

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Abridged and edited by
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MUSIC TRACKS GUIDE

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A Midsummer Night's Dream

[*Dramatis Personae*

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens*
HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus*
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels*
EGEUS, *father of Hermes*
HERMIA, *daughter of Egeus, in love with, Lysander*
LYSANDER, *in love with Hermia*
DEMETRIUS, *in love with Hermia and favored by Egeus*
HELENA *in love with Demetrius*
OBERON, *King of the Fairies*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies*
PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW

PEASEBLOSSOM
COBWEB,
MOTE,
MUSTARDSEED
Other FAIRIES attending

} *fairies, attending Titania*

PETER QUINCE *a carpenter*
NICK BOTTOM, *a weaver*
FRANCIS FLUTE, *a bellows mender*
TOM SNOUT, *a tinker*
SNUG, *a joiner,*
ROBIN STARVELING, *a tailor,*
Lords and Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta
SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it*

} *representing*

PROLOGUE
PYRAMUS
THISBE
WALL
LION
MOONSHINE

[MUSIC CUE #1]: Track 1: Introductory music

1.1 Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, [and Philostrate.] with others.

THESEUS

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes!

HIPPOLYTA

Four days will-quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
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 the 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.
Hippolyta, I wooed 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 reveling.
*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and
Lysander, and Demetrius.*

EGEUS

Happy be Theseus, our renowned 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 bewitched the bosom of my child.
Thou Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love tokens with my child.
With cunning hast thou thou filched my daughters heart,

Turned her obedience which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness, And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before Your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law

THESEUS

What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god-
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA

So is Lysander.

THESEUS

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

HERMIA

I would my father looked 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.

THESEUS

Either to die the death or to abjure
Forever 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 livery of a nun.

HERMIA

So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord
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.

DEMETRIUS

Relent, sweet Hermia, and, Lysander, yield.
Thy crazed 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 possessed; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked
Why should I then not persecute my right?

THESEUS

Demetrius, come,
And come, Egeus, you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look to arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will.
Come, my Hippolyta.

EGEUS

With duty and desire we follow you.
Exeunt [all but Lysander and Hermia].

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

HERMIA

O cross! Too high to be enthralled to low.

LYSANDER

Or else misgrafted in respect of years

HERMIA

O spite! Too old .to be engaged to young.

LYSANDER

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends-

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Hear me, Hermia:
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son,
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest 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
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,
In that same place thou hast appointed me
Tomorrow 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.
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

LYSANDER

Helen, to you Our minds we will unfold.
Tomorrow night, through Athens' gates
We have 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
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 Lysander

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.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed 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 tomorrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense. *[exeunt]*

[MUSIC CUE #2]: Track 2: Mechanicals 1

1.2 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.

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.

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

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.

QUINCE

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

SNUG

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

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will 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.

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 oak we meet.

BOTTOM

Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt

[MUSIC CUE #3]: Track 3: Mechanicals to fairies transition →

ACT II

2.1 SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK

PUCK

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy 1

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Fairy 2

Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
We do wander everywhere,

Fairy 3

Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

Fairy 4

The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

Fairy 5

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;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath

A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But, they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fairy 1

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?
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?

Fairy 2

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,
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 5

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: Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest 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?

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

OBERON

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 votaress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow 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;
 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
 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.
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
 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 even 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 worsè place can I beg in your love,--
 And yet a place of high respect with me,--
 Than to be used 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

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:

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 scandal 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.
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
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

2.2 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 clamorous 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:

[MUSIC CUE #4]: Track 4, song: *Philomel (You Spotted Snakes)*

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES

(lyrics adapted from the original text for the purposes of the song)

First Fairy

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Chorus

Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Never harm
Nor spell, nor charm
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby
Come our lovely lady nigh
So good night with lullaby

Second Fairy

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence.

Chorus

1
Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Never harm
Nor spell, nor charm
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby
Come our lovely lady nigh —

2
melody, melody, melody—
lullaby, lullaby, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Never harm
Nor spell, nor charm
lullaby—
lullaby—

3
Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet
lullaby, lullaby
lullaby; Lul-la, lul-la, lul-la-
by—
Lulla, lulla-
by—, lul-la-
by—, lullaby—

All

So good night with lullaby
So good night with lullaby —
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lul-la-by —

Fairy 3

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

Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids

[MUSIC CUE #5]: Track 5, sound effect: flower charm

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.

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 interchained 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!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA

With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
They sleep

Enter PUCK

PUCK

Through the forest have I gone.

But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.--Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

[MUSIC CUE #6]: Track 6, sound effect: flower charm

When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

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:
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

[MUSIC CUE #7]: Track 7, sound effect: flower charm

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.

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,
 In such disdainful manner me to woo.
 But fare you well: perforce I must confess
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 O, 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 tie 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?
 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

[MUSIC CUE #8]: Track 8: Short mechanicals

ACT III

3.1 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.

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.

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
 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 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. *Exit*

PUCK

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. *Exit*

FLUTE

Must I speak now?

QUINCE

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

FLUTE

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

QUINCE

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

FLUTE

O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

[**MUSIC CUE #9**]: **Track 9, sound effect: flower charm**
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?
Exit SNOUT

Re-enter QUINCE

QUINCE

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

[**MUSIC CUE #10**]: **Track 10: Bottom song; Titania awakes** 

(this track plays through the entire Titania/Bottom/fairies sequence – the scene has been re-worked to fit the timing of the music)

BOTTOM (during music introduction)

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 wousel 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,
And dares not answer nay;--*

[*spoken*]

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

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.
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
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and
MUSTARDSEED*

Peaseblossom!

