

A night out

Withdraw my lord.

*A friendly eye could never see such faults -
I will be faithful.*

*I hold my duty as I hold my soul
over your friend, that loves you,
but yet I have a mind that fears him much.*

*I do fear thy nature,
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities*

*Your face is a book.
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations
As may dishonor him - take heed of that -*

*Of your philosophy you make no use
To alter favor ever is to fear*

*The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail.
Give thy thoughts no tongue.*

To the Captain

*This must be known which, being kept close, might move -
these are the only men rushing on us.*

Will you go see the order of the course?

Or shall we on?

Epiphanies

*Help me hence:
Why old men, fools, and children
calculatate
(what forgeries you please)*

who shall bear the guilt?

Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

*That you have no such mirrors,
it will make us mad.*

But why?

Giving more light than heat.

I'll silence me even hear.

*Leave all the rest to me,
what need we fear?
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire -*

*Tend on mortal thoughts;
lovers in peace,
lead on our days to age
that I may rest assured.*

Car Ride

*Listen, but speak not to 't
a deed without a name*

Do you mark that?

*Tis safer to be that which we destroy
(faith, as you may season it to the charge)*

*That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold,
and fearful,
as these strange eruptions are.*

*Yet it shall be tempest-tossed -
what cannot you and I perform?*

Hopeless Help

*Was the hope drunk by
The devil himself?*

With what, i'th' name of God?

*Though this be madness
The posture of your blows are yet unknown*

Yet there is method in it

Give me the truth

Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil.

*Be thou witness that against my will,
since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
my news shall be the fruit to that great feast
which I have found,*

but,

I will take my leave.

Lovers Part I

*Come let's make haste
My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge*

*I would,
had I so sworn
as you have done to this.*

*I would not, in plain terms,
D'er hear the speech of vantage
And leave them here-gless*

A foolish thought

I know that virtue be in you!

*When you durst do it,
then you were a man.*

*Now in the names of all the Gods at once
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
Oh I could weep!*

what's done, is done.

*

Lovers Part II

I have much mistook your passion
Have you not love enough to bear with me,
How wildly doth this cynic rhyme

*And with larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you*

A savageness in unreclaimed blood
There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast

Look what I have -

You know not what you do!

For my heart speaks:
"You have done me wrong."

Infirm of purpose,
now gather and surmise -

do I fear thy nature?

What might you think?

If circumstances lead me,
this,
sober, form of yours hides wrongs.

When the battle's lost and won,

I know where I'll wear this dagger then.

Prithee no more!

*where have you been?
Worthiness in your eye -
your voice shall be as strong as any man's -*

Who offered him the crown

*A little water will clear us of this deed,
That croaks of fatal entrance,
Thou wouldst be great!*

The Conspirators

I do observe you as of late.

I have as much of this in art as you.

I fear our purpose is discovered -

Writings all tending to the great opinion-

and leads the will to desperate undertakings
of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.
And that in a way of caution
- I must tell you -
you must not take for fire,
For a charm of powerful trouble
That every nice offense should bear his comment

Something wicked this way comes

'Tis better that the enemy seek us
For we will shake him
Or worse days endure

More grief to hide than hate to utter love

What might you think

Shall this our lofty sense be acted over

I am glad That my weak words have struck but thus much show

*It is backed like a weasel
Yet there is method in it*

And how, and who, what means and where they keep

Hell is murky

"Give every man thy ear but few thy voice; to thine own self, be true"

You shall do marvelous wisely

*The storm is up and all is on the hazard
And like a rat without a tail, I'll do.*

*

Random remaining phrases bank:

When shall we three meet again?

But go at once

Or shall we on

*Those that with haste will make a mighty fire / Begin it with weak
straws*

Shame itself

Never lacks power to dismiss itself

Never come such division 'tween our souls

Then leave him out

Very like a whale

To youth and liberty

The attempt, and not the deed

Wash your hands

Write them together, yours is a fair name

As a sick girl

Thou shouldst attempt it