

I drouk you fall would stent the bade.

BUCKINGHAM:
What, with wis is thee, beare that with the some
And be to stel the bak starring whotere
To wend sir'st to this, by bod with not
Fally at tilll and fitly shall do the broad
The cestes and bay, and her ancessilly.

SICINIUS:
Bother, which bixek of that him in to
men asm alea mour his drow, and those brood?

DUKE VINCENTIO:
While, arrow, hit's helicity abrey for with thim,
If their heaty the sheilich fremt with so sake to with
Thar ene with non a well to filling.

BAASMA:
Or smoke it to than so sangant a plower;
This a bornters with ip stision mer
Where a glive ay rather of to be is some
Bine, and were be mistrien, and im, well be not:
Sen all the heance flow your grongle
The combont to this to hee he so m
Epoch: 6/20... Step: 800... Loss: 1.7574... Val Loss: 1.7913
wink'st and shee dong,
And nay so had to hurthing best, and seen, this
And age be woulf to suppot, bett all a caris,
Thou and be broundes be and bing in in me?

Forsh Caston:
Ay, light, that the fenting agter them two strack?

GRIDI:
My hourd, and breath,--

PARYO:
O' sigst, twink the fell, and love then, thear's
Tentes my curle out all a mose: strak;
She, by in string their say she her the meel:
When strow who wrow'ds by thear's heere,
And trey hown'd should thou honce, and thank.

PARDILIN:
Why sturt, I have wep to humpen to be in you;
The with the cove ang, the coucance of sit
Men bath would all men his, my fortret, as
O menty war, but not and by did ware.

LUKE VINCENTIO:
At monher, in murther, stand, then, with have,
That her ath horsont that waint him excaun.

QUEEN AF GAY:
There os the doom, for wilk then, the wounds.

CLAUDINE:
What I to thus is:
Soll, there the wullios surdy will wound, frow then
so way for thremels of your lost.

KING EDWARD IV:
Tais: sit me gonts at tryginter,
Epoch: 6/20... Step: 850... Loss: 1.7228... Val Loss: 1.7664
wink'st would makes?

GRIDCARLIER:
That we made my dausor with this?
Take him hithen.

CAPILL:
And then me to the mote, bitter the cerss.

GLOUCIST:
Wither shall wimenes: all, as my dead be my mades
In sere of a blow, and be net mean for shawed,
Therfright the wos he wher is the with thy lith.
In able the the fellland the hand all mormens,
I chould theance arch to cit to is to
The from be seted, with listend the dear she,
Than the swack of way wand the sipout.

SANIRY:
No many stirn he coutry thou artile the pate hip deang?

BRUTUS:
O, he wra'ta pharse.

LEADYNE:
Adome, whit him he wold.

CORLIAMUS:
By, I sure o'been's strok, my gnd, as I bose.
Which's is no men stept the swence but a cworch,
To soll it this thing, and be net mean for shawed,
Who come, in they timporant'ge, but is be strify:
The brething bluaty a besty in the deat.

GRICIO:
My cat, sir you well you will be, with your
Than to me to can the for with betted him;
And he to him, man shee
Epoch: 6/20... Step: 900... Loss: 1.6983... Val Loss: 1.7548
wink'st have
And on st'ave better thy bid and peeser.

LeRenes:
To say art this is buas you are
not 'she than were's a shill be promehold?

Send off brother!

BUCKINGHAM:
But the which blaid the bank beet him time of my lingerer;
But to the prayion; a darrrhand should what;
She though the simliture and a wire may the consender to since then
as you's of nnsenr onence more to me such offat.

MENCUTIO:
Bay, sere befand my fereh, and so is the poud?
They and you sount bash'd, a brown or my.

Murdes:
Weld sere: and by some coure what should how a provese,
Anddese, the poiled is, for a make me best not,
On a dostet on more aparot of their.

MENENIUS:
Hene here il none father, and the herse bidds,
The pollow'd's surs this slinerof a to
these holds and be hant how to smellon,
In will in all stonowm hour, thy come my seach.
And follost wish all my fains of the muring,
I have this way, by my paine to desyre illide
In my sarrows is mined on way, we are's now.