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

TITANIA

Cobweb!

COBWEB

And I.

TITANIA

Moth!

MOTH

And I.

TITANIA

and Mustardseed!

MUSTARDSEED

And I.

ALL

Where shall we go?

TITANIA

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
And pluck the wings from Painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM

Hail, mortal!

COBWEB

Hail!

MOTH

Hail!

MUSTARDSEED

Hail!

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

3.2 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 shallowest 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 nolle I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
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;
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.

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 stolen away
From sleeping Hermia?
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer 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 drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?

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 following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
[Lies down and sleeps]

[MUSIC CUE #11] Track 11: Angry Oberon

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.

[MUSIC CUE #12]: Track 12, sound effect: flower charm

When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, 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.
(they stand aside)

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,
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.

[MUSIC CUE #13]: Track 13, sound effect: flower charm

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!

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?
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.

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
 Than all you 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
 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?
 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 amazed at your passionate words.
 I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 Who even but now did spurn me with his 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?

HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA

Ay, do, persevere, 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 chronicled.
 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.

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:

DEMETRIUS

I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER

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

DEMETRIUS

Quick, come!

HERMIA

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
 Sweet love,--

LYSANDER

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
 Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

HERMIA

Do you not jest?

HELENA

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS

I would I had your bond, for I perceive
 A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
 Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
 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!
 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.
(she flails at Helena, but is restrained)

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.
 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;
 You bead, you acorn.
 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 jole.
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.
Exit

[MUSIC CUE #14] Track 14: Angry Oberon**OBERON**

This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
 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;
 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.
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 charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK

My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,

OBERON

Make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
Exit

[MUSIC CUE #15]: Track 15: Fog

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,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

DEMETRIUS

Yea, art thou there?

PUCK

Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
Exeunt

Re-enter LYSANDER

LYSANDER

He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me.

Lies down

Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.

Sleeps

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 darest 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

Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.
Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
Lies down and sleeps

PUCK

On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[MUSIC CUE #16]: Track 16, sound effect: flower charm

Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes

When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
Exit

[MUSIC CUE #17]: Track 17: Titania & Bottom #2

ACT IV

4.1 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

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 Mounseieur Cobweb?

COBWEB

Ready.

BOTTOM

Mounseieur Cobweb, get you your weapons in your hand. Kill me a humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and bring me the honey-bag. Where's Mounseieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED

Ready. What's your Will?

BOTTOM

Nothing, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, 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.

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

Truly, 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:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
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:
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.

[MUSIC CUE #18]: Track 18: Flower Charm

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]

[MUSIC CUE #19]: Track 19: Daybreak

PUCK

Now, when thou wakest, with thine
own fool's eyes peep. *[Flower Charm sounds in music track]*

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.

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

[MUSIC CUE #20]: Track 20 Long horn call

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:
 But, soft! what nymphs are these?

EGEUS

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
 And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
 This 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 our solemnity.
 But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[MUSIC CUE #21]: Track 121: Short horn call

*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. [*they kneel*]

THESEUS

I pray you all, stand up. [*they rise*]
 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 stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
 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,
 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:

Away with us to Athens; three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

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

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!

[MUSIC CUE #22]: Track 22: Bottom's dream

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*

[MUSIC CUE #23]: Track 23: Short Mechanicals

4.2 SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.
Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, 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.

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!

Enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM

Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUINCE

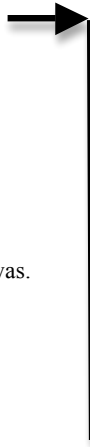
Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

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,
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

[MUSIC CUE #24: Track 24: Wedding celebration

ACT V

5.1 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:
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.
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.

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: [*Giving a paper*]
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

THESEUS

[*Reads*] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.';
'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.';
'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 it 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,
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

Flourish of trumpets

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE with QUINCE

PHILOSTRATE

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

QUINCE

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.

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

QUINCE

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;
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?

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.

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.

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

Wall

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

THESEUS

Now is the mural down 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,
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.

THESEUS

Let us listen to the moon.

Moonshine

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

THESEUS

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

HIPPOLYTA

I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

THESEUS

It appears, by his small light of discretion, that
he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all
reason, we must stay the time.

LYSANDER

Proceed, Moon.

Moonshine

All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the
lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this
thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEMETRIUS

Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe

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

Lion

[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?

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:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine*]
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies*]

THESEUS

With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

HIPPOLYTA

How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

THESEUS

She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe

HIPPOLYTA

Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

LYSANDER

She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

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*]
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;
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
Exeunt

[MUSIC CUE #25]: Track 25: Fairy Dust

Enter PUCK

PUCK

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
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
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.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train

[MUSIC CUE #26]: Track 26: Finale: Now Until Break of Day

(flute cue)

OBERON (spoken)

Through the house give glimmering 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

(flute cue)

TITANIA (spoken)

First rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note
Hand, in hand, with fairy grace,

(music starts)

(dance starts)

We will sing and bless this place

OBERON (sung)

*Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be*

(Oberon and Titania dance)

TITANIA

*And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest*

(All dance)

Chorus 1

*Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be*—————

Chorus 2

*And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;*

All

*And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest*—————

Oberon (sung)

Trip away; make no stay, meet me all by break — of day (Oberon gestures on a music cue and all disperse, save Puck)

(track continues)

PUCK (*spoken, after 1st bell*)

*If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered 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 unearnéd luck
Now to 'scape the serpents 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*



(music fades out)

CURTAIN

[MUSIC CUE #27]: Track 27 : Bows