

LYRICS of Songs from 'Willm-S'

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 be, or not to be, that is the question:
To die, to sleep,
To sleep! perchance to dream
Of fame and fortune, fame and fortune . . .

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Yonder, under a distant sky,
Yonder, beyond the far horizon,
Yonder lies a land where fortune smiles,
A land of wonder, where dreams come true,
A brave new world,
Where I'll find my brave new destiny.
Yonder, beyond the rainbow's end
There lies a brave new world.

LONDON'S A GREAT AND GLORIOUS CITY

London's a great and glorious city.
London's a great big beautiful town.
As on the streets of London you make your way,
Where trod the great and famous of old.
There on the streets of London, some people say,
Maybe with luck you'll find the streets are paved with gold.

London's a great and glorious city
it's where the whole world's wishing to be;
for on the streets of London
the feet of London are marching proudly and free;
and in a part of London
the heart of London is beating loudly for me.

In the hustle and the bustle of the city life
there is excitement everywhere,
down every lane, round every corner,
on every street and every square.
London is outstanding,
London reigns supreme;
yes, London is magnificent;
and London takes the cream.

I love London;
London is the place for me;
Yes, I love London;
London's where I want to be.

London's a great and glorious city;
it's where the whole world's wishing to be;
for on the streets of London
the feet of London are marching proudly and free;
and in a part of London
the heart of London is beating loudly for me!

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
I'll play the orator.
An unperfect actor on the stage who with his fear is put inside the part.

This wide and universal theatre presents
more pageants than any scene that's played in.
Oh what a world of profit and delight,
of honor and omnipotence is promised to an author.
A poet has dominion far beyond an emperor or king.
And power enough to stretch as far as doth the minds of man.
For, 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 several ages
His life being many scenes.
Each day's a new performance
In the theatre of our lives
And so we say
Play out the play!
For all the world's a stage.

MEN! MEN! MEN!

EMILIA

I must admit a weakness that physicians can't explain;
it makes my heart go fluttering in ways I can't restrain.
Each time a man approaches me the symptoms reappear;
And all my inhibitions seem to fade when men draw near.

Men! I just simply adore them;
Men! I can never ignore them;
Men are a pleasure sacred and divine;
they excite me in ways I cannot explicitly define.

Men! I always fall before them; I resist them in vain;
If they're young and good-looking or senile and plain
the result is the same:
I find over again and again,
I love men, men, men, men, men!

ELIZABETH

Men are contemptible; men are carnal and crude;
Men are barbarians; men are boring and beastly and bawdy and lewd;
fatuous, fickle and faithless and false;
clumsy and callous and common and coarse;
are men; pitiful, primitive men;
miserable, maddening men.

EMILIA (*in counterpoint with ELIZABETH*)

Masterful, marvelous men;
masculine, muscular, manly,
Men! I just simply adore them;
Men! I can never ignore them;
Men are a pleasure sacred and divine;
they excite me in ways I cannot explicitly define.
Men! I always fall before them; I resist them in vain;
If they're young and good-looking or senile and plain
the result is the same:
I find over again and again,
I love men.
I just simply adore them;
Men are truly divine,
I can never ignore them.
Every man that I see
Seems attractive to me.
If they're young and good looking or senile and plain
The result is the same;
I find over again and again I love men, men, men, men, men!
I resist them in vain;

I love men, men, men, men;
Men, men, men, men;
Men, men, men, men, men!

ELIZABETH (*in counterpoint with EMILIA*)

Resist them!
Men! Dismiss them!
Keep them at a distance!
View men with distaste!
Stay Chaste!
Never give in to their wanton desires.
You must keep aloof;
beyond reproof.
Stay pure
and demure!

Men! Deplore them!
Guard your ardor;
do not submit to their wiles.
Abhor them!
Never, ever, give in to feelings of lust;
you must keep your fervor firmly in check;
no speck of dishonor must stain your repute.
So refute all attempts to seduce you with highest disdain.
Abstain; and refrain from all shameless displays of affection;
and let circumspection control your degenerate urge;
you must purge your licentious desire for
men, men, men, men, men!

