

## EXTRA CREDIT OPTIONS CHOSEN

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### EXAMPLE #1/2 WITH “sail” LIKE ON WEBSITE:

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38. A LOVER'S COMPLAINT(48)

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To display the paragraphs containing "sail" enter the number of the book, 0 to search for another word, any other number to exit: 28

Paragraphs from KING RICHARD III containing the word sail

GLOUCESTER. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HASTINGS. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be.

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

GLOUCESTER. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm

Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up.

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

HASTINGS. If they have done this deed, my noble lord-

GLOUCESTER. If?-thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor.

Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear

I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done.

The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

Exeunt all but HASTINGS, LOVEL, and RATCLIFF

HASTINGS. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

STANLEY did dream the boar did raze our helms,

And I did scorn it and disdain to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And started when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me!

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

RATCLIFF. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

HASTINGS. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

LOVEL. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

HASTINGS. O bloody Richard! Miserable England!

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.                      Exeunt

---

KING RICHARD. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

DUCHESS. O, she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden

crown

Where't should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

DUCHESS. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother  
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,  
Grey?

DUCHESS. Where is kind Hastings?

KING RICHARD. A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!

[Flourish. Alarums]

Either be patient and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

DUCHESS. Art thou my son?

KING RICHARD. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

DUCHESS. Then patiently hear my impatience.

KING RICHARD. Madam, I have a touch of your condition  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCHESS. O, let me speak!

KING RICHARD. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

DUCHESS. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

KING RICHARD. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

DUCHESS. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony.

KING RICHARD. And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCHESS. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well  
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred.

What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever grac'd me with thy company?

KING RICHARD. Faith, none but Humphrey Hour, that call'd  
your Grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum.

DUCHESS. I prithee hear me speak.

KING RICHARD. You speak too bitterly.

DUCHESS. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

KING RICHARD. So.

DUCHESS. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish

And never more behold thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,

Which in the day of battle tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art; bloody will be thy end.

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.      Exit

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Though far more cause, yet much less  
spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

KING RICHARD. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. I have no more sons of the royal blood

For thee to slaughter. For my daughters, Richard,

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

KING RICHARD. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth.

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. And must she die for this? O, let her  
live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,

Throw over her the veil of infamy;  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

KING RICHARD. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal  
Princess.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. To save her life I'll say she is not so.

KING RICHARD. Her life is safest only in her birth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. And only in that safety died her  
brothers.

KING RICHARD. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. No, to their lives ill friends were  
contrary.

KING RICHARD. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.  
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

KING RICHARD. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle  
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
Thy head, an indirectly, gave direction.  
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that stiff use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

KING RICHARD. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours  
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

QUEEN ELIZABETH. What good is cover'd with the face of  
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

KING RICHARD. advancement of your children, gentle

lady.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

KING RICHARD. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;  
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

KING RICHARD. Even all I have-ay, and myself and all  
Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Be brief, lest that the process of thy  
kindness  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

KING RICHARD. Then know, that from my soul I love thy  
daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. My daughter's mother thinks it with her  
soul.

KING RICHARD. What do you think?

QUEEN ELIZABETH. That thou dost love my daughter from  
thy soul.

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,  
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

KING RICHARD. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.  
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter  
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be  
her king?

KING RICHARD. Even he that makes her Queen. Who else  
should be?

QUEEN ELIZABETH. What, thou?

KING RICHARD. Even so. How think you of it?

QUEEN ELIZABETH. How canst thou woo her?

KING RICHARD. That would I learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. And wilt thou learn of me?

KING RICHARD. Madam, with all my heart.



QUEEN ELIZABETH. Send to her, by the man that slew her  
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
'Edward' and 'York.' Then haply will she weep;  
Therefore present to her-as sometimes Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood-  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

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.

KING RICHARD. You mock me, madam; this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. There is no other way;  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

KING RICHARD. Say that I did all this for love of her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but  
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

KING RICHARD. Look what is done cannot be now amended.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
A grandam's name is little less in love  
Than is the doating title of a mother;  
They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your metal, of your very blood;  
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth;  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son being King,  
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.  
I cannot make you what amends I would,  
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall can home  
To high promotions and great dignity.  
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.  
What! we have many goodly days to see.  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,  
Advantaging their loan with interest  
Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;  
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;  
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the Princes  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.  
And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;  
To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
And she shall be sole victoress, Caesar's Caesar.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH. 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?  
Under what title shall I woo for thee  
That God, the law, my honour, and her love  
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?  
KING RICHARD. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH. Which she shall purchase with

still-lasting war.

KING RICHARD. Tell her the King, that may command,  
entreats.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. That at her hands which the King's  
King forbids.

KING RICHARD. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

KING RICHARD. Say I will love her everlastingly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

KING RICHARD. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. But how long fairly shall her sweet life  
last?

