

"But now I'm cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in" to
journey's end

I'll twig the others, "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer,"

"And seem a saint, when most I play the devil"; or to lend

"A beggarly account of empty boxes," and act the duffer.

Turning to the others, "who sat like patience on a monument,"

In dramatic tones I said: "Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,"

"My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time." Calumny
has sent

Her shafts, "the play's the thing," all else I simply hate.

"The jack," exclaimed Kathia, "belikes he thinks that Proteous hath forsook him."

"I will speak daggers to him, but use none," for we throw no
stone.

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel," let us then book
him.

"Mark thou, how plain a tale shall put you down," and truth
alone,

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," "as makes the angels
weep."

"Tis the mind that makes the body rich," no dress of stage
will do;

"A little fire is quickly trodden out," genius alone will keep;

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form" are both to life
untrue.

Then spake fair Rosalind; "I have no other but a woman's
reason",

"By telling truth, tell truth and shame the devil," for I verily
trow

"The course of true love never did run smooth" in any season.

"But here upon this bank and shoal of time" let us all show

"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge"; among us jealousy
must cease.