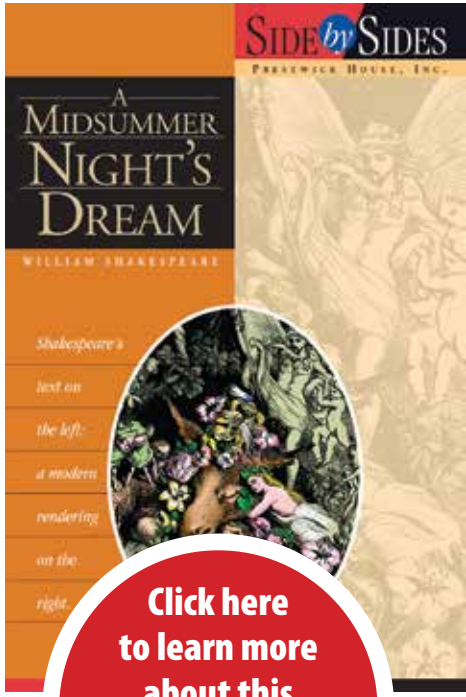




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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens
EGEUS, father to Hermia
LYSANDER, in love with Hermia
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus
QUINCE, a carpenter
SNUG, a joiner
BOTTOM, a weaver
FLUTE, a bellows-mender
SNOUT, a tinker
STARVELING, a tailor

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus
HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander
HELENA, in love with Demetrius

OBERON, King of the Fairies
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies
PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW
PEASEBLOSSOM, fairy
COBWEB, fairy
MOTH, fairy
MUSTARDSEED, fairy

PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION are presented
by: QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, STARVELING, AND SNUG

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

Wings and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 245 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured everywhere;
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 250 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
 Then to the wood will he tomorrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
 255 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again.

[Exit]

SCENE II. Athens
Quince's house

[Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling]

QUINCE: Is all our company here?

BOTTOM: You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.

5 QUINCE: Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought
 fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the
 duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.

BOTTOM: First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then
read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

*in it, he is so often tricked. Boys in their games often swear
 that Love is unkind. Before Demetrius looked on the eyes of
 Hermia he swore that he was only mine. When he felt some
 heat from Hermia, he melted and those beautiful oaths dis-
 solved. I will go tell him that Hermia has fled. He will go to
 the wood tomorrow night and pursue her. If he thanks me
 it will be costly since I mean to have him return to me.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II Athens.
Quince's house

[Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom Flute, Snout, and Starveling]

QUINCE. *(Speaking to the group)* Is all our company here?

BOTTOM. *It is best to call them "generally", man by man, according
to our list.*

QUINCE. *Here is the scroll of every man's name who is thought fit
throughout all of Athens to act in our short play before the
Duke and the Duchess on their wedding night.*

BOTTOM. *First, good Peter Quince, say what the play is about. Then,
read the names of the actors; and so come to a finish.*

125 His mother was a votaress of my order;
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
 130 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
 135 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

140 OBERON: How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA: Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

145 OBERON: Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITANIA: Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.
 We shall chide downright if I longer stay.
 [Exit Titania with her train]

OBERON: Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove
 Till I torment thee for this injury.
 150 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 155 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

mother was a worshiper of my order; and, in the spiced Indian air, by night, often has she spoken by my side and sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, watching the merchants sail on the water. We have laughed to see the sails fill and grow big-bellied with the spirited wind. She would imitate them with a swimming motion. After, her womb then rich with my young squire, she would sail upon the land to fetch me trifles, and return again as if from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, died when that boy was born. It is for her sake that I do raise her boy; and for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON. *How long do you intend to stay within this wood?*

TITANIA. *Probably until after Theseus' wedding day. If you will patiently dance in our circle and see our moonlight revels, go with us. If not, ignore me, and I will leave your haunts.*

OBERON. *Give me that boy and I will go with you.*

TITANIA. *Not for your whole fairy kingdom. Fairies, go away. We shall fight if I stay longer.*

[Exit Titania with her train]

OBERON. *Well, do what you want but you shall not go from this grove until I torment you for this insult. My gentle Puck, come here. Do you remember when I once sat upon a cliff and heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back uttering such beautiful and harmonious sound that the rough sea grew calm at her song, and shooting stars fell wildly from their orbits to hear the seamaiden's music?*

65 PUCK: What hempen home-spuns have we swagg'ring here,
 So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
 What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
 An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE: Speak, Pyramus. Thisbe, stand forth.

70 BOTTOM: Thisbe, the flowers of odious savors sweet—

QUINCE: 'Odours,' odours!

