

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

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

- My online interactive IPA charts, at <http://www.paulmeier.com/ipa/charts.html>.
- An OP dialect tutorial in eBook form, based on David’s analysis, and with his oversight, with both text and embedded sound files, online at <http://paulmeier.com/OP.pdf>.
- David may be heard speaking in the dialect at his website, <http://originalpronunciation.com/>.
- My eBook, *Voicing Shakespeare*. It’s available at <http://www.paulmeier.com/shakespeare/>.
- I extracted my *Top Ten Tips* from *Voicing Shakespeare* and embedded a sound file in that document. It’s freely available at http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/Top_Ten_Tips.pdf.
- Two actors from David’s *Troilus and Cressida* cast can be heard in OP on this Signum Records 2-CD set: <http://www.signumrecords.com/catalogue/early-music/this-world~s-globe/sigcd077.html>.

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

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

The stage production was recorded in high-definition video, and a DVD is available at FilmsMediaGroup.com. I further cut the text and adapted it for radio, and the original cast recorded this radio drama version immediately following the close of the stage production; it is available as an mp3 download. For details of these, see <http://www.paulmeier.com/shakespeare/>.

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

The company was as follows:

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

DRAGONSAP - A FAIRY
PEASEBLOSSOM
COBWEB
MOTH
MUSTARDSEED
PUCK
PETER QUINCE
NICK BOTTOM
FRANCIS FLUTE
TOM SNOOT
SNUG
ROBIN STARVELING
UNDERSTUDY TO TITANIA

Jennifer Walker
Mary McNulty
Hailey Lapin
Sara Kennedy
Margaret Hanzlick
J.T. Nagle
Garrett Lawson
Scott Cox
Ryan Lueders
Charlie Stock
James Teller
Sam Voelker
Mary McNulty

*GUEST FACULTY ARTISTS

Paul Meier
PaulMeier.com
The International Dialects of English Archive
University of Kansas
December, 2010
Revised September, 2017

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

ACT I

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants
THESEUS

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame or a dowager
 Long with'ring out a young man's revenue.

HIPPOLYTA

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

THESEUS

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

Exit PHILOSTRATE

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

ACT I

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants
THESEUS

Nəʊ, fɛːr Hippolyta, ɔr nɪpsɪəl ɔːr
 Draws on apɛːce; fɔːr happəɪ dɛːys bring in
 Anɔːther moon: bʌt, ɔː, mɪθɪŋks, 'əʊ sləʊw
 This ɔːld moon wɛːnes! shɪ lɪŋɡers məɪ desəɪres,
 Ləɪke to a step-dɛːme ɔr a dəʊager
 Long with'rin' əʊt a jʌŋɡ man's revenɪʊ.

HIPPOLYTA

Fɔːr dɛːys will quɪcklɪ stɛːp θɛmsɛlvɪz ɪn nəɪɡht;
 Fɔːr nəɪɡhts will quɪcklɪ drem əwɛːy θə təɪme;
 And then the moon, ləɪke to a silver bɔːw
 New-bent ɪn heʊvən, ʃəll br'ɔːld θə nəɪɡht
 Of ɔːr sələmnɪtɪs.

THESEUS

Goː fɪlostrɛːte,
 Stɜːr ɪp θɪ' Ateɪniən juːθ tə mɛrɪmɛnts;
 Awɛːke θə pɜːt ɪnɪblɪ sprɪt ə mɜːθ;
 Tɜːn meləŋkəʊlɪ fɔːrθ tə fʊnɛrəls;
 The pɛːlə kəmpanɪən ɪz nɒt fɔːr ɔr pɒmp.

Exit PHILOSTRATE

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

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

EGEUS

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

Hippolyta, ə woo'd thi with mi swo:rd,
And wɪn thi lʌve, doin' thi injurəis;
But əi will wed thi in anə:ther key,
With pomp, with trəiɪmɪph and with revellin'.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

EGEUS

Happəi bi The:seus, ɔ:r renəʊwnɪd duke!

THESEUS

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

EGEUS

Full ə vexɛ:sjən cɪme əi, with complɛ:nt
Agɛnst mi chəild, mi dɑ:ghter Hɛrmia.
Stand fɔ:rth, Deme:trius. Mi nɔ:ble lɔ:rd,
This man 'əth məi consent tə marrəi hɛr.
Stand fɔ:rth, Lɪzander: and mi grɛ:sjəs duke,
This man 'əth b'witch'd the bosom of mi chəild;
Thəʊ, thəʊ, Lɪzander, thəʊ 'əst giv'n 'er rhəimes,
ənd interchɛ:ng'd lʌve-to:kens with mi chəild:
Thəʊ hɑst bi moonləight at 'er wində sɪng,
Wi' fɛ:gnin' vəice, vɛrses ə fɛ:gnin' lʌve,
ən' stɔ:l'n th' impresjən of 'er fantəʒəi
Wi' brɛ:cele:ts of thi hɛ:r, rings, gawds, conce:ts,
Knacks, trəiflɛs, nɔsegɛ:ys, swɛ:tme:ts, messengɛrs
Of strong prevɛilment in ɪnharden'd youth:
With cɪnnin' hɑst thəʊ filch'd mi dɑ:ghter's hɑrt,
Tɜrn'd hɛr obe:dience, hwich is due tə me:,
Tə stɪbbɔrn hɑrshnɪss: and, mi grɛ:sjəs duke,
Be:'t sɔ: shɪ will not hi:re befo:re yɜr grɛ:ce
Consent tə marrəi with Deme:trius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

THESEUS

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

HERMIA

So is Lysander.

THESEUS

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

HERMIA

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

THESEUS

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HERMIA

I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

ə beg the ɛ:nsjənt privilege of ətens,
As she: is məine, ə mə:y dispose of hə:r:
hwich şəll be ɛθər to this gentleman
or to 'er death, accordin' to ɔr law
Imme:diatələi provəided in that cɛ:se.

THESEUS

hwat sə:y yə, Hərmiə? be: advəised fɛ:r mɛ:d:
Tə you yər father should be ɒs a god;
o:nə that compo:səd yər beautəis, yɛ:, ənd o:nə
Tə whom you ɒrə but ɒs a fo:rm in wɒx
Bɪ him imprintɪd ɒnd wɪθɪn hɪs pɔ:r
To le:və the figjʊrə ɔ:r disfigjʊrə it.
Deme:triʊs is ə wərθəi gentleman.

HERMIA

So: is Lɪzənder.

THESEUS

In 'ɪmsɛlf 'ɪ is;
Bʏt in this kəɪnd, wantɪn' yər fəθər's vɔɪs,
The ɔ:θər mʌs' be held the wərθiər.

HERMIA

ə wʊld mɪ fəθər lʊk'd bʊt wɪθ məi əis.

THESEUS

Rather your əis mus' wɪθ 'ɪs jʌdʒmənt lʊk.

HERMIA

ə dʊ ɪntre:t yər grɛ:ɪs tə pɑ:dn me:.
ə kno:w nɒt bæi hwat pɔ:r əi ɒm mɛ:de bɔɪld,
Nər həʊ ɪt mə:y kɒnɜ:n mɪ mɒdəstəi,
In sʌʃ ə prɛsɛns hɪ:re tə ple:d mɪ θɒtʃts;
Bʊt əi bese:ʃ yər grɛ:ɪs θət əi mə:y kno:w
The wɜ:st θət mə:y befall mɪ ɪn θɪs cɛ:se,
If əi rɪfʊs tə wɛd Deme:triʊs.

THESEUS

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

HERMIA

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

THESEUS

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

THESEUS

ether tǝ dǝi the death or to abjure
 For ever the socǝietǝi ǝ men.
 Thǝrefǝre, fǝr Hǝrmia, questjǝn yu:r desǝires;
 Kno:w of yǝr youth, examine well yǝr blyd,
 hwǝ:r if yǝ ye:ld not to yǝr father's chǝice,
 Yǝ can endju:re the liv'rǝi of a nǝn,
 Fǝr ǝi to be: in she:dǝi cloister mew'd,
 Tǝ live a barren sister all yǝr lǝife,
 Chantin' fǝnt hymns tǝ the cǝ:ld fruitliss moon.
 Throice-bless'd bǝr the: that master so: their blyd,
 Tǝ ynderge: such mǝ:den pilgrima:ge;
 But ǝrthlier happǝi is the rǝ:se distill'd,
 Than thǝt hwich with'rin' on the vǝrgin thǝ:rn
 Gro:s, lives an' dǝis in single blessidniss.

HERMIA

Sǝ will ǝ gro:w, sǝ live, sǝ dǝi, mǝ lord,
 Ere ǝi will ye:ld mǝ vergin pǝ:tent ǝp
 Unto 'is lo:rdship, whose ǝnwishid yo:ke
 Mǝ so:l consents not to give sovereigntǝi.

THESEUS

Tǝ:ke tǝime tǝ pause; an', bǝi the nex' new moon--
 The se:ling-dǝ:y betwix' mǝ lǝve an' mǝ:,
 Fǝr everlastin' bond ǝ fellǝship--
 Upon that dǝ:y ǝther prepǝ:re tǝ dǝi
 Fǝr disobe:dience to yǝr father's will,
 or else tǝ wed Deme:trius, as 'i would;
 or on Dǝiana's altar to protest
 For ǝi austeritǝi ǝn' single lǝife.

DEMETRIUS

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

LYSANDER

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

EGEUS

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

LYSANDER

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

THESEUS

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

DEMETRIUS

Relent, swe:t Hèrmia: and, Lìzander, ye:ld
Thì crè:zìd tǽitle to mì certàin rǽight.

LYSANDER

You have 'ər fàther's lʏve, Deme:trius;
Let me: 'ave Hèrmia's: do you marrǽi him.

EGEUS

Sco:rnful Lìzander! true, 'ì hath mì lʏve,
And hwat is mǽine mì lʏve shəll render him.
An' she: is mǽine, and all mì rǽight of her
ǽ do estǽ:te unto Deme:trius.

LYSANDER

I am, mì lǽ:rd, as well derǽived as he:,
As well possess'd; mǽ lʏve is mǽ:re thǽn his;
Mì fo:rtǽnes everǽi wǽ:y as fǽ:rlǽi rank'd,
If not wi' vanta:ge, as Deme:trius';
And, hwich is mǽ:re thǽn all the:se bo:sts cǽn be:,
ǽi am bìlʏved of beauteous Hèrmia:
hwǽi should not ǽi then prosecute mì rǽight?
Deme:trius, ǽi'll avǽuch it to 'is head,
Mǽ:de lʏve tǽ Nǽ:dar's da:ghter, Helena,
ǽn' wʏn 'er so:l; ǽn' she:, swe:t lǽ:dǽi, dǽ:tes,
Devǽutlǽi dǽ:tes, dǽ:tes in ǽidolatrǽi,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THESEUS

ǽ mʏs' confess that ǽi ǽve hǽrd sǽ mʏch,
ǽn' with Deme:trius thought t'ave spo:ke thǽreof;
But, be:in' o:ver-full of self-affǽ:rs,
Mì mǽind did lose it. But, Deme:trius, cʏme;
An' cʏme, Ege:us; you shall go: with me:,
ǽ have some prǽivate schoolin' fo:r yǽ bo:th.

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

EGEUS

With duty and desire we follow you.

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

~~Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
 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 misgraffèd in respect of years,--~~

HERMIA

~~O spite! too old to be engaged to young.~~

LYSANDER

~~Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,--~~

Fær you, fæ:r Hærmia, look you arm yærself
 Tæ fit yær fancæis to yær father's will;
 Or else the law of ætens ye:lds you ƿp--
 hwich bæi no me:ns wi mæ:y extenuæ:te--
 Tæ death, or to a væu of single læife.
 Cƿme, mæi Hippolyta: hwat chi:r, mi lƿve?
 Deme:trius and Ege:us, go: along:
 æ mƿst emplæi you in sƿme business
 Agænst or nƿptial an' confer with you
 Of sƿmething ni:rlæi that concernæ yærselfes.

EGEUS

Wi' dutæi an' desæire wi follæ you.

LYSANDER

Hæu næu, mi lƿve! hwæi is yær che:k sæ pæ:le?
 Hæu chance the ro:ses thæ:re dæ fæ:de sæ fast?

HERMIA

Bilæike fær want æ ræn, hwich æi could well
 Bite:m them from the tempest of mi æis.

LYSANDER

æi me: for aught that æi could ever re:d,
 Could ever hi:r bi tæ:le or historæi,
 The course æ true lƿve never did rƿn smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood,--

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,--

HERMIA

O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

LYSANDER

Or else it stood 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 heav'n and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, 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 lov'st me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
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 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 Trojan under sail was seen,~~
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA

HERMIA

God speed fair Helena! whither away?

HELENA

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

To do observance to a mo:rn əv Mɛ:y,
Thɛrɛ will ə stɛ:y fər the:.

HERMIA

Mɪ good Lɪzander!

ə swɛ:r to the:, bɪ Cjəpɪd's strongɪst bɔ:w,
Bɪ his best arrə wi' the go:ldɛn 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 Trojan under sail was seen,~~
Bɪ all the vəʊs that ever mɛn əvɛ brɔ:ke,
In nʌmbɛr mo:re thən ever wɔmɛn spo:ke,
In thət sɛ:mɛ plɛ:ce θəʊ hɛst ɛppəɪntɛd mɛ:,
Tə-morrə truləɪ wɪll ə mɛ:t wi' the:.

LYSANDER

Ke:p promise, lʌvɛ. Look, hɪ:rɛ cʌmɛs Hɛlɛnə.

Enter HELENA

HERMIA

God spɛ:d fɛr Hɛlɛnə! hwɪðɪr əwɛ:y?

HELENA

Call you mɪ fɛr? thət fɛr ɛgɛn ʌnsɛ:y.
~~Demetrius lʌvɛs yər fɛr: O: happəɪ fɛr!~~
~~Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air~~
~~More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,~~
~~When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.~~
Sɪkknɛs ɪs ɛtʃɪŋ: O, wɛrɛ fəvʊr so,
Yʊrɪs wʊld I ɛtʃɪ, fɛr Hɛrmɪə, ɛrɪ I go;
~~My ɛər should ɛtʃɪ yʊr vɔɪs, mɪ ɛɪ yʊr ɛɪ,~~
~~My tʌŋgʊɪ should ɛtʃɪ yʊr tʌŋgʊɪ's swi:t mɛlədɪ.~~

~~Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,~~
~~The rest I'd give to be to you translated.~~
 O, teach me how you look, and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HERMIA

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA

O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HELENA

O that my prayers could such affection move!

HERMIA

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HELENA

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HELENA

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

HERMIA

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heav'n unto a hell!

LYSANDER

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

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

O:, **te:ch** **mɪ** **həʊ** **yə** look, an' with **hwat** **art**
Yə **swɛ:y** the **mɔ:sj**on of Deme**trius'** **hart**.

HERMIA

ə **frəʊn** upon 'im, **yɪt** 'ɪ **lʌ**ves **mɪ** still.

HELENA

O: **that** **yʊ:r** **frəʊns** would **te:ch** **məɪ** **sməɪ**les **sʌ**ch skill!

HERMIA

ə give 'im **ɜ:s**es, **yɪt** **ɪ** gives **mɪ** **lʌ**ve.

HELENA

o: **that** **mə** **prɛ:rs** could **sʌ**ch affec**s**jon **mʌ**ve!

HERMIA

The **mɔ:re** **əɪ** **hɛ:**te, the **mɔ:re** 'ɪ **foll**əs **mɛ:**.

HELENA

The **mɔ:re** **əɪ** **lʌ**ve, the **mɔ:re** 'ɪ **hɛ:t**eth **mɛ:**.

HERMIA

'is foll**əɪ**, Helena 's no **faut** **ə** **məɪ**ne.

HELENA

No:ne **bət** **yər** **beautəɪ**: would that **faut** were **məɪ**ne!

HERMIA

Tɛ:ke **ɔ:m**fort: **hɛ:** **nə** **mɔ:re** shall **se:** **mɪ** **fɛ:**ce;

Lɪzander and **mɪ**self will **fləɪ** this **plɛ:**ce.

Befɔ:re the **təɪ**me **ə** did **Lɪz**ander **se:**,

Se:m'd **at**ens **as** a **paradə**ise **tə** **mɛ:**:

O, then, **hwat** **grɛ:**ces in **mə** **lʌ**ve do dwell,

That **hɛ:** **ə**th **tɜ:n**'d a heav'n unto a hell!

LYSANDER

Helen, **tə** **yʊ** **o:r** **məɪ**nds **wɪ** will **ʌ**nfo:ld:

Tə-morrə **nəɪ**ght, **hwen** **Phe:b**e **dʌ**th **beho**:ld

'ər silver **visa:ge** in the **wat'rəɪ** glass,

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

I will, my Hermia.

Exit HERMIA

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

Exit

HELENA

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
~~And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,~~

Deckin' wi' liquid **p**erl the **bl**eeded grass,
A **t**əime that **l**yvers' **f**ləights dəθ still **con**ce:l,
Through **a**tens' **g**ētes 'əve **w**e: devəised to **ste**l.

HERMIA

ənd in the wood, **h**were often you and **ə**i
Upon **f**ē:nt primrose-beds wəre wə:nt tə ləi,
Emptyin' **or** bosoms of thə **c**əʊnsel swē:t,
There m*ə*i **L**izander an' m*is*elf shəll m*e*t;
ən thence frəm **a**tens tərn awē:y **ər** əis,
Tə sē:k n*j*ew frien's **ən** strē:nger c*ʏ*mpanəis.
Ferewell, swē:t plē:fellə: prē:y θəʊ fər **ʌ**s;
ən good **l**ʌrk grant θ*i* θəi Deme:trius!
Ke:p wərd, **L**izander: wē: mus' starve **or** səi*gh*t
From **l**yvers' fud till morrə dē:p midnəight.

LYSANDER

ə will, m*i* **H**ermia.

Exit HERMIA

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

Exit

HELENA

Həu happəi s*ʌ*me o:'er **o**:ther s*ʌ*me cən be:!
Through **a**tens **ə**i əm thought as fē:r as she:.
But **h**wat of that? Deme:trius thinks not so;
'**i** will not kno:w **h**wat all but **he**: do kno:w:
~~And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,~~

So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vile, folding no quantity;
 Love can transpose to form and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
~~As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,~~
~~So the boy Love is perjured every where:~~
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again.
Exit

So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vile, folding no quantity;
 Love can transpose to form and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured every where:
 For **ε**re Deme**ε**trius look'd on He**ε**rmia's **αι**ne,
 'I **η**ε:l'd d**α**υn **ο**:ts that he: w**α**s **ο**:nl**αι** m**αι**ne;
αν' **η**wen this **η**ε:l s**α**me **η**ε:t fr**α**m He**ε**rmia felt,
 So **η**ε: dissolved, an' sh**ο**:rs of **ο**:ts did melt.
α will go tell 'im of **ε**ε:r He**ε**rmia's fl**αι**ght:
 Then to the wood will **η**ε: t**α**-morr**α** n**αι**ght
 Pursue **α**r; and **φ**εr this intellig**ε**nce
 If **αι** **α**ve thanks, it is a d**ε**:r **ι**xpense:
 But **η**ε:rein me:n **αι** to enrich m**ι** p**ε**n,
 T**α** have 'is s**αι**ght thither **αν** back ag**ε**n.
Exit

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

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

SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

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

QUINCE

Is all our company here?

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

QUINCE

Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

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

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

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

SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

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

QUINCE

Is all ær cȳmp'næi 'i:re?

BOTTOM

You were bes' to call 'em gen'rallæi, man bi man, acco:rdin' tə the scrip.

QUINCE

'i:re is the scro:ll æf ev'ræi man's nɛ:me, hwich is thought fit, through all at'ens, tə ple:y in o:r interljude befo:re the djuke ən' the dȳchess, on 'is weddin'-dɛ:y at næight.

BOTTOM

Ferst, good Pe:ter Quince, sɛ:y hwat the ple:y tre:ts on, then re:d the nɛ:mes ə' the actors, and so: gro:w to a pəint.

QUINCE

Marræi, ær ple:y is, The mo:s' ləmentable comedæi, ən' mo:s' cruel death ə' Pyraməs ən' Thisbæi.

BOTTOM

A veræi good pe:ce ə' wɛrk, æi əfju:re yə, and a merræi. Nəʊ, good Pe:ter Quince, call fo:rtħ yər actors bi the scro:ll. Masters, spread yərselves.

QUINCE

answer as ə call yə. Nick Bottom, the wɛ:ver.

BOTTOM

Readæi. Nɛ:me hwat part æi əm fo:r, ən' proce:d.

QUINCE

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE

A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOTTOM

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks

And shivering shocks

Shall break the locks

Of prison gates;

And Phibbus' car

Shall shine from far

And make and mar

The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

QUINCE

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUINCE

You, Nick Bottom, **are** set **dəʊn** **fər** Pyram**əs**.

BOTTOM

hwat is Pyram**əs**? a **lʌ**ver, **ə**r a **tə**irant?

QUINCE

A **lʌ**ver, **θət** kills 'imself **mɔ:s**' gallant **fər** **lʌ**ve.

BOTTOM

That'll **ask** **sɜːm**e **tɛː**rs in the true per**foːr**min' of it: if **əi** do it, let the audience look to **θə**r **əis**; **əi** will **mʌ**ve **stɔː**rms, **əi** will cond**oː**le in some **mez**əre. **Tə** the rest: **yɪt** **mɪ** **cheː**f 'umour is **fər** a **tə**irant: **ə** could pl**ɛː**y **ɜː**cl**ɛː**s **rɛː**rel**əi**, **ə**r a **pɑː**t **tə** **tɛː**r a cat in, **tə** m**ɛː**ke all split.

