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
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
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
You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; leave you your power to draw.

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 the more. I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

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
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 Isabel!

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 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
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.
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!