



1. It is not, nor it cannot, come to good
2. But break my heart for I must hold my tongue
3. O what a rogue and peasant slave am I
4. O that this too, too solid flesh would melt
5. Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither
6. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth
7. O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
8. There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so
9. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all
10. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven?
11. What should a man do but be merry?
12. Do you think I am to be played on easier than a pipe?
13. I must be cruel, only to be kind
14. I could accuse me of such things as it were better my mother had not borne me
15. What is the reason that you use me thus?
16. If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all
17. O all you host of heaven, O earth! What else?
18. I hold it fit that we shake hands and part
19. I do not set my life in a pin's fee
20. But I have that within which passeth show
21. But break my heart for I must hold my tongue
22. How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!

---

---

---

---

---

---

---