SICENIO:
Why heave the
Epoch: 7/20... Step: 950... Loss: 1.6865... Val Loss: 1.7249
wink'st
With strings the food o' the pearige.

GRIDCARLIER:
My grascaue in heart!

Servant:
We will doer hander.

GLOUCESTER:
What all nest all men must be slake her,
At these cerse having intermins to are.

CRICKSWOT:
I have bue thou, as thy shall missings,
The boy of your were: a deasuried one
Wanwands beraich, I wall hade hamisiar.

KING RICHARD II:
I that word him. Which stones to bead his
may greath of a geator in hearted andst
To denisisteding and and hossedfy,
I wat these francous.

Pucitizen:
Then mary will yourless, I am to the wite of her
Truchon the forthush with a twind's too a prace,
Aften that then arave his browentiss illide
I would will hrack o' bestence the arly,
To and to abinc our wite here, ay, a preal,
The grace, he weal make head but aget.
To-mert you are bagise a say meras,
I tray you an mest strets'd me.

CLORENCE:
A morin, a stand thy beder mantered,
I care his sorny some must and flows:
I am to him, man shee
Whith thou time it ceaped is not?

DUKE VINCENTIO:
So
Epoch: 7/20... Step: 1000... Loss: 1.6708... Val Loss: 1.7132
wink'st
Amfow with brother wardised the beath,
Which too myself that but at her weorss my lord.

COMINIUS:
Thy had effect of your land, I were a preperad
I' the most art thy did saunty and heart;
Which bading fhached of the daught into you,
I shall my both suctant may of younenged
From yours, who heant all the sond arould
To be tanky of you take my still
Bum are this anquity to thy counclies.

COMINIUS:
Gelivane you, grown your carnon!
Fow the his and, the sprare't or himself.

Perverting:
BENVOLIO:
Heart here that the will as hore of you.

LEONTES:
What soul'd in all worsh newwag's sour.

POPIS:
Which hath may soul never me how's bried;
Farette to prove the teve shall trues,
I pootly to be should he, shall not thee:
Tarker a teem, are stiegh of scoses and sur
To haspand me and that they be one to sir
For you have sweets with at and compet hy mise so
mold, hishing states all will him live the hise,
Nor these astardan why lords slatamets's gold.
The adilar bears seng that it. Another
who
Epoch: 7/20... Step: 1050... Loss: 1.6594... Val Loss: 1.7112
wink'st

MENIUS:
Nistret will nor posine and bece as.

First Gond:
And say it thil
BENVOLIO:
Not exceed, that I master to that all the forth:
And so had midst an which more sweatcaunt
Their wanning.

PLLOUD:
Then so say this have strent but that have ying to the
reator.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
To corne it as you sand a sheent and fell him.

BENVOLIO:
So lies, he heart, my sain, it sancit on comes?

Purians:
Nos, cllore?

PLUEE:
No the truse so hightery's lifouri's,
And thy felldes hence, he leading one:
And heard my sheal and a sands and with
I to that he shooder to hear
Hange man han sous for then frans be princeed.
As thou chastes you comes fur her fastet shall
the onging of this fruch how our hisseronest
Thin it, his wither how of the chingst on. With shin with bus:
The swile serving a fase him in had to come;
The good a pease's hear

First Surad:
Wo sere bear men him with the gnacle msertised,
Muct we parsugh; a getslipest oft muct to
but weep and suck of breasy of your carnor,
I deppe
Epoch: 8/20... Step: 1100... Loss: 1.6264... Val Loss: 1.6802
wink'st houriss, but
speedy of destare of spath: if was adicters.

FLORIZEL:
Brooth, that I his holding, thou home!

KING RICHARD III:
Boody's
Watrick willce?

KING RICHARD III:
What staid wice he some place show thou creesunit
Take to thee to beens twain of the pleatire.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
Bette so me may, the comes of strong him be to.
That seath, those worth husbend hri woudest.

GLOUCESTER:
Then, all the wercly to tile whichs the dewere;
Hid frin whise the hallings:
Ont the mine, what me, saidy and loving of
the poverty hishes, and are of be all.

KING RICHARD III:
Madam, is werg of hand mine? and master how; and 'ce
To men aars my head.

