

They are infected, in their hearts it lies; 421
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These lords are visited; you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see. 424
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Ber. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true, That you stand forfeit, being those that sue? 428
Ber. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression 432
 Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
 Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
 What did you whisper in your lady's ear? 437
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace! peace! forbear; 440
 Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
 What did the Russian whisper in your ear? 444
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
 As precious eyesight, and did value me
 Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
 That he would wed me, or else die my lover. 448
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
 Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life,
 my troth,
 I never swore this lady such an oath. 452
Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
 You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
 I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. 456
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
 And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.
 What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Ber. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
 I see the trick on't: here was a consent, 461
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany, 464
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,
 some Dick,
 That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
 Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours, and then we, 469
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn, in will and error. 472
 Much upon this it is: [To BOYET.] and might not you
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye? 476
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye 481
 Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Ber. Lo! he is tilting straight. Peace! I have done. 484

Enter COSTARD.
 Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine, 488
 For every one pursents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so.
 You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir;
 we know what we know:
 I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Ber. Is not nine. 492
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where-
 until it doth amount.
Ber. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir! it were pity you should get
 your living by reckoning, sir. 497
Ber. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir! the parties themselves, the
 actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount:
 for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to per-
 form one man in one poor man, Pompion the
 Great, sir.
Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies? 504
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of
 Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know
 not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand
 for him. 508
Ber. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will
 take some care. [Exit.]
King. Berowne, they will shame us; let them
 not approach.
Ber. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis
 some policy 512
 To have one show worse than the king's and
 his company.
King. I say they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule
 you now. 515
 That sport best pleases that doth least know how;

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
 Die in the zeal of those which it presents;
 Their form confounded makes most form in
 mirth,
 When great things labouring perish in their
 birth. 520
Ber. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense
 of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of
 words. 524

[ARMADO converses with the KING, and
 delivers a paper to him.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Ber. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's
 making. 527

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey
 monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is
 exceeding fantastical; too-too vain; too-too
 vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna*
de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind,
 most royal complement! [Exit.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of
 Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the
 swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate,
 Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pe-
 dant, Judas Maccabæus:
 And if these four Worthies in their first show

thrive,
 These four will change habits and present the
 other five. 540

Ber. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Ber. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-
 priest, the fool, and the boy:— 544
 Abate throw at novum, and the whole world
 again

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his
 vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she
 comes amain.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he. 548

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Ber. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be
 friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the
 Big,—

Dum. 'The Great.' 552

Cost. It is 'Great,' sir; Pompey surnam'd
 the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make
 my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come
 by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet
 lass of France. 556

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,'
 I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope
 I was perfect. I made a little fault in 'Great.'
Ber. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves
 the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the
 world's commander;
 By east, west, north, and south, I spread my
 conquering might: 564

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisan-
 der,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for
 it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smells 'no,' in this, most ten-
 der-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed,
 good Alexander. 568

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the
 world's commander:—

Boyet. Most true; 'tis right: you were so,
 Alisander.

Ber. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard. 572

Ber. Take away the conqueror, take away
 Alisander.

Cost. [To NATHANIEL.] O! sir, you have over-
 thrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be
 scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your
 lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-
 stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth
 Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak!
 run away for shame, Alisander! [NATHANIEL
retires.] There, an't shall please you: a foolish
 mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon
 dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour,
 faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisan-
 der,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted.
 But there are Worthies a-coming will speak
 their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. 588

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas; and
MOTH armed, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
 Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
 canis;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
 Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority, 593
 Ergo, I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.—
 [MOTH retires. 596]

Judas I am.—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, ycleped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd
 Judas? 601

Hol. Judas I am.—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir? 604

Foyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance. 608
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin. 612
Ber. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask. 616
Ber. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Ber. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
 And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance. 620
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Ber. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have outfaced them all.
Ber. An thou wert a lion, we would do so. 624
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
 And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Ber. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—
 Jud-as, away! 628
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.
Prin. Alas! poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited.

