How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding. I will defend it against any collian or clubfisted usurer of them all, there is no immortality can be given a man on earth like unto plays.
How are we parked and bounded in a pale,  
A little herd of England’s timorous deer,  
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
If we be English deer, be then in blood;  
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,  
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,  
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel  
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.  
God and Saint George, Talbot and England’s right,  
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, 
Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot: 
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge 
Cry “God for Harry, England, and Saint George!”

If you have writ your annals true, ’tis there, 
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I 
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli: 
Alone I did it.
O, thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured death, 
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath! 
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no; 
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe. 
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say, 
Had death been French, then death had died to-day. 
Come, come and lay him in his father’s arms: 
My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have, 
Now my old arms are young John Talbot’s grave.
These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne’er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
“examples are most suitable to deliberative speeches; for we judge of future events by divination from past events.”
Paradigma, or a resemblance by example: Finally, if in matter of counsell or perswasion we will seeme to liken one case to another, such as passe ordinarily in mans affaires, and doe compare the past with the present, gathering probabilitie of like successe to come in the things wee have presently in hand: or if ye will draw the judgements precedent and authorized by antiquitie as veritable, and peradventure fayned and imagined for some purpose, into similitude or dissimilitude with our present actions and affaires, it is called resemblance by example: as if one should say thus, Alexander the great in his expedition to Asia did thus, so did Hanniball comming into Spaine, so did Cæsar in Egypt, therfore all great Captains & Generals ought to doe it.
Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.
IVDICIUM PYLVUM GENIO SOCRATEM ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MAÆRET, OLYMPVS HÆBET

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST HOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF HOV GANST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITH IN THIS MONUMENT SHAKESPEARE, WITH WHOME
QUICK NATURE DIDE WHOSE NAME, DOH DECK Y TOMB.
FA R MORE, TEN COST: SIEH ALL, Y HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BUT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIT ANO DOM 1616
ÆTATIS 33 DIES 23 AP.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford’s house:
As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then Aeneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th’ unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus’ ear, for, lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seemed ’t th’ air to stick:
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But as we often see against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus’ pause,
Arous’d vengeance sets him new a work,
And never did the Cyclops’ hammers fall
On Mars his armour forged for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus’ bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Before the porch all ramping first at th’ entry dore doth stand
Duke Pyrrhus in his brasen harneis bright with burnisht brand.
And glistring like a serpent shines whom poysonid wéedes hath fild.
That lurking long hath vnder ground in winter cold ben hild.
And now his cote of cast all fresh with youth renewd and pride
Vpright his head doth hold, and swift with wallowing back doth glide
Brest high against the sunne, and spits with toongs thre-forked fier.

(Virgil, Aeneid, 2.471-75, in Elizabethan translation by Thomas Phaer)