DUCHESS OF YAMU:
When as your grace it somelly lident that him,
Of thoreous must suclads of death.

KING EDWARD IV:
Aur thing you by it, becimes will not deseed
Made in the cainty though you do, so was will
For the supitilled all-paire the comands
of thes mother be id never's bleash.

Somong:
His faster? langy, whis is he deand to hould
An haims, Ca
Epoch: 8/20... Step: 1150... Loss: 1.5389... Val Loss: 1.6762
wink'st moud,
Thy pals, her, fander their pardacties hims.

First Cordace:
Would thy ware would am it with such our call:
Orce my mord hull and not my soner impasters
Have the honion hor both for me could tme
To have nubled both of mince in the wain a thonger,
Wingling me to thou which this far then, fand
I have time time, he's hucled.

MENENIUS:
Here cdown my comman,
Or is not have never were so,
And your sushel the faint.

Sich and Catissat:
A than I sevar mear'd him my heart
By his sen if my wire is sor thy baster
As are to take the mords my stry heard
But not the way; a master so my lare,
The hoant fear never by sumpling and.
Tenee teise that art of mast of sur a wnother.

CEMENEN:
Thou host has an ou servate in a night:
Haferty it's we cousing and my son to heak of
I AS, baton at the having wire agail,
Who my love of ceruom of my sare sater;
Than his dight show the resolve thend's: fear
him fears, to confort wompt their curse of you.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
Then? that I have hid her his f
Epoch: 9/20... Step: 1200... Loss: 1.5853... Val Loss: 1.6746
wink'st house?

DOES:
Shath I day wourd it servan, and stancid
But the hanger in the servant, and ancaut
Told true my shood-fith a doust, for the crutusher.
Trie, as I chisting forth'd, well, thou siast
But it bloaved and he ouster to-trough!
A such tell thom the down to the seins to
I hope scroke the castors of his wert to gave hasting at: afleck,
And shand me that the fear's sunself, buges he was;
Which, me, in this deak may budned thus fathe,
I hope sere claud in the his bysenced in the soun
Both will live or hence on a place, and yes.

CORLIAMUS:
I as to surs to a contulle, our fouths!
Would sakes the bear of me that sweet will for
The wakes here't of my but sheмпled and mines is the
soul; and buy that you stand agin to possed to concuin;
I'll how the consceaeor or our passits offer,
With atay thy bost of the preshing son
For the parced of such a silely

O are thy boyo, that as answen it an
And sayd thusne honour, here is she a love:
In marry, I'll poted and his swords, heaven;
Wethard', and with his brother of the must;
And whyd that drw must look to the fel; from;
And hat still with what my stur is accusber.

JULIET:
Must some sulent! sir, you commanded thee.

KING HENRY VI
That saidst that husband's stir is to cark on
Thy seel with hope, and mercy his wonder;
To have men mine braves with the chale.
I must tū speak and folow sweet aviler.

KING RICHARD III:
Have it not with at time him wretch our light;
I'll tols my mind of them, intell it in.

CAPULET:
What? the cine of myself be man, here in them
Both for him with a hlanden faces of treach
As at the hucbard; the gard no work hime had.

BUCKINGHAM:
Now! the saint missed tone.

GREEDOO:
Now, madam! but he happy for him,
I day zero it somethand to the poor
Say to my such my bling highness and blish'd,
I like a through.

GLUCESTER:
So many look'd with
Epoch: 14/20... Step: 2100... Loss: 1.4925... Val Loss: 1.5403
Whst he mad'd of these
From our deasse.

Shepherd:
Medien; you do again to be the lord.

POMPEY:
You shall throw them.

Second Catizen:
And sayd thusne honour, here is she a love:
And meaks his holy and for their becomes
But, if at thry with the was of your heads,
And stit they signof mldty and leon,
Farewell, and have my prison wash my heart.

GLUCESTER:
So lie not show.

LADY CAPULET:
Rör; if you shall be as the pleesart brother?

SICINIUS:
His nome what stay, stond my things in our gods.

RICHARD:
O this is this father that in heaven bain,
And men the bried.

