

## Passage 16

### *FALSTAFF*

*Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked.*

*Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.*

*There lives not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old.*

*I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.*

*We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.*

Passage 17

ROSALIND

*Why, what means this?*

*Why do you look on me?*

*I see no more in you than in the ordinary*

*Of nature's sale-work.—*

*'Od's my little life,*

*I think she means to tangle my eyes, too. —*

*No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.*

*'Tis not*

*your inky brows,*

*your black silk hair,*

*Your bugle eyeballs,*

*nor your cheek of cream*

*That can entame my spirits to your worship. ...*

*But, mistress, know yourself.*

*Down on your knees*

*And thank heaven,*

*fasting,*

*for a good man's love,*

*For I must tell you friendly in your ear,*

*Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.*

*As You Like It*

*Act 3, Scene 5, lines 46 ff.*

Passage 18

DUKE SENIOR

*Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.*

*This wide and universal theatre*

*Presents more woeful pageants than the scene*

*Wherein we play in.*

.

JAQUES

*All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.*

*They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,*

*His acts being seven ages.*

*At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.*

*Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel  
And shining morning face,*

*creeping like snail*

*Unwillingly to school.*

And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth.



*And then the justice,*

*In fair round belly with good capon lined,*

*With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,*

*Full of wise saws and modern instances;*

*And so he plays his part.*

*The sixth age shifts*

*Into the lean and slippered pantaloon*

*With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,*

*His youthful hose,*

*well saved,*

*a world too wide*

*For his shrunk shank,*

*and his big, manly voice,*

*Turning again toward childish treble, pipes*

*And whistles in his sound.*

*Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth,  
sans eyes,  
sans taste,  
sans  
everything.*

*As You Like It*

*Act 2, Scene 7, lines 142-73*

Passage 19

CHORUS

*O, for a muse of fire that would ascend*

*The brightest heaven of invention!*

*A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,*

*And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!*

*Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,*

*Assume the port of Mars,*

and at his heels,  
Leashed in like hounds,  
should famine,  
sword,  
and fire  
Crouch for employment.

But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraisèd spirits that hath dared  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object.

*Can this cockpit hold*

*The vasty fields of France?*

*Or may we cram*

*Within this wooden O the very casques*

*That did affright the air at Agincourt?*

*O pardon, since a crookèd figure may*

*Attest in little place a million,*

*And let us,*

*ciphers to this great account,*

*On your imaginary forces work.*

*Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.*

*Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.*

*Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance.*

*Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth,*

*For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our  
kings,*

*Carry them here and there,*

*jumping o'er times,*

*Turning th' accomplishment of many years*

*Into an hourglass;*



*for the which supply,*

*Admit me chorus to this history,*

*Who,*

*prologue-like,*

*your humble patience pray*

*Gently to hear,*

*kindly to judge*

*our play.*

*Henry V*

*Prologue to Act 1*

Passage 20

HAMLET

*I have of late, but wherefore I know not,  
lost all my mirth,  
forgone all custom of exercises,  
and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my  
disposition  
that this goodly frame, the earth,  
seems to me a sterile promontory;*

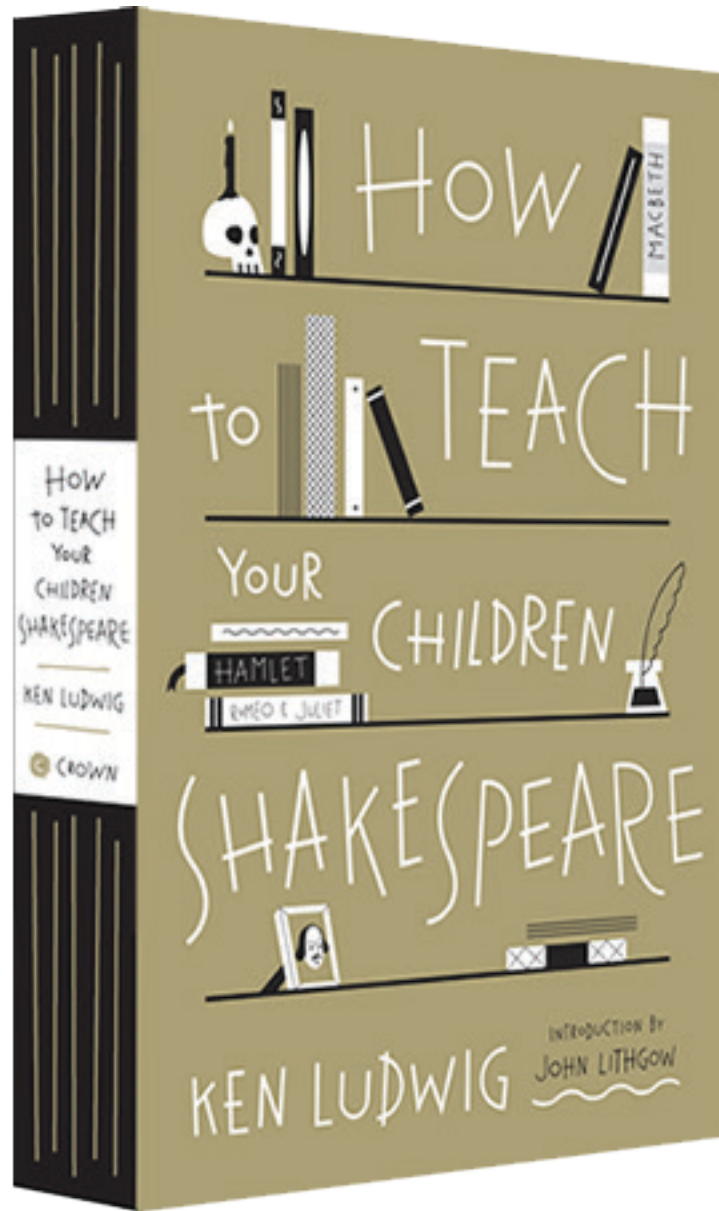
*this most excellent canopy, the air,  
look you,  
this brave o'erhanging firmament,  
this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire –  
why, it appeareth nothing to me  
but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.*

*What a piece of work is a man,  
how noble in reason,  
how infinite in faculties,  
in form and moving how express and admirable;  
in action how like an angel,  
in apprehension how like a god:  
the beauty of the world,  
the paragon of animals -  
and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?*

*Hamlet*

*Act 2, Scene 2, lines 318-332*

For guidance learning these passages, be sure to read  
*How to Teach Your Children Shakespeare*  
by Ken Ludwig



[HowToTeachYourChildrenShakespeare.com](http://HowToTeachYourChildrenShakespeare.com)