The **rɛː**gin' rocks

and shivering shocks

Sh**ə**ll br**ɛː**k the locks

Of prison g**ɛː**tes;

And Phibbus' **cɑː**r

Sh**ə**ll sh**əi**ne from **fɑː**r

And m**ɛː**ke **and** mar

The **fʌ**lish **fɛː**tes.

This w**ə**s loft**əi**! N**əʊ** n**ɛː**me the rest **ə**' the pl**ɛː**y**ɜː**rs. This is **ɜː**cl**ɛː**s' v**ɛː**n, a **tə**irant's v**ɛː**n; a **lʌ**ver is **mɔː**re cond**oː**lin'.

QUINCE

Francis Flute, the bell**əs**-mender.

FLUTE

'**i**re, **pɛː**ter Quince.

QUINCE

Flute, you mus' **tɛː**ke This**bəi** on **yə**.

FLUTE

hwat is This**bəi**? a wand'rin' kn**əi**ght?

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

It is the lɛ:dəi θət ˈpɪrəməs məs' lʌve.

FLUTE

Nɛ:y, fɛ:θ, let mɪ nɒt plɛ:y a wɒmən; əi 'əve ə beɪrd cʌmɪn'.

QUINCE

That's all o:ne: yə shall plɛ:y it in ə mɑ:sk, and yə mɛ:y spɛ:k əs smɔ:l əs yə wɪl.

BOTTOM

ən ə mɛ:y 'əɪde mɪ fɛ:ce, let me: plɛ:y ˈθɪsbəi too, ə'll spɛ:k in ə mɒnstɹəs lɪtl vɔɪs. 'θɪsnəi, ˈθɪsnəi;' 'Ah, ˈpɪrəməs, lʌvər dɛr! θɪ ˈθɪsbəi dɛr, ən' lɛ:dəi dɛr!'

QUINCE

Nɔ:, nɔ:, yu mʌs' plɛ:y ˈpɪrəməs: ən' ˈflute, yu ˈθɪsbəi.

BOTTOM

Well, prɒsɛd.

QUINCE

Robin ˈstɑ:vəlɪn', the tɛ:lɔr.

STARVELING

'i:re, Pe:tər ˈkwɪns.

QUINCE

Robin ˈstɑ:vəlɪn', yu mʌs' plɛ:y ˈθɪsbəi's mʌθər. ˈtɒm snəʊt, the ˈtɪŋkər.

SNOUT

'i:re, Pe:tər ˈkwɪns.

QUINCE

Yu, ˈpɪrəməs' ˈfɑ:ðər: mɪsɛlf, ˈθɪsbəi's ˈfɑ:ðər: snʌg, the ˈdʒɔɪnər; yu, the ˈleɪɪən's ˈpɑ:t: ənd, əi 'o:pe, 'i:re ɪz ə plɛ:y ˈfɪtɪd.

SNUG

'əve yu the ˈleɪɪən's ˈpɑ:t wɪtɪn? pre:y yə, ɪf ɪt be:, ɡɪv ɪt mi, fɔr əi əm sləʊ ə stʌdəi.

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

QUINCE

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

ALL

That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

~~Why, what you will.~~

BOTTOM

~~I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.~~

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

Let mi ple:y the laion too: a will ro:r, that a will do any man's 'art good to 'er mi; ai will ro:r, that a will me:ke the djuke se:y 'Let 'im ro:r agen, let 'im ro:r agen.'

QUINCE

an ya should do it too terriblai, ya would fraight the dychess an' the le:dais, that they would shre:k; an that ware enygh t' 'ang ys all.

ALL

That would 'ang ys, ev'rai myther's syn.

BOTTOM

a grant ya, frien's, if that ya should fraight the le:dais aut a' ther wits, they would 'ave no: mo:re discresion byt t' 'ang ys: byt a will aggrave:te mi vaice sa that a will ro:r ya as gentlai as anai syckin' dyve; a will ro:r ya an 'twere anai naightin'ge:le.

QUINCE

Ya can ple:y no: part bat Pyramas; for Pyramas is a swe:t-fe:ced man; a proper man, as o:ne shall se: in a symmer's de:y; a mo:s' lyvelai gentleman-laike man: therefo:re you mas' ne:ds ple:y Pyramas.

BOTTOM

Well, a wall ynderte:ke it. ~~What beard were I best to play it in?~~

QUINCE

~~Why, what you will.~~

BOTTOM

~~I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.~~

QUINCE

~~Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to~~ con them by to-morrow 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

QUINCE

~~Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, 'i:re~~ ~~are y~~ ~~ar~~ ~~parts: and I am to~~ ~~entreat you, request you and desire you, to~~ con ~~am~~ ~~bi~~ ~~tə-morrə~~ ~~n~~ ~~ai~~ ~~ght; an' me:t~~ ~~mi~~ in the palace wood, a ~~m~~ ~~ai~~ ~~le~~ without the ~~tə~~ ~~un~~, ~~bi~~ moonl~~ai~~ ~~ght; there w~~ ~~ə~~ ~~ll~~ ~~w~~ ~~i~~ re' ~~er~~ ~~se, for if w~~ ~~i~~ ~~me:t~~ in the cit~~ai~~, w ~~i~~ shall ~~bi~~ dogged wi ~~c~~ ~~ymp'~~ ~~n~~ ~~ai~~, and ~~ər~~ dev~~ai~~ ~~ces~~ kno:n. In the me:nt~~ai~~ ~~me~~ ~~ə~~ wəll draw a bill ~~ə~~ propert~~ai~~ ~~is~~, s~~ʏ~~ ~~ch~~ ~~əs~~ ~~ər~~ pl~~ɛ~~ ~~y~~ wants. ~~ə~~ pr~~ɛ~~ ~~y~~ ~~y~~ ~~ə~~, f~~ɛ~~ ~~l~~ ~~mi~~ not.

BOTTOM

We ~~w~~ ~~ə~~ ~~w~~ ~~ə~~ ~~ll~~ ~~me:t~~; ~~ən'~~ ~~there~~ ~~w~~ ~~i~~ ~~m~~ ~~ɛ~~ ~~y~~ re' ~~er~~ ~~se~~ mo:st obsc~~e~~ ~~nel~~ ~~ai~~ ~~ən'~~ cour~~e~~ ~~geousl~~ ~~ai~~. T~~ɛ~~ ~~k~~ ~~e~~ p~~ɛ~~ ~~ns~~; ~~bi~~ p~~ər~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~t~~: adi~~u~~.

QUINCE

~~At the duke's oak we meet.~~

BOTTOM

~~Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.~~

Exeunt

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

ACT II

SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK

PUCK

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy

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

PUCK

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

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

ACT II

SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK

PUCK

‘əʊ nəʊ, spirit! hwither wəndər you?

Fairy

o:vər ‘ill, o:vər dɛ:le,
 Thɪrə bush, thɪrə brəɪr,
 o:vər park, o:vər pe:le,
 Thɪrə flɪd, thɪrə fɛɪr,
 əɪ dɒ wəndər ev’rəɪhwɛ:r,
 Swifter than the moon's sphɛ:re
 And əɪ sɜ:v the fɛ:rəɪ que:n,
 Tə djew ‘ər o:rbz upon the gre:n.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours:
 I must go seek some dewdrops here
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Fɛ:rewell, thəʊ lob ə spirits; əɪ’l bɪ gone:
 o:r que:n ənd əl ər elves ɔ:me 'l:re anon.
PUCK
 The king dɒθ ke:p ‘ɪs revels 'l:r tə-nəɪt:
 Tɛ:ke ‘e:d the que:n ɔ:me not within 'ɪs saɪt;

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

FAIRY

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

PUCK

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

Fær o:beron is passim' fell ən' wrath,
 Because thət she: əs 'vər attendant 'ath
 A lʌveləi bəi, stol'n from an Indjən king;
 Shi never 'ad sə swe:t a che:ngəling;
 ən' jealous o:beron would 'ave the chəild
 Knəit of ɪs tre:n, tə tre:ce the forests wəild;
 But she: perfo:ce wit'o:lds the lʌvid bəi,
 Crəuns 'im with flo:rs ən' me:kes ɪm all ər jəi:
 ən' nəʊ the:y never me:t in gro:ve ər gre:n,
 Bi fəʊntain cli:r ər spangled starləit she:n,
 But the:y do skwe:r, that all thər elves fər fe:r
 Cre:p into ɛ:co:rn-cʌps ən' 'əide əm the:r.

FAIRY

ɛ'er əi miste:ke yər she:pe ən' me:kin' quəite,
 ər else you ər thət shro:wd ən' knɛ:vish sprəit
 Call'd Robin Goodfello: ər not you 'e:
 Thət frəits the me:dens of the villag'rəi;
~~Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern~~
~~And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;~~
~~And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;~~
~~Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?~~
 Tho:se thət 'obgoblin call yə ən' swe:t Pʌck,
 Yə do thər wɜrk, ən' the:y shall 'ave good lʌck:
 ər not you 'e:?

PUCK

thəʊ spe:k'st arəit;
 əi ɪm thət merrəi wand'rər of the nəit.
 əi jest to o:beron ən' me:ke 'im sməile
 hwen əi a fat ən be:n-fed 'o:rse begəile,
 Ne:in' in ləikenɪss of a filləi fo:l:
 ən' sɪmetəime lɜrk əi in a gossip's bo:l,

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

Fairy

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers

OBERON

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

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

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

TITANIA

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

In ver_{əɪ} l_{əɪ}ken_ɪss of a r_{oɪ}sted crab,
 ən' hwen shɪ drinks, aɡɛnst 'ər lips ə bab
 ʌnd ɒn 'ər wɪðer'd dʒewlap pɔːr the ɛːle.
 The w_{əɪ}sest ant, tellɪn' the saddest tɛːle,
 sɪmet_əme fər thrɛː-foot stool mistɛːketh meː;
 Then slɪp əɪ frɒm 'ər bʏm, dəʊn topples sheː,
 ən' 'tɛːlɔːr' krəɪs, ən' fəlls ɪnto a ɔːf;
 ən' then the 'oːle qəɪre 'oːld θər 'ɪps ən' lɔːf,
 ən' wæxɛn ɪn θər mɜːθ ən' neːze ən' swɛːr
 A merrier oːr wəs never wɛstɛd θɛːre.
 But, r_{oː}m, fɛːr_{əɪ}! 'ɪːre cɪmes oːberon.

Fairy

ʌnd 'ɪːre mɪ mɪstrɪss. Wʊld θæt 'eː wɛrɛ gɒnɛ!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers

OBERON

Ill met bɪ moonl_{əɪ}t, prəʊd Tɪtania.

TITANIA

hwat, jealous oːberon! fɛːr_{əɪ}s, skɪp 'ɛnceː
 əɪ 'ave fɔːrsw_{oː}rn ɪs bed ən' cɪmpən_{əɪ}.

OBERON

Tarr_{əɪ}, rash wanton: am not əɪ θɪ lɔːrd?

TITANIA

Then əɪ mɪs' beː θɪ lɛːd_{əɪ}: bʏt ə knoːw
 hwen θəʊ 'ast stɔːl'n awɛːy frəm fɛːr_{əɪ} land,
 ʌnd ɪn the shɛːpe ə Corɪn sət ɔːl dɛːy,
 Plɛːyɪn' ɒn pəɪpɛs ə coːrn ən' vɜːsɪn' lʏve
 To ʌm'rous Phɪllɪdɪ. hwɛɪ ɑːt θəʊ 'ɪːre,
 Cɪme frɒm the fərthɪst Steppe of ɪndɪə?

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

OBERON

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

TITANIA

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

But that, fərsooth, the bəʊncin' aməzən,
Yər bʌskin'd mistriss an' yər warrior lʌve,
Tə The:seus mʌs' bɪ wedded, an' yə cʌme
Tə give θər bed jəɪ ən' prosperitəɪ.

OBERON

'əʊ cans' θəʊ θɪs fər she:me, Titania,
Glance at mɪ credit with 'ippolyta,
Knə:win' ə knə:w θɪ lʌve tə The:seus?
Dids' θəʊ not le:d 'ɪm through the glimm'rin' nəɪt
From Pərige:nia, 'əm ɪ ravishɪd?
ən' me:ke 'ɪm with fəɪr i:gle: bre:k 'is fe:θ,
With ariadnɪ and antəɪpə?

TITANIA

The:se are the fə:rgerəɪs ə jealousəɪ
ən' never, since the middle sɪmmer's spring,
Met we: on 'ill, in de:le, forest ər me:d,
Bɪ pe:vɪd fəʊntain ɔ:r bɪ rʌshəɪ brook,
ər in the be:chɪd margent ɒf the se:,
Tə dance ɔ:r ringlets tə the hwistlin' wəɪnd,
But with θɪ brawls θəʊ 'ast distərb'd ɔ:r spo:rt.
The:refo:re the wəɪnds, pəɪpɪn' tə ɪs in ve:n,
əs in revenge, 'əve sʌck'd ɪp from the se:
Conte:gious fogs; hwich fallɪn' in the land
'əve ev'rəɪ peltɪn' river me:de sə prəʊd
That the:y 'əve ɔ:verbo:rne θər continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fo:ld stan's em'təɪ in the drəʊnɪd fe:ld,
ən' cro:ws ər fattèd with the mʌrrion flock;
The nəɪne men's mɒrris is fill'd ɪp wi' mʌd,

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

OBERON

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

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:

The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
 And, in the spicèd Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,

~~And the quaint mazes in the wanton green~~
~~For lack of tread are undistinguishable:~~
 The 'uman mo:rtals want ther winter 'l:r;
 No: nait is nəu with 'ymn ər carol blest:
 Thē:refo:re the moon, the gʏvernɪss ə flɪds,
 Pɛ:lɪ in 'ər anger, wʌshɪs ɔl the ɛ:r,
 Thət r̥heumə'tɪk dɪse:sɪs do əbʌnd:
 ən' thɪrə this dɪstemp'rətəre wɪ se:
 The se:sɪns ɔlter: 'o:rəɪ-eaded frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap ə the crimson ro:se,
 ɔnd ɔn o:ld 'əɪəms' thɪn ɔnd əɪcəɪ crəʊn
 ən o:d'rɔs chaplet ə' swe:t sɪmmər bɪds
 Is, ɔs ɪn mock'rəɪ, set: the spring, the sɪmmər,
 The chəɪldɪn' ɔtumn, ɔngrəɪ wɪntər, chɛ:ngɛ
 Thər wo:ntɪd liv'rəɪs, ɔn' the mɛ:zɪd wɜ:ld,
 Bɪ thər ɪnkrɛ:se, nəʊ kno:ws nɔt hwɪtʃ ɪs hwɪtʃ:
 ən' thɪs sɛ:mɛ prɔɡɛnəɪ ɔf ɛ:vɪls cɪmɛs
 Frɔm o:r debɛ:te, frɔm o:r dɪssɛnʃɪən;
 Wɪ ɔr thər pɛ:rɛnts ɔnd ərɪɡɪnəl.

OBERON

Də you ɔmend ɪt then; ɪt ləɪs ɪn you:
 hwəɪ should Tɪtəniə krɔss 'ər o:berɔn?
 ə dɔ bʊt beg ə lɪtlɪ tʃɛ:ngəlɪn' bəɪ,
 Tə be: mɪ 'ɛntʃmən.

TITANIA

Set yər 'ɑ:t ət rest:

The fɛ:rəɪ lænd bəɪs nɔt the tʃəɪld ə' mɛ:.
 'ɪs mʌθər wɔs ə vɔ:t'rɪss ɔf mɪ o:rdɜ:
 ɔnd, ɪn the spɛɪcɪd ɪndiən ɛ:r, bɪ nəɪt,
 Full ɔftən 'ɑθ shɪ gɔssɪp'd bəɪ mɪ səɪde,
 ən' sət wɪt' mɛ: ɔn Neptjəne's yellə sænds,

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

OBERON

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

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

OBERON

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITANIA

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

Exit TITANIA with her train

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
 Till I torment thee for this injury.
 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
 Since once I sat upon a promont'ry,

Markin' th'embarkid traders on the flyd,
 hwen we: 'əve lagh'd tə se: the se:ls conce:ve
 ən' gro:w big-bellid with the wanton wind;
 hwich she:, with prettəi ən' with swimmin' gɛ:t
 Foll'win',-- ər wɒmb then rich with məi ɪŋg squəre,--
 Would imite:te, ən' se:l upon the land,
 Tə fetch mɪ trəfles, ən' retərn aɡen,
 As from a vɔ:ɪage, rich with mərchandəise.
 But she:, be:in' mɔ:rtal, of that bəi did dəi;
 ən' fo:r 'ər se:ke do əi rɪ:r ɪp ər bəi,
 ən' fo:r 'ər se:ke ə will not part with 'im.

OBERON

'əʊ long within this wood intend yə ste:y?

TITANIA

Perchance till a'ter The:seus' weddin'-de:y.
 If you will pe:sientləi dance in ɔ:r rəʊnd
 ən' se: ɔ:r moonləit revels, go: with ɪs;
 If not, shɪn me:, ən' əi will spɛ:re ju:r 'aunts.

OBERON

Give me: that bəi, ən' əi will go: with the:.

TITANIA

Not fər thəi fɛ:rəi kingdom. Fɛ:rəis, awɛ:y!
 Wɪ shəll chəide dəʊnrəit, if ə longer ste:y.

Exit TITANIA with her train

OBERON

Well, go: thɪ wɛ:y: thəʊ shɒlt not from this grʌve
 Till əi to:rmənt thɪ fo:r this injurəi.
 Mɪ gentle Pɪck, cɪme 'ither. Thəʊ rememb'rɪst
 Since ɒnce ə sat upon a promont'rəi,

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

PUCK

I remember.

OBERON

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK

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

and 'ærd a mærmæ:d on a dolphin's back
ʌtt'rin' sæch dʌlcet and 'armo:n'jəs breath
Thæt the rude se: grew civil at 'ær song
ən' cærtain stars shot madlæi from thær sphæ:res,
To 'i:r the se:-mæ:d's music.

PUCK

əi remember.

OBERON

That verəi tæime ə saw, but thəu coulds' not,
Fləi'in' betwæ:n the co:ld moon an' the ərth,
Cjəpid all arm'd: a cærtain ɛ:m i took
At a fæ:r vestal thro:nɪd bæi the west,
ən loosed 'is lʌve-shaft smartlæi from 'is bo:w,
As it should pi:rce a 'ʌndred thəʊsənd 'arts;
But əi mært se: yʌng Cjəpid's fæirəi shaft
Quench'd in the chast be:ms ə the wat'ræi moon,
ən the impɪ:rjəl vo:t'rɪss passɪd on,
In mæ:den medite:sion, fancəi-fre:.
Yet mark'd əi hwæ:re the bo:lt ə Cjəpid fell:
It fell upon a little western flo:r,
Befo:re milk-hwæite, nəʊ pɜ:plə with lʌve's wəʊnd,
ən mæ:dens call it lʌve-in-əɪdlənɪss.
Fetch mɪ that flo:r; the 'ɜ:b ə sho:'d θɪ ʌnce:
The jə:ce of it on sle:pɪn' əi-lɪds le:d
Will mæ:ke o:r man o:r woman madlæi do:te
Upon the nex' ləɪve cre:təre that it se:s.
Fetch mɪ this 'ɜ:b; ən be: θəʊ 'i:re agən
ɛ:re the levəiathan cən swim a le:gue.

PUCK

ə'll put a gɜ:dlə rəʊnd əbəʊt the ərth
In fo:rtəi minutes.

Exit

OBERON

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

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

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

Exit

OBERON

'avin' ŋnce this jɔɪce,
ə'll wɑtʃ Titania hwen shɪ ɪs əsleɪp,
ən' drɒp the liquor of it ɪn ər aɪs.
The nex' thing then shɪ wɛːkɪn' lʊks ʊpən,
Beː ɪt ɒn ləɪən, beːr, ər wɒlf, ər bull,
On meddlin' mʌŋkəl, ər ɒn busɪ eɪpe,
Shɪ ʃɒll pɜrsjue ɪt wɪth the sɔːl ə lʌve:
ən' ɛːre ə teɪke this ʧɑrm frɒm ɒf 'ər sɔɪt,
As əɪ cən teɪke ɪt wɪth ʌnɪðer 'ɜrb,
ə'll meɪke ər render ɪp ər peɪge tə meː.
But 'o cʌmes 'ɪːre? əɪ ʌm ɪnvɪsɪbəl;
ən' əɪ wɪll ɔːvər'ɪːr ðeər kɒnfərəns.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him

DEMETRIUS

ə lʌve θɪ not, θeːrefoːre pɜrsjue mɪ not.
hweːre ɪs lɪzændər ən' feːr hɜrmɪə?
The oːne ə'll sleɪ, the oːðer sleɪyeth meː.
Thəʊ toʊl'st mɪ ðeɪ were stɔːl'ɪn ʊnto θɪs wʊd;
ən' hɪːre əm əɪ, ən' wʊde wɪðɪn θɪs wʊd,
Because ə cənnot meɪt mɪ hɜrmɪə.
Hence, get θɪ gone, ən' follə meː nə moːre.