BOTH
Ah! Men

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Now do our minutes hasten to their end;
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.
Long-vanished days,
Raked from the dust of old oblivion,
Sit by my side and let the world slip by.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
Walking hand in hand with time,
I'll summon up remembrance of things past.
Bid time return!
Injurious time, that takes a survey of the world;
Come what come may;
By our remembrance of days foregone.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow;
All happiness has fled;
Now all our days are yesterdays
And tomorrow may never come;

When time is kept with tears
Then weigh my eye-lids down
And bask my senses in forgetfulness.
Sorrow concealed doth burn the heart;
When life is short, bid time "begone"
For tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, may never come.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow;
All happiness has fled;
Now all our days are yesterdays
And tomorrow may never come.
Now all our days are yesterdays
And tomorrow may never, ever come.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE

WILLIAM

How sweet the sound of music
Comes creeping in my ear,
Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony I hear.

If music be the food of love, play on;
I'll sing a love-song in your heart.
For when love speaks the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
And then in the moonlight, if you're struck by cupid's dart,
It will leave you with the memory of the music in your heart.

EMILIA

Now, here in the light of the moon's gentle beams
I hear a heavenly chorus of angels
Sing a harmony in my dreams.

WILLIAM

The power of the music's sweet tender refrain
Is floating on starlight
As, weaving enchantment,
It steals through the night
To entrance you again.

WILLIAM (*in duet with EMILIA*)

If music be the food of love, play on!
I'll sing a love-song in your heart.
For when love speaks the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
And then in the moonlight, if you're struck by cupid's dart,
It will leave you with the memory of the music in your heart.

EMILIA (*in duet with WILLIAM*)

The power of music will sing a love-song in my heart.
You'll sing a song that will inspire
My heart to hear a heavenly choir;
And then, in the moonlight,
If I'm struck by cupid's dart,
It will leave me here in the moonlight
With a memory of the music in my heart;
If I'm struck by cupid's dart,
It will leave me with the music in my heart.

BOTH (*variously*)

If music be the food of love, play on! play on! play on! play on!
I'll sing a love-song that will live in your heart/
You'll sing a love song, you'll sing a love song, you'll sing a love song in my heart
That will leave you/me here with the memory of the music in your/my heart
It will leave you/me with the memory of the music in your/my heart.

A DARK LADY

I'm in love with a dark lady,
people call her a dark lady; (alternative lyrics: "I've a beautiful dark lady on my mind.")
but to me she is bright and charming; she is fair;

she is light and lovely; she has flair;
with a soft and gentle sense of style;
and the power to thrill me with her smile.
That I'm captivated,
I'm infatuated
by a dark lady; a dark lady.

I'm in love with a dark lady;
with a beautiful dark lady
that I find to be so appealing
that there's no concealing
my desire for that beautiful dark lady,
who fascinates me
and, one day maybe,
will tell me that she
loves me.

WOMEN AND WINE

WILLIAM

Let's drink a toast to women and wine;
An appetite fine
that few will decline;
So raise your glass up high
and drink till every drop is dry.
Let's drink a toast to women and wine.
Drink! drink! drink! till your troubles all fade and die;
Then kiss all of your sorrows fond good-bye.
Drink! drink! drink! as you grasp a young maiden's thigh;
Holding her close, circle her waist
And then, as you embrace her,
Fill your glasses way up high; up high

MARLOWE

I'll drink a toast to beer and boys;
For masculine boys
are unparalleled joys.
A lad who is young and strong
is just something for which I long.
I'll drink a toast to beer and boys.

MARLOWE

Drink! drink! drink! as you flirt with a wanton male;
he'll yield if you give first a glass of ale;
Drink! drink! drink! as you grab for a handsome knave;
filling his cup may well unloose him,
helps you to seduce him;
Fill your glasses way up high, up high.

BOTH

I'll drink a toast to women and wine/beer and boys etc.

