;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,
By violent swiftnes, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ?

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

That primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Act II, Sc. 4.

September 28.

MEN.

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth

King Henry VIII.

The tender leaves of hopes ; 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.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

What fair lady's that ?

.
By heavens, she is a dainty one,—
Sweetheart.

Act I, Sc. 4.

September 29.

MEN.

Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
A full-hot-horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Act I, Sc. 1.

King Henry VIII.

WOMEN.

Who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the
effects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom

O'ertopping woman's power.

Act II, Sc. 4.

September 30.

MEN.

We all are men,

In our natures frail, . . .

. . . Few are angels.

Act V, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings.

Act II, Sc. 3.

October.

**Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
King Henry the Fifth.**

Things must be as they may : . . . Though patience be a
tired mare, yet she will plod.

King Henry the Fifth. Act II, Sc. 2.

Hamlet.

October 1.

MEN.

Those 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, unfledged comrade.

Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections.

Act IV, Sc. 7.

October 2.

MEN.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being
in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! . . .
A ministering angel shall my sister be.

Act V, Sc. 1.

Hamlet.

October 3.

MEN.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

O rose of May !

Dear maid, kind sister, . . .

O heavens ! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?

Act IV, Sc. 5.

October 4.

MEN.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

The queen, his mother,

Lives almost by his looks.

Act IV, Sc. 7.

Hamlet.

October 5.

MEN.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when
I saw you last.
Act II, Sc. 2.

October 6.

MEN.

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.
Act I, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

What a treasure had he. . .
. . . One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.
Act II, Sc. 2.

Hamlet.

October 7.

MEN.

Odd's bodikins, man, . . . use every man
after his desert, and who should 'scape whip-
ping?

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMAN.

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.

Act III, Sc. 1.

October 8.

MEN.

An absolute gentleman, full of most ex-
cellent differences, of very soft society and
great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of
him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for
you shall find in him the continent of what
part a gentleman would see.

Act V, Sc. 2.

Hamlet.

WOMEN.

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

Act IV, Sc. 5.

October 9.

MEN.

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 dis-
course,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

WOMAN.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words, without thoughts never to heaven go.
Act III, Sc. 3.

October 10.

MEN.

There are more things in heaven and earth, . . .
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
Act I, Sc. 5.

Hamlet.

WOMEN.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are
fear ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows
there,

Act III, Sc. 2.

October 11.

MEN.

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 !

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Women's fear and love holds quantity ;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Act III, Sc. 2.

October 12.

MEN.

Let your own discretion be your tutor : suit
the action to the word, the word to the
action.

Act III, Sc. 2.

Hamlet.

WOMEN.

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.
Act III, Sc. 2.

October 13.

MEN.

So, 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 ill
Doth all the noble substance often doubt
To his own scandal.

Act I, Sc. 4.

Hamlet.

WOMEN.

Frailty, thy name is woman !

Act I, Sc. 2,

October 14.

MEN.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, . . .
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes 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.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove un-
kind.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Hamlet.

October 15.

MEN.

He was a man, take him for all in all.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence ;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley.

Act I, Sc. 3.

October 16.

MEN.

I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality,
that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Act II, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

If you be honest and fair, your honesty
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Act III, Sc. 1.

Damlet.

October 17.

MEN.

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with evil thanks: and blest are
those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow.
Act III, Sc. 1.

October 18.

MEN.

A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent
fancy.

Act V, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

Act V, Sc. 1.

Hamlet.

October 19.

MEN.

Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall : and that should
teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

God has given you one face, and you make
yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and
you lisp, and nickname God's creatures.

Act III, Sc. 1.

October 20.

MEN.

A man's life's no more than to say, "One."
Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our
own :
So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is
dead.

Act III, Sc. 2.

Hamlet.

October 21.

MEN.

'Tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
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.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

A mother . . . nature makes them partial.

Act III, Sc. 3.

October 22.

MEN.

Every man has business and desire,
Such as it is.

Act I, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

If he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it

Hamlet.

As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed.

.
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough.

Act I, Sc. 3.

October 23.

MEN.

To divide him inventorially, would dizzy the
arithmetic of memory. . . . But, in the
verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of
great article.

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Act V, Sc. 2.

King Henry V.

October 24.

MEN.

Heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;

King Henry V.

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

A woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

Act V, Sc. 2.

October 25.

MEN.

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

What says she, fair one? that the tongues
of men are full of deceits?

Act V, Sc. 2.

October 26.

MEN.

He hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword;
by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and

King Henry V.

keeps whole weapons. . . . He hath heard
that men of few words are the best men.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Gentlewomen, that live honestly by the
prick of their needles.