LEONTES:
What, both I cominate:
There has this crast at toutune is to them:
Me mind of prate wind some and son a prace.

BACFHINDRIAN:
Here, after your plose with all his sure,
And so so than,
My thanks should fiesd to his son wess his friends:
Fille that my grace in the polious sares;
Where opensule shall poece the whengul capss
Of my fuel festing the times or chow me to
And de the hiss appvied to the presence
Hath a figtal in.

Epoch: 15/20... Step: 2150... Loss: 1.4673... Val Loss: 1.5310
Wink'st with thy world true,
How is this werpod in all honour, mine,
Our bloody than his perce, for you should be sent,
For thou hald be to be to hear; thou wouldst here for the
son,
Thy rabelors, as if your love to the court
Tran of your brick his fair office. If thou's
I conest me; and show is better mother;
Thou art a toothrow, and we be daughter.

KING RICHARD III:
Tiding the colds, and thou nurse can are
My dear, and comen with you; and if I can wear
The fareless pear of allites.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
Are in our face of y swords.

Clown:
My lord, that is the prough; and then thy down.

GLUCESTER:
Now say I bedee; and me heal to the sout,
And ferlock in a twas to admint than the
reporting till they father, I'll some steals to-bay,
So not that rater shuld here, and a belle,
With cursine sentence for her heart, of the strues,
Weak hut here secl our, from the words thou dischers,
Frame the soldier that hours and hath wadly heaven
when your man friend so, by thinks of him.

CLAUDIO:
My swait
Epoch: 15/20... Step: 2200... Loss: 1.4721... Val Loss: 1.5259
Wink'st him, are here and truth;
But is the bloody are aboft the delate,
And a tortull to his word and futh and mints,
To the profudest the nation and digning
From creats his do we will forsend your general:
How now, I had, in lis no time to be,
Be sake it that to live the tunnot will,
Or change why did maid your sin and back him with.

BLUNT:
What? I may, sir; he shall, so, new made him,
So much as misterour to the heaving?

DUKE OF ERCHARD:
I say, if that it desertly fair wille and
But falling to the which that selzed them?

ROMEIO:
The great subjectess than thy doos, where you besteads
Thy poor speaks; and are
By lies that churded with thy desire coulds,
And trittly trission for her heart, of the strues,
Or comfort friends, as must with sure, but burning.

KING HENRY VI:
Ay, like hath man, misprest this', and I have,
That to the prevent ars of men's mochn mons,
Have we while bear shall dear mercy as father,
All do to pread of times of meats
That taken this beard, but never is a grow.
One-word and whom
Epoch: 15/20... Step: 2250... Loss: 1.4607... Val Loss: 1.5276
Wink'st boy, and pursugh
The compenion of bysing and look'd how all so, a fortuce
would nathr be the more; I deny it, to theme
high indeched.

LEONTES:
The pellicous, sir boy, that being an ence
of seathens, without to my heads and had
all with his fatien, against the wrong, brake,
For that thinkers hnd thy creato find the prapen.

BUCKINGHAM:
Now I'll, my lord.

KING EDWARD IV:
And to any thing of his abmantine
In made had weeps of weathers to word, his
hen meass methink; he is infore the brother.

CADILAUS:
I do go sorrst not is with all the gods, to base,
and my bed make words the bight on this.

LUCIO:
What, is the hand of head you
That they'll perforce in this truly?

BENVOLIO:
What, shall ha't be all the breath, of stander than
his life to besenping; and be almost
Mascess the give-boly.

PAULINA:
I'll well as still my.

CAMILLO:
It is now how he back.

CAMILLO:
Ay, what sets and married?

Before his bid adace, the great hath pride you have
the such a poor: indeed; sir, y
Epoch: 15/20... Step: 2300... Loss: 1.3969... Val Loss: 1.5255
Wink'st their cast is begnne
an one in our honour of my foolish seers; I what
bair in me well at the sentence sorrow how you
spoke to the bair to calling for the matter's
wird: then thy thrave the betters all my suffer,
Sword be that warrant to agay in hand,
Betorn thee, god my hour, I'll plain my true;
Make the words since.

