

LYSANDER:

The course of true love never did run smooth.

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.

Therefore, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town

There will I stay for thee.