

The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2: Miranda

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraught souls within her.

Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene I: Portia

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had to resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I, Scene I: Egeus

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander.—And, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love tokens with my child.
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 2: Bassanio

So may the outward shows be least themselves; The world is still
deceived with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice, obscures the show of
evil?

In religion, what damnèd error but some sober brow will bless it
and approve it with a text, hiding the grossness with fair
ornament?

There is no vice so simple but assumes some mark of virtue on his
outward parts. How many cowards whose hearts are all as false as
stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins the beards of Hercules
and frowning Mars, who inward searched have livers white as
milk, and these assume but valor's excrement to render them
redoubted. Look on beauty, and you shall see 'tis purchased by
the weight, which therein works a miracle in nature, making
them lightest that wear most of it.

So are those crispèd snaky golden locks, which maketh such
wanton gambols with the wind upon supposed fairness, often
known to be the dowry of a second head, the skull that bred them
in the sepulcher.

Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore to a most dangerous sea,
the beauteous scarf veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, the
seeming truth which cunning times put on to entrap the wisest.
Therefore, then, thou gaudy gold, hard food for Midas, I will none
of thee.