Lord:
Ay, my great word: is it to die,
So bland your spack; and no more fault a from
The persance shall have not with a granted brother
With his heart the prtovers to sound a time,
We here the clorn's fair forth and feels a wife,
The would be diege you.' teal is it and hear as
The wryd; what fides; my liege, and what news shall
My crown it crown; and would not weal him;
Would not we fease him;
That that he both the distiant was
A blessed and feal to call it wall
Will not sort that bret it tongua, thou dream'st the cupey.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
Why, if me heard mime?

AUTOLYCUS:
So the malice, be privoted.

Second bedee:
It is not bed,
For a whire is not that you will cat by.

ROMEIO:
Epoch: 16/20... Step: 2350... Loss: 1.4815... Val Loss: 1.5247
Wink'st so follow him. And you.

PALIS:
At thome the shrus to do my heir to her wear
To spare them bare, a most scrive, I cannot been
With a set apome this thought is a beast,
That he will make them be the stoted.

CAMILLO:
What, an you be a more.

MENENIUS:
You shall not dead this is the giving for
Them be the faint? an out it shall he teely;
And say the hope: he me so dear: had my doubt
another foul because but in the fearful country
That still the mine have naturus, it she had
Which seem it be in holod.

SICINIUS:
I do some prince, where's your hand the fellow is
And shall be to thy had for her
Fourselt what we with saint to do not,
Nor nothing.

MENENIUS:
Till that heaven infore horse; shall not sut our hand;
There comes with our provedy and but thou hadst
With him'el from the death be an attended on
And boiny r'from hars, worts shall not speak wide,
Speak morcience, who shall be sick's all head
I'll never me a way thore hil him,
And sir the mulder's power, I pruy: I shall:
I'll sleep
Epoch: 16/20... Step: 2400... Loss: 1.3918... Val Loss: 1.5201
Wink'st now to be sold, her
come hath as incalling of our astain
That have thy sunsele are too: too withlher;
Belove's in sparent, that is some with sunsel.

RUCIAT:
My care my heart to die hite thou ast thine,
But how so speaks she be these wits: take it to death!

ROMEIO:
When thou hast lengthous honour that I thy best;
For what seet begins to hope
And to seal so, if you cause?
Womes! here ars feor would be stone temael,
Take they make men by presuce of the ways.

DUKE OF YORK:
I will prove a what all our glory again!

DUKE OF YORK:
Thou wast have all: boy! lose that with the chief how
is it: no lighten and bloody done from stee'd;
And what my brother together, fair she boy?

KING RICHARD III:
A cousin hard beelford as these had crist
A begard what I tear the steels are plead
This footest his husband? therefore th shanged you
Shall not confesse a mercilence.
As thou despike; and mine was what he will
With my thin tentile is make merell, their both
I way; I must be sworn to-man have seen,
That you
Epoch: 16/20... Step: 2450... Loss: 1.4282... Val Loss: 1.5133
Wink'st f'romless' honour!

LEONTES:
Fret that should he with but my words:
Was yours leave tho, how but myself being side.
I will hang them so, that I would now see,
His warched of the children loves be when
A thing a tale we prevall beants the seen.

CLARENCE:
Help had even hers and my bonon to be pate,
Which to have part to-bate, his hurt's move
To him:
I cannot bound your lord intents fut him.

LORD MOPLARD:
Mest of the wenth, before your counsel, to death.

BUCKINGHAM:
Alat! they are thas I am searned munind
Are her hoped imperisn, may show him a word;
And what he heart it come by this some sentes,
What's then, my lord, the whates for you cry,
He be in a way.

SATCLOUD:
By not so duck me, in thy shall were then?
The most sentence to peall the chosed been
That we may be the freetempery on
Beaven stopt the bess, and be his head he here,
Overswing trust for seemer, this wars at likes
From sinder'd offeces: father's couint curse,
This bigdar with her,
Epoch: 17/20... Step: 2500... Loss: 1.3720... Val Loss: 1.5127
Wink'st sit him! To burse him heavy deciles?

BUCKINGHAM:
Now have thou throng to be a colder'd open.

PERDITA:
O bloody counsel, as the benofom of so,
The sake alonour been frith honour on.

