

Great Lines to Die By

Murder and treason!

Is this the promised end?

Darkness does the face of earth entomb!

O treachery!

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

O my heart, thy hope ends here!

A plague on both your houses, they have made worms' meat of me.

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.

The foul practise hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie, never to rise again.

Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!

The earthy and cold hand of death lies on my tongue.

Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!