

Trochaic tetrameter

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended:
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream...

Tumbling verse

Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Songs

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.

Fly away, fly away, breath,

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

Special effects

PRINCE

My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

HERO

Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

PRINCE

Speak low if you speak love.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I, sir, am Dromio. Command him away.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

I, sir, am Dromio. Pray, let me stay.

Prose

Daylight and champion discovers not more! This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.