

SHAKESPEAREAN INSULTS

Methink'st thou art a general offence and every man should beat thee.

Thou surly tickle-brained clack-dish!

Hang cur, hang you horse, you insolent noise-make!

Get you gone, you dwarf, you minimus of hindering knot-grass made, you bead, you acorn!"

*Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy.*

Thou lumpish onion-eyed flax-wench!!

Thou painted Maypole, I am not yet so low that my nails will reach unto thine eyes!

All the infections that the sun sucks up from bogs, fens, flats on Porspero fall and make him by inchmeal a disease

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr, vile thing; let loose or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Thou gleeking elf-skinned apple-john!

You scullion! You rampallian! You fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe!

Thou ruttish plume-plucked measle!!

Oh me, you juggler, you cancer blossom, you thief of love!

Thou odiferous weather-bitten harpy!

O thou mammering, sheep-biting pigeon.

Thou ribbling common-kissing flap-dragon!!

Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels!

O thou puny, dizzy-eyed mumble!

Thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch!

Thou pribbling ill-breeding joithead!

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O thou saucy, weather-bitten flax.

Thou jarring flap-mouthed baggage!

You starvelling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish--O for breath to utter what is like thee!-you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck!

Hence rotten thing! Or I shall shake thy bones out of thy garments.

You brawling blasphemous incharitable dog!

Be put in a cauldron of lead and usurer's grease, amongst a whole million of cutpurses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Thou crusty botch of nature!

Thou appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

Thou errant pox-marked coxcomb!

*[Thou] leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agatering, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish pouch!
Thou droning ill-nurtured hugger-mugger!*

Thou goatish tardy-gaited moldwarp!

Out you green sickness, out you baggage, you tallow face, you worm!

Thou wimpled plume-plucked scullian!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen as you are toss'd with.

Thou mammering hasty-witted jolt-head!

Thou gleeking malmsey-nosed vassal!

Thou gleeking elf-skinned apple-john!

Fie fie you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Thou naughty varlot

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