

Act 1 Scene 1

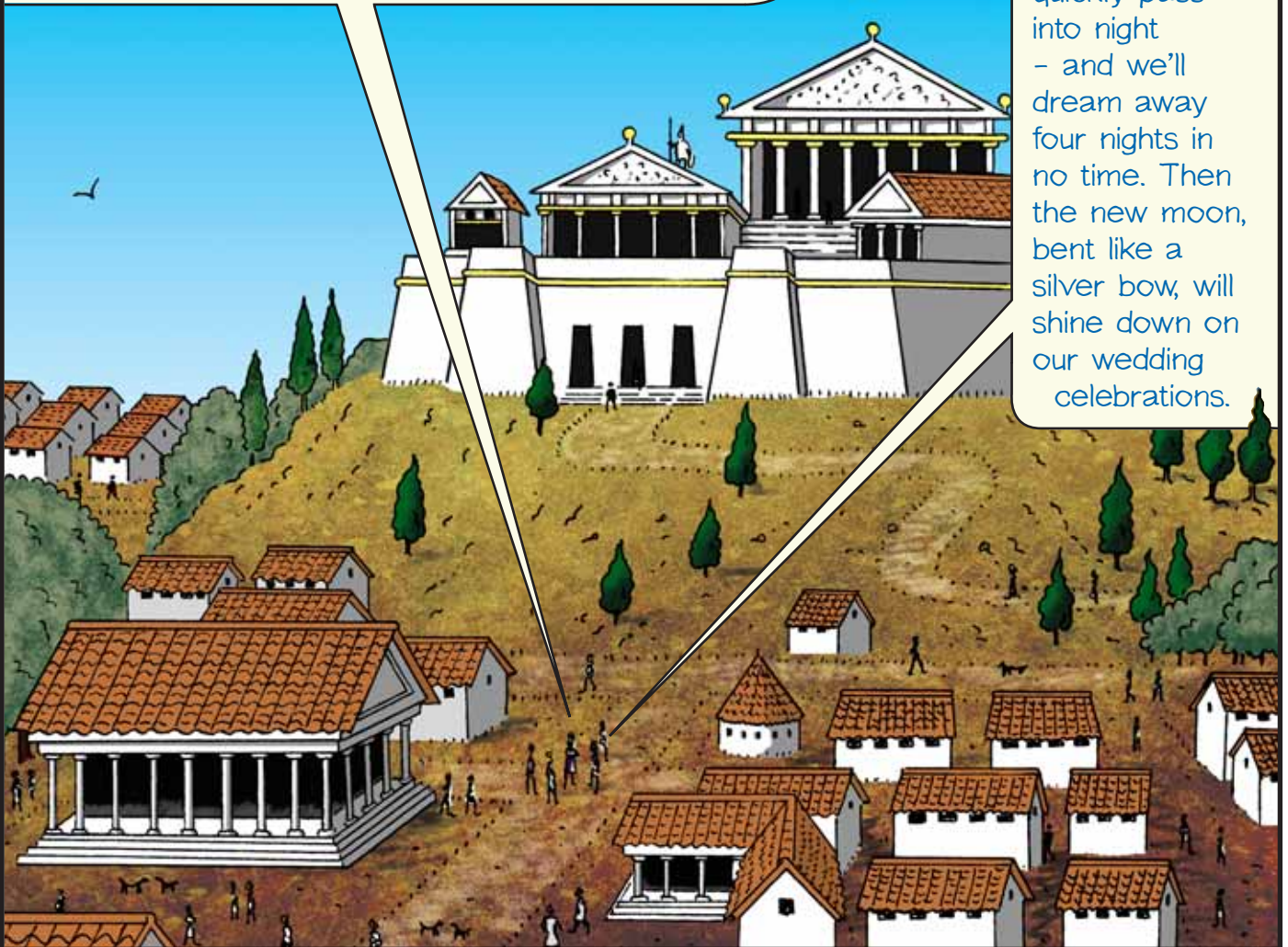
Duke Theseus is in Athens with Hippolyta and friends.

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 step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Our wedding day is getting near, Hippolyta. There are still four happy days before the next new moon - but how slowly the old one is moving! It's hanging around like an elderly relative who's wasting a young man's money as long as she's alive.

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.

Four days will quickly pass into night - and we'll dream away four nights in no time. Then the new moon, bent like a silver bow, will shine down on our wedding celebrations.