HELENA

Yə drɒw mɪ, yʊ hɑrd-hɑrted ədʌmənt;
But ɪt yə drɒw nɒt ərɒn, foːr mɪ hɑrt

Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

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

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

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

Is true **az** ste:l: le:ve you yər pɔ:r tə draw,
ən' əi shall 'ave nɔ: pɔ:r tə follə you.

DEMETRIUS

Do əi entə:ɪce yə? do ə spe:k yə fɛ:r?
ɔ:r, rather, do ə not in ple:nɪst truth
Tell you, ə do not, nɔ:r ə cannot lʌve yə?

HELENA

ənd e:n fər that do əi lʌve you the mo:re.
əi am yər spaniel; and, Deme:tri:us,
The mo:re yə be:t mɪ, əi will fawn on you:
Use me: but as yər spaniel, spɜrn mɪ, strə:ke mɪ,
Neglect mɪ, lose mɪ; ɔ:nləi give mɪ le:ve,
ʌnwɜrθəi as əi am, tə follə you.
hwat wɜrsər ple:ce cən əi beg in yər lʌve,--
ən' yɪt a ple:ce ə' həi respect wit' me:,--
Thən tɔ bɪ usɪd as yə use yər dog?

DEMETRIUS

Tem't not too mʌch the hɛ:tred of mɪ spɪr't;
For əi əm sick hwɛn əi do look on the:.

HELENA

ən' əi əm sick hwɛn əi look not on you.

DEMETRIUS

Yə do impe:ch yər modestəi too mʌch,
Tə le:ve the citəi ən' commit yərsɛlf
Into the hands əf ɔ:ne θət lʌves yə not;
Tə trʌst the ɒpɔrtjunitəi əf nʌɪt
ən' the ill cəʊnsəl of a desert ple:ce
With the rich wɜrθ of yu:r vɜrginitəi.

HELENA

Yər vɜ:tʃə is mɪ prɪvɪleʃ: fər that
It is not nʌɪt hwɛn əi do se: yər fɛ:ce,

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

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
~~Run when you will, the story shall be changed:~~
~~Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;~~
~~The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind~~
~~Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,~~
~~When cowardice pursues and valour flies.~~

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

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

therefo:re ə think əɪ am not in the naɪt;
 No:ɪ dɒθ this wood lack wɜ:ldz ə ˈkʌmpənəɪ,
 Fəɪ you in məɪ respect ɑ:ə ɔ:l ðə wɜ:ld:
 Then haʊ can it be said əɪ am əlo:nə,
 hwɛn ɔ:l ðə wɜ:ld ɪs hɪ:re tə lʊk ɒn me:?

DEMETRIUS

ə'll rʌn frɒm ðe: ən' hɔ:de mɪ ɪn ðə bre:kəs,
 ən' le:və θɪ to ðə mɜ:çəɪ ɒf wɔ:ld be:sts.

HELENA

The wɔ:ldɪst 'aθ nɒt sɪʃ a hɑ:t əz ju:
~~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

ə wɪl nɒt steɪ y θɪ kwestʃənz; let mɪ go:ː
 ɔ:r, ɪf θə fɒlə me:, dɒ nɒt belevə
 Bʌt əɪ ʃəʊl dɒ θɪ mɪʃɪf ɪn ðə wu:d.

HELENA

~~Ay, ɪn ðə temple, ɪn ðə taʊn, ðə fi:ld,~~
~~You dɒ me mɪʃɪf. Fi: demetri:əs!~~
~~Your wɒŋgz dɒ set ə sændəl ɒn maɪ seks:~~
~~We kənɒt faɪt fɔ:ləv, ɔ:s men maɪ dɒ;~~
~~We ʃəʊld bi wu:d ənd we:ɪ nɒt meɪd tə wu:.~~

Exit DEMETRIUS

ə'll fɒlə ðe: ən' meɪkə ə he'en ɒf hell,
 Tə dəɪ ʊpən ðə ha:nd ə lʌvə sə wel.

Exit

OBERON

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

Re-enter PUCK

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK

Ay, there it is.

OBERON

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove

Exit

OBERON

fær thi well, nymph: ɛ:r 'e: do le:ve this grʌve,
Thəʊ shəʊlt fləɪ 'im ən' 'e: shəʊl se:k thi lʌve.

Re-enter PUCK

'ast thəʊ the flo:r the:re? Welcome, wənd'rer.

PUCK

əɪ, the:re it is.

OBERON

ə pre:y thi, give it me:.
əɪ kno:w a bank hwe:r the wəɪld θəime blo:ws,
hwe:r oxlips ən' the noddin' vəɪlet gro:ws,
Quəite o:ver-canopəɪd wi' lʌʃiʊs wɒɒdbəime,
Wi' swe:t mʌskro:ses ən' with eglantəime.
The:r sle:ps Titania sɪmetəime ə the nəɪght,
Lʌlled in the:se flo:rs wi' dances ən' deləɪght.
ən' the:r the sne:ke thro:ws ər enamell'd skin,
We:d wəɪde enʌgh tə wrap a fæ:rəɪ in.
ən' wi' the juice ə this ə'll stre:k ər əɪs
ən' me:ke ər full of 'e:tefʊl fantasəɪs.
Te:ke thəʊ sɪme of it, ən' se:k through this grʌve.
A swe:t Ate:nian le:dəɪ is in lʌve
With a disde:nful youth – ənəɪnt 'ɪs əɪs;
But do it hwen the nex' thing 'e: espəɪs
Me:y bɪ the le:dəɪ: thəʊ shəʊlt kno:w the mæn
Bəɪ the Ate:nian garments 'e: əθ on.
Effect it wi' sɪme ce:re, θət 'e: me:y prʌve

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. <i>Exeunt</i>	Mo:re fond on 'ɜr thən she: upon ər lɪve. ən' look thəʊ me:t mɪ ɛ:re the fɜrst cock cro:w. PUCK Fi:r not, mɪ lo:rd, yər sɜrvant shɒll do so:. <i>Exeunt</i>
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David Crystal speaks this scene at:
http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_2.mp3

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train

TITANIA

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

The Fairies sing

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

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

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train

TITANIA

Cyme, nəʊ a raʊndel ən' a fe:rəi song;
 Then, fo:r the θɜrd part of a minute, 'ence;
 Sɪme to kill cankers in the mɪsk-ro:se bʌds,
 Sɪme war with ri:re-maɪce fo:r θə leather wings,
 Tə me:ke mi small elves co:ts, ən' sɪme ke:p back
 The clam'rous əʊl θət nəɪtləi 'oots ən' wɪndərs
 At o:r que:nt spi:rits. Sing mi nəʊ asle:p;
 Then to yər offices ən' let mi rest.

The Fairies sing

You spotted sne:kəs with dʌble tʌŋɡue,
 Tho:rnəi 'edge'ogs, be: not se:n;
 Njɛwts ən' bləɪnd-wɜrms, do no: wrong,
 Cyme not ni:r o:r fe:rəi que:n.
 Philomel, with melodəi
 Sing in o:r swe:t lɪllabəi;
 Lɪlla, lɪlla, lɪllabəi, lɪlla, lɪlla, lɪllabəi:
 Never harm,
 No:r spell no:r charm,
 Cyme o:r lɪveləi le:dəi nəi;
 So:, good nəɪt, with lɪllabəi.
 We:vin' spəɪdərs, cyme not 'e:re;

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

Fairy

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

Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids

OBERON

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

Exit

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER

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

'ence, yə long-legg'd spinners, 'ence!
 Be:tlɛs blæk, approʊtʃ nɒt nɛ:r;
 Wɜ:m nɔr snɛ:l, do nɔ: ɒffɛns.
 Philomel, with melodai, & c.

Fairy

'ence, awɛ:y! nəʊ ɒl is well:
 ɔ:ne aloof stænd sɛntɪnəl.

Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids

OBERON

hwat θəʊ se:st hwɛn θəʊ dɔs' wɛ:ke,
 Do it fɔ:r θə true-lʌvɛ tɛ:ke,
 Lʌvɛ ən' lɒŋɡwɪʃ fɔ:r 'ɪs sɛ:ke:
 Be: ɪt əʊns, ɔr kæt, ɔr bɛ:r,
 Pɑrd, ɔr bɔ:r wɪθ brɪstlɪd 'ɛ:r,
 In θə ɪ θæt ʃəʊl ɒpɛ:r
 hwɛn θəʊ wɛ:k'st, ɪt ɪs θə dɛ:r:
 Wɛ:ke hwɛn sɪmɛ vɔɪl θɪŋ ɪs nɛ:r.

Exit

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER

Fɛ:r lʌvɛ, yə fɛ:nt wɪθ wænd'rɪn' ɪn ðə wu:d;
 ən' tə spɛ:k trɔ:θ, ə hæv fɔrgɒt ɔ:r wɛ:y:
 Wɪ'll rest ɪs, hɜrmɪə, ɪf yə θɪŋk ɪt gu:d,
 ən' tærɪ fɔ:r ðə kɒmfɔrt ɒf ðə dɛ:y.

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!

HERMIA

Be:t so:, Lizander: fəind you əʊt a bed;
Fər əi upon this bank will rest mi head.

LYSANDER

o:ne tɜrf shall sɜrvə as pillə fɔ:r əs bo:th;
o:ne hart, o:ne bed, two bosoms and o:ne tro:th.

HERMIA

Nɛ:y, good Lizander; for mi sɛ:ke, mi dɛ:r,
Ləi fərthər off yit, do not ləi sə nɛ:r.

LYSANDER

o:, tɛ:ke the sense, swe:t, of məi innocence!
Lɜvə tɛ:kes the mɛ:nin' in lɜvɛ's conference.
ə mɛ:n, θət məi hart unto yu:rs is knit
Sə θat bɪt o:ne hart we: cən mɛ:ke of it;
Two bosoms interchɛ:nɪd with ən o:th;
Sə θen two bosoms and a single tro:th.
Then bəi yər sɑ:ɪde nɔ: bed-room mɛ: denəi;
Fər ləiɪn' so:, Hɜ:rmia, ə do not ləi.

HERMIA

Lizander riddles verəi prettiləi:
Nəʊ mɪtʃ beshro:w mi mɑnners ən' mi prəʊde,
If Hɜ:rmia meant to sɛ:y Lizander ləɪd.
Bɪt, gentle friend, fər lɜvə ən' kɔ:rtəsəi
Ləi fərthər off; in human modestəi,
Sɪtʃ sepəreɪʃion as mɛ:y well bi sɛ:d
Becɪmes a vɜ:t'əs bəʃ'lor and a mɛ:d,
So: fər bi distant; and, good nɑ:t, swe:t friend:
Thi lɜvə nɛ:r alter till thi swe:t lɑ:ɪfe end!

LYSANDER

Amen, amen, to that fɛ:r prɛ:r, sɛ:y əi;
ən' θen end lɑ:ɪfe hwen əi end ləiəltəi!

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.

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

Hi:re is mi bed: sle:p give thi all 'is rest!

HERMIA

With half that wish the wisher's ʌis bi press'd!

They sleep

Enter PUCK

PUCK

Through the forest 'ave ʌi go:ne.

But Ate:nian fəʊnd ʌi no:ne,

On 'ose ʌis ə məit apprʌve

This flo:r's fo:rce in stɜ:rɪn' lʌve.

Nʌɪt ən' səɪlence.—'o is 'ɛ:re?

We:ds of atens 'e: dəθ wɛ:r:

This is 'e:, mi master sɛ:d,

Despə:ɪsɪd the Ate:nian mɛ:d;

ən' 'ɪ:re the mɛ:den, sle:pɪn' səʊnd,

On the dank ən' dɜ:təɪ grəʊnd.

Prettʌi so:l! shɪ dɜ:st not ləɪ

Nɪ:r this lack-lʌve, this kill-co:rtsʌɪ.

Chɜ:rl, upon thəɪ ʌis ə thro:w

all the po:r this charm dəθ o:.

hwɛn θəʊ wɛ:k'st, let lʌve forbid

Sle:p 'is sɛ:t on thəɪ əɪlɪd:

So: awɛ:ke hwɛn ʌi əm gone;

Fəɪ ʌi mʌs' nəʊ to o:beron.

Exit

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

HELENA

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEMETRIUS

Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

Exit

HELENA

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster fly my presence thus.

~~What wicked and dissembling glass of mine~~

~~Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?~~

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

HELENA

St~~e~~y, tho: th~~o~~ kill m~~i~~, swe:t Deme:trius.

DEMETRIUS

~~a~~ charge th~~i~~, hence, ~~a~~n' do not haunt m~~i~~ th~~y~~s.

HELENA

~~o~~:, wilt th~~o~~ darklin' le:ve m~~i~~? do not so:.

DEMETRIUS

St~~e~~y, on th~~i~~ peril: ~~a~~i alo:ne will go:.

Exit

HELENA

~~o~~:, ~~a~~i ~~a~~m ~~a~~ut ~~a~~' breath in this fond ch~~e~~se!

The mo:re m~~i~~ pr~~e~~r, the lesser is m~~i~~ gr~~e~~:ce.

Happ~~a~~i is H~~e~~r~~m~~ia, h~~w~~e:reso:~~e~~r sh~~i~~ l~~a~~is;

F~~a~~r she: '~~a~~th bless~~i~~d ~~a~~nd attractive ~~a~~is.

H~~a~~u ce:me 'ar ~~a~~is s~~a~~ br~~a~~it? Not with salt t~~e~~rs:

If so:, m~~a~~i ~~a~~is ~~a~~re oft'ner wash'd th~~a~~n h~~e~~rs.

No:, no:, ~~a~~i am ~~a~~s ~~y~~gl~~a~~i as a b~~e~~r;

F~~a~~r be:sts th~~a~~t me:t m~~i~~ r~~y~~n aw~~e~~y f~~a~~r f~~e~~r:

Th~~e~~:refo:re no: marvel tho: Deme:trius

Do, as a monster fl~~a~~i m~~i~~ presence th~~y~~s.

~~What wicked and dissembling glass of mine~~

~~Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?~~

But who is h~~i~~:re? L~~i~~zander! on the gr~~a~~und!

Dead? or asle:p? ~~a~~ se: no: bl~~y~~d, no: w~~a~~ond.

L~~i~~zander if y~~a~~ live, good s~~e~~r, aw~~e~~:ke.

LYSANDER

[Awaking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
 Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA

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

LYSANDER

Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not Hermia but Helena I love:
 Who will not change a raven for a dove?
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
 And touching now the point of human skill,
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will
 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
 Love's stories written in love's richest book.

HELENA

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

LYSANDER

[Awaking] ən' rʏn through fəɪrə ə will fər θəɪ swɛ:t sɛ:ke.
 Transparent Helena! Nɛ:təre sho:ws art,
 Thət through θɪ bosom mɛ:kes mɪ sɛ: θɪ hart.
 hwɛ:re is Deme:tr'us? o:, hæʊ fit a wo:rd
 Is that vɔ:le nɛ:me tə perish on mɪ swo:rd!

HELENA

Do not sɛ:y so:, Lɪzander; sɛ:y not so:
 hwat θo: 'ɪ lʏve yər Hɜ:rmia? Lo:rd, hwat θo:?
 Yɪt Hɜ:rmia still lʏves you: then bɛ: content.

LYSANDER

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

HELENA

hwɛ:refo:re wəs əɪ tə this kɛ:n mock'rəɪ bo:rn?
 hwɛn at yər hands did əɪ desɜ:vɜ: this sɔ:rn?
 Is't not enʏgh, is't not enʏgh, yɪng man,
 That əɪ did never, no:, no:r never can,
 Desɜ:vɜ: a swɛ:t look from Deme:tr'us' əɪ,
 Bət you məs' fləʊt mɪ ɪnsʏffɪsɪɛnɔ:
 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 the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight!

Exit

HERMIA

[Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel pray.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

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

Exit

LYSANDER

Shi se:s not Hærmia. Hærmia, sle:p thəu there:
ən' never mɛ:s' thəu cyme Lizander nɛ:r!
Fər as a sɜ:fɛit of the swe:tɪst things
The de:pɪst lo:θɪn' to the stɪmach brings,
o:r as the hɛ:resəɪs θæt men do le:ve
əre hɛ:ted mo:st ə θo:se θɛ:y did dece:ve,
Sə thəu, mɪ sɜ:fɛit ən mɪ hɛ:resəɪ,
Of all bɪ hɛ:ted, bʏt the mo:st ə me:!
ənd, all mɪ pɔ:rs, address yər lʏve ən məɪt
To honour Helen ən tə be: ər knaɪt!

Exit

HERMIA

[Awaking] Help mɪ, Lizander, help mɪ! do θɪ best
Tə plʌk this crawlɪn' sɜ:pɛnt frɒm mɪ breast!
əɪ me:, fər pɪtəɪ! hwat a dre:m wəs hɛ:re!
Lizander, look 'əu əɪ do quɛ:ke wi' fɛ:r:
Mɪθought a sɜ:pɛnt ɛt mɪ hart awɛ:y,
ən' you sat sməɪlɪn' at 'ɪs cruel prɛ:y.
Lizander! hwat, remʏved? Lizander! lo:rd!
hwat, əʊt ə' hɪ:rɪn'? gone? no: səʊnd, no: wo:rd?

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

Exit

Alack, **hwɛ:**re **are** yə? **spe:**k, ən' if yə **hɛ:**r;
Spe:k, of **all** l**ɪ**ves! ə swoon **almo:**st wi' **fɛ:**r.
No:? then ə well **perce:**ve you **are** not n**ɪ**
ɛ'er death **ər** you ə'll **fə**ind **imme:**diatel**əl**.

Exit

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

ACT III

SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.

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

BOTTOM

Are we all met?

QUINCE

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOTTOM

Peter Quince,--

QUINCE

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM

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

SNOUT

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STARVELING

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

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

ACT III

SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.

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

BOTTOM

are wɪ all met?

QUINCE

Pat, pat; ənd 'i:re's a marv'llous conve:nient ple:ce fər o:r re'ersal. This gre:n plot shall be: ər ste:ge, this 'awtho:rn-brɛ:ke ər tærin'-əʊse; ən we: will do it in ɑ:ʃən əs we: will do it befo:re the djuke.

BOTTOM

Pe:ter Quince,--

QUINCE

hwat se:y's' thəʊ, bulləi Bottom?

BOTTOM

There ərə things in this comedəi ə Pyraməs ən' Thisbəi thət will never ple:se. Fɜ:st, Pyraməs mɪs' draw a swɔ:rd to kill 'imself; hwich the le:dəis cannot abəide. 'əʊ answer yə thət?

SNOUT

Bəi'r le:kin, a parlous fe:r.

STARVELING

ə bele:ve wɪ məs' le:ve the killin' əʊt, hwen all is dɪne.

BOTTOM

Not a whit: I have a device to make all well.

Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

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

SNOUT

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING

I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM

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

SNOUT

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM

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

BOTTOM

Not a **hwit**: **ai** 'ave a dev**ai**ce t**ə** m**ə**:ke **all** well.

Wr**ai**te m**i** a pr**o**:logue; **ən** ' let the pr**o**:logue s**ə**:m to s**ə**:y, w**i** will do n**o**: 'arm with **ər** sw**o**:rds, **ən** ' th**ət** Pyram**əs** is not killed inde**d**; and, f**ər** the m**o**:re better ass**ur**ance, tell **əm** th**ət** **ai**, Pyram**əs**, **əm** not Pyram**əs**, b**ət** Bottom the w**e**:ver: this will put **əm** **ə**ut **ə** f**ɛ**:r.

QUINCE

Well, w**i** will 'ave s**ʏ**ch a pr**o**:logue; ~~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 l**ɛ**:d**ə**is b**i** af**ɛ**:rd **ə** the l**ə**ion?

STARVELING

ai f**ɛ**:r it, **ə** promise y**ə**.

BOTTOM

M**as**ters, you ought t**ə** consider w**i** ' yourselves: t**ə** bring in--God she**l**d **əs**!--a l**ə**ion am**ʏ**ng l**ɛ**:d**ə**is, is a m**o**:s' dreadful thing; f**ər** th**ə**re is not a m**o**:re f**ɛ**:rful w**ə**il'-f**ə**ul th**ən** y**ər** l**ə**ion livin'; **ən** ' w**i** ought t**ə** look to 't.

SNOUT

Th**ɛ**:ref**o**:re an**o**:ther pr**o**:logue m**ʏ**s' tell 'i is not a l**ə**ion.

BOTTOM

N**ɛ**:y, y**ə** m**ʏ**s n**ɛ**:me **is** n**ɛ**:me, **ən** ' 'a:f **is** f**ɛ**:ce m**əs** ' b**i** s**ɛ**:n through the l**ə**ion's neck: **ən** ' 'e: 'imself m**ʏ**s' sp**ɛ**:k through, s**ɛ**:yin' th**ʏ**s, **o**:r t**ə** the s**ɛ**:me defect,-- l**ɛ**:d**ə**is,'--**o**:r 'F**ɛ**:r-l**ɛ**:d**ə**is-- **ai** would wish Y**ə**,'--**o**:r 'ai would r**ɛ**q**ɛ**st y**ə**,'--**o**:r 'ai would

entreat you,--not to fear, not to tremble: my life
for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it
were pity of my life: no I am no such thing; I am a
man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name
his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUINCE

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

SNOUT

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

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

SNOUT

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

BOTTOM

Some man or other must present Wall: and let him

entre:t yə,--not tə fɛ:r, not tə tremble: mɪ laɪfe
fər yu:rs. If yə think ə cʏme 'iθer əs ə laɪən, it
wəre pitəɪ ə' mɪ laɪfe: nɔ: əɪ əm nɔ: sʏtʃ θɪŋ; əɪ əm ə
mæn əs ɔ:θer men ɑ:;' ən ðeɪre ɪndeɪd let 'ɪm neɪme
ɪs neɪme, ən' tell əm pleɪnləɪ 'e: ɪs Snʏg ðe ʝəɪnər.

