

Quotation Quest

Each of the following quotations comes from Act 1 Scene 2 or Act 4 Scene 4 (the NCT set scenes for 2008) but they are all muddled up. Can you identify which scene they come from, the speaker, who they are speaking to and what they are talking about? You might even be able to put them back into the correct order and then see some patterns in the speeches.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons, To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.	But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
fair creature	What were I best to say? Her father's brother Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle? Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
What good is covered with the face of heaven, To be discovered, that can do me good?	I will not be thy executioner.
He lives that loves thee better than he could.	The loss you have is but a son being King, And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
Look what is done cannot be now amended! devilish slave	Your bed-chamber. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!	My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes
Never hung poison on a fouler toad. Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.	If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck
Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repaired with double riches of content.	Flatter my sorrow with report of it.

Stay, madam. I must talk a word with you.	So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers, And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it!
Never came poison from so sweet a place.	You speak as if that I had slain my cousins. Cousins, indeed! And by their uncle cozened — Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life!
You mock me, madam.	Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
And must she die for this?	... thou hast made the happy earth thy hell
Fouler than heart can think thee	If I have killed the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase I will beget Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
Let him thank me that help to send him thither	I was provokèd by her slanderous tongue
All unavoided is the doom of destiny.	Say that I did all this for love of her. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee, Having bought love with such a bloody spoil!
divine perfection of a woman	Your beauty was the cause of that effect
And when this arm of mine hath chastisèd The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garlands will I come, And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed	Villain

What black magician conjures up this fiend To stop devoted charitable deeds?	Teach not thy lip such scorn – for it was made For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears	Unmannered dog!
It is a quarrel most unnatural, To be revenged on him that loveth thee.	If this inducement move her not to love, Send her a letter of thy noble deeds. Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence, Her uncle Rivers – ay, and for her sake Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart To revel in the entrails of my lambs!	Dost grant me, hedgehog?
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter And do intend to make her Queen of England.	I have no more sons of the royal blood For thee to slaughter!
What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?	O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens	Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame Of golden sovereignty!
Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!	Fairer than tongue can name thee
Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!	In thy foul throat thou liest!

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.	Even he that makes her Queen. Who else should be?
Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers, A pair of bleeding hearts.	He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Villains, set down the corpse; or, by Saint Paul, I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys!	diffused infection of a man
Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?	So in the Lethe of thy angry soul Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Thou wast the cause and most accursed effect.	Foul devil
To save her life I'll say she is not so.	Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
That would I learn of you, As one being best acquainted with her humour.	Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind,
Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!	Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.
	What, <i>thou</i> ?