

Who says it? To whom are they talking? What are they talking about?

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander; and, my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child

Now, fair Hippolyta, our natural lord
Draws on apace

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager ...
From Athens is her house removed seven leagues, ...
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee; ...
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

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he tomorrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.