## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM <br> WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE PERFORMED IN THE ORIGINAL PRONUNCIATION <br> UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS <br> NOVEMBER 11-21, 2010 <br> DIRECTOR: PAUL MEIER

## INTRODUCTION

I first encountered the idea of Original Pronunciation in 2005 when I read David Crystal's Pronouncing Shakespeare. This is his account of the OP experiment at Shakespeare’s Globe's in 2004 in which just one weekend out of the entire run of Romeo and Juliet was devoted to performances in the dialect. David was retained by the company to guide them in this bold project, and again the following year when the company produced Troilus and Cressida, this time more boldly devoting the entire run to OP.

When I read about this very rare, but highly successful experiment (prior to his production Crystal knew only of John Barton’s Julius Caesar at Cambridge in the 1950s as a precedent in living memory) I was very keen to engage in this research myself. I invited David to give an OP workshop to the group of American acting students I took to Stratford-upon-Avon in June, 2007. His workshop was a huge hit, and only confirmed my enthusiasm to direct an OP production. I proposed a production of A Midsummer Night's Dream to the University Theatre at the University of Kansas, where I am the voice, speech, dialect and heightened text specialist on the faculty. My proposal included a two week residency by David to coach the cast. Thanks to funding by KU's upper administration, he was engaged for this purpose, and to deliver a range of talks university-wide on the many linguistic topics for which he is famous.

Prior to his visit we decided to transcribe the play using phonetic symbols to show the differences in pronunciation between Early Modern and Modern English, and to produce recordings to guide the cast. The document you are reading now is what the cast used. We used both the ordinary and the phonetic alphabets, thus avoiding redundant detail, and making it easier for actors not familiar with the International Phonetic Alphabet (about half the company). IPA phonetic symbols are colored in red to distinguish them from ordinary Roman letters.

Since the actors in this production were all Americans, and mid-Westerners to boot, and already used post-vocalic r-coloration in their own speech, indications of that feature were omitted (for example, burn was transcribed as 'bern' rather than 'ben'). Other features (e.g. the [a] pronunciation of the THOUGHT and LOT lexical sets) that today's mid-Western American English shares with the Early Modern English of Shakespeare's day, were also largely omitted. David's uncut version will vary somewhat from this transcription convention.

You will see some differences in transcription style for high and low characters, and for formal versus informal speech. For example, h-dropping was variable in Shakespeare's time, as was the reduction of unstressed -ing endings. So rehearsing might be spoken by one character in one context as rehersing and re'ersin' in another. In Pyramus and Thisbe, the mechanicals' speech reflects their attempt to adopt a high style of diction.

I produced and listed several other aids for the company and for others who are tempted to try an OP production:

- My online interactive IPA charts, at http://www.paulmeier.com/ipa/charts.html.
- An OP dialect tutorial in eBook form, based on David's analysis, and with his oversight, with both text and embedded sound files, online at http://paulmeier.com/OP.pdf.
- David may be heard speaking in the dialect at his Website, http://www.pronouncingshakespeare.com/.
- My eBook, Voicing Shakespeare; I gave the cast subscriptions to this. It's available at http://paulmeier.com/shakespeare.html
- I extracted my Top Ten Tips from Voicing Shakespeare and embedded a sound file in that document. It's freely available at http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/Top_Ten_Tips.pdf
- Two actors from David's Troilus and Cressida cast can be heard in OP on this Signum Records 2-CD set: http://www.signumrecords.com/catalogue/sigcd077/index.shtml.

Two students who came with me to Stratford in 2007, Amy Virginia Buchanan and Chris McGillivray, shared the transcription task with me; David Crystal guided and corrected our work. Click the links to hear him speak the text. Since this was meant to guide only the actors' pronunciation rather than their performance, his reading is deliberately flat and without interpretation. However, since he is skilled in Shakespeare's verse, his transcription and reading are metrically observant and are excellent guides to the speaking in that regard. Notice, for instance, the difference between strong and weak forms; for example, I appears as [a], [əi], or [ə] depending on its metrical context.

I produced this edition after careful comparison of several others; my performance cuts are indicated by the use of strike-through. David is planning a full version, with all cuts restored, and following his established transcription convention without color-coding. It will be available at his Website: http://www.pronouncingshakespeare.com/.

The stage production was recorded in high-definition video and a DVD is available. I further cut the text and adapted it for radio, and the original cast recorded this radio drama version immediately following the close of the stage production. For details of these, see http://paulmeier.com/shakespeare.html.

Finally I must pay tribute to my wonderful company. It was a truly joyous collaboration, one that I shall never forget.
The company was as follows:

| DIRECTOR | Paul Meier |
| :--- | :--- |
| MUSICAL DIRECTOR/COMPOSER | Ryan McCall <br> CHOREOGRAPHER |
| Leslie Bennett <br> SCENIC AND LIGHTING DESIGNER <br> COSTUME DESIGNER <br> Delbert Unruh <br> SOUND DESIGNER | Erin Tomrisilles |
| DIALECT COACHES | David Crystal, Paul Meier |
| MAKEUP DESIGNERS | Phillip Schroder, Tammy Keiser |
| THESEUS | Matt Gieschen |
| HIPPOLYTA | Claire Vowels |
| LYSANDER | Austin Robinson |
| DEMETRIUS | Ben Sullivan |
| HERMIA | Hannah Roark |
| HELENA | Lynsey Becher |
| EGEUS | Festus Shaughnessy |
| PHILOSTRATE | Troy Clifford Dargin |
| OBERON | John Staniunas * |
| TITANIA | Leslie Bennett * |


| DRAGONSNAP - A FAIRY | Jennifer Walker |
| :--- | :--- |
| PEASEBLOSSOM | Mary McNulty |
| COBWEB | Hailey Lapin |
| MOTH | Sara Kennedy |
| MUSTARDSEED | Margaret Hanzlick |
| PUCK | J.T. Nagle |
| PETER QUINCE | Garrett Lawson |
| NICK BOTTOM | Scott Cox |
| FRANCIS FLUTE | Ryan Lueders |
| TOM SNOUT | Charlie Stock |
| SNUG | James Teller |
| ROBIN STARVELING | Sam Voelker |
| UNDERSTUDY TO TITANIA | Mary McNulty |

*GUEST FACULTY ARTISTS

Paul Meier
University of Kansas
December, 2010

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1_1.mp3

## ACT I

## SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants 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! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long with'ring out a young man's revenue.

## HIPPOLYTA

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

## THESEUS

Go, Philostrate,
Stir up th'Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Exit PHILOSTRATE

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1_1.mp3

## ACT I

## SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants THESEUS
Nəu, fe:r Hippolyta, or nrpsial o:r
Draws on ape:ce; fo:r happər de:ys bring in
Ano:ther moon: brt, ó, mithinks, 'əu slo:w
This o:ld moon we:nes! shi lingers məı desəires,
Lzike to a step-de:me or a dəuager
Long with’rin' $\partial u t$ a yrng man's revenue.

## HIPPOLYTA

Fo:r de:ys will quickləi ste:p themselves in nəight;
Four nəights will quickləi dre:m awe:y the təime;
And then the moon, laike to a silver bo:w
New-bent in heaven, shpll br'olld the nəight
Of o:r solemnitzis.

## THESEUS

Go: Philostre:te,
Ster rp th' Ate:nian youth to merriments;
Awe:ke the pert and nimble sproit ə merth;
Tern melancholai forth to funerals;
The pe:le companion is not forio or pomp.
Exit PHILOSTRATE

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, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

## EGEUS

Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke! THESEUS
Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

## 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 man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child; Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast giv'n her rhymes, And interchang'd love-tokens with my child: Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, With feigning voice, verses of feigning love, And stol'n the impression of her fantasy With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits, Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth: 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,

Hippolyta, ə woo'd thi with mi swo:rd,
And wrn thi lrve, doin' thi injurəis;
But əi will wed thi in ano:ther ke:y,
With pomp, with troirmph and with revellin'.
Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

## EGEUS

Happəi bi The:seus, oar renəuwnid duke!

## THESEUS

Thanks, good Ege:us: hwat's the news wi' the:?

## EGEUS

Full ə vexe:sjən crme əi, with comple:nt Agenst mi chəild, mi da:ghter Hermia.
Stand forrth, Deme:trius. Mi no:ble lo:rd,
This man 'əth məi consent tə marrəi her.
Stand forrth, Lizander: and mi gre:sjos duke, This man 'əth b’witch'd the bosom of mi chəild; Thəu, thəu, Lizander, thəu 'əst giv'n 'er rhəimes, ənd interche:ng'd lrve-to:kens with mı chəild: Thəu hast bi moonləight at 'er wində srng, Wi’ fe:gnin’ vəice, verses ə fe:gnin’ l lrve, ən' sto:l'n th' impresjən of 'er fantasəi Wi' bre:celets of thi he:r, rings, gawds, conce:ts, Knacks, trifles, nosege:ys, swe:tme:ts, messengers
Of strong preve:lment in rnharden'd youth:
With crnnin' hast thəu filch'd mi da:ghter's hart, Tern'd her obe:dience, hwich is due to me:,
Tə strbborn harshniss: and, mi gre:sjous duke, Be:'t so: shi will not hi:re befo:re yər gre:ce
Consent to marroi with Deme:trius,

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 Immediately provided in that case.

## THESEUS

What say you, Hermia? be advised fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

## HERMIA

So is Lysander.

## THESEUS

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

## HERMIA

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

## THESEUS

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

## HERMIA

I do entreat your grace to pardon me. I know not by what power I am made bold, Nor how it may concern my modesty, In such a presence here to plead my thoughts; But I beseech your grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
ə beg the $\varepsilon: n s j e n t$ privilege of atens,
As she: is məine, ə mع:y dispose of her:
hwich sholl be $\varepsilon$ ther to this gentleman or to 'er death, accordin' to or law
Imme:diateləi provaided in that cesse.

## THESEUS

hwat sع:y yə, Hermia? be: advəised fe:r mع:d:
Tə you yər father should be as a god;
o:ne that compo:sed yər beautzis, yع̌, ənd o:ne
Tə whom you are but as a form in wax
Bi him imprintid and within his po:r
To le:ve the figjure o:r disfigjure it.
Deme:trius is a werthəi gentleman.

## HERMIA

## So: is Lizander.

## THESEUS

In 'imself ' I is;
Brt in this kəind, wantin’ yər father's vəice,
The o:ther mrs' be held the werthier.

## HERMIA

ə would mi father look'd but with məi əis.

## THESEUS

Rather your $\partial$ is mus' with 'is jrdgment look.

## HERMIA

ə do intre:t yər gre:ce tə pardon me:.
ə kno:w not bəi hwat po:r əi am me:de bo:ld,
Nər həu it mع:y concern mı modestəi,
In srch a presence hi:re tə ple:d mi thoughts;
But əi bese:ch yər gre:ce thət əi me:y kno:w
The werst that me:y befall mi in this ce:se,
If əi refuse tə wed Deme:trius.

## THESEUS

Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires; Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the liv'ry of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-bless'd be they that master so their blood,
Fo undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which with'ring on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

## HERMIA

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

## THESEUS

Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon--
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship--
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

## THESEUS

ether tə dəi the death or to abjure
For ever the socəietəi ə men.
Therefo:re, fer Hermia, questjon yurr desəires;
Kno:w of yər youth, examine well yər bl $\gamma \mathrm{d}$, hwe:r if yə ye:ld not to yər father's chəice,
Yə can endju:re the liv'rəi of a n $\gamma$ n,
Fər дi to be: in she:dəi cləister mew'd,
Tə live a barren sister all yər ləife,
Chantin' fe:nt hymms to the coild fruitliss moon.
Throice-bless'd bi the: that master so: their blra,
Fo rndergo:such me:den pilgrima:ge;
But-rethlier happoi is the ro'se distill'd,
Than that hwich with'rin' on the vergin thorrn
Gro:s, lives an' dois in single blessidniss.

## HERMIA

Sə will ə gro:W, sə live, sə dəi, mı lorrd, Ere əi will ye:ld mi vergin pe:tent $\gamma p$
Unto 'is lo:rdship, whose rnwishid yo:ke Mi so:l consents not to give sovereigntri.

## THESEUS

Te:ke təime tə pause; an’, bəi the nex' new moon--
The se:ling-d $\varepsilon: y$ betwix' mi lrve an' me:,
Fər everlastin’ bond ə felləship--
Upon that de:y qther preperre ta dəi
Fər disobe:dience to yər father's will,
or else tə wed Deme:trius, as 'i would;
or on Dəiana's altar to protest
For əi austeritəi ən' single ləife.

## DEMETRIUS

Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

## LYSANDER

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

## EGEUS

Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.

## LYSANDER

I am, my lord, as well derived as he, As well possess'd; my love is more than his; My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd, If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be, I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia: Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena, And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

## THESEUS

I must confess that I have heard so much, And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof; But, being over-full of self-affairs, My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.

## DEMETRIUS

Relent, swe:t Hermia: and, Lizander, ye:ld
Thi cre:zid tritle to mi certain rəight.

## LYSANDER

You have 'or father's l $\gamma v \mathrm{ve}$, Deme:trius;
Let me: 'ave Hermia's: do you marrai him.

## EGEUS

Sco:rnful Lizander! true, ‘i hath mi lrve, And hwat is məine mi lrve shəll render him.
An' she: is məine, and all mi rəight of her ə do este:te unto Deme:trius.

## LYSANDER

I am, mil lorrd, as well derzived as he:, As well possess'd; mə lrve is mo:re thən his; Mi forrtənes everəi we:y as fe:rləi rank'd, If not wi' vanta:ge, as Deme:trius';
And, hwich is mosre thon all the:se bo:sts con be:, əi am bilrved of beauteous Hermia:
hwai should not əi then prosecute mu raight?
Deme:trius, əi'll avəuch it to 'is head,
Me:de lrve to Ne:dar's da:ghter, Helena, ən' wrn 'er soıl; ən' she:, swe:t le:dəi, do:tes, Devəutləi do:tes, do:tes in əidolatrəi, Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

## THESEUS

ə mrs' confess that əi əve herd sə mrch, ən' with Deme:trius thought t'ave spo:ke thereof;
But, be:in’ o:ver-full of self-affe:rs,
Mi məind did lose it. But, Deme:trius, crme;
An' crme, Ege:us; you shall go: with me:,
ə have some praivate schoolin' fo:r yə bo:th.

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up--
Which by no means we may extenuate--
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

## EGEUS

With duty and desire we follow you.

## LYSANDER

How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

## 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, Gould ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,-

## HERMHA

Ocross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

## LYSANDER

Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,--

## HERMHA

O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

## LYSANDER

Or else it stood upen the choice of friends,-

Fər you, fe:r Hermia, look you arm yərself
Tə fit yər fancəis to yər father's will;
Or else the law of atens ye:lds you rp--
hwich bai no me:ns wi me:y extenuc:te--
Tə death, or to a vəu of single ləife.
Crme, məi Hippolyta: hwat chi:r, mi lrve?
Deme:trius and Ege:us, go: along:
ə mrst emplai you in srme business
Agenst or nrptial an' confer with you
Of srmething ni:rləi that concerns yərselves.

## EGEUS

Wi' dutəi an’ desəire wi follə you.

## LYSANDER

Həu nəu, mi l $\gamma \mathrm{ve}$ ! hwəi is yər che:k sə pع:le? Həu chance the ro:ses the:re də fe:de sə fast?

## HERMIA

Biləike fər want ə re:n, hwich əi could well Bite:m them from the tempest of mi əis.

## LYSANDER

әi mes! for aught that əi could ever re:d,
Could ever hisr bi te:le or historəi,
The course a true lrve never did rrn smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,--

## HERMIA

O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

## LYSANDER

Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,

## HERMIA

O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

## LYSANDER

Or else it stood upen the choice of friends,-

## HERMIA

O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. LYSANDER
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it, Making it momentany as a sound, Swift as a shadow, short as any dream; Brief as the lightning in the collied night, That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth, And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

## HERMIA

If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

## LYSANDER

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermin.
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.
There, 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 to-morrow night; And in the wood, a league without the town, Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

## HERMIA

O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

## LYSANDER

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream; Brief as the lightning in the collied night, That, in a spleen, umfolds both heav'n and earth, And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
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As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor faney's followers.

## LYSANDER

A good persuasion: therefore, hirr me, Hermia.
ə have a widəw ant, a dəuwager
Of gre:t revenue, an' shi hath no chəild:
From atens is 'er həuse remo:te se'n le:gues;
An' she: respects mi as 'er o:nləi srn.
There, gentle Hermia, mع:y ə marrəi the:; And to that ple:ce the sharp Ate:nian law Cannot pursue us. If thəu lrv's' mi then, Stell forrth thi father's həuse tə-morrə nəight; And in the wood, a le:gue withəut the təun, hwere əi did me:t the: pnce with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May, There will I stay for thee.

## HERMIA

My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow, By his best arrow with the golden head, By the simplicity of Venms' doves, By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves, And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke, In number more than ever women spoke, In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

## LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

## 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!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: $O$, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

To do observance to a mo:rn əv Mع:y, There will ə ste:y fər ther.

## HERMIA

Mi good Lizander!
ə swe:r to the:, bi Cjəpid's strongist bo:w,
Bi his best arrə wi' the go:lden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves, And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen, When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
Bi all the vəus that ever men əve bro:ke,
In nrmber mo:re thən ever women sporke,
In that se:me ple:ce thəu hast appəinted me:,
Tə-morrə truləi will ə me:t wi’ the:.

## LYSANDER

Ke:p promise, lrve. Look, hirre crmes Helena.

## Enter HELENA

## HERMIA

God spe:d fer Helena! hwither awe:y?

## HELENA

Call you mi fer? that fer agen rnse:y.
Deme:trius lrves yər f\&r: O: happəi fer!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tumeable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
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

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

## HELENA

O that my prayers could such affection move!

## HERMIA

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

## HELENA

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

## HERMIA

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

## HELENA

None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

## HERMIA

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O , then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heav'n unto a hell!

## LYSANDER

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O:, te:ch mı həu yə look, an’ with hwat art
Yə swe:y the mo:sjon of Deme:trius' hart.

## HERMIA

ə froun upon 'im, yit 'i lrves mi still.

## HELENA

O: that yuir frəuns would te:ch mər sməiles srch skill!

## HERMIA

a give 'im cerses, yit I gives mi lrve.

## HELENA

o: that mə preirs could srch affecsjon mrve!

## HERMIA

The morre әi he:te, the mo're 'i folləs me:.

## HELENA

The mo:re əi lrve, the more 'I he:teth mes.

## HERMIA

'is folləi, Helena 's no faut ə məine.

## HELENA

No:ne bət yər beautəi: would that faut were məine!

## HERMIA

Te:ke crmfort: he: nə mo:re shəll se: mi fe:ce;
Lizander and miself will fləi this ple:ce.
Beforre the trime ə did Lizander se:,
Se:m'd atens as a paradəise to me::
O, then, hwat gre:ces in mə lrve do dwell,
That he: əth tern'd a heav'n unto a hell!

## LYSANDER

Helen, ta you o:r məinds wi will rnfo:ld:
Tə-morrə nəight, hwen Phe:be drth beho:ld
'ər silver visa:ge in the wat'rəi glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass, A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal, Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

## HERMIA

And in the wood, where often you and I Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie, Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet, There my Lysander and myself shall meet; And thence from Athens turn away our eyes, To seek new friends and stranger companies. Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us; And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

## LYSANDER

I will, my Hermia.

## Exit HERMIA

Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

## Exit

## 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: And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

Deckin’ wi’ liquid perl the ble:ded grass,
A taime that lrvers' flaights dəth still conce:l,
Through atens' ge:tes 'əve we: devəised to ste:l.

## HERMIA

ənd in the wood, hwere often you and əi
Upon fe:nt primrose-beds wəre wo:nt tə ləi,
Emptyin' or bosoms of thər cəunsel swe:t,
The:re məi Lizander an' miself shəll me:t; ən thence from atens tern awع:y ər əis,
Tə se:k njew frien's ən stre:nger crmpanəis.
Ferewell, swe:t ple:fellə: pre:y thəu fər $\prec$ s;
ən good lrck grant thi thəi Deme:trius!
Ke:p werd, Lizander: we: mus’ starve or saight
From lrvers' fud till morrə de:p midnəight.

