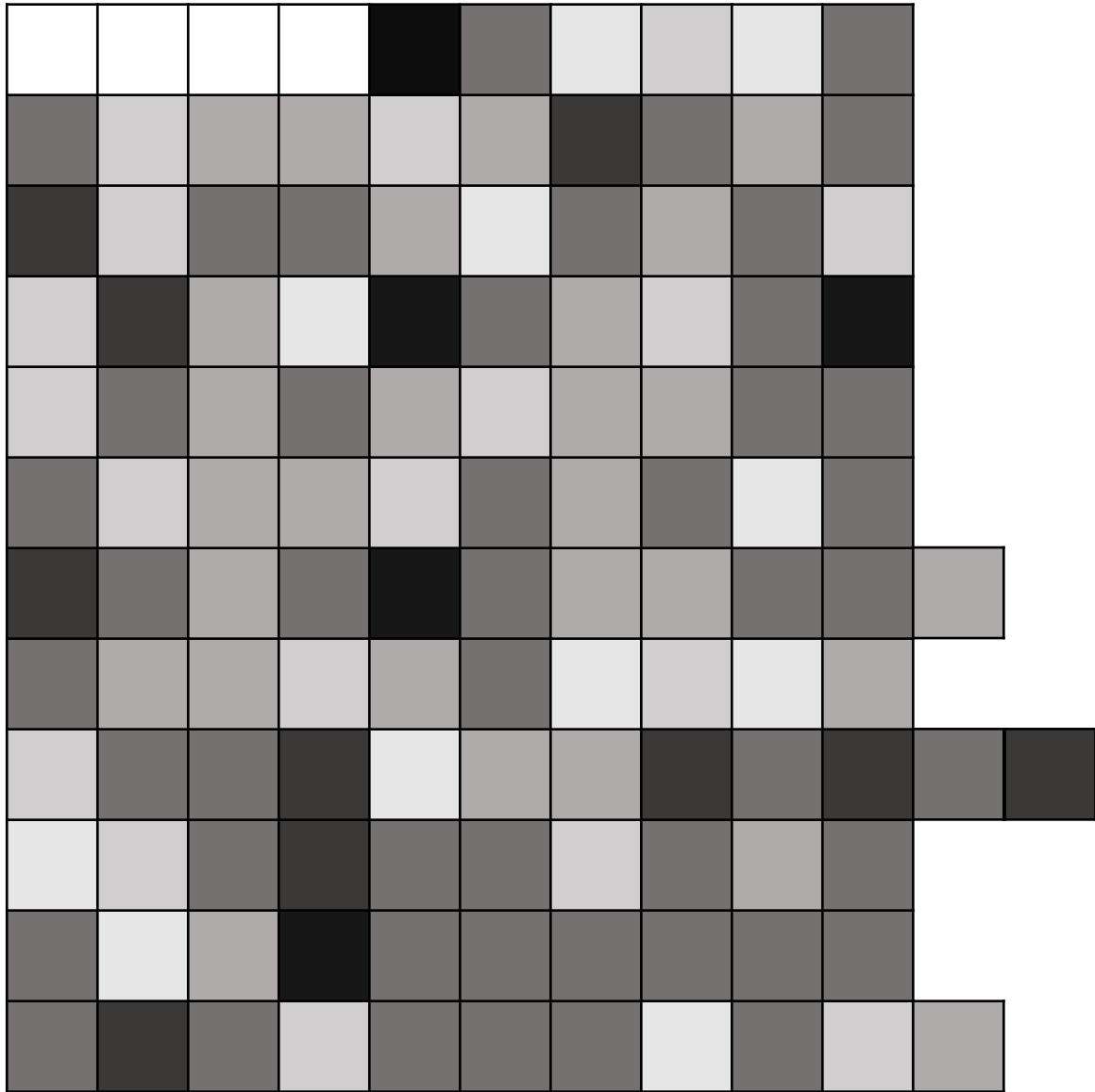
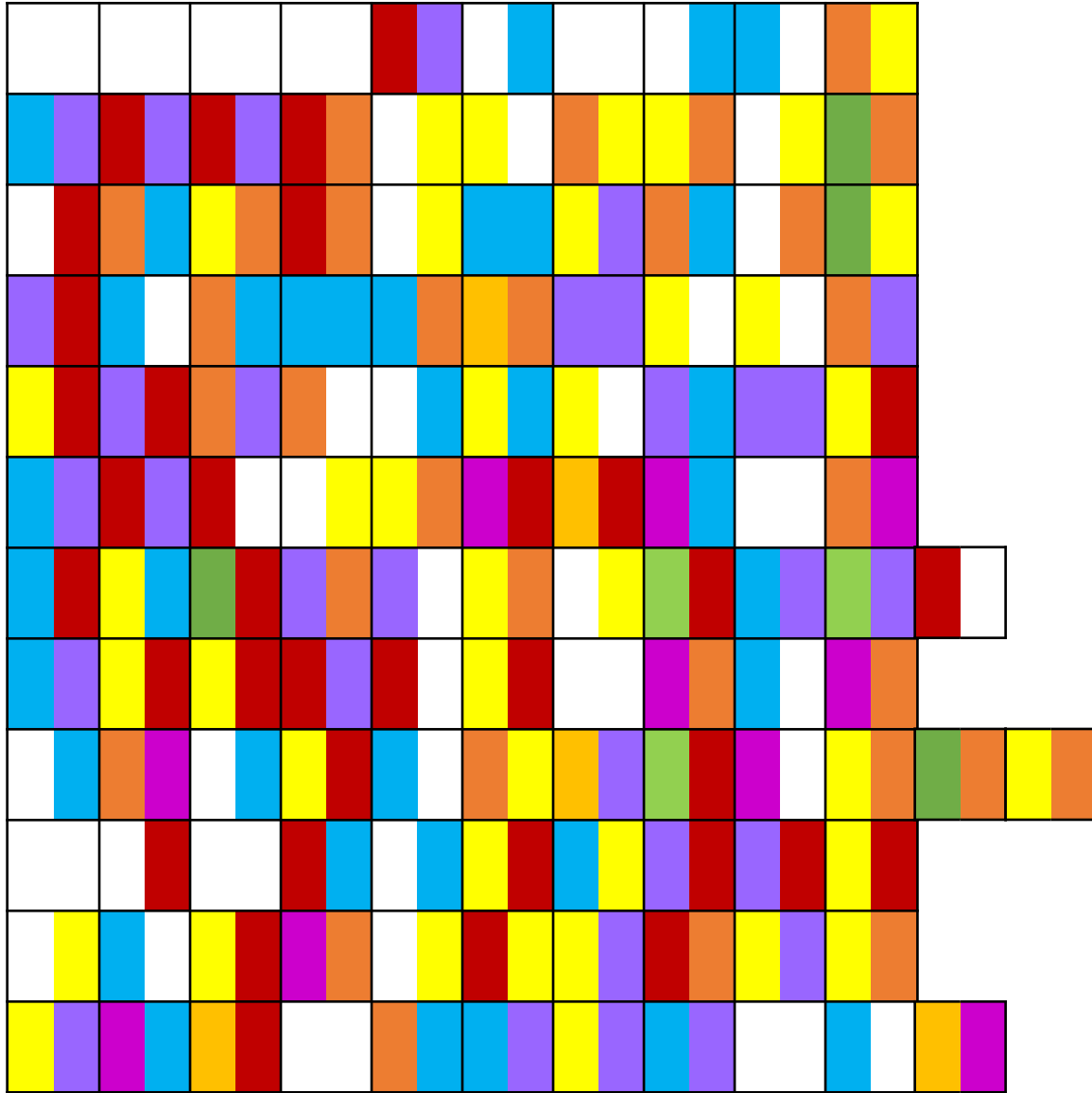


Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field:
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic

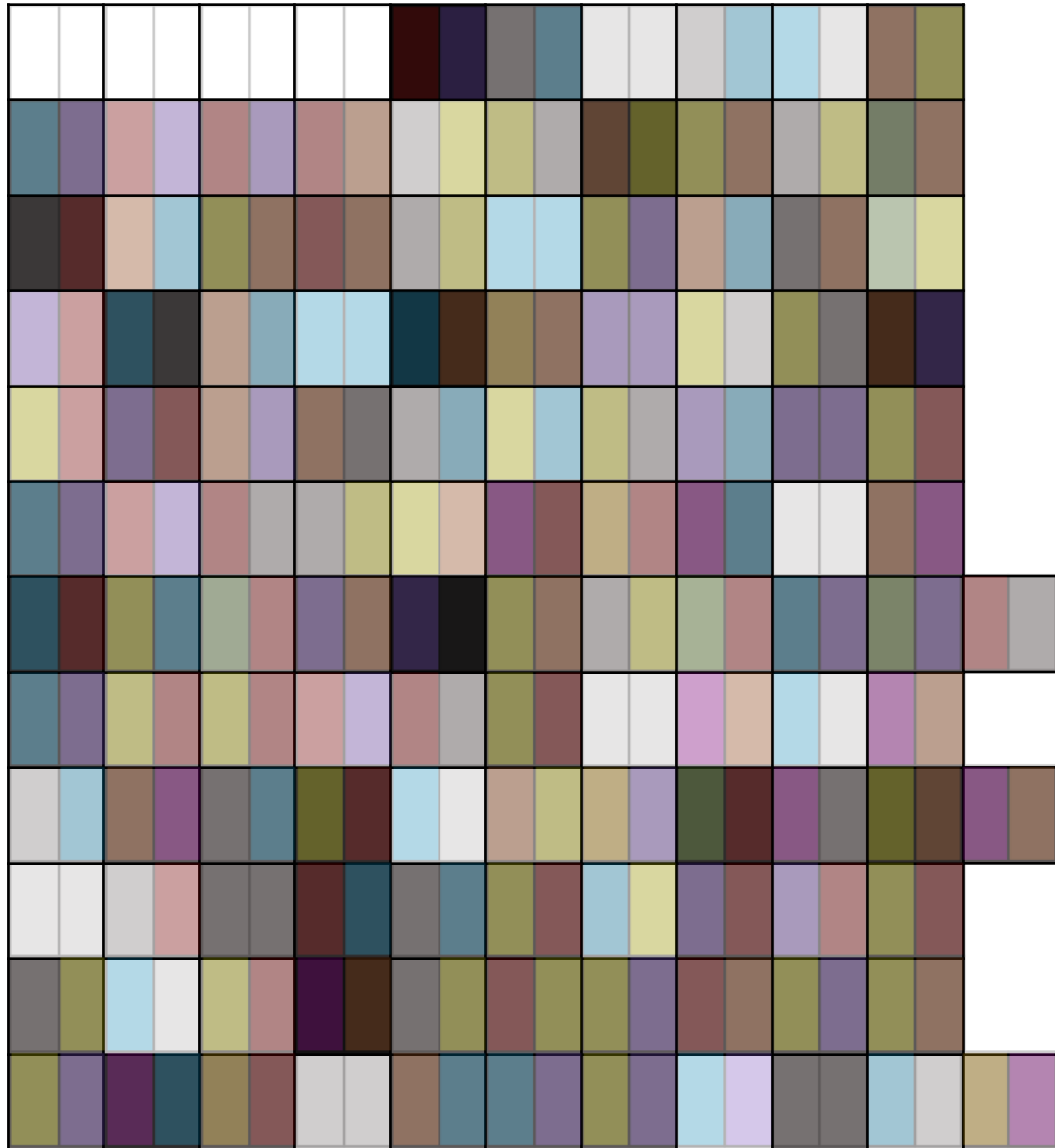


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Red: liquids (l,r); purple: dentals (d, t); blue: nasals (m, n); orange: sibilants (s, sh); yellow: aspiration (h, ph/f/v, ch, wh); green: labials (b, p); gold: semivowels (w, j); pink: velars (g, k)



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