A Midsommer Nights Dreame Actus primus. Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others. Theseus. Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager, Long withering out a young man reuennue Hip. Foure daies will quickly steep the[m]selues in nights Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time: And then the
oone, like to a siluer bow, Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night Of our solemnities The. Go Philostrate, Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments, Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth, Turne melancholy forth to Funerals: The pale companion is not for our pompe, Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword, And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries: But I will wed thee in another key, With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling. Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius. Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke The. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee? Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint Against my childe, my daughter Hermia. Stand forth Demetrius. My Noble Lord, This man hath my consent to marrie her. Stand forth Lysander. And my gracious Duke, This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe: Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast giuen her rimes, And interchang'd loue-t
okens with my childe: Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung, With faining voice, verses of faining loue, And stolne the impression of her fantasie. With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits, Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers Of strong preuailment in vnharded youth) With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart, Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me) To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke, Be it so she will not here before your Grace, Consent to marry with Demetrius, I beg the ancient priuilege of Athens: As she is mine, I may dispose of her: Which shall be either to this gentleman Or to her death, according to our Law, Immediately provided in that case. The. What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide, To you your father should be as a God, One hand maide should be to his imagery, For terrestrial
power, To leaue the figure, or disfigure it: Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman Her. So is Lysander The. In himselfe he is. But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce, The other must be held the worthier Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes The. Rather your eies must with his iudgment looke Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me. I know not by what power I am made bold, Nor how it may concerne my modestie In such a presence here to plead my th
oughts: But I beseech your Grace, that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure For euer the society of men. Therefore faire Hermia question your desires, Know of your youth, examine well y our blood, Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice) You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne, For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd, To liue a barren sister all your life, Chanting f
aint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone, Thrice blessed they that master so their blood, To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage, But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd, Then that which withering on the virgin thorne, Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse Her. So will I grow, so liue, so die my Lord, Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake, My soule consents not to giue souereignty The. Take time t
o pause, and by the next new Moon The sealing day betwixt my loue and me, For euerlasting bond of fellowship: Vpon that day either prepare to dye, For disobedience to your fathers will, Or else to wed Demetrius as hee would, Or on Dianaes Altar to protest For a
miues: do you marry him Egeus. Scornfull Lysander, true, he hath my Loue; And what is mine, my loue shall render him. And she is mine, and all my right of her, I do estate vnto Demetrius Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he, As well possest: my loue is mor
e noble, then Demetrius: I am as good as Demetrius, as well possest: my loue is more good then Demetrius; I am as well deriu'd as Demetrius, Deuoutly dotes, Deuoutly dotes, Deuoutly dotes: Speake Egeus, Ly sander. Fie, Egeus, fie. Some Egeus, you s
usinesse Aga hall go with me, I haue some priuate schooling for you both. For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your selfe, To fit your fancies to your Fathers will; Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp (Which by n
ought that eu inst our nuptiall, and conferre with you Of something, neerely that concernes your selues Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. Exeunt. Manet Lysander and Hermia. Lys. How now my loue? Why
y anothers er I could reade, Could euer heare by tale or historie, The course of true loue neuer did run smooth, But either it was different in blood Her. O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to loue Lys. Or else mis
ordered in your birth. Kindred and blood, Or if there were a simpathie in choice, Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it; Making it momentarie, as a sound: Swift as a shado w, short as any dreame, Briefe as the lightning
o deuoure it vp: So quicke bright things come to confusion Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer crost, It stands as an edict in destinie: Then let vs teach our triall patience, Because it is a cus
erefore please me Hermia, I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager, Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe, From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues, And she loues me as her owne childe. Her house remou'd
ale forth thy fathers house to morrow night: And in the wood, a league without the towne, (Where I did meete thee once with Helena. To d o obseruance for a morne of May) The
h knitteth soules, and prospers loue, And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene, When the false Troy r saile was seene, By all the vowes
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? that faire against vnsay, Desertiu
pperare, Sicknesse is catching: O w eare fauor so, Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go, My ear our voice, my eye, eye, My t
of Demetrius hart Her. I frowne vpo ue him curses, yet he giues me lo
eie Lys. Or if there were a simpathie in choice, Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it; Making it momentarie, as a sound: Swift as a shado n him, yet he loues me still Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smile
it vp: So quicke bright things come to confusion Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer crost, It stands as an edict in destinie: Then let vs teach our triall patience, Because it is a cus Heforth he now as a mere stranger. Lysander and my sweet Hermia, Do you and my sweet Hermia, Do you
erefore please me Hermia, I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager, Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe, From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues, And she loues me as her owne childe. Her house remou'd king with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse (A time that Louers flights doth still
ale forth thy fathers house to morrow night: And in the wood, a league without the towne, (Where I did meete thee once with Helena. To d ay our eyes To seeke new friends and strange companions, Farwell sweet pla
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? How happy some, ore othersome can be? Through Athens I am thought as fair
pparere, Sicknesse is catching: O w ere fauor so, Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go, My ear ith the eyes, but with the minde, And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.
