

Scornful Lysander! True, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him,
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

- Egeus (Act 1, Scene 1)

Take comfort. He no more shall see my face.
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see
Seem'd Athens a paradise to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?

- Hermia (Act 1, Scene 1)

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will
do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar,
that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again,
let him roar again.'

- Bottom (Act 1, Scene 2)

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a
sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a
summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man:
therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

- Peter Quince (Act 1, Scene 2)

Having once this juice
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon –
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape –
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

- Oberon (Act 1, Scene 2)

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

- Titania (Act 1, Scene 3)

And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you.
Use me as your spaniel: spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

- Helena (Act 2, Scene 1)

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love juice on some true love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turned, and not a false turned true.

- Oberon (Act 3, Scene 2)

Can you not hate me – as I know you do –
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals and love Hermia,
And now both rivals to mock Helena.

- Helena (Act 3, Scene 2)

A Midsummer Night's Dream

A Midsummer Night's Dream