

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Monologues*

### *Midsummer Night's Dream: Oberon*

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 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.