Act II, Sc. 1.

October 27.

MEN.

Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep :
advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

Act III, Sc. 6.

WOMEN.

There is flattery in friendship.

Act III, Sc. 7.

October 28.

MEN.

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 black beard will turn white;

King Henry V.

a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart is the sun and the moon ; or rather, the sun, not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Terms,

Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Act V, Sc. 2.

October 29.

MEN.

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.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

King Henry V.

WOMEN.

An angel is like you, and you are like an angel.

Act V, Sc. 2.

October 30.

MEN.

O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy ?

And what have kings that privates have not
too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?

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 fear'd
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,

But poison'd flattery ?

Act IV, Sc. 1.

King Henry V.

WOMEN.

Thy voice is music.

Act V, Sc. 2.

October 31.

MEN.

I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer: i' faith do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Act V, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, . . .

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,

.
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

Act V, Sc. 2.



November.

Coriolanus.

King Lear.

Titus Andronicus.

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest.

King Lear—Act I, Sc. 4.

Coriolanus.

November 1.

MEN.

He has grown too proud to be so valiant.

Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.

Act I, Sc. 3.

November 2.

MEN.

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the
ignorant

More learned than the ears.

Act III, Sc. 2.

Coriolanus.

WOMEN.

Noble lady!

. . . Speak fair : you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Act III, Sc. 2.

November 3.

MEN.

He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : being once chafed, he can-
not
Be rein'd again to temperance : then he speaks
What's in his heart.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Act III, Sc. 2.

November 4.

MEN.

Where is your ancient courage ? you were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;

Coriolanus.

That common chances common men could
bear ;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to
say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

November 5.

MEN.

Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Act. IV, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As it is to laugh at them.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

Coriolanus.

November 6.

MEN.

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now
fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, 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.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you.

Act V, Sc. 3.

Coriolanus.

November 7.

MEN.

I knew by his face that there was something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought, —I cannot tell how to term it. . . . He is simply the rarest man in the world.

Act IV, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

You are manifest housekeepers.

What are you sewing here ?

Act I, Sc. 3.

November 8.

MEN.

A worthy officer ; . . . but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-
ing,
Self-loving.

Act IV, Sc. 6.

WOMAN.

Do you know this lady ?

.
. . . Chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow.

Act V, Sc. 3.

King Lear.

November 9.

MEN.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
 laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them
 too,—
Who loses, and who wins : who's in, who's
 out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies.

Act V, Sc. 3.

WOMAN.

I love you more than word 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.

Act I, Sc. 1.

November 10.

MEN.

I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a
curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain

King Lear.

message bluntly; that which ordinary men
are fit for I am qualified in: and the best of
me in diligence.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

November 11.

MEN.

O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

Act II, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

She, . . . your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your
age,
The best, the dearest. . . .

Act I, Sc. 1.

November 12.

MEN.

He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—

King Lear.

Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Act III, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Thy truth then be thy dower.

Act I, Sc. 1.

November 13.

MEN.

This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars : as if we were villains on necessity ; fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, . . . by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine trusting on.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Who covers faults at last shame them derides.

Act I, Sc. 1.

King Lear.

November 14.

MEN.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? . . . And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office.

Act IV, Sc. 6.

WOMEN.

She shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd:—then away she
started
To deal with grief alone.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

November 15.

MEN.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd 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.

Act IV, Sc. 6.

King Lear.

WOMEN.

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 smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

November 16.

MEN.

A man may see how this world goes, with
no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how
yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief.
Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and,
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is
the thief?

Act IV, Sc. 6.

King Lear.

WOMEN.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
Act IV, Sc. 6.

November 17.

MEN.

Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is.
Act V, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

Thou hast a daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse.
Act IV, Sc. 6.

November 18.

MEN.

Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature.
Act V, Sc. 3

WOMEN.

We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the
worst.
Act V, Sc. 3.

King Lear.

November 19.

MEN.

Wise men are grown foppish,
They know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Act V, Sc. 3.

November 20.

MEN.

I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to
serve him truly that will put me in trust ; to
love him that is honest ; to converse with him
that is wise, and says little.

.
A very honest-hearted fellow.

Act I, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stands

Titus Andronicus.

Aloof from the entire point. Will you have
her?

She is herself a dowry.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Titus Andronicus.

November 21.

MEN.

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Act IV, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Act II, Sc. 3.

November 22.

MEN.

We are but shrubs; no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, . . . steel to the very back.

Act IV, Sc. 3.

Titus Andronicus.

WOMEN.

Fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Act III, Sc. 1.

November 23.

MEN

I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad.

Act IV, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

I blush . . .

Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with
blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart !

Act IV, Sc. 2.

November 24.

MEN.

Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Act III, Sc. 2.

Titus Andronicus.

WOMEN.

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Act II, Sc. 4.

November 25.

MEN.

You must resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Act II, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Do thou . . . show a woman's pity,

Act II, Sc. 3.

November 26.

MEN.

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?

Titus Andronicus.

The birds chant melody on every bush,

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Act II, Sc. 3.

November 27.

MEN.

Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

My compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

Act II, Sc. 3.

November 28.

MEN.

Thanks to men of noble minds is honourable
meed.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

A goodly lady, . . . of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.

Act I, Sc. 1.

Titus Andronicus.

November 29.

MEN.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Madam, stand resolved, but hope withal.

Act I, Sc. 1.

November 30.

MEN.

Let my father's honours live in me.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;

She is a woman, therefore may be won ;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

Act II, Sc. 1.

December.

Cymbeline.

Poems and Sonnets.

When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
. . . Shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ?

Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 3.

Cymbeline.

December 1.

MEN.

A courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
And therewithal the best: or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts.
And be false with them.

Act II, Sc. 4.

December 2.

MEN.

To apprehend . . .
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;

Cymbeline.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gains the cap of him that makes him
fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

O,
Men's vows are women's traitors !

Act III, Sc. 4.

December 3.

MEN.

One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught forbearance.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

She's fair and royal ;
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 : I love her therefore.

Act III, Sc. 5.

Cymbeline.

December 4.

MEN.

Poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are
betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

Act III, Sc. 4.

WOMEN.

Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Act III, Sc. 5.

December 5.

MEN.

I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.

Act V, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

Cymbeline.

December 6.

MEN.

Doubts by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not
steer'd.

Act IV, Sc. 3

WOMEN.

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my
heart,
That thought her like her seeming : it had
been vicious
To have mistrusted her.

Act V, Sc. 5.

December 7.

MEN.

He is one
The truest manner'd : such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Act I, Sc. 6.

Cymbeline.

WOMEN.

The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind.

Act II, Sc. 1.

December 8.

MEN.

What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?

Act I, Sc. 5.

WOMEN.

A lady, that disdains
Thee, and the devil alike.

Act I, Sc. 6.

December 9.

MEN.

This gentleman, . . . How worthy he is I
will leave to appear hereafter, rather than
story him in his own hearing.

Act I, Sc. 5.

Cymbeline.

WOMEN.

Fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any, the rarest of our ladies.

Act I, Sc. 4.

December 10.

MEN.

He was then of a crescent note ; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of : but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration ; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Act I, Sc. 5,

WOMEN.

Fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat.

Act I, Sc. 5.

December 11.

MEN.

He . . . is a creature such
As to seek through the regions of the earth

Cymbeline.

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.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection
should hurt her.

Act I, Sc. 3.

December 12.

MEN.

He is a man worth any woman.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

Her beauty and her brain go not together :
she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflec-
tion of her wit.

Act I, Sc. 3.

December 13.

MEN.

My queen ! my mistress !

O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause

Cymbeline.

To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, . . .

. . . Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Act I, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

O dissembling courtesy! How fine this
tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!

Act I, Sc. 2.

December 14.

MEN.

He liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most
loved!
A sample to the youngest; to th' more ma-
ture
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress—
. . . Her own price

Cymbeline.

Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his
virtue ;

By her election may be truly read

What kind of man he is.

Act I, Sc. 1.

WOMEN.

You shall not find me, . . .

After the slander of most step-mothers,

Evil-ey'd unto you.

Act I, Sc. 2.

December 15.

MEN.

He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

More than a mortal seeming.

Act I, Sc. 6.

WOMEN.

Fear and niceness,—the handmaids of all
women, or, more truly, women its pretty self.

Act III, Sc. 4.

Cymbeline.

December 16.

MEN.

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.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

WOMEN.

Society is no comfort
To one not sociable.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

December 17.

MEN.

Winning will put any man into courage.

Act II, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her
lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

Act II, Sc. 2.

Cymbeline.

December 18.

MEN.

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.

Act III, Sc. 3.

WOMEN.

I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pro-
nounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you ; which I had
rather
You felt, than make 't my boast,

Act II, Sc. 3.

December 19.

MEN.

He was too good, to be
Where ill men were ; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones.

Act V, Sc. 5.

Poems and Sonnets.

WOMEN.

Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ;
nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath.

Act IV, Sc. 2.

Poems and Sonnets,

December 20.

MEN.

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.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

WOMEN.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth
view
Wants nothing that the thought of hearts can
mend ;

Sonnet 69.

Doems and Sonnets.

