

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Adaptation by Francis Xavier Norton

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens

EGEUS, father to Hermia

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia

PHILOSTRATE, Mistress of the Revels to Theseus

QUINCE, a carpenter

SNUG, a joiner

BOTTOM, a weaver

FLUTE, a bellows-mender

SNOUT, a tinker

STARVELING, a tailor

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander

HELENA, in love with Demetrius

OBERON, King of the Fairies

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies

PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW, head fairy to Oberon

PEASEBLOSSOM, fairy

COBWEB, fairy

MOTH, fairy

MUSTARDSEED, fairy

PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBY, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION are presented by: QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, STARVELING, AND SNUG

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

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UNIT 1 (To begin as the audience approaches the gates of our world)

PUCK

If we shadows shall offend,
Think but this, and all will mend,
That you will but slumber here
While these visions do appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream!

A knock of Puck's creation, a knock back in response. The gates open.

PROLOGUE (to be developed with moment work)

The fairies grant the human spectators the gift of sight.

The audience enters a room that was once a theatre, but is now overrun by nature in her various forms.

The fairies play.

The child sleeps.

The Lovers sleep, hands locked together.

A woman of light blesses the space.

The roles are given.

The sleeping wake and depart.

The storm approaches.

Unit 2 – Moment Work inspired by text below

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,

By paved fountain or by rushy brook,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

The human mortals want their winter here;

The seasons alter: the spring, the summer,

The childing autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries, and the mazed 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 votaress of my order:

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.

Exit

(Moment work?)

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UNIT 3 – DEvised THROUGH MOMENT WORK

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!

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

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.

UNIT 4

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

EGEUS

Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THESEUS

Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news?

EGEUS

I come full of vexation! With a complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
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, if 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 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 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

HIPPOLYTA

Or to abjure forever the society of men.

THESEUS

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
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,
Ere I will my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship.

THESEUS

Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon--
The wedding-day betwixt my love and me,
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;

HIPPOLYTA

Or on Diana's altar to protest

For aye austerity and single life.

DEMETRIUS

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

LYSANDER

You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's.

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 beloved of beauteous Hermia:
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

Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will.

EGEUS

With duty and desire we follow you.
Exeunt all but LYSANDER and HERMIA

Unit 5

LYSANDER

How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
Ay me! The course of true love never did run smooth.

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Hear me, Hermia. I have a widow aunt of great wealth who hath no child:
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 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,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.
Enter HELENA

HERMIA

God speed fair Helena!

HELENA

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
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:
To-morrow night...

HERMIA

Through Athens gates we have devised to steal
And in the woods where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie
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: 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;
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.
Exit

UNIT 6 (DEvised WITH MOMENT WORK, INSPIRED BY THIS TEXT)

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, 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.

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.

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

We will meet; and there we may rehearse most
obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Exeunt

Unit 7 – Moment Work inspired by text below

ACT II SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, TITANIA'S FAIRIES, and PUCK

PUCK

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

COBWEB

Over hill, over
dale, Over park,
over pale,

PEASEBLOSSOM

We do wander
everywhere, And we serve
the fairy queen, **MOTH**
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 But she
perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:

COBWEB

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;
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet
Puck, Are not you he?

PUCK

Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the
night. But, room, fairy! here comes

Oberon. **PEASEBLOSSOM**

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

(MOMENT WORK?)

TITANIA enters, her train joins her.

OBERON ENTERS, his train follows.

The CHILD is in sight.

War?

TITANIA and her train depart, the child in her hands.

UNIT 8

OBERON

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
a little western flower 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.

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,
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,
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant.

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.
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;

HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company.

DEMETRIUS

Let me go:

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Exit DEMETRIUS

HELENA

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.
Exit

Unit 9 (TO BE DEVISED WITH MOMENT WORK)

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,
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
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

Unit 10 (MOMENT WORK FOR LOCATION/TIME SHIFT)

Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train - SONG HERE (to be created)

Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids (MOMENT)

OBERON

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake:
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.
Exit

Unit 11

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.

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

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HERMIA

Lysander riddles very prettily:
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

They sleep

They Dream

(MOMENT)

Enter PUCK

PUCK

--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.

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

Unit 12

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!
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
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.

LYSANDER awakens. (MOMENT)

LYSANDER

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

HELENA

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

LYSANDER

Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
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?

Exit

LYSANDER

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
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 RESUMES HER DREAM, IT BECOMES A NIGHTMARE (MOMENT)

HERMIA

Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best To pluck
this crawling serpent from my breast! *[Awaking]*
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?

Exit

Unit 13 – MOMENT WORK AND CLOWNING INSPIRED BY THE FOLLOWING TEXT
ACT III. SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep. *Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

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; and it shall be written in eight and six.

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,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
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.

UNIT 14

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, SNOOT, and STARVELING (CLOWNING MOMENT)

PUCK

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Exit

BOTTOM

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

Re-enter SNOOT

SNOOT

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 SNOOT

BOTTOM

I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me;

I am not afraid.

(Song: TO BE CREATED)

TITANIA

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

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;

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,

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

COBWEB

And I.

MOTH

And I.

MUSTARDSEED

And I.

ALL

Where shall we go?

TITANIA

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Feed him purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

ALL

Hail Mortail!

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. Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM

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

MUSTARDSEED

Mustardseed.

BOTTOM

I desire your more acquaintance, good Master
Mustardseed.

TITANIA

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

Tie up my love's tongue bring him silently. *Exeunt*

Unit 15

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.

The shallowest thick-skin of this crew of patches.

An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
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.

Unit 16

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.

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:

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!

