

I kiss your hand  
and call you my  
queen.

Thou monstrous  
flanderer of  
heaven and  
earth

Avaunt,  
thou witch!

I'd rather hear my  
dog bark at a crow  
than a man swear  
he loves me

I am not in  
the giving vein  
today.

I will not trust you,  
nor longer stay in  
your cursed  
company.

I was adored  
once too!

Thou art as wise  
as thou art  
beautiful

I am sick when I  
look on thee.

Good gentle  
youth, tempt not  
a desperate man

To tell thee  
plain,  
I would rather  
lie in prison.

I swear  
I love thee.

O most unhappy  
strumpet!

Hang thee  
young baggage!  
Disobedient  
wretch!

With thou  
leave me  
so unsatisfied?

Fie, fie! You  
counterfeit, you  
puppet you!

Let vultures  
gripe thy guts.

Thou liest, thou  
shag-ear'd  
villain!

Why,  
you lying,  
bald-pated rascal!

Come, you are a  
tedious fool!

Thou art the  
best of the  
cut-throats!

How thy words  
revive my heart.

Go thou and  
fill another  
room in hell.

By my troth, I  
was seeking a  
fool when I  
found you.

Thou foddren-witted  
lord! Thou has no  
more brain than I  
have in mine  
elbows.

Dispute not with  
her; she is a  
lunatic.

Men are April  
when they woo,  
December when  
they wed.

Thou shalt be  
my queen.

How I do  
love thee!  
How I dote  
on thee!

I think thou art  
mad.

You are  
a worthy  
gentleman.

Ah!  
What life were this!  
How sweet!  
How lovely!

You, minion,  
are too faucy.

He hath eaten me  
out of  
house and home.

O piteous  
spectacle!

Alas, I had rather  
be set quick i' the  
earth and bowl'd  
to death with  
turnips!