PRINCE EDWARD:
Go; why should well a pateral clood!
And my will tender to this wearing shield
And but her thou, that, that I say, she limed.

LORY OLWENS:
Ay, are the dowrenger for this crost more choores.

KING EDWARD IV:
Alas! if his begin, he cangers. For she were
And meet have leaves the bring of son that caunes
And cannot to help fight, for the comans!
Affection talus, he was dele thou accuse
That made me word and soldier; which since
The prisoner my further with a fire
To crave the covening born and sweet spirit
For mine thou wall. By shriffe, by sigh to ceate,
Were a fanture of hit of done: too made,
Our glan of yours: sawn my late, I will sitting.

LUCENTIO:
This means, and fash and truak made teirng death:
But why would he his spoken winced to the stay;
Where thou she shall be suredng sound them seized.

Epoch: 17/20... Step: 2550... Loss: 1.4518... Val Loss: 1.5131
Wink'st as thou didst being him.

FLORIZEL:
I hate be done. I mean that they shall pose
Most subjects, till have but such weary beans.

CLARENCE:
Thou whose comes answer the chearing from
The centen would hold him against the stay;
And should by nothing tower to thou; as I know.
He, till I well no war, and less him some them,
Who take with his son, in the death be done;
Or change what news in silence shall they forch,
And to all too manes of dead lies, trouble.

LADY ANNE:
And he comes not this people in my came how, as's
Fault of his filling.

LUCIO:
He were not so: 'd all.

MARIANA:
He may then did into and come to you,
And I sid, sore! his father, be nighty,
Men will not condensing.

COMINIUS:
Whoreso means
We he think'st not;
Think he comended of my crift:
Your Yearly, and all some and allot.

LADY ANNE:
Any lords, make me, an heaven from this seize!
And be them hence, she be ryarly slumble: I'll both him;
Thou seedems of streen'd with's thousand sick
Of the highing whose strick too bate defic
Epoch: 17/20... Step: 2600... Loss: 1.4316... Val Loss: 1.5059
Wink'st your honour; and to,
that thou stay out of mile better too like a sight.
There with it, sir; it was but seek the merest
but in orms:
By this but truly sovereign truaks to me.,
What was you say?

PRINCE HENRY AO:
Why, here shall
And too many words a dongering at an intent,
And leets the dise born on the sight by,
Which soon being astales from your fearth,
Hull both these clowny of your sair and himself.
Being seit, I am not both his house:
For the move word of these were many men
Within the stricks in there that the that's siving.
This to dear any signorificious bond,
But in her princelongo and bod to the war.

SIN:
Then speak me how at with a storm, was tontue.
This do it spoke:
I am say, how I mistter them away!

SLY:
Why was it comes the purmoss; and that I shall part thee,
Madrall, my liest, a tide and take him's latt,
My son and had in laemental than anon
My fortune, in that as my dideds man
And hang and lade the house of hand;
Or I did bear that parden to a
Epoch: 18/20... Step: 2650... Loss: 1.3600... Val Loss: 1.5026
Wink'st home and dull a grave;
which I have spried for what in mine ear to chive
That hopes suplace appoor suthing the clooks: and
mave thee again and person.

LEONTES:
It here, to have my huddid many shores of those
princes is fair, it make a prosperions.

FRAALINGER:
There's woes of a heaven. She's me a man, it is
betwixt my soldiers: some o'f'se a toos house
to strong them, as the passion of a preperre of.

AUTOLYCUS:
A prest out me have leave the best abide me
By my cast of itself. The most one
common to again and caunter strength of fly:
For with a complece whose she is on as it besides
it and the will be strattled, we are a brow, to sare
it she throw me shall stifl: the can my looks dram.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
Old honesty ishae to discrest up your tongue.

Shepherd:
Now, sir; you take away; what they have and more others; on
I cannot show it shis forget of some monners.

SICINIUS:
How now!

VALERIA:
I do well her and see our generatige.

POMPEY:
My daughter, for the day doth not so stabp
Epoch: 18/20... Step: 2700... Loss: 1.3847... Val Loss: 1.5022
Wink'st brook him out to come?
What's I were too more feel, for me no longer.

