

I am not that I play (Gender and Disguise)

a compilation of breeches roles

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PROLOGUE: RINGS

PORTIA, BASSANIO

MV3.2

PORTIA

Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO

... But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then, [dear Portia,] be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

IMOGEN, POSTHUMUS

Cymbeline 1.1

IMOGEN

My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ... you must be gone ...

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

My queen! my mistress! Imogen!
... I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth ...
Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu, my Imogen!

IMOGEN

Nay, stay a little, [Posthumus]:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

How, how! another? ... *Putting on the ring*
Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on.

JULIA, PROTEUS

TG 2.2

PROTEUS

Have patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA

I must, where is no remedy.

PROTEUS

When possibly I can, I will return.

JULIA

If you turn not, you will return the sooner, [Proteus.]
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. *Giving a ring*

PROTEUS

Why then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

JULIA

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

CELIA, ROSALIND, ORLANDO

AYLI
2.1

CELIA

[Orlando, you have wrestled well -]

ROSALIND

And overthrown more than your enemies.

CELIA

If you do keep your promises in love [as well],
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.

CELIA

Shall we go, Rosalind?

ROSALIND

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO

Can I not say, I thank you? ...

ROSALIND

[Orlando] calls us back ...
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

CELIA

[Rosalind!] Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND

Fare you well.
Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA

ORLANDO

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

DISGUISE

1. What shall I do?

VIOLA, CAPTAIN

TN1.2

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, Lady [Viola].

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, [Captain]?

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O my poor brother! Sebastian!

IMOGEN, PISANIO

Cymbeline 3.4

PISANIO

Reads "Thy mistress [Imogen]... hath played the strumpet in my bed. ... Let thine own hands take away her life. ..."

IMOGEN

False to his bed! ... I false! [To Posthumus!]

PISANIO

... It cannot be
But that my master is abused ...

IMOGEN

Come ... be thou honest[, Pisanio] ... where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

PISANIO

O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink. ... Good lady,
Hear me with patience. I have considered of a course.
I'll give [him] notice you are dead and send ...
Some bloody sign of it ... You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

IMOGEN

Why [Pisaniol],
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband? [Posthumus!]

CELIA, ROSALIND

AYLI1.3

ROSALIND

[Banish'd!]

CELIA

... If [you] be a traitor,
Why so am I. ...
O my poor Rosalind, ... devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us ...

ROSALIND

Why, [Celia,] whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

JULIA, LUCETTA

TG2.7

JULIA

Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me ...
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUCETTA

Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

PORTIA, NERISSA

MV3.4

PORTIA

Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NERISSA

Shall they see us, Portia?

PORTIA

They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack.

2. You must forget to be a woman

IMOGEN, PISANIO

Cymbeline 3.4

PISANIO

Well, then, here's the point, [my Lady Imogen]:
You must forget to be a woman; change
... fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women...) into a waggish courage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must ... forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims ...

IMOGEN

Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

PISANIO

First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit -
'Tis in my cloak-bag - doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them...

VIOLA, CAPTAIN

TN1.2

VIOLA

... O that [it] ... might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is! ...
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve [the duke here]:
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.

PORTIA, NERISSA

MV3.4

PORTIA

... I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killed them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NERISSA

Why, [Portia], shall we turn to men?

PORTIA

Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!

JULIA, LUCETTA

TG 2.7

LUCETTA

But in what habit will you go along?

JULIA

Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may besecm some well-reputed page.

LUCETTA

Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

JULIA

No, girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots. ...

LUCETTA

What fashion, [Lady Julia], shall I make your breeches?

JULIA

That fits as well as "Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

LUCETTA

You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

JULIA

Out, out, Lucetta! that would be ill-favour'd.

LUCETTA

A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

JULIA

Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

LUCETTA

If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

JULIA

Nay, that I will not.

LUCETTA

Then never dream on infamy, but go.

ROSALIND, CELIA

*AYLI*1.3

CELIA

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND

Were it not better, [Celia,]
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and - in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will -
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

CELIA

What shall I call thee, [Rosalind], when thou art a man?

ROSALIND

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

CELIA

Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

3. To liberty

VIOLA, CAPTAIN

TN1.2

CAPTAIN

[My Lady Viola:] Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee: lead me on.

JULIA, LUCETTA

TG2.7

JULIA

... Come, answer not; but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarrance.

