Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.

Go you before, and I will follow you.

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.

Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Why dost thou spit at me?

Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

I would I knew thy heart.

I fear me both are false.

But shall I live in hope?

To take is not to give.

Bid me farewell.

'Tis more than you deserve;

Would all were well! but that will never be
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:

Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Show
him our commission; talk no more.

How if it come to thee again?

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

What we will do, we do upon command.

I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

All seeing heaven, what a world is this!

What means this scene of rude impatience?

I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Before the times of change, still is it so:

What is thy news then?

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

I'll go along with you.

You have no cause.

LOCATION: Mall

LOCATION: Rugby game

LOCATION: Flat/apartment

LOCATION: Courtroom

LOCATION: Movie Theatre

LOCATION: Airplane