

**Cymbeline Act 4 Scene 3**

**Eager to meet her husband, Imogen discovers that her husband, Posthumous, wants her dead, because he thinks her unfaithful.**

**Pisanio is sent to kill her.**

**IMOGEN**

False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep  
charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

**PISANIO**

Alas, good lady!

**IMOGEN**

I false! O, Men's vows are women's traitors!

**PISANIO**

Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

**IMOGEN**

Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's.  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

**PISANIO**

O gracious lady,  
Since I received command to do this business  
I have not slept one wink.

**IMOGEN**

Do't, and to bed then.

**PISANIO**

I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: 2.1**

**Helena loves Demetrius and follows him into the woods. Demetrius hates Helena and is seeking Hermia in the woods.**

**DEMETRIUS** <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

**HELENA** <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>  
leave you your power to draw, <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>

**DEMETRIUS** <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>

Do I entice you? do I speak you fair? <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

**HELENA** <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>

And even for that do I love you the more. <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you. <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub> <sup>{</sup> <sub>{</sub>

**Measure for Measure Act 3, scene 1**

**Isabella tells Claudio her brother, doomed to die, that he can live if she gives up herself to the Duke.**

**ISABELLA**

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?

**CLAUDIO**

Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

**ISABELLA**

There spake my brother; there my father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

**ISABELLA**

Dost thou think, Claudio?  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed.

**CLAUDIO**

O heavens! it cannot be.

**ISABELLA**

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

**CLAUDIO**

Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin,  
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

**ISABELLA**

Which is the least?

**CLAUDIO**

If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fined? O Isabella!

**ISABELLA**

What says my brother?

**CLAUDIO**

Death is a fearful thing.

**ISABELLA**

And shamed life a hateful.

**CLAUDIO**

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

**King John Act 4, scene 1**

**Arthur begs Hubert to spare his eyes.**

**HUBERT**

Read here, young Arthur.

*Showing a paper*

**ARTHUR**

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

**HUBERT**

Young boy, I must.

**ARTHUR**

And will you?

**HUBERT**

And I will.

**ARTHUR**

Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you.

**HUBERT**

I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

**ARTHUR**

An if an angel should have come to me  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believed him.

**HUBERT**

Come, boy, prepare yourself.

**ARTHUR**

Is there no remedy?

**HUBERT**

None, but to lose your eyes.

**ARTHUR**

O, spare mine eyes.

Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my truth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

**HUBERT**

I can heat it, boy.

**Othello Act 3 scene 4**

**Othello believes that Desdemona his wife has been unfaithful and demands a handkerchief that Iago has stolen as proof of her infidelity. She wants to meet Cassio, who Othello suspects of adultery.**

**OTHELLO**

Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

**DESDEMONA**

It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

**OTHELLO**

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

**DESDEMONA**

You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

**OTHELLO**

Lend me thy handkerchief.

**DESDEMONA**

Here, my lord.

**OTHELLO**

That which I gave you.

**DESDEMONA**

I have it not about me.

**OTHELLO**

Not?

**DESDEMONA**

No, indeed, my lord.

**OTHELLO**

That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while  
she kept it,

To lose't or give't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

**DESDEMONA**

Is't possible?

**OTHELLO**

'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:

Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out

o' the way?

**DESDEMONA**

Heaven bless us!

**OTHELLO**

Say you?

**DESDEMONA**

It is not lost; but what an if it were?

**OTHELLO**

How!

**DESDEMONA**

I say, it is not lost.

**OTHELLO**

Fetch't, let me see't.

Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

**DESDEMONA**

Come, come; I pray talk to me of Cassio.

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

**OTHELLO**

The handkerchief!

**DESDEMONA**

A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shared dangers with you,--

**OTHELLO**

The handkerchief!