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

And 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 (MOMENT)

Unit 17**OBERON**

What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
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,
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK

I go, I go; look how I go.

Exit

OBERON

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
When thou wakest, his love be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK

PUCK

Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;

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;

Unit 18

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:

HELENA

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

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?

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:

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena.

LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia; this you know I know:

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.

DEMETRIUS

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

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 the night engilds.

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

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

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,
But miserable most, to love unloved?

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;

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:

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

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?

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?

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;

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?

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;

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: You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

HERMIA

Lower! hark, again.

HELENA

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!

Let me come to her.

LYSANDER

Get you gone, you dwarf;

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

Unit 19

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 be had on?

OBERON

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye.
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;

PUCK

My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,

OBERON

But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport.

Exit

PUCK

(Puck leading them up and down)

Unit 20 (HUGE MOMENT TO BE MADE INSPIRED BY TEXT BELOW)

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?

PUCK

Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come?

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.

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

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. 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! And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company.

Lies down and sleeps

Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

Never so weary, never so in woe,

I can no further crawl, no further go;

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.

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

Unit 21

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

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I 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.

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;-Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

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

Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle
of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
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

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

They sleep

Enter PUCK

Unit 22

OBERON

[Advancing] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

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 wakest, with thine
own fool's eyes peep.

OBERON

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:

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

Unit 23

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

THESEUS

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

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

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

THESEUS

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:-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,

DEMETRIUS

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

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.

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 everything 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 (MOMENT)

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho!
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. 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. *Exit*

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Unit 24 –MOMENT WORK AND CLOWNING

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.

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.

Enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM

Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

VARIOUS

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,, for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. 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

-

THESEUS

'Tis strange, Hippolyta, what these lovers tell.
More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy tales.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

HIPPOLYTA

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 Venus in his mistress's plain brow.
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 doth strong imagination play.

THESEUS

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.

ACT V. SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS. *Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE and Attendants*

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? Call Philostrate.

PHILOSTRATE

Here, mighty Theseus.

THESEUS

Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

PHILOSTRATE

There is a brief how many sports are ripe:

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

Giving a paper

THESEUS

(Reads) 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

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,

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;

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.

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

UNIT 26 – MOMENT WORK AND CLOWNING INSPIRED BY TEXT BELOW

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

Prologue (Quince)

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
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 Lover coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Tree, 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.

Enter clown Lysander

THESEUS

He draws near the tree: silence!

BOTTOM

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

QUINCE

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

BOTTOM

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

He loves her, and he loves not you.

STARVELING

[Awaking] O, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

QUINCE

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment:

BOTTOM

(To STARVELING) You are unkind, you love Her; this you know I know:

DEMETRIUS

(To BOTTOM), keep thy Her; I will none:

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

Re-enter HERMIA

FLUTE

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

BOTTOM

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

FLUTE

What love could press my lover from my side?

BOTTOM

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

FLUTE

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

QUINCE

Oh! Most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

FLUTE

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

QUINCE

O excellent!

FLUTE

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

STARVELING

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

BOTTOM

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
 (To QUINCE) 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.

STARVELING

I say I love thee more than he can do.

BOTTOM

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

STARVELING

No, no! come not: you are a tame man, go!

BOTTOM

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr!

FLUTE

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

BOTTOM

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

FLUTE

Do you not jest?

QUINCE

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

HIPPOLYTA

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THESEUS

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

BOTTOM

(To Demetrius) I will keep my word with thee.

STARVELING

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

BOTTOM

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

FLUTE

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
 Since night you loved me; yet since night you left
 me.

BOTTOM

Ay, by my life;
 Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
 That I do hate thee and love Her. (Helena)

FLUTE

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?

QUINCE

Fine, i'faith!
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame?
 Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

FLUTE

Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

QUINCE

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

FLUTE

Lower! hark, again.

QUINCE

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

FLUTE

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
Let me come to her.

BOTTOM

Get you gone, you dwarf;

STARVELING

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

FLUTE

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

QUINCE

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

THESEUS

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

Enter Lion and Moonshine

LION

Roars

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.

LYSANDER

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THESEUS

True; and a goose for his discretion.

Moonshine

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;--

DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horns on his head.

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 awearry of this moon: would he would change!

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 the lover.

Re-enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM

Where art thou? (Demetrius) speak thou now.

Enter SNOUT

SNOUT

Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

BOTTOM

I will be with thee straight.

SNOUT

Follow me.

Exit BOTTOM, as following the voice

Re-enter STARVELING

STARVELING

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

SNOUT

Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
And wilt not come?

STARVELING

Yea, art thou there?

SNOUT

Follow my voice.

Exeunt

Re-enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM

He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

Lies down

Come, thou gentle night!

Sleeps

Re-enter SNOUT and STARVELING

SNOUT

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

STARVELING

Darest not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

SNOUT

Come hither: I am here.

STARVELING

Nay, then, thou mock'st me. 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 QUINCE

QUINCE

O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Lies down and sleeps

Re-enter FLUTE

FLUTE

Never so weary, never so in woe,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
Here will I rest me till the break of day.

Lies down and sleeps

SNOUT

Squeezing the juice on BOTTOM's eyes

When thou wakest,

Thou takest

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

And all shall be well.

Exit

THESEUS

Moonshine and Lion are left to [bury the dead].

DEMETRIUS

Ay, and Wall too.

BOTTOM

[Starting up] 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. and so it is, truly; a fine tragedy. 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.

Exeunt

—

UNIT 27

PUCK

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.

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.

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 (MOMENT)

OBERON

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;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
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

UNIT 28

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 unearned 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.

MOMENT

MAGIC

SLEEP

RESTORE

END

