

Passage 1

OBERON

I know a bank

where the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips

and the nodding violet grows,

Quite overcanopied

with luscious woodbine,

With sweet muskroses,

and with eglantine.

There sleeps Titania

sometime of the night,

Lulled in these flowers

with dances and delight.

And there the snake

throws her enameled 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.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Act 2, Scene 1, lines 257-266

Passage 2

PUCK

Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand,

And the youth mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee.

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Act 3, Scene 2, lines 112-117

Passage 3

BOTTOM

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.

...

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.

A Midsummer Night's Dream
Act 4, Scene 1, lines 214-225

Passage 4

THESEUS

*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! ...

HIPPOLYTA

*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.*

*A Midsummer Night's Dream
Act 1, Scene 1, lines 1ff.*

Passage 5

VIOLA / CESARIO

If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suff'ring,

such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense.

I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA / CESARIO

Make me a willow cabin at your gate

And call upon my soul within the house,

Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love

*And sing them loud even in the dead of
night,*

*Hallow your name to the reverberate
hills*

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out "Olivia!"

O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth

But you should pity me.

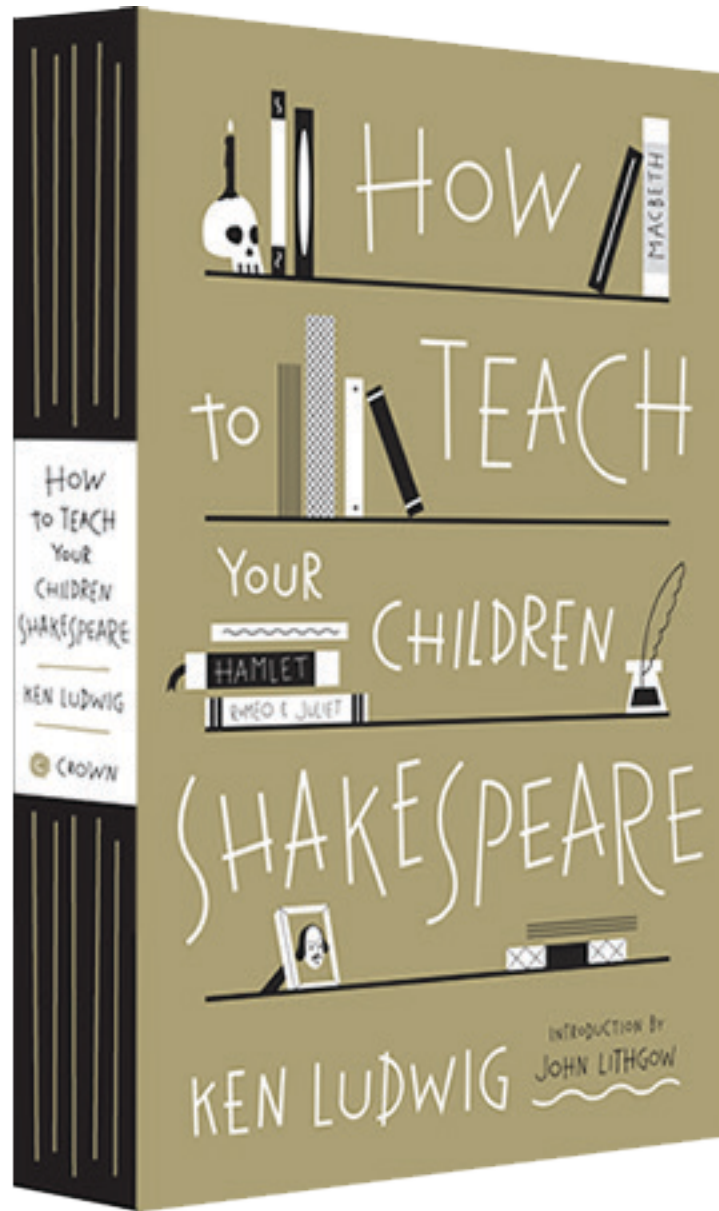
OLIVIA

You might do much.

Twelfth Night

Act 1, Scene 5, lines 266-280

For guidance learning these passages, be sure to read
How to Teach Your Children Shakespeare
by Ken Ludwig



HowToTeachYourChildrenShakespeare.com