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A midsummer night's dream quotes about dreams

Quote 1: "Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour/ Draws on apace." Act 1, Scene 1, line 1 Quote 2: "With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,/ Turned her obedience, which is due to me,/ to stubborn harshness." Act 1, Scene 1, lines 36-38 Quote 3: "Either to die the death or to abjure/ Forever the society of men." Act 1, Scene 1, lines 65-66 Quote 4: "She, sweet lady, dotes,/ Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,/ Upon this spotted and inconstant man." Act 1, Scene 1, lines 109-110 Quote 5: "The course of true love never did run smooth." Act 1, Scene 1, line 134 Quote 6: "The more [Hermia] hate, the more [Demetrius] follows me." Act 1, Scene 1, line 198 Quote 7: "The more [Helena] love, the more [Demetrius] hateth me." Act 1, Scene 1, line 199 Quote 8: "Through Athens I [Helena] am thought as fair as she [Hermia]." Act 1, Scene 1, line 227 Quote 9: "You are that shrewd and knavish sprite/ Called Robin Goodfellow." Act 2, Scene 1, line 33 Quote 10: "And sometimes lurk I [Puck] in a gossip's bowl." Act 2, Scene 1, line 47 Quote 11: "Not for thy [Oberon's] fairy kingdom" Act 2, Scene 1, line 144 Quote 12: "Thou [Titania] shalt not from this grove/ Till I torment thee for this injury." Act 2, Scene 1, line 146 Quote 13: "Make [Titania] render up her page to me." Act 2, Scene 1, line 185 Quote 14: "We cannot fight for love, as men may do/ We should be wooed and were not made to woo./ I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,/ to die upon the hand I love so well." Act 2, Scene 1, lines 241-244 Quote 15: "Thou shalt know the man/ By the Athenian garments he hath on." Act 2, Scene 1, lines 263-264 Quote 16: "When thou wakest, it is thy dear,/ Wake when some vile thing is near." Act 2, Scene 2, lines 33-34 Quote 17: "Then end life when I [Lysander] end loyalty!" Act 2, Scene 2, line 63 Quote 18: "When thou [Lysander] wakest, let love forbid." Act 2, Scene 2, line 80 Quote 19: "Not Hermia but Helena I [Lysander] love." Act 2, Scene 2, line 113 Quote 20: "Methought [Hermia] a serpent eat my heart away, / And you sat smiling at his cruel prey." Act 2, Scene 2, line 150 Quote 21: "Thou [Bottom] art translated." Act 3, Scene 1, line 121 Quote 22: "What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?..On the first view to say, to swear, I [Titania] love thee [Bottom]." Act 3, Scene 1, lines 132, 144 Quote 23: "When in that moment, so it came to pass,/ Titania waked and straightway loved an ass." Act 3, Scene 2, lines 32-33 Quote 24: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Act 3, Scene 2, lines 115 Quote 25: "O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent/ To set against me for your merriment:/ If you we re civil and knew courtesy, You would not do me thus much injury. Can you not hate me, as I know you do, But you must join in souls to mock me too? If you were men, as men you are in show, You would not use a gentle lady so:/ To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts, When I am sure you hate me with your hearts. You both are rivals, and love Hermia: And now both rivals, to mock Helena: A trim exploit, a manly enterprise, To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes/ With your derision! none of noble sort/ Would so offend a virgin, and extort A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport." Act 2, Scene 2, lines 145-161 Quote 26: "Hang of, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose/ Or I [Lysander] will shake thee [Hermia] from me like a serpent!" Act 3, Scene 2, lines 260-261 Quote 27: "Two of both kinds makes up four..In your waking shall be shown: / Jack shall have Jill; / Nought shall go ill: / The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well." Act 3, Scene 2, lines 438-463 Quote 28: "May all to Athens back again repair / And think no more of this night's accidents / But as the fierce vexation of a dream." Act 4, Scene 1, lines 70-72 Quote 29: "My Oberon! What visions have I seen!/ Methought I was enamored of an ass." Act 4, Scene 1, lines 79-80 Quote 30: "I know you two are rival enemies/ How comes this gentle concord in the world,/ That hatred is so far from jealousy, / To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?" Act 4, Scene 1, lines 146-149 Quote 31: "God's my life, stolen hence, and left me [Bottom] 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." Act 4, Scene 1, lines 208-210 Quote 32: "He [Bottom] hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens." Act 4, Scene 2, line 10 Quote 33: "I never may believe / These antique fables, nor these fairy toys." Act 5, Scene 1, lines 2-3 Quote 34: "His [Bottom's] speech was like a tangled chain;/ Nothing impaired, but all disordered." Act 5, Scene 1, lines 123-124 Quote 35: "Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man." Act 5, Scene 1, line 295 Quote 36: "I [Puck] am sent with broom before, / To sweep the dust behind the door." Act 5, Scene 1, lines 396-397 Quote 37: "If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumbered here/ While these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend. If you pardon, we will mend. And, as I am an honest Puck, If we have unearned luck/ Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck a liar call. So, goodnight unto you all. Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends." Act 5, Scene 1, lines 430-445 From Wikiquote Jump to navigation Jump to search Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. A Midsummer Night's Dream, written in approximately 1595 or 1596, is a romantic comedy by William Shakespeare. Act I[edit] Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights; 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. But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn, Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness. For aught that ever I could read, Could ever hear by tale or history, The course of true love never did run smooth. O, hell! to choose love by another's eye. 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. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is winged 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. Masters, spread yourselves. This is Ercles' vein. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. I am slow of study. That would hang us, every mother's son. I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you, an 'twere any nightingale. A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. Act II[edit] 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... Over hill, over dale, Thorough bush, thorough briar, Over park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wander everywhere, Swifter than the moon's sphere; And I serve the fairy queen, To dew her orbs upon the green. The cowslips tall her pensioners be; In their gold coats, spots you see; Those be rubies, fairy favours, In their freckles live our savours. I must go seek some dew-drops here, And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone; My queen and all her elves come here anon! Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. The human mortals. 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; And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, To hear the sea-maid's music. And the imperial votaress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower, Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound, — And maidens call it love-in-idleness. I'll put a girdle round about the earth In forty minutes. What thou seest when thou dost wake Do it for thy true-love take: My heart's true as steel. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows, Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine. What thou seest when thou dost wake, Do it for thy true-love take: Love and languish for his sake: Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, Pard, or boar with bristled hair, In thy eye that shall appear: When thou wakest, it is thy dear: Wake when some vile thing is near. Act III[edit] Lord, what fools these mortals be! A lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing. 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. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help! Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays. Lord, what fools these mortals be! And those things do best please me. That do befall preposterously. So we grew together. Like to a double cherry, seeming parted; But yet a union in partition, Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. I am amazed and know not what to say. Cupid is a knavish lad! Thus to make poor females mad. Act IV[edit] I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. 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. It seems to me that yet we sleep, we dream. Act V[edit] If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumber'd here/ While these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend. If you pardon, we will mend. And, as I am an honest Puck, If we have unearned luck/ Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck a liar call. So, goodnight unto you all. Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. External links[edit] Wikipedia has an article about: A Midsummer Night's Dream Wikisource has original text related to: A Midsummer Night's Dream ASK OUR MANAGER TO FIND A BETTER QUOTE OR IT'S PAGE NUMBER GET HELP 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 suppos'd a bear. But all the story of the night told over, And their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy. But howsoever strange and admirable. For never anything can be amiss, When simpleness and duty tender it. The best beginning of our end. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience. I am a-weary of this moon; would he would change! Theseus: This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad. Hippolyta: Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumber'd here/ While these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding, but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend: If you pardon, we will mend. And, as I am an honest Puck, If we have unearned luck/ Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck a liar call. So good night unto you all. Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. External links[edit] Wikipedia has an article about: A Midsummer Night's Dream Wikisource has original text related to: A Midsummer Night's Dream ASK OUR MANAGER TO FIND A BETTER QUOTE OR IT'S PAGE NUMBER GET HELP 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. If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumbered here/ While these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend: If you pardon, we will mend: And, as I am an honest Puck, If we have unearned luck/ Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck a liar call: So, good night unto you all. Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. 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. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains/ Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend/ More than cool reason ever comprehends. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd! She was a vixen when she went to school; And though she be but little, she is fierce. So we grew together. Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet an union in partition, Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. Thus I die. Thus, thus, thus. Now I am dead, Now I am fled, My soul is in the sky. Tongue, lose thy light. Moon take thy flight. Now die, die, die, die. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. For you, in my respect, are all the world. Then how can it be said I am alone. When all the world is here to look on me? 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. The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be changed: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind/ Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed, When cowardice pursues and valour flies. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn? Scorn and derision never come in tears: 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? 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. My Oberon, what visions have I seen! Methought I was enamored of an ass. Titania, Act IV, Scene 1, Lines 76-77 Let me play the lion too: I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again. O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow! The iron tongue of Midnight hath told twelve lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. I fear weshall outstep the coming moras much as we this night over-watch'd. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.— Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts! I will not trust you, I, Nor longer stay in your curst company. Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray. My legs are longer though, to run away. BOTTOM There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that? SNOOTY'r lakin, a parlous fear. STARVELINGI believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done. BOTTOM Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem today, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the morebetter assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put themout of fear. QUINCE Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall bewritten in eight and six. BOTTOM No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights; 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. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius! Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: We cannot fight for love, as men ay do; We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo. I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, To die upon the hand I love so well.

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