

<i>Player One (a man)</i>	<i>Player Two (a woman)</i>
<i>[Enter two players]</i>	What news, Borachio?  <i>[Don John, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, I, 3]</i>
I came yonder from a great supper: I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.  <i>[Borachio, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, I, 3]</i>	A married man! that's most intolerable.  <i>[Earl of Warwick, <b>Henry VI Part I</b>, V, 4]</i>
They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it  <i>[Benedick, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, II, 3]</i>	Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.  <i>[Richard III, <b>Henry VI Part III</b>, IV, 1]</i>
Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor  <i>[Touchstone, <b>As You Like It</b>, III, 3]</i>	Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage  <i>[Feste, <b>Twelfth Night</b>, I, 5]</i>
By this marriage, All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing  <i>[Agrippa, <b>Antony and Cleopatra</b>, II, 2]</i>	I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.  <i>[Benedick, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, II, 3]</i>
They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.  <i>[Rosalind, <b>As you Like It</b>, V, 2]</i>	Speak low, if you speak love.  <i>[Don Pedro, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, II, 1]</i>
I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love.  <i>[Benedick, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, I, 1]</i>	By this day! She's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.  <i>[Benedick, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, II, 3]</i>
He has been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, he does marry that he may repent.  <i>[Clown, <b>All's Well That Ends Well</b>, I, 3]</i>	She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger  <i>[Feste, <b>Twelfth Night</b>, III, 1]</i>
Such a mad marriage never was before. Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.  <i>[Gremio, <b>Taming of the Shrew</b>, III, 2]</i>	If music be the food of love, play on  <i>[Orsina, <b>Twelfth Night</b>, I, 1]</i>
And what is music then? Such it is As are those dulcet sounds in break of day That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear, And summon him to marriage.  <i>[Portia, <b>Merchant of Venice</b>, III, 2]</i>	My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.  <i>[Messenger, <b>Much Ado About Nothing</b>, III, 5]</i>