PORTIA, NERISSA

MV3.4

PORTIA

... And therefore, haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles today.

IMOGEN, PISANIO

Cymbeline 3.4

PISANIO

... To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. ...

IMOGEN

Amen! I thank thee.

ROSALIND, CELIA

AYLI1.3

CELIA

... Let's away.
... Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

A MAN'S LIFE

ROSALIND, CELIA

AYLI1.4

ROSALIND

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

[CELIA]

I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND

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 doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good
Aliena!

CELIA

I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further. ...

ROSALIND

Well, this is the forest of Arden.

IMOGEN

Cymbeline 3.6

IMOGEN

I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.
... Now I think on thee, [my dear lord Posthumus,]
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage [shelter]:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. ...
Ho! who's here? ... Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword: and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens!

PASSING

CAPTAIN, VIOLA, ORSINO

TN1.4

[CAPTAIN]

If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known
you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he
inconstant, sir, in his favours?

[CAPTAIN]

No, believe me. ... Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE ORSINO

DUKE ORSINO

... Cesario, ho!

VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE ORSINO

Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul ...

JULIA, PROTEUS

TG 4.4

PROTEUS

Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JULIA

In what you please: I'll do what I can.

PROTEUS

I hope thou wilt.

IMOGEN, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS

Cymbeline 3.6

IMOGEN

Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took ...
Here's money for my meat ...

GUIDERIUS

Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMOGEN

I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

[GUIDERIUS]

What's your name?

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir.

[ARVIRAGUS]

Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd! ...

GUIDERIUS

Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom in honesty.

ARVIRAGUS

I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
... Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMOGEN

‘Mongst friends,
If brothers. ... *Aside* Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave, ...
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I’d change my sex to be companion with them. ...

NERISSA, PORTIA, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, ANTONIO, SHYLOCK

MV4.1

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer’s clerk

[BASSANIO]

Came you from Padua ...?

NERISSA

[I did], my lord. ... *Presenting a letter*

BASSANIO

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
[“If he repay me not on such a day,
then let the forfeit be a pound of flesh
to be cut off and taken nearest the heart.”]
... I stand here for law.

[BASSANIO]

This letter ... doth commend
A young and learned doctor [of the law]:
[One Balthasar.] Where is he?

NERISSA

He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you’ll admit him.

[BASSANIO]

With all my heart. ... *Reads* “... I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment ...; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.” ... And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws

Give me your hand. ... You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with ... this present question in the court?

PORTIA

I am informed thoroughly of the [case].
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

[BASSANIO]

Antonio and ... Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA

Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK

Shylock is my name.

PORTIA

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ...
You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO

Ay, so he says.

PORTIA

Do you confess the bond? [This forfeit of your flesh?]

ANTONIO

I do.

PORTIA

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

PORTIA

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ... [C]onsider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. ...

SHYLOCK

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
[A pound of flesh.]

ROSALIND, CELIA, CORIN

AYLI2.4

CELIA

I pray you ... question yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food.

ROSALIND

... Good even to you, friend.

CORIN

And to you, gentle sir ...

ROSALIND

I prithee, shepherd ...
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And fainted for succor.

CORIN

Fair sir, I pity her
 And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
 But I am shepherd to another man ...
 My master is of churlish disposition ...
 Besides, his [cottage, flock, and pasture]
 Are now on sale ...

ROSALIND

I pray thee ...
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place.
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

CORIN

... I will your very faithful [servant] be
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

DISCOVERIES***JULIA, HOST, PROTEUS, SILVIA****TG 4.2****SONG***

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be. ...
 Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.

HOST

How now! Are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? The music likes you not.

JULIA

You mistake; the musician likes me not.

HOST

Why, my pretty youth?

JULIA

He plays false.
 ... But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
 Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST

I tell you what his man told me: he loves her [beyond reckoning].

Enter SILVIA above

PROTEUS

Madam, good even to your ladyship. ...

SILVIA

Sir Proteus, as I take it. ...

What's your will?

PROTEUS

That I may [win me] yours.

SILVIA

You have your wish; my will is even this:

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man! ...

Return, return, and make thy love amends. ...

PROTEUS

I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

JULIA

Aside 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried. ...

PROTEUS

Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep ...

SILVIA

I am very loath to be your idol, sir;

But since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship ... and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning ...

JULIA

Host, will you go? ...

HOST

I think 'tis almost day.

