I want to talk for a few minutes with the people of the United States about banking. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations. Black and white and spotted, and our little girl Tricia, the six year old named it Checkers. And you know, the kids like all kids, love the dog and I just want to say this right now that regardless of what they say about it, we’re going to keep him. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death! The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to victory! Facts are stubborn things; and whatever may be our wishes, our inclinations, or the dictates of our passion, they cannot alter the state of facts and evidence. For we must consider that we shall be as a city upon a hill. The eyes of all people are upon us. You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

1Franklin D. Roosevelt, first fireside chat, 1933
2Abraham Lincoln, second inaugural address, 1865
3Richard Nixon, the Checkers speech, 1952
4Abraham Lincoln, Gettysburg Address, 1863
5John F. Kennedy, inaugural address, 1961
6Patrick Henry, speech to the Virginia Convention, 1775
7General Dwight D. Eisenhower, message sent in advance of D-Day, 1944
8John Adams, Argument in Defense of the Soldiers in the Boston Massacre Trials, 1770
9John Winthrop, governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1630
10Willam Jennings Bryan, address to the Democratic National Convention, 1896
Poetry

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.\(^\text{11}\)

and though

We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts, Made weak
by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.\(^\text{12}\)

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!\(^\text{13}\)

Good nature and good sense must ever join,
to err is human, to forgive, divine\(^\text{14}\)

She walks in beauty, like the night
   Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that’s best of dark and bright
   Meet in her aspect and her eyes:\(^\text{15}\)

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
   Of my darling-my darling-my life and my bride,
   In her sepulchre there by the sea-
   In her tomb by the sounding sea.\(^\text{16}\)

the edge of the sea
concerned
with itself

sweating in the sun
that melted
the wings’ wax\(^\text{17}\)

O no! It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.\(^\text{18}\)

Whan that Aprille, with his shoures soote

\(^\text{11}\)Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Evangeline
\(^\text{12}\)Alfred Lord Tennyson, Ulysses
\(^\text{13}\)Percy Bysshe Shelley, Ode to the West Wind
\(^\text{14}\)Alexander Pope, Essay on Criticism
\(^\text{15}\)Lord Byron, She walks in beauty
\(^\text{16}\)Edgar Allan Poe, Annabel Lee
\(^\text{17}\)William Carlos Williams, Landscape with the fall of Icarus
\(^\text{18}\)William Shakespeare, Sonnet 116
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour\textsuperscript{19}

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
except for love’s sake only.\textsuperscript{20}

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o’er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils; \textsuperscript{21}

Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.\textsuperscript{22}

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michaelangelo.\textsuperscript{23}

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.\textsuperscript{24}

\textsuperscript{19}Geoffrey Chaucer, Prologue to the Canterbury Tales
\textsuperscript{20}Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sonnets from the Portugese XIV
\textsuperscript{21}Wordsworth, I wandered lonely as a cloud
\textsuperscript{22}Thomas Gray, Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard
\textsuperscript{23}T. S. Eliot, Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock
\textsuperscript{24}Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Kubla Khan
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
to the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies’ midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone.  

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman’s breast,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd’ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature’s mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell.  

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all: to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!  

Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.  

But we in it shall be remembered—  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition.  

The quality of mercy is not strained.  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:

25Mark Antony, Julius Caesar  
26Macbeth, Macbeth  
27Mercutio, Romeo and Juliet  
28Lady Macbeth, Macbeth  
29Polonius, Hamlet  
30Lysander, A Midsummer Night’s Dream  
31Henry V, Henry V
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.32
And what’s he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest?33
If we shadows have offended,
think but this, and all is mended,
that you have but slumber’d here,
while these visions did appear.34
Exit, pursued by a bear35

32Portia, The Merchant of Venice
33Iago, Othello
34Puck, A Midsummer Night’s Dream
35The most famous stage direction in history, and the name of a former Williams Trivia team made up of theater majors. From The Winter’s Tale.