## LYSANDER

ə will, mi Hermia.

## Exit HERMIA

Helena, adiu::
As you on him, Deme:trius do:te on you!

## Exit

## HELENA

Həu happəi srme o:'er otther srme cən be:! Through atens əi əm thought as fe:r as she:.
But hwat of that? Deme:trius thinks not so:; 'I will not kno:w hwat all but he: do kno:w: And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

[^0]So 1, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, folding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
Fər ع:re Deme:trius look'd on Hermia's əine,
'i he:l'd dəun o:ts that he: wəs o:nləi məine; ən' hwen this he:l səme he:t from Hermia felt, So he: dissolved, an’ sho:rs of o:ts did melt. ə will go tell 'im of fe:r Hermia's fləight:
Then to the wood will he: tə-morrə nəight
Pursue ər; and fər this intelligence
If əi əve thanks, it is a d $\varepsilon: r$ repense:
But he:rein me:n $\partial i$ to enrich mi pe:n,
Tə have 'is səight thither ən back age:n.
Exit

| Paul Meier speaks this scene at: |
| :--- |
| http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1_2.mp3 |
| SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house. |
| Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and |
| STARVELING |
| 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 Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read |
| the names of the actors, and so grow to a point. |
| 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 |
| Peter 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. |

Paul Meier speaks this scene at:
He/lon
SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.
Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

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## BOTTOM

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## QUINCE

Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.
QUINCE
Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel dis onam and Thisby.

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.
QUINCE
Answer as I call you. Nick Botom, he weaver.
Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

## Paul Meier speaks this scene at:

http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1_2.mp3

## SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

## QUINCE

Is all ər crmp’nəi ‘irre?

## BOTTOM

You were bes' to call 'em gen'ralləi, man bi man, accorrdin' to the scrip.

## QUINCE

'itre is the scro:ll əf ev'rəi man's ne:me, hwich is thought fit, through all at'ens, to ple:y in orr interljude beforre the djuke on' the drchess, on 'is weddin'-d $c: y$ at nəight.

## BOTTOM

Ferst, good Pe:ter Quince, se:y hwat the ple:y tre:ts on, then re:d the ne:mes ə’ the actors, and so: gro:w to a print.

## QUINCE

Marrəi, ər ple:y is, The mo:s' lamentable comedəi, ən’ mo:s' cruel death ə’ Pyraməs ən' Thisbəi.

## BOTTOM

A verəi good pe:ce ə’ werk, əi afjurre yə, and a merrəi. Nəu, good Pe:ter Quince, call forrth yər actors bi the scro:ll. Masters, spread yərselves.

## QUINCE

answer as a call yə. Nick Bottom, the we:ver.
BOTTOM
Readəi. Ne:me hwat part əi əm forr, ən’ proce:d.

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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, I will condole
in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for
a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to
make all split.
The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.
This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles'
vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

## QUINCE

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

## FLUTE

Here, Peter Quince.
QUINCE
Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

## FLUTE

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

## QUINCE

You, Nick Bottom, əre set dəun fər Pyraməs.

## BOTTOM

hwat is Pyraməs? a lүver, ər a təirant?

## QUINCE

A lrver, thət kills 'imself moss' gallant fər lrve.

## BOTTOM

That'll ask srme te:rs in the true performin' of it: if əi do it, let the audience look to thər əis; əi will mrve sto:rms, əi will condo:le in some mezəre. Tə the rest: yit mı che:f 'umour is fər a tairant: ə could ple:y ercless re:reləi, ər a part to te:r a cat in, to me:ke all split.
The re:gin’ rocks
and shivering shocks
Shbll bre:k the locks
Of prison ge:tes;
And Phibbus' car
Shbll shəine from far
And me:ke and mar
The frlish Fe:tes.
This wəs loftəi! Nəu ne:me the rest ə’ the plc:yers. This is ercle:s' ve:n, a tairant's ve:n; a lrver is morre condo:lin'.

## QUINCE

Francis Flute, the belləs-mender.

## FLUTE

'i:re, Pe:ter Quince.

## QUINCE

Flute, you mus' te:ke Thisbəi on yә.

## FLUTE

hwat is Thisbəi? a wand'rin' knəight?

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QUINCE
It is the lady that Pyramus must love.
FLUTE
Nay, faith, let me not 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;' 'Ah, Pyramus, 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, Peter Quince.
QUINCE
Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the
tinker.
SNOUT
Here, Peter Quince.
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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

It is the le:dəi thət Pyraməs məs' lrve.

## FLUTE

Ne:y, fe:th, let mı not ple:y a woman; əi ‘əve a be:rd crmin’.

## QUINCE

That's all o:ne: yə shəll ple:y it in a mask, and yə mع:y spe:k as small as yz will.

## BOTTOM

an ə me:y ‘əide mı fe:ce, let me: ple:y Thisbəi too, ə'll spe:k in a monstrous little vəice. 'Thisnəi, Thisnəi;' 'Ah, Pyraməs, lrver de:r! thı Thisbəi de:r, ən’ le:dəi derr!'

## QUINCE

Nó, no:; you mus’ ple:y Pyraməs: ən’ Flute, you Thisbəi.

## BOTTOM

## Well, proce:d

## QUINCE

Robin Starvelin', the te:lor.

## STARVELING

'irre, Pe:ter Quince.

## QUINCE

Robin Starvelin', you mus’ ple:y Thisbəi's mrther. Tom Snəut, the tinker.

## SNOUT

'irre, Pe:ter Quince.

## OUINCE

You, Pyraməs' father: miself, Thisbəi's father: Sn $\gamma \mathrm{g}$, the jəiner; you, the laion's part: and, əi 'o'pe, 'irre is a ple:y fitted.

## SNUG

'ave you the ləion's part written? pre:y yə, if it be', give it mı, fər əi am slo:w ə strdəi.

## 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 do any man's heart good to hear me; 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 that 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 a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

## BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

## QUINCE

Why, what you will.
BOTTOM
I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orangetawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crowncolour beard, your perfect yellow.

## QUINCE

You mع:y do it extempori, for it is no:tin' but ro:rin'.

## BOTTOM

Let mi ple:y the laion too: ə will ro:r, that $\partial$ will do any man's 'art good to ' $\varepsilon$ r mi; əi will ro:r, that ə will me:ke the djuke se:y 'Let ‘im ro:r agen, let 'im ro:r agen.'

## QUINCE

an yə should do it too terribləi, yə would frəight the drchess ən’ the le:dəis, thət they would shre:k; ən that wəre en $\gamma$ gh t' 'ang $\gamma s$ all.

## ALL

That would 'ang $\gamma \mathrm{s}$, ev'rəi m$\gamma$ ther's $\mathrm{s} \gamma \mathrm{n}$.

## BOTTOM

ə grant yə, frien's, if thət yə should frəight the le:dəis əut ə’ ther wits, the:y would 'ave no: mo:re discresion brtt' 'ang $\gamma \mathrm{s}$ : brt ə will aggrave:te mı vəice sə thət ə will ro:r yə əs gentləi əs anəi şckin’ drve; ə will ro:r yə an 'twere anəi nəightin'ge:le.

## QUINCE

Yə cən ple:y no: part bət Pyraməs; for Pyraməs is a swe:t-fe:ced man; a proper man, as o:ne shəll se: in a srmmer's de:y; a mo:s' l $\gamma$ veləi gentlemən-ləike man: therefore you məs' ne:ds ple:y Pyraməs.

## BOTTOM

Well, a woll rndertc:ke it. What beard were I best to play it in? QUINCE
Why, what you will.

## ВОТТОМ

I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orangetawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crowncolour beard, your perfect yellow.

## QUINCE

Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.
BOTTOM
We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

## QUINCE

At the duke's ouk we meet.

## BOTTOM

Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.
Exeunt

## QUINCE

Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, 'i:re əre yər parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con əm bi tə-morrə nəight; ən' me:t mI in the palace wood, a məile withəut the təun, bi moonlaight; there wəll wi re'erse, for if wi me:t in the citəi, wi shəll bi dogged wi crmp'nəi, ənd ər devaices kno:n. In the me:ntəime ə wəll draw a bill ə propertəis, şch $\partial \mathrm{s}$ ər ple:y wants. ə pre:y yə, fe:l mı not.

## BOTTOM

Wə wəll me:t; ən’ the:re wi me:y re’prse mo:st obsce:neləi ən’ courc:geousləi. Te:ke pe:ns; bi perfi't: adiu:.

## QUINCE

At the duke's oak we meet.

## BOTTOM

Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.
Exeunt

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_1.mp3

## ACT II

## SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK
PUCK
How now, spirit! whither wander you?

## Fairy

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

## PUCK

The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_1.mp3

## ACT II

## SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK

## PUCK

‘ə兀 nə兀, spirit! hwither wander you?

## Fairy

o:ver ‘ill, o:ver d $\varepsilon$ :le,
Thrrə bush, thrrə brər,
o:ver park, o:ver p $\varepsilon$ :le,
Thrrə flrd, thrrə fərr,
ə do wander ev'rərhwe:r,
Swifter than the moon's sphe:re
And әı serve the ferrə que:n,
Tə djew 'ər orrbs upon the gre:n.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Fe:rewell, thəઇ lob ə spirits; ər'll bi gone: orr que:n ənd all ər elves crme 'r:re anon.

## PUCK

The king dəth ke:p 'is revels 'i:r tə-nət:
Te:ke 'e:d the que:n crme not within 'is sərt;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath A lovely boy, stol'n 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 lovèd 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 they do square, that all their elves for fear Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

## FAIRY

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

## PUCK

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

Fər o:beron is passin' fell ən' wrath,
Because thət she: əs 'rr attendant 'ath
A lrveləı bəı, sto:l'n from an Indjən king;
Shi never 'ad sə swe:t a che:ngəling;
ən' jealous o:beron would 'ave the chərld
Knət of is tre:n, to tre:ce the forests world;
But she: perfo:rce wit'o:lds the lrvid bər,
Crəuns 'im with flo:rs ən' me:kes im all ər jə:
ən' nəv the:y never me:t in gro:ve ər gre:n,
Bi fəontain cli:r or spangled starləıt she:n,
But the:y do skwe:r, that all thər elves fər f $\varepsilon$ :r Cre:p into $\varepsilon: c o: r n-c \gamma p s$ әn' 'әIde әm the:r.

## FAIRY

ع'er əા mist $\varepsilon$ :ke yər sh $\varepsilon$ :pe ən' m $\varepsilon$ :kin’ quəte, ər else you are that shro:wd ən' kne:vish sprət Call'd Robin Goodfellə : are not you 'e:
Thot frots the me:dens of the villag'rə;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Tho:se that 'obgoblin call yə ən’ swe:t Prck,
Yə do ther werk, ən' the:y sholl 'ave good lrck:
are not you 'e:?

## PUCK

thəu spe:k'st arət;
әI am that merrə wand'rer of the nərt.
ə jest to o:beron ən' m $\varepsilon$ :ke 'im smərle
hwen әr a fat on be:n-fed 'o:rse begərle,
$\mathrm{N} \varepsilon$ :in’ in lərkenıss of a filləı fo:l:
ən' srmetərme lerk ər in a gossip's bo:l,

In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

## Fairy

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!
Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers

## OBERON

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

## TITANIA

What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

## OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

## TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest Steppe of India?

In verər lorkenıss of a ro:sted crab,
ən' hwen shi drinks, agenst 'ər lips ə bab
ənd on 'ər wither'd djewlap po:r the $\varepsilon$ :le.
The worsest ant, tellin' the saddest t :le,
srmetərme fər thre:-foot stool mistz:keth me:;
Then slip ər from 'ər brm, dəon topples she:,
ən' 'tz:lor' crəıs, ən' falls into a caf;
ən' then the 'o:le qәrre 'o:ld thər 'ips ən' laf, ən' waxen in thər merth ən’ ne:ze ən’ swe:r
A merrier o:r was never wested the:re.
But, ro:m, fz:rə! 'ı:re crmes o:beron.

## Fairy

ənd 'r:re mi mistriss. Would that 'e: wəre gone!
Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers

## OBERON

Ill met br moonlərt, proud Titania.

## TITANIA

hwat, jealous o:beron! Fe:rəis, skip 'ence:
әг 'ave fo:rswo:rn is bed ən' crmpanə.

## OBERON

TarrəI, rash wanton: am not əI thi lo:rd?

## TITANIA

Then ər mrs' be: thi le:dər: brt ə kno:w hwen thəo 'ast sto:l'n awe: y from fe:rər land, ənd in the sh $\varepsilon: p e ~ ə ~ C o r i n ~ s a t ~ a l l ~ d \varepsilon: y, ~$ Ple:yin' on pərpes ə co:rn ən' versin' lrve
To am'rous Phillida. hwor art thəu 'ire,
Crme from the farthist Steppe of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love, To Theseus must be wedded, and you come To give their bed joy and prosperity.

## OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravishèd?
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

## TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud That they have overborne their continents: The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain, The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,

But that, fərsooth, the bəoncin' amazon,
Yər brskin'd mistrıss an' yər warrior lrve,
Tə The:seus mrs' bi wedded, an' yə crme
Tə give thər bed jəı ən' prosperitər.

## OBERON

'əઇ cans' thəช thrs fər sh\&:me, Titania,
Glance at mı credit with 'ippolyta,
Kno:win' ə kno:w thi lrve to The:seus?
Dids' thəu not le:d 'im through the glimm'rin' nart
From Perige:nia, 'om i ravishıd?
ən' $m \varepsilon$ :ke ' m with $\mathrm{f} \varepsilon$ :r i:gle: bre:k 'is f $\varepsilon$ :th,
With ariadnı and antəəәа?

## TITANIA

The:se are the fo:rgerəis ə jealousə ən' never, since the middle srmmer's spring, Met we: on 'ill, in d $\varepsilon$ :le, forest $ə$ me:d, Bi p $\varepsilon$ :vid fəuntain o:r bi rrshəı brook, or in the be:chid margent of the se:, Tə dance orr ringlets to the hwistlin' wornd, But with thi brawls thər 'ast disterb'd o:r spo:rt.
The:refore the womds, pərpin' to $r s$ in $v \varepsilon: n$, əs in revenge, 'əve srck'd $\gamma p$ from the se: Cont $\varepsilon$ :gıous fogs; hwich fallin' in the land ‘ave ev’rə peltın’ river m$\varepsilon$ :de sə prəud That the:y ‘ove o:verbo:rne ther continents: The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain, The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard; The fo:ld stan's em'tər in the drounid fe:ld, ən’ cro:ws $\begin{aligned} \\ \text { fatted with the mrrrion flock; }\end{aligned}$
The nəme men's morris is fill'd $\gamma p$ wi' mrd,

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds Is, as in mock'ry, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

## 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.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spicèd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,

## And the quaint mazes in the wanton green

For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The 'uman mo:rtals want ther winter 'i:r;
No: nət is nəv with 'ymn ər carol blest: The:refo re the moon, the grverniss a flrds, Pe:le in 'ər anger, washes all the $\varepsilon: r$,
Thət rheumətic dise:ses do abəond: ən’ thrrə this distemp'ratəre wi se:
The se:sons alter: 'orrə-eaded frosts
Fall in the fresh lap ə the crimson ro:se, ənd on o:ld 'əəәms' thin ənd əісә crəon on o:d'rous chaplet $ə$ ' swe:t srmmer brds Is, as in mock'rəI, set: the spring, the srmmer,
The chərldin' autumn, angror winter, che:nge
Ther wo:nted liv'rois, an' the me:zid werld,
Bi the:r incre:se, nəv kno:ws not hwich is hwich:
ən' this s $\varepsilon$ :me progenər of e:vils crmes
From or debe:te, from or dissension;
$\mathrm{W}_{\mathrm{I}}$ are ther $\mathrm{p} \varepsilon$ :rents and əriginal.

## OBERON

Də you amend it then; it las in you:
hwər should Titania cross 'ər o:beron?
o do but beg a little che:ngelin’ bər,
Tə be: mı 'enchman.

## TITANIA

Set yər 'art ət rest:
The f $\varepsilon$ :rər land bəis not the chərld $\partial$ ' me:.
'is mrther was a vo t'riss of mio:rder:
ond, in the spərcid Indian $\varepsilon: r$, bi nərt,
Full often 'ath shi gossip'd bəı mı səıde,
ən' sat wit' me: on Neptjəne's yellə sands,

Marking the embarked traders on the flood, When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait Following,-- her womb then rich with my young squire,--
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

## 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.
Exit 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 rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promont'ry,

Markin' th'embarkid tre:ders on the flrd, hwen we: 'əve lagh'd to se: the s $\varepsilon$ :Is conce:ve ən' gro:w big-bellid with the wanton wind;
hwich she:, with prettər an' with swimmin' $g \varepsilon$ :t
Foll'win',-- ər womb then rich with mər yrng squərre,--
Would imit $\varepsilon$ :te, ən’ s s:l upon the land,
Tə fetch mi troffles, an' retern agen,
As from a vərage, rich with merchandərse.
But she:, be:in' mo:rtal, of that bər did dər; әn' fo:r 'ər sع:ke do әı rı:r $\gamma$ p әr bəı, ən' fo:r 'ər s $\varepsilon$ :ke $\partial$ will not part with 'im.

## OBERON

‘ว兀 long within this wood intend yə stz:y?

## TITANIA

Perchance till a'ter The:seus' weddin'-d $\varepsilon: y$.
If you will pe:sientlor dance in o:r round
әn’ se: o:r moonlort revels, go: with rs;
If not, shrn me:, ən' əI will spe:re yurr 'aunts.

## OBERON

Give me: that bər, ən’ әr will go: with the:.

## TITANIA

Not fər thər f $\varepsilon$ :rər kingdom. F $\varepsilon$ :rəıs, aw $\varepsilon: y$ !
Wi shəll chəıde dəunrəıt, if ə longer stz:y.

## Exit TITANIA with her train

## OBERON

Well, go: thi we:y: thəo sholt not from this grrve Till əI to:rment thi fo:r this injurə.
Mi gentle Prck, crme 'ither. Thər rememb’rist
Since pnce ə sat upon a promont'rər,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, To hear the sea-maid's music.

## PUCK

I remember.

## OBERON

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not, Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took At a fair vestal thronèd by the west, And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon, And the imperial vot'ress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free. 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, And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
PUCK
I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.
ənd 'erd a merme:d on a dolphin's back
rtt'rin' sach drlcet and 'armo:n'jas breath
That the rude se: grew civil at 'ər song
ən’ certain stars shot madlər from thər sphe:res,
To 'i:r the se:-me:d's music.

## PUCK

ə remember.

## OBERON

That verər tərme ə saw, but thəu coulds' not, Fləin' betwe:n the co:ld moon an' the erth, Cjəpid all arm'd: a certain $\varepsilon$ : $\mathrm{m} \mathrm{I}_{\text {I took }}$ At a $f \varepsilon: r$ vestal thro:nid bər the west, ən loosed 'is lrve-shaft smartlə from 'is bo:w, As it should pr:rce a 'rndred thəousand 'arts; But əı mət se: yrng Cjəpid's fərəə shaft Quench'd in the chast be:ms ə the wat'rə moon, on the impı:rjal vo:t'riss passid on,
In me:den medit $\varepsilon$ :sion, fancə-fre:.
Yet mark'd əI hwe:re the bo:lt ə Cjəpid fell: It fell upon a little western flo:r,
Befo re milk-hwərte, nəu perple with lrve's wəund, әn me:dens call it lrve-in-əədleniss.
Fetch mi that flo rr; the 'erb a sho:'d thi pnce:
The jərce of it on sle:pin' ə-lids le:d
Will me:ke o:r man o:r woman madlər do:te
Upon the nex' loive cre:təre that it se:s.
Fetch mi this 'rerb; ən be: thəv 'i:re agen
ع:re the levərathan cən swim a le:gue.

## PUCK

ə'll put a gerdle rəund abəut the erth
In fo:rtər minutes.

