

All My Smooth Body

Nick Montfort

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest,  
     Now is the time that face should form another,  
     Then let not winter's ragged hand deface,  
         Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 By unions married do offend thine ear,  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.  
     Devouring Time blunt thou the lion's paws,  
         A woman's face with nature's own hand painted,  
         A woman's gentle heart but not acquainted  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
         Bearing thy heart which I will keep so chary  
         Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;  
     Thy beauty's form in table of my heart,  
         My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.  
     Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.  
     But then begins a journey in my head  
         To work my mind, when body's work's expired.  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
     Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
     Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
         Kissing with golden face the meadows green;  
     With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
     To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
     When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
         No matter then although my foot did stand  
         Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
         Mine eye, my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
             My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right,  
             My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,  
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,  
     The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part.  
         And my heart's right, thy inward love of heart.  
         Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
             Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother;  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
     Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
         Awakes my heart, to heart's and eye's delight.  
         From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!



These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face,  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head:  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks,  
 For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;  
 A thousand groans but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck do witness bear  
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
 O let it then as well beseem thy heart  
 Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail,  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart,  
 Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Root pity in thy heart that when it grows,  
 To follow that which flies before her face:  
 Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
 O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,

With insufficiency my heart to sway,  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason,  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warmed,  
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarmed.  
 The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the  
     Fall on thy head! My lord,  
     In our heart's table-heart too capable  
 That wishing well had not a body in't  
 The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;  
     He hath arm'd our answer,  
 Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;  
     He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them  
     Lend me an arm-the rest have worn me out  
     my body; for they say bames are blessings.  
     My poor body, madam, requires I am driven on by the  
 to do that for me which I am awarey He that ears my land  
     papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their  
     heads are both one; they may jowl horns together like any deer  
     may draw his heart out ere 'a pluck one.  
 wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.  
     words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they  
 But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks  
     Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
 No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
     Our hearts receive your warnings.  
 I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.  
     war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword  
 To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand  
 Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand  
     Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,  
 easily put it off at He that cannot make a leg, put off's  
     cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip,  
 It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks-the pin  
     buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.  
 As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your  
 Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.  
     Very hand of heaven.  
 And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
     The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me:  
 Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,  
     Be not afraid that I your hand should take;  
     if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known



This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,  
 Commend the paper to his gracious hand;  
     of Fortune's butt'Prithee, allow the wind.  
 Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;  
     Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve  
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time  
 I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
     You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
     She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.  
     Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.  
 Upon a tawny His captain's heart,  
     Is Caesar's Else so thy cheek pays shame  
     Show him your hand.  
     I had rather heat my liver with drinking.  
 Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they  
     The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.  
     There were a heart in Egypt.  
 Our services awhile; but my full heart  
     Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
 To bear such idleness so near the heart  
     Be strew'd before your feet!  
 Comes dear'd by being lack'This common body,  
     Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound  
     No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon  
 Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek  
     The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
     This orient His speech sticks in my heart.  
     Mine ear must pluck it thence.  
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
     And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
     Keep his brain Epicurean cooks  
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
     Let Antony look over Caesar's head  
     And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
     To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,  
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
     Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand.  
     The heart of brothers govern in our loves  
     There is my hand.  
     To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
     Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
     Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Maecenas! My honourable  
 When she first met Mark Antony she purs'd up his heart,  
     To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands





Your heart has mind  
 And threats the throat of that his officer  
 Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat  
 My grieved ear withal; whereon I begg'd  
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
 And we in negligent Cheer your heart;  
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;  
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,  
 And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium  
 And fighting foot to foot.  
 Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her but  
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,  
 I have no ears to his The Queen  
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
 To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,  
 That head, my lord?  
 To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.  
 My duty on your hand.  
 And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am  
 So saucy with the hand of she here- what's her name  
 Till like a boy you see him cringe his face,  
 My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal  
 And plighter of high hearts! O that I were  
 A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
 The white hand of a lady fever thee!  
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 Drop in my neck; as it determines, so  
 Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?  
 A diminution in our captain's brain  
 Let our best heads  
 Give me thy hand,  
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'For shame!  
 To burn this night with Know, my hearts,  
 Sir, his chests and treasure  
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.  
 With clouts about their heads.  
 Give me thy hand-  
 Chain mine arm'd Leap thou, attire and all,  
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand-  
 Like holy Phoebus' Give me thy hand.  
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
 Before thy face repent!  
 May hang no longer on Throw my heart

The hand of death hath raught him.  
 He may recover with the body  
 We'd fight there But this it is, our foot  
 Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart  
 Do we shake All come to this? The hearts  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.  
 And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club  
 The soul and body rive not more in parting  
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
 Between her heart and She rend' red life,  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
 Put colour in thy cheek.  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd  
 My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart.  
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand  
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
 Bid her have good heart.  
 Y'are fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing.  
 Look him i' th' face.  
 His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck  
 His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm  
 My very heart at root.  
 Of woman in Now from head to foot  
 That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass  
 The like is on her arm.  
 Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?  
 take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy  
 neck as his And thou wert best look to't; for if thou  
 beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and  
 With bills on their necks: 'Be it known unto all men by  
 Your heart's desires be with you!  
 That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
 heart.  
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face;  
 A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
 A boar spear in my hand; and- in my heart  
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
 Have their round haunches gor'd.  
 The body of the country, city, court,

I Care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.  
 I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel,  
 and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as  
 cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember  
 my shins against it.  
 Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee? Live a  
 arm's I will here be with the presently; and if I bring thee  
 They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,  
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
 Support him by the Give me your hand,  
 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,  
 O that your Highness knew my heart in this!  
 at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be  
 Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the  
 Besides, our hands are hard.  
 sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are  
 had in them more feet than the verses would bear.  
 That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.  
 Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves  
 And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.  
 So you may put a man in your belly.  
 Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?  
 and your heart both in an instant.  
 O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.  
 Just as high as my heart.  
 every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot  
 And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as  
 as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.  
 A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken,  
 I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I  
 upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart,  
 With all my heart, good youth.  
 A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger  
 in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no  
 very glad to see Even a toy in hand here, Nay; pray be  
 traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that  
 Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
     You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
     Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
 But, mistress, know Down on your knees,  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear:  
     To glean the broken ears after the man  
         His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well.  
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
     Phebe, with all my heart.  
     The matter's in my head and in my heart;  
         poor hands.  
 of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder, but I'll  
     warrant him heart-whole.  
     his house on his head- a better jointure, I think, than you make  
     his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he  
     By this hand, it will not kill a But come, now I  
 sister, you shall be the priest, and marry Give me your hand,  
     have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the  
         thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind  
 it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a  
     I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath  
         I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,  
         A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;  
     She has a huswife's hand- but that's no matter.  
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.  
     Like Turk to Women's gentle brain  
     Left on your right hand brings you to the place.  
 Lay sleeping on his About his neck  
     Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd  
     Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
     I pray you, will you take him by the arm?  
         You lack a man's heart.  
     I do so, I confess Ah, sirrah, a body would think  
     Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.  
     Good ev'n, gentle Cover thy head, cover thy  
         head; nay, prithee be cover'How old are you, friend?  
         thy heart in a scarf!  
     It is my arm.  
     I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a  
     to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I  
 If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries

I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no  
 Upon a lie seven times removed- bear your body more  
 said so, then I said so.' And they shook hands, and swore  
 Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,  
 not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces,  
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek;  
 You come not home because you have no stomach,  
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast;  
 Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
 What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
 What mean you, sir? For God's sake hold your hands!  
 Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
 There's none but asses will be bridled so.  
 Say, is your tardy master now at hand?  
 Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two  
 ears can witness.  
 Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.  
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.  
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
 Between you I shall have a holy head.  
 Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!  
 From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.  
 I am glad to see you in this merry vein.  
 these blows long, I must get a sponce for my head, and  
 insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders.  
 That never words were music to thine ear,  
 That never touch well welcome to thy hand,  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
 Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
 If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.  
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be  
 But here's a villain that would face me down  
 That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show;  
 I think thou art an ass.  
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.  
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
 lest he catch cold on's feet.  
 Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.  
 Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,  
     Give me thy hand.  
         I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides  
     A very reverent body; ay, such a one  
 Swart, like my shoe; but her face  
         her from hip to hip.  
     No longer from head to foot than  
         from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find  
 In what part of her body stands Ireland?  
     Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by  
         the palm of the hand.  
     In her forehead, arm'd and reverted,  
 marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the  
         mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I,  
         and my heart of steel,  
     I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.  
     And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
         Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?  
 My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  
         My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.  
     One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
     A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands  
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;  
     And therewithal took measure of my body.  
     Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.  
         blows, and so is an ass.  
         I am an ass indeed; you may prove it  
 nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for  
     with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders as  
         Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.  
         There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.  
     Did this companion with the saffron face  
     It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,  
         could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.  
 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck  
         These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.  
     And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
     And it shall privilege him from your hands  
 Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
         To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.  
         And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
     These people saw the chain about his neck.  
     Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine  
 And careful hours with time's deformed hand  
     Have written strange defeatures in my face.

Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear;  
 With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.  
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.  
 What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you  
 they shall know we have strong arms too.  
 Your knees to them, not arms, must Alack,  
 There was a time when all the body's members  
 Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:  
 I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,  
 Of the whole The belly answer'd-  
 Well, sir, what answer made the belly?  
 For look you, I may make the belly smile  
 Your belly's answer- What?  
 The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
 The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
 Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
 Who is the sink o' th' body-  
 What could the belly answer?  
 Patience awhile, you'st hear the belly's answer.  
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
 Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;  
 The strongest nerves and small inferior veins  
 You, my good friends'- this says the belly; mark me.  
 The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
 To break the heart of generosity  
 The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.  
 The Volsces are in arms.  
 Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he  
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.  
 With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,  
 He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee  
 And tread upon his neck.  
 Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
 With hearts more proof than Advance, brave Titus.  
 All hurt behind! Backs red, and faces pale  
 In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart  
 Their very heart of hope.  
 More than thy fame and Fix thy foot.  
 Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods  
 But cannot make my heart consent to take  
 And when my face is fair you shall perceive  
 Wash my fierce hand in's Go you to th' city;  
 here in the city- I mean of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you?





Lay hands upon him.  
 Or Jove for's power to His heart's his mouth;  
 With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
 And we their hands.  
 The service of the foot,  
 Let them pull all about mine ears, present me  
 To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads  
 I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
 But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
 Tush, tush!  
 Nor by th' matter which your heart prompts you,  
 Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand;  
 Thy knee bussing the stones- for in such busines  
 More learned than the ears- waving thy head,  
 Which often thus correcting thy-stout heart,  
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;  
 With my base tongue give to my noble heart  
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
 Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up  
 Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,  
 And by my body's action teach my mind  
 With as big heart as Do as thou list.  
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
 What's in his heart, and that is there which looks  
 With us to break his neck.  
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
 Upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
 In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;  
 With many heads butts me Nay, mother,  
 The heart that conn'd them.  
 As any ear can Come, let's not weep.  
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
 I'd with thee every foot.  
 Give me thy hand.  
 His good sword in his hand.  
 But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
 it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment  
 foot at an hour's warning.  
 Whose double bosoms seems to wear one heart,  
 head that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray get you out.  
 What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?  
 Thou prat'st and prat'st; serve with thy trencher;  
 A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
 Thou has a grim appearance, and thy face

A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge  
 Against my cank' red country with the spleen  
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;  
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart  
 We have a power on foot, and I had purpose  
 Or lose mine arm for'Thou hast beat me out  
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat-  
 And take our friendly senators by th' hands,  
 Yet, Marcius, that was Your hand; most welcome!  
 By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with  
 What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his  
 Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in  
 him; he had, sir, a kind of face, methought- I cannot tell how to  
 with's hand, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his discourse.  
 and sowl the porter of Rome gates by th' ears; he will mow all  
 Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees  
 Your temples burned in their cement, and  
 Your Rome about your ears.  
 That should consume it, I have not the face  
 To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,  
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
 Unless by using means I lame the foot  
 That which shall break his neck or hazard mine  
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
 The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
 My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.  
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger than  
 You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
 Whom with crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
 Will I lend ear Ha! what shout is this?  
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
 Your knees to me, to your corrected son?  
 And hangs on Dian's temple- dear Valeria!  
 Your knee, sirrah.  
 And state of bodies would bewray what life  
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,  
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,  
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
 To have a temple built All the swords  
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
 our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.



