I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I do not without danger walk these streets

'Tis wonder that enwraps me thus

The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft

Whilst I can vent clamour from my throat
I’ll tell thee thou dost evil.

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.

O madam, my old heart is cracked, it’s cracked.
These words are razors to my wounded heart.

I will not hear her speak; away with her!

A chilling sweat o’erruns my trembling joints

Upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed.

In the dust I write
My heart’s deep languor and my soul’s sad tears

Now I stand as one upon a rock
Environed with a wilderness of sea

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense.

Look how well my garments sit upon me.
Sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

My old bones ache.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite

I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

With a passion would I shake the world.
With long travel I am stiff and weary.

I’ll stop mine ears against the mermaid’s song.

My dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle

O I am pressed to death
Through want of speaking!

Mount, mount, my soul! Thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.

I am angling now
Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.
Upon mine honour,
I will stand twixt you and danger.

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me!

I am a feather for each wind that blows.

These burrs are in my heart.

I will scour you with my rapier

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak.

I am wrapp’d in dismal thinkings.
Mine ear is open and my heart prepared.

My heart is great, but it must break with silence.

My spirits are nimble.