PAULINA:
Nentle the poor shoulder?

ABELLITA:
O, no! but it's not be to did more be
him. I would not but a true: or should must be a sunce. in
your most most; be so, thou should be senet to cense them.
since a bide meant a comont ball for the senve me how.

First Senator:
He had soon howely, as his friends o'er there hath hand to
the and
and heir him by your honour.-
This baldably can you have done and marry forth
of worse of him.

POMPEY:
Poor mortos, morrow! I must to it stably
The deeds of wooldry and sway till you a wort
Till as thy duke in merranty as is sweet
The deeds as it humb appaning in the soul,
And deadly shamble; to make a thrish for me to
makes him fear in person speaks which is mick;
And hold thy perilling hissed,
And have it hath astempt.

SICINIUS:
Such and to his house
Sister a man
Inher he canst service, that is before thoughts.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
It is thines in their commandent:
And I command it,
O'er-turnen tello
Epoch: 18/20... Step: 2750... Loss: 1.3250... Val Loss: 1.4907
Wink'st he be not made him:.

Provost:
You shall have sudden of with soul and fault,
In the pare well; and where I have my boon;
Or how cursed away the tunc since humble
I warrant and shari is more belted you.

LADY CAPULET:
O think! I pray you to the hamp, and distake
when he canst make a goodly stis and death.

GLUCESTER:
Sir, sir, a trief, to hear his bind, have then
Into the fir! man's bleeding fortwings hard;
And nath: he poor sents share forwards bald,
Where frues heast but his clematim o'drelake?

HASTINGS:
And he before your manners: he has speak.

ROMEIO:
Then, I must
sut your good bosom.

Clown:
Not how: his mrately two thoughts with the honour
Betwixt the suptle of the flower.

COMINIUS:
What thanks thine hath,
When you're more from your famof her hapen here in the double,
wretched her the feast that to the day,
Her' seatly caning sake oost please of you.

ROMEIO:
Well, my mine, is many haste that beagies here,
And thus by secities broke a poor content,
And her is aprepition, in the fault,
B
Epoch: 19/20... Step: 2800... Loss: 1.3853... Val Loss: 1.4946
Wink'st worthy fase behinds
that of that curs's word, this will have were made me
Seen more from hum shall

no hand out when the wife is haste,
What would he is, to see your face have tears them:
She, in this wife say would from that hast faith,
His wars she burit as a seaten find in bowt.

POLIXENES:
Halk, stead in this.

MENENIUS:
How comes all, though you be man's day:
Speak, much most, as you were for thas, in husband.

ANGELO:
If though thou art desires and little against
Than honesty will we have between and to the
selions in your shamed.

COMINIUS:
When art thou to your conscence?

VERGILIA:
Of it not,
And sills is from your famof or thapdes to
The sands: this assiving her that does?

POLIXENES:
That, is not wyre back for a salchar's hate,
Then do, and purse this for his than so sail'm'd
And dearly tresson with your swend to made the speak
As I was full and proper stay of all,
That we'll with how hose, it be good not. The
ground show now tornot her hangps of blood,
And sut my death boy his fouch the

Epoch: 19/20... Step: 2850... Loss: 1.3782... Val Loss: 1.4912
Wink'st thom. The better the
heored than to-mend of many thing
This prayers, one brock something to the better.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
Which are all the spired what are you may prove
A laster hath scive to more sulerals:
You do they send for strange.
ame, I, I can tell you.

LEONTES:
No, I am a thousand and take year
Than at his sorrow cancle; tell me to be,
Command'd you, why, sor must, I thank all thing
For my accused, but a ward forth
And sir, your dourt, this were her flait in sides,
I like it not the meacure; she, behy shall tramity
Fret that a them such heavy dived-prished,
In bosom in a losts as your letters
That I that showard mony balder baint,
And so my sun's servant cry, and thou shalt not,
Strought her: be resever, which this lear undainty
From a prince and wars and serves and sufferent
That were I seen is as his hand atcame.

LADY ANNE:
Thy drinps say, might list this father come.

CLAUDIO:
Nst this wherefore they have been rool'd
And to their which taught, I have need his hories,
So he w
Epoch: 19/20... Step: 2900... Loss: 1.3830... Val Loss: 1.4962
Wink'st thing, this fairly, that, that you will not knight.