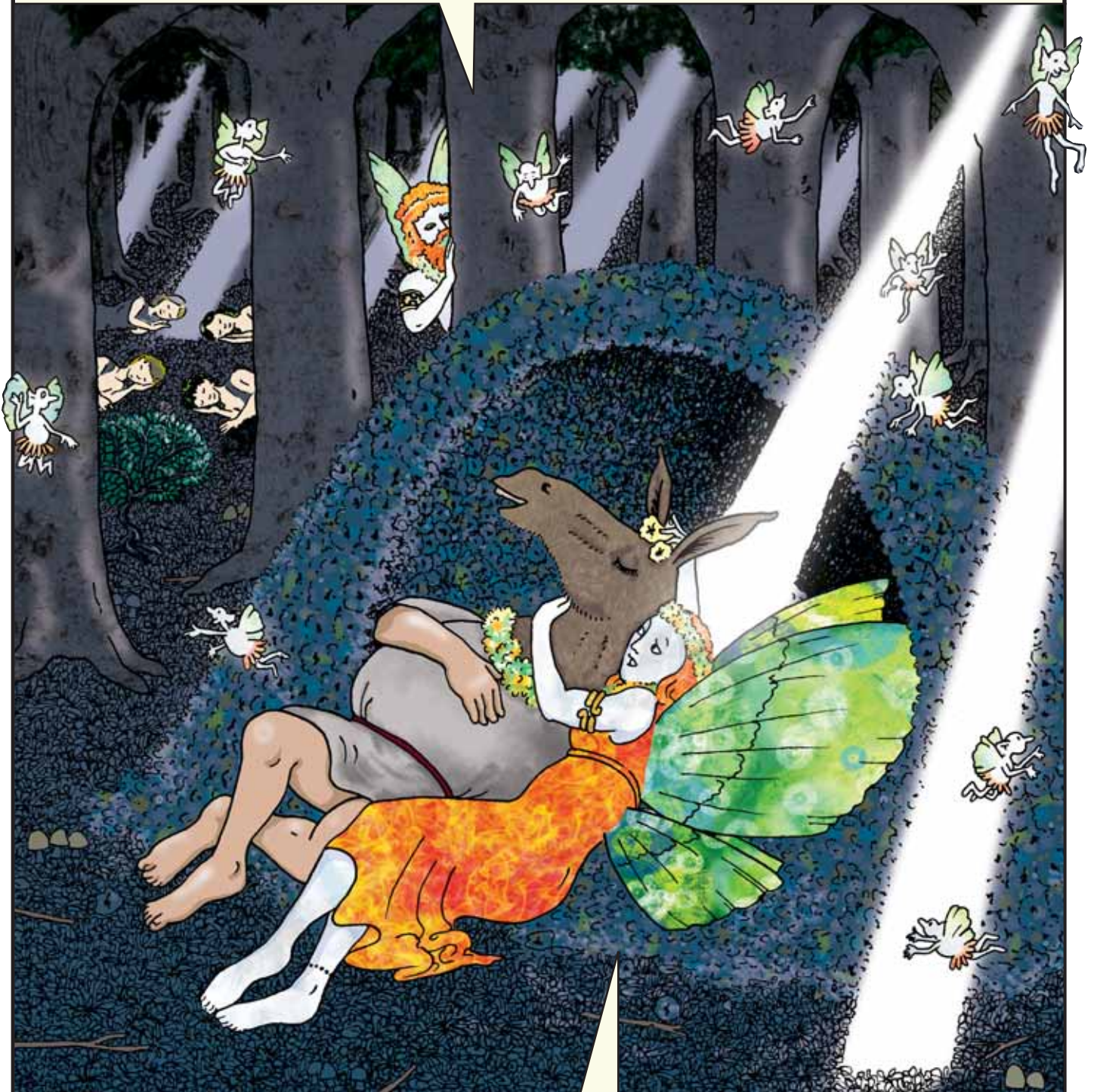


Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.
Hippolyta, I wooed you when our countries
were at war, and won your love when we
were fighting one another. But our
wedding will be completely different, filled
with ceremony, splendour and fun.



Truly, a peck of provender. I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow ... But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

I'd love a bit of food. I could eat some good dry oats. I really feel like eating a bottle of hay. There's nothing like good hay. But I beg you not to let anyone disturb me, as I suddenly feel very sleepy.



Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!

You sleep, and I will wrap you in my arms. Leave us, fairies. Fly off in all directions ... I'll curl round you the way one flower does another; gently twist around you the way ivy rings an old elm's branches. How I love you! How I worship you!