QUINCE

Well it shəʊl bɪ so:. But ðəre ɪs tuu 'ɑ:d θɪŋs;
θæt ɪs, tə brɪŋ ðe mu:nlaɪt ɪntu ə tʃeɪmbər; fɔ:r,
yə knəʊ, pɪrəməs ən' θɪsbəɪ me:t bɪ mu:nlaɪt.

SNOUT

Dəθ ðe mu:n shəɪne θæt nəɪt wɪ pleɪy ɔ:r pleɪy?

BOTTOM

A ɔ:lendər, ə ɔ:lendər! lʊk ɪn ðe əlmanək; faɪnd
əʊt mu:nʃaɪne, faɪnd əʊt mu:nʃaɪne.

QUINCE

Yes, ɪt dɪθ shəɪne θæt nəɪt.

BOTTOM

hwəɪ, ðen meɪy yə le:və ə tʃeɪsəment ə' ðe greɪt
tʃeɪmbər wɪndə, hwɛre wɪ pleɪy, ɔ:pən, ən' ðe mu:n
meɪy shəɪne ɪn ət ðe tʃeɪsəment.

QUINCE

əɪ; ər ɛlsə ɔ:nə mɪs' cʏme ɪn wɪθ ə bʊʃ ə θɔ:rns
ən' ə lant'ɔ:rn, ən' seɪy 'ɪ cʏmes tə dɪsfɪʝər, ɔ:r tə
prezənt, ðe pɜ:sn ə mu:nʃaɪne. ðen, ðəre ɪs
ənə:θər θɪŋ: wɪ mɪst 'əve ə wɔ:l ɪn ðe greɪt
tʃeɪmbər; fər pɪrəməs ən' θɪsbəɪ sez ðe stɔ:rɪ, dɪd
tɔ:k θru: ðe tʃɪŋk əf ə wɔ:l.

SNOUT

Yə cən never brɪŋ ɪn ə wɔ:l. hwat seɪy yə, Bɔ:təm?

BOTTOM

Səme mæn ər ɔ:θər mɪs' prezənt wɔ:l: ən' let ɪm

have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUINCE

If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind

PUCK

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here, So near the cradle of the fairy queen? What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor; An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOTTOM

Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--

QUINCE

Odours, odours.

BOTTOM

--odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

'ave sǝme plaster, ǝr sǝme lo:m, ǝr sǝme rʏgh-cast abǝut ɪm, tǝ signɪfǝɪ wall; ǝn' let ɪm 'o:ld ɪs ɪngers thʏs, ǝn' through thæt crannǝɪ shǝll Pyramǝs ǝn' Thisbǝɪ hwisper.

QUINCE

If thæt mǝy be:, then ǝll ɪs well. Cʏme, sit dǝʊn, ev'rǝɪ mʏthǝr's sʏn, ǝn' re'ɜrse yǝr parts. Pyramǝs, you begin: hwen you 'ǝve spǝ:kɛn yǝr spɛ:ch, enter ɪnto thæt brɛ:ke: ǝn sǝ: evrǝɪ ǝ:nɛ accǝrdɪn' tǝ ɪs cue.

Enter PUCK behind

PUCK

hwat 'ɛmpɛn 'o:me-spʏns 'ave wɪ swagg'ɪn' 'ɪ:re, Sǝ nɪ:r the crɛ:dlɛ of the fɛ:rǝɪ quɛ:n? hwat, a plɛ:y tǝ:rd! ǝɪ'll be: ǝn ǝudɪtǝr; ǝn ǝctǝr tǝʊ, pǝrǝps, ɪf ǝɪ sɛ: ɔ:usɛ.

QUINCE

Spɛ:k, Pyramǝs. Thisbǝɪ, stǝnd fǝ:rth.

BOTTOM

Thisbǝɪ, the flǝ:rs of ǝ:dɪʊs sɛ:vǝurs swɛ:t,--

QUINCE

ǝ:dǝurs, ǝ:dǝurs.

BOTTOM

--ǝ:dǝurs sɛ:vǝurs swɛ:t:

Sǝ: 'ǝth thǝɪ brɛath, mǝɪ dɪ:rɛst Thisbǝɪ dɪ:r.

But 'ǝrk, a vǝɪsɛ! stɛ:y thǝʊ bǝt 'ɪ:re ǝhwǝɪlɛ,

ǝnd bǝɪ ǝnd bǝɪ ǝɪ wɪll tǝ the: ǝppɪ:r.

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.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head

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.

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Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
A 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.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray,
masters! fly, masters! Help!

Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

PUCK

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

Exit

BOTTOM

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

Re-enter SNOUT

SNOUT

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

BOTTOM

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

BOTTOM

If **ai** wære f*æ*r, Thisb*ai*, **ai** wære o:n*l***ai** th*æ*me.

QUINCE

o: monstrous! **o**: str*æ*nge! w*l* ære 'aunted. Pr*æ*y,
m*as*ters! fl*ai*, m*as*ters! 'elp!

Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

PUCK

æ'll foll*æ* y*æ*, **æ**'ll le:d y*æ* 'b*æ*ut a r*æ*und,
Through bog, through bush, through br*æ*:ke, through br*æ*r:
S*ymet***æ**ime a '**o**rse **æ**'ll b*æ*:, s*ymet***æ**ime a '**æ**und,
A '**og**, a '**eadl**iss b*æ*r, s*ymet***æ**ime a f*æ*ire;
æn' n*æ*:, **æn**' bark, **æn**' gr*æ*nt, **æn**' r*o*r, **æn**' b*æ*rn,
L*æ*ike '**o**rse, '**æ**und, '**og**, b*æ*r, f*æ*ire, at ev'r*æ* t*æ*rn.

Exit

BOTTOM

hwæi d*æ* th*æ*y r*æn* aw*æ*:y? this is a kn*æ*:vr*æi* **æ**f **æ**m t*æ*
m*æ*:ke m*i* af*æ*rd.

Re-enter SNOUT

SNOUT

o: Bottom, th*æ*u ært ch*æ*nged! **hwat** do **æ** s*æ*: on th*æ*:?

BOTTOM

hwat d*æ* y*æ* s*æ*:? y*æ* s*æ*: an **ass**'ead of y*æ*r **o**:n, do
y*æ*?

<i>Exit SNOUT</i> <i>Re-enter QUINCE</i> QUINCE Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. <i>Exit</i> 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. <i>Sings</i> 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,	<i>Exit SNOUT</i> <i>Re-enter QUINCE</i> QUINCE Bless thi, Bottom! bless thi! the<u>u</u> art trans<u>l</u>ated. <i>Exit</i> BOTTOM ə se: ther knɛ:vrəi: this is tə me:ke an ass ə mi; tə fræt mi, if the:y could. But əi will not stər frəm this plɛ:ce, do hwat the:y can: ə will walk ʔp ən' dəʊn 'i:re, ən' ə will sing, θət the:y shall 'i:r əi am not afrɛ:d. <i>Sings</i> The ousel cock so: black of 'ue, With orange-tawnəi bill, The throstle with 'is no:te so: true, The wren with little quill,-- TITANIA [Awaking] hwat ɛ:ngel wɛ:kes mi from mi flo:rəi bed? BOTTOM [Sings] The finch, the sparrə and the lark, The plɛ:n-song cuckoo grɛ:y, 'ose no:te full manəi a man dəθ mark,
--	--

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

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

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

ən' dæ:res not ɑnswer nə:y;--
fər, inde:d, 'o wuld set ɪs wɪt tə sə fʊlɪʃ
ə bɜ:rd? 'o wuld gɪvə ə bɜ:rd ðə leɪ, θo: 'ɪ kræɪ
'cuckoo' never so:?

TITANIA

ə prɛ:y θɪ, ɡentlɪ mɔ:rtəl, sɪŋ əɡeɪn:
mɪn ɪ:ɪ ɪs mʌtʃ ɛnə'mʊərd ɒf θɪ nɔ:te;
so: ɪs mɪn əɪ ɛnθrəlɪd tə θɪ ʃeɪpe;
ən' θə: fɛ:r vɜ:tʃə's fɔ:rsɪ pɜ:fɔ:rsɪ dəθ mʌvə mɪ
On ðə fɜ:st vju tə se:y, tə swɛ:r, əɪ lʌvə θɪ.

BOTTOM

Mɪθɪŋks, mɪstrɪss, jə should 'əvə lɪtlɪ re:sən
fər θæt: ən' jɪt, tə se:y ðə trʊθ, re:sən ən'
lʌvə ke:p lɪtlɪ ɔmp'nəɪ təge'er nəʊ-a-de:ys; ðə
mɔ:re ðə pɪtəɪ θæt səmɪ ɒnɪst nə:bɔ:rs wɪl nɒt
meɪke əm frɛnds. Ne:y, əɪ kən gle:k ʊpən ɔccɛ:zɪən.

TITANIA

Thəʊ ɑ:t əz wəɪsə əz θəʊ ɑ:t beə'tɪfʊl.

BOTTOM

Nɒt so:, nəðə: bət ɪf əɪ 'əd wɪt ɛnɪʃh tə ɡet əʊt
ə ðɪs wʊd, əɪ 'əvə ɛnɪʃh tə sɜ:və mɪn ɒ:n tɜ:n.

TITANIA

əʊt ə ðɪs wʊd dɒ nɒt desəɪrə tə ɡo:;
Thə ʃəʊlt reɪmɛ:n 'hɪre, hwe'er θə wɪlt ər nɔ:.
əɪ ɑm ə spɪrɪt ɒf nɔ: kɒmɒn re:te;
Thə sʌmɪər stɪl dəθ tend ʊpən mɪ ste:te;
ən' əɪ dɒ lʌvə ðe:; θɛ:refɔ:re, ɡo: wɪθ me:;
ə'll ɡɪvə θɪ fɛ:rɪs tə ətend ɒn ðe:;
ən' θe:y ʃəll fetʃ θɪ dʒewls frɒm ðə de:p,
ən' sɪŋ hwəɪle θəʊ ɒn presɪd flɔ:rs dəs' sle:p;
ən' əɪ wɪl pɜ:ʃə θɪ mɔ:rtəl ɡrɔ:ssnɪss so:

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
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;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
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!

Thæt thəʊ shəlt laɪke an ɛːrəɪ spɪrɪt goː.
Peːseblossom! Cobweb! Moːt! ən' Mɪstərdseːd!

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and
MUSTARDSEED*

PEASEBLOSSOM

Readəɪ.

COBWEB

ənd əɪ.

MOTH

ənd əɪ.

MUSTARDSEED

ənd əɪ.

ALL

hwɛːrə shəll wɪ goː?

TITANIA

Bɪ kaɪnd ən' coːrtəs to this gentleman;
'op in ɪs walks ən' gambol in ɪs əɪs;
Feːd ɪm with ɛːprɪcocks ən' dʒewberrəɪs,
Wi' pɜːplə greɪpes, greːn figs, ən' mʌlberrəɪs;
The 'ɪnəɪ-bags steɪl from the 'ɪmblə-bəɪs,
ən' foːr naɪt-tɛːpers crop thər waxen thəɪs
ən' laɪt əm at the fəɪrəɪ gloː-wɜːm's əɪs,
Tə 'ave mɪ lʌve tə bed ən to arəɪs;
ən' plʌck the wings from peɪnted bʌtɪfləɪs
Tə fan the moonbeːms from ɪs sleːpɪn' əɪs:
Nod to ɪm, elves, ən' do 'ɪm coːrtəsəɪs.

PEASEBLOSSOM

Heɪl, moːrtal!

COBWEB Hail! MOTH Hail! MUSTARDSEED Hail! BOTTOM I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name. COBWEB Cobweb. BOTTOM I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman? PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom. BOTTOM I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir? MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed. BOTTOM Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred had made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.	COBWEB Hɛ:l! MOTH Hɛ:l! MUSTARDSEED Hɛ:l! BOTTOM ə crəɪ yər wɜːʃɪp's mɜːrcəɪ, 'ɑːt'ləɪ: ə beseɪ:ch yər wɜːʃɪp's nɛ:me. COBWEB Cobweb. BOTTOM ə ʃəl̩ desəɪre yu of mo:re acqɛ:ntance, good Master Cobweb: if ə cʌt mi fɪŋɡə, ə ʃəl̩ mɛ:ke bo:ld wɪθ yu. Yu:r nɛ:me, honest gentleman? PEASEBLOSSOM Pe:seblossom. BOTTOM ə prɛ:y yə, commend mi tə Mɪstrɪss Squəʃ, yər mʌθə, ən' tə Master Pe:scod, yər fɑːðə. Good Master Pe:seblossom, ə ʃəl̩ desəɪre yu of mo:re acqɛ:ntance too. Yu:r nɛ:me, ə beseɪ:ch yə, sɜː? MUSTARDSEED Mʌstardse:d. BOTTOM Good Master Mʌstardse:d, ə kno:w yər pe:sɪsɪns well: θæt seɪm co:rdləɪ, ɡəɪənt-ləɪke ɒx-be:f əθ devɔəd mənəɪ a gentleman ə juə 'əʊse: ə prəmɪs yə yər kɪndrəd 'əd mɛ:de mi əɪs wɑːtə ɛ:re nəʊ. ə desəɪre yər mo:re acqɛ:ntance, good Master Mʌstardse:d.
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TITANIA

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

Exeunt

TITANIA

Cyme, we:t upon im; le:d im to mī bo:r.
 The moon mīthinks looks with a wat'rəi əi;
 ən' hwen shī we:ps, we:ps ev'rəi little flo:r,
 Lamentin' syme enfo:rcid chastitəi.
 Təi xp mī lye's tɒŋgue, bring im səilentləi.

Exeunt

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

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter OBERON

OBERON

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

Enter PUCK

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

PUCK

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

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

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter OBERON

OBERON

ə wʌndər if Titania be: awɛ:kəd;
 Then, hwat it wɒs θæt nex' cɛ:me in 'ər əɪ,
 hwɪtʃ she: mʌs' dɔ:te on in ɛkstremitəɪ.

Enter PUCK

'ɪ:re cʌmes mi messenger.
 'əʊ nəʊ, mɒd spɪr't!
 hwat naɪt-rule nəʊ əbəʊt θɪs 'aʊntəd grʌve?

PUCK

Mɪ mɪstrɪss wɪθ a mɒnstər ɪs ɪn lʌv.
 Nɪ:ɪ to 'ər klo:se ən' ɒnsekreɪtəd bo:ɪ,
 hwəɪl she: wɒs ɪn ər dʌɪl ən sle:pɪn' 'o:ɪ,
 A crew ə pætʃes, ru:de me:ʃənəkl̩z,
 θæt wɜ:k fɜ:bred ʌpən Ate:nɪən stɔ:lz,
 Wɜ:re met tə:geðər to re'ɜ:rsə ə pleɪy
 ɪntendəd fɔ:r gre:t θe:seʊs' nʌpsɪəl-deɪ.
 θe ʃəl'west θɪk-skɪn ɒf θæt bærən so:rt,
 'o pyraməs presented, ɪn ðeɪ spɔ:rt
 fɜ:sook ɪs seɪnə ənd ɛnter'd ɪn ə breɪke
 hwɛn əɪ dɪd 'ɪm ət θɪs ədvəntə:teɪke,
 ən' əss's nɔ:le ə fɪksɪd ɒn ɪs 'hed:

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

OBERON

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

PUCK

I took him sleeping,--that is finish'd too,--
 And the Athenian woman by his side:
 That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS

OBERON

Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Anon əs Thisbəɪ mɪs bɪ ˈɑːnsʊəd,
 ən' fɔːrθ mɪ mɪmɪk ˈkɪmɪs. hwen ðeɪy 'ɪm spəɪ,
 əs wɔːld ɡeːsə θæt ðe kriːpɪn' fəʊlə ɪ,
 ər rʌsɪt-petəd ˈtʃʌɡhs, mənəɪ ɪn sɔːrt,
 Rəɪsɪn' ən' ˈkəwɪn' æt ðe ɡʌn's reɪpɔːrt,
 Sever ðemselves ən' mædləɪ swɛɪp ðe skəɪ,
 Soː, æt 'ɪz sɔɪt, əweɪy 'ɪs felləz fləɪ;
 ən', æt ɔːr stæmp, 'ɪre ɔːr ənd ɔːr ɔːnə fɔːls;
 'ɪ mɜːdər kraɪs ən' ˈɛlp frəm ætɛns ˈkɔːls.
 Thə ˈsɛns θɪs weɪk, lɒst wɪ' θə fɛːrs θɪs strɒŋ,
 Meɪde ˈsɛnsəlɪs θɪŋs bɪɡɪn tə do əm wɒŋ;
 Fə ˈbrɛərs ən' θɔːrns æt ðeɪr əˈpærel snætʃ;
 Səme sleɪvɪs, səme 'æts, frəm jeɪldəz ɔːl θɪŋs ˈkætʃ.
 ə led əm ɒn ɪn ðɪs dɪstræktəd fɛːr,
 ən' lef' sweɪt pɪrəˈmɪs trænslɛɪtəd ðeɪre:
 hwen ɪn ðæt moːmənt, soː ɪt ˈseɪm tə pɑːs,
 tɪˈtænɪə weɪkəd ən streɪtweɪy lʌvəd ən ˈæs.
OBERON

This falls əʊt better than ə ˈkʊld dɪˈvaɪs.
 Bət 'æst θə ɪt lætʃ'd ðe ætɛˈniːən's əɪs
 wɪ' ðe lʌv-ˈdʒuːs, əs əɪ dɪd bɪd θɪ do?

PUCK

ə tʊk ɪm sleɪpɪn',--θæt ɪz fɪnɪʃ'd təʊ,--
 ən' ðe ætɛˈniːən wʊmən bəɪ ɪz saɪd:
 θæt, hwen ɪ weɪkəd, ɒf fɔːrsə ʃɪ mɪs' bɪ əɪd.

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS

OBERON

Stand kloːse: ðɪs ɪz ðe seɪm ætɛˈniːən.

PUCK

This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? ~~I'll believe as soon~~
~~This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon~~
~~May through the centre creep and so displease~~
~~Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.~~
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murd'rer look, so dead, so grim.

DEMETRIUS

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

HERMIA

What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA

Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

PUCK

This is the woman, byt not this the man.

DEMETRIUS

o:, hwæi rebuke yə him that lɪves yə so:?

Lɛ:y breath sə bitter on yər bitter fo:.

HERMIA

Nəʊ əi but çəɪrde; but əi should use θɪ wɜ:se,
Fər θəʊ, ə fɛ:r, əs't gi'en mɪ cause tə çɜ:se,
If θəʊ əs't slɛ:n Lɪzander in 'is slɛ:p,
Be:in' o:rshoes in blɪd, plɪnge in the de:p,
ən' kill mɛ: too.

The sɪn wəs not sə true unto the dɛ:y
əs he: tə mɛ:: would he: 'əve sto:l'n awɛ:y
Fɾəm slɛ:pin' Hɜ:mia? ə'll bele:ve əs sɪn
~~This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon~~
~~May through the centre creep and so displease~~
~~Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.~~
It cannot be: but θəʊ əst mɜ:der'd him;
So: should a mɜ:rd'rer look, sə dead, sə grim.

DEMETRIUS

So: should the mɜ:der'd look, ən' so: should əi,
Pɪ:rced through the hɑ:t with yʊ:r stɜ:n crueltɔ:
Yɪt you, the mɜ:rd'rer, look əs brɔ:t, əs clɛ:r,
əs yonder Ve:nus in 'ə glɪmm'rɪn' sphɛ:re.

HERMIA

hwat's this tə məi Lɪzander? hwɛ:re is he:?
Ah, good Deme:tr'us, wilt θə give ɪm mɛ:?

DEMETRIUS

ə'd rather give 'is cɑ:rss to mɪ həʊnds.

HERMIA

əʊt, dog! əʊt, çɜ:r! θəʊ draɪv'st mɪ past the bəʊnds

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

You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA

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

DEMETRIUS

An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA

A privilege never to see me more.
 And from thy hated presence part I so:
 See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

Exit

DEMETRIUS

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

Of me:den's pe:sience. Has' thəʊ sle:n ɪm, then?
 Hencefo:rth bɪ never nʌmber'd amɪŋɡ men!
 o:, ɒnce tell true, tell true, e:ˈn fo:r mɪ se:ke!
 Dərst thəʊ ˈəve look'd upon ɪm be:ɪn' awɛ:ke,
 ən' hast thəʊ kill'd ɪm sle:pɪn'? o: bre:ve tʌtʃ!
 Could not a wɜrm, an adder, do sə mʌtʃ?
 An adder dɪd ɪt; fo:r wɪð du:blɪr təŋɡwe
 Than θɪne, θəʊ sɜpɪnt, never addɜ stʌŋɡ.
DEMETRIUS

Yə spend yər pæʃən ɒn ə mɪsprəɪsɪd mu:d.
 əɪ ɑm nɒt ɡɪltəɪ ɒf lɪzəndə's blʌd;
 No:ɪz ɪs ˈɪ dɛd, fɜr əʊɡht θət əɪ kən tell.

HERMIA

ə pre:y θɪ, tell mɪ then θət he: ɪs well.

DEMETRIUS

ən ɪf ə kʊld, hwat shʊld ə get θe:refo:re?

