

A Midsummer Night's Dream

by William Shakespeare

for The Orlando Shakespeare Theater in partnership with UCF
2011

1.1-A

Athens. The palace of Theseus. He and Hippolyta dance...

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;

THESEUS: Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, and his daughter HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

1.1-B

PORTIA: Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

THESEUS: Thanks, good Portia; what's the news with thee?

PORTIA: 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 man 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 cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
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.

THESEUS: What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your mother should be as a god;
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA: So is Lysander.

THESEUS: In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your mother's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HERMIA: I would my mother look'd but with my eyes.

THESEUS: Rather your eyes must with her judgment look.

HERMIA: I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THESEUS: Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

HERMIA: So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord.

THESEUS: Take time to pause; and by the next new moon-
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your mother's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

DEMETRIUS: Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYSANDER: You have her mother's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry her.

PORTIA: Scornful Lysander, true, he hath my love;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

LYSANDER: I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

THESEUS: Demetrius and Portia; come with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?

PORTIA: With duty and desire we follow you.

1.1-C

Exeunt all but LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER: How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?

HERMIA: Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER: Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;

CORDELIA: After the members of the court have gone, Lysander proposes to Hermia. He tells her about a plan he has for them to flee Athens to go live with his Aunt in another city. Just as they are agreeing on their plan, Hermia's best friend Helena walks in.

LYSANDER: Look, here comes Helena.

1.1-D

Enter HELENA

HERMIA: God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

HELENA: Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

HERMIA: I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA: O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA: The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HELENA: The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA: Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

LYSANDER: Helena, adieu;
 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you.

Exeunt Lysander

1.1-E

HELENA: How happy some o'er other some can be!
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
 He will not know what all but he do know.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.

Exeunt Helena

ACT_1|SC_2-A

Another part of the court...

QUINCE: Is all our company here?

BOTTOM: You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUINCE: Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day at night.

BOTTOM: First, good Patty Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors.

QUINCE: Marry, our play is 'The most Lamentable Comedy and most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby.'

BOTTOM: A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Patty Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUINCE: Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM: Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUINCE: You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM: What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE: A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOTTOM: That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms

QUINCE: Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE: Here, Patty Quince.

QUINCE: Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE: What is Thisby? A wand'ring knight?

QUINCE: It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE: Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUINCE: That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM: An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: 'Thisne, Thisne!' [*Then speaking small*] 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

QUINCE: No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM: Well, proceed.

QUINCE: Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING: Here, Patty Quince.

QUINCE: Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT: Here, Patty Quince.

QUINCE: You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part. And, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG: Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE: You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM: Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will make the Duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

QUINCE: An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL: That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM: I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my

voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

QUINCE: You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is asweet-fac'd man; a proper man, a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM: Well, I will undertake it.

QUINCE: Masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM: Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

QUINCE: At the Duke's oak we meet.

Exeunt

2.1-A

The Forest

PUCK: How now, spirit! whither wander you?

MOTH: Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.

Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK: The King doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen.
But room, fairy, here comes Oberon.

MOTH: And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

2.1-B

*Enter OBERON from above, amidst the clouds, with his TRAIN, and
TITANIA, below, with hers.*

OBERON: Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA: What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence.

OBERON: Tarry, rash Titania; am not I thy lord?

TITANIA: Then I must be thy lady; Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give them joy and prosperity?

OBERON: How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

TITANIA: These are the forgeries of jealousy!

OBERON: Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

TITANIA: Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

OBERON: How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA: Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON: Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

TITANIA: Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.
We shall chide downright if I longer stay.

1.1-C

Music...Exeunt TITANIA with her train

OBERON: Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb'rest
That very time I saw,
Cupid, all arm'd; a certain aim he took
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.
Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed thee once.
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb.

PUCK: I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Exit PUCK

CALPURNIA: Oberon comes up with an evil little trick to play on Titania. While she
is sleeping Oberon will drop the juice from the magic flower in her
eyes. The flower will cast a spell on Titania so that when she awakes
she will fall in love with the next thing she sees. Oberon plans to
make sure that Titania wakes up when a nasty creature is near.

