

「ACT I」

「Scene 1」

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, 「and Philostrate,」 with others.

THESEUS

FTLN 0001	Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour	
FTLN 0002	Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in	
FTLN 0003	Another moon. But, O, methinks how slow	
FTLN 0004	This old moon 「wanes!」 She lingers my desires	
FTLN 0005	Like to a stepdame or a dowager	5
FTLN 0006	Long withering out a young man's revenue.	

HIPPOLYTA

FTLN 0007	Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;	
FTLN 0008	Four nights will quickly dream away the time;	
FTLN 0009	And then the moon, like to a silver bow	
FTLN 0010	「New」-bent in heaven, shall behold the night	10
FTLN 0011	Of our solemnities.	

THESEUS

Go, Philostrate,

FTLN 0013	Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.	
FTLN 0014	Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.	
FTLN 0015	Turn melancholy forth to funerals;	15
FTLN 0016	The pale companion is not for our pomp.	

「Philostrate exits.」

FTLN 0017	Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword	
FTLN 0018	And won thy love doing thee injuries,	
FTLN 0019	But I will wed thee in another key,	
FTLN 0020	With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.	20

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander
and Demetrius.*

EGEUS

FTLN 0021 Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THESEUS

FTLN 0022 Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news with thee?

EGEUS

FTLN 0023 Full of vexation come I, with complaint
FTLN 0024 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
FTLN 0025 Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord, 25
FTLN 0026 This man hath my consent to marry her.—
FTLN 0027 Stand forth, Lysander.—And, my gracious duke,
FTLN 0028 This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.—
FTLN 0029 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
FTLN 0030 And interchanged love tokens with my child. 30
FTLN 0031 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
FTLN 0032 With feigning voice verses of feigning love
FTLN 0033 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
FTLN 0034 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
FTLN 0035 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers 35
FTLN 0036 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
FTLN 0037 With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
FTLN 0038 Turned her obedience (which is due to me)
FTLN 0039 To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
FTLN 0040 Be it so she will not here before your Grace 40
FTLN 0041 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
FTLN 0042 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
FTLN 0043 As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
FTLN 0044 Which shall be either to this gentleman
FTLN 0045 Or to her death, according to our law 45
FTLN 0046 Immediately provided in that case.

THESEUS

FTLN 0047 What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
FTLN 0048 To you, your father should be as a god,
FTLN 0049 One that composed your beauties, yea, and one