Examples for slips:

Midsummer’s Night Dream 5.1

O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
 I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

Macbeth 4.1

 Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Romeo & Juliet 5.3

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

**Soliloquies and Speeches for Translating**

[**William Shakespeare**](http://www.artofeurope.com/shakespeare/index.html) **- To be, or not to be (*from* Hamlet 3/1)**
**HAMLET:** 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 die, to sleep--
No more--and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep--
To sleep--perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprise of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. -- Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia! -- Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
  3   It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
  4   Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
  5   Who is already sick and pale with grief,
  6   That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
  7   Be not her maid, since she is envious;
  8   Her vestal livery is but sick and green
  9   And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 10   It is my lady, O, it is my love!
 11   O, that she knew she were!
 12   She speaks yet she says nothing; what of that?
 13   Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
 14   I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
 15   Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 16   Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 17   To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 18   What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 19   The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 20   As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 21   Would through the airy region stream so bright
 22   That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 23   See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 24   O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 25   That I might touch that cheek!

From [*Romeo and Juliet*](http://shakespeare.about.com/od/romeoandjuliet/tp/Romeo_and_Juliet_Study_Guide.htm):
Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
**(**[**Prologue**](http://shakespeare.about.com/od/Romeo-And-Juliet-Text/a/Romeo-And-Juliet-Prologue.htm)**)**

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
**(Act 3, Scene 1)**

From *Richard III*:
Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
**(Act 1, Scene 1)**

From [*Macbeth*](http://shakespeare.about.com/od/macbeth/tp/Macbeth_Study_Guide.htm):
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever [Scotland](http://geography.about.com/od/politicalgeography/a/scotlandnot.htm)
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
**(Act 5, Scene 8)**

From *Twelfth Night*:
If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
**(Act 1, Scene 1)**