

MEMORABLE LINES



If music be the food of love, play on. (ORSINO 1.1.1)

And what should I do in Illyria? (VIOLA 1.2.3)

Care's an enemy to life. (SIR TOBY 1.3.2-3)

I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit. (SIR ANDREW 1.3.84-5)

God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents. (FESTE 1.5.14-15)

As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. (FESTE 1.5.48-9)

I wear not motley in my brain. (FESTE 1.5.53-4)

You do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. (VIOLA 1.5.183-4)

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy. (VIOLA 1.5.236-8)

[Song] O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
(FESTE 2.3.39)

[Song] What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty.
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure. (FESTE 2.3.47-52)

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? (SIR TOBY 2.3.114-15)

We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

(VIOLA 2.4.116-18)

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.

(VIOLA 2.4.120-1)

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune.

(MALVOLIO 2.5.23)

Be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

(*Letter* 2.5.141-3)

Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished
to see thee ever cross-gartered.

(*Letter* 2.5.150-1)

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

(VIOLA 3.1.60-1)

Then westward ho!

(VIOLA 3.1.134)

This is very midsummer madness.

(OLIVIA 3.4.57)

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

(FESTE 5.1.376-7)

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you!

(MALVOLIO 5.1.378)

He hath been most notoriously abused.

(OLIVIA 5.1.379)

[*Song*] When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

(FESTE 5.1.389-92)