A Midsummer Night’s Dream

Demetrius:
I love thee not, therefore pursue me not. Where is Lysander and fair Hermia? The one I’ll slay, the other slayeth me. Thou told’st me they were stol’n into this wood, And here am I, and wood within this wood, Because I cannot meet with Hermia. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Helena:
You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; But yet you draw not iron, for my heart Is true as steel. Leave you your power to follow you?

Demetrius:
Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair? Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Helena:
And even for that do I love you more. I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.

Romeo and Juliet

Juliet:
What man art thou, that, thus bescreen’d in night, So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo:
By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee; Had I written it I would tear the word.

Juliet:
My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words Of that tonge’s utterance, yet I know the sound; Art thou no Romeo and a Montegue?

Romeo:
Neither, fait saint, if either thee dislike.

Much Ado About Nothing

Beatrice:
Against my will am I sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Benedict:
Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beatrice:
I took no more pains for those thanks than you take in pains to thank me; If it had been painful I would not have come.

Benedict:
You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beatrice:
Yea, Just so much as you may take upon a knife’s point, and choke a daw Withal.-You have no stomach, signior; fare you well.

Measure for Measure

Isabel:
This night’s the time That I should do what I abhor to name, Or else thou diest tomorrow.

Claudio:
Thou shalt not do’t

Isabel: O, were it my life, I’d throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.

Claudio:
Thanks dear Isabel.

Isabel:
Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

Claudio:
Death is a fearful thing.

Isabel:
And shamed life a hateful.

Othello

Othello:
Lend me thy handkerchief

Desdemona:
Here my lord.

Othello:
That which I gave you.

Desdemona:
I have it not about me.

Othello:
That is a fault.
That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
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.

**Desdemona:**
Then would to God that I had never seen it!

**Othello:**
Is’t lost? Is’t gone? Speak, is it out of 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.

**Desdemona:**
What, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv’d again.

**Othello:**
Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

**Desdemona:**
Come, Come; You’ll never meet a more sufficient man.

**Othello:**
The handkerchief!

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**Julius Caesar**

**Brutus:**
I did send to you for certain sums of gold, which you denied me.

**Cassius:**
I denied you not.

**Brutus:**
You did.

**Cassius:**
I did not. A friend should bear his friend’s infirmities,
But Brutus makes them greater than they are.

**Brutus:**
I do not, till you practive them on me.

**Cassius:**
You love me not.

**Brutus:**
I do not like your faults.