BOTTOM: —odours savors sweet;
 So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.
 But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
 75 And by and by I will to thee appear.

[Exit]

PUCK: A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[Exit]

FLUTE: Must I speak now?

QUINCE: Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but
 to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

80 FLUTE: Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
 Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
 Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
 As true as truest horse, that would never tire,
 I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

85 QUINCE: 'Ninus' tomb,' man! Why, you must not speak that yet;
 that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at
 once, cues, and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is
 'never tire.'

FLUTE: O— As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

PUCK. *What simple men do we have making noise here so near the
 bed of the Fairy Queen? What, a play! I'll be the judge; an
 actor, too, perhaps, if I see a need.*

QUINCE. *[Giving directions] Speak, Pyramus. Thisbe, stand here.*

BOTTOM. *Thisbe, the flowers of 'odious' smell so sweetly.*

QUINCE. *Not 'Odious'- odorous!*

BOTTOM. *—odors smell so sweetly; so does the breath of my dear
 Thisbe. But wait, a voice! Stay here a while, and by and by
 I will appear to you.*

[Exit]

PUCK. *A stranger Pyramus has never been played.*

[Exit]

FLUTE. *Should I speak now?*

QUINCE. *Yes, yes, you must; for you must understand he goes to see
 a noise that he heard and then comes back again.*

FLUTE. *Most beautiful Pyramus, most lily-white, of color like the
 red rose on a triumphant plant. Most frisky youth, and also
 most lovely outcast, as true as the truest horse who would
 never tire, I'll meet you, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

QUINCE. *'Ninus' tomb,' man! But, you must not speak that yet. That
 is your answer to Pyramus. You are speaking all your part
 at once, cues, and all. Pyramus enter. Your cue is already
 spoken; it was 'never tire.'*

OBERON: Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK: Then will two at once woo one.
120 That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

[Enter Lysander and Helena]

LYSANDER: Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
125 Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HELENA: You do advance your cunning more and more.
130 When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

135 LYSANDER: I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA: Not none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER: Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS: [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
140 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
145 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

OBERON. *Stand aside. The noise they make will cause Demetrius to
wake.*

PUCK. *Then will the two begin to court and this will be a rare sight.
The stranger the scene, the better I'll like it.*

[Enter Lysander and Helena]

LYSANDER. *Why do you think that I am teasing you? Scorn and deri-
sion never come with tears, and look, I weep. These new
vows are all true. How can these true feelings in me seem
scornful, bearing as they do my sincerest faith.*

HELENA. *[Angrily] You are even more tricky when truth kills truth.
O what a tangled mess. These vows are for Hermia. Will
you give her up? If we weigh pledge with pledge you will see
no difference. Your vows to her and me, put on two scales,
will weigh evenly and both are light and flimsy lies.*

LYSANDER. *I was not thinking when I swore to her.*

HELENA. *Nor are you now, when you give her up.*

LYSANDER. *Demetrius loves her, not you.*

DEMETRIUS. *[Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare your eyes? Crystal is
muddy. O, how ripe are your lips, those kissing cherries
are very tempting! Pure snow looks dark when compared
to your hand. O, let me kiss this princess of pure white, this
seals our happiness! [Tries to kiss Helena]*

[Enter Hermia]

HERMIA: Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 180 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense.
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 185 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER: Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA: What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER: Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
 190 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA: You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

HELENA: Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
 195 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
 To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived,
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 200 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 205 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

[Enter Hermia]

HERMIA. *Dark night keeps you from seeing clearly but it makes your hearing better. It impairs the seeing sense, but it pays the hearing one double. My eyes have not found Lysander but I hear him. [Finding Lysander] But why did you leave me?*

LYSANDER. *Why should he stay whom love forces to leave?*

HERMIA. *What love could force Lysander from my side?*

LYSANDER. *Lysander's love would not let him stay. It is fair Helena who makes the night shine more strongly than all the fiery stars and specks of light. Why do you seek me? Can you not figure out that my dislike for you made me leave you?*

HERMIA. *You do not speak as you feel—it cannot be.*

HELENA. *She is in on this conspiracy! Now I perceive that all three have joined to make this mean sport to spite me. Hurtful Hermia! Most ungrateful maiden! Have you conspired, have you joined with these two to tease me with this foul joke? Have all the secrets that we two have shared, the sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent together not wanting to leave each other—is this all forgotten? All our school-days' friendship, our childhood's innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, have knitted with our needles a single flower, whether it was by singing or talking or working together. Our hands, our sides, our voices, and our minds have been joined. We grew together like a double cherry, seemingly separate but still joined together. Two lovely berries molded on one stem with two bodies, but*

HERMIA: What! with Lysander?