WILLIAM

Drink fills with happiness even the darkest of days!

MARLOWE

Drink lifts your heart with its fiery exuberant blaze!

BOTH

Live a full and carefree life, let all the world go hang.
Days will be bright, filled with delight,
Everything's right with the world and your life is exciting with wine.

WILLIAM and OTHERS

Yes, with women and wine.

OTHERS

An appetite fine is women and wine.
Let's take for a whirl a beautiful girl.
A flagon of ale is hearty and hale.
A barrel of beer can bring you much cheer.

ALL

Drink fills with happiness even the darkest of days!
Drink lifts your heart with its fiery exuberant blaze!
Live a full and carefree life; let all the world go hang!

WILLIAM and MEN (*in duet with MARLOWE and WOMEN*)

Let's drink a toast to women and wine;
An appetite fine
That few will decline;
So raise your glass up high
And drink till every drop is dry.
Let's drink a toast to women and wine;
Let's drink a toast to women and wine.

MARLOWE and WOMEN (*in duet with WILLIAM and MEN*)

Let's drink a toast to beer and boys
For masculine boys
Are unparalleled joys.
A lad who is young and strong
Is just something for which I long.
Let's drink a toast to beer and boys;
Let's drink a toast to beer and boys!

THE POWER TO WRITE

Somewhere inside me there lies a power,
an inspiration, burning like fire;
a new creation, a force to move my pen
to form immortal lines of poesy.

Somewhere inside me lies gentle verse,
which eyes not yet created shall over-read,
and tongues to be their being shall rehearse.
Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme;
unleash a whirlwind teeming with words;
let loose a torrent, a flood of phrases,
surging in my breast.

On wings of fantasy my pen takes flight,
it soars, ascending, and floats in realms
where angels softly tread.

Somewhere inside me there lies a power,
an inspiration, burning like fire;
a new creation, a force to move my pen
to form immortal lines of poesy.

Somewhere inside me may heaven grant me the power
to move men's hearts and minds; give me the passion,
somewhere inside me, to find the power of words!

TWO LOVES QUARTET

SHAKESPEARE

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair;
My better angel is a man right fair, (*indicating SOUTHAMPTON*)
My worser spirit is a woman colored ill, (*indicating EMILIA*)
Who tempts my better angel from my side.
Gentle thou art, (*to EMILIA*)
Beauteous thou art. (*to SOUTHAMPTON*)
I'm in love with a dark lady (*turning towards EMILIA*)

and a man right fair. (*turning towards SOUTHAMPTON*)

SOUTHAMPTON (*turning slightly towards SHAKESPEARE*)

In our two loves there is but one respect,

S.36

SHAKESPEARE

I'm in love with a dark lady.

SOUTHAMPTON

Which yet doth steal sweet hours from love's delight.

SHAKESPEARE

I'm in love with a dark lady.

SOUTHAMPTON

No more may I acknowledge thee,

Nor thou in public honor me,

Lest our bewailed guilt should from thy name

Take all thine honor and bring thee shame.

S.36

SHAKESPEARE

Lest our bewailed guilt should take thine honour

And bring thee shame.

I'm in love with a dark lady and a man.

EMILIA (~~*turning towards SHAKESPEARE*~~)

Heaven in thy creation did decree

S.93

SHAKESPEARE

I'm in love with a dark lady.

EMILIA

That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell.

EMILIA, SHAKESPEARE and SOUTHAMPTON

Gentle thou art,

Beauteous thou art.

SHAKESPEARE

I'm in love with a dark lady and a man.

EMILIA and WILLIAM (*turning towards EACH OTHER*)

My love is as a fever;

Past reason and past cure.

My love is as a fever;

When a woman woos what kind of man

Can ever leave her till she prevails.

S.147

KYD

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame

Is lust in action, filled with blame;

Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;

S.129

KYD and SOUTHAMPTON

When sinful loving is filled with hate;

'Tis rude and savage, not to trust;

Crude and bloody, with sordid lust.