HERMIA

A prɪvɪleʒ nəvɜ tə se: mɪ mo:re.
 ən' frɒm θɪ he:tɪd prensɪns pɑrt ə so:
 Se: me: nə mo:re, hwe'er he: bɪ dɛd ər nɒ:.

Exit

DEMETRIUS

Thəre ɪs nɒ: fɒl'wɪn' hɜr ɪn θɪs fe:rsɛ ve:n:
 Hɛrɛ θe:refo:re fɜr ə hwəɪle ə wɪl reme:n.
 So: sɒrɪ's he:vɪnɪss dəθ he:vɜjɜ ɡro:w
 Fɜr dɛbt θət bʌŋkrʊt sle:p dəθ sɒrɪ o:.
 Wɪtʃ nɒw ɪn sʊm sleɪt meʒʊrɪt ɪ wɪl peɪ,
 ɪf fɜr hɪs təndɜ hɛr ɪ meɪk sʊm steɪ.

Lies down and sleeps

OBERON

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

PUCK

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

OBERON

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

PUCK

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

Exit

OBERON

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

Lies down and sleeps

OBERON

hwat hast thə dʏne? thəʊ 'ast mistɛ:ken quəite
ən' le:d the lʏve-jəice on sɪme true-lʏve's saɪt:
Of thəi misprɪzjən mɪs' pɜ:fɔ:ɾe ensjue
Səme true lʏve tɜ:n'd ən' not a fəlse tɜ:n'd true.

PUCK

Then fɛ:te ɔ:r-rules, thət ɔ:ne mæn 'ɔ:ldɪn' trɔ:θ,
A million fe:l, confəʊndɪn' ɔ:θ on ɔ:θ.

OBERON

Abəʊt the wood go: swifter than the wəɪnd,
ənd 'elena əf at'ens look thə fəɪnd:
all fæncəɪ-sɪk shɪ ɪs ən' peɪle əf cheɪr,
With səɪs ə lʏve, thət costs the frɛʃ blʌd deɪr:
Bɪ sɪme ɪllʌzɪən se: thə brɪŋg 'ər 'ɛ:re:
ə'll ʧɑ:m ɪs əɪs əgeɪns' shɪ do əpɛ:r.

PUCK

ə go:, ə go:; look 'əʊ ə go:,
Swifter thən arrə from the Tartar's bɔ:w.

Exit

OBERON

Flo:r ɒf this pɜ:plə dəɪ,
'ɪt wɪθ Cjəpɪd's ɑ:ʧərəɪ,
Sink ɪn ʌpplə ɒf 'ɪz əɪ.
hwen 'ɪs lʏve 'ɪ dɪθ espəɪ,

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

Re-enter PUCK

PUCK

Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON

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

PUCK

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

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Let 'ər shəɪn əs glɔːriəsləɪ
as the Veːnəs ɒf the skəɪ.
hwen θəʊ wɛːks', if sheː bɪ bəɪ,
Beg of 'ər fər remedəɪ.

Re-enter PUCK

PUCK

Captain of ər feɪrəɪ band,
'elena is 'ere at 'and;
an' the youth, mistook bɪ meː,
Pleːdɪn' foːr a lʌvər's feː.
Shəll wɪ θeɪr fɒnd peɪənt seː?
Loːrd, hwat fɒls theːse moːrtals beː!

OBERON

Stand asəɪdeː the nəɪsə θeɪy meːke
Will cause Demeːtr'us to aweːke.

PUCK

Then will two at ɒnce woo oːne –
That mʌs' neːds bɪ spoːrt aloːne;
An' thoːse things do best pleːse meː
Thaɪ befəll prepost'rousləɪ.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER

hwəɪ should yə think θət əɪ should woo in scoːrn?
Scoːrn ən' derɪzɪən never cʌmeɪn tɛːrs:
Look, hwen ə vəʊ, ə weːp; ən vəʊs sə bɔːrn,
In theɪr natɪvɪtəɪ all truθ appeːrs.
Həʊ cən theːse things ɪn meː seːm scoːrn tə yuː,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HELENA

You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

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

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA

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

LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS

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

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

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealèd white, high Taurus snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA

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

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

Be:rin' the badge ə fe:th, tə prʊve əm true?

HELENA

Yə do advance yər cʌnnin' mo:re ən' mo:re.

hwen truth kills truth, o: dev'lish-ho:ly frɛ:y!

The:se vəʊs əre Hɜrmia's: will yə give 'ər o:r?

We: o:th with o:th, ən' you will nʌtin' wɛ:.

Yər vəʊs to hɜr ən' me:, put in two scɛ:les,

Will e:ven wɛ:, ən' bo:th əs ləɪt əs tɛ:les.

LYSANDER

ə had no: ʃɒdgment hwen to hɜr ə swɔ:re.

HELENA

Nər no:ne, in məɪ məɪnd, nəʊ yə give ər o:r.

LYSANDER

Deme:tr'us lʌves 'ər, ən' 'ɪ lʌves not you.

DEMETRIUS

[Awaking] o: Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divəme!

Tə hwat, mɪ lʌve, shall əɪ compɛ:re θɪn əɪne?

Crystal is mʌddəɪ. o:, həʊ rəɪpe in sho:w

Thɪ lips, tho:se kissin' cherrəɪs, temptin' gro:w!

That pu:re conge:lɪd hwəɪte, həɪ Taurus sno:w,

Fann'd with the e:stern wind, tɜrns to a cro:w

hwen θəʊ ho:l'st ʃp θɪ hand: o:, let mɪ kiss

This princess of pu:re hwəɪte, this se:l ə' bliss!

HELENA

o: spəɪte! o: hell! ə se: you all əre bent

Tə set əɡɛnst mɪ fo:r yər merriment:

If you wəre civil ən' knjew ˌko:rtəsəɪ,

Yə would not do mɪ θɪs mʌtʃ ɪnʃurəɪ.

Cən you not he:te mɪ, as ə kno:w yə do,

But you mʌs' ʃəɪn in so:ls tə mock mɪ too?

If you wəre men, əs men you are in sho:w,

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

LYSANDER

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

HELENA

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS

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

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

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

Yə would not use a gentle lē:dəi so;
 Tə vəʊ, ən swɛ:r, ən' superprɛ:se mɪ parts,
 hwen əi am su:re yə hɛ:te mɪ with yər harts.
 Yə bo:th ərə rəɪvals, ən' lɪve Hɜrmia;
 ən' nəʊ bo:th rəɪvals, tə mock Helena:
 A trim expləɪt, a manləi enterprɔ:se,
 Tə conjure tʊrs ɪp in a pɔ:r mɛ:d's əɪs
 With yu:r derizɪən! nɔ:ne of nɔ:ble sɔ:rt
 Would sɔ: offend a vɜrgɪn, and extɔ:rt
 A pɔ:r sɔ:l's pɛ:sɪence, all tə mɛ:ke yə spɔ:rt.

LYSANDER

You ərə ɪnkənd, Deme:tr'us; be: not sɔ:;
 Fər you lɪve Hɜrmia; this yə kno:w ə kno:w:
 ən' hɛ:re, with all good will, with all mɪ hart,
 In Hɜrmia's lɪve ə ye:ld yə ɪp mɪ part;
 ən yu:rs əf Helena tə mɛ: bequɛθ,
 Whom əi do lɪve ən will do till mɪ death.

HELENA

Never did mockers wast mo:re əɪdle breath.

DEMETRIUS

Lɪzander, ke:p θəi Hɜrmia; əi will nɔ:ne:
 If ɛ:r ə lɪved ər, all θat lɪve is go:ne.
 Mɪ hart tə hɜr but as guest-wəɪse səjɜrn'd,
 ən' nəʊ tə Helen is it ho:me rɛtɜrn'd,
 Thɛ:re tə remɛ:n.

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not sɔ:.

DEMETRIUS

Disparage not the fɛ:θ θə dɪst not kno:w,

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

Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

Lest, to thi peril, thəu abəi it dɛ:r.

Look, hwɛ:re thi lʌve cʌmes; yonder is thi dɛ:r.

Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

Dark nɔ:t, that from the ə his fʌnksion te:kes,
The ɪr mɔ:re quick of ʌpprehension me:kes;
hwɛ:rein it doth impɛ:r the se:in' sense,
It pe:s the hɛ:rɪn' dʌble recompense.
Thəu art not bəi mɪn əi, Lɪzander, fəʊnd;
Mɪn ɪr, ə thank it, brought mɪ to thi səʊnd
But hwəi ʌnkəɪndləi dɪds' thə le:ve mɪ so:?

LYSANDER

hwəi should ə ste:y, whom lʌve doth press tə go:?

HERMIA

hwat lʌve could press Lɪzander from mɪ səɪde?

LYSANDER

Lɪzander's lʌve, thət wəʊld not let 'ɪm baɪde,
Fe:r Helena, who mɔ:re engilds the nɔ:t
Thən all yon fəɪrəi o:s ənd əɪs ə ləɪt.
hwəi se:k'st thəu me:ʔ could not this me:ke thi kno:w,
The hɛ:te ə be:r thi me:de mɪ le:ve thi so:ʔ

HERMIA

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

HELENA

Lo:, she: is o:ne ə this confed'racəi!

Nəʊ əi perce:ve they 'ave conjəɪn'd all thre:

Tə fashɪon this false spo:rt, in spəɪte ə' me:.

Inju:riʊs Hɜ:mɪə! mɔ:st ʌngre:tefʊl me:d!

'əve you conspəɪred, 'əve you with the:se contrəɪved

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

HERMIA

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

To be:t mɪ with this fəʊl derɪzɪən?
 Is ɔ:l the kəʊnsəl that wɪ two 'əve shɛ:red,
 The sisters' vəʊs, the o:rs θæt we: əve spent,
 hwen we: 'əve chɪd the hɛstəɪ-footed təɪme
 Fər partɪn' ʌs,--o:, ɪs ɪt ɔ:l fɔ:ɡɒt?
 ɔ:l sku:l-dɛ:ys' frɪən'shɪp, ʧəʊldhu:d ɪnnəʊsəns?
 We:, Hɜ:mɪə, ləɪke tu: ɑ:t'fɪʃɪəl ɡɒds,
 'əve wɪθ o:r ne:dles kreɪtəd bo:θ o:nə fləʊr,
 Bo:θ ɒn o:nə sɑ:mplər, sɪtɪn' ɒn o:nə kʊʃɪən,
 Bo:θ wɑ:blɪn' ɒf o:nə sɒŋ, bo:θ ɪn o:nə ke:y,
 əs ɪf ər hænds, ər saɪdəs, vɔɪsɪz ən' məɪndz,
 'əd be:n ɪnko:rp'reɪt. So: wɪ ɡrəʊw toɡe'ər,
 Ləɪke tu: ə dʌblə ʧerrəɪ, se:mɪn' pɑ:rtəd,
 Bʌt jɪt ən ʊnɪən ɪn pɑ:tɪʃɪən;
 Tu: ləʊvli bɛrɪz məʊldəd ɒn o:nə stem;
 So:, wɪθ tu: si:mɪŋ bɒdɪz, bʌt o:nə hɜ:t;
 Tu: ɒf ðə frɪst, lɪke kəʊts ɪn hɛrəldrɪ,
 Du: bʌt tu: o:nə ɒnd krəʊnd wɪθ o:nə krest.
 ən' wɪl jə rent ər ɛ:nsɪənt lʌve əsʌndər,
 Tə ʒəɪn wɪθ mɛn ɪn skɔ:rnɪn' ju:r pɔ:r frɪənd?
 ɪt ɪs nɒt frɪendləɪ, 'tɪs nɒt me:denləɪ:
 o:r sɛks, əs wɛll əs əɪ, mɛ:y ʧəɪde jə fɔ:t,
 θə: əɪ ələʊne dɒ fe:l ðə ɪnjʊrəl.

HERMIA

əɪ ɪm əme:zɪd ət jər pɑ:ʃɪənəte wɔ:rdz.
 ə skɔ:rn jə nɒt: ɪt si:mz θæt ju: skɔ:rn me:.

HELENA

'əve ju nɒt sɛt lɪzəndər, ɔs ɪn skɔ:rn,
 Tə fɒllə me: ən' pre:se mɪ əɪs ən' feɪs?
 ən' meɪde jər ɔ:ðər lʌve, Deme:trɪʊs,
 Wə: e:n bət nəʊ dɪd spɜ:n mɪ wɪθ 'ɪs fu:t,

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

HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA

Ay, do, 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 chronicle'd.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER

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

HELENA

O excellent!

HERMIA

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Tə call mi goddess, nymph, divəine ən' rɛ:re,
 Presious, celestial? hwɛ:refo:re spe:ks 'i this
 Tə hɛr 'i hɛ:tes? ən' hwɛ:refo:re dɪθ Lɪzəndər
 Denəi yər lʌve, sə rich within ɪs so:l,
 ən' tender me:, fərsooth, affecsiən,
 But bəi yu:r settin' on, bi yu:r consent?
 hwat tho: ə be: not so: in grɛ:ce əs you,
 Sə hʌŋg upon wi' lʌve, sə fo:rtənɛte,
 But miserable mo:st, tə lʌve ɪnlʌvəd?
 This you should pitəi rather than despəise.

HERMIA

əi ɪndərstand not hwat yə me:n bi this.

HELENA

əi, do, persever, cəʊnterfɪt sɑd looks,
 Mɛ:ke məʊths upon mi hwen ə tɜ:n mi bæk;
 Wink e:ch ət o:ther; ho:ld the swe:t jest ɪp:
 This spo:rt, well carrəɪd, shall bi chronɪcl'd.
 If you 'əve ənəi pitəi, grɛ:ce, ər mɑnners,
 Yə would not mɛ:ke mi sɪʃh ən ɑrgəmənt.
 But fɛ:re yə well: 'tis partləi məi o:n faʊt;
 hwɪch death ər əbsence soon shall remedəi.

LYSANDER

Stɛ:y, gentle Helena; hɪ:r məi excuse:
 Mi lʌve, mi laɪfe, mi so:l, fɛ:r Helena!

HELENA

o: excellent!

HERMIA

Swe:t, do not sco:rn 'ər so:.

DEMETRIUS

If she: cənnɒt entre:t, ə cən cəmpel.

LYSANDER

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
 Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS

I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER

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

DEMETRIUS

Quick, come!

HERMIA

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER

Away, you Ethiopie!

DEMETRIUS

No, no; he'll [-]

~~Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow;
 But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!~~

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

Do you not jest?

LYSANDER

Thə cans' compel nə mo:re thən she: entre:t:
 Thi threats 'əve no: mo:re strength thən hɜr we:k pre:rs.
 Helen, ə lʌve the:; bæi mi laɪfe, ə do:
 ə swɛ:r bi that hwich əi will lose fər the:,
 To prʌve 'ɪm false θət sɛz ə lʌve thi not.

DEMETRIUS

ə sɛ:y ə lʌve thi mo:re thən he: cən do.

LYSANDER

If thəu sɛ:y so:, withdraw, ən' prʌve it too.

DEMETRIUS

Quick, cʌme!

HERMIA

Lɪzander, hwɛ:reto tends ɔl this?

LYSANDER

Awɛ:y, you-Ethiope!

DEMETRIUS

No:, no:; he'll [-]

~~Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow;
 But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!~~

LYSANDER

Hang off, thəu cat, thəu bɜrr! vɔɪle thing, let loose,
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

~~Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!~~
 əʊt, lo:θɪd med' cine! he:ted pɔ:sjon, hence!

HERMIA

Də you not jest?

HELENA

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS

I would I had your bond, for I perceive

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

LYSANDER

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!--

In earnest, shall I say?

LYSANDER

Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night

And stolen my love's heart from him?

HELENA

Fine, i'faith!

HELENA

Yes, soth; æn' so: dæ you.

LYSANDER

Deme:tr'us, æi will ke:p mɪ wo:rd wi' the:.

DEMETRIUS

æ would æ had yær bond, fær æi perce:ve

A we:k bond ho:lds yæ: æi'll not trʏst yær wo:rd.

LYSANDER

hwat, should æ hært 'ær, stræke 'ær, kill 'ær dead?

altho: æ hæ:te 'ær, æi'll not harm 'ær so:.

HERMIA

hwat, can yæ do mɪ græ:ter harm thæn hæ:te?

Hæ:te me:! hwæ:refo:re? o: me:! hwat njews, mɪ lʏve!

æm not æi Hærmia? are not you Lɪzander?

æi am æs fæ:r næʊ as æ was ɛ:rehwæile.

Since næit yæ lʏved mɪ; yit since næit yæ left

mɪ :

hwæi, then yæ left mɪ--o:, the gods forbid!--

In ɛ:rnɪst, shəll æ sɛ:y?

LYSANDER

æi, bæi mɪ læife;

æn' never did desæire tæ se: thi mo:re.

The:refo:re bɪ æʊt æ' ho:pe, æf questɪən, æf dæʊt;

Bɪ cærtain, nʏtɪn' truer; 'tis no: jest

Thæt æi do hæ:te thi ænd lʏve Helena.

HERMIA

o: me:! you jʏggler! you cænkær-blossom!

You the:f æ' lʏve! hwat, have yæ cʏme bɪ næit

æn' stɔ:læn mæi lʏve's hært frɒm hɪm?

HELENA

Fæine, i'fæ:th!

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

HERMIA

Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem;
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
~~I am a right maid for my cowardice:~~
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HERMIA

Lower! hark, again.

HELENA

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

‘əve you nɒː modestəɪ, nɒː meɪːden sheːme,
Noː tʌʃ əˈ bʌʃfʊlnɪss? hwat, wɪl jə teːr
Impɛːsɪənt ˈɑːnsəz frɒm mɪ ɡentl təŋɡwe?
Feɪ, feɪ! ju cəʊnterfɪt, ju pʊpɪt, ju!

HERMIA

Pʊpɪt? hwəɪ soː? əɪ, θæt weːy ɡoːs ðe ɡeɪme.
Neʊ əɪ pɜːceːve θæt sheː ˈəθ meɪːde ɒmpɛːre
Betweːn oːr statjəres; sheː ˈəθ ɜːɡed ˈər haɪt;
ənˈ wɪθ ˈər pɜːsˈnæɡe, hɜːr tɔːl pɜːsnæɡe,
ər haɪt, fɔːsoʊθ, shɪ ˈɑːθ preveɪlˈd wɪθ hɪm.
ənˈ ər jə ɡroːn sə haɪ ɪn hɪs esteɪm;
Because əɪ ɒm sə dwɑːfɪʃ ənˈ sə loːw?
Heʊ loːw ɒm əɪ, θəʊ peɪnted meːpɔːleː? speːk;
Heʊ loːw ɒm əɪ? əɪ ɒm nɒt jɪt sə loːw
But θæt mɪ neɪls cən reːʃ ʊntu θɪn əɪs.

HELENA

ə preːy jə, θoː jə mɒk mɪ, ɡentlemen,
Let ˈər nɒt hɜːt mɪ : əɪ wəs never ɜːrst;
ə hæv nɒː ɡɪft ɒt ɔːl ɪn ʃroːwɪʃnɪss;
~~I ɒm a raɪt maɪd fɔːr mɪ ɒwərdɪːs:~~
Let ˈər nɒt strəɪke mɪ. ju pərˈhæps meɪ think,
Because shɪˈs smetɪnˈ loːwer θæn mɪself,
θæt əɪ cən mætʃ ˈər.

HERMIA

Loːwer! hark, ɑːɡən.

HELENA

Good hɜːrmɪə, dɒ nɒt beː sə bɪtər wɪθ mɪ.
əɪ evermɔːre dɪd lʌve jə, hɜːrmɪə,
Dɪd ever keːp jər cəʊnsəls, never wrɒŋɡd jə;
Seːve θæt, ɪn lʌve ʊntu demeːtrɪʊs,
ə toːld ˈɪm ɒf jər steɪlθ ʊntu θɪs wʊd.

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;

H_I follə'd you; fər lʌve ə follə'd him;
 But h_e: 'əθ chid m_I hence ən' threaten'd m_e:
 Tə strəike m_I, spɜrn m_I, ne:y, tə kill m_I too:
 ən' nəʊ, sə you will let m_I quəiet go:,
 To at'ens will ə bɛ:r m_I folləi back
 ən' follə you n_o: fərther: let m_I go:
 Yə se: 'əʊ simple and 'əʊ fond əi am.

HERMIA

hwəi, get yə gone: who is't thət hinders you?

HELENA

A folish hart, thət əi le:ve h_I:re behəind.

HERMIA

hwat, with L_Izander?

HELENA

With Deme:trius.

LYSANDER

B_I not afrɛ:d; sh_I shəll not harm th_I, Helena.

DEMETRIUS

N_o:, sɜr, sh_I shəll not, th_o: yə tɛ:ke 'ər part.

HELENA

o:, hw_en sh_I's angrəi, sh_e: is ke:n ən' shro:wd!

Sh_I was a vixen hw_en sh_I went tə school;

ən' th_o: sh_I be: but little, sh_e: is fɛ:rce.

HERMIA

'Little' agən! N_ɪtin' but 'lo:w' ən' 'little'!

hwəi will yə sɪffər hɜr tə fləʊt m_I thɪs?

Let m_e: cɪme to 'ər.

LYSANDER

Get yə gone, yə dwarf;

Yə minimus, of hind'rin' knot-grass m_e:de;

You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS

You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

LYSANDER

Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS

Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

HERMIA

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

HELENA

I will not trust you, I,

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

Exit

HERMIA

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

Yə be:d, you ɛ:co:rn.