the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears which  
     If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
 Good morrow, fairest Your sweet hand.  
     That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body is dearer  
     Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.  
     To make your vessel nimble.  
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
     That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
     Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
     She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
     By Jupiter, I had it from her arm!  
 Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues  
     owe such straight arms, none.  
 Their liberties are now in arms, a precedent  
     Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian-  
     As prouder livers do.  
     Your legs are young; I'll tread these Consider,  
 The world may read in me; my body's mark'd  
     When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
     And thus I set my foot on's neck'; even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
 But keep that count'nance My husband's hand?  
     thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity  
     Hath cut her throat No, 'tis slander,  
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.  
     Thou shalt not damn my hand.  
     And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 That cravens my weak Come, here's my heart-  
 I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,  
     There's livers out of Britain.  
 Report should render him hourly to your ear  
     Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
     Exposing it- but, O, the harder heart!  
     If that his head have ear in music; doubtless  
     Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
     Your hand, my lord.  
     Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
     Thy heart to find Is she with Posthumus?  
     It is Posthumus' hand; I know'Sirrah, if thou wouldst  
     Give me thy hand; here's my Hast any of thy late  
 time- the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart- that she  
     insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined-  
 she so prais'd- to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home

body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not  
 head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this  
 before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father,  
 I am sick still; heart-Pisanio,  
 From so divine a temple to commix  
 An arm as big as thine, a heart as big?  
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
 And on the gates of Lud's Town set your heads.  
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;  
 My head as I do his.  
 I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
 With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
 Displace our heads where- thank the gods!- they grow,  
 May make some stronger head- the which he hearing,  
 If we do fear this body hath a tail  
 More perilous than the head.  
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
 His head from I'll throw't into the creek  
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage  
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek  
 His arms thus leagu'I thought he slept, and put  
 My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
 The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
 Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
 Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' East;  
 Are strewings fit'st for Upon their faces.  
 Come on, Apart upon our knees.  
 Which the brain makes of Our very eyes  
 I know the shape of's leg; this is his hand,  
 His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,  
 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face-  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me! where's that?  
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head How should this be? Pisanio?  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 And never Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
 Let's see the boy's face.  
 Come, arm Boy, he is preferr'd  
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
 The hands of Romans!  
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!  
Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
More than my shanks and wrists; you good gods, give me  
Our temple was he Rise and fade!  
Stoop'd as to foot His ascension is  
Tongue, and brain not; either both or nothing,  
paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier  
to come, the Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and  
Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so  
Preservers of my Woe is my heart  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain, of Britain,  
Bow your knees.  
Can trip me if I err, who with wet cheeks  
Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.  
Ay, with all my heart,  
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits  
Those which I heav'd to head!- the good Posthumus-  
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
A sacrilegious thief, to do'The temple  
If it could so roar to I cut off's head,  
Had ever scar Let his arms alone;  
I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee.  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
Have laid most heavy hand.  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a  
And I am sick at heart.  
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?  
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

The head is not more native to the heart,  
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,  
 Visit her face too Heaven and earth!  
 With which she followed my poor father's body  
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!  
 Nor shall you do my ear that violence  
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver  
 These hands are not more like.  
 It lifted up its head and did address  
 My lord, from head to foot.  
 Then saw you not his face?  
 My father's spirit- in arms? All is not well.  
 In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,  
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,  
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open  
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
 Without more motive, into every brain  
 Hold off your hands!  
 And makes each petty artifice in this body  
 To ears of flesh and list, list, O, list!  
 A serpent stung so the whole ear of Denmark  
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
 And in the porches of my ears did pour  
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
 All my smooth body.  
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
 With all my imperfections on my head.  
 And shall I couple hell? Hold, hold, my heart!  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 How say you then? Would heart of man once think it?  
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;  
 And lay your hands again upon my sword.  
 With arms encumb'ring thus, or this head-shake,  
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,  
 Ungart'ring, and down-gyved to his ankle;  
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  
 He took me by the wrist and held me hard;  
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm,  
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
 He falls to such perusal of my face





thy damnable faces, and begin! Come, the croaking raven doth  
Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;  
pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my  
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
To keep those many many bodies safe  
And both What if this cursed hand  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,  
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
A rhapsody of words! Heaven's face doth glow;  
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear  
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.  
This is the very coinage of your brain.  
O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
And break your own neck down.  
To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;  
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body  
What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?  
I am glad of A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.  
My lord, you must tell us where the body is and go with us to  
The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body.  
I have sent to seek him and to find the body.  
Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard.  
There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her heart;  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
In ear and O my dear Gertrude, this,  
Than Young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,  
To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms  
O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt  
If by direct or by collateral hand  
to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too  
And You must put me in your heart for friend,  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
Know you the hand?  
It warms the very sickness in my heart  
A face without a heart,'  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
To cut his throat i' th' church!

'A was the first that ever bore arms.  
 The Scripture says Adam digg' Could he dig without arms? I'll  
     Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will  
     'Tis e'en The hand of little employment hath the daintier  
         That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing How the  
         which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God,  
 There's Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?  
     your whoreson dead Here's a skull This skull hath lien  
         Rhenish on my head This same skull, sir, was Yorick's  
         skull, the King's jester.  
 The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand  
     Fall ten times treble on that cursed head  
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.  
     T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head  
     I prithee take thy fingers from my throat;  
     Which let thy wisdom Hold off thy hand!  
         Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting  
         My head should be struck off.  
     Or I could make a prologue to my brains,  
         To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd  
     bonnet to his right 'Tis for the head.  
 This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.  
     Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.  
         Come, let me wipe thy face.  
 The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
     If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
         The ears are senseless that should give us bearing  
 Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
         Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb  
     Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
         Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
         are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's  
         foot of the ladder, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge  
         cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?  
 Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears  
     have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off  
         from my shoulders.  
 And that same greatness too which our own hands  
     And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
         In single opposition hand to hand,  
         And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,  
     And tell him so; for I will else my heart,  
         Albeit I make a hazard of my head.  
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
     Of my wive's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
 I'll keep them, by this hand!  
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
 And in his ear I'll holloa 'Mortimer.'  
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!  
 His uncle York- where I first bow'd my knee  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 To save our heads by raising of a head;  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.  
 God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.  
 head? Canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink to  
 At hand, quoth pickpurse.  
 That's even as fair as- 'at hand, quoth the chamberlain'; for  
 give thee this neck.  
 I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny  
 four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind.  
 Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot An  
 Peace, ye fat-guts! Lie down, lay thine ear  
 We'll walk afoot awhile and ease our legs.  
 Strike! down with them! cut the villains' throats! Ah,  
 What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good  
 Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him  
 their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month,  
 sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King and lay open  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 What horse? A roan, a crop-ear, is it not?  
 A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen  
 Ned, prithee come out of that fat-room and lend me thy hand  
 now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other  
 could find in my heart-  
 six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and  
 sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them A plague of  
 forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.  
 of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face You Prince  
 Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the  
 thou You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care  
 plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face Give me  
 what, Hal- if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.  
 foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.  
 dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

a mountain, open, Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou  
 it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your  
 hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you!  
 Hot livers and cold purses.  
 thine own knee?  
 My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an  
 eagle's talent in the waist; I could have crept into any  
 A-horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot he will not budge a foot.  
 and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.  
 Well, here is my leg.  
 Peace, good Peace, good tickle-brain.- Harry, I do  
 thy Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours,  
 guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly,  
 Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.  
 foot; and I know, his death will be a march of twelve The  
 Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
 Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
 And I am glad of it with all my heart!  
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
 With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.  
 quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.  
 Lady Wouldst thou have thy head broken?  
 With all my heart.  
 Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?  
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must bear  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Slept in his face, and rend'ed such aspect  
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;  
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,  
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head  
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
 If promises be kept oil every hand,  
 Our hands are full of Let's away.  
 I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no  
 Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my Thou art our  
 Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.  
 of a death's-head or a memento I never see thy face but I

virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this  
 and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter  
 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!  
 God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.  
 O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees!  
 this bosom of It is all fill'd up with guts and midriff.  
 with unwash'd hands too.  
 I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.  
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.  
 If we, without his help, can make a head  
 Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.  
 As heart can There is not such a word  
 All furnish'd, all in arms;  
 His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Up to the ears in I am on fire  
 Of death or death's hand for this one half-year.  
 toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than  
 pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my  
 villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;  
 napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a  
 You speak it out of fear and cold heart.  
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
 The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
 Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
 Proceeded further- cut me off the heads  
 And in the neck of that task'd the whole state;  
 This head of safety, and withal to pry  
 And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
 The special head of all the land together-  
 Of estimation and command in arms.  
 To meet you on the way and kiss your hand  
 It it rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,  
 To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
 Out of your sight and raise this present head;  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
 This present enterprise set off his head,  
 Are confident against the world in arms.  
 me off when I come on? How then? Can honor set to a leg? Or  
 an arm? Or take away the grief of a wound? Honour hath no  
 A hare-brained Hotspur govern'd by a spleen.  
 All his offences live upon my head  
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.  
 Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown

O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
Upon my head?  
This, Douglas? I know this face full well.  
never did such deeds in arms as I have done this I have paid  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!  
Another king? They grow like Hydra's heads.  
The King himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart  
Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt are in my arms.  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!  
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
For worms, brave Fare thee well, great heart!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
sirrah , with a new wound in your thigh, come you  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
With all my heart.  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.  
Open your ears; for which of you will stop  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
As good as heart can wish.  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,  
With that he gave his able horse the head  
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;  
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin  
Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame  
And as the wretch whose fever-weak'ned joints,  
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel  
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly coif!  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set

'Let us make head.' It was your pre-surmise  
 Come, we will put forth, body and goods.  
 The action of their bodies from their souls;  
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
 Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at The brain of  
 palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek; and yet he  
 will not stick to say his face is a face-God may finish it  
 a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it;  
 bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The  
 Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.  
 knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I  
 throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.  
 of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.  
 and my waist slenderer.  
 great belly, and he my dog.  
 There is not a white hair in your face but should  
 that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the  
 you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a  
 decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken,  
 afternoon, with a white head and something a round For my  
 the box of the ear that the Prince gave you- he gave it like a  
 hands of him.  
 out his head but I am thrust upon Well, I cannot last ever;  
 May hold up head without Northumberland?  
 Till we had his assistance by the hand;  
 Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot-  
 I think we are so a body strong enough,  
 Are in three heads: one power against the French,  
 And publish the occasion of our arms.  
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
 Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
 No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.  
 honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and  
 substance into that fat belly of But I will have some of it  
 Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head for  
 a better wench in Go, wash thy face, and draw the  
 No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,  
 to know thy face to-morrow, or to take note how many pair of silk  
 By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book  
 try the But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my  
 brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two  
 Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be  
 blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms  
 could discern no part of his face from the At last I  
 When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;  
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
 Beshrew your heart,  
 to the heart; but he hath forgot that.  
 good Your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart  
 Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.  
 You are the weaker vessel, as as they say, the emptier  
 vessel.  
 Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head?  
 God's light, with two points on your shoulder? Much!  
 hand, to th' infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.  
 thrust at your belly.  
 th' shoulder.  
 Let them Play, Sit on my knee, A rascal  
 old body for heaven?  
 Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a death's-head; do  
 Because their legs are both of a bigness, and 'a plays at  
 faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the  
 Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?  
 By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.  
 Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.  
 Now the Lord bless that sweet face of O Jesu, are  
 God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my  
 his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but  
 All vict'lers do What's a joint of mutton or two in a  
 And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
 I cannot If my heart be not ready to burst!  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.  
 Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.  
 It is but as a body yet distempered;  
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot;  
 'The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,  
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
 Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir; give me  
 your hand, An early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my  
 Scoggin's head at the court gate, when 'a was a crack not thus  
 and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.  
 your good hand, give me your worship's good By my troth,  
 Wart's hand, Bardolph.  
 When 'a was naked, he was for all the world like a fork'd radish,  
 with a head fantastically carved upon it with a 'A was so



the Tiltyard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the  
     Let us sway on and face them in the field.  
     Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,  
         Our very veins of Hear me more plainly.  
     What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms;  
     To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
     Then reason will our hearts should be as good.  
     And knit our powers to the arm of peace.  
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart  
     Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.  
     Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
 I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine;  
     An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most  
     foot; to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all  
     element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word  
 operation in It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all  
     cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the  
     illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the  
 rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital  
     captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this retinue,  
 He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
     That the united vessel of their blood,  
     The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,  
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand.  
     Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
 Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
     She either gives a stomach and no food-  
     And takes away the stomach- such are the rich  
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.  
 Unless some dull and favourable hand  
     Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
     Their brains with care, their bones with industry;  
     Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,  
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
     Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;  
     The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
     How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
     Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
     That had before my face murd'red my father-

Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand;  
     short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny  
     with your Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.  
 I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph.  
     had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till  
         his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!  
 I know he doth not, and do arm myself  
 And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
     Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
 And mock your workings in a second body.  
     Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me;  
     For which I do commit into your hand  
     As you have done 'gainst There is my hand.  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
     That the great body of our state may go  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.  
     There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you  
 meat, we'll have in But you must bear; the heart's all.  
     Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.  
 that I might have thee hang'Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of  
     joint.  
 My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver  
     By most mechanical and dirty hand.  
 My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!  
     Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;  
     my body to your Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and,  
     use my legs? And yet that were but light payment-to dance out of  
 is not the My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid  
 The breath no sooner left his father's body  
     Leaving his body as a paradise  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears  
     And in regard of causes now in hand,  
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
     The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
     And with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
     Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
     Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England  
     O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
     We must not only arm t' invade the French,  
     While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
     Th' advised head defends itself at home;  
     My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
 That this fair action may on foot be

Like little body with a mighty heart,  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die-  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say  
 Now by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;  
 Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of  
 The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;  
 The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
 Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
 I will cut thy throat one time or other, in fair terms; that  
 thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.  
 another's throats?  
 Give me thy hand.  
 Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian  
 His heart is fracted and corroborate.  
 For which we have in head assembled them?  
 We carry not a heart with us from hence  
 That sits in heart-grief and uneasines  
 With hearts create of duty and of zeal.  
 And shall forget the office of our hand  
 Their cheeks are Why, what read you there  
 Not working with the eye without the ear,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 No; for my manly heart doth earn.  
 Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;  
 So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into  
 felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold  
 Go, clear thy Yoke-fellows in arms,  
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;  
 And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
 And all our princes capdv'd by the hand  
 Turn head and stop pursuit; for coward dogs  
 Of what a monarchy you are the head.  
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.  
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head  
 not amount to a For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and  
 red-fac'd; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not.  
 deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that  
 stomach, and therefore I must cast it  
 By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify  
 the trompet sound the By my hand, I swear, and my

tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!  
 stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be  
 Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.  
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,  
     In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
     The blind and bloody with foul hand  
     And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
     La main? Elle est appelee de hand.  
         La main, de hand; les doigts, de Je pense que  
 De Ecoutez; dites-moi si je parle bien: de hand,  
     De arm, madame.  
     D'elbow.  
     Excusez-moi, Alice; ecoutez: d'hand, de fingre, de  
     D'elbow, madame.  
     O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! D'elbow.  
 Non, je reciterai a vous promptement: d'hand, de fingre,  
     De nails, de arm, de ilbow.  
     Sauf votre honneur, d'elbow.  
     Ainsi dis-je; d'elbow, de nick, et de Comment  
     Le foot, madame; et le count.  
     Le foot et le O Seigneur Dieu! ils sont mots de  
 les seigneurs de France pour tout le Foh! le foot et le  
     d'hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de  
     foot, le count.  
     Their bodies to the lust of English youth  
     He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my  
     hands.  
     Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
 and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look  
     And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.  
 church- one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man; his face is  
     at our feet but a weak and worthless To this add  
     I thought upon one pair of English legs  
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;  
     We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.  
     paved with English faces.  
     ears of the English.  
     'Tis midnight; I'll go arm  
     By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.  
     Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.  
     England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his  
     That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual  
 armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples! You may as  
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;  
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats  
 Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'  
 Upon his royal face there is no note  
 A good soft pillow for that good white head  
 God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.  
 The King's a bawcock and a heart of gold,  
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string  
 If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating  
 an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? In your own  
 neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so  
 heavy reckoning to make when all those legs and arms and heads,  
 own head- the King is not to answer for it.  
 throats are cut he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.  
 fanning in his face with a peacock's You'll never trust  
 and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand I will  
 take thee a box on the ear.  
 they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it  
 But his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease  
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
 O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts,  
 Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord,  
 I Richard's body have interred new,  
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
 There is not work enough for all our hands;  
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins  
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades  
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
 God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.  
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies  
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads  
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;  
 My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
 Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat  
 Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.  
 He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he

esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one-  
 I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but  
     the saying is true- the empty vessel makes the greatest sound.  
 Let him go hence and, with his cap in hand  
     That bloodily did yawn upon his face,  
         He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,  
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
     He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;  
         law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as  
 fat knight with the great belly doublet; he was full of jests,  
     Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,  
         Of their dead bodies!  
 glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear; or if I can see  
         the hearts of his I would fain see the man that has but  
         two legs that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is  
 May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear.  
     An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if  
 All offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came  
         in his belly: hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you  
     But five and O God, thy arm was here!  
     And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
         I will tell you, ass my friend, Captain Gower: the  
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
     Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
         That face to face and royal eye to eye  
     Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.  
     Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?  
         French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with  
     answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a How say  
 fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning,  
         leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will  
 turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will  
     wither; a full eye will wax But a good heart, Kate, is  
         husband's neck, hardly to be shook Je quand sur le  
     no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the  
         heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say  
         bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud 'England is  
 is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not  
     Upon that I kiss your hand, and I can you my queen.  
 smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of  
         Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
         His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;  
 Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.  
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,  
     Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.  
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
 We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.  
 The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms;  
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.  
     Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,  
 When he sees me go back one foot or  
 Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd  
     Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;  
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand.  
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
     Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,  
     My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.  
 Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot.  
 Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.  
     What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?  
     Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;  
     Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.  
 All manner of men assembled here in arms  
     Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.  
 Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head,  
     But with a baser man of arms by far  
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart  
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.  
     One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!  
     Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand  
     If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!  
     Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.  
     He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,  
     head  
     It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.  
     Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels  
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.  
     And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.  
     Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,  
     Arm! arm! The enemy doth make assault.  
 Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms  
     Bring forth the body of old Salisbury  
     Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
     When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
 Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears  
     And I will chain these legs and arms of thine

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,  
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,  
The outward composition of his body.  
With all my heart, and think me honoured  
Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our  
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks  
Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.  
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,  
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck  
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;  
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body-  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.  
To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace.  
And have our bodies slaught'ered by thy foes.  
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest  
Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.  
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.  
heart.  
Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;  
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.  
Great Coeur-de-lion's heart was buried  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
But gather we our forces out of hand  
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects  
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief  
A gentler heart did never sway in court;  
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.  
In sign whereof, this arm that hath reclaim'd  
Lets fall his sword before your Highness' feet,  
And with submissive loyalty of heart  
Because till now we never saw your face.  
Villain, thou knowest the law of arms is such  
Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,





Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?  
 Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!  
 And here at hand the Dauphin and his train  
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
 Adorn his temples with a coronet  
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;  
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!  
 For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.  
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.  
 Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer;  
 France should have torn and rent my very heart  
 Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice  
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France  
 Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands  
 And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,  
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face  
 Until thy head be circled with the same.  
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.  
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset  
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
 And on my head did set the diadem.  
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks;  
 And buzz these conjurations in her brain.  
 And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
 And set the triple crown upon his head;  
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty;  
 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.  
 I could set my ten commandments in your face.  
 But to the matter that we have in hand:  
 Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.  
 I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.  
 the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with  
 me, I shall never be able to fight a blow! O Lord, my heart!



You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
Until the golden circuit on my head,  
And fought so long tiff that his thighs with darts  
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble.  
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.  
The King and all the peers are here at hand.  
Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say,  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck-  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds-  
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk;  
And with my fingers feel his hand un-feeling;  
Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
See how the blood is settled in his face.  
Being all descended to the labouring heart,  
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee  
What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;  
And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
O, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,  
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.  
A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.  
Cut both the villains' throats- for die you shall;  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup,  
Bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
Strike off his head.

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms;  
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms;  
 With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any  
 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
     There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
         His body will I bear unto the King.  
             with the body  
             mind than a hard hand.  
 Then is sin struck down, like an ox, and iniquity's throat  
     burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.  
 Nay, he can make obligations and write court-hand.  
 And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling  
     No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.  
         and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come  
         Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;  
         But where's the body that I should embrace?  
 Ah, barbarous villains! Hath this lovely face  
 Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.  
     Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.  
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
 hast built a paper-It will be proved to thy face that thou  
     such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear.  
 been most worthy to Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost  
     When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
         These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.  
         Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.  
         you'; I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no.  
         Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?  
         These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,  
         off his head presently, and then break into his son-in-law's  
 house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them  
     on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a  
 command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue  
     hang'd with your about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke  
 in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms  
     houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before  
     Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
         heads together to surprise My sword make way for me for here  
     And he that brings his head unto the King  
 Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks  
     And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
         His arms are only to remove from thee  
     And now is York in arms to second him.

And ask him what's the reason of these arms.  
     man's stomach this hot And I think this word 'sallet'  
         brain-pain had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time,  
         head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich and  
     Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,  
     Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;  
     My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast,  
         And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
         And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
 And there cut off thy most ungracious head,  
         Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed  
 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
         This hand was made to handle nought but gold.  
         To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
         But if thy arms be to no other end,  
         That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?  
 Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,  
         The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.  
         The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!  
 For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,  
     But boldly stand and front him to his face.  
     And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
         That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
         Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
         Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,  
         If they can brook I bow a knee to man.  
         I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.  
 Who, being suffer'd, with the bear's fell paw,  
     Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried;  
         Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?  
     If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
         For shame! In duty bend thy knee to me,  
         Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.  
         And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
         And so to arms, victorious father,  
 How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?  
         My soul and body on the action both!  
         My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine  
     So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
         with the body  
         Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:  
         But that my heart's on future mischief set,  
         Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.  
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
     So was his will in his old feeble body.