KING RICHARD. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

KING RICHARD. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. But she, your subject, loathes such  
sovereignty.

KING RICHARD. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. An honest tale speeds best being plainly  
told.

KING RICHARD. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

KING RICHARD. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. O, no, my reasons are too deep and  
dead-

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

KING RICHARD. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings  
break.

KING RICHARD. Now, by my George, my garter, and my  
crown-

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third  
usurp'd.

KING RICHARD. I swear-

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By nothing; for this is no oath:

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

KING RICHARD. Then, by my self-

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Thy self is self-misus'd.

KING RICHARD. Now, by the world-

QUEEN ELIZABETH. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

KING RICHARD. My father's death-

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

KING RICHARD. Why, then, by God-

QUEEN ELIZABETH. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him,

The unity the King my husband made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

And both the Princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

KING RICHARD. The time to come.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. That thou hast wronged in the time  
o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.

The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;

The parents live whose children thou hast butcheed,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

KING RICHARD. As I intend to prosper and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs

Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound!

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!

Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding!-if, with dear heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.

In her consists my happiness and thine;  
Without her, follows to myself and thee,  
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.  
It cannot be avoided but by this;  
It will not be avoided but by this.  
Therefore, dear mother-I must call you so-  
Be the attorney of my love to her;  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.  
Urge the necessity and state of times,  
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

KING RICHARD. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

KING RICHARD. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong  
yourself.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Yet thou didst kill my children.

KING RICHARD. But in your daughter's womb I bury them;  
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

KING RICHARD. And be a happy mother by the deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. I go. Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

KING RICHARD. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.

Kissing her. Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

---

FOURTH MESSENGER. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis  
Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness-  
The Britaine navy is dispers'd by tempest.  
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks  
If they were his assistants, yea or no;  
Who answer'd him they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party. He, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Britaine.  
KING RICHARD. March on, march on, since we are up in  
arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

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23. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR has 0 matches.

24. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM has 0 matches.
25. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING has 0 matches.
26. THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE has 0 matches.
27. KING RICHARD THE SECOND has 0 matches.
28. KING RICHARD III has 0 matches.
29. THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET has 0 matches.
30. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW has 0 matches.
31. THE TEMPEST has 0 matches.
32. THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS has 0 matches.
33. THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS has 0 matches.
34. THE HISTORY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA has 0 matches.
35. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL has 0 matches.
36. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA has 0 matches.
37. THE WINTER'S TALE has 0 matches.
38. A LOVER'S COMPLAINT has 0 matches.

To display the paragraphs containing "POOR" enter the number of the book, 0 to search for another word, any other number to exit: 0

Enter a word to search for: poor

1. THE SONNETS has 15 matches.
2. ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL has 18 matches.
3. THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA has 12 matches.
4. AS YOU LIKE IT has 14 matches.
5. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS has 8 matches.
6. THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS has 13 matches.
7. CYMBELINE has 16 matches.
8. THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK has 14 matches.
9. THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH has 9 matches.
10. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV has 16 matches.
11. THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH has 15 matches.
12. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH has 7 matches.
13. THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH has 10 matches.
14. THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH has 11 matches.
15. KING HENRY THE EIGHTH has 17 matches.
16. KING JOHN has 6 matches.
17. THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR has 4 matches.
18. THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR has 25 matches.
19. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST has 8 matches.



20. THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH has 9 matches.
21. MEASURE FOR MEASURE has 12 matches.
22. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE has 7 matches.
23. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR has 8 matches.
24. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM has 7 matches.
25. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING has 8 matches.
26. THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE has 12 matches.
27. KING RICHARD THE SECOND has 9 matches.
28. KING RICHARD III has 15 matches.
29. THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET has 10 matches.
30. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW has 9 matches.
31. THE TEMPEST has 7 matches.
32. THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS has 11 matches.
33. THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS has 8 matches.
34. THE HISTORY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA has 11 matches.
35. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL has 7 matches.
36. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA has 5 matches.
37. THE WINTER'S TALE has 12 matches.
38. A LOVER'S COMPLAINT has 1 matches.

To display the paragraphs containing "poor" enter the number of the book, 0 to search for another word, any other number to exit: 38

Paragraphs from A LOVER'S COMPLAINT containing the word poor

Sometimes her levelled eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did batt'ry to the spheres intend;  
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied  
To th' orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and nowhere fixed,  
The mind and sight distractedly commixed.

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To display the paragraphs containing "poor" enter the number of the book, 0 to search for another word, any other number to exit: 39

Leaving so soon? Hope to see you again, bye!

RUN FINISHED; exit value 0; real time: 26s; user: 30ms; system: 500ms