of Demetrius hart Her. I frowne vpo n him, yet he loues me still Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smile trius lookt on Hermias eyne, He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine. A
it vp: So quicke bright things come to confusion Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer crost, It stands as an edict in destinie: Then let vs patience, To haue his sight thither, and back again. Exit. Enter Sqeuin, Flute, Bottom, Snout, and Starlin
erefore please me Hermia, I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager, Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe, From Athens is her house remou'd ght fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutc
ale forth thy fathers house to morrow night: And in the wood, a league without the towne, (Where I did meete thee once with Helena. To d re you, and a merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors by the scrowle
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? How happy some, ore othersome can be? Through Athens I am thought as fair ome teares in the true perf orming of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to th
ith the eyes, but with the minde, And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde. y. Now name the rest of the Players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants
trius lookt on Hermias eyne, He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine. A n A Maide, and you may speake as sm
pparere, Sicknesse is catching: O w ere fauor so, Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go, My ear must play Thisbies mother? Tom Snout,
ere fauor so, Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go, My ear re that I will doe any mans heart good to he
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? Why, what hat you hold the Ladies o ut o f their Wittes, they would haue no more discreti
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? Why, what ou mol will t. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in? Quin.
ale forth thy fathers house to morrow night: And in the wood, a league without the towne, (Where I did meete thee once with Helena. To d ntreat you, request you, and d esire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? Why, what oura Wood, a mi le wil
ere; And I serue the Fairie Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the green. The Co ntiguous Sonnes, be perfect, adieu Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete
ere fauor so, Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go, My ear is Reuels here to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his sight, For
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? Why, what doth keepe h ers, and makes him all her ioy. And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled
wilde. But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy, Crownes him with flow ers, and sometimes labour in the querne, And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne, And sometime make th
w. Are you not hee, That frights the maidens of the Villagree, Skim milke, on I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale, And sometime lurke I in a Gossips b ol
ere fauor so, Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go, My ear ow, and sometime Weare the head Of a horse, and hee will do a merr
ke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Cal yo u me faire? Whe ie
y Moone-light. Proud Tyranda Qu. What, ieal ous Oberon? Fairy skip h ear: but I know When thou wast stolne away from F
India? But that forsooth the bouncing Ama zon Your buskin'd Mist ess Titania. Glan ce at
ke him with faire Eagles breake his faith W ith Ariadne, and Anti ope, Ere the Fairie Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the green. The Co
g to vs in vaine, As in reuenge, haue suck 'd vp from the sea Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land, Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud, That the
ed with the murrion flocke, The nine men S Morris is fild vp mud, And the quiet Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are vndistinguishabl
ne Morrisses, And the quaint Mutes throw dabler Frost and Fall dissention, We ar e the fresh lap of the crimson Rose, And on her weeping Ch eeke, Pale in her anger, washes all the aire: That Rheumaticke diseases doe
uills, Comes from our debate, from our e their parents and originall Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you, Why should Titania cr oss
y gossipt by my side, And sat with me o n Neptunes yellow sands, Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue To amorous Phillida. Why art thou heere
s from a voyage, rich with merchandiz e. But she being w ith thee Qu. Perhaps that I am iealous. But with good cheere, Thou shalt fall fo
nts Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will go w ith thee Oberon. Giue me your Fairie, and I will go ver Fairie, Vnto a Bower, Where the Bank of Eglantine and Wild Vine, Entwistes, Entwistes, Intermixes, Intermixes my
y dulcet and harmonious breath, That th e rude sea Grew rich and green. There shall you see my Queene, Sleeping on Bankes of Oxlips, and Nodding Violets, Where the King of Fairies doore
n this louse-Flut smarting in his sleepe, And the Loue-Idle pansie, Which is the Fairies eye, Shall Cupid fall, If he leaue his Bow, Shot at a Fair Vestall, throned by the West, And loos
purple with loues wound, And maidens A s she c all it, Lo ng once render ecause annot lo ou doe y of your asts Hel. the wood hall seeke and deligh t: And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne, Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in. And with the iuyce of this lie streake her e
about the earth, in forty minutes Ober. Haui ng the iuice of it in her eyes: p the liquor of it in her eyes: ntance Enter Demetrius, Helen ation and Lysander, Lys. Fair Hermia? The one lie stay, the
can take it with another hearbe) Ile make her w the eyes, Shall seeke the Fairie Queene, Wonder, Enter Pucke. Puck. I there it is Ob. I pray thee giue it me. I know a banke wh ere fauor so, Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go, My ear
And heere am I, and wood within this wood, B ut I cannot Hermia. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more Hel. You draw me, yo u hard-hearted Adamant, But ye
A Bower, Where the Bank of Eglantine and Wild Vine, Entwistes, Entwistes, Intermixes, Intermixes my loue, Lys. Fair Hermia? The one lie stay, the
ll not in plainest truth, Tell you I doe not, nor I c ans Adder sta ke, Lest the loue iuyce on some true loues sight: Of thy m ipristio n, must perforce ens
ll counsell of a desert place, With the rich worth ghes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare. By some illusion see thou bring h er heer e, Ile charme his ey
brakes, And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde be wak'st if she be by, Beg of her for remedy. Enter Pucke. Puck. Captaine of o ur Fair y band , Helena is heere at a. Lys. Why should
e not beleeue, But I shall doe thee mischiefe in d those things doe best please me, That befall prepposterously. Enter Lysande r and Helen a. Lys. Why should
o leaue this grouie, Thou shalt flie him, and he s ees Demetrius. Dem. O Helen, goddesse, nimph, perfect, di ana. Lys. Why should I compare thi
of the night, Lull'd in these flowers, with dances ll, and seek through this grouie: A sweet Atheni an Lady is in ine Tyger. Bootlesse speede, When cowardise pursues, a
thing be easie, May be thy Athenian garment, wh e the wrong shoes of the night, Hast thou the Fairie Queene, Pucke? Puck. Ay, there she sleepes, Lyes Enter
Then for the third part of a minute hence, Some t hat I haue, Two of the first life coats in Heraldry, Due but to one and crowned with one crest. Demetrius, Demetrius, Speake, speake, speake, Speake, speake, speake, Speake, speake, speake