330 HELENA: With Demetrius.

LYSANDER: Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS: No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA: O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd;
 335 She was a vixen when she went to school;
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA: 'Little' again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

LYSANDER: Get you gone, you dwarf;
 340 You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
 You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS: You are too officious
 In her behalf that scorns your services.
 Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
 345 Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
 Never so little show of love to her,
 Thou shalt aby it.

LYSANDER: Now she holds me not.
 Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
 350 Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS: Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius]

HERMIA: You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
 Nay, go not back.

HERMIA. What! With Lysander?

HELENA. With Demetrius.

LYSANDER. Do not be afraid; she shall not harm you, Helena.

DEMETRIUS. No, sir, she shall not, even though you take her side.

HELENA. O, when she is angry, she is spirited; she was wild when
 she went to school; and, though she is little, she is fierce.

HERMIA. 'Little' again! Nothing but 'small' and 'little'! Why will you
 allow her to berate me like this? Let me at her.

LYSANDER. Get away, you dwarf. You little thing made from grass
 that stunts—you tiny bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS. You are too meddling in behalf of one who scorns your
 services. Leave her alone; speak not of Helena; do not take
 her part. If you intend to show a little love to her, you will
 pay for it.

LYSANDER. She does not hold me. Follow, if you dare, to determine
 who is most favored by Helena, you or I.

DEMETRIUS. Follow! No, I'll go with you, at your side as an equal.

[Exit Lysander and Demetrius]

HERMIA. Well, girl, all of this disruption is because of you.

PUCK: Come hither; I am here.

445 DEMETRIUS: Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
 If ever I thy face by daylight see;
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.
 By day's approach look to be visited.
 [Lies down and sleeps]

[Enter Helena]

450 HELENA: O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
 That I may back to Athens by daylight,
 From these that my poor company detest.
 And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
 455 Steal me awhile from mine own company.
 [Lies down and sleeps]

PUCK: Yet but three? Come one more;
 Two of both kinds makes up four.
 Here she comes, curst and sad.
 Cupid is a knavish lad,
 460 Thus to make poor females mad.

[Enter Hermia]

HERMIA: Never so weary, never so in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
 I can no further crawl, no further go;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
 465 Here will I rest me till the break of day.
 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
 [Lies down and sleeps]

PUCK: On the ground
 Sleep sound;
 I'll apply

PUCK. Come here; I am here.

*DEMETRIUS. You mock me. You shall pay dearly if ever I face you
 by daylight. Now go your way. My weary bones force me
 to stretch out my body on this cold bed. Look to be caught
 at daybreak.*

[Lies down and sleeps]

[Enter Helena]

*HELENA. O weary night, O long and tedious night, be finished!
 Shine from the East, so I may go back to Athens by day-
 light, away from these that my poor mind detests. And
 sleep, that sometimes closes sad eyes, steal me a while from
 my own company.*

[Sleeps]

*PUCK. Only three? Here comes another; two of both kinds makes
 four. Here she comes, fiery and sad. Cupid is a silly boy to
 make these girls upset.*

[Enter Hermia]

*HERMIA. I never was so weary, never so sorrowful splotched with
 the dew and torn by thorns. I can not crawl or walk further.
 My legs cannot keep pace with my desires. Here I will rest
 until daybreak. Heavens protect Lysander if it looks like a
 fight!*

[Lies down and sleeps]

*PUCK. Sleep well on the ground I'll apply to each eye, a gentle
 remedy. [Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes] When*

[Enter Puck]

OBERON: [Advancing] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

45 Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 50 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls
 Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 55 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 60 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain,
 That he awaking when the other do
 65 May all to Athens back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.
 [Touching her eyes]
 Be as thou wast wont to be;
 70 See as thou was wont to see.
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.
 Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

75 TITANIA: My Oberon! What visions have I seen!
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

[Enter Puck]

OBERON. [Advancing] Welcome, good Robin. Do you see this sweet sight? Her love now I do begin to pity. Meeting her lately behind the wood, seeking sweet favors for this stupid fool, I yelled at her and fell out with her. For she has covered his hairy temples with rings of fresh and fragrant flowers. The dew which previously filled small flowers like wonderful pearls now is disgraced. I had taunted her at my pleasure and she in mild terms-begged for my patience. Then I did ask her for her Indian child. Immediately, she gave the child to me and her fairy was sent to bear him to my home in fairyland. Now that I have the boy, I will undo this hateful imperfection of her eyes. Gentle Puck, take this transformed skull from off the head of this Athenian man so that when he awakens, they may all go back to Athens and think only of this night's accidents as a bad dream. But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

[Touching her eyes]

Be as you were; see as you used to see. This flower will return all to their former ways. Now, my Titania; wake, my sweet queen.

