

EGEUS:

Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth Lysander. And, my gracious Duke,  
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung  
With fainting voice verses of feigning love,  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy.  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,  
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)  
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious Duke,  
Be it so she will not here, before your Grace,  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death, according to our law.