I wonder how the King escap'd our hands.  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.  
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.  
Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.  
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.  
Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.  
Good brother, as thou lov'st and honourest arms,  
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,  
O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there  
And giv'n unto the house of York such head  
The loss of those three lords torments my heart.  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.  
Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?  
That trembles under his devouring paws;  
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.  
Richard cried 'Charge, and give no foot of ground!'  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.  
Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails  
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.  
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,  
Off with the crown and with the crown his head;  
But that thy face is visard-like, unchanging,  
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
That face of his the hungry cannibals  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!  
Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
By many hands your father was subdu'd;  
But only slaught'ed by the ireful arm  
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,





And here's the heart that triumphs in their death  
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight  
Who's this? O God! It is my father's face,  
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
But let me Is this our foeman's face?  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart  
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart!  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.  
with the body  
These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;  
with the body  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
More than my body's parting with my soul!  
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.  
For, though before his face I speak the words,  
From off the gates of York fetch down the head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;  
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,  
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood  
Ay, but he's Off with the traitor's head,  
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.  
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,  
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,  
Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring  
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
Until my misshap'd trunk that bear this head  
And cry 'Content!' to that which grieves my heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.  
 And sit thee by our Yield not thy neck  
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
 Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,  
 No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.  
 Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.  
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
 Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.  
 Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.  
 Therefore delay not- give thy hand to Warwick;  
 And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable  
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.  
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;  
 Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd.  
 Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;  
 To set the crown once more on Henry's head.  
 Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands  
 Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
 Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.  
 Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
 To Henry's body, and supply his place;  
 His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
 His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
 Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,  
 So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts,  
 He'll soon find means to make the body follow.  
 Welcome, Sir john! But why come you in arms?  
 Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.  
 Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;  
 In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.  
 I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
 Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.  
 They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.  
 Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,  
 Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy?  
 What is the body when the head is off?  
 I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
 And with the other fling it at thy face,  
 This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,  
 Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.  
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
 Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?  
 Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,  
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
 That I must yield my body to the earth  
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
 And make him naked foil a man-at-arms.  
 Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand  
 This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.  
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
 For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
 No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak-  
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.  
 He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.  
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
 Than can my ears that tragic history.  
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,  
 I came into the world with my legs forward.  
 Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 with the body  
 I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;  
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best  
 The King t' attach Lord Montacute and the bodies  
 My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
 Sent down among 'em which hath flaw'd the heart  
 Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
 As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow  
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
 The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
 He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
 A fit or two o' th' face; but they are shrewd ones;  
 They have all new legs, and lame One would take it,  
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
 In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em

The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
 By heaven, she is a dainty Sweet heart,  
 To have brought, viva voce, to his face;  
 If ever any malice in your heart  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
 And every true heart weeps for 'All that dare  
 And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
 You are so To your Highness' hand  
 So dear in heart not to deny her that  
 Give me your hand: much  
 For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.  
 As soul and body's severing.  
 And range with humble livers in content  
 Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet  
 at his feet; then speaks  
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
 With meekness and humility; but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 Of all these ears-for where I am robb'd and bound,  
 Under your hands and seals; therefore, go on,  
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.  
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
 I'll hang my head and perish.  
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers  
 To some ears But, my lords,  
 To his own hand, in's bedchamber.  
 The master-cord on's heart!  
 Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts,  
 Then lays his finger on his temple; straight  
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more  
 On you than any, so your hand and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself  
 Mine and your master-with his own hand gave me;  
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
 Is poison to thy stomach.  
 Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion;

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.  
 Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand;  
 Not you, correct My heart weeps to see him  
     I feel my heart new open'O, how wretched  
 I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,  
     Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
     Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
         Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
         That paper in your hand?  
     Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
 Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
 Doublets, I think-flew up, and had their faces  
         My legs like loaden branches bow to th' earth,  
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.  
         Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
         Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
         How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,  
 And durst commend a secret to your ear  
         Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
         Is the King's hand and tongue, and who dare speak  
         Given ear to our complaint-of his great grace  
 I have news to tell you; come, come, me your hand.  
         In us, thy Give me thy hand, stand up;  
         Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
         God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice-  
         Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
         I speak it with a single heart, my lords-  
 Pray heaven the King may never find a heart  
         Be what they will, may stand forth face to face  
         With a true heart  
 Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.  
         As much as one sound cudgel of four foot-  
         That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
         face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now  
         times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged  
 rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,  
         These lazy knaves? Y'have made a fine hand, fellows.  
 By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
         Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.  
         Into whose hand I give thy life.  
         And hang their heads with Good grows with her;  
 And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
         A soldier by the honour-giving hand

That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
     Compare our faces and be judge yourself.  
 O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee  
 He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face;  
     Because he hath a half-face, like my father.  
     With half that face would he have all my land:  
     And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
         My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
     That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
 I would give it every foot to have this face!  
     Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
     Yet sell your face for fivepence and 'tis dear.  
 Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;  
     A foot of honour better than I was;  
     But many a many foot of land the worse.  
     And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
     Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin  
 Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.  
 What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
     Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
     Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
     With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
     But with a heart full of unstained love;  
     Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss  
     Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.  
     Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
     With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens-  
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand;  
 Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:  
     Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time  
     When living blood doth in these temples beat  
     As great Alcides' shows upon an ass;  
     But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
     Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.  
 What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
 Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?  
 Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand,  
     Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.  
     That as a waist doth girdle you about  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threat'ned cheeks-  
     Lo, in this right hand, whose protection

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed-  
 Stand in his face to contradict his claim.  
 Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers; to arms!  
 I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
 Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
 Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,  
 Our colours do return in those same hands  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Rather, lost And by this hand I swear,  
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
 Turn face to face and bloody point to point;  
 Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?  
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
 Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his  
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.  
 What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.  
 And quarter'd in her heart-he doth espy  
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.  
 It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.  
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.  
 And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.  
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,  
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.  
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Father, to arms!  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 O, upon my knee,  
 I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
 I am with both: each army hath a hand;  
 No more than he that To arms let's hie!  
 And pours down Austria's head lie there,  
 For your fair So, I kiss your hand.  
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words-  
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 'O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
 Thy foot to England's And therefore mark:  
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand  
 This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts  
 Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
 Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;  
 Were there in arms, they would be as a can  
 Within the When I strike my foot  
 Methinks no body should be sad but I;  
 Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
 He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.  
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.  
 In this the antique and well-noted face  
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
 We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.  
 Three foot of it doth hold-bad world the while!  
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
 Was levied in the body of a land.  
 My liege, her ear  
 My head with more ill news, for it is fun.  
 Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.  
 Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.  
 With all my heart, my  
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
 And whisper one another in the ear;



And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
     Thy hand hath murd' red I had a mighty cause  
     Here is your hand and seal for what I did.  
 Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
     A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
     Hadst thou but shook thy head or made pause,  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
     And consequently thy rude hand to act  
     Nay, in the body of the fleshly land,  
     Young Arthur is This hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
     Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,  
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
     If that it be the work of any hand.  
     If that it be the work of any hand!  
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
     Till I have set a glory to this hand  
 If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
     Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
     Go, bear him in thine arms.  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
     Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
     From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,  
     By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en away.  
     To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms.  
     We cannot deal but with the very hand  
     That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
     The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.  
     My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
     And with a great heart heave away this storm;  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
     To give us warrant from the hand of heaven  
 That, like a lion fostered up at hand,  
     It may lie gently at the foot of peace  
     You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
     Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,

That hand which had the strength, even at your door.  
 To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,  
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here  
 Know the gallant monarch is in arms  
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear  
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at hand-  
 Lies heavy on O, my heart is sick!  
 Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;  
 In peace, and part this body and my soul  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
 Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!  
 Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.  
 The better arm you to the sudden time  
 Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain.  
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.  
 Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;  
 And spleen of speed to see your Majesty!  
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt,  
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
 You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.  
 At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Set him before me let me see his face.  
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body  
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
 Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero  
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
 he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the  
 refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands  
 and offered them his throat to An had been a man of any  
 Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face  
 shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to I

Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand  
Your ear is Cassius, what night is this!  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
My answer must be But I am arm'd,  
That is no fleering tell-Hold, my hand.  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
In favor's like the work we have in hand,  
O, he sits high in all the people's hearts,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!  
No, sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
Give me your hands all over, one by one.  
No, not an If not the face of men,  
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm  
When Caesar's head is off.  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.  
But with an angry waiter of your hand  
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
That visit my sad heart.  
The secrets of my heart.  
I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.  
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!  
Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.  
They could not find a heart within the beast.  
Caesar should be a beast without a heart  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far  
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.  
And evils imminent, and on her knee  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
 The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
 Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.  
 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear  
 I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,  
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall  
 Speak, hands, for me!  
 And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood  
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;  
 And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.  
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
 As, by our hands and this our present act  
 You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
 Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts  
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.  
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
 Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed  
 Produce his body to the marketplace,  
 Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
 Else shall you not have any hand at all  
 Prepare the body then, and follow us.  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
 Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.  
 Lend me yourwith Caesar's body.  
 Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had  
 no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a  
 Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd Then burst his mighty heart,  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.  
 We'll burn his body in the holy place  
 Take up the body.  
 Citizens with the body.  
 name out of his heart, and turn him going.  
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears



That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry  
 But goes thy heart with this?  
 And as a stranger to my heart and me  
 Her father's heart from her! Call France! Who stirs?  
 Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
 The region of my heart! Be Kent unmannerly  
 Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
 That face of hers Therefore be gone  
 his revenue.' My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart  
 and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?  
 It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the  
 in pieces the heart of his I dare pawn down my life  
 go arm'd.  
 Brother, I advise you to the Go arm'I am no honest man  
 th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on  
 May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?  
 From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love  
 And from her derogate body never spring  
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live  
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,  
 Not fear still to be I know his heart.  
 If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of  
 canst tell why one's nose stands i' th' middle on's face?  
 Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters,  
 Thy asses are gone about 'The reason why the seven stars  
 whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?  
 My unprovided body, lanch'd mine arm;  
 O madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd!  
 worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking, whoreson,  
 one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of  
 Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks! Draw, you  
 Weapons? arms? What's the matter here?  
 I have seen better faces in my time  
 Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
 For following her Put in his legs.-  
 Brought near to My face I'll grime with filth,  
 Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,  
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms  
 head, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men  
 by th' When a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears  
 O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!  
 wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following  
 O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

Age is On my knees I beg  
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.  
 O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?  
 Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?  
 To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
 For your fit Give ear, sir, to my sister;  
 If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts  
 Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags!  
 I have full cause of weeping, but this heart  
 To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.  
 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
 His heart-struck injuries.  
 (Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
 Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!  
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
 Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
 He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.  
 That keep this dreadful pudger o'er our heads,  
 Unwhipp'd of Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
 Wilt break my heart?  
 The body's The tempest in my mind  
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all!  
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
 of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd  
 thy sweet heart on proud Tom 's acold.  
 A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair,  
 wore gloves in my cap; serv'd the lust of my mistress' heart and  
 words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that  
 False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox  
 thy poor heart to Keep thy foot out of brothel, thy hand  
 uncover'd body this extremity of the Is man no more than  
 heart- a small spark, all the rest on's body Look, here  
 the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when  
 back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapons to  
 business in hand.  
 Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for two white Croak  
 Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.  
 What store her heart is made Stop her there!  
 Arms, arms! sword! fire! Corruption in the place!  
 Tom will throw his head at Avaunt, you curs!  
 hearts? You, sir- I entertain you for one of my  
 Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms.

Bind fast his corky arms.  
 With robber's hands my hospitable favours  
 To whose hands have you sent the lunatic King?  
 Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
 The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
 Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.  
 Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.  
 Hold your hand, my lord!  
 Untimely comes this Give me your arm.  
 There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
 Give me thy arm.  
 I must change arms at home and give the distaff  
 My fool usurps my body.  
 Blows in your face! I fear your disposition.  
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,  
 Milk-liver'd man!  
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
 To let these hands obey my blood,  
 Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
 A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own unkindness,  
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
 All hearts against Edmund, I think, is gone,  
 And more convenient is he for my hand  
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
 Give me your You are now within a foot  
 Let go my hand.  
 With all my heart.  
 Give me your arm.  
 Up- How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.  
 Whose face between her forks presageth snow,  
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head  
 Down from the waist they are Centaurs,  
 O, let me kiss that hand!  
 And my heart breaks at it.  
 O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no  
 Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!  
 O, here he is! Lay hand upon him.- Sir,  
 I am cut to th' brains.  
 Am pregnant to good Give me your hand;  
 That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
 Now let thy friendly hand  
 Like hold on Let go his arm.  
 If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,  
 To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;



Give me your hand.  
 Had challeng'd pity of Was this a face  
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.  
 over the stage, Cordelia with her Father in her hand, and exeunt.  
 Away, old man! give me thy hand! away!  
 Give me thy hand! come on!  
 Thou art arm'd, Let the trumpet sound.  
 That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
 Thy arm may do thee Here is mine.  
 Thy valour and thy heart- thou art a traitor;  
 And from th' extremest upward of thy head  
 To the descent and dust beneath thy foot,  
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent  
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
 Back do I toss those treasons to thy head;  
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;  
 By th' law of arms thou wast not bound to answer  
 Let sorrow split my heart if ever I  
 And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst!  
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,  
 Told him my But his flaw'd heart  
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
 He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out  
 That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting  
 It came even from the heart of- O! she's dead!  
 Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead.  
 Even Cover their faces.  
 Break, heart; I prithee break!  
 That his own hand may strike his honour down  
 If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,  
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.  
 Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;  
 dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god and body's fost'ring  
 'For Jaquenetta- so is the weaker vessel called, which I  
 apprehended with the aforesaid swain- I keep her as a vessel of  
 heart-burning heat of duty,  
 I'll lay my head to any good man's hat  
 With that face?  
 stomach.  
 which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread.  
 Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore  
 Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms;  
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
 Fair fall the face it covers!