JULIA

... but it hath been the longest night

That e'er I watched and the most heaviest.

NERISSA, PORTIA, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, ANTONIO, SHYLOCK

MV4.1

PORTIA

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

...

PORTIA

Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
[Thrice thy money is offered thee by Bassanio.]
... Bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK

... Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANTONIO

Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

PORTIA

... You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

...

ANTONIO

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well! ...
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

BASSANIO

Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA

Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRATIANO

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA

'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK

Aside These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
Aloud We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

PORTIA

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

...

SHYLOCK

Most learned judge! O excellent young man! ...
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
A sentence! Come, prepare!

PORTIA

Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ...
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

SHYLOCK

Is that the law?

PORTIA

... Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest. ...
Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK

Give me my principal, and let me go.

...

PORTIA

Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the [court] ...
Down therefore and beg mercy ...

GRATIANO

Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself ...

[PORTIA]

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it ...

SHYLOCK

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO

A [hang-rope] gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO

So please ... the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content ... [One thing] provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ...

PORTIA

Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

SHYLOCK

I am content. ... I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the [sentence] after me,
And I will sign it. *Exit*

ROSALIND, CELIA

*AYLI*3.2

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading

ROSALIND

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind. ...

CELIA

Reads
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind. ...
Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND

O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ...

CELIA

But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees? ...
[Know] you who hath done this?

...

ROSALIND

I prithee, who?

CELIA

Change you color?

ROSALIND

Nay, but who is it?

CELIA

... Is it possible?

ROSALIND

Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful ...

ROSALIND

Good my complexion, dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. ...

CELIA

It is young Orlando ...

ROSALIND

Nay, but the devil take mocking ...

CELIA

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND

Orlando?

CELIA

Orlando.

ROSALIND

Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes him here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA

You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. ...

ROSALIND

But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? ...

WOOING 1

JULIA, PROTEUS, SILVIA

TG 4.4

PROTEUS

Sebastian, I [take thee in my service],
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business ...
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth ...
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

JULIA

It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

PROTEUS

Not so; I think she lives.

JULIA

Alas!

PROTEUS

Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

JULIA

I cannot choose

But pity her.

PROTEUS

Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

JULIA

Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams of him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking of it makes me cry 'alas!'

PROTEUS

Well, give her that ring ...
That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.
Exit

JULIA

How many women would do such a message? ...
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain ...
[I] cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him [succeed].

Enter SILVIA

Gentlewoman, good day! ... I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SILVIA

From whom?

JULIA

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SILVIA

O, he sends you for a picture.

JULIA

Ay, madam.

SILVIA

... Go [tell] your master this: ...
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than [my picture].

JULIA

... Poor gentlewoman! My master wrongs her much.

SILVIA

Dost thou know her?

JULIA

Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

SILVIA

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

JULIA

I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

SILVIA

Is she not passing fair?

JULIA

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ...

SILVIA

How tall was she?

JULIA

About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height. ...

SILVIA

... Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.

JULIA

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

VIOLA, ORSINO, OLIVIA

TN1.4

DUKE ORSINO

Cesario ..., good youth, address thy gait unto [Olivia];
Be not denied access ... unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith ...

VIOLA

I'll do my best
To woo your lady: *Aside* yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

TN1.5

Enter Olivia and her ladies in waiting

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty – I pray you, tell me if this be [Lady Olivia], for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to [learn] it. ...

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart: and yet ... I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

... I am.

VIOLA

... I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

It is the more like to be feigned ... Speak your office. ...

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear. ...

OLIVIA

What are you? What would you?

VIOLA

... What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. ... Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady -

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA

In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA

O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. *Unveiling* Look you, sir ... is't not well done?

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

... Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. ...

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth, ...
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well ...
[Exit VIOLA]
How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

MORE RINGS

OLIVIA, MALVOLIO

TN1.5

OLIVIA

What ho, Malvolio!
Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio. ...
Exit MALVOLIO
I do I know not what ...

JULIA, SILVIA

TG 4.4

JULIA

[Good lady Silvia, Proteus] sends ... this ring.

SILVIA

The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

JULIA

She thanks you.

SILVIA

What say'st thou?

JULIA

I thank you, madam, that you tender her.

MALVOLIO, VIOLA

TN 2.2

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO

She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. ... Receive it so.

