Historical Interlude

Shakespeare First Folio circa 1620

Digital facsimile of the Bodleian First Folio of Shakespeare's plays, Arch. G c.7 http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/downloads.html#images

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 your blood, Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice) You can endure the liverie of a Nunne, For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd, To liue a barren sister all your life, Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone, Thrice bleffed they that mafter so their bloods

ike to a Step-dame, or a Dowager, The. Go Philostrate, urne melancholy forth to Funerals: ut I will wed thee in another key, y Noble Lord, nd my gracious Duke,

IDSOMMER Nights Dreame. Actus primus. With cunning haft thou filch'd my daughters heart, Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others. Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me) To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke, Be it so she will not heere before your Grace, Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre Consent to marrie with Demetrius. Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring i I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens; Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how flow As the is mine, I may dispose of her; This old Moon wanes; She lingers my defires Which shall be either to this Gentleman, Or to her death, according to our Law, ng withering out a yong mans reuennew. Immediately prouided in that case. Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep theselues in nights The. What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide, oure nights wil quickly dreame away the time: To you your Father should be as a God; nd then the Moone, like to a filuer bow, One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one low bent in heaven, shalbehold the night To whom you are but as a forme in waxe By him imprinted: and within his power, To leave the figure, or disfigure it: tirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments, Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman. wake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth, Her. Sois Lysander. The. In himselfe he is. he pale companion is not for our pompe, But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce. ippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword, The other must be held the worthier. nd wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries : Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes. The. Rather your cies must with his judgment looke. Vith pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling. Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me-I know not by what power I am made bold, Enter Egous and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, Nor how it may concerne my modeffie In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts: Ege. Happy be Thefeus, our renowned Duke. But I beseech your Grace, that I may know The. Thanks good Egens: what's the news with thee The worst that may befall me in this case, Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint If I refuse to wed Demetrius. gainst my childe, my daughter Hermia. Stand forth Dometrius The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure For ever the fociety of men Therefore faire Hermia question your defires, isman hath my consent to marrie her. Know of your youth, examine well your blood, Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice) You can endure the liverie of a Nunne, his man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe: For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd, hou, thou Lyfander, thou hast given her rimes, To liue a barren sister all your life, nd interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe: Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone, hou haft by Moone-light at her window fung, Thrice bleffed they that mafter so their blood, Vith faining voice, verses of faining loue, To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage, nd stolne the impression of her fantasie, But earthlierhappie is the Rose distil'd, Vith bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits, Then that which withering on the virgin thorne, inackes, trifles, Nofe-gaies, fweet meats (messengers Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.