

MAD-LIBS Answers

American Political Rhetoric

I want to talk for a few minutes with the people of the United States about **banking**.¹ 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.² 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.³ But in a larger sense, we cannot **dedicate**, we cannot **consecrate**, we cannot **hallow** this **ground**.⁴ And so, my fellow **Americans**: ask not **what your country can do for you**, ask **what you can do for your country**.⁵ I know not what **course** others may take; but as for me, **give me liberty or give me death!**⁶ The **tide** has turned! The free men of the world are **marching** together to victory!⁷ **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.⁸ For we must consider that we shall be as a **city** upon a **hill**. The **eyes** of all **people** are upon us.⁹ You shall not press down upon the **brow** of labor this **crown** of **thorns**. You shall not **crucify** mankind upon a **cross** of **gold**.¹⁰

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.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.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**!¹³

Good nature and good sense must ever join,
to **err** is human, to **forgive, divine**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: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**.¹⁶

the edge of the sea
concerned
with itself

sweating in the sun
that melted
the **wings**' wax¹⁷

O no! It is an **ever-fixed** mark
That looks on **tempests** and is never shaken.¹⁸

Whan that **Aprille**, with his **shoures** soote

¹¹Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Evangeline*

¹²Alfred Lord Tennyson, *Ulysses*

¹³Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Ode to the West Wind*

¹⁴Alexander Pope, *Essay on Criticism*

¹⁵Lord Byron, *She walks in beauty*

¹⁶Edgar Allan Poe, *Annabel Lee*

¹⁷William Carlos Williams, *Landscape with the fall of Icarus*

¹⁸William 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 flour¹⁹

If thou must **love** me, let it be for **naught**
except for love's sake only.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**; 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.²²

In the room the **women** come and go
Talking of **Michaelangelo**.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.²⁴

¹⁹Geoffrey Chaucer, *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*

²⁰Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *Sonnets from the Portugese XIV*

²¹Wordsworth, *I wandered lonely as a cloud*

²²Thomas Gray, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

²³T. S. Eliot, *Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*

²⁴Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*

Shakespeare

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury **Caesar**, not to praise him.²⁵

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!**²⁶

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.²⁷

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 **dunkest** smoke of hell.²⁸

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!²⁹

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**.³⁰

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.³¹

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 **bear**.³⁵

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*.