All that I have to say is to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' th' moon; this thorn bush, my thorn bush; and this dog, my dog.

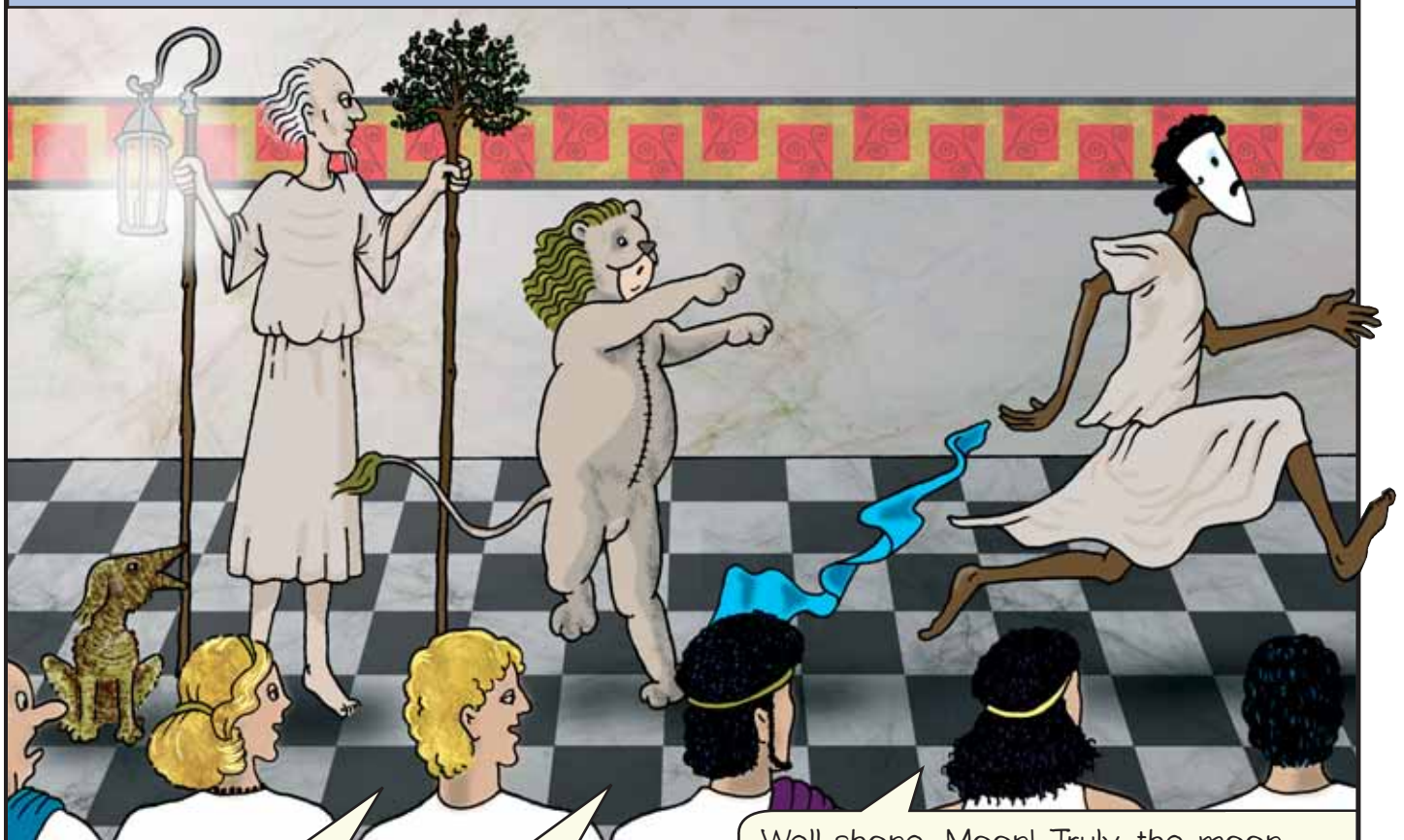
All I have to say is to tell you that this lantern is the moon, and that I am the man in the moon. This thorn bush is my thorn bush, and this dog is my dog.

Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon.

But silence! Here comes Thisbe.

They should all be in the moon because they're all lunatics. But silence! Here comes Thisbe.

As Thisbe enters, the lion roars. She runs off stage, but leaving her shawl.



Well roared, Lion!
Good roaring,
Lion!

Well run, Thisbe!
Good running,
Thisbe!

Well shone, Moon! Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.
Good shining, Moon. It has to be said, the moon shines very well.