VIOLA

I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned...
Exit

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman (now alas the day!)
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

BASSANIO, ANTONIO, PORTIA, NERISSA, GRATIANO

MV4.1

BASSANIO

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him. ...

PORTIA

He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied ...
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASSANIO

Dear sir, ...
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. ...

PORTIA

You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
... I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO

This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA

I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO

There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you ...
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

PORTIA

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASSANIO

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

PORTIA

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
Exit.

ANTONIO

My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO

Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring ...

PISANIO, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, POSTHUMUS

Cymbeline 5.5

[PISANIO]

To IACHIMO

Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ...

IMOGEN

My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Aside What's that to him?

[PISANIO]

That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

IACHIMO

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring [from Posthumus - 'twas his].
[Imogen's] chastity - there it begins.

[Posthumus] spake of her ... whereat I ... wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. ... Away to Britain
Post I in this design: ... where I was taught ... the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing ... my [plotting] so prevail'd,
That I return'd with [seeming] proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
Whereupon –
Methinks, I see him now –

PORTIA, NERISSA, GRATIANO

*MV*4.2

GRATIANO

Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

PORTIA

That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him ...

NERISSA

Sir, I would speak with you.
Aside to PORTIA
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep forever.

PORTIA

Aside to NERISSA
Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Aloud Away! make haste ...

NERISSA

Come, good sir ...

WOOING 2

ROSALIND, ORLANDO

*AYLI*3.2

ORLANDO

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND

With a shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO

Are you native of this place? ... Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND

I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO

Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROSALIND

There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORLANDO

I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND

No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO

I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND

A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND

Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my [cottage] and woo me.

ORLANDO

Now, by the faith of my love, I will ...

ROSALIND

Go with me to it and I'll show it you ... Will you go?

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

Nay you must call me Rosalind.

VIOLA, ORSINO

TN2.4

DUKE ORSINO

Give me some music. If music be the food of love, play on.

Music plays

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are ...
How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

DUKE ORSINO

Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA

A little, by your favour.

DUKE ORSINO

What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Too old by heaven ...
... Once more, Cesario, [get thee to Olivia]:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world -

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE ORSINO

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart ... Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I know -

DUKE ORSINO

What dost thou know?

VIOLA

Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: ... still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no delay.

OLIVIA, VIOLA

TN3.1

OLIVIA

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service. ...

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think? ...

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

[Not so, for] oft we pity enemies. ...
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA

Stay: I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA

Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA

Aside

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide. ...

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam. ...

OLIVIA

Yet come again ...

ROSALIND, ORLANDO, CELIA

*AYLI*4.1

ROSALIND

Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? ... Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND

Well in her person I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO

Then in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND

No, faith ... Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO

I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND

By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will. I will grant it.

ORLANDO

Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO

And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND

Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO

What sayest thou?

ROSALIND

Are you not good?

ORLANDO

I hope so.

ROSALIND

Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?
Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.
Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO

Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA

I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND

You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando--'

CELIA

Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I will.

ROSALIND

Ay, but when?

ORLANDO

Why now – as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND

Then you must say I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ORLANDO

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND

... I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. ... Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

ORLANDO

For ever and a day.

ROSALIND

Say a day without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. ...

ORLANDO

But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND

By my life, she will do as I do. ...

Exit ORLANDO

CELIA

You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

SOME FALLS ARE MEANS THE HAPPIER TO ARISE.

POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, PROTEUS, JULIA

Cymbeline 5.1

POSTHUMUS

POSTHUMUS with a bloody cloth

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For [lapsing] but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. ... [and] so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death ...

PROTEUS and JULIA, en route to their next scene, are witnesses to IMOGEN'S speech

Cymbeline 1.1, 3.4, 4.6

IMOGEN

IMOGEN with the ring that she had given to Posthumus

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is. ...
False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? ...
To break [sleep] with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake?... O Posthumus!
... O, my lord, my lord!

[PROTEUS]

Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes ...
What art thou?

IMOGEN

I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. ...

[JULIA]

'Lack, good youth! ... Thy name?

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir.

[PROTEUS]

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
... My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties ...

...

IMOGEN

Why, I must die. ... Come, here's my heart.
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief ...

[PROTEUS]

Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

SEBASTIAN, OLIVIA

Twelfth Night

SEBASTIAN

2.1

My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone ... You must know of me then my name is Sebastian ... My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! But ... my sister drowned. ... A lady, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful ...

