

## Scene I.I

**Theseus:** 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  
Like to a stepdame or a dowager  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

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**Hippolyta:** Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

**Theseus:** Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.  
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword

And won thy love doing thee injuries,  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

## Scene I.II

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