## Exit

## OBERON

Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon, Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.
Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him

## DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

## HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

## Exit

## OBERON

'avin' pnce this jəıce,
${ }^{2}$ 'll watch Titania hwen shi is asle:p, ən' drop the liquor of it in ər əıs.
The nex' thing then shi we:kin' looks upon, Be: it on ləon, be:r, ər wolf, ər bull, On meddlin' mrnkər, ər on busər $\varepsilon: p e$, Shi sholl pursjue it with the so:l a lrve: ən' $\varepsilon$ :re ə t $\varepsilon$ :ke this charm from off 'ər sərt, As ə cən t : ke it with anrther ' crb , $\partial^{\prime} \mathrm{ll} \mathrm{m} \varepsilon$ : ke ər render $\gamma \mathrm{p}$ әr $\mathrm{p} \varepsilon$ :ge tə me:. But 'o crmes 't:re? әI am invisible; ən' ә will o:ver'ır ther conference.

## Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him

## DEMETRIUS

o lrve thi not, the:refo re pursjue mi not. hwe:re is Lizander ən’ f $\varepsilon$ :r Hermia?
The o:ne ə'll sle:y, the o:ther sle:yeth me:.
Thəu to:l'st mi the:y were sto:l'n unto this wood; ən' hi:re əm ə1, ən' wode within this wood,
Because a cannot me:t mi Hermia.
Hence, get thi gone, ən’ follə me: nə more.

## HELENA

Yə draw mi, you hard-harted adamant;
But yit yə draw not ərron, fo:r mı hart

Is true as steel: 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 e'en for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,-And yet a place of high respect with me,-Than to be usèd as you use your dog?

## 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

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

## HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,

Is true əz ste:l: le:ve you yər por to draw, ən' əા shəll 'ave no: po:r tə follə you.

## DEMETRIUS

Do əı entərce yə? do ə spe:k yə ferr?
o:r, rather, do $\partial$ not in ple:nist truth
Tell you, a do not, no:r a cannot lrve ya?

## HELENA

ənd e:n fər that do ər lrve you the mo:re. ər am yər spaniel; and, Deme:trius, The mo:re yə be:t mi, əI will fawn on you:
Use me: but as yər spaniel, spern mi, strərke mi,
Neglect mı, lose mı; o:nlə give mı le:ve,
rnwerthər as əi am, tə follə you.
hwat werser ple:ce cən ər beg in yər lrve,-ən’ yıt a ple:ce ə’ hə respect wit' me:,--
Thən to bi usid as yə use yər dog?

## DEMETRIUS

Tem't not too mrch the he:tred of mi spir't; For əェ əm sick hwen əI do look on the:.

## HELENA

ən’ əા əm sick hwen ə look not on you.

## DEMETRIUS

Yə do impe:ch yər modestə too mrch,
Tə le:ve the citər an' commit yərself
Into the hands of o:ne thot lrves yo not;
Tə trrst the opportjunitə $\partial \mathrm{f}$ nərt
ən’ the ill cəunsel of a desert ple:ce
With the rich werth of yu:r virginitər.

## HELENA

Yər vertjo is mi privilege: fər that
It is not nət hwen əI do se: yər f $\varepsilon$ :ce,

Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me?

## 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.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

## DEMETRIUS

I will not stay thy questions; let me go: Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

## HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a seandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wood and were not made to woo.
Exit DEMETRIUS
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.
the:refo:re ə think əı am not in the nərt;
No:r drth this wood lack werlds a crmpanəI,
Fər you in mər respect are all the werld:
Then həઇ can it be said əi am alo:ne,
hwen all the werld is hi:re to look on me:?

## DEMETRIUS

ə'll ron from the: ən' hərde mı in the bre:kes, ən' le:ve thi to the mercə of wərld be:sts.

## HELENA

The wərldist 'ath not srch a hart $\partial z$ you.
Rum when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

## DEMETRIUS

ə will not ste:y thi questjons; let mi go::
o:r, if tho follə me:, do not bele:ve
Brt әI shəll do thi mischief in the wood.

## HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a seandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wood and were not made to woo.

## Exit DEMETRIUS

ə'll follə the: ən' me:ke a he'en of hell,
Tə dəı upon the hand ə lrve sə well.

## Exit

## OBERON

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

## Re-enter PUCK

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

## PUCK

Ay, there it is.

## OBERON

I pray thee, give it me.
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 there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
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

## Exit

## OBERON

f $\varepsilon:$ r thi well, nymph: $\varepsilon: r$ 'e: do le:ve this grrve, Thəu sholt fləı 'im ən' 'e: shəll se:k thi lrve.

## Re-enter PUCK

'ast thəo the flo:r the:re? Welcome, wand'rer.

## PUCK

əા, the:re it is.

## OBERON

a pre:y thi, give it me:.
ər kno:w a bank hwe:r the wərld thərme blo:ws, hwe:r oxlips ən' the noddin' vərlet gro:ws, Quəte o:ver-canopərd wi' lrfious woodbəne, Wi' swe:t mrskro:ses ən' with eglantəne. Th $\varepsilon$ :r sle:ps Titania srmetərme ə the nəıght, Lrlled in the:se flo:rs wi’ dances ən’ delarght. ən' the:r the snع:ke thro:ws ər enamell'd skin, We:d worde enrgh to wrap a f $f$ :rə in. ən' wi' the juice ə this ə'll stre:k ər әIs ən’ mع:ke ər full of ' $\varepsilon$ :teful fantasəis.
Tع:ke thəu srme of it, ən’ se:k through this grrve.
A swe:t Ate:nian le:dər is in lrve
With a disdz:nful youth - anəint 'is әıs;
But do it hwen the nex' thing 'e: espəs
M : y bi the le:dər: thəu shəlt kno:w the man
Bəı the Ate:nian garments 'e: əth on.
Effect it wi' srme ce:re, thət 'e: mع:y prrve

More fond on her than she upon her love: And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow. PUCK
Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
Exeunt

Mo:re fond on 're thən she: upon ər lrve. ən’ look thəo me:t mi $\varepsilon$ :re the ferst cock cro:w. PUCK
Fir not, mi lo:rd, yər servant sholl do so:.
Exeunt

## David Crystal speaks this scene at:

http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_2.mp3

## SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train

## TITANIA

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings, To make my small elves coats, and some keep back The clam'rous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

## The Fairies sing

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.
Weaving spiders, come not here;

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_2.mp3

## SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train

## TITANIA

Crme, nəə a rəundel an' a f $f$ :rəı song;
Then, fo:r the therd part of a minute, 'ence;
Srme to kill cankers in the mrsk-ro:se brds,
Srme war with rire-məice forr thər leathern wings,
Tə m $\varepsilon$ :ke mı small elves co:ts, ən’ srme ke:p back
The clam'rous əul thət nətlə 'oots ən' wrnders
At o:r que:nt spirits. Sing mı nə兀 asle:p;
Then to yər offices nn' let mı rest. $^{\text {l }}$

## The Fairies sing

You spotted sne:kes with drble tpngue,
Tho:rnər 'edge'ogs, be: not se:n;
Njewts ən’ blənd-werms, do no: wrong,
Crme not nir o:r fe:rər que:n.
Philomel, with melodəェ
Sing in or swe:t lrllabar;
Lrlla, lrlla, lrllabər, ľlla, lrlla, lrllabər:
Never harm,
No:r spell no:r charm,
Crme o:r lrvelə le:dəı nər;
So:, good nəıt, with lrllabər.
We:vin’ spərders, crme not ' $\varepsilon$ :re;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, \& c.

## Fairy

Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.

## Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids

## OBERON

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.
Exit

## Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

## LYSANDER

Fair love, you faint with wandering 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.
'ence, yə long-legg'd spinners, 'ence!
Be:tles black, appro:ch not ne:r;
Werm nər sne:l, do no: offence.
Philomel, with melodəı, \& c.

## Fairy

'ence, awe:y! nəv all is well:
o:ne aloof stand sentinel.
Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps
Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids

## OBERON

hwat thər se:st hwen thəv drs' we:ke,
Do it for thə true-lrve t $\varepsilon$ :ke,
Lrve ən' languish fo:r 'is se:ke:
Be: it әunce, әr cat, әr be:r,
Pard, ər bo:r with bristled ' $\varepsilon$ :r,
In thər ər that sholl app $\varepsilon$ :r
hwen thəu w $\varepsilon$ :k'st, it is thər d $\varepsilon$ r:
$\mathrm{W} \varepsilon$ :ke hwen srme varle thing is $\mathrm{n} \varepsilon: \mathrm{r}$.

## Exit

## Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

## LYSANDER

Fع:r lrve, yə f $\varepsilon$ :nt with wand'rin' in the wood; ən' to spe:k tro th, ə have forgot o:r we:y: Wi'll rest rs, Hermia, if yo think it good, ən' tarror fo:r the crmfort of the d $\varepsilon: \mathrm{y}$.

## HERMIA

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

## LYSANDER

One turf shall serve as pillow for us both; One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

## HERMIA

Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear, Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

## LYSANDER

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

## HERMIA

Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
LYSANDER
Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!

## HERMIA

Be:'t so:, Lizander: fərnd you əut a bed; Fər əı upon this bank will rest mı head.

## LYSANDER

o:ne terf sholl serve as pillə fo:r əs bo:th; o:ne hart, o:ne bed, two bosoms and o:ne tro:th.

## HERMIA

$\mathrm{N} \varepsilon: \mathrm{y}$, good Lizander; for mı se:ke, mı de:r, Ləı ferther off yit, do not ləı sə nє:r.

## LYSANDER

o:, t $\varepsilon$ :ke the sense, swe:t, of mə innocence!
Lrve $t \varepsilon$ :kes the me:nin' in lrve's conference.
ə me:n, thət mər hart unto yu:rs is knit
Sə that brt o:ne hart we: cən me:ke of it;
Two bosoms interche:nid with on o:th;
Sə then two bosoms and a single tro:th.
Then bər yər səide no: bed-room me: denə;
Fər ləin’ so:, Hermia, ə do not lər.

## HERMIA

Lizander riddles verər prettilə:
Nəu mrch beshro:w mi manners an’ mi prəide, If Hermia meant to $s \varepsilon$ : $y$ Lizander ləid.
Brt, gentle friend, fər love ən’ co:rtesəi
Ləı ferther off; in human modestəI,
Srch separe:sion as me:y well bi se:d
Becrmes a vert'əs bach'lor and a m $\varepsilon$ :d,
So: far bi distant; and, good nərt, swe:t friend:
Thi lrve ne:r alter till thi swe:t lofe end!

## LYSANDER

Amen, amen, to that f $\varepsilon: \mathrm{r}$ pre:r, s $\varepsilon: \mathrm{y}$ ә;
əп' then end ləıfe hwen əェ end ləェaltə!

| Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest! HERMIA | Hı:re is mı bed: sle:p give thi all 'is rest! HERMIA |
| :---: | :---: |
| With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! | With half that wish the wisher's əis bi press'd! |
| They sleep | They sleep |
| Enter PUCK | Enter PUCK |
| PUCK | PUCK |
| Through the forest have I gone. | Through the forest 'ave ər go:ne. |
| But Athenian found I none, | But Ate:nian fəornd əı no:ne, |
| On whose eyes I might approve | On 'ose əis ə məit apprrve |
| This flower's force in stirring love. | This flo:r's fo:rce in sterrin' lrve. |
| Night and silence.--Who is here? | Nərt ən' sərlence.--o is ' $\varepsilon$ :re? |
| Weeds of Athens he doth wear: | We:ds of atens 'e: dəth we:r: |
| This is he, my master said, | This is 'e:, mı master se:d, |
| Despised the Athenian maid; | Desprisid the Ate:nian me:d; |
| And here the maiden, sleeping sound, | ən' 't:re the me:den, sle:pin' səund, |
| On the dank and dirty ground. | On the dank ən' dertər ground. |
| Pretty soul! she durst not lie | Prettə so:l! shı derst not ləı |
| Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy. | Nirr this lack-lrve, this kill-co:rtsə. |
| Churl, upon thy eyes I throw | Cherl, upon thər əis ə thro:w |
| All the power this charm doth owe. | all the porr this charm dəth o:. |
| When thou wakest, let love forbid | hwen thəu w ¢: k 'st, let lrve forbid |
| Sleep his seat on thy eyelid: | Sle:p 'is se:t on thər ərlid: |
| So awake when I am gone; | So: awe:ke hwen ər əm gone; |
| For I must now to Oberon. | Fər ər məs' nə৩ to o: beron. |
| Exit | Exit |

## Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

## HELENA

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

## DEMETRIUS

I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

## HELENA

O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so. DEMETRIUS
Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

## Exit

## HELENA

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase! The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace. Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

## HELENA

Ste:y, tho: the kill mi, swe:t Deme:trius.

## DEMETRIUS

ə charge thi, hence, $\mathrm{n}^{\prime}$ do not haunt mithrs.

## HELENA

o:, wilt thəo darklin' le:ve mi? do not so:.

## DEMETRIUS

St $\varepsilon: y$, on thi peril: ə alo:ne will go:.

## Exit

## HELENA

0:, ә1 әm әut ə’ breath in this fond che:se! The mo:re mı pre:r, the lesser is mi gre:ce. Наррәı is Hermia, hwe:reso:ع:r shı ləıs; Fər she: 'əth blessid ənd attractive əıs.
Həv ce:me 'әr əis sə brərt? Not with salt te:rs:
If so:, mər əıs əre oft'ner wash'd thən he:rs.
No:, no:, əi am əs rglə as a be:r;
Fər be:sts thət me:t mı rrn aw $\varepsilon$ :y fər fer:
The:refo:re no: marvel tho: Deme:trius
Do, as a monster fləı mı presence thrs.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is hi:re? Lizander! on the grəond! Dead? or asle:p? a se: no: blrd, no: wəund.
Lizander if yə live, good ser, awe:ke.

## LYSANDER

[Awaking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
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?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

## HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

## LYSANDER

[Awaking] ən' rrn through fərre ə will fər thər swe:t sc:ke.
Transparent Helena! Ne:təre sho:ws art,
Thət through thi bosom $\mathrm{m} \varepsilon$ :kes mi se: thi hart.
hwe:re is Deme:tr'us? o:, həv fit a wo rd
Is that varle ne:me to perish on mı sword!

## HELENA

Do not se:y so:, Lizander; se:y not so:
hwat tho: 'I lrve yər Hermia? Lo rd, hwat tho:?
Yit Hermia still loves you: then be: content.

## LYSANDER

Content with Hermia! No:; ə do repent
The tidious minutes əı with her əve spent.
Not Hermia brt Helena a lrve:
Who will not che:nge a re:ven fo:r a drve?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

## HELENA

hwe:refo re wəs əI tə this ke:n mock'rə bo:rn? hwen at yər hands did əI deserve this sco:rn?
Is't not enrgh, is't not enrgh, yrng man,
That әI did never, no:, no rr never can,
Deserve a swe:t look from Deme:tr'us' ər,
Bət you məs' fləot mı insuffisiencər?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
$\theta$, that a lady, of one man refused.
Should of another therefore be abused!

## Exit

## LYSANDER

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near! For as a surfeit of the sweetest things The deepest loathing to the stomach brings, Or as the heresies that men do leave Are hated most of those they did deceive, So thou, my surfeit and my heresy, Of all be hated, but the most of me! And, all my powers, address your love and might To honour Helen and to be her knight!

## Exit

## HERMIA

[Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
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 pray.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

## In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
$\theta$, that a lady, of one man refused.
Should of another therefore be abused!

## Exit

## LYSANDER

Shi se:s not Hermia. Hermia, sle:p thəu the:re: ən’ never m $\varepsilon$ :s' thəu crme Lizander $\mathrm{n} \varepsilon: \mathrm{r}$ !
Fər as a serfeit of the swe:tist things
The de:pist lo:thin' to the strmach brings, o:r as the he:resəis thət men do le:ve әre he:ted mo:st $\partial$ tho:se the:y did dece:ve, Sə thər, mı serfeit an mı he:resəı, Of all bi he:ted, brt the mo:st ə me:! ənd, all mı po:rs, address yər lrve ən mərt To honour Helen ən tə be: ər knət!

## Exit

## HERMIA

[Awaking] Help mı, Lizander, help mı! do thi best
Tə plrck this crawlin’ serpent from mı breast!
әı me:, fər pitə! hwat a dre:m wəs he:re!
Lizander, look 'əu əı do que:ke wi' f $\varepsilon$ :r:
Mithought a serpent $\varepsilon$ t mi hart awe:y,
ən' you sat smərlin' at 'is cruel pre:y.
Lizander! hwat, remrved? Lizander! lo:rd! hwat, əut ə’ hi:rin'? gone? no: səund, no: wo:rd?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear. No? then I well perceive you all not nigh
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

Exit

Alack, hwe:re are yə? spe:k, ən' if yə he:r;
Spe:k, of all lrves! ə swoon almo:st wi’ f $\varepsilon$ :r.
No:? then $\partial$ well perce:ve you are not nə
$\varepsilon$ 'er death ər you ə'll fərnd imme:diatelər.

Exit

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3_1.mp3

## ACT III

SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.
Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING
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, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.
BOTTOM
Peter 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?
SNOUT
By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

## STARVELING

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

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3_1.mp3

## ACT III

SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.
Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING
BOTTOM
are wi all met?
QUINCE
Pat, pat; ənd 'i:re's a marv'llous conve:nient ple:ce fər orr re'prsal. This gre:n plot sholl be: ər stz:ge, this 'awtho:rn-bre:ke ər tərin'-əuse; ən we: will do it in acsiən əs we: will do it before the djuke.

## BOTTOM

Pe:ter Quince,--

## QUINCE

hwat se:y's' thər, bullə Bottom?

## BOTTOM

Thøre əre things in this comedə ə Pyraməs ən’
Thisbar thət will never ple:se. Ferst, Pyraməs mrs'
draw a swo:rd to kill 'imself; hwich the le:dəs
cannot abəıde. 'ə兀 answer yə that?

## SNOUT

Bəı'r le:kin, a parlous fe:r.

## STARVELING

a bele:ve wi məs' le:ve the killin' əut, hwen all is drne.

## 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 killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

## QUINCE

Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

## BOTTOM

No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight. SNOUT
Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

## STARVELING

I fear it, I promise you.

## BOTTOM

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

## 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 thus, or to the same defect,--'Ladies,'--or 'Fair-ladies--I would wish You,'--or 'I would request you,'--or 'I would

## BOTTOM

Not a hwit: əə ‘ave a devəıce tə m\&:ke all well.
Wrote mı a pro:logue; ən' let the pro:logue se:m to
s : $: \mathrm{y}$, wi will do no: 'arm with ər swo:rds, ən' thət
Pyraməs is not killed inde:d; and, for the mo:re
better assurance, tell əm thət əI, Pyraməs, əm not
Pyraməs, bət Bottom the we:ver: this will put əm əut ə f $\varepsilon$ :r.

## QUINCE

Well, wi will 'ave srch a pro:logue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

## ВОТТОМ

No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

## SNOUT

Will not the le:dəıs bi afz:rd ə the ləıon?

## STARVELING

ә f $\varepsilon$ :r it, ə promise yә.

## BOTTOM

Masters, you ought to consider wi' yourselves: to bring in--God she:ld əs!--a loıon amrng le:dəıs, is a mo:s' dreadful thing; fər thəre is not a mo:re f $\varepsilon$ :rful wərl'-fəul thən yər ləıon livin'; ən' wi ought to
look to 't.

## SNOUT

The:refo:re ano:ther pro:logue mrs' tell 'i is not a ləion.

## BOTTOM


bi se:n through the ləıon's neck: ən' 'e: ‘imself
mrs' spe:k through, se:yin' thrs, o:r to the se:me
defect,-- le:dəıs,'--o:r 'Fє:r-lє:dəis-- əI would wish
Yə,'--о:r 'əı would reqest yə,'--о:r 'əı would
entreat 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;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

## 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? BOTTOM
A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

## QUINCE

Yes, it doth shine that night.

