

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts Against their father, fool me not
so much To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger, And let not women's
weapons, water-drops, Stain my man's cheeks!

No, you unnatural hags, I will have such revenges on you both, That all the
world shall--I will do such things,-- What they are, yet I know not: but they
shall be The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep No, I'll not weep: I have
full cause of weeping; but this heart Shall break into a hundred thousand
flaws, Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!