OBERON: But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

1.1-D

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him

DEMETRIUS: I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

HELENA: You draw me, leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS: Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

HELENA: And even for that do I love you the more.
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

DEMETRIUS: Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HELENA: And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS: I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA: The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

DEMETRIUS: I will not stay thy questions; let me go;

Exit DEMETRIUS

HELENA: We cannot fight for love as men may do;

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Exit HELENA

1.1-E

OBERON: Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Music...Re-enter PUCK

Welcome, wanderer. Hast thou the flower there?

PUCK: Ay, there it is.

Exeunt

CORDELIA: Oberon feels sorry for Helena and devises a wonderful plan to help the brokenhearted young girl. Oberon orders Puck to quickly find the Athenian man who is being chased by a young girl through the woods. Oberon instructs Puck to use the magic flower to charm this Athenian so that he falls in love with the girl that pursues him.

2.2-

Another part of the wood. Enter TITANIA's train

TITANIA: Come now a roundel and a fairy song;

Sing me now asleep.

Music...

MOTH: Hence away; now all is well.

One aloof stand sentinel.

Music...Exeunt FAIRIES.

2.2-B

Oberon's henchmen sneak in, put to sleep the guard and carry her off. Enter OBERON, who squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids

OBERON: What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love take;

 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.

 Wake when some vile thing is near. *Exit*

2.2-C

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER: Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
 And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA: Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

2.2-D

CALPURNIA: Puck happens upon Lysander and Hermia and mistakes the sleeping
 couple for Demetrius and Helena. Puck shakes the magic flower over
 Lysander's eyes just as Helena burst into forest looking for her true love
 Demetrius.

[They sleep] Enter PUCK from above

PUCK: Night and silence- Who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. *Exit*

2.2-E

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running, Exit DEMETRIUS

HELENA: O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER: [Waking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA: Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

LYSANDER: Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

HELENA: Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
 In such disdainful manner me to woo.
 O, that a lady of one man refus'd
 Should of another therefore be abus'd! *Exit*

LYSANDER: She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;
 And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
 Exit

HERMIA: *[Starting]*
 Ay me, for pity! What a dream was here!
 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
 Lysander! What, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?
 No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.
 Either death or you I'll find immediately. *Exit and Music.*

3.1-A

The wood.

BOTTOM: Are we all met?

QUINCE: Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This
 green plot shall be our stage, and we will do it in action, as we will do it
 before the Duke.

BOTTOM: Patty Quince!

QUINCE: What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM: There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

STARVELING: I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOTTOM: Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed. This will put them out of fear.

QUINCE: Well, we will have such a prologue.

SNOUT: Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING: I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM: Masters, you ought to consider with yourself to bring in- God shield us!- a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

SNOUT: Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM: Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying: 'Ladies,' or 'Fair ladies, I would wish you' not to fear, not to tremble. My life for yours! If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are.'

QUINCE: Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things- that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT: Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

QUINCE: Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM: Why, then the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE: Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT: You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM: Some man or other must present Wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUINCE: If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin.

2.3-B

Enter PUCK from above

PUCK: What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE: Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOTTOM: Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet-

QUINCE: 'Odious'- odorous!

BOTTOM: -odours savours sweet;
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. *Exit*

PUCK: A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! *Exit*

FLUTE: Must I speak now?

QUINCE: Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to
see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLUTE: Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
As true as truest horse, that would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUINCE: 'Ninus' tomb,' man! Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to
Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues, and all. Pyramus enter:
your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'

FLUTE: O- As true as truest horse, that y et would never tire.
From below, Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with a donkey's head

BOTTOM: If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

QUINCE: O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters! fly,
masters! Help!

Exeunt all but BOTTOM and PUCK

BOTTOM: Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me
afeard. I will walk up and down here, and will sing, that they shall hear
I am not afraid. *[Sings]*

-

The wousel cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

The trees part to reveal the Bower-

TITANIA: What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

TITANIA: I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
I love thee.

BOTTOM: Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that.
And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company
together now-a-days.

TITANIA: Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM: Not so, neither.

TITANIA: Out of this wood do not desire to go;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED from
above in the clouds...*

PEASEBLOSSOM: Ready.

COBWEB: And I.

MOTH: And I.

MUSTARDSEED: And I.

ALL: Where shall we go?

They descend

TITANIA: Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Hail, mortal!