## BOTTOM

Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

## QUINCE

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, 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
entre:t ya,--not tə f $\varepsilon: \mathrm{r}$, not to tremble: mı loıfe
fər yu:rs. If yə think ə crme 'ither əs a ləıon, it
wəre pitə ə’ mı ləıfe: no: ә әm no: şch thing; әı әm a man əs o:ther men are;' ən the:re inde:d let 'im ne:me is ne:me, ən' tell əm ple:nlə 'e: is Snrg the jə⿰ner.

## QUINCE

Well it sholl bi so:. But thəre is two 'ard things; that is, to bring the moonlət into a ch $\varepsilon$ :mber; fo:r, yə kno:w, Pyraməs ən’ Thisbəı me:t bi moonləit.

## SNOUT

Dəth the moon shərne that nət wi ple:y o:r ple:y?

## BOTTOM

A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; fərnd əut moonshəme, fərnd əut moonshəme.

## QUINCE

Yes, it drth shome that nəit.

## BOTTOM

hwər, then m$\varepsilon$ : y yə le:ve a ce:sement $\jmath^{\prime}$ the gre:t ch $\varepsilon$ :mber wində, hwe:re wi ple:y, o:pen, ən’ the moon $\mathrm{m} \varepsilon$ :y shəIne in ət the $\mathrm{c} \varepsilon$ :sement.

## QUINCE

ər; ər else o:ne mrs' crme in with a bush ə tho:rns ən’ a lant’o:rn, ən’ se:y 'i crmes to disfigjure, o:r to present, the person $\partial$ Moonshəme. Then, thəre is ano:ther thing: wi mrst 'ave a wall in the gre:t che:mber; fər Pyraməs ən’ Thisbəェ sєz the sto:rəı, did talk through the chink of a wall.

## SNOUT

Yə cən never bring in a wall. hwat se:y yə, Bottom?

## BOTTOM

Səme man ər o:ther mrs' present Wall: ən’ let im
have some plaster，or some loam，or some rough－cast about him，to signify 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：when you have spoken your speech，enter into that brake：and so every one according to his cue．

## Enter PUCK behind

## PUCK

What hempen home－spuns have we swaggering 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

Odours，odours．

## 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．
＇ave səme plaster，ər səme lo：m，ər səme rəgh－cast abəut Im，tə signifə wall；ən’ let im ‘o：ld is fingers thrs，ən＇through that crannəı shəll Pyraməs ən’ Thisbər hwisper．

## QUINCE

If that mey be：，then all is well．Crme，sit dəon， ev＇rər mrther＇s sヶn，ən＇re＇prse yər parts．
Pyraməs，you begin：hwen you＇əve spo：ken yər spe：ch，enter into that bre：ke：ən so：evrər o：ne acco：rdin＇to is cue．

## Enter PUCK behind

## PUCK

hwat＇empen＇o：me－sprns＇ave wi swagg＇rin＇＇i：re， Sə ni：r the cre：dle of the fe：rə que：n？
hwat，a ple：y to：rd！ər＇ll be：an auditor；
An actor too，pəraps，if әІ se：cause．

## QUINCE

Spe：k，Pyraməs．Thisbəı，stand fo：rth．

## BOTTOM

Thisbər，the flo：rs of o：dious se：vours swe：t，－－

## QUINCE

o：dours，o：dours．

## BOTTOM

－－o：dours sع：vours swe：t：
So：＇ath thər breath，məェ di：rest Thisbəェ di：r． But＇ark，a vəre！ste：y thər bət＇r：re ahwəle， and bəı and bəı әı will to the：appır．