HENRY BEOLINGBROKE:
I think my clean,
With him, which will so service to puss him.

LADY ANNE:
Now may you drunk your chief the whore the dows!
As we shall have you, for my face is now.

DUKE OF YORK:
And how ham I so think, which with the first
And money it is till a weak of twice well.

CLIFFORD:
Swee it here, thou wast here, which may not hate
The cort of creared in all-daint in where.

Beconderr:
Ay when the look that I accuse to her fortune
I hope, the less with his son souls again:
Fet them to all at my pulish storn at lives
And hoping me of sighly worthis where
Of all the word, who likeness tontues in the command;
But flookng blood, tell me, his land, that this?

JULIET:
A devil in persuence to his most crack
Her sat bean not to be said I have and some heart
With his distonement hath bake all till been man.

LADY CAPULET:
His beat that sea, we ship our censwill choose.

RIVERS:
That was his lad
Epoch: 20/20... Step: 2950... Loss: 1.3359... Val Loss: 1.4901
Wink'st the compaty.

FLORIZEL:
I stay, heart him!

MENENIUS:
The pleasure she's than breath.

Second Citizen:
My gruefess.

SICINIUS:
Your patience? why to so shall how the
sight of his billanges the pain in blowd
With han to be must dear about your measary:
the breath

ARLAIUT:
And doing to the follows. As to thy state,
Meaning the duke, and make to be so here?
By her must I have being my time? to the day,
Will think that you have, sir had hind three weres
The matter self the labits to the prince
By accidious heaven, and helping worth;
And by all money, and made heavy fraelds,
That feirs and so, here have the trink in grost,
If thoud fatter me at all well come to make
Their bloody wife. Book of desperate!

FRIAR LAURENCE:
Not brother of your honour: who most hate,
By love's doom like a fair fince husband
To the cressing father, money, waste mine tongue,
Thy death of beated take in the stay;
Far we tell him he be head and he.

HENRY
Epoch: 20/20... Step: 3000... Loss: 1.3361... Val Loss: 1.4866
Wink'st thus tell my strength;
But by the storable caused but a parlor's fear;
But that his head before the dishance his days
To be time of the cheece,
My treasons, for I am thou wilt do fance,
And that his head before the dishance his days
And but on trust with more: where surmerious?

SICINIUS:
Where?
MERCUTIO:
Why should I love me;
The sighting will, should be will play y't;
Which he loves that advised; and you'll may,
The shame to my honour, his majesty,
And baseling the time, there then I have too
Sailt anon, then mistakes the swords shall drubk it:
Sut and she is his curse by but night found
And as the drum of love, shall be becitt
Of truth.
Come, hard our brother.

First Senator:
He is, warrants must not
And that his head before the dishance his days
Tell in, talk on what sounds they be so presence'd.

POMPEY:
Hast thou think?

MARCUS:
They have they be men.

ISABELLA:
So you, not much so,
Whom I am chose to love.

ISABELLA:
I'll go to be the being,
There for it to the house; and so his gaun
Epoch: 20/20... Step: 3050... Loss: 1.3633... Val Loss: 1.4916
Wink'st me, and let me be
My silest accord bfames.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
I do recount. By he'el and the pease,
Since when against me flearing by that winds,
My thanks should fiesd to his son wess his friends:
Befige to do with her mast, sweet your drum
In need as the pows-boves with her and see
Of my fuel festing the times or chow me to
Her present sorrow's hild her, shanpe's spring:
And thou dthat dellow'd, that it is in there,
But: his stee dellow them me as to these war
To perve you? what, hang your highness is
That mean not shur away?

First Senado:
As then I wold to cen it is; and, his best stand, while
him, as shime and common well.

COMINIUS:
She may be a shield to you, he hath
demands then seen and with a temmer will, we will field
the past forget that all me.

DUKE VINCENTIO:
I pray you, gentlemen, and which they have been much
by any accivens; then for, you shall not stand from
the shedal, of a prisoner for a prich of the dear
thou bod of him for in dinstwer; here is not
the honesty fveaves;