

“Now, unto thy bones, goodnight.” (MA 5.3.22) - Epitaph defined, Shakespeare’s epitaph and information, Claudio’s lines about Hero (MA 1.1.161-310)

Epitaph - ep-i-taph [ep-i-taf, -tahf] - noun 1. a commemorative inscription on a tomb or mortuary monument about the person buried at that site. 2. a brief poem or other writing in praise of a deceased person. verb (used with object) 3. to commemorate in or with an epitaph. [Origin: 1350–1400; ME *epitaphe* < L *epitaphium* < Gk *epitáphion* over or at a tomb, equiv. to *epi-* EPI- + *táph(os)* tomb + *-ion* n., adj. suffix

Shakespeare is buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church in his hometown of Stratford, Warwickshire. His gravestone bears an epitaph which Shakespeare himself supposedly wrote. It warns:

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

Teacher - make 12 cards as follows to use with Shakespeare's epitaph wmv files:

1. Good friend
2. for Jesus' sake
3. forbear, to dig
4. the dust
5. enclosed here
6. Blessed be
7. the man
8. that spares these stones
9. And cursed
10. be he
11. that moves
12. my bones.

Claudio’s Lines about Hero - Act I. Scene I. Lines 161-310

Is she not a modest young lady? 161

Can the world buy such a jewel? 176

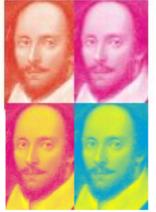
In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I 183
looked on. 184

I would scarce trust myself, though I had 191
sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife. 192

If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it 215
should be otherwise. 216

You speak this to fetch me in, my lord. 219

And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine. 221



That I love her, I feel. 224

And never could maintain his part but in the force 232
of his will. 233

My liege, your highness now may do me good. 284

Hath Leonato any son, my lord? 288

O, my lord, 291

When you went onward on this ended action, 292

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 293

That liked, but had a rougher task in hand 294

Than to drive liking to the name of love: 295

But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts 296

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms 297

Come thronging soft and delicate desires, 298

All prompting me how fair young Hero is, 299

Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars. 300

How sweetly you do minister to love, 311

That know love's grief by his complexion! 308

But lest my liking might too sudden seem, 309

I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise. 310