| Exit | Exit |
| :---: | :---: |
| PUCK | PUCK |
| A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. | A stre:nger Pyraməs thən ع:'er ple:yed 'r:re. |
| Exit | Exit |
| FLUTE | FLUTE |
| Must I speak now? | Məst əı spe:k nəข? |
| QUINCE | QUINCE |
| Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes | ər, marrər, mrst yə; fər yə mrst rnderstand 'i go:s |
| but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again. | bət tə se: a nəise thət 'I 'erd, ən' is to crme agen. |
| FLUTE | FLUTE |
| Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue, | Mo:st re:djant Pyraməs, mo:st lilər-hwəite of 'ue, |
| Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier, | ə colour lorke the red ro:se on trormphant brorr, |
| Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew, | Mo:st briskəı juvenal and e:ke mo:st lrveləi Jew, |
| As true as truest horse that yet would never tire, | As true as truist 'o:rse that yit would never torre, |
| I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb. QUINCE | әr'll me:t the', Pyraməs, at Ninnər's tomb. QUINCE |
| QUINCE | QUINCE |
| 'Ninus' tomb, man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your | 'NəInus' tomb,' man: hwə, yə mrs' not spe:k that yıt; that you answer to Pyraməs: yə spe:k all yər |
| part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue | part at pnce, cues ən' all. Pyraməs enter: yər cue |
| is past; it is, 'never tire.' | is past; it is, 'never tərre.' |
| FLUTE | FLUTE |
| O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire. | o:,--As true az truist 'o:rse, that yit would never torre. |
| Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head | Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass'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 QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING
```


## PUCK

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

## Exit

## BOTTOM

Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT

## SNOUT

O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

## BOTTOM

What do you see? you see an asshead of your own, do you?

## BOTTOM

If әı wəre f $\varepsilon:$ r, Thisbəı, əı wəre o:nləı thəme.

## QUINCE

o: monstrous! o: stre:nge! wi әre 'aunted. Pre:y, masters! fləı, masters! ‘elp!

Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

## PUCK

ə'll follə yə, ə'll le:d yə 'bəut a rəund,
Through bog, through bush, through bre:ke, through brərr:
Srmetrime a 'orrse ə'll be', srmetərme a 'əund,
A 'og, a 'eadliss be:r, srmetərme a fərre;
ən’ nє:, ən' bark, ən' grrnt, ən' ro:r, ən’ bern,
Lərke 'o:rse, 'əound, 'og, be:r, fərre, at ev'rər tern.

## Exit

## BOTTOM

hwər də they rrn aw $\varepsilon: y$ ? this is a kne:vrə $\partial \mathrm{f}$ әm to $\mathrm{m} \varepsilon$ :ke mi aff:rd.

Re-enter SNOUT

## SNOUT

o: Bottom, thəu ərt che:nged! hwat do ə se: on the:?

## BOTTOM

hwat də yə se:? yə se: an ass'ead of yər o:n, do уə?

## Exit SNOUT

Re-enter QUINCE

## QUINCE

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

## Exit

## BOTTOM

I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me;
to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir
from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

## Sings

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,--

## TITANIA

[Awaking] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

## BOTTOM

[Sings]
The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,

## Exit SNOUT

## Re-enter QUINCE

## QUINCE

Bless thi, Bottom! bless th!! thəu art transle:ted.

Exit

## BOTTOM

ə se: ther kne:vrə: this is to me:ke an ass ə mi; to frott mı, if the:y could. But ər will not ster from this ple:ce, do hwat the:y can: ə will walk rp ən’ dəən ‘ıre, ən’ ə will sing, thət the:y shəll ‘ı:
ə am not afre:d.

## Sings

The ousel cock so: black of 'ue,
With orange-tawnor bill,
The throstle with 'is no:te so: true,
The wren with little quill,--

## TITANIA

[Awaking] hwat $\varepsilon$ :ngel we:kes mı from mı flo:rəi bed?

## BOTTOM

[Sings]
The finch, the sparrə and the lark,
The ple:n-song cuckoo gre:y,
'ose no:te full manər a man dəth mark,

And dares not answer nay;--
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

## TITANIA

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, 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; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

## TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

## BOTTOM

Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

## TITANIA

Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
ən’ d $\varepsilon$ :res not answer nع:y;--
fər, inde:d, 'o would set is wit to sə fulish
ə berd? 'o would give a berd the lə, tho: 'i crəI
'cuckoo' never so:?

## TITANIA

ә pre:y thi, gentle mo:rtal, sing agen:
Min irr is mrch enamour'd of thi no:te;
So: is min әı enthrallid to thi she:pe;
ən' thə fe:r vertja's fo:rce perfo:rce dəth mrve mi
On the ferst view tə se:y, tə swe:r, ər lrve thi.

## вотТОм

Mithinks, mistrıss, yə should 'əve little re:son fər that: ən’ yıt, to sع:y the truth, re:son ən’ $^{\prime}$ lrve ke:p little crmp'nər tage'er nəひ-a-d $\varepsilon: y s$; the mo:re the pitəI thət səme honest ne:bours will not $\mathrm{m} \varepsilon$ :ke əm friends. Ne:y, ə cən gle:k upon occe:zion.

## TITANIA

Thəu art əz wəse əz thəu art beautiful.

## BOTTOM

Not so:, nether: bət if əI 'ad wit enrgh to get әut ə this wood, əI 'ave enrgh to serve min o:n tern.

## TITANIA

əut $\partial$ this wood do not desərre to go:
Thə sholt reme:n 'ire, hwe'er thə wilt ər no:. әi am a spirit of no: common re:te;
The srmmer still dəth tend upon mi ste:te;
әn' ә do lrve the:: the:refo:re, go: with me:;
$\partial^{\prime} l l$ give thi $f \varepsilon$ :rəis to attend on the:,
ən' the:y sholl fetch thr jewels from the de:p,
ən’ sing hwərle thər on pressid flo:rs dəs’ sle:p;
ən' $ə$ will perge thi mo:rtal gro:ssniss so:

| That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. | Thət thəu shəlt larke an $\varepsilon$ :rəı spirit go:. |
| :---: | :---: |
| Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed! | Pe:seblossom! Cobweb! Mo:t! ən’ Mrstrrdse:d! |
| Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED | Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED |
| PEASEBLOSSOM | PEASEBLOSSOM |
| Ready. | Readə. |
| COBWEB | COBWEB |
| And I. | ənd ə.. |
| MOTH | MOTH |
| And I. | ənd ə. |
| MUSTARDSEED | MUSTARDSEED |
| And I. | ənd ə.. |
| ALL | ALL |
| Where shall we go? | hwe:re shall wi go:? |
| TITANIA | TITANIA |
| Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; | Bi kəind ən' co:rtəs to this gentleman; |
| Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes; | 'op in is walks ən' gambol in is әis; |
| Feed him with apricocks and dewberries, | Fe:d im with $\varepsilon$ :pricocks ən' djewberrois, |
| With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; | Wi' perple gre:pes, gre:n figs, on' mrlberros; |
| The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, | The 'rnər-bags ste:l from the 'rmble-bais, |
| And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs | ən' fo:r nət-t¢:pers crop thər waxen thəis |
| And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, | ən' lort əm at the fərrə glo:-werm's ərs, |
| To have my love to bed and to arise; | Tə 'ave mı lrve tə bed ən to arəıse; |
| And pluck the wings from painted butterflies | ən' plrck the wings from pe:nted brtterflors |
| To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes: | To fan the moonbe:ms from is sle:pin' is : |
| Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies. | Nod to im, elves, ən' do 'im co:rtesərs. |
| PEASEBLOSSOM | PEASEBLOSSOM |
| Hail, mortal! | He:l, mo:rtal! |

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!
Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED

## PEASEBLOSSOM

And I.
MOTH
And I.
MUSTARDSEED
And.
Where shall we go?

Be k. ais couteous to this genleman,
gecks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
and to arise,

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Hail, mortal!

Thət thəu shəlt lərke an $\varepsilon$ :rə spirit go:.
Pe:seblossom! Cobweb! Mo:t! ən’ Mrstərdse:d!
Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED

## COSSOM

## COBWEB

эnd ә.
МОТ

## MUSTARDSEED

ALL

## hwe:re shall wi go:?

Bi kəınd ən’ co:rtəs to this gentleman;
'op in is walks ən' gambol in is әIs;
Fe:d im with $\varepsilon$ :pricocks ən’ djewberrois,
perple gre:pes, gre:n figs, on’ mrlberrois,
, for no sters crop thar wane
ən’ lort əm at the fərrə glo:-werm's əıs,
Tə 'ave mil lrve tə bed ən to arəise;
ən’ plrck the wings from pe:nted brtterflas
Тә fan the moonbe:ms from is sle:pin’ әIS

## PEASEBLOSSOM

Hz:l, mo:rtal!

## COBWEB <br> Hail! <br> MOTH <br> Hail! <br> MUSTARDSEED <br> Hail! <br> BOTTOM

I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.
COBWEB
Cobweb.
BOTTOM
I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master
Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

## PEASEBLOSSOM

## Peaseblossom.

## BOTTOM

I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, 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: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred had made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master
Mustardseed.

## COBWEB

H $\varepsilon$ :1!
MOTH
H :1!
MUSTARDSEED
He:l!

## BOTTOM

ə сrə yər wership's mercəə, 'art'lər: ə bese:ch yər wership's ne:me.

## COBWEB

Cobweb.

## BOTTOM

a shəll desərre you of mo:re acqz:ntance, good Master
Cobweb: if ə crt mı finger, a shəll me:ke bo:ld with
you. Yu:r ne:me, honest gentleman?

## PEASEBLOSSOM

## Pe:seblossom.

## BOTTOM

ə pre:y yə, commend mi to Mistrıss Squash, yәr mrther, ən' tə Master Pe:scod, yər father. Good Master Pe:seblossom, ə shall desərre you of more acq $\varepsilon$ :ntance too. Yu:r ne:me, ə bese:ch yə, ser?

## MUSTARDSEED

## Mrstardse:d.

## BOTTOM

Good Master Mrstardse:d, ə kno:w yər pe:sience well:
that $s \varepsilon$ :me co:rdlə, gərant-lərke ox-be:f əth devəured manər a gentleman ə your 'əuse: ə promise yə yər kindred 'əd mع:de mi əıs water $\varepsilon: r e ~ n ə \circlearrowright . ~ ə ~$ desəre yər mo:re acq\&:ntance, good Master
Mrstardse:d.

## TITANIA

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

## Exeunt

## TITANIA

Crme, we:t upon im; le:d im to mı bo:r.
The moon mithinks looks with a wat'rə әr; ən' hwen shı we:ps, we:ps ev'rə little flo:r, Lamentin' srme enforcid chastitər.
Тәı үр mı lrve's tongue, bring im sərlentləı.
Exeunt

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3_2.mp3

## SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter OBERON

## OBERON

I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.

## Enter PUCK

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

## PUCK

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day. The shall'west thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake When I did him at this advantage take, An ass's nole I fixèd on his head:

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3_2.mp3

## SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

## Enter OBERON

## OBERON

ว wrnder if Titania be: aw $\varepsilon$ :ked; Then, hwat it was thət nex' ce:me in 'әr ər, hwich she: mrs' do te on in extremitər.

## Enter PUCK

'i:re crmes mı messenger.
‘əu nə兀, mad spir't!
hwat nət-rule nəv abəut this ‘aunted grəve?

## PUCK

Mi mistriss with a monster is in lrve.
Nirr to 'ər clo:se ən' consecre:ted bo:r, hwərle she: wəs in ər drll ən sle:pin' 'or, A crew $\partial$ patches, rude mechanicals,
Thət werk fər bread upon Ate:nian stalls, Wəre met together to re'prse a pl $\varepsilon: y$ Intended fo:r gre:t The:seus' nrpsial-d $\varepsilon: y$. The shall'west thick-skin of that barren so:rt, 'o Pyraməs presented, in ther spo:rt Fərsook is sce:ne ənd enter'd in a br $\varepsilon$ :ke hwen ә did 'im ət this ədvantage t $\varepsilon$ :ke, ən' ass's no:le ə fixid on is 'ead:

Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch; Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved 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,--
And the Athenian woman by his side:
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

## Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS

## OBERON

Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Anon əs Thisbər mrs bi answersd,
ən' fo:rth mi mimic crmes. hwen the:y 'im spər,
əs wərld ge:se that the cre:pin’ fərler ər,
or rrsset-pe:ted chrghs, manə in sort,
Rərsin' ən' cawin' at the grn's repo:rt,
Sever themselves ən' madlor swe:p the skər,
So:, at 'iz sətt, awe:y 'is felləs flər;
ən', at o:r stamp, 'ire o:r ənd o:r o:ne falls;
'i merder crois ən' 'elp from atens calls.
Thər sense thrs we:k, lost wi' thər fe:rs thrs strong,
$\mathrm{M} \varepsilon$ : de senselıss things begin to do əm wrong;
Fər brərrs ən' tho:rns ət the:r apparel snatch;
Səme sle:ves, səme 'ats, from ye:lders all things catch.
ə led $ə \mathrm{~m}$ on in this distracted $\mathrm{f} \varepsilon: \mathrm{r}$,
ən' lef' swe:t Pyramrs transle:ted the:re:
hwen in that mo:ment, so: it ce:me to pass,
Titania w $\varepsilon$ :ked $ə$ stre:tw $\varepsilon: y$ l lrved an ass.

## OBERON

This falls əut better than ə could devəise.
Bət 'ast the yit latch'd the Ate:nian's əis
Wi' the lrve-jəıce, əs əI did bid thi do?

## PUCK

ə took im sle:pin',--that is finish'd too,--
ən' the Ate:nian woman bər iz səıde:
Thət, hwen I w $\varepsilon$ :ked, of fo:rce shi mrs' bi əıd.

## Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS

## OBERON

Stand clo:se: this is the se:me Ate:nian.

## 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

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse, For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse, If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep, Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep, And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day As he to me: would he have stol'n away From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soom This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon May through the centre creep and so displease Her brother's noontide with th'Antipodes. It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him; So should a murd'rer look, so dead, so grim.

## DEMETRIUS

So should the murder'd look, and so should I, Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

## HERMIA

What's this to my Lysander? 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

## PUCK

This is the woman, brt not this the man.

## DEMETRIUS

o:, hwə rebuke yə him that lrves yə so:? Le:y breath sə bitter on yər bitter fo:.

## HERMIA

Nəv әr but chərde; but ər should use thi werse, Fər thəu, ə f $\varepsilon$ :r, əs't gi'en mi cause to cerse, If thəu əs't sle:n Lizander in 'is sle:p, Be:in' o:rshoes in blrd, plrnge in the de:p, ən' kill me: too.
The srn wəs not sə true unto the de:y əs he: to me:: would he: 'əve sto:l'n awe:y
Frəm sle:pin' Hermia? ər'll bele:ve -əs šn This who:le erth me: bi bor'd on' that the mrn Mc: through the centre cre:p-2n' so disple:se ər brether's nrtərde with th'Antipode:s.
It cannot be: but thəv əst merder'd him;
So: should a merd'rer look, sə dead, sə grim.

## DEMETRIUS

So: should the merder'd look, ən’ so: should əI, Pirrced through the hart with yu:r stern crueltər:
Yit you, the merd'rer, look os brəit, as cle:r,
əs yonder Ve:nus in 'ər glimm'rin' sphe:re.

## HERMIA

hwat's this to mə Lizander? hwe:re is he:?
Ah, good Deme:tr'us, wilt thə give im me:?

## DEMETRIUS

ə'd rather give 'is carcass to mı həunds.

## HERMIA

əut, dog! əut, cer! thə兀 drəıv'st mi past the bəunds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then? Henceforth be never number'd among men! O, once tell true, tell true, ev'n for my sake! Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake, And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Gould not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

## DEMETRIUS

You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
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.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

## Exit

## DEMETRIUS

There is no foll'wing her in this fierce vein: Here therefore for a while I will remain. So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe: Which now in some slight measure it will pay, If for his tender here I make some stay.

Of m $\varepsilon$ :den's p $\varepsilon$ :sience. Has' thəv sl $\varepsilon: \mathrm{n}$ Im, then?
Henceforrth bi never nrmber'd amrng men!
o:, pnce tell true, tell true, e:'n fo:r mi se:ke!
Dərst thəu 'əve look'd upon im be:in' aw $\varepsilon$ :ke, ən' hast thəu kill'd im sle:pin'? o: bre:ve trch! Could not a werm, an adder, do sə mrch?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

## DEMETRIUS

Yə spend yər passion on a misprəised mrd.
əI am not guiltə of Lizander's blrd;
No:r is ' I dead, fər aught thət əI cən tell.

## HERMIA

a pre:y thi, tell mi then thət he: is well.

## DEMETRIUS

ən if $\partial$ could, hwat should $\partial$ get the:refo:re?

## HERMIA

A privilege never to se: mı mo:re.
ən’ from thi he:ted presence part $\partial$ so:
Se: me: nə mo:re, hwe'er he: bi dead ər no:.

## Exit

## DEMETRIUS

Thəre is no: foll'win' her in this ferce ve:n: Here the:refore fər a hwərle $\partial$ will rem $\varepsilon$ :n.
So: sorrə's heaviniss dəth heavjer gro:w
Fər debt thət bankrəot sle:p dəth sorrə o:
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lies down and sleeps

## OBERON

What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight: Of thy misprision must perforce ensue Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

## PUCK

Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth, A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

## OBERON

About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

## PUCK

I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

## Exit

## OBERON

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,

## Lies down and sleeps

## OBERON

hwat hast thə drne? thəv 'ast mist :ken quəte on' le:d the lrve-jarce on srme true-lrve's sərt:
Of thər misprizjən mrs' perfo rce ensjue
Səme true lrve tern'd ən' not a false tern'd true.

## PUCK

Then fr:te orr-rules, thət o:ne man 'o:ldin' tro:th, A million fell, confərndin' o:th on o:th.

## OBERON

Abəut the wood go: swifter than the womd, ənd 'elena əf at'ens look thə fə $\operatorname{mind:~}$
all fancər-sick shı is ən' pe:le əf che:r,
With səis ə lrve, thət costs the fresh blrd d $\varepsilon: \mathrm{r}$ :
Bi srme illuzion se: thə bring 'ər ' $\varepsilon$ :re:
ə'll charm is әis agens' shi do appe:r.

## PUCK

ə go:, ə go:; look ‘əu ə go:,
Swifter thən arrə from the Tartar's bo:w.

## Exit

## OBERON

Flo:r of this perple dəI, 'it with Cjəpid's archerər, Sink in apple of 'ız ә.
hwen 'is lrve 'i drth espər,

Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

## 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.

## PUCK

Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall prepost'rously.
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; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Let 'ər shəine əs glo:riousləı as the Ve:nus of the skər.
hwen thəu w $\varepsilon$ :ks', if she: bi bəı,
Beg of 'ər fər remedər.

## Re-enter PUCK

## PUCK

Captain of ər f $\varepsilon$ :rər band, 'elena is ' $\varepsilon$ re at 'and;
an' the youth, mistook bi me:, Ple:din' fo:r a lrver's fe:.
Sholl wi the:r fond pageant se:?
Lo:rd, hwat fols the:se mo:rtals be:!

## OBERON

Stand asərde: the nərse the:y me:ke
Will cause Deme:tr'us to aw $\varepsilon$ :ke.

## PUCK

Then will two at pnce woo o:ne -
That mrs' ne:ds bi spo:rt alo:ne;
An' tho:se things do best ple:se me:
That befall prepost'rouslər.

## Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

## LYSANDER

hwər should yə think thət əI should woo in sco:rn?
Sco:rn ən' derizion never crme in te:rs:
Look, hwen ə vəઇ, ə we:p; ən vəus sə bo:rn,
In the:r nativitə all truth app $\varepsilon$ :rs.
Həu can the:se things in me: se:m sco:rn to you,

## Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

## HELENA

You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

## LYSANDER

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

## HELENA

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

## LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

## DEMETRIUS

[Awaking] O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealèd white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

## HELENA

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,

## Be:rin' the badge ə fz:th, to prrve əm true?

## HELENA

Yə do advance yər crnnin’ mo:re ən’ mo:re.
hwen truth kills truth, o: dev'lish-ho:ly fre:y!
The:se vəus əre Hermia's: will yə give 'ər orr?
We: o:th with o:th, $\mathrm{nn}^{\prime}$ you will nrtin' we:.
Yər vəus to her ən' me:, put in two sce:les, Will e:ven wé, ən’ bo:th əs lət əs te:les.

## LYSANDER

ə had no: jrdgment hwen to her ə swo:re.

## HELENA

Nər no:ne, in mə məind, nəઇ yə give ər o:r.

## LYSANDER

Deme:tr’us lrves 'ər, ən' 'i lrves not you.

## DEMETRIUS

[Awaking] o: Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divəıne!
Tə hwat, mi lrve, shəll əı compe:re thin əıne?
Crystal is mrddəı. o:, həu rərpe in sho:w
Thi lips, tho:se kissin' cherrois, temptin' gro:w!
That pu:re conge:lid hworte, hər Taurus sno:w,
Fann'd with the e:stern wind, terns to a cro:w
hwen thou ho:l'st rp thr hand: o:, let mi kiss
This princess of pu:re hworte, this se:l ə’ bliss!

## HELENA

o: spərte! o: hell! ə se: you all əre bent
Tə set agenst mi fo:r yər merriment:
If you wəre civil an' knjew co:rtesər,
Yə would not do mi thrs mrch injuraI.
Cən you not he:te mı, as ə kno:w yə do,
But you mrs' jom in so:ls tə mock mi too?
If you wəre men, as men you are in sho:w,

You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

## LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so; For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

## HELENA

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

## DEMETRIUS

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd, And now to Helen is it home return'd, There to remain.

## LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

## DEMETRIUS

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.

Yə would not use a gentle le:dəı so:;
Tə vəข, ən swદ:r, ən’ superpre:se mı parts,
hwen əı am su:re yə he:te mı with yər harts.
Yə bo:th əre rəivals, ən' lrve Hermia;
ən' nəu bo:th rəıvals, tə mock Helena:
A trim expləıt, a manləı enterproıse,
Tə conjure tirs $\gamma$ p in a po:r me:d's әis
With yu:r derizion! no:ne of no:ble so:rt
Would so: offend a vergin, and extort
A po:r so:l's pe:sience, all tə me:ke yə spo:rt.

## LYSANDER

You are rnkəind, Deme:tr’us; be: not so:; Fər you lrve Hermia; this yə kno:w ə kno:w:
ən' he:re, with all good will, with all mı hart,
In Hermia's lrve ə ye:ld yə rp mı part;
ən yu:rs əf Helena to me: bequeth,
Whom əI do lrve ən will do till mı death.

## HELENA

Never did mockers wast mo:re əIdle breath.

## DEMETRIUS

Lizander, ke:p thər Hermia; ə will no:ne: If $\varepsilon: r$ ə lrved $\partial$, all that lrve is go:ne.
Mi hart to her but as guest-woise sajern'd, ən' nəv to Helen is it ho:me retern'd,
The:re to reme:n.

## LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so:

## DEMETRIUS

Disparage not the fe:th thə drst not kno:w,

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

## Re-enter HERMIA

## HERMIA

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes, The ear more quick of apprehension makes; Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense, It pays the hearing double recompense. 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, Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

## HERMIA

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

## HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

Lest, to thi peril, thəu abər it dz:r.
Look, hwe:re thi lrve crmes; yonder is thi de:r.

## Re-enter HERMIA

## HERMIA

Dark nort, that from the or his frnesion te:kes,
The rir more quick of apprehension me:kes;
hwe:rein it doth impe: r the se:in' sense,
It pe:s the hrrin' drble recompense.
Thəu art not bəı min əı, Lizander, fəound;
Min i:r, ə thank it, brought mi to thi səund
But hwor rnkəındlə dids' thə le:ve mi so:?

## LYSANDER

hwər should ə ste:y, whom lrve doth press to go:?