KYD

He's in love with a dark lady;

He's in love with a dark lady and a man right fair.

WILLIAM (*facing directly downstage, indicating both EMILIA and SOUTHAMPTON*)

Two loves I have of comfort and despair

KYD

He's in love with a dark lady.

WILLIAM

Which yet doth steal sweet hours from love's delight.

KYD

He's in love with a dark lady.

EMILIA, WILLIAM and SOUTHAMPTON

Gentle thou art,

Beauteous thou art.

KYD

He's in love with a dark lady and a man.

ALL (*severally*)

My/His love is as a fever,

Past reason and past cure.

My/His love is as a fever.

When a woman woos what kind of man

Can ever leave her till she prevails.

WILLIAM and KYD (*as duo in quartet with EMILIA and SOUTHAMPTON*)

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame

Is lust in action, filled with blame;

Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;

When sinful loving is filled with hate;

'Tis rude and savage and not to trust;

Crude and bloody, with sordid lust.

EMILIA and SOUTHAMPTON (*as duo in quartet with WILLIAM and KYD*)

The spirit - of shame

Is lust - and blame,

Enjoyed - despised,

With sin - and hate.

'Tis rude - and savage,

And bloody with sordid lust.

ALL (*raising their hands climactically*)

All this the world knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

S.129

WILLIAM (*gradually disappearing into the darkness*)

I'm in love with a dark lady

and a man right fair.

EMILIA (*gradually disappearing*)

People call me a dark lady.

SOUTHAMPTON (*gradually disappearing*)

She's a dark lady

KYD

He's in love with a dark lady

and a man right fair.

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT

Brevity is the soul of wit,

Try if you can to master it;

Cultivate please a sense of style;

Nothing filled out with too much guile;

Everything please keep short and sweet;

Never employ words obsolete;

Brevity is the soul of wit.

That's it!

If a player is soliloquizing an especially protracted speech
Recognize such verbalizing is beyond most people's reach.
When you're next expostulating a particularly long fine phrase;
Keep it short we exhort
Nothing fraught or contort
Must distort your marvelous plays.

Epithets streaming from your pen
Never must be beyond our ken;
Never too dense or too obscure;
That is a fault one must abjure.
Poetry should be nice and short
Nothing obtuse or overwrought.
Brevity is the soul of wit.
That's it!
If an actor's articulating mighty monologues of lofty prose
Then a little attenuating might improve the way it goes;
Or if somewhere in your drama there's an excessively extended scene;
Take advice, be precise,
Sacrifice, cut a slice,
Or we'll start to turn quite green.
Oh!

Brevity is the soul of wit;
Very long words are most unfit;
Brevity is the soul of,
Brevity is the soul of,
Brevity is the soul of wit.
That's it!

THE KING'S MEN

By royal command we are proclaimed
His Majesty's Players, 'The King's Men'
With glorious pageantry and pomp and circumstance
Proclaimed His Majesty's Players, 'The King's Men'.
We shall perform in palaces and noble halls
For lords and ladies and ambassadors;
On state occasions and ceremonial fests
We shall perform before the grandeur of the throne.
By royal command we are proclaimed
His Majesty's Players, 'The King's Men'.
With glorious pageantry and pomp and circumstance
Our rank and privilege acclaimed
Our title has been named
We are proclaimed
'The King's Men.'

FAME AND FORTUNE

Fame and fortune beckoned us on with hope and honor and pride,
And now our fame and fortune, fame and fortune, stand here at our side!
Far ahead lay a new horizon where gleamed our glorious renown;
Shining brightly its beams would lead us to reach a glittering crown.
Fame and fortune beckoned us on toward a glorious renown;
And now our fame and fortune, fame and fortune,
Stand here as our crown.
Vivat! Vivat! Vivat Rex!

A SCANDAL

A scandal! Ha, ha, ha!
A hint of scandal! Ho, ho, ho!

I love a hint of scandal. Let's whisper it about;
Its slurs and innuendoes will plant the seeds of doubt.