December 21.

MEN.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :

· · · · ·
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

WOMEN.

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 touch'd earthly
faces."

Sonnet 17.

December 22.

MEN.

My love is strengthen'd though more weak in
seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear :

Poems and Sonnets.

That love is merchandized whose rich esteem-
ing

The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

Sonnet 102.

WOMEN.

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 :

O, 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 116.

December 23.

MEN.

He did in the general bosom reign

Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,

Poems and Sonnets.

To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted.

A Lover's Complaint

WOMEN.

Love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.

Sonnet 138

December 24.

MEN.

On the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill.
Catching all passions in his craft of will :

A Lover's Complaint.

WOMEN.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still.

Sonnet 104.

Poems and Sonnets.

December 25.

MEN.

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.
There are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.
The Passionate Pilgrim.

WOMEN.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous
 seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
Sonnet 54.

December 26.

MEN.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,

Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see.
Lover's Complaint.

Poems and Sonnets.

WOMEN.

Nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew ;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Sonnet 98.

December 27.

MEN.

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.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

WOMEN.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;

Poems and Sonnets.

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

Sonnet 70.

December 28.

MEN.

Tired with all these, . . .

Simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :
Tired with all these, from these would I be
gone.

Sonnet 66.

WOMEN.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand
painted

Hast thou, . . .

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion.

Sonnet 20.

December 29.

MEN.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Poems and Sonnets.

Is from the book of honour raized quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

Sonnet 25.

WOMEN.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
 May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.

Sonnet 18,

December 30.

MEN.

I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own.

Sonnet 121.

WOMEN.

That time of year thou mayst 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.

Sonnet 73.

Poems and Sonnets.

December 31.

MEN.

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.

And Time that gave doth now his gift con-
found.

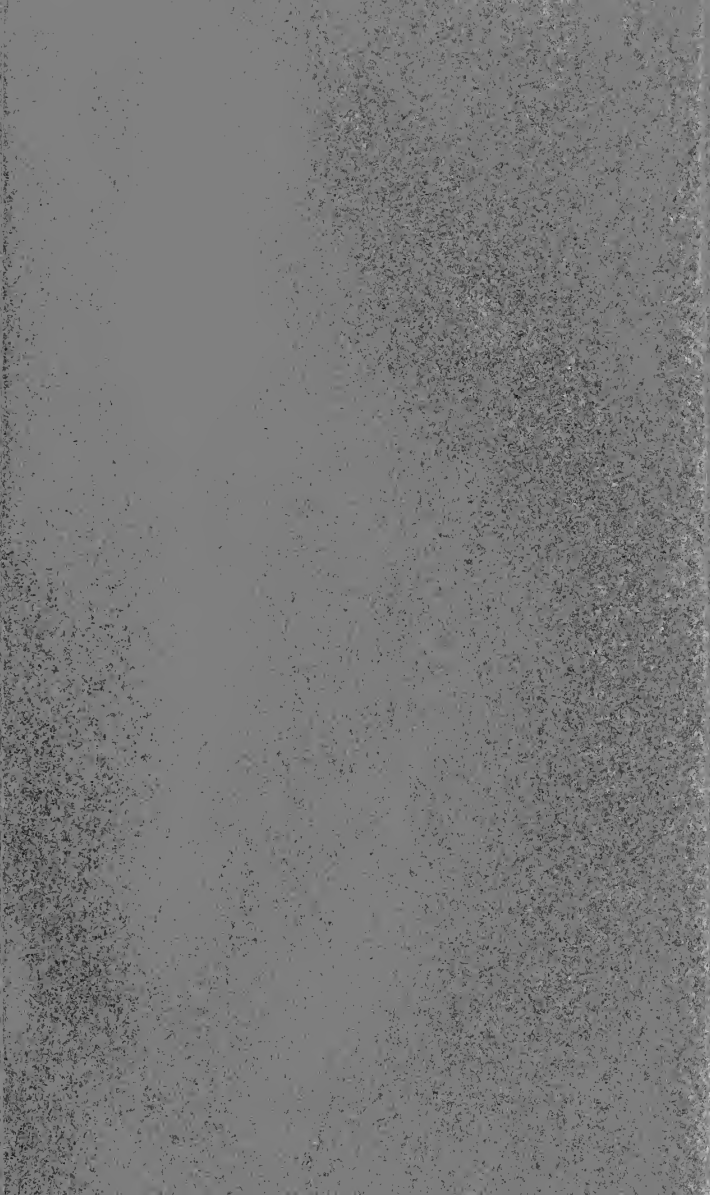
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

Sonnet 60.

WOMEN.

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.

Sonnet 30.



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