

MEMORABLE LINES



Oh, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!

(CHORUS Prologue.1-2)

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion,
To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honeybees.

(CANTERBURY 1.2.183-7)

The singing masons building roofs of gold . . .

(CANTERBURY 1.2.198)

'Tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.

(HENRY 1.2.271-2)

He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.

(HOSTESS 2.3.9-10)

. . . for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green
fields.

(HOSTESS 2.3.16-17)

Trust none,
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes,
And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck. (PISTOL 2.3.49-51)

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead! (HENRY 3.1.1-2)

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger:
 Stiffen the sinews, conjure up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect. (HENRY 3.1.3-9)

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"
 (HENRY 3.1.31-4)

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.
 (BOY 3.2.11-12)

Men of few words are the best men. (BOY 3.2.35-6)

MESSENGER My Lord High Constable, the English lie within
 fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CONSTABLE Who hath measured the ground? (3.7.125-7)

... that mean and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night. (CHORUS 4.0.45-7)

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distill it out. (HENRY 4.1.4-5)

... when blood is their argument ... (WILLIAMS 4.1.143-4)

Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is
 his own. (HENRY 4.1.176-7)

What infinite heartsease
 Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!
 And what have kings that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony? (HENRY 4.1.234-7)

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts;
 Possess them not with fear! Take from them now
 The sense of reck'ning, ere th'opposèd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. (HENRY 4.1.287-90)

But if it be a sin to covet honor
 I am the most offending soul alive. (HENRY 4.3.28-9)

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
 For he today that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother. (HENRY 4.3.60–2)

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
 (PISTOL 5.1.79)

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
 And patches will I get unto these cudged scars,
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. (PISTOL 5.1.86–8)

Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country,
 But grow like savages. (BURGUNDY 5.2.56–9)

HENRY Canst thou love me?

KATHARINE I cannot tell.

HENRY Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? (5.2.194–7)

Your Majestee 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most
sage demoiselle dat is *en France*. (KATHARINE 5.2.219–20)

Nice customs curtsy to great kings. (HENRY 5.2.271)

Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
 This star of England. (CHORUS Epilogue.5–6)