Then as this germ of devilry sprouts seedlings here and there
The grains of indiscretion gain foothold everywhere.
With garnish and embellishment the idle gossip grows
Discrediting with hearsay as round and round it goes.
Quite soon a roaring whirlwind of rustling, bustling lies
Is chasing fleeting shadows of fiction as it flies.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A scandal! Ha, ha, ha!
A hint of scandal! Ho, ho, ho!

With frequent repetition the falsehoods multiply;
And verity is scattered beyond the truth's reply.
This mangled fact and fantasy of wicked vicious tales
Will stir up clouds of mischief and malice in its trails.
'Tis thus outrageous slander can fleetly reach your ears
With sly insinuations and shocking, shameful smears.
With vice and impropriety the innocent are blamed,
And spotless reputations are flagrantly defamed.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

COMPANY
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Etc.

A scandal! Ha, ha, ha!
A hint of scandal! Ho, ho, ho!

'Tis true a hint of scandal can cause much great distress,
But it gives one such great pleasure to talk on, none the less.
So, if you hear a scandal: Please remember every word
And then be sure to tell me exactly what you heard;
For each nefarious story that I stumble on to
I promise I'll remember it and pass it on to you!
The more so if it's scurrilous and deep down the truth is swirled;
If it's a secret - even better! For then - I'll tell the world!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Let's tell the world!

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

Welcome ever smiles,
Farewell goes out sighing.
What 'tis to love;
To be all made of sighs and tears.
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes;
Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.

Parting is such sweet sorrow
That we will say goodnight
Till it be 'morrow.
And if we meet again
Why we shall smile;
If not, this parting was well made.

So now farewell, a fond adieu;
And just one kiss to speed me back to you.

Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That, though a tear may grace our eye,
Smiling we'll greet the morrow
As long as we shall never say "Goodbye."

And if we meet again why we shall smile;
If not, this parting was well made.
So now farewell, a fond adieu;
And just one kiss to speed me back to you.

Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That, though a tear may grace our eye,
Smiling we'll greet the morrow
As long as we shall never say "Goodbye."

WHEN IN DISGRACE

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I look upon myself and curse my fate.
Banished in the exile of harsh misfortune;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here.
Love was my folly,
Love was my sin;
Love was my blindness and my pain.
My love was too remiss;
A guileless state of bliss
That laid this guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Love is a sweet and tender thing,
Ever my heart surrendering;
Love is my weakness and my strength;
Not a dishonor or ensnaring vice;
Love needs no excuse;
Love needs no defense or shame.
No! I am what I am
And they that level at my abuses reckon up their own;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown.
I am what I am
And my disgrace is no disgrace;
Love is a sweet and tender thing;
And my disgrace is but the grace of Love.

LOVE IS BLIND

If ever thou shalt love, remember me,
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
They smile when they remember
The moment when they met,
And cry if now they feel regret.

For love is blind, and lovers cannot see
How soon they'll find what fools their hearts can be.
They cannot see that love is but a child,
Freely running wild,
Readily beguiled,
Frequently reviled,
And that a heart is easily defiled.

Thou blind fool, Love,
What dost thou to mine eyes
That they behold, and see not what they see?
The course of true love never did run smooth
And, though a thousand kisses buys my heart,
I may be more loving than beloved.

For love is blind and lovers cannot see
How soon they'll find what fools their hearts can be;
The course of true love never did run smooth, love never did run smooth;
And lovers cannot see the pain in their desire,
The burning fire that will expire
In tearful sighs
When passion dies;
For lovers cannot see
That love is blind.

THE THRILL OF THE THEATRE

The thrill of the theatre, the power of a play,
Gives us enjoyment every day.
The dash of the drama, the joy of the dance,
Brings us excitement and romance.
The art of the acting, the fun of the clowns
Is picturing life's great ups and downs.
And the thrill of the theatre, we all say,
Is splendid entertainment; entertainment;
Give us entertainment every day.