COBWEB: Hail!

MOTH: Hail!

MUSTARDSEED: Hail!

BOTTOM: I beseech your worship's name.

COBWEB: Cobweb.

BOTTOM: I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM: Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM: I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUSTARDSEED: Mustardseed.

BOTTOM: Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

TITANIA: Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. *Exeunt*

3.2-A

Another part of the wood. Enter OBERON from above

OBERON: I wonder if Titania be awak'd;

Enter PUCK from below

Here comes my messenger.

PUCK: My mistress with a monster is in love.
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBERON: This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK: I took him sleeping- that is finish'd too-

3.2-B

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA

OBERON: Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

PUCK: This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS: O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA: If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
plunge the deep, And kill me too. Where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS: I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA: Out, dog! out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

DEMETRIUS: I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA: I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS: An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA: A privilege never to see me more.
Exit

DEMETRIUS: There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

[Lies down]

CORDELIA: Oberon is furious with Puck for charming the wrong man. Oberon orders Puck to go out into the forest, find Helena and bring her back so that he can fix the mess Puck has made. Oberon then uses the magic flower to charm Demetrius so that when he awakes he will fall in love with Helena.

3.2-C

Re-enter PUCK

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!

OBERON: Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

3.2-D

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER: Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look when I vow, I weep!

HELENA: You do advance your cunning more and more.
These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?

LYSANDER: I had no judgment when to her I swore.

DEMETRIUS: *[Awaking]* O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
O, let me kiss this princess of pure bliss!

HELENA: O spite! O _____! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.

LYSANDER: You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia. This you know I know;

DEMETRIUS: Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

LYSANDER: Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS: Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

3.2-E*Enter HERMIA*

HERMIA: Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER: Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA: What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER: Lysander's love, that would not let him bide-

HERMIA: You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

HELENA: Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows - O, is all forgot?

HERMIA: I am amazed at your passionate words;
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA: Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this

To her he hates?

HERMIA: I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA: Ay, do- persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;

LYSANDER: Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA: O excellent!

HERMIA: Sweet, do not scorn her so.

LYSANDER: Helen, I love thee, by my life I do.

DEMETRIUS: I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER: If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS: Quick, come.

HERMIA: Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER: Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

HERMIA: Why are you grown so rude? What change is this,
Sweet love?

LYSANDER: Thy love! O hated potion, hence!

HERMIA: Do you not jest?

HELENA: Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER: Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS: I would I had your bond; for I perceive

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER: What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA: What! Can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

LYSANDER: .
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA: O me! you juggler! you cankerblossom!
You thief of love! What! Have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA: Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! Will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

HERMIA: 'Puppet!' why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak.
How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA: Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HERMIA: 'Lower' hark, again.

HELENA: Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,

HERMIA: Why, get you gone! Who is't that hinders you?

HELENA: A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HERMIA: What! with Lysander?

HELENA: With Demetrius.

LYSANDER: Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS: No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

LYSANDER: Now she holds me not. Follow, if thou dar'st.

DEMETRIUS: Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

HELENA: Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. *Exit*

HERMIA: I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. *Exit*

3.2-F

OBERON: Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight.
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK: My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;
 OBERON: But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay;
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

Exit OBERON

3.2-G

CALPURNIA: One by one, Lysander, Demetrius, Helena and Hermia appear looking
 for each other. Puck chases them all wildly through the forest. One by
 one they fall asleep exhausted from the night's adventures. Puck then
 lifts the spell from Lysander so that when he awakes he will once
 again love Hermia.

4.1-A

*The wood. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA, lying
 asleep*

*Enter TITANIA and Bottom; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH,
 MUSTARDSEED, and other FAIRIES attending; OBERON behind, unseen*

TITANIA: Come, sit thee down.

BOTTOM: Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM: Ready.

BOTTOM: Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.

Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB: Ready.

BOTTOM: Mounsieur Cobweb; good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and bring me the honey-bag. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED: Ready.

BOTTOM: Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.

MUSTARDSEED: What's your will?

BOTTOM: Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch.