OLIVIA

4.1

Dear Cesario. I prithee, gentle friend,
... Go with me to my house, ... thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny.

SEBASTIAN

... Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun,
This [ring] she gave me, I do feel't, see't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. ...

4.3

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me ...
Into the [chapel]: there, before [a holy man],
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. ... What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll ... go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

Then [let the] ... heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

REVELATIONS, REUNIONS, RECONCILIATIONS, AND RETURNS

JULIA, PROTEUS, [CELIA]

Two Gents 5.4

JULIA

O me unhappy!
Swoons

PROTEUS

Look to the boy. ... How now! What's the matter? Look up; speak.

JULIA

My master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PROTEUS

Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA

Here 'tis; this is it.

PROTEUS

How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JULIA

O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

PROTEUS

But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

JULIA

And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PROTEUS

How! Julia!

JULIA

... O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PROTEUS

Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! Were man
But constant, he were perfect. ...
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

[CELIA]

Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

PROTEUS

Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish forever.

JULIA

And I mine.

PORTIA, NERISSA, BASSANIO, GRATIANO

MV5.1

GRATIANO

/To NERISSA/ By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

PORTIA

A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

GRATIANO

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me ...

NERISSA

... You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave ...

GRATIANO

Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA

You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ...
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. ...

BASSANIO

Aside Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO

My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too ...

PORTIA

What ring gave you my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

BASSANIO

If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

PORTIA

Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA

Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

BASSANIO

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

PORTIA

If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring. ...
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASSANIO

No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
[Who]... begg'd the ring ...

PORTIA

... I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed ...
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NERISSA

And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection. ...

BASSANIO

Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee. ...

[PORTIA]

... Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

BASSANIO

By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

PORTIA

I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

NERISSA

And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

GRATIANO

... What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

PORTIA

Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure ...

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk. ...

BASSANIO

Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

GRATIANO

Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

NERISSA

Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

BASSANIO

Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife. ...

GRATIANO

... Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

VIOLA

TN1.2, 3.4

VIOLA

Perchance [my brother was] not drowned. ...
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! ...
[A sailor saw me, took me for Sebastian
As if he'd met me just a while ago.] I my brother know
Yet living in my glass: even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

VIOLA, OLIVIA, ORSINO, SEBASTIAN

TN5.1

DUKE ORSINO

Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth. ...

...

OLIVIA

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA

Madam!

DUKE ORSINO

Gracious Olivia -

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario? ...

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO

What, to perverseness? ...
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief ...

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. ...

OLIVIA

Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

DUKE ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, husband: can he that deny?

DUKE ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah!

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I. ...

DUKE ORSINO

O thou dissembling cub! ...

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest -

Enter SEBASTIAN

DUKE ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ...
How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. ...

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
... I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA

Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb ...

SEBASTIAN

... Were you a woman, ...
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.

VIOLA

And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola ...

SEBASTIAN

To OLIVIA So comes it, lady, you have been mistook ...

DUKE ORSINO

To OLIVIA Be not amaz'd... If this be so ...
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

To *VIOLA* Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. ...
Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments ...

DUKE ORSINO

... Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! You are she.

IMOGEN, POSTHUMUS, PISANIO

Cymbeline 5.5

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

... O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! ... send out
For torturers ingenious ... I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy [mistress] - villain-like, I lie -
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple
Of virtue was she ... O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

IMOGEN

Peace, my lord; hear, hear--

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part.
Striking her: she falls

PISANIO

O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!

...

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

How come these staggers on me?

PISANIO

How fares my mistress? ...

IMOGEN

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. *Embracing him*

POSTHUMUS

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

ROSALIND, ORLANDO

*AYLI*5.1

ROSALIND

... your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO

They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! ...

ROSALIND

Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND

I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. ... Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes ... human as she is and without any danger. ... Therefore, put you in your best array: bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

*AYLI*5.4

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

ORLANDO

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

ROSALIND

I'll have no husband, if you be not he ...

EPILOGUE

COMPANY

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;

but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue.

If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue;

yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues.

What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play!

I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me.

My way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women.

I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you:

and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women – as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them – that between you and the women the play may please.

If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me,

complexions that liked me

and breaths that I defied not:

and, I am sure, as many as have good beards

or good faces

or sweet breaths

will, for my kind offer,

when I make curtsy,

bid me farewell.