Meantime receive such welcome at my hand  
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
 Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.  
     Sick at the heart.  
         By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,  
         His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,  
         His face's own margent did quote such amazes  
 end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your  
         throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime  
         your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a  
         spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old  
 Negligent student! learn her by heart.  
         By heart and in heart, boy.  
         And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.  
         By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by  
         her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with  
         her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you  
         ass.  
         Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is  
 By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face;  
 A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.  
         spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous  
 By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.  
 But tell me: how was there a costard broken in a shin?  
         Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.  
         Till there be more matter in the shin.  
         And to her white hand see thou do commend  
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
         Of trotting O my little heart!  
         With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
         A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.  
         We bend to that the working of the heart;  
         The poor deer's blood that my heart means no ill.  
 God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?  
         have no heads.  
         An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
         One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.  
         Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.  
 -Thus expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my  
         eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.  
         Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
         Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.  
         Wide o' the bow-hand! I' faith, your hand is out.  
         An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.  
         To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly 'a will swear!



Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.  
     Arm, wenches, arm! Encounters mounted are  
     Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.  
     That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.  
 'Thus must thou speak' and 'thus thy body bear,'  
 With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,  
     One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore  
     That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
     Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.  
 No, to the death, we will not move a foot,  
 But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.  
 Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
     Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
     My face is but a moon, and clouded too.  
     Our ears vouchsafe it.  
     But your legs should do it.  
     Why take we hands then?  
     Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.  
     Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!  
     Or ever but in vizards show their faces?  
 Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart;  
     Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
 Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.  
     That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;  
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.  
     A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
     That hid the worse and show'd the better face.  
     Can any face of brass hold longer out?  
     By this white glove- how white the hand, God knows!-  
     They are infected; in their hearts it lies;  
     What did you whisper in your lady's ear?  
     What did the Russian whisper in your ear?  
     That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick  
     Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,  
 Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.  
     With libbard's head on knee.  
     And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.  
 Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.  
     Because thou hast no face.  
     A cittern-head.  
     The head of a bodkin.  
     A death's face in a ring.  
     The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.  
     The carv'd-bone face on a flask.  
     Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

False: we have given thee faces.  
 Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.  
 For the ass to the Jude; give it him- Jud-as, away.  
 Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.  
 His leg is too big for Hector's.  
 He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces.  
 Loves her by the foot.  
 is cast She's quick; the child brags in her belly already;  
 Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in his belly than will  
 arms again.  
 Jaquenetta's, and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.  
 A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.  
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
 Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,  
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.  
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
 Hence hermit then, my heart is in thy breast.  
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
 To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
 Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears,  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.  
 No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,  
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
 "Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
 The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
 Give me your favor; my dull brain was wrought  
 Our free hearts each to other.  
 To find the mind's construction in the face:  
 And hold thee to my heart.  
 The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
 ignorant of what greatness is promised Lay it to thy heart,  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
 Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men  
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
 Give me your hand;  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 And dash'd the brains out had I so sworn as you  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Stuck in my throat.  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes!  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
My hands are of your color, but I shame  
To wear a heart so I hear knocking  
That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but requited  
he took up my legs sometime, yet I made shift to cast him.  
O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence  
The repetition in a woman's ear  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Upon the foot of motion.  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
Where is Duncan's body?  
I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.  
See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.  
Thou art the best o' the cut-throats! Yet he's good  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks  
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
Under a hand accursed!

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads,  
     Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure  
     Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.  
     Rebellion's head, rise never till the Wood  
     To time and mortal Yet my heart  
     Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
 A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;  
     The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
 To say I have done no harm -What are these faces?  
     Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!  
     Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
     There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
     Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
     Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
     Hanging a golden stamp about their necks  
     Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,  
     Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.  
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.  
 What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.  
     will these hands neer be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more  
     What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.  
     I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the  
     dignity of the whole body.  
     Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so  
     come, come, come, give me your hand.What's done cannot be undone.  
 His secret murders sticking on his hands,  
     The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
     Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,  
     Thou lily-liver'd What soldiers, patch?  
 Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counselors to What soldiers, whey-face?  
     Seyton-I am sick at heart,  
     Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
     Which weighs upon the heart?  
 Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
     Whose hearts are absent too.  
     Comes toward Arm, arm, and out!  
     More hateful to mine ear.  
     That way the noise Tyrant, show thy face!  
 I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
     That keep the word of promise to our ear

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
 Yet I will try the Before my body  
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
 As to your soul seems Give me your hand;  
 How now! which of your hips has the most profound  
 head to be chopp'd off.  
 Or whether that the body public be  
 I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy  
 shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.  
 For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
 Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,  
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.  
 Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses  
 Tongue far from heart- play with all virgins so:  
 In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn,  
 He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.  
 his face, so she defied him.  
 your honour mark his face?  
 Doth your honour see any harm in his face?  
 I'll be suppos'd upon a book his face is the worst thing  
 about Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him,  
 By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than  
 If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your  
 Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so  
 If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten  
 heads; if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest  
 The valiant heart's not whipt out of his  
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
 Ay, touch him; there's the vein.  
 Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know  
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
 I had rather give my body than my soul.  
 You must lay down the treasures of your body  
 My body up to shame.  
 Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud  
 By yielding up thy body to my will;  
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
 Before his sister should her body stoop  
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
 None, but such remedy as, to save a head,  
 To cleave a heart in twain.



Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
 And hug it in mine arms.  
 Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enew  
 The damned'st body to invest and cover  
 go to your knees and make ready.  
 The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the  
 but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body  
 Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in  
 wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his  
 His neck will come to your waist- a cord, sir.  
 newly made woman, to be had now for putting the hand in the  
 Take, then, this your companion by the hand,  
 Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
 Come hither, Can you cut off a man's head?  
 married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut of a  
 woman's head.  
 Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
 head sent me by Let this be duly performed, with a thought  
 express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view  
 and his head borne to Angelo.  
 the head and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the  
 all fears out of Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of  
 A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise  
 brains with I will not consent to die this day, that's  
 Unfit to live or O gravel heart!  
 A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head  
 Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.  
 Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.  
 That want no ear but yours.  
 His head is off and sent to Angelo.  
 Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,  
 Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo  
 With a light heart; trust not my holy order,  
 O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes  
 water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one  
 And by an eminent body that enforc'd  
 And razure of Give me your hand.  
 You must walk by us on our other hand,  
 To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.  
 He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
 For my poor brother's head.  
 Your royal ear abus'First, hath this woman  
 Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face  
 When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,  
 Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,



heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being  
 Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at  
 turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's  
 I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face  
 tongue in my head! Well; if any man in  
 I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand,  
 Is the fair hand that writ.  
 And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,  
 Nor thrust your head into the public street  
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;  
 But stop my house's ears- I mean my casements;  
 And weigh thy value with an even hand.  
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
 Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
 A vessel of our country richly fraught.  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.  
 To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.  
 What says the golden chest? Ha! let me see:  
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?  
 To show how costly summer was at hand  
 who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was  
 Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections,  
 were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; would she were  
 hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of  
 stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my  
 officer; bespeak him a fortnight I will have the heart of  
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!  
 To be the dowry of a second head-  
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;  
 With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.  
 Your hand, What's the news from Venice?  
 That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:  
 Ran in my veins- I was a gentleman;  
 The paper as the body of my friend,  
 And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch  
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield,  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 Madam, with all my heart

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.  
 Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario;  
 Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand  
 can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child  
 Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.  
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
 Make room, and let him stand before our face.  
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
 Which, fike your asses and your dogs and mules,  
 Into the trunks of Thy currish spirit  
 for I never knew so young a body with so old a I leave him  
 Give me your hand; come you from old Bellario?  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;  
 'Nearest his heart,' those are the very words.  
 But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.  
 Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well.  
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.  
 Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.  
 Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,  
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
 I would out-night you, did no body come;  
 Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear.  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.  
 Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.  
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.  
 Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,  
 I could not for my heart deny it him.  
 Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
 Even so void is your false heart of truth;  
 No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.  
 I once did lend my body for his wealth,  
 it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill  
 always with my heart, la! with my heart.  
 head; what matter have you against me?  
 Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you;  
 He hears with ears.  
 with ear'? Why, it is affectations.  
 By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for  
 drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.  
 Give ear to his motions: Master Slender, I will

shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with  
 -and, I with my ward defending my head, he hot my shin,  
 No quips now, Indeed, I am in the waist  
 sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my  
 portly belly.  
 I have operations in my head which be humours of  
 No, forsooth; he hath but a little whey face, with a  
 Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as  
 any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a  
 he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?  
 under one body's hand.  
 late; but notwithstanding-to tell you in your ear, I would  
 You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar,  
 teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or You  
 not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.  
 You shall have-An fool's-head of your No,  
 Troth, sir, all is in His hands above; but  
 threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly,  
 Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the  
 With liver burning Prevent, or go thou,  
 Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night;  
 Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.  
 he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.  
 us? We have sport in hand.  
 My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress-  
 I know not 'Tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here,  
 sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding  
 fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and I  
 very frampold life with him, good heart.  
 to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as  
 Blessing on your heart for 't!  
 more of thy old body than I have Will they yet look  
 be now a gainer? Good body, I thank Let them say  
 her hands?  
 construction made of Now, Sir John, here is the heart  
 Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand,  
 money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman,  
 What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is  
 hath not such a Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust  
 they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break  
 their hearts but they will God be prais'd for my  
 bully! What says my Aesculapius? my Galen? my heart  
 not show his face.  
 of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight,  
 Scurvy jack-dog priest! By gar, me vill cut his ears.

Got's will and his passion of my heart! I had as lief  
 I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear.  
     soul-curer and body-curer.  
 the proverbs and the Give me thy hand, terrestrial;  
     Give me thy hand, celestial; Boys of art, I have  
     your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt  
     Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any  
     Farewell, my hearts; I will to my honest knight  
     thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a  
 had rather'! Your husband's here at hand; bethink you of  
     Be gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.  
     Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart.  
 I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out  
     water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd  
     thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.  
     Alas the day, good heart, that was not her fault!  
     your heart to see Her husband goes this morning  
     their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the  
 circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and  
     Blessing of his heart!  
 Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.  
     Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your  
     coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for  
     Good hearts, devise something; any extremity  
     look some linen for your head.  
 Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders;  
     Well said, brazen-face; hold it Come forth, sirrah.  
     imagination of your own heart; this is jealousies.  
 No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.  
     Come, Mother Prat; give me your hand.  
     I'll prat      Out of my door, you  
     hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further  
 Disguis'd, like Heme, with huge horns on his head.  
     With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
     And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,  
 speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten  
     Here is a letter will say Good hearts, what ado  
 While other jests are something rank on foot,  
     To take her by the hand and bid her go,  
 With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;  
     To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,  
     To give our hearts united ceremony.  
 Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and  
     things in hand, Master Brook!  
     you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to

Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch; I  
     will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow  
         Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.  
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.  
     Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;  
     It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.  
         Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,  
 I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.  
     Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that  
 Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is all  
     have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and  
         shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell,  
         My heart misgives me; here comes Master Fenton.  
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;  
     Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
     For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
     How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?  
         That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
     By his best arrow, with the golden head,  
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
         My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
     You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!  
 Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;  
         Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more condoling.  
     An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too.  
         man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
     And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.  
     Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
     Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,  
         Set your heart at rest;  
         Cupid, all arm'd; a certain aim he took  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
     But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
         Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
 It is not night when I do see your face,  
     The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
         Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.  
         One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.  
     I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,  
     So that but one heart we can make of it;  
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
         When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,  
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
 Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen  
     through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through,  
 What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you?  
 I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to  
     Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;  
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
     An ass's nole I fixed on his head.  
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.  
     Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;  
 There is no following her in this fierce vein;  
     When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
     My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,  
     The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
     Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
     As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
     So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
 Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,  
     And stol'n my love's heart from him?  
     A foolish heart that I leave here behind.  
 Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.  
     Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;  
     My legs are longer though, to run  
     With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.  
 Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?  
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
     If ever I thy face by daylight see;  
     My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
     While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
     And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.  
     Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.  
     your hand and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a  
     marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if  
     I have a reasonable good ear in Let's have the tongs  
 Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.  
     For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
     From off the head of this Athenian swain,  
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.  
     Silence Robin, take off this head.  
     Sound, Come, my Queen, take hands with me,  
 So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung



With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
 Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;  
 I beg the law, the law upon his head.  
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
 For in the temple, by and by, with us  
 And he did bid us follow to the temple.  
 Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this Methought  
 ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his  
 tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream I  
 Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple; and there is two  
 Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?  
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
 And as imagination bodies forth  
 Accompany your hearts!  
 What revels are in hand? Is there no play  
 No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.  
 To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
 You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
 He should have worn the horns on his head.  
 Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.  
 prove an ass.  
 A kind overflow of There are no faces truer than  
 very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.  
 If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head  
 on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.  
 heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.  
 or other shall scape a predestinate scratch'd face.  
 Scratching could not make it worse an 'twere such a face as  
 hypocrite, but prays from his heart.  
 Your hand, We will go together.  
 thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away  
 he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder and call'd  
 Nay, mock not, mock The body of your discourse is  
 That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
 And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart  
 stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy,  
 I am a plain-dealing I am trusted with a muzzle and  
 Marry, it is your brother's right hand.  
 room, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad  
 heart-burn'd an hour after.  
 and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face--  
 With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in  
 at him upon my knees every morning and Lord, I could not  
 old cuckold with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven,  
 Repentance and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace

I know you by the waggling of your head.  
 Here's his dry hand up and You are he, you are he!  
 But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.  
 Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;  
 fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an  
 usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You  
 foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any  
 Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior  
 it--a double heart for his single Marry, once before he won  
 In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.  
 side of My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her  
 heart.  
 Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing;  
 stomach, he shall fall in love with If we can do this,  
 To put a strange face on his own perfection.  
 strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?  
 Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her  
 heart, tears her hair, prays, curses--'O sweet Benedick! God give  
 O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body,  
 Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.  
 the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world  
 choke a daw You have no stomach, Fare you well.  
 Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursley  
 Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing  
 But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
 What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?  
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.  
 the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth.  
 hangman dare not shoot at He hath a heart as sound as a  
 bell; and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks,  
 a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from  
 the hip upward, no Unless he have a fancy to this  
 old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis balls.  
 And when was he wont to wash his face?  
 She shall be buried with her face upwards.  
 think he holds you well and in dearness of heart hath help to  
 body and soul.  
 If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on  
 Here, I am at thy elbow.  
 Mass, and my elbow itch'd! I thought there would a scab  
 meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and  
 God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.  
 Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!  
 think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in  
 swore he would never marry; and yet now in despite of his heart



No, that you shall not till you take her hand  
     Give me your hand before this holy friar.  
 For here's a paper written in his hand,  
     A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
         Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,  
         A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts.  
 an epigram? If a man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall  
     married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.  
         Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
     Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
     The native act and figure of my heart  
         But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
             Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;  
             The very head and front of my offending  
             For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
             So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
     The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
     She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
     To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
         Than their bare hands.  
         Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
     I here do give thee that with all my heart  
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
         That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.  
     To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
         May trumpet to the My heart's subdued  
             Make head against my estimation!  
         What say'st thou, noble heart?  
             Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so  
         when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her  
     After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
         As asses are.  
         As well to see the vessel that's come in  
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
     Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
     Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
     She puts her tongue a little in her heart  
         It plucks out brains and But my Muse labors,  
         To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
         That e'er our hearts shall make!  
         prating? Let not thy discreet heart think Her eye must be  
 pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?  
         Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the

Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand  
     I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
         For making him egregiously an ass  
             Knavery's plain face is never seen till  
 Not tonight, good I have very poor and unhappy brains  
         ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my I am not  
 Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold your hand.  
         Those legs that brought me to a part of it!  
         Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
         Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
 The town might fall in He, swift of foot,  
 enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should,  
         broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter;  
     I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,  
         That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
         I have no judgement in an honest face.  
         As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
         They're close dilations, working from the heart,  
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear  
         You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
     Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
         The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
     And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
         On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  
     That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg  
         Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd; and then  
     Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?  
         The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
             throat.  
         Give me your This hand is moist, my lady.  
     This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;  
         Hot, hot, and This hand of yours requires  
     That commonly 'Tis a good hand,  
         For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.  
         A liberal The hearts of old gave hands;  
     But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.  
         Conserved of maiden's hearts.  
     Whom I with all the office of my heart  
     And, like the devil, from his very arm  
         Noses, ears, and Is't possible? Confess? Handkerchief? O  
         Rub him about the temples.  
 How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head?  
         That dwell in every region of his face;  
     Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,

thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus  
     about my neck-  
         she shall not No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it,  
         with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind This  
 Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?  
     If any wretch have put this in your head,  
         Look in my face.  
         Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?  
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
     But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
         I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
             If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
                 As true hearts cannot bear.  
         And put in every honest hand a whip  
         Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
             By this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find  
                 me thy hand, Thou hast taken against me a most just  
                     his brains.  
         But to go hang my head all at one side  
 Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for  
 Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.  
         Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.  
         Here, at thy hand, be bold, and take thy stand.  
         Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;  
         My leg is cut in two.  
         Lend me a Know we this face or no?  
         Amen, with all my heart!  
 By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.  
     O perjured woman! Thou dost stone my heart,  
         Had stomach for them all.  
 Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?  
     Rot half a grain a day! He lies to the heart.  
 That men must lay their murthers on your neck.  
         Speak, for my heart is full.  
         Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd.  
         Which I first gave I saw it in his hand,  
         That with this little arm and this good sword  
         Here is my journey's end, here is my butt  
         I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.  
     Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?  
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,  
         I took by the throat the circumcised dog  
         For he was great of heart.  
         This heavy act with heavy heart  
         Then call them to our presence: face to face

High-stomach'd are they both and full of ire,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.  
O, let my sovereign turn away his face  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot  
Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot;  
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.  
Lord Marshal, command our officers-at-arms  
But since correction lieth in those hands  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.  
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.  
An angry arm against His minister.  
My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?  
The cause of his arrival here in arms;  
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms;  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms  
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,  
Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,  
And bow my knee before his Majesty;  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.  
We will descend and fold him in our arms.  
To reach at victory above my head,  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
Nor never look upon each other's face;  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.  
My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.  
The open ear of youth doth always listen;  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
And not against his His noble hand  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
My heart is great; but it must break with silence,  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.  
And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he find  
For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
With signs of war about his aged neck.  
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.  
If heart's presages be not vain,  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.  
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.  
Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
And ostentation of despised arms?  
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies-  
From off my hands, here in the view of men



And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
     Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries  
         To execution and the hand of death.  
 Barkloughly Castle can they this at hand?  
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
     And do thee favours with my royal hands.  
     Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
     Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
     Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
         Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
         Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd.  
 Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd  
     With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.  
     White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
 Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
     In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;  
     If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
         Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
         With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse  
 Ay, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.  
     Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
     That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
         Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
         And learn to make a body of a limb.  
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
     To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,  
 Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.  
 When such a sacred king should hide his head!  
     For taking so the head, your whole head's length.  
     Lest you The heavens are over our heads.  
         Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:  
         On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,  
 And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
     Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
     At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
     And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
     If we be not, show us the hand of God  
         For well we know no hand of blood and bone  
         That lift your vassal hands against my head  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
     Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
     Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;  
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,  
 And buried once, why not upon my head?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.  
 Sorrow and grief of heart  
 Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
 Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
 Uncle, give me your hands; nay, dry your eyes:  
 My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;  
 Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays  
 Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
 Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.  
 I heard you say 'Is not my arm of length,  
 As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'  
 In thy heart-blood, through being all too base  
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
 An if I do not, may my hands rot of  
 As may be halloa'd in thy treacherous ear  
 In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
 To the possession of thy royal hand.  
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.  
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.  
 On this side my hand, and on that side thine.  
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
 T'undeck the pompous body of a king;  
 That it may show me what a face I have  
 So many blows upon this face of mine  
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face  
 Is this the face which fac'd so many follies  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face;

As brittle as the glory is the face;  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.  
The shadow of your face.  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.  
Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw  
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.  
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.  
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.  
Where rude misgoverned hands from windows' tops  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.  
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
And interchangeably set down their hands  
For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
That we may arm us to encounter it.  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.  
It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.  
This fest' red joint cut off, the rest rest sound;  
For ever will I walk upon my knees,  
Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.  
Against them both, my true joints bended be.  
Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face;  
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside.  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
Our knees still kneel till to the ground they grow.  
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.  
O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
With all my heart  
That would divorce this terror from my heart';  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
And here have I the daintiness of ear  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart,  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!

To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.  
O, how it ern'd my heart, when I beheld,  
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.  
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.  
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire  
That staggers thus my Exton, thy fierce hand  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.  
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;  
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand  
Upon my head and all this famous land.  
And never show thy head by day nor light.  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.  
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!  
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells;  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.  
Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.  
In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.  
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.  
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,  
I would I knew thy heart.  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
With all my heart; and much it joys me too  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
To study fashions to adorn my body.  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,  
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!  
Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,  
hand  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.  
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.  
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears,  
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in the holes  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
hither on my legs.  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.  
Zounds, 'tis even now at my elbow,  
thy sword, and then chop him in the malmsey-butt in the  
You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
That you depart and lay no hands on me.  
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.  
Take not the quarrel from His pow'rful arm;  
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.  
with the body  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;  
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.  
And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!  
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands-  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;  
I did not see your Humbly on my knee  
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;  
You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing

The broken rancour of your high-swol'n hearts,  
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;  
     Truly, the hearts of men are fun of fear.  
     I long with all my heart to see the Prince.  
     Pitchers have ears.  
 And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,  
     Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.  
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.  
     And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.  
 My dagger, little cousin? With all my heart!  
 He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.  
     But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,  
     Chop off his head-something we will  
 I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.  
     shoulders  
     heads  
 I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.  
     Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.  
 Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,  
     We know each other's faces; for our hearts,  
     That he will lose his head ere give consent  
     For by his face straight shall you know his heart.  
     What of his heart perceive you in his face  
     Upon my body with their hellish charms?  
 Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm  
     Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear  
     Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!  
 Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.  
 Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.  
     Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
     I never look'd for better at his hands  
     Even where his raging eye or savage heart  
     Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd  
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
     But on his knees at meditation;  
     Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
     And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,  
     Lend favourable ear to our requests,  
     Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
 As well we know your tenderness of heart  
     Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?  
     On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.  
     That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains!

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands  
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
 Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
     Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.  
         Give me thy hand.  
     I am not in the giving vein to-day.  
 Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.  
     To Brecknock while my fearful head is on!  
     Within their alabaster innocent arms.  
 And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.  
     Preys on the issue of his mother's body  
         And send them But at hand, at hand,  
             Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke,  
 From which even here I slip my weary head  
 Help nothing else, yet do they case the heart.  
     And never more behold thy face again.  
         Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
         Thy head, an indirectly, gave direction.  
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart  
     My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
     What good is cover'd with the face of  
         heads?  
         And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.  
         Madam, with all my heart.  
         A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
 The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,  
     Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;  
     Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame  
     And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
     The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
     That at her hands which the King's  
 Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
     Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;  
     Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound!  
     To my proceeding!-if, with dear heart's love,  
         Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of  
         White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?  
     Your son, George Look your heart be firm,  
         Or else his head's assurance is but frail.  
     With many moe confederates, are in arms.  
         arms;  
 'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
         arms;  
     If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
     Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand;

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head  
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck.  
'When he' quoth she 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.  
Send out a pursuivant-at-arms  
And help to arm Leave me, I say.  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;  
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,  
body  
But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismay'd:  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.  
That ever ent'red in a drowsy head  
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd  
Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
That he was never trained up in arms.  
Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.  
Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!  
Off with his son George's head!  
A thousand hearts are great within my  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Inter their bodies as becomes their births.  
Montague, heads of two houses at variance with each other.  
Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other.  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.  
'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are  
their heads.  
The heads of the maids?  
Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.  
Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!



