

KLASY LICEALNE

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children.
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh, ho! 'Tis foul!

KLASY IV-VIII

This is the excellent foppery of the world
that when we are sick in fortune-
-often the surfeit of our own behavior-
-we make guilty of our disasters
the sun, the moon, and the stars,
as if we were villains by necessity,
fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves,
thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance,
drunkards, liars, and adulterers
by an enforced obedience of planetary influence,
and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting-on.

KLASY I-III

O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.