

Side 1 – Theseus, Hermia, Demetrius, Lysander, Egeus

**THESEUS**

What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

**HERMIA**

So is Lysander.

**THESEUS**

In himself he is,  
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

**HERMIA**

I would my father looked but with my eyes.

**THESEUS**

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

**HERMIA**

I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold,  
But I beseech your Grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

**THESEUS**

Either to die the death or to abjure  
Forever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,

Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)  
You can endure the livery of a nun,  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Take time to pause, and by the next new moon  
Upon that day either prepare to die  
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,

**DEMETRIUS**

Relent, sweet Hermia, and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

**LYSANDER**

You have her father's love, Demetrius.  
Let me have Hermia's. Do you marry him.

**EGEUS**

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.

**LYSANDER**, (*to Theseus*)

To death or to a vow of single life.—

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,  
As well possessed. My love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked  
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius';  
And (which is more than all these boasts can be)  
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

**THESEUS**

I must confess that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being overfull of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come,  
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me.  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will,  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up