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Ber. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms. 633
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this. 637
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered. 640
Long. His calf is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Ber. This cannot be Hector. 644
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift,— 648
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Ber. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven. 652
Arm. Peace!
 The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium;
 A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight
 From morn till night, out of his pavilion. 656
 I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector. 661
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [To the PRINCESS.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 667
Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.
Boyet. [Aside to DUMAINE.] Loves her by the foot. 672
Dum. [Aside to BOYET.] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. The party is gone; fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way. 677
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamize me among potentates? Thou shalt die. 683
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey! 688
Ber. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on! 693
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea. 696
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again. 701
Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey! 704
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation. 708
Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge. 712
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Ber. What reason have you for't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance. 716
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour. 720

Enter Monsieur MARCADE, a Messenger.
Mar. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Marcade;
 But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mar. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring 724
 Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mar. Even so: my tale is told.
Ber. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud. 729
Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies.]
King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so: I do beseech you, stay. 736
Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
 For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
 Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
 In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide 740
 The liberal opposition of our spirits,
 If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
 In the converse of breath; your gentleness
 Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! 744
 A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue,
 Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
 For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
King. The extreme part of time extremely forms 748
 All causes to the purpose of his speed,
 And often, at his very loose, decides
 That which long process could not arbitrate:
 And though the mourning brow of progeny 752
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
 The holy suit which fain it would convince;
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it 756
 From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double. 760
Ber. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
 And by these badges understand the king.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies, 764
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposed end of our intents;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains; 768
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of stray shapes, of habits and of forms,
 Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll 772
 To every varied object in his glance:
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecome our oaths and gravities, 776
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false for ever to be true 781
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself and turns to grace. 784
Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, 788
 As bombast and as lining to the time.
 But more devout than this in our respects
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment. 792
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in. 797
 No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
 If for my love,—as there is no such cause,— 800
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world; 804
 There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about their annual reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life 807
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial and last love;
 Then, at the expiration of the year, 812
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
 I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
 My woful self up in a mourning house, 816
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
 Neither intitled in the other's heart. 820
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
 Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast. 824
Ber. And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd:
 You are attaint with faults and perjury;
 Therefore, if you my favour mean to get, 828
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife! A beard, fair health, and honesty; 832
 With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say: 836
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again. 840
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long. 843
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Ber. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me. Behold the window of my heart, mine eye, What humble suit attends thy answer there; Impose some service on me for thy love. 848
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks; Full of comparisons and wounding flouts, 852 Which you on all estates will execute That lie within the mercy of your wit: To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,— 856 Without the which I am not to be won,— You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse With groaning wretches; and your task shall be, With all the fierce endeavour of your wit 861 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Ber. To move wild laughter in the throat of death? 864
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools. A jest's prosperity lies in the ear 869 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears, Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans, 872
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them, And I will have you and that fault withal; But if they will not, throw away that spirit. And I shall find you empty of that fault, 876 Right joyful of your reformation.
Ber. A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.
Prin. [To the KING.] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. 880
King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old play; Jack hath not Jill; these ladies' courtesy Might well have made our sport a comedy. 884

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,— 888
Prin. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.
Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show. 896
King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.
Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter; this *Ver*, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. *Ver*, begin. 901

SPRING

I
When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue 904
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo; 908
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks, 912
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo; 916
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER

III
When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul, 924
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 928

IV
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw, 932
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 936

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way. [Exeunt.]

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a Carpenter.
SNUG, a Joiner.
BOTTOM, a Weaver.
FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a Tinker.
STARVELING, a Tailor.
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASE-BLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED, } Fairies.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—Athens, and a Wood near it.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Athens. The Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour Draws on apace: four happy days bring in Another moon; but O! methinks how slow This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires, 4 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night; Four nights will quickly dream away the time; 8 And then the moon, like to a silver bow New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate, Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments; 12 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; Turn melancholy forth to funerals; The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, 16 And won thy love doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, 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 child, my daughter Hermia. 24 Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, This man hath my consent to marry her. Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke, This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child: Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes, And interchang'd love-tokens with my child; 29 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy 32 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits, Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth; With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart; 36 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me, To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke, Be it so she will not here before your Grace Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40 I beg the ancient privilege 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 44 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you, your father should be as a god; One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one To whom you are but as a form in wax 49 By him imprinted, and within his power To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. 52

Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is; But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice, The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes. 56
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me. I know not by what power I am made bold, Nor how it may concern my modesty 60 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts; But I beseech your Grace, that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius. 64
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure For ever the society of men. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires; Know of your youth, examine well your blood,