## HERMIA

hwat lrve could press Lizander from mi səide?

## LYSANDER

Lizander's lrve, thət would not let 'im bəide,
F\&:r Helena, who mo:re engilds the nort
Thən all yon fərrə o:s ənd əIs ə ləit.
hwor se:k'st thəo me: ? could not this me:ke thi kno:w, The he:te ə be:r thi m $\varepsilon$ :de mı le:ve thi so:?

## HERMIA

Yə spe:k not as yə think: it cannot be:.

## HELENA

Lo:, she: is o:ne ə this confed'racəi!
Nəu ə perce:ve they 'ave conjən'd all thre:
Tə fashion this false spo:rt, in spərte ə’ me:.
Inju:rious Hermia! mo:st rngre:teful me:d!
'əve you conspərred, 'əve you with the:se contrərved

To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared, The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, When we have chid the hasty-footed time For parting us,--O, is it all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both one flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key, As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds, Had been incorporate. So we grow together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, Due but to one and crowned with one crest. And will you rent our ancient love asunder, To join with men in scorning your poor friend? It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly: Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury.

## HERMIA

I am amazèd 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, Who e'en but now did spurn me with his foot,

To b : t mı with this fərl derizion?
Is all the cəunsel that wi two 'əve sh $\varepsilon$ :red, The sisters' vəus, the o:rs thət we: əve spent, hwen we: 'əve chid the hastə-footed trime Fər partin' rs,--0', is it all forgot? all school-d $\varepsilon$ :ys' frien'ship, chəlldhood innocence?
We:, Hermia, lorke two art'fisial gods,
'əve with o:r ne:dles cre:ted bo:th o:ne flo:r, Bo:th on o:ne sampler, sittin' on o:ne cushion, Bo:th warblin' of o:ne song, bo:th in o:ne ke:y, əs if ər hands, ər sərdes, vərces ən' mənds, 'əd be:n incorp'rate. So: wi gro:w toge'er, Lərke to a drble cherrər, se:min’ parted,
But yit an union in partision;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
ən’ will yə rent ər $\varepsilon$ :nsient lrve asrnder,
Tə jəın with men in sco:rnin' yu:r po:r friend?
It is not friendləı, 'tis not me:denlər:
our sex, əs well əs əı, me:y chəide yə for't, Tho: әr alo ne do fe:l the injurər.

## HERMIA

әi am ame:zid at yər passionate wo:rds.
ə sco:rn yə not: it se:ms thət you sco:rn me:.

## HELENA

' $\partial \mathrm{ve}$ you not set Lizander, as in sco:rn,
Tə follə me: ən' pre:se mi әіs ən' fع:ce?
ən’ m $\varepsilon$ :de yər o:ther lrve, Deme:trius,
Who e:n bət nəð did spern mi with 'is foot,

To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare, Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander Deny your love, so rich within his soul, And tender me, forsooth, affection, But by your setting on, by your consent? What though I be not so in grace as you, So hung upon with love, so fortunate, But miserable most, to love unloved? This you should pity rather than despise.

## HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.

## HELENA

Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks, Make mouths upon me when I turn my back; Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up: This sport, well carried, shall be chronicl'd. If you have any pity, grace, or manners, You would not make me such an argument. But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault; Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

## 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.

## DEMETRIUS

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Tə call mı goddess, nymph, divəıne ən’ re:re, Presious, celestial? hwe:refo re spe:ks ' I this Tə her 'i he:tes? ən’ hwe:refo:re drth Lizander Denər yər lrve, sə rich within is so:l, ən' tender me, fərsooth, affecsiən, But bar yu:r settin’ on, br yu:r consent? hwat tho: ə be: not so: in gre:ce as you, Sə hrng upon wi' lrve, sə fo:rtənєte, But miserable mo:st, to lrve rnlrved? This you should pitər rather than despərse.

## HERMIA

əા rnderstand not hwat yə me:n bi this.

## HELENA

ə, do, persever, cəunterfit sad looks, Me:ke mərths upon mı hwen ə tern mı back;
Wink e:ch $\partial \mathrm{o} \mathrm{o}$ :ther; ho:ld the swe:t jest rp :
This spo:rt, well carrəid, sholl bi chronicl'd.
If you ‘əve anər pitər, gre:ce, ər manners,
Yə would not $\mathrm{m} \varepsilon$ :ke mi srch an argəment.
But f\&:re yə well: 'tis partləı məェ o:n faut;
hwich death ər absence soon shəll remedəı.

## LYSANDER

St $\varepsilon$ :y, gentle Helena; hı:r mər excuse:
Mi lrve, mı larfe, mı so:l, fe:r Helena!

## HELENA

o: excellent!
HERMIA
Swe:t, do not sco:rn 'ər so:.

## DEMETRIUS

If she: cənnot entre't, ə can compel.

## LYSANDER

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
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
Away, you Ethiope!
DEMETRIUS
No, no; he'll [ ]
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

## 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! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

## HERMIA

Do you not jest?

## LYSANDER

Thə cans' compel nə mo:re thən she: entre:t:
Thi threats 'əve no: mo:re strength thən her we:k pre:rs.
Helen, a lrve the:; bəı mi ləıfe, ə do:
ə swe:r bi that hwich əI will lose fər the:,
To prrve 'im false thət sez a lrve thi not.

## DEMETRIUS

ə se:y a lrve thi more thən he: cən do.

## LYSANDER

If thəઇ se:y so:, withdraw, ən’ prrve it too.

## DEMETRIUS

Quick, crme!
HERMIA
Lizander, hwe:reto tends all this?

## LYSANDER

Awe:y, you Ethiope!
DEMETRIUS
No:, no:; he'll [ ]
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

## LYSANDER

Hang off, thəv cat, thəv berr! vərle thing, let loose, Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

## HERMIA

hwər are yə gro:n sə rude? hwat che:nge is this?
Swe:t lrve,--

## LYSANDER

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
әut, lo:thid med’cine! he:ted po:sjon, hence!

## HERMIA

Də 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!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!-In earnest, shall I say?

## LYSANDER

Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

## HERMIA

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

## HELENA

Fine, i'faith!

## HELENA

## LYSANDER

Deme:tr'us, əI will ke:p mi wo:rd wi' the:.

## DEMETRIUS

ə would ə had yər bond, fər ә perce:ve
A we:k bond ho:lds yə: ə'll not trest yər wo rd.

## LYSANDER

hwat, should ə hert 'ər, strəike ‘ər, kill 'ər dead?
altho: ə he:te 'ər, ər'll not harm 'ər so:.

## HERMIA

hwat, can yə do mi gre:ter harm thən he:te?
He:te me:! hwe:refo:re? o: me:! hwat njews, mi lrve!
əm not əi Hermia? are not you Lizander?
əા am əs $\mathrm{f} \varepsilon$ :r nəu as $\partial$ was $\varepsilon$ :rehwərle.
Since nərt yə lrved mi; yıt since nərt yə left mi :
hwər, then yə left mi--o:, the gods forbid!--
In ernist, sholl ə se:y?

## LYSANDER

əı, bəı mı ləાfe;
ən' never did desərre to se: thi more.
The:refore bi әut ə’ ho:pe, əf question, əf dəət;
Bi certain, nrtin' truer; 'tis no: jest
Thət әı do he:te thi and lrve Helena.

## HERMIA

o: me:! you jrggler! you canker-blossom!
You the:f ə’ lrve! hwat, have yə crme bi nəıt
ən’ sto:len mə lrve's hart from hım?
HELENA

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 urged 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

I pray you，though you mock me，gentlemen，
Let her not hurt me：I was never curst；
I have no gift at all in shrewishness；
I am a right maid for my cowardice：
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，
Did ever keep your counsels，never wrong＇d you；
Save that，in love unto Demetrius，
I told him of your stealth unto this wood．
＇əve you no：modestər，no：me：den sh $\varepsilon: m e$, No：trch $ə ’$ bashfulnıss？hwat，will yə t $\varepsilon:$ r Impe：sient answers from mi gentle tongue？ Fəェ，fər！you cəonterfit，you prppet，you！

## HERMIA

Prppet？hwəI so：？əI，that we：y go：s the ge：me． Nəu əI perce：ve thət she：＇əth me：de compe：re Betwe：n or statjəres；she：＇əth erged＇ər hərt； ən＇with＇ər pers＇nage，her tall personage， ər hərt，forsuth，shi＇ath preve：l＇d with him． əп＇are yə gro：n sə hə in his este：m；
Because əi am sə dwarfish ən’ sə lo：w？
Hə兀 lo：w am əı，thəu pe：nted mع：po：le？spe：k；
Hə๐ lo：w am ə！əェ am not yıt sə lo：w
But that mine：ls cən re：ch unto thin əis．

## HELENA

ə pre：y ya，tho：yə mock mı，gentlemen，
Let＇ er not hert mI ：ər wəs never cerst；
ə have no：gift at all in shro：wishniss；
I am a right maid for my cowardice：
Let＇er not strorke mi．You perhaps mey think， Because shi＇s srmethin＇lo：wer than miself，

## Thət əI cən match ‘ər．

## HERMIA

Lo：wer！hark，agen．

## HELENA

Good Hermia，do not be：sə bitter with mi．
əi evermo：re did live yə，Hermia，
Did ever ke：p yər cəonsels，never wrong＇d yə； Se：ve that，in lrve unto Deme：trius，
a to：ld＇ Im of yor stealth unto this wood．

He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him; But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

## 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.

## HELENA

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

## HERMIA

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

## LYSANDER

Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;

Hi follə'd you; fər lrve ə follə'd him;
But he: 'əth chid mı hence ən' threaten'd me:
Tə strərke mi, spern mi, nz:y, to kill mı too:
ən' nəv, sə you will let mı quəret go:,
To at'ens will ə be:r mi follə back
ən' follə you no: ferther: let mi go:
Yə se: 'əu simple and 'əu fond әi am.

## HERMIA

hwər, get yo gone: who is't thət hinders you?

## HELENA

A fulish hart, thət ə丷 le:ve hi:re behərnd.

## HERMIA

## hwat, with Lizander?

## HELENA

With Deme:trius.

## LYSANDER

Bi not afre:d; shi sholl not harm thi, Helena.

## DEMETRIUS

No:, ser, shi sholl not, tho: yə tz:ke 'ər part.

## HELENA

o:, hwen shi's angrər, she: is ke:n ən’ shro:wd! Shi was a vixen hwen shi went to school; әn' tho: shi be: but little, she: is f $\varepsilon$ :rce.

## HERMIA

'Little' ag $n$ ! Nrtin’ but 'lo:w' ən’ 'little'! hwar will ya srffer her to flaut mi thrs?
Let me: crme to 'ər.

## LYSANDER

Get yə gone, yə dwarf;
Yə minimus, of hind'rin' knot-grass me:de;

## You bead, you acorn.

## DEMETRIUS

You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

## LYSANDER

Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

## DEMETRIUS

Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

## HERMIA

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

## HELENA

I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray, My legs are longer though, to run away.

## Exit

## HERMIA

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

## Yə be:d, you ع:co:rn

## DEMETRIUS

You әre too offisious
In her behalf thət sco:rns yər services.
Let her alo:ne: spe:k not of Helena;
Te:ke not 'ər part; fər if thə drst intend
Never sə little sho:w of lrve tə her,
Thəu sholt abər it.

## LYSANDER

Nəu shı ho:lds mı not;
Nəv follə, if thəu d $\varepsilon: r^{\prime}$ 'st, tə trəI 'ose rət, of thəine ər məine, is mo:st in Helena.

## DEMETRIUS

Follə! nع:y, əı'll go: wi’ thı, che:k bı jəul.

## Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

## HERMIA

You, mistriss, all this cərl is 'long ə you:
Ne:y, go: not back.

## HELENA

ə will not trrst ya, ə,
No:r longer stz:y in yu:r cerst crmpanər.
Yu:r hands thən moine əre quicker fo:r a fre:y,
Məi legs əre longer tho', tə rən awe:y.
Exit

## HERMIA

əi am ame:zed, ən’ kno:w not hwat tə se:y.

## Exit

## OBERON

This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st, Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

## PUCK

Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man By the Athenian garment he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

## OBERON

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way. Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; And sometime rail thou like Demetrius; And from each other look thou lead them thus, Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye; Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, To take from thence all error with his might, And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

## Exit

## OBERON

This is thəi negligence: still thəu mistz:k'st, ər else committ's' thı knع:v’rəıs wilfulləı.

## PUCK

Bele:ve mı, king ə shadəs, əı mistook.
Did not yə tell mi ə should kno:w the man Bi the Ate:nian garment 'e: 'ad on? ən’ so: far ble:meless prrves mi enterproise, Thət әr 'əve 'nəinted әn Ate:nian's әіs; ən’ so: far am ə glad it so: did so:rt əs this ther janglin' ər este:m a spo:rt.

## OBERON

Thər se:'st the:se lrvers se:k a ple:ce to fərt: $\underline{H} ә$ the:refo:re, Robin, o:vercast the nət;
The starrər welkin crver thəo anon
With droopin' fog əs black əs Acheron, әn' le:d the:se testər rəivals so: astrz:y əs o:ne crme not within ano:ther's we:y. Lərke to Lizander srmetərme fre:me thi tongue, Then ster Deme:tr'us $\gamma \mathrm{p}$ with bitter wrong; әn’ srmetərme re:l thi lorke Deme:trius; ən' from e:ch o:ther look thəu le:d əm thrs, Till o:'r ther brous death-cəunterfitin' sle:p Wi' leaden legs ən’ battə wings dəth cre:p: Then crrsh this 'erb into Lizander's ə; 'ose liquor 'ath this vertjos propertər, Tə t $\varepsilon$ :ke from thence all error with 'is mət, ən’ me:ke is ərballs ro:ll with wo:nted səit.

When they next wake, all this derision Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision, And back to Athens shall the lovers wend, With league whose date till death shall never end. Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy; And then I will her charmèd 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, And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: dammèd spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black brow'd night.

## OBERON

But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, E'en till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Op'ning on Neptume with fair blessèd beams,
Furns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

## Exit

hwen the:y nex we:ke, all this derizion
Sholl se:m a dre:m ən' fruitliss vizion,
ən’ back to atens sholl the lrvers wend,
With le:gue 'ose d $\varepsilon$ :te till death sholl never end.
hwərles ər in this affe:r do the: empləı,
ər'll to mi que:n ən beg ər Indjan bər;
ən' then $\partial$ will ər charmıd əı rele:se
Frəm monster's view, ən' all things sholl bi pe:ce.

## PUCK

Mr fe:ror lord, this mrst be done with haste,
For nott's swift dragons crt the clouds full fast, on' yonder shomes Aurora's 'arbinge.r;
ot whose appro:ch, gho:sts, wand'rin' hrre- on' the:re,
Troop 'o:me to cherchyards: dammid spririts all,
That in crosswe:s on' flrds 'ave burial,
Alreada to the.r wermor beds are gone;
For frir lest de: should look the:r she:mes upon,
The: willfullor themselves exərle from lət
ən' most fər $\partial$ consort with black broช'd not.

## OBERON

But we: are sprrits of anrther so:rt:
a with the mormin's love have oft me:de sport, on', lorke o forrester, the grrves me: tread, e:'en till the e:stern ge:te, all fərrə-red,
o:p'nin' on Neptjune with fer blesstd be:ms,
Terns into yello: go:ld his salt gre:n stre:ms.
But, notwithstandin', he:ste; me:ke no: dele::
WI me: effect this business yet c:re de:.

## PUCK

Up and down，up and down，
I will lead them up and down：
I am fear＇d in field and town：
Goblin，lead them up and down．
Here comes one．
Re－enter LYSANDER

## LYSANDER

Where art thou，proud Demetrius？speak thou now． PUCK
Here，villain；drawn and ready．Where art thou？

## LYSANDER

I will be with thee straight．

## PUCK

Follow me，then，
To plainer ground．
Exit LYSANDER，as following the voice
Re－enter DEMETRIUS

## DEMETRIUS

Lysander！speak again：
Thou runaway，thou coward，art thou fled？
Speak！In some bush？Where dost thou hide thy head？

## PUCK

Thou coward，art thou bragging to the stars，
Telling the bushes that thou look＇st for wars，

## PUCK

ヶp ən’ dəun，ヶp ən’ də兀n，
əા will le：d əm $\begin{aligned} & \text { p } \\ & \text { ən’ də兀n：}\end{aligned}$
əા am fદ：r＇d in fe：ld ən’ tə兀n：
Goblin，le：d əm ヶp ən’ də兀n．
＇ire crmes o：ne．

## Re－enter LYSANDER

## LYSANDER

hwe：re art thəu，prəud Deme：tr’us？spe：k thəઇ nə兀．

## PUCK

hi：re，villain；drawn ən readə．hwe：re art thəv？

## LYSANDER

ə will bi wi＇thi stre：t．

## PUCK

Follə mi，then，
Tə ple：ner grəund．
Exit LYSANDER，as following the voice
Re－enter DEMETRIUS

## DEMETRIUS

Lizander！spe：k agen：
Thəu rxnawe：y，thəu co：ward，art thəu fled？
Spe：k！In srme bush？hwe：re drs＇thər həıde thı head？

## PUCK

Thəv co：ward，art thəo braggin＇to the stars，
Tellin＇the bushes that thər looks＇fər wars，

| And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child; I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled | ən’ wilt not crme? Crme, recrıənt; crme, thə兀 chəIld; әr'll hwip thı with a rod: hi is deforled |
| :---: | :---: |
| That draws a sword on thee. | That draws a swo:rd on the:. |
| DEMETRIUS | DEMETRIUS |
| Yea, art thou there? | Ye:, art thəu the:re? |
| PUCK | PUCK |
| Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. | Follə mi vəice: we'll trəi no: manhood hire. |
| Exeunt | Exeunt |
| Re-enter LYSANDER | Re-enter LYSANDER |
| LYSANDER | LYSANDER |
| He goes before me and still dares me on: | Hi go:s before mı an' still d $\varepsilon$ :res mı on: |
| When I come where he calls, then he is gone. | hwen əı crme hwe:re i calls, then he: is gone. |
| The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I: | The villain is mrch loter-he:l'd thən əi: |
| I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; | ə follə'd fast, but faster he: did flər; |
| That fallen am I in dark uneven way, | Thət fall'n əm ər in dark une:ven w $\varepsilon$ : y , |
| And here will rest me. | ən' hr:re will rest mi. |
| Lies down | Lies down |
| Come, thou gentle day! | Crme, thəu gentle dz:y! |
| For if but once thou show me thy grey light, | For if but pnce thəu sho:w mi thər gre:y lart, |
| I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. | ə'll fərnd Deme:tr'us an’ revenge this spərte. |
| Sleeps | Sleeps |
| Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS | Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS |

## PUCK

Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?

## DEMETRIUS

Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

## PUCK

Come hither: I am here.

## DEMETRIUS

Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear, If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
Lies down and sleeps
Re-enter HELENA

## HELENA

O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hour! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye, Steal me awhile from mine own company.

Lies down and sleeps

## PUCK

Ho:, ho:, ho:! Co:ward, hwə crm's' thəઇ not?

## DEMETRIUS

Abərde mi, if thəu d $\varepsilon$ :r'st; fər well ə wot Thəu rrnn's’ befo:re mi, shiftin’ ev’rə ple:ce, ən’ d $\varepsilon$ r. ${ }^{\prime}$ 'st not stand, nər look mı in the f $\varepsilon: c \mathrm{ce}$.
hwe:re art thəu nə兀?

## PUCK

Crme hither: əェ am he:re.

## DEMETRIUS

$\mathrm{N} \varepsilon: y$, then, thə mock's' mi. Thəv shəlt bə this d $\varepsilon: \mathrm{r}$, If ever әı thi fe:ce bi d $\varepsilon$ :lət se:
Nəu, go: thi we:y. Fe:ntniss constre:neth me:
Tə measəre əut mı length on this co:ld bed.
Bi dz:y's appro:ch look to be visited.
Lies down and sleeps
Re-enter HELENA

## HELENA

o: Wع:rəI nət, o: long ən tidious nəıt,
Abs:te thi o:r! ShəIne crmforts from the $\varepsilon s t$,
Thət әI m$\varepsilon$ :y back to atens bər dz:lət,
Frəm the:se thət mə po:r crmpanər detest:
ən’ sle:p, thət srmetərmes shrts $\gamma \mathrm{p}$ sorrə's əi,
Ste:l me: ahwərle from məine o:n crmpanə.
Lies down and sleeps

| PUCK | PUCK |
| :---: | :---: |
| Yet but three? Come one more; | Yit but thre:? Crme o:ne mo:re; |
| Two of both kinds make up four. | Two of bo:th kəinds me:ke rp fo:r. |
| Here she comes, curst and sad: | 'ı:re shi crmes, cerst on' sad: |
| Cupid is a knavish lad, | Cjəpid is a kne:vish lad, |
| Thus to make poor females mad. | Thrs to m $\varepsilon$ :ke po:r fe:m $\varepsilon$ :les mad. |
| Re-enter HERMIA | Re-enter HERMIA |
| HERMIA | HERMIA |
| Never so weary, never so in woe, | Never sə we:rəı, never so: in wo:, |
| Bedabbl'd with the dew and torn with briers, | Bedabbl'd with the djew on to:rn with brors, |
| I can no further crawl, no further go; | a can nə ferther crawl, nə ferther go:; |
| My legs can keep no pace with my desires. | Mı legs cən ke:p nə p :ce with mə desərres. |
| Here will I rest me till the break of day. | $\mathrm{H} \varepsilon$ :re will $\supset$ rest mi till the bre:k $\partial \mathrm{d} \varepsilon: \mathrm{y}$. |
| Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! | Hea'ns she:ld Lizander, if the:y me:n a fre:y! |
| Lies down and sleeps | Lies down and sleeps |
| PUCK | PUCK |
| On the ground | On the graond |
| Sleep sound: | Sle:p səund: |
| I'll apply | ə'll appləı |
| To your eye, | To your ər, |
| Gentle lover, remedy. | Gentle lrver, remedər. |
| Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes | Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes |
| When thou wakest, | hwen thəu we:kst, |
| Thou takest | Thəo te:kst |
| True delight | True delart |


| In the sight | In the sart |
| :---: | :---: |
| Of thy former lady's eye: | Of thər fo:rmer le:dəı's әг: |
| And the country proverb known, | An' the crntror proverb kno:n, |
| That every man should take his own, | Thət ev'rəi man should tz:ke 'is o:n, |
| In your waking shall be shown: | In yər w $\varepsilon$ :kin' sholl be sho:n: |
| Jack shall have Jill; | Jack shəll 'ave Jill; |
| Nought shall go ill; | Nought shəll go: ill; |
| The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. | The man shəll 'ave 'is me:re agen, ən' all shall bi well |
| Exit | Exit |

## David Crystal speaks this scene at:

http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_1.mp3

## ACT IV

## SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,

 and HERMIAlying asleep.
Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen

## TITANIA

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
BOTTOM
Where's Peaseblossom?
PEASEBLOSSOM
Ready.
BOTTOM
Scratch my head Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

## COBWEB

Ready.

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_1.mp3

## ACT IV

SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA
lying asleep.
Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen

## TITANIA

Crme, sit thi dəun upon this flo:rər bed, hwəle əı thi ع:miable che:ks do cəгy, ən stick mrsk-ro:ses in thi sle:k smooth 'ead,
әn kiss thi fe:r large irrs, mi gentle jəı.

## BOTTOM

hwe:rs Pe:seblossom?

## PEASEBLOSSOM

Readəı.
BOTTOM
Scratch mi 'ead Pe:seblossom. hwe:r's Monsju:r Cobweb?

## COBWEB

Readəı.

## BOTTOM

Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?
MUSTARDSEED
Ready.

## BOTTOM

Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

## MUSTARDSEED

What's your Will?
BOTTOM
Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

## TITANIA

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

## BOTTOM

I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

## TITANIA

Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

## BOTTOM

Monsju:r Cobweb, good monsju:r, get you yər weapons in yər 'and, ən kill mı a red-‘ipped
'rmble-be: on the top əf a thistle; ən, good monsju:r, bring mi the'rnəi-bag. Do not fret yərself too mrch in the acsion, monsju:r; and, good monsju:r, 'ave a ce:re the 'rnər-bag bre:k not; ə would be lo:th to 'ave yə o:verflo:wn with a
'rnəı-bag, signior. hwerr’s Monsju:r Mrstardse:d?

## MUSTARDSEED

Readəı.

## BOTTOM

Gi' mi yər ne:f, Monsju:r Mrstardse:d. Prع:y yə, le:ve yər co:rt'səı, good monsju:r.

## MUSTARDSEED

## hwat's yər will?

## BOTTOM

Nrtin’, good monsju:r, brt to ‘elp Cavaljerəi Cobweb tə scratch. ə mrs' tə the barber's, monsju:r; fər mithinks әı әm marv'llous ' $\varepsilon$ :rəı abəut the f $\varepsilon$ :ce; and әı am srch a tender ass, if mi ' $\varepsilon$ :r do brt tickle mi, ə mrs' scratch.

## TITANIA

hwat, wilt thəu 'irr srme music,

## mi swe:t lrve?

## BOTTOM

әг 'ave a re:s'nable good isr in music. Let's 'ave the tongs $\partial \mathrm{n}$ the bo:nes.

## TITANIA

o:r se:y, swe:t lrve, hwat thəu desərr'st to eit.

## BOTTOM

Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

## TITANIA

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

