

## **Lysander, Demetrius, Snug**

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and Earth,  
And, ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.  
So quick bright things come to confusion.  
A good persuasion. Therefore, hear me, Hermia:  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then  
Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night,  
And in the wood a league without the town  
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena  
To do observance to a morn of May),  
There will I stay for thee.