

Activity 1A – Text Scraps

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York:

And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front