

Twelfth Night Insults:

Thou art but a scurvy fellow!

Rudesby, be gone!

Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs!

Fie, thou dishonest Satan!

Go shake your ears!

Out, scab!

Sheep-biter!

Farewell, fair cruelty!

Overweening rogue!

Go off, I discard you!

Clodpole!

You are a coward, a most devout coward.

Dishonest paltry boy!

I can hardly forbear hurling things at you.

Go to, thou art a foolish fellow!

O thou dissembling cub.

Ungracious wretch!

They praise you and make an ass of you.

You corrupter of words!

You are an ass-head, and a coxcomb.

Vent thy folly somewhere else.

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

I tell you plainly that you are an ass.

You are a fellow of the strangest mind in the world.

O, you are sick of self-love and taste with a distempered appetite.

If you be mad, be gone.

Out, hyperbolical fiend!

You are an idle, shallow thing!

You are a knave, a thin-faced knave.

Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty?

You are a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to your wit.

You speak nothing but madman.

You are tainted in your wits.