The more my wrong,
the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me
to famish me?
Beggars that come
unto my father's door
Upon entreaty
have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere
they meet with charity;
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking,
and with brawling fed;
And that which spites
me more than all these wants—
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go
and get me
some repast;
I care not what,
so it be
wholesome food.