

All's Well that Ends Well Act 1, sc. 2

KING: Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too. Welcome to Paris.

BERTRAM : My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

KING : I would I had that corporal soundness now
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Disciplined of the bravest. He lasted long,
35 But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
Today in our young lords; but they may jest
40 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honor.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honor,
45 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obeyed his hand. Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
50 Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act 3, sc. 2

HELEN: "Till I have no wife I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France until he has no wife.
Thou shalt have none, Rossillion, none in France.
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord, is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. No, come thou home, Rossillion,
Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do 't? No, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all. I will be gone,
Come, night; end, day;
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act 2, sc. 3

HELEN: *□ to Bertram □*

I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service ever whilst I live
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

KING: Why then, young Bertram, take her. She's thy wife.

BERTRAM : My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your Highness
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

KING: Know'st thou not,
Bertram,
What she has done for me?

BERTRAM : Yes, my good lord,
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

KING: Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

BERTRAM: But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife? Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

KING: 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stands off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st—
"A poor physician's daughter"—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.
From lowest place whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.

BERTRAM: I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

KING: Thou wrong'st thyself if thou shouldst strive to
choose.

HELEN: That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad.
Let the rest go.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act 1, sc 1

PAROLLES Are you meditating on virginity?

HELEN Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity. How may we barricado it against him?

PAROLLES Keep him out.

HELEN But he assails, and our virginity, though valiant in the defense, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

PAROLLES There is none. Man setting down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

HELEN Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

PAROLLES Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up. Marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin \uparrow got \uparrow till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion. Away with 't.

HELEN I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Julius Caesar, Act 1, sc. 2

CASSIUS: Well, Brutus, thou art noble. Yet I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed.
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night
In several hands in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at
And after this, let Caesar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Julius Caesar, Act 2, sc. 1

PORTIA

You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed. And yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
Dear my lord, make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

Brutus is wise and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS

Why so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of.
(She kneels) And upon my knees I charm you,
that you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

(He lifts her up)

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you?

Julius Caesar, Act 3, sc.1

ANTONY

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.