The thrill of the theatre, the power of a play . . . etc (*Reprise*)

Yes, the pageant of the theatre's a spectacular parade of entertainment;
Entertainment; give us entertainment every day.

SECOND BEST BED

ANNE

The life of the average housewife since ever time began,
is a life of abject drudgery in bondage to a man.
She is firmly tied by her apron strings to the service of her lord;
getting nothing in compensation and very little or no reward.

For better or worse
take a hold on his purse
to keep track of the money he's got;
or when he's deceased
you'll find out you've been fleeced
and that nothing is left in the pot; no jot!
Be sure to keep hold
of the pieces of gold
so that one day, when after he's dead,
you won't be sadly bereft when you
find that he's left you
only the second best bed!

You'll love and obey
but then wake up one day
to find everything's gone up in smoke;
when nothing remains
of the monetary gains
and the fact is your totally broke; no joke!
So don't be downhearted
if, when he's departed,
you find that you're left not a shred;
and that the dastardly louse
hasn't left you the house
but only the second best bed!

COLLINS

Life's all a matter of money:
of pounds, shillings and pence;
flowing like warm milk and honey
to soothe every expense.
(*In duet with WILLIAM*)
So who gets what from his estate?
That's what I now must calculate.

WILLIAM (*in duet with COLLINS*)

The life of a woman in wedlock's
to cook and clean and to stitch;
while that of her dutiful husband
is mainly to work to get rich.

ANNE (*in trio with WILLIAM and COLLINS*)

I dust and I mop till I finally drop;
but there's so little time for a rest;
I scrape and I scrub
as I polish and rub
the brass buttons I sew on his vest; no jest
So what do I get
for this labor and sweat
and the hard working life that I've lead?
It seems that all he will leave me
when he will bereave me's
only the second best,
nothing but second best,
only the second best bed.

WILLIAM (*in trio with ANNE and COLLINS*)

It's all so dismaying
when life is decaying.
How much to leave?
Who should receive?
They all request
a large bequest.
How much to give
each relative?
What should they inherit
when I'm dead?

COLLINS (*in trio with ANNE and WILLIAM*)

Pounds shillings and pence.
It's all about pounds shilling and pence.
I must record every award;
and who should be which legatee?
I must keep count of the amount
that still remains.

ALL

Because it's all a matter of money,

COLLINS

How much should I bill
for preparing his will?

WILLIAM

How much to my wife
for a life full of strife?

ALL

I'm/He's not going to leave her/me my/his money,
but only the second best bed!

HERE WE WANDER IN ILLUSIONS

Here we wander in illusions
In fantasies and idle dreams;
Lost in our imagination
Where nothing's as it seems.
'Tis all hallucination,
Just visions in the mind
That, when we shall awaken,
Leave not a trace behind.
We wander in illusions
Where shadowy phantoms gleam;
We wander in illusions
And lose ourselves in dreams.

Here we wander in illusions

In fantasies and dreams;
In visions of delusion
Where nothing's ever as it seems.
We wander in illusions
Where shadowy phantoms gleam;
We wander in illusions
And lose ourselves

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

"All's well that ends well"
Fine words by our greatest bard.
You will find throughout his plays
The most splendid turns of phrase,
And in every line
Are expressions fine
The world holds in high regard.

All's well that ends well's
A saying to take to heart;
For the excellence of his dramas
Is the pinnacle of our art;
Yes, the excellence of his dramas
Is the pinnacle of our art.

Tears and laughter
Flow from every page;
So, hereafter,
Play his plays from age to age!

All's well that ends well;
Wherever his works are heard;
For his fertile imagination
Puts fine poetry in each word;
Yes, his fertile imagination
Puts fine poetry in each word.

If you wish to be well read,
Look at what Will Shakespeare said,
To give us pleasure,
Measure for measure:

All's well that ends well,
All's well that ends well;
Words with great rhythm and rhyme.
He said that
All's well that ends well,
All's well that ends well:
These are the words of William Shakespeare;
The famous words of William Shakespeare;
And all the words of William Shakespeare
Are going to last for all of time.