



Move It, Shakespeare!

Dialogue #1 From *A Midsummer Nights' Dream*, III,2

Hermia: O me! you juggler, you canker-blossom,
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Helena: Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Hermia: Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem;
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Helena: I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Hermia: Lower! hark, again.

Helena: Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Hermia: Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Helena: A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Hermia: What, with Lysander?

Helena: With Demetrius.

Dialogue #2 From *Romeo and Juliet*, I,1

Benvolio: Good morrow, cousin.

Romeo: Is the day so young?

Benvolio: But new struck nine.

Romeo: Ay me! sad hours seem long,
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio: It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo: Not having that which having makes them short.

Benvolio: In love?

Romeo: Out ---

Benvolio: Of love?

Romeo: Out of her favor where I am in love.

Benvolio: Alas that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Dialogue #3 From *Romeo and Juliet*, I,1

Sampson: Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gregory: No, for then we shall be colliers.

Sampson: I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gregory: Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

Sampson: I strike quickly, being moved.

Gregory: But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sampson: A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gregory: To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.
Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Dialogue #4 From *The Taming of the Shrew*, II,1

Petruchio: Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light--

Katherine: Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio: "Should be" -- should buzz!

Katherine: Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Petruchio: O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Katherine: Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Petruchio: Come, come, you wasp! I' faith, you are too angry.

Katherine: If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio: My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Katherine: Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Dialogue #5 From *Hamlet*, I,i

Barnardo: Who's there?

Francisco: Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

Barnardo: Long live the King!

Francisco: Barnardo.

Barnardo: He.

Francisco: You come most carefully upon your hour.

Barnardo: 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco: For this relief much thanks. 'Tis better cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Barnardo: Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco: Not a mouse stirring.

Barnardo: Well, good night.

Dialogue #6 From *The Merchant of Venice*, I,3

Shylock: Three thousand ducats, well.

Bassanio: Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock: For three months, well.

Bassanio: For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock: Antonio shall become bound, well.

Bassanio: May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shylock: Three thousand ducats for thee months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio: Your answer to that?

Shylock: Antonio is a good man.

Dialogue # 7 From *Henry the Fourth, Part I*, IV,ii

Falstaff: Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack.
Our soldiers shall march through. We'll to Sutton Co'fil' tonight.

Bardolph: Will you give me money, Captain?

Falstaff: Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph: This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff: An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all;
I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bardolph: I will, Captain. Farewell.

Dialogue#8 From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V,i

Thisbe: O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyramus: I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

Thisbe: My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyramus: Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

Thisbe: And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyramus: Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

Thisbe: As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyramus: O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

Thisbe: I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyramus: Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

Thisbe: 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.