## BOTTOM

I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
But, 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, begone, and be all ways away.

## Exeunt fairies

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
They sleep
Enter PUCK

## OBERON

[Advancing] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

## BOTTOM

Truləi, a peck of provender: ə could mrnch yər good drəi o:ts.
Mithinks әI 'ave a gre:t desərre to a bottle
of ' $\varepsilon: \mathbf{y}$ : good ' $\varepsilon: y$, swe:t ' $\varepsilon: y$, 'əth no' fellə.

## TITANIA

әт 'ave a vent'rous fe:rəı thət shəll se:k
The squirrel's 'orrd, $\partial n$ fetch thi njew nrts.

## BOTTOM

әг ‘ad rather 'ave a 'andful ər two ə drəid pess.
$\mathrm{B} \gamma \mathrm{t}$, ə pre:y yə, let no:ne ə yər pe:ple ster mi : əI
'ave an exposisiən ə sle:p crme upon mi.

## TITANIA

Sle:p thəu, ənd əı will wəind thi in mi arms.
Ferrəis, bigone, ən be: all we:ys awe:y.

## Exeunt fairies

So: d rth the woodbəine the swe:t 'rnəis $\gamma \mathrm{ckle}$
Gentləı entwist; the fe:me:le әІvəı so:
Enrings the barkəi fingers of the elm.
o', ’əu ə lrve the!! 'əu ə do:te on the:!
They sleep
Enter PUCK

## OBERON

[Advancing] Welcrme, good Robin.
Se:'st thəu this swe:t səit?
‘ər do:tage nəu ə do bigin to pitər:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet favours from this hateful fool, I did upbraid her and fall out with her; For she his hairy temples then had rounded With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had at my pleasure taunted her And she in mild terms begg'd my patience, I then did ask of her her changeling child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo This hateful imperfection of her eyes: And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain; That, he awaking when the other do, May all to Athens back again repair And think no more of this night's accidents But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the fairy queen.
[squeezes the flower juice on her eyes]
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Forr, me:tin' 'er of le:te bi’əind the wood,
Se:kin' swe:t fe:vors from this ' $\varepsilon$ :teful ful, әI did $\gamma$ pbre:d 'ər $\partial n$ fall $\partial u t$ with 'ər; For she his hairy temples then had rounded With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
hwen әı 'ad at mi pleazəre taunted 'er ən she: in mərld terms begg'd mi pessiens, ə then did ask of 'er 'ər che:ngelin' chərld; hwich stre:t shi ge:ve mi, and 'ər ferror sent To be:r 'im to mi bo:r in fe:rər land.
ən nəu ər 'ave the bəı, ə will rndo
This ' $\varepsilon$ :teful imperfecsiən of 'ər əis:
ən, gentle Prck, te:ke this transfo:rmid scalp
From off the 'ead a this Ate:nian swe:n;
Thət, 'e: awe:kin' hwen the o:ther do, Me:y all to atens back agen ripe:r
ən think nə mo:re ə this nəıght's accidents
But as the firce vexc:siən of a dre:m.
But ferst $\partial$ will rele:se the fe:rəI que:n.
[squeezes the flower juice on her eyes]
Be: as thəu wast wo:nt to be:;
Se: as thəu wast wount tə se::
Dәıаn's brd o:r Cjəpid's flo:r
'ath srch forrce ən blessid porr.
Nəu, məı Titania; we:ke yə, məı swe:t que:n.

## TITANIA

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
OBERON
There lies your love.

## TITANIA

How came these things to pass?
O , how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

## OBERON

Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

## TITANIA

Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
Music, still

## PUCK

Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

## OBERON

Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me, And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
PUCK
Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

## TITANIA

Mi O:beron! hwat viziəns ‘ave ə se:n!
Mi thought ə was inamoured of an ass.

## OBERON

Ther lais yər lrve.

## TITANIA

‘əu ce:me the:se things tə pass?
ó, ‘วu min əis do lothe ‘is visa:ge nəu!

## OBERON

Sərlence ahwəile. Robin, te:ke off this 'ead.
Titania, music call; ən strərke mo:re dead
Thən common sle:p of all the:se fərve the sense.

## TITANIA

Music, ho:! music, srch as charmeth sle:p!
Music, still

## PUCK

Nəu, hwen thəu we:k'st, with thəme o:n ful's əis pe:p.

## OBERON

Səund, music! Crme, mi que:n, te:ke 'ands wi' me», ən rock the ground hwe:reon the:se sle:pers be..
Nəu thəu ənd əı əre njew in amitər,
ən will tə-morrə midnəıt solemnləェ
Dance in Djuke The:seus' ‘əuse trəirmphantlər,
ən bless it to all fe:r prosperitər:
The:r shbll the pe:rs ə fe:thful lrvers be:
Wedded, wi' The:seus, all in jollitər.

## PUCK

Fعırəı king, attend, ən mark:
әI do 'irr the morrnin' lark.

## OBERON

Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

## 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

Horns winded within
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

## THESEUS

Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day, My love shall hear the music of my hounds. Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

## Exit an Attendant

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top, And mark the musical confusion

## OBERON

Then, mi que:n, in sərlence sad,
Trip wi a:ter the nəıt's shad:
We: the glo:be cən crmpass soon,
Swifter than the wand'rin' moon.

## TITANIA

Crme, mi lord, ənd in orr fləit
Tell mi 'əu it ce:me this nəıt
That əı sle:pin' irr wəs fəund
Wi' the:se morrtals on the grəund.
Exeunt
Horns winded within
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

## THESEUS

Go:, o:ne ə you, fəind əut the forester;
Fər nəu ər observe:siən is perform'd;
ən since wi have the vaward of the de:y,
MI lrve shall hist the music of mi həunds.
rncrple in the western valləi; let 'em go::
Dispatch, ə se:y, ən fəind the forester.

## Exit an Attendant

Wi will, ferr que:n, $\gamma p$ to the məuntain's top,
ən mark the musical confjuzion

## Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

## HIPPOLYTA

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear Such gallant chiding: for, besides the groves, The skies, the fountains, every region near Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

## THESEUS

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind, So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew; Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls; Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, Each under each. A cry more tuneable Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

## EGEUS

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, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

## of həunds ənd echo: in conjrncsion.

## HIPPOLYTA

əI was with ‘ercjəle:s ən Cadmrs pnce, hwen in a wood ə Cre:te the:y be:d the be:r With ‘əunds ə Sparta: never did әI 'ıır Srch gallant chəidin': fo:r, bisəıdes the grrves,
The skəis, the fəuntains, ev'rəı re:gion nirr
Se:m'd all o:ne mut’əl crəs: ə never 'erd
So: musical a disco:rd, srch swe:t thrnder.

## THESEUS

Mi həunds əre bred əut of the Spartan kəind, Sə flew'd, sə sanded, an' thər heads əre hrng With Irrs thət swe:p awe:y the morrnin' djew; Crook-kne:'d, ən djew-lapp'd lərke Thəsse:lian bulls; Slo:w in pursuit, brt match'd in məuth lərke bells, e:ch rnder e:ch. A crəi mo:re tjuneable
Wəs never holla'd to, nər chis'd with ho:rn,
In Cre:te, in Sparta, nor in Thessalər:
Jrdge hwen yə hi:r. Brt, soft! hwat nymphs əre the:se?

## EGEUS

Mi lo:rd, this is mi da:ghter hirr asle:p;
ən this, Lizander; this Deme:trius is;
This Helena, o:ld Ne:dar's Helena:
əı wrnder of thər be:in' hirr toge'er.

## THESEUS

Nə dəubt the:y ro:se $\gamma$ p erləi to observe
The rəite ə Me:y, ən hirrin' o:r intent,
Ce:me hirr in gre:ce əf əur solemnitər.
But spe:k, Ege:us; is not this the de:y
That Hermia should give answer of 'er chəice?

## EGEUS <br> It is, my lord.

THESEUS
Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns and shout within. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA wake and start up

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

## 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,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
LYSANDER
My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,--for truly would I speak,
And now do I bethink me, so it is,--
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law--

## EGEUS

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,

EGEUS
It is, mi lo:rd.
THESEUS
Go:, bid the hrntsmen we:ke əm with thər ho:rns.
Horns and shout within. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA wake and start up

Good morrə frien's. Sc:nt Valentəine is past:
Bigin the:se wood-berds brt to crple nəu?

## LYSANDER

## Pardon, mi lo:rd.

THESEUS
ə pre:y you all, stand $\gamma$ p.
ə kno:w you two are rəival eneməis:
Həu crmes this gentle concord in the werld,
Thət he:trid is sə far from jealousəI,
Tə sle:p bı he:te, ən fe:r no: enmitər?

## LYSANDER

Mi lo:rd, ə shpll ripləı amع:zıdləı, 'alf sle:p, 'alf we:kin': brt əs yit, ə swe:r, ə cannot truləı sع:y 'əu əı ce:me 'ır;;
$\mathrm{B} \gamma \mathrm{t}$, as ə think,--for trulə would ə spe:k, ən nəu do әI bithink mi, so: it is,-ə ce:me with Hermia hither: orr intent Was to bi go:ne from atens, hwe:re wi məit, Withəut the peril of th' Ate:nian law--

## EGEUS

Enrgh, enrgh, mu lorrd; yz have enrgh:
a beg the law, the law, upon 'is head.
The:y would 'əve sto:l'n awe:y; the:y would, Deme:trius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me， You of your wife and me of my consent， Of my consent that she should be your wife．

## DEMETRIUS

My lord，fair Helen told me of their stealth， Of this their purpose hither to this wood；
And I in fury hither follow＇d them， Fair Helena in fancy following me． But，my good lord，I wot not by what power，－－ But by some power it is，－－my love to Hermia， Melted as the snow，seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gaud Which in my childhood I did dote upon； And all the faith，the virtue of my heart， The object and the pleasure of mine eye， Is only Helena．To her，my lord， Was I betroth＇d ere I saw Hermia： But，like in sickness，did I loathe this food； But，as in health，come to my natural taste， Now I do wish it，love it，long for it，
And will for evermore be true to it．

## THESEUS

Fair lovers，you are fortunately met：
Of this discourse we more will hear anon．
Egeus，I will overbear your will；
For in the temple by and by with us
These couples shall eternally be knit：
And，for the morning now is something worn，
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside．
Away with us to Athens；three and three，
We＇ll hold a feast in great solemnity．

The：rebəı to＇ave dife：ted you ən me：，
You of yər wəıfe ən me：of məı consent，
Of məı consent thət she：should be：yər wərfe．

## DEMETRIUS

Mi lo：rd，fe：r Helen to：l＇mi of thər stealth， Of this thər perpose hither to this wood； ənd әェ in furəェ＇ither follə‘d them， F\＆：r Helena in fancər foll＇win＇me：． But，mər good losrd，əı wot not bəェ hwat po：r，－－ But bəı srme po：r it is，－－məi love ta Hermia， Melted as the sno：w，se：ms to mi nəu as the remembrance of an ərdle gaud hwich in mi chərld＇ood əI did do：te upon； ənd all the fe：th，the vertjo of mi＇art， The object an＇the pleazəre of min əI， Is o：nləı Helena．Tə her，mi lo：rd， Wəs əı bitro：th＇d ere әı saw Hermia： But，lərke in sickness，did ə lo：the this food；
But，as in＇ealth，crme to mi nat＇ral tast， Nəu әı do wish it，lrve it，long fər it， ən will fər evermorre bi true to it．

## THESEUS

Fع：r lrvers，you əre forrtənع：teləı met：
əf this discorse wi morre will hitr anon．
Ege：us，әı will o：verbe：r yər will；
Fər in the temple bəı ən bəı with $\gamma s$
The：se crples sholl eternallə bi knit： ən，forr the mo：rnin＇nəu is srmethin＇wo：rn， o：r perpos＇d hrntin’ shbll bi set asəide． Awe：y with $\gamma$ s to atens；thre：an＇thre！， Wi＇ll ho：ld a fest in gre：t solemnitəi．

Come, Hippolyta.
Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

## DEMETRIUS

These things seem small and undistinguishable,

## HERMIA

Methinks I see these things with parted eye, When every thing seems double.

## HELENA

So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

## DEMETRIUS

Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

## HERMIA

Yea; and my father.

## HELENA

And Hippolyta.

## LYSANDER

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

## DEMETRIUS

Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him
And by the way let us recount our dreams.
Exeunt

## Crme, Hippolyta.

Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

## DEMETRIUS

The:se things se:m small ənd rndistinguishable,

## HERMIA

Mithinks ə se: the:se things wi’ parted əi, hwen ev'rəi thing se:ms drble.

## HELENA

So: mithinks:
ənd ər ‘əve fəund Deme:tr’us lərke a jewel,
Min o:n, ən not min o:n.

## DEMETRIUS

are yz su:re
(beat) That we are awe:ke? It se:ms to me:
Thət yit wi sle:p, wi dre:m. Də not you think
The djuke wəs hire, ən bid us follə him?

## HERMIA

Ye:; and mi father.
HELENA
And Hippolyta.

## LYSANDER

ən' he: did bid us follə tə the temple.

## DEMETRIUS

hwəI, then, wi are aws:ke: let's follə him
ən bəi the we:y let $\gamma \mathrm{s}$ recəunt $\partial$ dre:ms.

## Exeunt

## BOTTOM

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,--and methought I had,--but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit

## BOTTOM

[Awaking] When mi cue crmes, call mi, ən əı will answer: mi next is, 'Mo:s' fع:r Pyraməs.' Hě-ho!! Pe:ter Quince! Flute, the belləs-mender! Snəut, the tinker! Starv'lin'! God's mi lərfe, sto:l'n ‘ence, ən lef' mi asle:p! əг ‘əve ‘ad a mo:s' re:re viziən. əI 'əve 'ad a dre:m, past the wit ə man tə se:y hwat dre:m it was: man is bət an ass, if ' I go: abəut t' expəund this dre:m. Mithought ə was--thəre is no: man cən tell hwat. Mithought ə was,-- ən mithought $ə$ 'ad,--but man is but a patched ful, if 'I will offer tə se:y hwat mithought ə 'ad. The әI of man 'əth not 'erd, the irr of man 'əth not se:n, man's 'and is not $\varepsilon$ :ble to tast, 'is tong to conce:ve, nər 'is 'art to ripo:rt, hwat mi dre:m was. ə will get Pe:ter Quince tə wrote a ballad ə this dre:m: it shəll bi called Bottom's Dre:m, bicause it 'ath no: bottom; ən ər will sing it in the latter end of a ple:y, bifore the djuke:
peradventəre, tə me:ke it the mo:re gre:siəs, ə shəll sing it at 'ər death.

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_2.mp3

## SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

## QUINCE

Have you sent to Bottom's house ? is he come home yet?

## STARVELING

He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is
transported.
FLUTE
If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

## QUINCE

It is not possible: you have not a man in all
Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

## FLUTE

No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft
man in Athens.

## QUINCE

Yea and the best person too; and he is a very
paramour for a sweet voice.

## FLUTE

You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_2.mp3

## SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

## QUINCE

‘ave yə sent tə Bottom's ‘əuse? Is ‘i crme ‘o'me yit?

## STARVELING

'I cannot be 'erd of. əut ə dəubt ' $I$ is
transported.

## FLUTE

If 'I crme not, then the ple:y is marred: it go:s not forrward, drth it?

## QUINCE

It is not possible: you 'ave not a man in all atens $\varepsilon$ :ble tə discharge Pyraməs but 'é.

## FLUTE

No', 'I 'ath simpləi the best wit of anəI 'andicraft man in atens.

## QUINCE

Yع: ən the best person too; ən ' I is a verəi
paramo:r fər a swe:t vəice.

## FLUTE

Yə məs' sع:y 'paragon’: a paramo'r is, God bless əs, a thing $\partial$ nought.

## Enter SNUG

## SNUG

Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

## FLUTE

O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

## Enter BOTTOM

## BOTTOM

Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

## QUINCE

Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour! BOTTOM
Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not
what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

## QUINCE

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

## BOTTOM

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your

## Enter SNUG

## SNUG

Masters, the djuke is crmin' from the temple, ən thəre is two ə thre: lorrds ən le:dəis morre marrəid: if orr sporrt 'ad go:ne forrward, wi 'ad all bin me:de men.

## FLUTE

O: swe:t brlləə Bottom! Thrs 'ath ‘ I lost sixpence a d $\varepsilon$ :y djurin’ 'is ləıfe; ‘i could not ‘əve 'sce:ped sixpence a dع:y : $\partial n$ the djuke 'əd not gi'en 'im sixpence a de:y fər ple:yin’ Pyraməs, ər'll be ‘anged;
'I would 'כve diserved it: sixpence a de:y in
Pyraməs, ər no:tin’.

## Enter BOTTOM

## BOTTOM

hwe:re әre the:se lads? hwe:re əre the:se 'arts?

## QUINCE

Bottom! o: mo:s' coure:gious de:y! o: mo:st ‘appy 'o:r!

## BOTTOM

Masters, əı am tə disco:rse wrnders: but ask mi not hwat; fər if ə tell yə, əェ am no: true Ate:nian. ə will tell yə ev'rit'in', rəıght as it fell əut.

## QUINCE

Let us 'itr, swe:t Bottom.

## BOTTOM

Not a werd ə me.. all that әı will tell yə is, that the djuke 'əth dəined. Get yər apparel toge'er, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your
pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

Exeunt
pumps; me:t presentlər at the palace; ev'rı man look orr 'is part; fər the sho:rt $\partial$ the long is, orr ple:y is preferred. In anəı ce:se, let Thisbəi 'ave cle:n linen; ən let not 'im thət ple:ys the ləion pe:r 'is ne:ls, fər the:y shəll 'ang əut fər the ləion's claws. and, moss' dır: actors, e:t no: rnirns nər garlic, fər we: əre to $\begin{aligned} \\ \text { ter swe:t breath; ən ə }\end{aligned}$ do not dəubt bət to 'irr 'əm se:y, it is a swe:t comedəı. No: mo're werds: awe:y! go:, awe:y!

## Exeunt

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream5_1.mp3

## ACT V

## SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants

## HIPPOLYTA

'Tis strange my Theseus, that these
lovers speak of.

## THESEUS

More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream5_1.mp3

## ACT V

## SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants

## HIPPOLYTA

'Tis stre:nge mi The:seus, that the:se
lrvers spe:k of.

## THESEUS

Mo:re stre:nge thən true: ə never me:y bile:ve
The:se antik fr:bles, no:r the:se fe:rəi təis.
Lrvers ən madmen have such se:thin' bre:ns, Such she:pin' fantasəis, thət apprihend
Mo:re than cool re:son ever comprihends.
The lunatic, the lrver ən the poset
әre of imaginc:siən all compact:
o:ne se:s mo:re devils thən vast hell cən ho:ld,
That is, the madmən: the lrver, all əs frantic,
Se:s Helen's beautər in a brəu of e:gypt:
The po:et's əı, in fəine frenzəı ro!llin',
Dəth glance from hea'n to erth, from erth to hea'n;
ənd as imaginc:siən bodəis forrth
The forrms $\partial$ things unkno:n, the po:et's pen
Terns them tə sh\&:pes ən gives to ع:rəI nətin’ A lo:cal habite:siən and a ne:me.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

## HIPPOLYTA

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

## THESEUS

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

## LYSANDER

## More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

## THESEUS

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?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
PHILOSTRATE
Here, mighty Theseus.

Such tricks 'əth strong imagine:siən,
Thət if it would but apprihend some jər,
It comprihends some bringer of that jər;
oar in the nəit, imaginin' some f $\varepsilon$ ri,
Həu e:səェ is a bush suppo:sed a berr!

## HIPPOLYTA

But all the sto:rər of the nəight to:ld o:'r, ənd all thər məinds transfigəred so: təge'er, Morre witnessith thən fancər's images ən gro'ws to srmethin' of gre:t constancər; But, ‘วuso:ever, stre:nge ənd admirable.

## THESEUS

Hisre crme the lrvers, full ə jəı ən merth.
Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA
Jəı, gentle frien's! jəı ən fresh de:ys ə lrve Accrmpənəı yər harts!

## LYSANDER

## Morre then to rs

We:t in yər rəiyal walks, yər bo:rd, yər bed!

## THESEUS

Crme nəu; hwat masques, hwat dances shbll we have,
To we:r awe:y this long e:ge of thre: 'o:rs
Bitwe:n o:r a'ter-s૪pper ən bed-təıme?
hwe:re is orr usuəl manager ə merth?
hwat revels are in hand? Is the:re no: ple:y,
To esse the anguish of a to:rt'rin' 'orr?
Call Philostre:te.
PHILOSTRATE
Hıre, məıtəı The:seus.

## THESEUS

Say, what abridgement have you for this evening? What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

## PHILOSTRATE

There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

## Giving a paper

## THESEUS

[Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

## Reads

'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

## Reads

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

## THESEUS

Sc:y, hwat abridgement have yz forr this e:v'nin'? hwat masque? hwat music? Həu shəll we: bigərle The le:zəi təime, if not with srme diləight?

## PHILOSTRATE

The:re is a bre:f həu manəı spo:rts əre rəıре:
Me:ke chəice ə hwich yər həIness will se: ferst.

## Giving a paper

## THESEUS

[Reads] 'The battle with the Centars, to bi srng
Bәı әn Atع:nian eunuch to the harp.'
Wi'll no:ne ə that: that have ə to:ld mi l $\gamma \mathrm{ve}$, In glo:rəı of mi kinsman Hercjəle:s.

## Reads

'The rəiot of the tipsəı Bacchanals,
Te:rin' the Thre:sian singer in thər re:ge.'
That is an o:ld divəice; ənd it wəs ple:y'd
hwen əı from The:bes ce:me last a conqueror.

## Reads

'The throice thre: Muses morrnin' forr the death ә Lernin', le:te dice:sed in beggarəi.'
That is some satərre, ke:n ən critical,
Not sorrtin' with a nrpsial ceremo:nər.

## Reads

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

## PHILOSTRATE

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

## THESEUS

What are they that do play it?

## PHILOSTRATE

Hard-handed men that work in Athens here, Which never labour'd in their minds till now, And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptial.

## THESEUS

And we will hear it.
PHILOSTRATE
No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,

## Reads

'A bre:f sce:ne ə yrng Pyraməs
ənd 'is lrve Thisbar; verəi tragical merth.'
Merrəı ən tragical! tidious ən bre:f!
That is, hot əice ən wrndrous stre:nge sno:w.
Həu shbll wi fəind the conco:rd of this disco:rd?

## PHILOSTRATE

A ple:y thəre is, mi lo:rd, səme ten werds long, hwich is əs bre:f əs əェ ‘əve kno:n a ple:y; But bar ten werds, mi lo:rd, it is too long, hwich me:kes it tidious; forr in all the ple:y Thəre is not o:ne werd apt, o:ne ple:yer fitted: әn tragical, mu no:ble lorrd, it is;
For Pyramrs the:rein dəth kill 'imself.
hwich, when $\partial$ saw rihersed, ə mrs' confess,
Me:de məin əis water; but morre merrəi te:rs
The pasion of laud laughter never shed.

## THESEUS

hwat are they thət do ple:y it?

## PHILOSTRATE

hard-handed men thət werk in Atens hire, hwich never le:bour'd in thər məinds till nəu, ən nəu 'əve təIl'd thər rnbre:thed memorəis With this sc:me ple:y, agenst yər nүpsiəl.

## THESEUS

ən we: will hirr it.

## PHILOSTRATE

No, mi no:ble lo:rd;
It is not for you: әr 'əve herd it o:ver,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

## THESEUS

## I will hear that play;

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

## Exit PHILOSTRATE

## HIPPOLYTA

I love not to see wretchedness o'er charged
And duty in his service perishing.

## THESEUS

Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

## HIPPOLYTA

He says they can do nothing in this kind.

## THESEUS

The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed To greet me with premeditated welcomes; Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practised accent in their fears And in conclusion dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
ənd it is nrtin', $n$ rtin' in the werld;
Unless you can fəind sportt in the:r intents,
Extre:meləi stretch'd ən conn'd with cruel pe:n,

## Tə do yə service.

## THESEUS

ə will hı:r that ple:y;

Fər never anthing cən be: amiss, hwen simpleniss ən djutəI tender it. Go:, bring əm in: ən tع:ke yər ple:ces, le:dəis.

## Exit PHILOSTRATE

## HIPPOLYTA

әг lrve not to se: wretchidniss o:'r charged әn djutər in 'is service perishin'.

## THESEUS

hwər, gentle swe:t, yə shbll se: no: srch thing.

## HIPPOLYTA

'I sez they can do nrtin' in this kəind.

## THESEUS

The kəinder we:, tə give əm thanks fər nrtin'. orr sporit shəll be: tə te:ke hwat the:y miste:ke: ən hwat posr djutəi cannot do, no:ble respect Tع:kes it in məight, not merit.