DEMETRIUS

You əre too offi:si:əs

In hɜr behɑlf thət sco:rnz yər sɜrvɪsɪs.

Let hɜr əlo:ne: spe:k not of Helena;

Te:ke not 'ər pɑ:t; fər if θə dɪst intend

Never sə little sho:w of lʌve tə her,

Thəʊ shəʊlt əbɑɪ ɪt.

LYSANDER

Nəʊ shɪ ho:ldz mɪ not;

Nəʊ follə, if θəʊ deɪr'st, tə trəɪ 'ose rəɪt,

of θəme ər məme, ɪs mo:st ɪn Helena.

DEMETRIUS

Follə! ne:y, əɪ'll go: wi' θɪ, che:k bɪ jəʊl.

Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

HERMIA

You, mistrɪss, ɑl θɪs coɪl ɪs 'lɒŋ ə yu:

Ne:y, go: not bæk.

HELENA

ə wɪl nɒt trʌst yə, əɪ,

No:r lɒŋŋer ste:y ɪn yu:r kɜrst kʌmpənəɪ.

Yu:r hænds θən məme ər kwi:kər fɔ:r ə fre:y,

Məɪ legz ər lɒŋŋer θo:, tə rʌn əwe:y.

Exit

HERMIA

əɪ əm əmeɪzəd, ən' kno:w nɒt hwat tə se:y.

Exit

OBERON

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

PUCK

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

OBERON

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

Exit

OBERON

This is thəi negligence: still thəʊ mistɛ:k'st,
ər else committ's' thɪ knɛ:v'rəɪs wilfulləɪ.

PUCK

Bele:ve mɪ, king ə shadəs, əɪ mistook.
Did not yə tell mɪ əɪ should kno:w the man
Bɪ the Ate:nian garment 'e: 'ad on?
ən' so: fɑ: blɛ:meless prɪves mɪ enterprəɪse,
Thət əɪ 'əve 'nɔɪnted ən Ate:nian's əɪs;
ən' so: fɑ: ɐm ə glɑd it so: dɪd so:rt
əs this ther ʤɑŋlɪn' əɪ este:m a spo:rt.

OBERON

Thəʊ se:'st the:se lɪvɜ:s se:k ɔ: ple:ce tə fəɪt:
Həɪ the:refo:re, Robin, ɔ:vercast the nəɪt;
The starrəɪ welkin cʌvɜ: thəʊ anon
With droopin' fog əs blæk əs ʌcheron,
ən' le:d the:se testəɪ rəɪvəls so: ɔ:streɪy
əs ɔ:ne cʌme not wɪθɪn ɔ:ther's we:y.
Ləɪke to Lɪzander sɪmetəɪme frɛ:me θɪ tɒŋɡue,
Then stɜ: Deme:tr'us ɪp wɪθ bɪtɜ:r wrɒŋ;
ən' sɪmetəɪme re:l θɪ ləɪke Deme:trɪʊs;
ən' frɒm e:ch ɔ:ther lʊk thəʊ le:d əm θɪs,
Tɪl ɔ:'r ther brəʊs deθ-kaʊnterfɪtɪn' sle:p
Wɪ' leaden legs ən' battəɪ wɪŋs dəθ kre:p:
Then krʌʃ θɪs 'ɜ:b ɪnto Lɪzander's əɪ;
'ose lɪkʊr 'ɑθ θɪs vɜ:tʃəs prɒpɜ:təɪ,
Tə te:ke frɒm θence ɔ:l ɛrɜ:r wɪθ 'ɪs məɪt,
ən' me:ke ɪs əɪbɔ:ls rɔ:l wɪθ wɒ:nted səɪt.

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,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
 Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,
 That in crossways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They willfully themselves exile from light
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBERON

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

Exit

hwen the:y nex we:ke, all this deriz:ion
 Shəll se:m a dre:m ən' fruitliss viz:ion,
 ən' back to atens shəll the l:vvers wend,
 With le:gue 'ose de:te till death shəll never end.
 hwə:les ə in this affe:r do the: emplə:,
 ə'll to mɪ que:n ən beg ə Indjan bə:;
 ən' then ə will ə charmɪd ə rele:se
 Frəm monster's view, ən' all things shəll bɪ pe:ce.

PUCK

Mɪ fe:rə:lə:rd, this mɪst be done with h:ste,
 Fər nə:t's swift dragons ɛt the kləʊds full f:st,
 ən' yonder shə:nes Auro:ra's 'arbinge:r;
 ət whose appro:ch, ghə:sts, wand'rɪn' hɪ:re ən' the:re,
 Troop 'o:me to tʃer:chjards: dæmnɪd spɪ:rɪts all,
 That ɪn crosswɛ:s ən' flɪds 'əve bʊrɪəl,
 Alreadə: to the:r wɜ:rmə: beds are gone;
 Fər fɪ:r lest de: should look the:r she:mes upon,
 The: willfullə: themselves exə:le frɪm lə:t
 ən' mɪst fər ə consə:rt with black-brəʊ'd nə:t.

OBERON

But we: are spɪ:rɪts of ən:ðer sə:rt:
 ə with the mɔ:ɪn's lɪve have oft mɛ:de spə:rt,
 ən', lə:ke ə fə:rester, the grɪves mɛ: tread,
 e:'en till the e:stərn ge:te, all fə:rə: red,
 əp'nɪn' on Neptjune with fe:r blessɪd be:ms,
 Tɜ:ns ɪntə yellə: gə:ld hɪs salt gre:n stre:ms.
 But, notwɪthstændɪn', he:ste; mɛ:ke nə: dele:;
 Wɪ me: effect this business yet e:re de:.

Exit

PUCK

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

Re-enter LYSANDER

LYSANDER

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

PUCK

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

LYSANDER

I will be with thee straight.

PUCK

Follow me, then,
 To plainer ground.

Exit LYSANDER, as following the voice

Re-enter DEMETRIUS

DEMETRIUS

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

PUCK

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

PUCK

ʁp ən' dəʊn, ʁp ən' dəʊn,
 əɪ wɪl le:d əm ʁp ən' dəʊn:
 əɪ əm feɪr'd ɪn fe:ld ən' təʊn:
 Goblin, le:d əm ʁp ən' dəʊn.
 'hɪre ɔ:mes o:ne.

Re-enter LYSANDER

LYSANDER

hwɛ:re ɑt θəʊ, prəʊd Deme:tr'us? spe:k θəʊ nəʊ.

PUCK

hɪ:re, villain; drawn ən readɪ. hwɛ:re ɑt θəʊ?

LYSANDER

ə wɪl bi wi' θi stre:t.

PUCK

Follə mɪ, then,
 Tə ple:nər grəʊnd.

Exit LYSANDER, as following the voice

Re-enter DEMETRIUS

DEMETRIUS

Lɪzander! spe:k əge:n:
 Thəʊ rʏnawɛ:y, θəʊ co:ward, ɑt θəʊ fled?
 Spe:k! ɪn sɪme bush? hwɛ:re dɪs' θəʊ hɑ:de θi head?

PUCK

Thəʊ co:ward, ɑt θəʊ braggɪn' to the stɑ:rs,
 Tellɪn' the bushes θæt θəʊ lʊks' fər wɑ:rs,

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

ən' wilt not cyme? Cyme, recreant; cyme, thou chaild;
ə'll hwip thi with a rod: hi is defailed
Thət draws a swo:rd on the:.

DEMETRIUS

Yɛ:, art thəu there?

PUCK

Follə mi vɔice: we'll trəi no: manhood hɪ:re.

Exeunt

Re-enter LYSANDER

LYSANDER

Hɪ go:s befo:re mi an' still dɛ:res mi on:
hwen əi cyme hwɛ:re i calls, then hɛ: is gone.
The villain is mʌch ləitɪr-he:l'd thən əi:
ə follə'd fast, but faster hɛ: did fləi;
Thət fall'n əm əi in dɑ:k unɛ:ven wɛ:y,
ən' hɪ:re will rest mi.

Lies down

Cyme, thəu gentle dɛ:y!
For if but ɒnce thəu sho:w mi thəi grɛ:y ləit,
ə'll fəɪnd Deme:tr'us an' revenge this spəite.

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 dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

PUCK

Come hither: I am here.

DEMETRIUS

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

Lies down and sleeps

Re-enter HELENA

HELENA

O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hour! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

Lies down and sleeps

PUCK

Ho:, ho:, ho:! Co:ward, hwæi cym's' thæu not?

DEMETRIUS

Abæide mɪ, if thæu dæ:r'st; fər well ə wot
Thæu rynn's' befo:re mɪ, shiftin' ev'ræi ple:ce,
ən' dæ:r'st not stand, nər look mɪ in the fæ:ce.
hwæ:re art thæu næu?

PUCK

Cyme hither: æi am hære.

DEMETRIUS

Næ:y, then, thæu mock's' mɪ. Thæu shælt bæi this dæ:r,
If ever æi thi fæ:ce bɪ dæ:læt se:
Næu, go: thi wæ:y. Fæ:ntni:ss constræ:neth me:
Tə measəre æut mɪ length on this co:ld bed.
Bɪ dæ:y's appro:ch look to be visited.

Lies down and sleeps

Re-enter HELENA

HELENA

o: wæ:ræi næit, o: long ən tidious næit,
Abæ:te thi o:r! Shæine cymforts from the est,
Thæt æi mæ:y back to atens bæi dæ:læt,
Frəm the:se thæt mæi pɔ:r cympanæi detest:
ən' sle:p, thæt symetəimes shʏts ʏp sorrə's æi,
Ste:l me: ahwæile from mæine o:n cympanæi.

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,
 Bedabbl'd 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.

Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes

When thou wakest,
 Thou takest
 True delight

PUCK

Yit but thre: ? Cyme o:ne mo:re;
 Two of bo:th kənds mɛ:ke ɪp fo:r.
 'I:re shɪ cymes, cɜrst ən' sad:
 Cjəpid is a knɛ:vish lad,
 Thɪs tə mɛ:ke po:r fe:mɛ:les mad.

Re-enter HERMIA

HERMIA

Never sə wɛ:rɪ, never so: in wo:,
 Bedabbl'd with the djew ən to:rn with brɔ:rs,
 ə cən nə fɜrθər crawl, nə fɜrθər go:;
 Mɪ legs cən ke:p nə pɛ:ce with məɪ desəɪres.
 Hɛ:re will ə rest mɪ till the brɛ:k ə dɛ:y.
 Hea'ns she:ld Lɪzander, if the:y me:n a frɛ:y!

Lies down and sleeps

PUCK

On the grəʊnd
 Sle:p səʊnd:
 ə'll appləɪ
 To your əɪ,
 Gentle lɪvər, remedəɪ.

Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes

hwɛn θəʊ wɛ:kst,
 Thəʊ te:kst
 True deləɪt

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. <i>Exit</i>	In the sait Of thai fo:rmer lē:dai's ai: An' the cyntrai proverb kno:n, That ev'rai man should tē:ke 'is o:n, In yar wē:kin' sholl be sho:n: Jack sholl 'ave Jill; Nought sholl go: ill; The man sholl 'ave 'is mē:re agen, ən' all sholl bi well <i>Exit</i>
--	--

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

ACT IV

SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA

lying asleep.

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

TITANIA

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM

Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

BOTTOM

Scratch my head Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB

Ready.

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

ACT IV

SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA

lying asleep.

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

TITANIA

C~~y~~me, sit th~~i~~ d~~ə~~ʊn upon this fl~~o~~:r~~ə~~i bed,
 h~~w~~əle ~~ə~~i th~~i~~ ~~ɛ~~:mi~~ə~~ble ch~~e~~:ks do c~~ə~~i,
~~ə~~n stick m~~ʌ~~sk-r~~o~~:ses in th~~i~~ sl~~e~~:k smooth 'ead,
~~ə~~n kiss th~~i~~ f~~ɛ~~:r large ~~i~~:rs, m~~i~~ gentle j~~ə~~i.

BOTTOM

h~~w~~ɛ:rs Pe:seblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Read~~ə~~i.

BOTTOM

Scratch m~~i~~ 'ead Pe:seblossom. h~~w~~ɛ:r's Monsj~~u~~:r Cobweb?

COBWEB

Read~~ə~~i.

BOTTOM

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

MUSTARDSEED

Ready.

BOTTOM

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

MUSTARDSEED

What's your Will?

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

Monsju:r Cobweb, good monsju:r, get you yər weapons in yər ‘and, ən kill mɪ a red-‘ipped ‘ɹmble-be: on the top əf a thistle; ən, good monsju:r, bring mɪ the ‘ɹnəɪ-bag. Do not fret yərsəlf too mɹch in the ʌksion, monsju:r; and, good monsju:r, ‘ave a cɛ:re the ‘ɹnəɪ-bag brɛ:k not; ə wəʊld be lo:θ to ‘ave yə ɔ:verflo:wn with a ‘ɹnəɪ-bag, signior. hwɛ:r’s Monsju:r Mɹstardse:d?

MUSTARDSEED

Readəɪ.

BOTTOM

Gi' mɪ yər ne:f, Monsju:r Mɹstardse:d. Pre:y yə, le:ve yər co:rt'səɪ, good monsju:r.

MUSTARDSEED

hwat's yər will?

BOTTOM

Nɹtin', good monsju:r, bɹt to ‘elp Cavəljɛrəɪ Cobweb tə scratch. ə mɹs' tə the bərber's, monsju:r; fər mɪthɪnks əɪ əm mɑrv'llous ‘ɛ:rəɪ əbəʊt the feɪce; and əɪ əm sɹch a tender ʌss, if mɪ ‘ɛ:r do bɹt tickle mɪ, ə mɹs' scratch.

TITANIA

hwat, wilt θəʊ 'ɪ:r sɹme music, mɪ swe:t lɹve?

BOTTOM

əɪ ‘ave a re:s'nable good ɪ:r in music. Let's ‘ave the tongs ən the bɔ:nes.

TITANIA

ɔ:r sɛ:y, swe:t lɹve, hwat θəʊ desəɪr'st to e:t.

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.

Exeunt fairies

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

They sleep

Enter PUCK

OBERON

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

BOTTOM

Trul~~ai~~, a peck of provender: ~~a~~ could m~~y~~nch y~~a~~r good dr~~ai~~ o:ts.
M~~i~~thinks ~~ai~~ 'ave a gr~~e~~t des~~ai~~re to a bottle
of 'e:y: good 'e:y, swe:t 'e:y, 'æth n~~o~~: fellæ.

TITANIA

~~ai~~ 'ave a vent'rous f~~e~~:r~~ai~~ thæt shæll s~~e~~:k
The squirrel's 'o:rd, æn fetch thi njew n~~y~~ts.

BOTTOM

~~ai~~ 'ad rather 'ave a 'andful ær two æ dræid p~~e~~:s.
B~~y~~t, æ pr~~e~~:y yæ, let n~~o~~:ne æ yær p~~e~~:ple st~~e~~r m~~i~~ : æ
'ave æn exposi~~si~~æn æ sle:p c~~y~~me upon m~~i~~.

TITANIA

Sle:p thæu, ænd æi will wæind thi in m~~i~~ arms.
F~~e~~:ræis, bi gone, æn be: æll w~~e~~:ys aw~~e~~:y.

Exeunt fairies

So: d~~y~~th the woodbæine the swe:t 'ŋnæisŋckle
Gentl~~ai~~ entwist; the fe:m~~e~~:le æivæi so:
Enrings the barkæi fingers of the elm.
o:, 'æu æ l~~y~~ve the:!' 'æu æ d~~o~~:te on the:!

They sleep

Enter PUCK

OBERON

[Advancing] Welc~~y~~me, good Robin.
Se:'st thæu this swe:t sæit?
'ær d~~o~~:tage næu æ do bi gin to pitæi:

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

[squeezes the flower juice on her eyes]

Be as thou wast wont to be;
 See as thou wast wont to see:
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.
 Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

For, me:tin' 'er of le:te bi'ənd the wood,
 Se:kin' swe:t fe:vors from this 'e:teful fūl,
 əi did ʁpbrɛ:d 'ər ən fall əut with 'ər;
~~For she his hairy temples then had rounded~~
~~With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;~~
~~And that same dew, which sometime on the buds~~
~~Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls;~~

~~Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes~~
~~Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.~~

hwɛn əi 'ad at mi pleazəre taunted 'ər
 ən she: in məɪld tɜ:ms begg'd mi pɛ:siəns,
 ə then did ask of 'ər 'ər chɛ:ngelin' chəɪld;
 hwɪch strɛ:t shɪ gɛ:ve mi, and 'ər fɛ:rəi sent
 To bɛ:r 'im to mi bə:ɪ in fɛ:rəi land.
 ən nəʊ əi 'ave the bəi, ə will ɪndo
 This 'e:teful imperfɛ:siən of 'ər əis:
 ən, gentle Pɹɪck, tɛ:ke this trənsfə:rmɪd skalp
 From off the 'ead ə this Ate:nian swɛ:n;
 Thət, 'e: əwɛ:kin' hwɛn the ɔ:thər do,
 Mɛ:y əll to atens bəck əgɛn rɪpɛ:r
 ən think nə mɔ:re ə this nəɪght's əkɪdɪnts
 But əs the fɪ:rce vexɛ:siən of a dre:m.
 But fɜ:st ə will rele:se the fɛ:rəi que:n.

[squeezes the flower juice on her eyes]

Be: əs thəʊ wəst wɔ:nt tə be:;
 Se: əs thəʊ wəst wɔ:nt tə se:;
 Dəiən's bɹd ɔ:r Cjəpid's flɔ:r
 'əθ sɹɪch fɔ:rce ən blɛsɪd pɔ:r.
 Nəʊ, məi Titania; wɛ:ke yə, məi swe:t que:n.

TITANIA

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBERON

There lies your love.

TITANIA

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

OBERON

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

TITANIA

Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

Music, still

PUCK

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

OBERON

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

PUCK

Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

TITANIA

Mi O:beron! hwat vizi:ns 'ave ə se:n!
Mi thought ə was inamoured of an ass.

OBERON

Ther ləis yər lʏve.

TITANIA

'əʊ ce:me the:se things tə pass?
o:, 'əʊ mɪn əis do lo:the 'is visa:ge nəʊ!

OBERON

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

TITANIA

Music, ho:!! music, sʏch as charmeth sle:p!

Music, still

PUCK

Nəʊ, hwen thəʊ we:k'st, with thəine o:n ful's əis pe:p.

OBERON

Səʊnd, music! Cʏme, mɪ que:n, te:ke 'ands wi' me:,
ən rock the grəʊnd hwe:reon the:se sle:pers be:
Nəʊ thəʊ ənd əi əre njew in amitəi,
ən will tə-morrə midnəit solemnleɪ
Dance in Djuke The:seus' 'əʊse trəɪmphantleɪ,
ən bless it to all fɛ:r prosperitə:
Thɛ:r shəll the pɛ:rs ə fe:thful lʏvers be:
Wedded, wi' The:seus, all in jollitəi.

PUCK

Fɛ:rəi king, attend, ən mark:
əi do 'ɪr the mo:rɪnɪn' lark.

OBERON

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

TITANIA

Come, my lord, and in our flight
 Tell me how it came this night
 That I sleeping here was found
 With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt

Horns winded within

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

THESEUS

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

Exit an Attendant

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

OBERON

Then, mɪ que:n, in səɪlence sad,
 Trip wɪ a:ter the nəɪt's shad:
 We: the glo:be cən cʏmpass soon,
 Swifter than the wənd'rin' moon.

TITANIA

Cʏme, mɪ lord, ənd in o:r fləɪt
 Tell mɪ 'əʊ it cɛ:me this nəɪt
 That əɪ sle:pɪn' ɪ:r wəs faʊnd
 Wi' the:se mo:rtals on the grəʊnd.

Exeunt

Horns winded within

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

THESEUS

Go:, o:ne ə you, fəɪnd əʊt the forester;
 Fər nəʊ əɪ observe:ʃɪən ɪs perfo:rm'd;
 ən sɪnce wɪ hævə the vaward of the de:y,
 Mɪ lʏve ʃəll hɪ:r the music of mɪ həʊnds.
 ʏncʏple ɪn the western vɒlləɪ; let 'em go:
 Dispətʃ, ə se:y, ən fəɪnd the forester.

Exit an Attendant

Wɪ will, fɛ:r que:n, ʏp to the məʊntain's top,
 ən mark the musɪkəl confjuzɪən

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA

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

THESEUS

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

EGEUS

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS

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

of hæunds and echo: in conj^ync^{sion}.

HIPPOLYTA

ai was with 'ercjæle:s ən Cadmʏs ɒnce,
hwen in a wood ə Cre:te the:y bæ:d the bæ:r
With 'əunds ə Sparta: never did ai 'i:r
Sʏch gallant chæidin': fo:r, bi:sæides the grʏves,
The skæis, the fəuntains, ev'ræi re:giɒn ni:r
Se:m'd all o:ne mut'əl cræi: ə never 'ɜrd
So: musical a disco:rd, sʏch swe:t thʏnder.

THESEUS

Mi hæunds ære bred əut of the Spartan kænd,
Sə flew'd, sə sanded, an' thər heads ære hʏng
With i:rs thət swe:p awɛ:y the mo:nin' djew;
Crook-kne:d, ən djew-lapp'd ləike Thæssɛ:lian bulls;
Slo:w in pursuit, bʏt match'd in məʊth ləike bells,
e:ch ʏnder e:ch. A cræi mo:re tʃuneable
Wəs never holla'd to, nər chɪ:r'd with ho:rn,
In Cre:te, in Sparta, nor in Thessalæ:
Jʏdge hwen yə hi:r. Bʏt, soft! hwat nymphs ære the:se?

