

# **PRINTABLE SHAKESPEARE MEMORY CARDS**

Created by Teach Beside Me

For personal use only. All Rights reserved. Copyright 2016.

## I Know a Bank

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding vile grows,  
Quite over canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine.

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.  
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.  
Ans with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

(A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene 1, lines 257-66)

## Puck's Announcement

Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand,  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee.  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

(A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III, Scene 2, lines 112-17)

## Such Stuff as Dreams are Made on

Our revels now are ended. These our  
actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air: And,  
like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the  
gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe  
itself, Ye all which it inherit, shall  
dissolve;

And, like this insubstantial pageant

faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are  
such stuff as dreams are made on,  
and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

(The Tempest, Act IV, Scene 1, lines  
165-75)

## Macbeth's Conscience

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow,  
Creeps in they petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

(Macbeth, Act V, Scene 5, lines 18-28)

## The World as a Stage

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many  
parts,  
His acts being seven ages.  
At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining schoolboy, with his  
satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail  
Unwillingly to school.

And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.  
Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the  
pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in  
quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth.

continued. . .

## The World as a Stage (Continued)

And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part.

The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloone,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on  
side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too  
wide

For his shrunk shank, and his big manly  
voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes  
And whistles in his sound.

Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
everything.

(As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7, lines  
146-73)

## Friends, Romans, Countrymen

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—  
For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men—  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to  
Rome  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers  
fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar  
hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

continued. . .

## Friends, Romans, Countrymen (Continued)

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this  
ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus  
spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without

cause:  
What cause witholds you then, to mourn  
for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish  
beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with  
me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with  
Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

(Julius Caesar, Act III, Scene II)

## To Be or Not to Be

To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous  
fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
And by opposing end them. To die—to  
sleep,

No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural  
shocks  
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay,

there's the rub:  
For in that sleep of death what dreams  
may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal  
coil,  
Must give us pause.

(Hamlet Act III, scene I, lines 64–76 )

## Romeo & Juliet

Romeo- But soft, what light through  
yonder window breaks?  
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief  
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than  
she. . .  
It is my lady. O, it is my love! . . .  
See how she leans her cheek upon her  
hand.  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet- O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art  
thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name,  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo- (aside) Shall I hear more, or shall  
I speak at this?

Juliet- 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? . . . O, be some other  
name!  
What's in a name? That which we call a  
rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet.

(Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 2, lines  
1ff.)

## Be Not Afraid of Greatness

Be not afraid of greatness:  
Some are born great,  
Some achieve greatness,  
And some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

(Twelfth Night, Act II Scene V)

## Orsini's Heart

If music be the food of love, play on.  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken and so die.  
That strain again! It had a dying fall.  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more.  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

(Twelfth Night, Act I, Scene 1, lines 1-8)