hwere əi əve crme, gre:t clerks ‘əve perposid Tə gre:t mi with premedit\&:ted welcrmes; hwere əı əve se:n əm shiver ən look pe:le, Mc:ke pi:rjods in the midst $\partial$ sentences, Throttle thər practis'd accent in thər fe:rs ənd in conclusiən drmbləi have broske off, Not pe:yin' me: a welcrme. Trrs' mi, swe:t,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.
Re-enter PHILOSTRATE

## PHILOSTRATE

So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.

## THESEUS

Let him approach.
Flourish of trumpets
Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

## Prologue

If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend, But with good will. To show our simple skill, That is the true beginning of our end. Consider then we come but in despite. We do not come as minding to contest you, Our true intent is. All for your delight We are not here. That you should here repent you, The actors are at hand and by their show You shall know all that you are like to know.
əut $\partial$ this sərlence yit ə pick'd a welcrme; ənd in the modestər $\partial$ ferful djutəI
ə red as mrch as from the rattlin' tongue
əf saucəi and aude:sious eloquence.
Lrve, the:reforre, ən' trngue-təred simplicitəi
In le:st spe:k mo:st, tə məェ capacitəı.

## Re-enter PHILOSTRATE

## PHILOSTRATE

Sə ple:se yər gre:ce, the Pro:logue is address'd.

## THESEUS

Let 'im appro:ch.

Flourish of trumpets

## Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

## Prologue

If we: offend, it is with orr good will.
That you should think, we crme not to offend,
But with good will. Ta sho'w oar simple skill,
That is the true beginnin' of orr end.
Consider then we crme bat in despatte.
We do not crme as marndin' to contest ya, o'r true intent is. all far yu:r delart
We are not 't're. That you should 'tre repent ya, The actors are at 'and ən bor thar sho:w
Ya sholl kno:w all that you ore larke ta kno:w.

## THESEUS

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

## LYSANDER

He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

## HIPPOLYTA

Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

## THESEUS

His speech, was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

## Prologue

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder; And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content To whisper. At the which let no man wonder. This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn, Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know, By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;

## THESEUS

This fellə drth not stand upon pəints.
LYSANDER
'I ‘əth rid 'is pro:logue ləike a r'gh co:lt; ‘I kno:ws not the stop. A good moral, mi lorrd: it is not enough tə spe:k, but to spe:k true.

## HIPPOLYTA

Inde:d 'I 'əth ple:yed on 'is pro:logue lərke a chərld on a reco:rder; a səund, but not in grver'ment.

## THESEUS

His spe:ch wəs lərke a tangled che:n; nrtin' impe:red, but all diso:rdered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

## Prologue

Gentles, perchance ya wrnder at this sho:w;
But wrnder on, till truth me:ke all things plen.
This man is Pyramrs, if you would knowi;
This beautjous le:dəı Thisbəı is cartenn.
This man, with larme and rrgh-cast, drth present Wall, that varle Wall hwich did the:se lrvers srnder; And through Wall's chink, porr so:Is, they are content To hwisper. at the hwich let no: man wrnder. This man, with lanto:rn, dog, and bush of tho:rn, Presentith Moonsharne; forr, if you will kno:w, Bәェ moonsharne did the:se lrvers think no: scorn To me:t at Nəinus' tumb, therre, the:re to wor. This grislaı be:st, hwich Laıon haıght baı ne:me,
The trrstar Thisbəı, crmin' ferst bor naight, Did sce:re awe:y, o:r rather did affraight;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine

## THESEUS

I wonder if the lion be to speak.

## DEMETRIUS

No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

## 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.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.
THESEUS
Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

And, as shi fled, 'ar mantle she: did fall,
hwich Laion vaile with blrdaı mauth did ste:n.
Anon crmes Pyramrs, swe:t youth and tall,
And fornds 'is trrstəI Thisbar's mantle sle:n: hwereat, with ble:de, with blrdaı ble:meful ble:de, 'I bre'velai bro:ch'd 'is baIlin' blrdar breast; And Thisbar, tarryin' in mrlb'roı she:de, 'is dagger drew, and dord. For all the rest, Let Laion, Moonshame, Wall, and lrvers twe:n
At large discorse, hwaile 'mre they do remen.

Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine

## THESEUS

әı wrnder if the ləion be: tə spe:k.

## DEMETRIUS

No: wrnder, mi lo:rd: o:ne ləion me:y, hwen manəı asses do.

## Wall

In this sc:me interljude it drth befall
That aI, o'ne Snaut bai ne:me, present a wall;
And srch a wall, as əI would 'ave yz think,
That 'ad in it a crannord 'o:le o:r chink,
Through hwich the lrvers, Pyramrs and Thisbor,
Did hwisper often verəı se:cretloェ.
This lo:m, this rggh-cast and this sto:ne drth sho:w
That วI วm that se:me wall; the truth is so::
And this the crannar is, raight and sinister,
Through hwich the ferrful lrvers are to hwisper.

## THESEUS

Would yə disəıre ləıme ən’ he:r tə spe:k better?

## DEMETRIUS

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

## Enter Pyramus

## THESEUS

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

## Pyramus

O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
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!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!
Wall holds up his fingers
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be 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. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

## DEMETRIUS

It is the wittiist partisiən thət ever ə herd disco:rse, mi lo:rd.

## Enter Pyramus

## THESEUS

Pyraməs draws nirr the wall: sərlence!

## Pyramus

o: grim-look'd natt! o: nart with hue so: black!
o: nort, hwich ever art hwen de:y is not!
o: natt, o: nəıt! alack, alack, alack,
ал ferr məı Thisbar's promise is forgot!
And thau, o: wall, o: swe:t, o: lrvelar wall,
That stand's' betwe:n 'er father's ground and morne!
Thau wall, o: wall, o: swe:t and lrvelar wall,
Sho:w mi thəı chink, to blink through with marne əIne!
Wall holds up his fingers
Thanks, co:rtas wall: Jo:ve she:ld the: well for this!
But hwat se: әı? No: Thisbวı do əı se:.
o: wicked wall, through whom әı se: no: bliss!
Cers'd be: thaI sto:nes far thrs deceivin' me!!

## THESEUS

The wall, mrthinks, be:in’ sensible, should cerse agen.

## Pyramus

No:, in truth, ser, 'i should not. 'Dece:vin’ me:'
is Thisbər's cue: she is to enter nəข, an' əI әm tə
spər 'ər through the wall. Yə shəll se!, it'll
fall pat as ə to:ld yə. Yonder shi crmes.

## Enter Thisbe

## Thisbe

O wall，full often hast thou heard my moans， For parting my fair Pyramus and me！ My cherry lips have often kiss＇d thy stones， Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee．

## Pyramus

I see a voice：now will I to the chink，
To spy an I can hear my Thisby＇s face．Thisby！

## Thisbe

My love thou art，my love I think．

## Pyramus

Think what thou wilt，I am thy lover＇s grace；
And，like Limander，am I trusty still．
Thisbe
And I like Helen，till the Fates me kill．
Pyramus
Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true．

## Thisbe

As Shafalus to Procrus，I to you．
Pyramus
O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall！

## Thisbe

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

## Pyramus

Wilt thou at Ninny＇s tomb meet me straightway？
Thisbe
＇Tide life，＇tide death，I come without delay．

## Enter Thisbe

## Thisbe

o：wall，full often＇ast thəu＇erd məı mo：ns，
Forr partin＇məı fe：r Pyramrs and me！！
MəI cherrai lips＇ave often kiss＇d thar stomes， Thar sto：nes with larme and＇$\varepsilon$ ：r knit rp in the．：

## Pyramus

дı se：a vaice：nau will aı to the chink，
To spəı วп әı cən＇tr məı Thisbəェ＇s féce．Thisbəェ！

## Thisbe

Мәェ lrve thau art，məェ lrve əı think．

## Pyramus

Think hwat thəu wilt，əI am thəı lrver＇s gre＇ce；
And，larke Ləımander，am əI trrstəI still．

## Thisbe

And әı larke＇elen，till the Fe：tes me：kill．

## Pyramus

Not Shafalrs to Pro：crrs was so：true．

## Thisbe

as Shafalrs to Proccrrs，aI to you．

## Pyramus

o：kiss me：through the＇o：le of this varle wall！

## Thisbe

ar kiss the wall＇s＇o：le，not yu：r lips at all．

## Pyramus

Wilt thau at Ninnai＇s tumb me：t me：srte：twe：y？
Thisbe
＇Təıde larfe，＇təıde death，aг crme withəut delc：y．

## Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

## Wall

Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargèd so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
Exit

## THESEUS

Now is the mure rased between the two neighbours.

## DEMETRIUS

No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

## HIPPOLYTA

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
THESEUS
The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

## HIPPOLYTA

It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

## THESEUS

If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. 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,

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

## Wall

Thrs 'əve әI, Wall, mi part dischargid sor;
And be:in' drne, thrs Wall awe:y drth go:.

## Exit

## THESEUS

Nou is the mjure re:sed bitwe:n the two ne:bers.

## DEMETRIUS

No: remedəi, mi lo:rd, hwen walls əre so: wilful to 'itr withəut warnin'.

## HIPPOLYTA

This is the silləist strff thət ever əェ 'erd.

## THESEUS

The best in this kəind əre but shadəs; ən' the werst əre no: werse, if imagine:siən amend əm.

## HIPPOLYTA

It mrs' bi yu:r imagine:siən then, ən’ not the:rs.

## THESEUS

If we: imagine no: werse ə’ them thən the:y ə
themselves, they mey pass fər excellent men. Hirre
crme two no:ble be:sts in, a man ən’ a ləıon.
Enter Lion and Moonshine

## Lion

You, le:dais, you, whose gentle 'arts do ferr
The smallest monstrous mause that cre:ps on florr,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one 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, of a good conscience.

## DEMETRIUS

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

## LYSANDER

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

## THESEUS

True; and a goose for his discretion.

## DEMETRIUS

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

## THESEUS

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour;
for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:
leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

## Moonshine

This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present;--

## DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horms on his head.

## THESEUS

He is no crescent, and his horns are
invisible within the circumference.

## Moonshine

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man $i^{\prime}$ the moon do seem to be.

Mc:y nəu perchance bo:th qusike and tremble 'عire,
hwen laion rrgh in waildist re:ge drth rorr.
Then kno:w that ar, o:ne Snrg the jarner, am
A laıon-fell, no:r else no: laıon's dam;
Fo:r, if as should as laion crme in strorfe
Into this pléce, 'tware pitar on mi larfe.

## THESEUS

A very gentle be:st, əf a good consiənce.

## DEMETRIUS

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

## LYSANDER

This lion is a very fox for his valour.
THESEUS
True; and a goose for his discretion.

## DEMETRIUS

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his
discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

## THESEUS

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:
leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

## Moonshine

This lantorn drth the 'orrnid moon present;--

## DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horns on his head.

## THESEUS

He is no crescent, and his horns are
invisible within the circumference.

## Moonshine

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Miself the man i' the moon do se:m ta ber.

| THESEUS | THESEUS |
| :---: | :---: |
| This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man | This is the greatest efror of all the rest: the man |
| should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the | should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the |
| man $i$ ' the moon? | man $\mathrm{i}^{\prime}$ the moon? |
| DEMETRIUS | DEMETRIUS |
| He dares not come there for the candle; for, you | He dares not come there for the candle; for, you |
| see, it is already in smuff. | see, it is already in smuff. |
| HIPPOLYTA | HIPPOLYTA |
| I am aweary of this moon: would he would change! |  |
| THESEUS | THESEUS |
| It appears, by his small light of discretion, that | It appirs, bəi 'is small ləight $\partial$ discresiən, thət |
| he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all | 'i is in the we:ne; but yit, in corrt'sər, in all |
| reason, we must stay the time. | re:son, we mrs' ste:y the torme. |
| LYSANDER | LYSANDER |
| Proceed, Moon. | Proce:d, Moon. |
| Moonshine | Moonshine |
| All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the | all thət ər 'ave tə se:y, is, to tell you thət the |
| lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this | lantorn is the moon; əi, the man in the moon; this |
| thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog. | tho:rn-bush, məı thorn-bush; ən' this dog, məı dog. |
| DEMETRIUS | DEMETRIUS |
| Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe. | hwəi, all the:se should be: in the lanto:rn; fər all the:se əre in the moon. But, sərlence! hire crmes Thisbər. |
| Enter Thisbe | Enter Thisbe |
| Thisbe | Thisbe |
| This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love? | This is orld Ninnar's tumb. hweire is mar lrve? |
| Lion | Lion |
| [Roaring] Oh-- | [Roaring] Oh-- |

## Thisbe runs off

## DEMETRIUS

Well roared, Lion.

## THESEUS

Well run, Thisbe.

## HIPPOLYTA

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

The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit

## THESEUS

Well moused, Lion.

## LYSANDER

And so the lion vanished.

## DEMETRIUS

And then came Pyramus.
Enter Pyramus

## Pyramus

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?

Thisbe runs off

## DEMETRIUS

Well ro:red, Ləion.

## THESEUS

Well rrn, Thisbəi.

## HIPPOLYTA

Well sho:ne, Moon. Truləı, the moon shəines with a good gre:ce.

The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit

## THESEUS

Well məused, Ləion.

## LYSANDER

әn’ so: the ləion vanished.

## DEMETRIUS

ən' then ce:me Pyraməs.
Enter Pyramus

## Pyramus

Swe:t Moon, əI thank the: forr thai şnnəı be:ms; aı thank the:, Moon, forr shainin' nau so: brait; Fo'r, baı thar gressias, go:lden, glitt'rin' gle:ms, aI trrst to te:ke of truist Thisboi sait.
But steiy, o: spate!
But mark, po:r knoit,
hwat dreadful do:le is 'tre!
dis, do you se:?

How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

## THESEUS

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

## HIPPOLYTA

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

## Pyramus

O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
with cheer.
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:

## 'əu can it be:? <br> o: déntəI drck! o: dır! <br> Thas mantle good, <br> hwat, ste:n'd with blud! <br> Appro:ch, yI Furəis fell! <br> o: Fe:tes, crme, crme, <br> Crt thread and thrrm; <br> Queil, crrsh, conclude, and quell! <br> <br> THESEUS

 <br> <br> THESEUS}This pafion, $\partial n$ ' the death $\partial \mathrm{f}$ a de:r friend, would go: ne:r tə me:ke a man look sad.

## HIPPOLYTA

Bishro:w mi 'art, but ə pitəi the man.

## Pyramus

o: hwe:reforre, Ne:təre, did's' thəu laions fre:me?
Since laion varle 'ath 'tire deflor'd mi dir:
hwich is--no:, no:-- hwich was the fr:rist deme
That lived, that lrved, that larked, that look'd
with chir.
Crme, tirs, confaund;
əut, sworrd, and waund
The pap of Pyramrs;
әI, that left pap,
hwere 'art drth 'op:
Stabs himself
Thrs doı əI, thrs, thrs, thrs.
Nou am əI dead,
Nəu am əı fled;
Məг so:l is in the skəı:

| Tongue, lose thy light; Moon take thy flight: | Tingue, lose thar lat; Moon te:ke thaı flart: |
| :---: | :---: |
| Exit Moonshine | Exit Moonshine |
| Now die, die, die, die, die. | Nəu dəı, dəı, dəı, dəı, dəı. |
| Dies | Dies |
| DEMETRIUS | DEMETRIUS |
| No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one. | No die, but anace, for him; for he is but one. |
| LYSANDER | LYSANDER |
| Less than an ace, mam; for he is dead; he is nothing. | Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing. |
| THESEUS | THESEUS |
| With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass. | With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass. |
| HIPPOLYTA | HIPPOLYTA |
| How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover? | Həu chance Moonshəine is gone beforre Thisbəı crmes back ən’ fəıns ‘ər l $\gamma$ ver? |
| THESEUS | THESEUS |
| She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play. | Shi will fəind 'im bəi starləight. hirre shi crmes; and 'ər pajion ends the ple:y. |
| Re-enter Thisbe | Re-enter Thisbe |
| HIPPOLYTA | HIPPOLYTA |
| Methinks she should not use a long one for such a | Mithinks shi should not use a long o:ne fər srch a |
| Pyramus: I hope she will be brief. | Pyraməs: әı 'o:pe shi will bi bre:f. |
| DEMETRIUS | DEMETRIUS |
| A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which | A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which |

Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

## LYSANDER

She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

## DEMETRIUS

And thes she means, videlicet:-

## Thisbe

Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These my lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
Stabs herself

Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us;
she for a woman, God bless us.

## LYSANDER

Shi 'əth spərd 'im alreadər with those swe:t әis.

## DEMETRIUS

And thes she means, videlicet:-

## Thisbe

Asle:p, таı lrve?
hwat, dead, mə drve?
o: Pyramrs, arase!
Spe:k, spe:k. Quatte drmb?
Dead, dead? A trmb
Mrst crver thar swe:t aIs.
The:se тәI lips,
This cherroı no:se,
The:se yella cəuslip che:ks,
are go:ne, are go:ne:
Lrvers, meike mon:
'is dis were gre:n as le:ks.
o: Sisters Thre:,
Crme, crme to me:,
With 'ands as pe:le as milk;
Le:y them in go:re,
Since you 'ave shore
With shirs 'is thread of silk.
Tongue, not a wo:rd:
Crme, trrstar sword;
Crme, ble:de, mi breast imbrue:
Stabs herself

And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Dies

## THESEUS

Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

## DEMETRIUS

Ay, and Wall too.

## BOTTOM

[Starting up] No assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

## THESEUS

No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself
in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

## A dance

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

## And, ferewell, friends;

Thrs Thisboı ends:
Adiu:, adiu:, adiu:.
Dies

## THESEUS

Moonshəine ən’ Ləion əre left tə burəi the dead.

## DEMETRIUS

## әг, ən’ Wall too.

## BOTTOM

[Starting up] No: assure yə; the wall is dəun thət parted thər fathers. Will it plese yə to se: the epilogue, orr to 'irr a Bergəmask dance betwe:n two əf әr crmp'nəт?

## THESEUS

No: epilogue, ə pre:y yə; fər yər ple:y ne:ds no: ixcuse. Never ixcuse; fər hwen the ple:yers əre all dead, thəre ne:ds no:ne tə be ble:med. Marrəı, if he thət writ it əd ple:yed Pyraməs ən’ hanged 'imself in Thisbər's garter, it would ə bin a fəme tragedəı: ən’ so: it is, truləı; ən’ verəı no:tabləı discharged. But crme, yər Bergəmask: let yər epilogue alo:ne.

A dance

The ərron tpngue ə midnərt 'ath to:ld twelve:
Ľvers, tə bed; 'tis almoss' fe:rəi təıme.
ə f\&:r we shbll əut-sle:p the crmin' morn
əs mrch əs we: this nəit əve o:verwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity.

## Exeunt

Enter PUCK

## PUCK

Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow, Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, Puts the wretch that lies in woe In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

This palpable-gro:ss ple:y əth well begərled The heavər ge:t ə nəit. Swe:t frien's, tə bed.
A forrtnərt ho:ld we this solemnitər,
In nəıtləı revels and njew jollitəェ.

## Exeunt

## Enter PUCK

## PUCK

Nəu the 'rngrəi ləion roirs,
And the wolf be'əuls the mun; hwəil's' the 'eavəı pləuman sno:res, all with wirrəi task forrdune. Nəu the wasted brands do glo:w, hwərl's' the scre:ch-əul, scre:chin' ləud, Puts the wretch thət lais in wo: In remembrance of a shrəud.
Nəu it is the torme ə nəit
That the gre:ves all ge:pin' worde,
Ev'ri o:ne lets forth 'is sproite,
In the cherch-we:y paths to gləide:
And we fr:rəis, that do rrn
Bәi the triple 'ecate's te:m, From the presence of the srn, Foll'win' darkniss lərke a dre:m,
Nəu are frolic: not a məuse
Shbll disterb this 'allo:d 'əuse:
әг am sent wi' broom before,
Tə swe:p the drst be'əind the do:r.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train

## OBERON

Through the house give gathering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

## TITANIA

First, rehearse your song by rote
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
Song and dance

## OBERON

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessèd be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train

## OBERON

Through the 'əuse give gath'rin' lat,
Bәг the dead ən' drəusəı fəıre:
Ev'rəı elf ən’ fe:rəı sprəıte
'op əs ləit əs berd frəm brəir;
An' this dittəI, a:ter me:,
Sing, ən’ dance it trippin'ləェ.

## TITANIA

Ferst, re'erse yər song bi ro:te
To e:ch werd a warblin' no:te:
'and in 'and, with fe:rəi gre:ce,
Will we sing, ən' bless this ple:ce.

## Song and dance

## OBERON

Nəu, until the bre:k ə de:y,
Through this 'əuse e:ch fe:rəI stre:y.
To the best broide-bed will we:,
hwich bi rs shəll blessid be:;
And the ishue the:re cre:c:te
Ever shbll be fortənc:te.
So: sholl all the crples thre:
Ever true in lrvin' be:;
And the blots ə Ne:təre's 'and
Shbll not in ther ishue stand;
Never mo:le, ' $\varepsilon$ :re lip, nər scar,
Nər mark prodigiəs, şch $\partial s$ are

Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train

## PUCK

If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumber'd here While these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend: If you pardon, we will mend: And, as I am an honest Puck, If we have unearnèd luck Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck a liar call; So, good night unto you all. Give me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends.

Despəisid in nativite:,
Shbll upon ther children be:.
With this fe:ld-djew consecre:te,
Ev’ri fe:rəi te:ke ‘is ge:t;
An' e:ch sev'ral chamber bless,
Through this palace, with swe:t pe:ce;
And the o:ner of it blest
Ever shbll in se:f'təi rest.
Trip awe:y; me:ke no: ste:y;
Me:t mi all bi bre:k ə de:y.
Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train

## PUCK

If we shadzs 'ave offended,
Think but this, ən’ all is mended,
That you 'ave but slrmber'd ' $\varepsilon$ :re
hworle the:se vizions did appe:r.
An' this we:k әn' əIdle the:me,
No: mo:re ye:ldin' brt a dre:m,
Gentles, do not repre'end:
If you pardon, we: will mend:
And, əs әIm an honest Prck,
If wi 'ave rnernid lrck
Nəu tz 'sce:pe the serpent's tpngue,
We: will me:ke amends $\varepsilon$ re long;
Else the Prck a ləiar call;
So', good nəit unto you all.
Gi' mi yər 'ands, if we: bi frien's, ən’ Robin shbll resto:re amen's.


[^0]:    So I, admiring of his qualities:
    Things base and vile, folding no quantity,
    Love can transpose to form and dignity:
    Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
    And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
    Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
    Wings and no eyes figure umheedy haste:
    And therefore is Love said to be a child,
    Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
    As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
    So the boy Love is perjured every where:
    For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
    He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
    And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
    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:
    But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
    To have his sight thither and back again.