EGEUS

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

THESEUS

Nə dəʊbt the:y ro:se ʏp ɜrlæi to ɒsɜ:v
The ræite ə Mɛ:y, ən hi:rin' o:r intent,
Cɛ:me hi:r in grɛ:ce əf əʊr solemnitæi.
But spe:k, Ege:us; is not this the dɛ:y
That Hɜrmia should give ənswə of 'er chæice?

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

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

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

LYSANDER

Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS

I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:

How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYSANDER

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,--for truly would I speak,
And now do I bethink me, so it is,--
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law--

EGEUS

Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.

They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,

EGEUS

It is, mī lo:rd.

THESEUS

Go:, bid the hʏntsmen we:ke əm with thər ho:rns.

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

Good morrə frien's. Se:nt Valentəine is past:
Bigin the:se wood-bərds bʏt to cʏple nəʊ?

LYSANDER

Pardon, mī lo:rd.

THESEUS

ə prɛ:y you əll, stand ʏp.

ə kno:w you two are rəɪvəl eneməis:

Həʊ cʏmes this gentle concord in the wɜ:ld,

Thət hɛ:trɪd is sə fɑr frəm ʒeə'ləʊsɪ,

Tə sle:p bɪ hɛ:te, ən fɛ:r nɔ: enmɪtəɪ?

LYSANDER

Mī lo:rd, ə shəʊl rɪpləɪ əmɛ:zɪdləɪ,

'əlf sle:p, 'əlf we:kin': bʏt əs ɪt, ə swɛ:r,

ə cənnot truləɪ se:y 'əʊ əɪ cɛ:me 'ɪr;

Bʏt, əs ə θɪŋk,--fɔr truləɪ wəʊld ə spe:k,

ən nəʊ do əɪ bɪθɪŋk mɪ, so: ɪt ɪs,--

ə cɛ:me wɪθ Hɜ:miə hɪðər: ɔ:r ɪntent

Wəs tə bɪ go:ne frəm ətens, hwɛ:re wɪ məɪt,

Wɪðəʊt the pɜrɪl of θə' Ate:nɪən lɔw--

EGEUS

Enʏgh, enʏgh, mī lo:rd; ɪə hæv enʏgh:

ə beg the law, the law, ʊpən 'ɪs hed.

Thɛ:y wəʊld 'əve stɔ:l'n əwɛ:y; θɛ:y wəʊld, Demɛ:trɪəs,

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

DEMETRIUS

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

THESEUS

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

Thē:rebəi to 'ave dīfē:ted you ən me:,
 You of yər wəife ən me: of məi consent,
 Of məi consent thət she: should be: yər wəife.

DEMETRIUS

Mi lō:rd, fē:r Helen to:l' mi of thər stealth,
 Of this thər pərpose hither to this wood;
 ənd əi in furəi 'ithər follə'd them,
 Fē:r Helena in fəncəi foll'win' me:.
 But, məi good lō:rd, əi wot not bəi hwat pō:r,--
 But bəi syme pō:r it is,--məi love tə Hərmiə,
 Melted əs the sno:w, se:ms to mi nəu
 əs the remembrance of an əidle gaud
 hwich in mi chəild'ood əi did dō:te upon;
 ənd əll the fē:th, the vɜ:tjə of mi 'art,
 The object ən' the pleazəre of min əi,
 Is o:nləi Helena. Tə hɜr, mi lō:rd,
 Wəs əi bītro:th'd ere əi saw Hərmiə:
 But, ləike in sickness, did ə lō:the this food;
 But, əs in 'ealth, cyme to mi nat'ral tɜst,
 Nəu əi do wish it, lve it, long fər it,
 ən will fər evermō:re bi true to it.

THESEUS

Fē:r lvers, you əre fo:rtənē:teləi met:
 əf this disco:rse wi mō:re will hī:r anon.
 Ege:us, əi will o:verbē:r yər will;
 Fər in the temple bəi ən bəi with vs
 The:se cyples shəll etərnəlləi bi knit:
 ən, fo:r the mō:rmin' nəu is symethin' wō:rn,
 o:r pərpos'd hɜntin' shəll bi set əsəide.
 Awə:y with vs to ətens; thrē: ən' thrē:,
 Wi'll hō:ld a fɛst in grɛ:t solemnītəi.

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

Cyme, Hippolyta.

Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

DEMETRIUS

These things seem small and undistinguishable,

HERMIA

Methinks 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

(beat) 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! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,--and methought I had,--but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit

BOTTOM

[Awaking] When **m**i cue **c**ymes, call **m**i, **ən** **ə**i will answer: **m**i next is, 'Mo:s' f**ɛ**r Pyraməs.' H**ɛ**i-ho:!
Pe**ɪ**ter Quince! Flute, the belləs-mender! Sn**ə**ut,
the tinker! Starv'lin'! God's **m**i l**ə**ife, st**o**:l'n
'ence, **ən** l**ɛ**f' **m**i asl**ɛ**:p! **ə**i 'əve 'ad a mo:s' r**ɛ**:re
viz**i**ən. **ə**i 'əve 'ad a dre:m, past the wit **ə** man t**ə**
s**ɛ**:y hwat dre:m it was: man is b**ət** an ass, if 'i go:
ab**ə**ut t' exp**ə**und this dre:m. M**ɪ**th**ə**ught **ə** was--th**ə**re
is no: man c**ən** tell hwat. M**ɪ**th**ə**ught **ə** was,-- **ən**
m**ɪ**th**ə**ught **ə** 'ad,--but man is but a patched f**u**l, if
'i will offer t**ə** s**ɛ**:y hwat m**ɪ**th**ə**ught **ə** 'ad. The **ə**i
of man 'əth not 'ɜrd, the **ɪ**r of man 'əth not
s**ɛ**:n, man's 'and is not **ɛ**:ble t**ə** tast, 'is t**ɒ**ng
t**ə** conce**ɪ**ve, n**ə**r 'is 'art t**ə** r**ɪ**p**o**:rt, hwat **m**i dre:m
was. **ə** will get Pe**ɪ**ter Quince t**ə** wr**ɔ**te a ballad **ə**
this dre:m: it sh**ə**ll b**i** called Bottom's Dre:m,
b**i**cause it 'ath no: bottom; **ən** **ə**i will sing it in the
latter end of a pl**ɛ**:y, b**i**f**ɔ**:re the d**j**uke:
per**ə**dv**ɛ**nt**ə**re, t**ə** m**ɛ**:ke it the mo:re gr**ɛ**:s**i**əs, **ə** sh**ə**ll
sing it at 'ər death.

Exit

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

SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

QUINCE

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

STARVELING

He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

FLUTE

If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

QUINCE

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

FLUTE

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

QUINCE

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

FLUTE

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

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

SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

QUINCE

‘ave yə sent tə Bottom's ‘əuse? Is ‘ɪ cʌme ‘o:me yit?

STARVELING

‘ɪ cannot be ‘ɜrd of. əʊt ə dəʊbt ‘ɪ is transpɔ:rted.

FLUTE

If ‘ɪ cʌme not, then the pleɪ is marred: it go:s not fo:ward, dʌθ it?

QUINCE

It is not possible: you ‘ave not a man in all atens e:ble tə discharʒe Pyraməs but ‘e:.

FLUTE

No:, ‘ɪ ‘aθ simpləɪ the best wit of anəɪ ‘andɪcraft man in atens.

QUINCE

Ye: ən the best pɜ:son too; ən ‘ɪ is a verəɪ paramo:r fə: a swe:t vɔ:ce.

FLUTE

Yə məs' seɪy ‘paragon’: a paramo:r is, God bless əs, a thing ə nought.

Enter SNUG

SNUG

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

FLUTE

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

Enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM

Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

QUINCE

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM

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

Enter SNUG

SNUG

Masters, the djuke is cȳmin' from the temple, æn thære is two æ thre: lords æn lē:dæis mo:re marræd: if o:r spo:rt 'ad go:ne fo:ward, wi 'ad all bīn mē:de men.

FLUTE

o: swet bȳllæi Bottom! Thȳs 'ath 'i lost sixpence a dē:y djurin' 'is læife; 'i could not 'æve 'scē:ped sixpence a dē:y : æn the djuke 'æd not gi'en 'im sixpence a dē:y fæ: plē:yin' Pyramæs, æi'll be 'anged; 'i would 'æve dī:served it: sixpence a dē:y in Pyramæs, ær no:tin'.

Enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM

hwæ:re ære the:se lads? hwæ:re ære the:se 'arts?

QUINCE

Bottom! o: mo:s' courē:gious dē:y! o: mo:st 'appy 'o:r!

BOTTOM

Masters, æi am tæ disco:rse wȳnders: but ask mi not hwat; fæ: if æ tell yæ, æi am no: true Ate:nian. æ will tell yæ ev'rīt'in', ræight as it fell æut.

QUINCE

Let us 'i:r, swet Bottom.

BOTTOM

Not a wærd æ me:. all that æi will tell yæ is, that the djuke 'æth dæined. Get yæ:r appæ:rel toge'er, ~~good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your~~

pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look
o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our
play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have
clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion
pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the
lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions
nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I
do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet
comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

Exeunt

pumps; me:t presentlæi at the pælace; ev'ri man look
o:r 'is part; fæ:r the sho:rt æn the long is, o:r
ple:y is prefæ:red. In anæi cæ:se, let Thisbæi 'ave
cle:n linen; æn let not 'im thæt ple:ys the læion
pæ:r 'is næ:ls, fæ:r the:y shæll 'ang æut fæ:r the
læion's claws. and, mo:s' di:r actors, e:t no: yni:ns
næ:r garlic, fæ:r we: ære to ytter swe:t breath; æn æ
do not dæubt bæ:t to 'i:r 'æm sæ:y, it is a swe:t
comedæi. No: mo:re wæ:ds: awæ:y! go:, awæ:y!

Exeunt

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

ACT V

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants

HIPPOLYTA

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

THESEUS

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

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

ACT V

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants

HIPPOLYTA

'Tis strange mī The:seus, that the:se
 lȳvers spe:k of.

THESEUS

Mo:re strēnge thən true: ə never mē:y bile:ve
 The:se antik fē:bles, nō:r the:se fē:rər tō:is.
 Lȳvers ən madmen have such se:thin' brē:ns,
 Such shē:pin' fantasəis, thət appr̃hend
 Mo:re than cool re:son ever compr̃hends.
 The lunatic, the lȳver ən the pō:et
 əre of imaginə:sən all compact:
 o:nē se:s mo:re devils thən vast hell cən ho:ld,
 That is, the madmən: the lȳver, all əs frantic,
 Se:s Helen's beautəi in a brəu of e:gypt:
 The pō:et's əi, in fəme frenzəi rō:llin',
 Dəth glance frəm hea'n to ərth, frəm ərth to hea'n;
 ənd əs imaginə:sən bodəis fo:rth
 The fo:rms ə things unkno:n, the pō:et's pen
 Tərñs them tə shē:pes ən gives to ə:rəi nȳtin'
 A lo:cal habiteə:sən and a nə:me.

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

HIPPOLYTA

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

THESEUS

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

LYSANDER

More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THESEUS

Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

PHILOSTRATE

Here, mighty Theseus.

Such tricks 'əth strong iməɪnɪ'siən,
Thət if it would but əprɪhɛnd some jəɪ,
It comprɪhɛnds some bringer of thət jəɪ;
o:ɪ in the nəɪt, iməɪnɪn' some fɛ:ɪ,
Həʊ e:səɪ is a bush suppo:sed a bɛ:ɪ!

HIPPOLYTA

But all the stɔ:rəri of the nəɪght to:ld o:r,
ənd all thər məɪnds trənsfɪgəred so: təge'er,
Mɔ:re witnessɪth thən fəncəɪ's images
ən grɔ:ws tə sɪmethɪn' of grɛ:t constəncəɪ;
But, 'əʊsɔ:ever, strɛ:ɪnge ənd ədmɪrəbəl.

THESEUS

Hɪ:re cɪme the lɪvərs, full ə jəɪ ən mɜ:θ.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA

Jəɪ, gentle frien's! jəɪ ən frɛʃ dɛ:ys ə lɪve
Accɪmpənəɪ yər harts!

LYSANDER

Mɔ:re thən to ɪs
Weɪt in yər rəɪəl wɔ:ks, yər bɔ:rd, yər bed!

THESEUS

Cɪme nəʊ; hwat mɔ:sks, hwat dɔ:nsɪs ʃɔ:ll we hɔ:və,
To weɪr əweɪ this lɔ:ɪge of θre: 'o:rs
Bɪtwɛ:n o:ɪ ə'ter-sɪppər ən bed-təɪme?
hwɛ:re is o:ɪ usuəl mənəɪdər ə mɜ:θ?
hwat rɛ:vɛls ɔ:re in hænd? Is θɛ:re nɔ: plɛ:ɪ,
To e:sə the əŋɡwɪʃ of ə tɔ:rt'rɪn' 'o:ɪ?
Call Filɔ:stɛ:te.

PHILOSTRATE

Hɪ:re, məɪtəri The:sɛ:s.

THESEUS

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

PHILOSTRATE

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

Giving a paper

THESEUS

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

Reads

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

Reads

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

THESEUS

S~~e~~y, ~~h~~wat abridgement have y~~a~~ fo:r this e:v'nin'?'
~~h~~wat masque? ~~h~~wat music? H~~a~~u shall we: bi~~g~~ale
 The l~~e~~:z~~a~~i t~~a~~ime, if not with s~~y~~me d~~i~~l~~a~~ight?

PHILOSTRATE

Th~~e~~re is a br~~e~~:f h~~a~~u man~~a~~i spo:rts ~~a~~re r~~a~~i~~p~~e:
 M~~e~~:ke ch~~a~~ice ~~a~~ h~~w~~ich y~~a~~r h~~a~~iness will s~~e~~: f~~e~~rst.

Giving a paper

THESEUS

[Reads] 'The b~~a~~ttle with the Cent~~a~~rs, to bi s~~y~~ng
 B~~a~~i ~~a~~n At~~e~~nian eunuch to the harp.'
 W~~i~~ll n~~o~~:ne ~~a~~ that: that have ~~a~~ to:ld m~~i~~ l~~y~~ve,
 In gl~~o~~:r~~a~~i of m~~i~~ kinsman H~~e~~rcj~~a~~le:s.

Reads

'The r~~a~~i~~o~~t of the tips~~a~~i Bacchanals,
 T~~e~~:rin' the Thr~~e~~:sian singer in th~~e~~r r~~e~~:ge.'
 That is ~~a~~n o:ld di~~v~~~~a~~ice; ~~a~~nd it w~~a~~s pl~~e~~y'd
 h~~w~~en ~~a~~i from The~~e~~:bes c~~e~~:me last a conqu~~e~~ror.

Reads

'The thr~~a~~ice thr~~e~~: Muses m~~o~~:rnin' fo:r the death
~~a~~ L~~e~~rnin', l~~e~~:te d~~i~~ce:sed in beggar~~a~~i.'
 That is some sat~~a~~ire, ke:n ~~a~~n critical,
 Not so:rtin' with a n~~y~~psial cerem~~o~~:n~~a~~i.

Reads

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

PHILOSTRATE

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

THESEUS

What are they that do play it?

PHILOSTRATE

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

THESEUS

And we will hear it.

PHILOSTRATE

No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,

Reads

'A bre:f sce:ne ə yʌŋg Pyraməs
ənd 'is lʌve Thisbəri; verəri tragical mərth.'
Merrəri ən tragical! tɪdɪəs ən bre:f!
That is, hot əɪce ən wʌndrəs strɛ:ŋge snəʊw.
Həʊ shəʊl wi fəɪnd the conco:rd of this disco:rd?

PHILOSTRATE

A plɛ:y θere is, mi lo:rd, səme ten wɜ:ds long,
hwich is əs bre:f əs əɪ 'əve knə:n a plɛ:y;
But bəri ten wɜ:ds, mi lo:rd, it is too long,
hwich me:kes it tɪdɪəs; fɔ:r in ɔ:l the plɛ:y
There is not ɔ:ne wɜ:rd ɔ:pt, ɔ:ne plɛ:yer fitted:
ən tragɪkəl, mi no:ble lo:rd, it is;
Fər Pyramʌs θe:rein dəθ kill 'ɪmsɛlf.
hwich, wɛn ə saw rɪhɜ:səd, ə mʌs' confess,
Me:de məɪn əɪs wɔ:tər; bʊt mo:re merrəri tɛ:rs
The pə:ʃən of ləʊd lɑ:ftər nəvər shed.

THESEUS

hwat ɛr θeɪ θət dɔ plɛ:y ɪt?

PHILOSTRATE

hɑ:d-hænded mɛn θət wɜ:k ɪn ɒtens hɪ:re,
hwich nəvər le:bəʊr'd ɪn θə məɪnds tɪl nəʊ,
ən nəʊ 'əve təɪl'd θə ʌnbre:θəd meməɪs
With this se:me plɛ:y, əɡɛnst jər nʌpsɪəl.

THESEUS

ən we: wɪl hɪ:r ɪt.

PHILOSTRATE

No, mi no:ble lo:rd;
It is not for you: əɪ 'əve hɜ:d ɪt ɔ:ver,

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

THESEUS

I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

Exit PHILOSTRATE

HIPPOLYTA

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

THESEUS

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

HIPPOLYTA

He says they can do nothing in this kind.

THESEUS

The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

and it is nʏtin', nʏtin' in the wɜ:ld;
Unless you cən fənd spɔ:rt in thɛ:r intents,
Extre:mələi stretch'd ən conn'd with cruel pɛ:n,
Tə do yə sɜ:vɪs.

THESEUS

ə will hɪ:r that plɛ:y;
Fər never ʌnɪθɪŋ cən be: əmɪss,
hwen sɪmplənɪss ən dʒutəi tender it.
Go:, bring əm in: ən teɪkə yər pleɪsɪs, leɪdəɪs.

Exit PHILOSTRATE

HIPPOLYTA

əi lʏve not to se: wretʃɪdnɪss o:r ʃərdʒɪd
ən dʒutəi in 'ɪs sɜ:vɪs perɪʃɪn'.

THESEUS

hwəi, ɡentl swet, yə ʃəll se: nɔ: sʏtʃ θɪŋ.

HIPPOLYTA

'ɪ sez θeɪ cən do nʏtin' ɪn ðɪs kənd.

THESEUS

The kəndər we:, tə ɡɪvə əm θəŋks fər nʏtin'.
o:r spɔ:rt ʃəll be: tə teɪkə hwat θeɪ mɪstɛ:ke:
ən hwat pɔ:r dʒutəi kənənt do, nɔ:blə rɪspekt
Teɪks ɪt ɪn maɪht, not merɪt.

hwɛrə əi əvə ɔ:me, ɡreɪt klɜ:kz 'əvə pɜ:psəɪd
Tə ɡreɪt mi wɪθ premedɪteɪd welɔ:mes;
hwɛrə əi əvə se:n əm ʃɪvər ən lʊk peɪle,
Meɪke pi:rjɔdɪz ɪn ðə mɪdst ə sɛntənsɪs,
θrɒtəl θə rɜ:ktɪs'd əkɛnt ɪn θə r feɪrs
ənd ɪn kɒnklʊsɪən dʏmbləi həv brɔ:keɪf,
Not peɪyɪn' me: ə welɔ:me. Trʏs' mi, swet,

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

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE

PHILOSTRATE

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

THESEUS

Let him approach.

Flourish of trumpets

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

Prologue

*If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should think, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To show our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider then we come but in despite.
 We do not come as minding to contest you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight
 We are not here. That you should here repent you,
 The actors are at hand and by their show
 You shall know all that you are like to know.*

əʊt ə this səɪləns yɪt ə pick'd a welcʏme;
 ənd in the modestəɪ ə fɛːrful dʒʊtəɪ
 ə rɛd ɒs mʏtʃ ɒs frɒm the rɒttlɪn' tɒŋɡue
 əf saucəɪ and audɛːsɪəs eloquence.
 Lʏve, thɛːrɛfɔːre, ən' tʏŋɡue-təɪɛd sɪmplicitəɪ
 In leːst spiːk moːst, tə məɪ capəcɪtəɪ.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE

PHILOSTRATE

Sə pleːse jər grɛːce, the Prɔːlogue is address'd.

THESEUS

Let 'ɪm ɒprəʊtʃ.

Flourish of trumpets

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

Prologue

*If wɛː offend, it is with ɔːr good will.
 Thət you should think, we cʏme not to offend,
 But with good will. Tə shoːw ɔːr simple skill,
 Thət is the true beginnin' of ɔːr end.
 Consider then we cʏme bət in despəɪte.
 We do not cʏme ɒs məɪndɪn' to contest jə,
 ɔːr true intent is. ɒl fər juːr deləɪt
 We ɒre not 'ɪre. Thət you should 'ɪre rɛpɛnt jə,
 The actors ɒre ət 'ænd ən bæɪ θər shoːw
 jə shəʊl knoːw ɒl θət you ərə laɪke tə knoːw.*

THESEUS

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYSANDER

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

HIPPOLYTA

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

THESEUS

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

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

Prologue

*Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisbe 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 Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;*

THESEUS

This fellow d~~y~~th not st~~a~~nd upon p~~a~~ints.

LYSANDER

‘I ‘~~a~~th rid ‘is pro:logue l~~a~~i~~k~~e a r~~y~~gh co:lt; ‘I kno:ws not the stop. A good moral, m~~i~~ lo:rd: it is not enough t~~a~~ spe:k, but t~~a~~ spe:k true.

