

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

I am bound upon a wheel of fire that mine own tears do scale like molten lead. *King Lear*, 4.7

All that glitters is not gold. Morocco, *Merchant of Venice*, 2.7

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor, for 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.
Petruccio, *Taming of the Shrew*, 4.3

The prince of darkness is a gentleman. Edgar, *King Lear*, 3.4

He receives comfort like cold porridge. Sebastian, *The Tempest*, 2.1

He hath a heart as sound as a bell. Don Pedro, *Much Ado About Nothing*, 3.2

Where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles. Donalbain, *Macbeth*, 2.3

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind blows in your face. Albany, *King Lear*, 4.2

'Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. Lady Macbeth, *Macbeth*, 2.2

Beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on.
Iago, *Othello*, 3.3

If the earth could teem with woman's tears, each drop would prove a crocodile. *Othello*, 4.1

Where two raging fires meet together, they do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Petuchio, *Taming of the Shrew*, 2.1

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
Katharina, *Taming of the Shrew*, 5.2

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see the pretty follies that themselves commit. Jessica, *Merchant of Venice*, 2.6

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike. Sebastian, *The Tempest*, 2.1

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food; To eat us hungerly, and when full, They belch us. Emilia, *Othello*, 3.4

Time's the king of men; he's both their parent, and he is their grave, and gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Pericles, 2.3

When we are born we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools. *King Lear*, 4.6

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage. *Macbeth*, 5.5

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is it to have a thankless child. *King Lear*, 1.4

O, full of scorpions is my mind, my dear wife! Macbeth, 3.2

I am a feather for each wind that blows. Leontes, *The Winter's Tale*, 2.3

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind. Biron, *Love's Labour's Lost*, 4.3

I will encounter darkness as a bride and hug it in mine arms. Claudio, *Measure for Measure*, 3.1

But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice. Lucio, *Measure for Measure*, 3.2