On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
     To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
     He swung about his head and cut the winds,  
         Good heart, at what?  
     At thy good heart's oppression.  
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,  
     But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;  
         For your broken shin.  
     Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
     Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
     But every man betake him to his legs.  
     A torch for me! Let wantons light of heart  
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
     Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
     O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on cursies straight;  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
     And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
         Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
     Which are the children of an idle brain,  
         Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.  
 When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands,  
     Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take  
     A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
     A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.  
 What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand  
     It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
     Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear-  
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
     Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!  
     Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
         Well said, my hearts!- You are a princex- go!  
 I'll make you quiet; what!- Cheerly, my hearts!  
     If I profane with my unwortheiest hand  
     Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
         For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
     O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do!  
     Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
     By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
     The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars  
     See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
     O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!  
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
     What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
         Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
             My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
 Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;  
     Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
         If my heart's dear love-  
             Come to thy heart as that within my breast!  
     And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay  
         Like softest music to attending ears!  
     That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
     Young son, it argues a distempered head  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
     Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
         Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
     Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
 Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears.  
     Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
         wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love song; the  
             very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;  
     I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.  
     Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face of  
 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now  
         Good heart, and I faith I will tell her as Lord,  
     By playing it to me with so sour a face.  
     choose a Romeo? No, not Though his face be better than  
         any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand and a  
             foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they  
                 Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
             Beshrew your heart for sending me about  
 Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks:  
     Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
     Here comes the O, so light a foot  
         would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as  
         an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as  
             By my head, here come the Capulets.  
         his pitcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears  
 came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.  
     Is but a little way above our heads,  
     Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did stay.  
     With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd-  
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
     And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
     Bear hence this body, and attend our will.  
     Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.  
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
     And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
 Ay me! what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands  
     O, break, my heart! poor bankrout, break at once!  
     O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?  
     O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!  
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand  
     Not body's death, but body's banishment.  
     Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe  
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
 Howling attends it! How hast thou the heart,  
     O, then I see that madmen have no ears.  
 Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
     Hold thy desperate hand.  
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear.  
     The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.  
     Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
     God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.  
 Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
     Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.  
     Soon sleep in O, how my heart abhors  
     Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!  
 And see how he will take it at your hands.  
     Evermore show'ring? In one little body  
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is  
     But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next  
     You tallow-face!  
 Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
     Or never after look me in the face.  
     Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
     As Paris Beshrew my very heart,  
     Speak'st thou this from thy heart?  
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.  
     Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.  
 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.  
     Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland'ered it.  
     God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
     And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,  
     Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
     With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;

When presently through all thy veins shall run  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 Against to-My heart is wondrous light,  
 For I am sure you have your hands full all  
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
 As with a club dash out my desp'rate brains?  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 I have a head, sir, that will find out logs  
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
 Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
 O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins  
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,  
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground.  
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread  
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night  
 Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint  
 But not another sin upon my head  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself.  
 In faith, Let me peruse this face.  
 To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,  
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?  
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,  
 What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?  
 What fear is this which startles in our ears?  
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
 O brother Montague, give me thy hand.  
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head.  
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,  
 And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'  
 The rather for I have some sport in hand  
 And with declining head into his bosom,  
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
 legs, nor no more shoes than feet- nay, sometime more feet than  
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds  
 Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,  
 Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?  
 And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.  
 Twis it is not halfway to her heart;  
     And paint your face, and use you like a fool.  
 Affection is not rated from the heart;  
 O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
     When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.  
     That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?  
 That, till the father rid his hands of her,  
     Master, for my hand,  
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces  
     And could not get him for my heart to do it.  
 aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though  
     him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so  
     young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about  
 All books of love, see that at any hand;  
     O this woodcock, what an ass it is!  
     But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name;  
 Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
     Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.  
 Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.  
     Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.  
     Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
 I never yet beheld that special face  
 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.  
     I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.  
     But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.  
     And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,  
 And with that word she struck me on the head,  
     So may you lose your arms.  
 And if no gentleman, why then no arms.  
     What, you mean my face?  
     That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.  
     She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss  
     Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,  
 I know not what to say; but give me your hands.  
     Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;  
     In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
     Set foot under thy Tut, a toy!  
     'Tis in my head to do my master good:  
 Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
     To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
     Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,  
     the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a

half-cheek'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather which,  
 the horse- with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose  
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff  
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,  
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,  
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing,  
 of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to  
 shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my  
 Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long  
 on thee to our mistress, whose hand- she being now at hand- thou  
 Lend thine ear.  
 rest; let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd  
 their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my mastcr's  
 Why, she hath a face of her own.  
 E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not-  
 Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry;  
 A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!  
 Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.  
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.  
 While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.  
 Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
 What say you to a neat's foot?  
 Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.  
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;  
 The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.  
 'With a trunk sleeve'-  
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;  
 I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.  
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?  
 Well, Petruccio, this has put me in heart.  
 Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cozen  
 Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine  
 Believe me, sir, they butt together well.  
 Head and butt! An hasty-witted body  
 Would say your head and butt were head and horn.  
 She says you have some goodly jest in hand:  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance commits his body  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
     My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot;  
     My hand is ready, may it do him ease.  
     Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!  
         hand a rope Use your authority; if you cannot, give  
     hap.-Cheerly, good hearts!-Out of our way, I say.  
     A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,  
 But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,  
 With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,  
     Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd.  
 No more amazement; tell your piteous heart  
     I should inform thee Lend thy hand,  
     Betid to any creature in the vessel  
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.  
     O, my heart bleeds  
     Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
     To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk  
     And executing th' outward face of royalty  
     A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,  
     An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
     Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
     His arms in this sad knot.  
     To do me business in the veins o' th' earth  
     Awake, dear heart, awake; thou hast slept well;  
     Hark in thine ear.  
 There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.  
     I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.  
     My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;  
     You cram these words into mine ears against  
     The stomach of my Would I had never  
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
     Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
     And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
     Dropping upon thy head.  
     The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
     And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
     It struck mine ear most terribly.  
 O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
     man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now  
     legs; for it hath been said: As proper a man as ever  
     went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it





Now does my project gather to a head;  
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,  
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
 hands.  
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
 If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
 And seek for What a thrice-double ass  
 Take the ear strangely.  
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
 The knee before him, and returns in peace  
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.  
 The foot above the head.  
 My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.  
 Well fare you, Give me your hand;  
 To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.  
 O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.  
 E'en as Apemantus does now: hate a lord with my heart.  
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!  
 The very heart of kindness.  
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
 Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:  
 Great men should drink with harness on their throats.  
 My lord, in heart! and let the health go round.  
 Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!  
 Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.  
 My heart is ever at your service, my lord.  
 would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of  
 thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told  
 To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
 So kind to heart 'tis not enough to give;  
 Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!  
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
 Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.  
 O that men's ears should be  
 Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him  
 Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;  
 To hold your hand more I did endure  
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?  
 No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart:  
     If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
     And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
     But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
         They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart  
         It is against my heart.  
             to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.  
 Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?  
         Cut my heart in sums.  
         Quarrelling upon the head of valour; which, indeed,  
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
     And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
         And the ass more captain than the lion; the fellow  
         Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
         It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
         With all my heart, gentlemen both! And how fare you?  
         stay; feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so  
 that one need not lend to another; for were your god-heads to  
     Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
         Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-lacks!  
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm  
         Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;  
     Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads and say,  
     Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads-  
         And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
     A beast, as thou The canker gnaw thy heart  
     For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth  
         Herself's a Let not the virgin's cheek  
         Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
         Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,  
     Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.  
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
     Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face  
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  
         Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,  
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhousted trunks,  
     Thou art a slave whom Fortune's tender arm  
     The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
         If thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and  
         How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the  
 I'll beat thee- but I should infect my hands.  
     To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;  
     Rob one There's more Cut throats;  
 That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
 That fram'd him Time, with his fairer hand,  
     Which now the public body, which doth seldom  
     Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,  
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,  
     While you have throats to For myself,  
     The reverend'st throat in So I leave you  
     And enter in our ears like great triumphers  
     That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
 Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd  
     Were not erected by their hands from whom  
     Set but thy foot  
     So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before  
     Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which  
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
     Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
     The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy  
     And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
     The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!  
     And help to set a head on headless Rome.  
     A better head her glorious body fits  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
     Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!  
     The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.  
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
     Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.  
 That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.  
     These words are razors to my wounded heart.  
     With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.  
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
     By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
     I will not be Sweet heart, look back.  
     Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts  
 Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat  
     My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears;  
 That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.  
     We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
     Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
     And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
         Thy temples should be planted presently  
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
     As any mortal body hearing it  
         Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
         That ever ear did hear to such effect;  
     Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.  
     And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.  
 O Tamora! thou bearest a woman's face-  
     To see her tears; but be your heart to them  
         To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
     O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
     Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.  
         And with thine own hands kill me in this place!  
 Where never man's eye may behold my body;  
     Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed  
     Come on, my lords, the better foot before;  
     That ever eye with sight made heart lament!  
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
     My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.  
     To prove thou hast a true divining heart,  
     Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart  
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
     O brother, help me with thy fainting hand-  
         Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,  
         Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,  
     And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
     High Emperor, upon my feeble knee  
         Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers;  
         her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravish'd  
 Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.  
     She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;  
         If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.  
     Speak, gentle What stern ungentle hands  
 Hath lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare  
     Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
         Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face  
     O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
         Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
     O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
     As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
     Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,  
         My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
 Or if not so, thy noble heart to break.  
 Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand  
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,  
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
 For hands to do Rome service is but vain.  
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!  
 Now I behold thy lively body so?  
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew  
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks  
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?  
 Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.  
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand  
 With all my heart I'll send the Emperor my hand.  
 Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
 Shall not be My hand will serve the turn,  
 Which of your hands hath not defended Rome  
 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
 Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
 My hand shall go.  
 Agree between you; I will spare my hand.  
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.  
 Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand;  
 Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
 I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand  
 O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
 Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,  
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swol'n face?  
 For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.  
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;  
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back-  
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
 Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
 Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,  
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
 Even in their throats that have committed them.  
 The vow is Come, brother, take a head,  
 And in this hand the other will I bear.  
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
 With folded This poor right hand of mine

Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?  
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?  
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!  
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.  
 Out on thee, murderer, thou kill'st my heart!  
 and the boy flies from her with his books under his arm.  
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?  
 Without the help of any hand at all.  
 Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!  
 And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart  
 What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy arms?  
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
 The close enacts and counsels of thy heart!  
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.  
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.  
 him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot;  
 be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.  
 Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;  
 Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair  
 The Goths have gathered head; and with a power  
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head  
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ears  
 With golden promises, that, were his heart  
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.  
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;  
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
 And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.  
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.  
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,  
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.  
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;  
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;  
 And, for he understands you are in arms,  
 Wanting a hand to give it that accord?