I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA: Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

Exeunt FAIRIES

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep]

4.1-B

Enter PUCK

CORDELIA: Oberon has had his fun and is no longer angry with Titania. The Fairy King reverses the spell that Titania had been under. Titania awakes

and is horrified to see that she has been wooing a Donkey. Oberon then transforms the sleeping Bottom back into a human. Bottom awakes and is very confused.

OBERON: Sound, music. Come, my Queen, take hands with me,

[Music]

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

PUCK: Fairy King, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

TITANIA: Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night

That I sleeping here was found

With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt

BOTTOM: *[Awaking]*

I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man
to say what dream it was.

Music...Exit

4.1-C

To the winding of horns, enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PORTIA from above...

HIPPOLYTA: But, soft, what nymphs are these?

PORTIA: My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,

And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.

I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS: No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Portia; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

PORTIA: It is, my lord.

THESEUS: Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[Horns and shout within. The sleepers awake and kneel to THESEUS]
Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.

LYSANDER: Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS: I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world

LYSANDER: My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking; Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law-

PORTIA: Enough, enough, my Lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEMETRIUS: But, my good lord, I wot not by what power-
But by some power it is- my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow. And now all the faith,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena.

THESEUS: Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Portia, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit.
Come, Hippolyta.

Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PORTIA, and LOVERS.

ACT 5.1-A

*Music ...Another part of The palace of THESEUS. Enter THESEUS,
HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE...*

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA

HIPPOLYTA: Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?

THESEUS: Where is our usual manager of mirth?
Call Philostrate.

PHILOSTRATE: Here, mighty Theseus.

THESEUS: Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

PHILOSTRATE: 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus

And his love Thisby;

THESEUS: Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.

PHILOSTRATE: So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

THESEUS: Let him approach.

[Flourish of trumpets]

5.1-B

PATTY QUINCE: Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

WALL: In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall as I would have you think
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.

THESEUS: Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEMETRIUS: It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

Enter PYRAMUS

PYRAMUS: O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss,
Curs'd he thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THESEUS: The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

PYRAMUS: No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me is Thisby's
cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall.

Enter THISBY

THISBY: O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!

PYRAMUS: I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
Thisby!

THISBY: My love! thou art my love, I think.

PYRAMUS: Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.

PYRAMUS: O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

THISBY: I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

PYRAMUS: Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THISBY: Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBY

WALL: Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Exit WALL

HIPPOLYTA: This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THESEUS: Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE

LION: You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I as Snug the joiner am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

THESEUS: A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

MOONSHINE: This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the Man i' th' Moon do seem to be.

THESEUS: This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should
be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' th' moon?

HIPPOLYTA: I am aweary of this moon. Would he would change!

MOON: All that I have to say is to tell you that the lanthorn is
the moon; I, the Man i' th' Moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and
this dog, my dog.

DEMETRIUS: Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these

are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisby.

Re-enter THISBY

THISBY: This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

LION: *[Roaring] O- [THISBY runs off]*

DEMETRIUS: Well roar'd, Lion.

THESEUS: Well run, Thisby.

HIPPOLYTA: Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good
grace.

[The LION tears THISBY'S Mantle, and exit]

THESEUS: Well mous'd, Lion.

Re-enter PYRAMUS

PYRAMUS: Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What! stain'd with blood?

HIPPOLYTA: Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYRAMUS: Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,
 Where heart doth hop. [Stabs himself]
 Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
 Now am I dead,
 Now am I fled;
 My soul is in the sky.
 Tongue, lose thy light;
 Moon, take thy flight

Exit MOONSHINE]

Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies*]

THESEUS: With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover.

HIPPOLYTA: How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisby comes back
 and finds her lover?

Re-enter THISBY

THESEUS: She will find him by starlight.

HIPPOLYTA: I hope she will be brief.

THISBY: Asleep, my love?
 What, dead, my dove?
 These lily lips,
 This cherry nose,
 Are gone, are gone;
 Lovers, make moan;
 Tongue, not a word.
 Come, trusty sword;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue. [*Stabs herself*]

And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu. *[Dies]*

BOTTOM: *[Starting up]* Will it please you to see the Epilogue?

THESEUS: No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse.
Never excuse; for when the players are all dead there need none to be
blamed. Let your epilogue alone.

[Music and a dance] All exit

PUCK: If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumb'ed here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. Exit

-The End-