

SPEECHES FROM SHAKESPEARE

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Now is the winter of our discontent
 O I have passed a miserable night
 I have been studying how I may compare
 O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
 Now entertain conjecture of a time
 This day is called the feast of Crispian
 My duty to you both on equal love
 I know that virtue to be in you
 No not an oath, if not the face of men
 My liege I did deny no prisoners
 The barge she sat in
 Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother
 O that this too too solid flesh
 O what a rogue and peasant slave am I
 To be or not to be
 All the world's a stage
 What employment have we here
 My name is Caius Marcius
 She is the fairies midwife
 He jests at scars that never felt
 Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes
 You do look my son in a moved sort
 Ay but to die and go we know not where
 Cromwell, I did not think to shed

women

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My Lord, as I was sewing in my closet
 Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark
 There is a willow grows aslant a brook
 Gallop apace you fiery footed steeds
 Farewell! God knows when we shall meet
 I am aweary, give me leave awhile
 I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
 Fie fie, unknit that threatening
 I left no ring with her, what means
 Nay sure he's not in hell
 They met me on the day of success
 Give me my robe, put on my crown
 O spite, O hell, I see you all are bent
 My noble father
 My mother had a maid call'd Barbara
 Yet here's a spot
 Brutus, my lord!
 The quality of mercy is not strained
 Set down, set down your honourable load


 William Packard