Is not thy coming for my other hand?  
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name-  
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
 Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick humours,  
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand  
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
 Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.  
 My hand cut off and made a merry jest;  
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear  
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 , bearing the dead bodies  
 Till he be brought unto the Empress' face  
 Some devil whisper curses in my ear,  
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!  
 The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand.  
 An if your Highness knew my heart, you were.  
 To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
 These broken limbs again into one body;  
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear  
 Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;  
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out  
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.  
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong hurl ourselves,  
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.  
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,  
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.  
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
 O grandsire, grandsire! ev'n with all my heart  
 A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
 Each Troyan that is master of his heart,  
 I was about to tell thee: when my heart,  
 Pourest in the open ulcer of my heart-  
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,  
 Handlest in thy O, that her hand,  
 mends in her own hands.  
 legs.  
 hath the joints of every thing; but everything so out of joint  
 that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind





Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts  
 Make livers pale and lustihood deject.  
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
 Because Cassandra's Her brain-sick raptures  
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
 And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce,  
 melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis  
 The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs  
 are legs for necessity, not for flexure.  
 O, this is well! He rubs the vein of him.  
 face.  
 Here is a man-but 'tis before his face;  
 But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight-  
 As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,  
 the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul-  
 melancholy upon your head!  
 What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-night?  
 of I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not  
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,  
 Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part The  
 tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit  
 Boldness comes to me now and brings me heart.  
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
 Here I hold your hand; here my cousin'If ever you  
 To show itself but pride; for supple knees  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face  
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;  
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,  
 They think my little stomach to the war  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
 brain to set down her reckoning, bites his lip with a politic  
 regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an  
 undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat,  
 God buy you, with all my heart.  
 Fare ye well, with all my heart.

when Hector has knock'd out his brains I know not; but, I am sure,  
might water an ass at I had rather be a tick in a sheep than  
A valiant Greek, Aeneas -take his hand:  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
As heart can think or courage execute.  
With his face In humane gentleness,  
Welcome indeed! By Venus' hand I swear  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
Come, come, beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good,  
Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' th' head!  
My matter is so There is at hand  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
They are at hand and ready to effect it.  
would they had broke's neck.  
Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you,  
Do to this body what extremes you can,  
Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,  
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart,  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
heart,' as the goodly saying is,  
Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind, or my heart  
Hear me, my Be thou but true of heart-  
That there's no maculation in thy heart;  
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
I'll cut thy throat.  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.  
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:  
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.  
You fillip me o' th' head.  
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
His heart and hand both open and both free;  
That thou could'st say 'This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
Desire them Give me thy hand, my cousin;

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.  
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.  
I would my arms could match thee in contention  
Must kiss their own feet.  
And quoted joint by joint.  
Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body  
Thy hand upon that match.  
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas,  
Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson  
With too much blood and too little brain these two may  
run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do,  
enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain  
as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his  
brother's leg-to what form but that he is, should wit larded with  
malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were  
nothing: he is both ass and To an ox, were nothing: he is both  
Give me your hand.  
Hark! a word in your ear.  
She strokes his cheek.  
How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.  
I had your heart before; this follows it.  
But with my heart the other eye doth see.  
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;  
In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
Your passion draws ears hither.  
Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head.  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.  
I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.  
Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;  
I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass  
Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day;  
break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching  
Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,  
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head.  
 O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,  
 Be happy that my arms are out of use;  
 In fellest manner execute your arms.  
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.  
 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
 O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,  
 By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that  
 long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.  
 till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-What, wench!  
 sword Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?  
 Sir, I have not you by th' hand.  
 Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.  
 Now, sir, thought is I pray you, bring your hand to  
 Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my  
 hand But what's your jest?  
 Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.  
 see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.  
 the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the  
 Taurus? That's sides and heart.  
 No, sir; it is legs and Let me see the Ha,  
 And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow  
 that has no more brain than a Look you now, he's out of  
 be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! For- here he comes-  
 Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face;  
 No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice  
 show you the heart of my message.  
 taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as  
 To answer by the method: in the first of his heart.  
 Good madam, let me see your face.  
 face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain  
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
 neck, one chin, and so Were you sent hither to praise me?  
 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
 How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we  
 rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a  
 My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no  
 Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.  
 rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.  
 Go shake your ears.

time-pleaser; an affection'd ass that cons state without book and  
 wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the  
 can hardly make distinction of our hands.  
 And your horse now would make him an ass.  
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
     As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
     No motion of the liver, but the palate-  
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
     I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile  
 By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very  
 is, in contempt of question, her hand.  
     This wins him, liver and all.  
     Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them;  
 commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being  
     Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?  
     Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.  
     My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what  
 you mean by bidding me taste my legs.  
     Give me your hand, sir.  
     That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving  
     I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
     That heart which now abhors to like his  
 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?  
     your heart and brimstone in your You should then have  
     look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'The double guilt of  
 Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is  
     blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the  
     If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into  
     his face into more lines than is in the new map with the  
 Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.  
     It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed.  
     I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.  
 God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand  
     sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of  
     heart! Pray God he be not bewitched.  
 she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat; that is not  
     If this letter move him not, his legs I'll give't him.  
     orchard, like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw;  
     I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
     bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment  
 inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet  
     Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.  
     Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.  
     Let go thy hand.

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.  
 Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand,  
     ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my  
     By this hand, Good fool, some ink, paper, and  
 Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.  
     Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of Now my  
     foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I  
     That face of his I do remember well;  
     A babbling vessel was he captain of,  
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.  
     Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
     It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
     Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
     To spite a raven's heart within a dove.  
     Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
     Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a  
 Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for  
     Will you help- an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a  
     One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!  
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
     Give me thy hand;  
 thus; therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.  
     Here is my hand; you shall from this time be  
     You must not now deny it is your hand;  
     Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;  
     But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.  
     Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading moment's mirth  
     Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.  
     That I, unworthy body as I am,  
     When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!  
     That you might kill your stomach on your meat  
     O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
     Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
     Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto;  
     Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a  
     As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!  
     Here is my hand for my true constancy;  
     hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this  
     thou, man? Away, ass! You'll lose the tide if you tarry any  
     His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;  
     With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
     What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.  
     Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.



Ere I could make thee open thy white hand  
     I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances,  
         May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
 And that to the infection of my brains  
     Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
         Apparent to my heart.  
             And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
                 Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!  
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm  
     Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes  
 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
     To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought- then say  
     My present vengeance Shrew my heart!  
         Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?  
         Of breaking Horsing foot on foot?  
 Inclining to them Were my wife's liver  
     About his neck, Bohemia; who- if I  
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
     The standing of his body.  
     That lies enclosed in this trunk which you  
         I saw his heart in's Give me thy hand;  
     And give't me in mine ear.  
     The justice of your hearts will thereto ad  
     There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
     To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
     Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
     And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
         First hand On mine own accord I'll off;  
     Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
     The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;  
     The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.  
 A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?  
     A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
     The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
     So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,  
     On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
         My heart will be a burden to Leave me;  
     Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
         And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle,  
     Even pushes 'gainst our heart- the party tried,  
 That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts  
     And first fruits of my body, from his presence  
     This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
         Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.  
     O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,



Thoughts high for one so tender- cleft the heart  
To nothing but A thousand knees  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son.  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry  
I am glad at heart  
Sometimes her head on one side some another-  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I  
any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt  
has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work;  
out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his  
Lend me thy hand, I'll help Come, lend me thy  
O, good sir, softly, good sir; I fear, sir, my shoulder  
money, I pray you; that kills my heart.  
of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire  
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair  
ears grew to his tunes.  
sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.  
plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not  
long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.  
above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of  
Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses more than my  
foot and a half by th' squier.  
Your heart is full of something that does take  
Up in my heart, which I have given already,  
Hath sometime lov'I take thy hand- this hand,  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out.  
Take hands, a bargain!  
Come, your hand;  
O, my heart!  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping  
As 'twere i' th' father's person; kisses the hands  
And speak his very heart.  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,  
ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a  
If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the  
back of man, the heart of monster.  
over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand  
outside of his hand, and no more Remember- ston'd and flay'd  
the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
     To see her in your arms.  
         Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,  
         Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
             jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with  
         of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such  
 rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open: he was  
     as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be  
     bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept Who was most  
         hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since  
     for the King's son took me by the hand and call'd me brother; and  
         tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I  
 know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be  
     fellow of thy hands.  
         Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
         Give me that hand of yours to kiss.  
 Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins  
     And take you by the hand, but then you'll think-  
         No foot shall stir.  
 You kill her Nay, present your hand.  
     She hangs about his neck.  
     Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,  
     And take her by the hand whose worth and honesty  
         Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
     Proclaimed in her a careless hand of pride;  
     Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
         Or monarchs' hands that lets not bounty fall  
 That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.  
     'So many have, that never touched his hand,  
     Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.  
     And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.  
         Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,  
             Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
             Encamped in hearts, but fighting outwardly.  
     '"O then advance of yours that phraseless hand  
         Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame.  
     '"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
 Whose sights till then were levelled on my face;  
         Each cheek a river running from a fount  
         What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
         'That not a heart which in his level came  
         When he most burned in heart-wished luxury,  
     O, that false fire which in his cheek so glowed,  
     O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly.

face + face + hand + head + ear + faces + paws + face + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + body + heart + head + head +  
body + face + hands + hearts + face + face + face + heart + foot + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart +  
heart + heart + heart + heart + hands + chest + hand + chest + cheek + heart + hand + brains + hand + heart + face + hand + hand +  
chest + hand + cheek + veins + cheek + head + hearts + hearts + hand + body + body + brain + cheek + cheeks + brain + heart + body +  
face + heart + heart + face + heart + faces + heart + veins + hand + ear + face + face + hand + hand + brain + heart + heart + hand +  
heart + cheeks + heart + brain + brain + heart + hand + face + ear + hand + head + cheeks + heart + face + neck + heart + cheeks  
+ face + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + heart + face + heart + heart + heart + face + ears + heart + heart +  
heart + heart + heart + face + hand + heart + body + head + heart + body + body + heart + hand + hearts + hand + heart + head + heart +  
body + ears + arm + face + ears + arm + body + body + ears + hearts + heads + heart + heart + ears + cheeks + knee + heart + hearts +  
body + cheek + hand + hand + hand + leg + hand + buttocks + buttock + hand + legs + hand + hand + cheeks + cheek + hand + ass + hand +  
hand + hand + vessel + hand + heart + arms + arms + heart + hand + brains + stomach + head + face + hand + body + hand + heart + foot +  
heart + hand + ear + face + heart + arm + hand + stomach + hand + heart + heart + heart + face + foot + hands + brains + ear + head +  
heart + ass + body + face + cheek + cheek + face + head + ear + hand + butt + ears + hearts + foot + heart + hand + ears + hands +  
heart + cheek + hand + liver + hands + hand + heart + heart + hearts + heart + feet + body + ear + vessel + cheek + arm + heart + ear +  
foot + arm + brain + hands + head + stomach + arms + hearts + hand + heart + hand + hearts + arms + heart + heart + cheeks + hands +  
heart + heart + knee + arm + ears + veins + throat + ear + head + hands + face + hand + arm + hand + face + heart + hand + hand + faces  
+ face + hearts + throats + cheeks + ear + throats + vessels + brain + hands + hands + ears + hand + hand + body + head + hearts +  
hearts + ear + heart + heart + face + head + body + face + ear + heart + throat + feet + ear + heart + heart + heart + heart +  
head + foot + head + heart + ears + face + head + head + feet + hand + ears + hand + face + hand + hearts + neck + hand + heart + neck  
+ heart + brain + heads + hand + ass + hearts + chests + heart + heads + hand + arm + heart + brain + hand + hand + ear + face + heart  
+ hand + body + foot + heart + hearts + heart + hands + body + heart + heart + hand + cheek + arms + neck + hands + heart + hand +  
heart + hearts + arm + heart + hand + face + face + legs + heart + head + ass + arm + hands + hand + neck + heart + necks + heart +  
hand + heart + face + thigh + hand + body + head + heads + haunches + body + legs + heart + vessel + hands + shins + heart + arm +  
brain + body + foot + shoulders + vein + arms + face + belly + shank + face + hand + hands + heart + hands + hands + hands + hands +  
feet + feet + feet + neck + belly + head + heart + heart + heart + foot + foot + foot + cheek + hand + liver + heart + heart + temple +  
hand + heart + heart + neck + heart + cheek + cheek + knees + ear + ears + leg + cheek + heart + head + hands + shoulder + heart + head  
+ brains + hand + hand + head + spleen + head + brain + hand + hand + hands + hand + hand + brain + hand + neck + head + head + arm +  
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