

**#1 - LYSANDER & 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 enthrall'd to low.

**Lysander.**

Or else misgraffed 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.**

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

**Hermia.**

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

**Lysander.**

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, 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 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,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke,  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

**Lysander.**

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

## #2 - DEMETRIUS & HELENA

### 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 worser 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.**

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

**Helena.**

Your virtue is my privilege: for that  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you in my respect are all the world:  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

**Demetrius**

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

**Helena.**

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

**Demetrius.**

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

**Helena.**

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a 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.

### #3 - OBERON & TITANIA

**Oberon.**

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

**Titania**

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

**Oberon.**

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

**Titania.**

Then I must be thy lady: but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest Steppe of India?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

**Oberon.**

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

**Titania.**

These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
 By 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.

**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:  
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side, 495  
 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;  
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait 500  
 Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—  
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,  
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; 505  
 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 510  
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.

#### #4 - QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, & 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.

**Bottom.**

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

**Snout.**

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

**Starveling.**

I fear it, I promise you.

**Bottom.**

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

**Snout.**

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

**Bottom.**

Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or 'Fair-ladies—I would wish You,'—or 'I would request you,'—or 'I would 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.

**#5 - LYSANDER, HERMIA, HELENA, DEMETRIUS****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.

**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.**

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.

**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.



**#6 - OBERON AND PUCK****OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

*Exit*

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

Then will two at once woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone;  
And those things do best please me  
That befall preposterously.

**# 7 - TITANIA & BOTTOM****BOTTOM**

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

*(Sings)*

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

[Sings]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay;--  
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish  
a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry  
'cuckoo' never so?

**TITANIA**

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

**BOTTOM**

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

**TITANIA**

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

Out of this wood do not desire to go:  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state;  
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

**Monologue: #1****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.  
When thou wakest, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:  
So awake when I am gone;  
For I must now to Oberon.

**Monologues #2****BOTTOM / 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!

**Monologue #3****EGEUS**

Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,  
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,  
And stolen the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she; will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:  
Which shall be either to this gentleman  
Or to her death, according to our law  
Immediately provided in that case.