**MONOLOGUE OPTIONS**

**HELENA(Act I, Scene 1)**

How happy some o'er other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; He will not know what all but he do know:

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, so I, admiring of his qualities: Things base and vile, holding no quantity, love can transpose to form and dignity: Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste; Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste: And therefore is Love said to be a child, because in choice he is so oft beguiled. 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, so he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

**HERMIA(Act 3 Scene 2)**

O me! You juggler! You canker-blossom! You thief of love! What, have you come by night and stolen my love’s heart from him?

Puppet?! Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare between our statures;

she hath urged her height; and with her personage, her tall personage, her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem; because I am so dwarfish and so low? How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak! How low am I? I am not yet so low but that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

**PUCK**(Act II, Scene 1)

Thou speak'st aright; I am that merry wanderer of the night. I jest to Oberon and make him smile when I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, neighing in likeness of a filly foal:

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl, in very likeness of a roasted crab, and when she drinks, against her lips I bob and on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she, and 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh, and waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear a merrier hour was never wasted there.

But, room, fairy! Here comes Oberon.

**TITANIA (Act 3 Scene 1)**

Out of this wood do not desire to go. Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate, The Summer still doth tend upon my state. And I do love thee; therefore go with me. I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, and they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, and sing while thou, on pressèd flowers, dost sleep,

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so that thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed! Be kind and courteous to this gentleman. Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes. Feed him with apricots and dewberries, with purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries. The honeybags steal from the humble-bees, and for night tapers crop their waxen thighs and light them at the fiery glow-worms’ eyes to have my love to bed, and to arise. And pluck the wings from painted butterflies to fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

**OBERON(Act II, Scene 1)**

I pray thee, give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet musk-roses and with eglantine: There sleeps Titania sometime of the night lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight; And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in: And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, and make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove: A sweet Athenian lady is in love with a disdainful youth: Anoint his eyes; But do it when the next thing he espies may be the lady: Thou shalt know the man by the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove more fond on her than she upon her love: And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

**THESEUS(Act V, Scene 1)**

More strange than true: I never may believe these antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination that if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

**BOTTOM(Act IV, Scene 1)**

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

**DEMETRIUS (Act IV, Scene 1)**

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth, of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither follow'd them, fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power, but by some power it is, my love to Hermia, melted as the snow, seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaud which in my childhood I did dote upon; And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, the object and the pleasure of mine eye, is only Helena. To her, my lord, was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia: But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food; But, as in health, come to my natural taste, now I do wish it, love it, long for it, and will for evermore be true to it.

**QUINCE (Act 5 Scene 1)**

The actors are at hand and by their show you shall know all that you are like to know.

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show; But wonder on, till truth make all things plain. This man is Pyramus, if you would know; This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder; And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content to whisper. At the which let no man wonder. This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn, presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know, by moonshine did these lovers think no scorn to meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, the trusty Thisby, coming first by night, did scare away, or rather did affright; And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall, which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, and finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain: Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, he bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast; And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade, his dagger drew, and died.