TITANIA. My Oberon! What visions have I seen! I thought I was in love with an ass.

SCENE II
Athens.
Quince's house

[Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling]

QUINCE: Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

STARVELING: He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

FLUTE: If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

5 QUINCE: It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

FLUTE: No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

10 QUINCE: Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLUTE: You must say 'paragon.' A paramour is- God bless us!—A thing of naught.

[Enter Snug]

15 SNUG: Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple; and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLUTE: O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day.

SCENE II
Athens.
Quince's house

[Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling]

QUINCE. *Have you checked at Bottom's house? Has he come home yet?*

STARVELING. *He has not been seen. No doubt he was carried off by spirits.*

FLUTE. *If he doesn't come, then the play is ruined; it cannot go forward, can it?*

QUINCE. *It is not possible. There is not a man in all Athens able to act the role of Pyramus except Bottom.*

FLUTE. *No; he has simply the best ability of any working man in Athens.*

QUINCE. *Yes, and the best person, too, since he is the very best "lover" with his sweet voice.*

FLUTE. *You must say 'paragon.' A lover is—God bless us!—A thing of nothingness.*

[Enter Snug]

SNUG. *Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple with two or three lords and ladies now married. If our play had gone forward, we would all have been made a little wealthier.*

FLUTE. *O sweet, good Bottom! He lost his good pay for this day. He could not have made this much in another fashion. If the*

305 HIPPOLYTA: Methinks she should not use a long one for such a
Pyramus; I hope she will be brief.

DEMETRIUS: A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which
Thisbe, is the better,—he for a man, God warrant us: She
for a woman, God bless us!

310 LYSANDER: She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEMETRIUS: And thus she moans, videlicet:—

THISBE: Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise,
315 Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
320 These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone;
Lovers, make moan;
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
325 Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
330 Tongue, not a word.
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue.
[Stabs herself]
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends;
335 Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies]

HIPPOLYTA. *I think she should not have as long a speech as Pyramus;
I hope she will be brief.*

DEMETRIUS. *A tiny thing will decide whether Pyramus or Thisbe is
the better actor—he for a man, God help us—or she for a
woman,—God bless us!*

LYSANDER. *She has spied him already with those sweet eyes.*

DEMETRIUS. *And thus she moans-*

THISBE. *Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise,
315 Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover your sweet eyes,
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
320 These yellow rose cheeks,
Are gone, are gone;
Lovers, make moan;
His eyes were green as onions.
O these Fates, Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in blood,
Since you have cut
325 With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, do not say a word.
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, color my breast.
[Stabs herself]
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends;
330 Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.
[Dies]*

Study Guide

Act I, Scene 1 (Athens, the Duke's palace)

1. As Theseus eagerly awaits his marriage day, four days hence, what does he tell Philostrate to do regarding the residents of Athens?
2. In the same speech, what do we learn of the earlier relationship between Theseus and Hippolyta?
3. Of what does Egeus accuse Lysander?
4. What does Egeus request of the Duke?
5. What does Theseus say is Hermia's responsibility?
6. In her responses to the Duke, what kind of person does Hermia show herself to be?
7. Hermia speaks and give the first of many mentions to "eye." What juxtaposition is set up by this?
8. In his response to her question, what does the Duke tell Hermia may happen to her if she continues to refuse to obey?
9. In the last line of his speech to the Duke, why does Lysander call Demetrius inconstant?
10. The Duke, admits having heard this, but has been too consumed with his own affairs, and prepares to leave the room. What ultimatum does he give Hermia?
11. The Duke has told Hermia what the law is and that it will be followed. From his behavior and manner, what do you think the Duke represents?
12. In the exchange that follows between Lysander and Hermia, what do they say impedes "the course of true love"? List 6 impediments.
13. What plan does Lysander propose in order to marry Hermia?
14. What does Helena suggest is love's attraction?
15. What are Helena's comments on love near the end of Scene 1?
16. What plan of action does Helena decide to take?
17. What is the setting for this first scene? What does the setting suggest?
18. Explain what these characters say about love:
 - A. Theseus and Hippolyta
 - B. Hermia and Lysander
 - C. Demetrius
 - D. Helena
19. Some readers complain that it is hard to tell the four lovers apart because they all seem to talk and think alike. What might be a reason for this?