HIPPOLYTA

Inde:d ‘I ‘~~a~~th pl~~e~~yed on ‘is pro:logue l~~a~~i~~k~~e a ch~~a~~ild on a reco:rd~~e~~r; a s~~a~~und, but not in g~~y~~ver'ment.

THESEUS

His spe:ch w~~a~~s l~~a~~i~~k~~e a tangled ch~~e~~n; n~~y~~tin’ imp~~e~~red, but all diso:rd~~e~~red. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

Prologue

*Gentles, perch~~a~~nce y~~a~~ w~~y~~nder at this sho:w;
But w~~y~~nder on, till truth m~~e~~ke all things pl~~e~~n.
This m~~a~~n is Pyram~~y~~s, if you would know;
This beaut~~j~~ous l~~e~~d~~a~~i Thisb~~a~~i is c~~a~~r~~t~~e:n.
This m~~a~~n, with l~~a~~i~~m~~e and r~~y~~gh-cast, d~~y~~th present
Wall, th~~a~~t v~~a~~i~~l~~e Wall h~~w~~ich did thes~~e~~ l~~y~~vers s~~y~~nder;
And through Wall's chink, p~~o~~r so:ls, the~~y~~ are content
To h~~w~~isper. at the h~~w~~ich let no: man w~~y~~nder.
This m~~a~~n, with l~~a~~nto:rn, dog, and bush of tho:rn,
Present~~i~~th Moonsh~~a~~i~~n~~e; f~~o~~r, if you will kno:w,
B~~a~~i moonsh~~a~~i~~n~~e did thes~~e~~ l~~y~~vers think no: sco:rn
To m~~e~~t at N~~a~~mus' tumb, the~~r~~e, the~~r~~e t~~a~~ wo:.
This gris~~l~~a~~i~~ be:st, h~~w~~ich L~~a~~ion h~~a~~i~~g~~ht b~~a~~i n~~e~~me,
The tr~~y~~st~~a~~i Thisb~~a~~i, c~~y~~min’ f~~e~~r~~s~~t b~~a~~i n~~a~~i~~g~~ht,
Did sc~~e~~re aw~~e~~y, o:r rather did affr~~a~~i~~g~~ht;*

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

Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine

THESEUS

I wonder if the lion be to speak.

DEMETRIUS

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

Wall

*In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.*

THESEUS

Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

And, as shi fled, 'ər mantle she: did fall,
hwich Læion vaille with blɣdæi mæuth did stæn.
Anon cɣmes Pyramɣs, swæt youth and tall,
And fæinds 'is trɣstæi Thisbæi's mantle slæn:
hwereat, with blɛde, with blɣdæi blɛmeful blɛde,
'i brɛ:velæi bro:ch'd 'is bæilin' blɣdæi breast;
And Thisbæi, tarryin' in mɣlb'ræi shɛde,
'is dagger drew, and dæid. Fər all the rest,
Let Læion, Moonshæme, Wall, and lɣvers twæn
At large discor:se, hwæile 'tɹe theɣ do remæn.

Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine

THESEUS

æi wɣnder if the læion be: tə spe:k.

DEMETRIUS

No: wɣnder, mi lo:rd: o:ne læion mɛ:y, hwen manæi asses do.

Wall

*In this sɛme interljude it dɣth befall
Thæt æi, o:ne Snæut bæi nɛ:me, present a wall;
And sɣch a wall, as æi would 'ave yə think,
That 'ad in it a crannæid 'o:le o:r chink,
Through hwich the lɣvers, Pyramɣs and Thisbæi,
Did hwisper often veræi se:cretlæi.
This lo:m, this rɣgh-cast and this sto:ne dɣth sho:w
Thæt æi æm thæt sɛme wall; the truth is so:
And this the crannæi is, ræight and sinister,
Through hwich the fɛ:rful lɣvers are tə hwisper.*

THESEUS

Would yə disæire læime ən' hɛ:r tə spe:k better?

DEMETRIUS

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

Enter Pyramus

THESEUS

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyramus

*O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!*

Wall holds up his fingers

*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!*

THESEUS

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

Pyramus

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me'
is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to
spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

DEMETRIUS

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

Enter Pyramus

THESEUS

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyramus

*o: grim-look'd nait! o: nait with hue so: black!
o: nait, hwich ever art hwen dey is not!
o: nait, o: nait! alack, alack, alack,
ai fer mai Thisbai's promise is forgot!
And thau, o: wall, o: swet, o: lvelai wall,
That stand's' betwen 'er father's ground and mane!
Thau wall, o: wall, o: swet and lvelai wall,
Sho:w mi thai chink, to blink through with mane aine!*

Wall holds up his fingers

*Thanks, co:rtas wall: Jo:ve she:ld the: well far this!
But hwat se: ai? No: Thisbai do ai se:.
o: wicked wall, through whom ai se: no: bliss!
Cers 'd be: thai st:ones far thys dece:vin' me:!*

THESEUS

The wall, mthinks, be:in' sensible, should c:urse agen.

Pyramus

No:, in truth, ser, 'i should not. 'Dece:vin' me:'
is Thisbai's cue: she is to enter nau, an' ai am to
spai 'er through the wall. Ya shall se:, it'll
fall pat as a to:ld ya. Yonder shi cymes.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe

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

Pyramus

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

Thisbe

My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyramus

*Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.*

Thisbe

And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyramus

Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

Thisbe

As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyramus

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

Thisbe

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

Pyramus

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

Thisbe

'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe

*o: wall, full often 'ast thəʊ 'ɜrd məɪ mo:ns,
Fo:r partin' məɪ fɛ:r Pyramʏs and me:!
Məɪ cherrəɪ lips 'ave often kiss'd thəɪ sto:nɪs,
Thəɪ sto:nɪs with ləɪme and 'ɛ:r knit ʏp in theɪ.*

Pyramus

*əɪ se: a vɔɪce: nəʊ will əɪ to the chink,
To spəɪ ən əɪ cən 'ɛr məɪ Thisbəɪ's fɛ:ce. Thisbəɪ!*

Thisbe

Məɪ lʏve thəʊ art, məɪ lʏve əɪ think.

Pyramus

*Think hwat thəʊ wilt, əɪ am thəɪ lʏver's grɛ:ce;
And, ləɪke Ləɪmānder, am əɪ trʏstəɪ still.*

Thisbe

And əɪ ləɪke 'elen, till the Fɛ:tes me: kill.

Pyramus

Not Shafalʏs to Pro:crʏs wəs so: true.

Thisbe

as Shafalʏs to Pro:crʏs, əɪ to you.

Pyramus

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

Thisbe

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

Pyramus

Wilt thəʊ at Ninnəɪ's tʊmb me:t me: srtɛ:twɛy?

Thisbe

'Təɪde ləɪfe, 'təɪde death, əɪ cʏme withəʊt delɛy.

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

Wall

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

Exit

THESEUS

Now is the mure rased between the two neighbours.

DEMETRIUS

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

HIPPOLYTA

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THESEUS

The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIPPOLYTA

It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THESEUS

If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine

Lion

*You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,*

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

Wall

*Thȳs ‘æve æl, Wall, mɪ part dischargɪd so;
And be:in’ dȳne, thȳs Wall awɛ:y dȳth go:.*

Exit

THESEUS

Næu is the mjure rɛ:sed bɪtwɛ:n the two nɛ:bers.

DEMETRIUS

No: remedæɪ, mɪ lo:rd, hwɛn walls ærɛ so: wilful to ‘ɪ:r
withæut warnin’.

HIPPOLYTA

This is the sillæɪst stȳff thæt ever æɪ ‘ɜrd.

THESEUS

The best in this kænd ærɛ but shadæs; ən’ the wɜrst
ærɛ no: wɜrsɛ, ɪf ɪmæɪnɛ:sɪən æmend æm.

HIPPOLYTA

It mȳs’ bɪ yu:r ɪmæɪnɛ:sɪən then, ən’ not thɛ:rs.

THESEUS

If wɛ: ɪmæɪnɛ no: wɜrsɛ ə’ them thən thɛ:y ə
thɛmsɛlvɛs, thɛy mɛy pæs fər ɛxɛllɛnt mɛn. Hɪrɛ
cȳmɛ two no:blɛ bɛ:sts ɪn, æ mæn ən’ æ læɪon.

Enter Lion and Moonshine

Lion

*You, lɛ:dæɪs, you, whosɛ gɛntɛ ‘arts dɔ fɛr
Thɛ smællɛst monstrous mæʊsɛ thæt crɛ:pɪs ɔn flɔ:r,*

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
 When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
 Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
 A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
 For, if I should as lion come in strife
 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

THESEUS

A very gentle beast, of a good conscience.

DEMETRIUS

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

LYSANDER

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THESEUS

True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEMETRIUS

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

THESEUS

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

Moonshine

This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present;--

DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horns on his head.

THESEUS

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

Moonshine

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

*M*ey nau perchance both queke and tremble 'ere,
 hwen laion rygh in waildist rege dyth ror.
 Then know that ai, one Snyg the jamer, am
 A laion-fell, nor else no: laion's dam;
 Fo:r, if ai should as laion cyme in straife
 Into this plece, 'tware pitai on mi laife.

THESEUS

A very gentle be:st, af a good consiance.

DEMETRIUS

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

LYSANDER

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THESEUS

True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEMETRIUS

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

THESEUS

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

Moonshine

This lantorn dyth the 'o:rid moon present;--

DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horns on his head.

THESEUS

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

Moonshine

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
 Miself the man i' the moon do sem ta be.

THESEUS

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

DEMETRIUS

He dares not come there for the candle; for, you
see, it is already in snuff.

HIPPOLYTA

I am awearry 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
lantern 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 lantern; 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--*

THESEUS

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

DEMETRIUS

He dares not come there for the candle; for, you
see, it is already in snuff.

HIPPOLYTA

əɪ əm awɪrəɪ ə' this moon: would 'ɪ would chɛnge!

THESEUS

It appɪrs, bæɪ 'ɪs smɔll ləɪht ə dɪskreɪʃən, θət
'ɪ ɪs ɪn ðə weɪn; bət jɪt, ɪn kɔ:rt'səɪ, ɪn ɔll
reɪsən, we mʌs' steɪ the təɪm.

LYSANDER

Proceɪd, Moon.

Moonshine

ɔll θət əɪ 'əve tə seɪ, ɪs, tə tell ju θət ðə
lanto:rn ɪs ðə mu:n; əɪ, ðə mæn ɪn ðə mu:n; ðɪs
θo:rn-bʊʃ, məɪ θo:rn-bʊʃ; ən' ðɪs dɔg, məɪ dɔg.

DEMETRIUS

hwəɪ, ɔll ðeɪsə should be: ɪn ðə lanto:rn; fər ɔll
ðeɪsə əre ɪn ðə mu:n. Bət, səɪləns! hɪ:re cʌmes ðɪsbəɪ.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe

This ɪs ɔ:ld Nɪnnəɪ's tʊmb. hwɛ:re ɪs məɪ lʌve?

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?

Thisbe runs off

DEMETRIUS

Well ro:red, L:ion.

THESEUS

Well r:n, Thisb:.

HIPPOLYTA

Well sh:ne, Moon. Trul:, the moon sh:ines with a good gr:ce.

The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit

THESEUS

Well m:used, L:ion.

LYSANDER

ən' so: the l:ion v:ished.

DEMETRIUS

ən' then c:me Pyram:s.

Enter Pyramus

Pyramus

Sw:t Moon, :i thank the: fo:r th: s:nna: be:ms;

:i thank the:, Moon, fo:r sh:inin' n:u so: br:t;

Fo:r, b:i th: gr:si:s, go:lden, glitt'rin' gl:ems,

:i tr:st t: t:ke of tru:st Thisb:i s:t.

But st:y, o: sp:ite!

But mark, p:or kn:t,

hwat dreadful do:le is 't:re!

:is, do you s:?

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:

'əʊ can it be?
 ɔ: deɪntəɪ dʌck! ɔ: dɪr!
 Thəɪ mæntle good,
 hwat, steɪn'd with blʊd!
 ɒpˈrɔːtʃ, ɪ fʊrɪs fell!
 ɔ: fets, cʏme, cʏme,
 Cʏt thread and thrʏm;
 Quɛɪl, crʏsh, conclude, and quell!

THESEUS

This pəʃɪən, ən' the death əf a dɛ:r frɪnd, wʊld
 go: nəɪr tə meɪke a mæn lʊk sɑd.

HIPPOLYTA

Bɪʃrɔ:w mɪ 'ɑrt, bʊt ə pɪtəɪ the mæn.

Pyramus

ɔ: hwɛ:refɔ:re, Neɪtəre, dɪd's' θəʊ laɪəns frɛ:me?
 Since laɪən vɛɪle 'əθ 'ɪre deflɔ:r'd mɪ dɪr:
 hwɪtʃ ɪs--no:, nɔ:-- hwɪtʃ wɒs the fɛ:rɪst deɪme
 Thæt lɪvɪd, θæt lʌvɪd, θæt lʌɪkɪd, θæt lʊk'd
 wɪtʃ tʃɪr.

Cʏme, tɪrs, confaʊnd;
 əʊt, swɔ:rd, and wəʊnd
 The pɑp ɒf Pɪrəməs;
 əɪ, θæt left pɑp,
 hwɛre 'ɑrt dʌθ 'ɒp:

Stabs himself

Thʏs dəɪ əɪ, θʏs, θʏs, θʏs.
 Nəʊ ɑm əɪ deɪd,
 Nəʊ ɑm əɪ flɛd;
 Məɪ sɔ:l ɪs ɪn the skɑɪ:

*Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon take thy flight:*

Exit Moonshine

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dies

DEMETRIUS

~~No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.~~

LYSANDER

~~Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.~~

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.~~

DEMETRIUS

~~A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which~~

~~T~~ongue, lose th~~a~~i l~~a~~it;
Moon t~~e~~ke th~~a~~i fl~~a~~it:

Exit Moonshine

N~~a~~u d~~a~~i, d~~a~~i, d~~a~~i, d~~a~~i, d~~a~~i.

Dies

DEMETRIUS

~~No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.~~

LYSANDER

~~Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.~~

THESEUS

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

HIPPOLYTA

H~~a~~u ch~~a~~nce Moonsh~~a~~ine is g~~o~~ne bef~~o~~re Thisb~~a~~i c~~y~~mes
back ~~e~~n' f~~a~~ins 'e~~r~~ l~~y~~ver?

THESEUS

Sh~~i~~ will f~~a~~nd 'im b~~a~~i starl~~a~~ight. h~~i~~re sh~~i~~ c~~y~~mes; and
'e~~r~~ p~~a~~jion ends the pl~~e~~y.

Re-enter Thisbe

HIPPOLYTA

M~~i~~thinks sh~~i~~ should not use a long ~~o~~:ne f~~e~~r s~~y~~ch a
Pyram~~s~~: ~~a~~i 'o:pe sh~~i~~ will b~~i~~ bre:f.

DEMETRIUS

~~A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which~~

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

LYSANDER

She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEMETRIUS

~~And thus she means, videlicet:—~~

Thisbe

Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These my lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan:

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

Stabs herself

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

LYSANDER

Shi 'əth spəɪd 'im alreadəɪ with those sweɪt əɪs.

DEMETRIUS

~~And thus she means, videlicet:—~~

Thisbe

Asleɪp, məɪ lʌve?

hwat, dead, məɪ dʌve?

o: Pyramʌs, arəɪse!

Speɪk, speɪk. Quəɪte dʌmb?

Dead, dead? A tʌmb

Mʌst cʌvər θəɪ sweɪt əɪs.

The:se məɪ lips,

This cherrəɪ no:se,

The:se yellə cəʊslɪp che:ks,

are go:ne, are go:ne:

Lʌvər, meɪke mo:n:

'is əɪs wɛr gre:n əs le:ks.

o: Sisters Threɪ,

Cʌme, cʌme to meɪ,

With 'ənd əs pɛ:le əs milk;

Leɪ them in go:re,

Since you 'əve sho:re

With shɛr 'is θreəd əf sɪlk.

Tɒŋɡweɪ, nɒt ə wɔ:rd:

Cʌme, trʌstəɪ swɔ:rd;

Cʌme, bleɪde, mi breɪst ɪmbru:ɪ:

Stabs herself

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

Dies

THESEUS

Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEMETRIUS

Ay, and Wall too.

BOTTOM

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

THESEUS

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

A dance

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

And, ~~f~~erewell, friends;
Th~~y~~s Thisb~~a~~i ends:
Adu~~u~~:, adiu~~u~~:, adiu~~u~~:.
Dies

Dies

THESEUS

Moonsh~~a~~ine ~~a~~n' L~~a~~ion ~~a~~re left t~~a~~ bur~~a~~i the dead.

DEMETRIUS

~~a~~i, ~~a~~n' Wall too.

BOTTOM

[Starting up] No~~:~~ assure y~~a~~; the wall is d~~o~~wn th~~a~~t parted th~~a~~r f~~a~~thers. Will it ple~~:~~se y~~a~~ t~~a~~ se~~:~~ the epilogue, o~~r~~ to 'i~~r~~ a B~~e~~rg~~a~~mask dance betwe~~n~~ two ~~a~~f ~~a~~r c~~y~~mp'n~~a~~i?

THESEUS

No~~:~~ epilogue, ~~a~~ pr~~e~~y y~~a~~; f~~a~~r y~~a~~r pl~~e~~y ne~~d~~s no~~:~~ i~~x~~cuse. Never i~~x~~cuse; f~~a~~r h~~w~~en the pl~~e~~y~~e~~rs ~~a~~re all dead, th~~a~~re ne~~d~~s no~~:~~ne t~~a~~ be bl~~e~~med. Marr~~a~~i, if he th~~a~~t writ it ~~a~~d pl~~e~~yed Pyram~~a~~s ~~a~~n' hanged 'imself in Thisb~~a~~i's garter, it would ~~a~~ b~~i~~n a f~~a~~ine traged~~a~~i: ~~a~~n' so~~:~~ it is, trul~~a~~i; ~~a~~n' ver~~a~~i no~~:~~tabl~~a~~i discharged. But c~~y~~me, y~~a~~r B~~e~~rg~~a~~mask: let y~~a~~r epilogue al~~o~~ne.

A dance

The ~~a~~iron t~~o~~ngue ~~a~~ midn~~a~~i't 'ath to~~:~~ld twelve:
L~~y~~vers, t~~a~~ bed; 'tis almo~~:~~s' f~~e~~r~~a~~i t~~a~~ime.
~~a~~ f~~e~~r we sh~~o~~ll ~~a~~ut-sle~~p~~ the c~~y~~min' mo~~r~~n
~~a~~s m~~y~~ch ~~a~~s we~~:~~ this n~~a~~i't ~~a~~ve o~~:~~verwatch'd.

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

Exeunt

Enter PUCK

PUCK

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

This palpable-gro:ss plē:y æth well begæiled
 The heavæi gæt æ næit. Sweæt frien's, tæ bed.
 A fo:rt næit ho:ld we this solemnitæi,
 In næitlæi revels and njew jollitæi.

Exeunt

Enter PUCK

PUCK

Næu the 'ynggræi læion ro:rs,
 And the wolf be'æuls the mæn;
 hwæil's' the 'eavæi plæu man sno:res,
 æll with wi:ræi task fo:rdone.
 Næu the wasted brands do glo:w,
 hwæil's' the scre:ch-æul, scre:chin' læud,
 Puts the wretch thæt læis in wo:
 In remembrance of a shræud.
 Næu it is the tæime æ næit
 Thæt the græ:ves æll gæ:pin' wæide,
 Ev'r æi o:ne lets fo:rth 'is spræite,
 In the cherch-wæ:y pæths tæ glæide:
 And we fæ:ræis, thæt do ræn
 Bæi the triple 'ecate's tæ:m,
 From the presence of the sæn,
 Foll'win' darknæss læike a dre:m,
 Næu ære frolic: not a mæuse
 Shæll distærb this 'ællæ:d 'æuse:
 æi æm sent wi' broom befo:re,
 Tæ swe:p the dæyst be'ænd the do:r.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train

OBERON

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

TITANIA

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

Song and dance

OBERON

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

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train

OBERON

Through the 'əuse give gath'rin' ləɪt,
Bəɪ the dead ən' drəʊsəɪ fəɪre:
Ev'rəɪ elf ən' fɛ:rəɪ sprəɪte
'op əs ləɪt əs bɜ:d frəm brəɪr;
An' this dittəɪ, a:ter me:,
Sing, ən' dɑ:ns it trippin'ləɪ.

TITANIA

Fɜ:st, re'ɜ:rsə yər sɒŋ bɪ rəʊte
To e:ch wɜ:rd a wɑ:blɪn' nɔ:te:
'ænd in 'ænd, wɪθ fɛ:rəɪ grɛ:ce,
Will we sing, ən' blɛs θɪs plɛ:ce.

Song and dance

OBERON

Nəʊ, until the brɛ:k ə dɛɪy,
Through this 'əuse e:ch fɛ:rəɪ strɛɪy.
To the best brɑɪde-bed will we:,
hwich bɪ ɪs shəll blɛsɪd be:
And the ɪshue θɛ:re kreɪte
Ever shəll be fɔ:rtənɛ:te.
So: shəll ɒl the ɔ:ples θre:
Ever true in lɪvɪn' be:
And the blɒts ə Neɪtə're's 'ænd
Shəll nɒt in θɛr ɪshue stænd;
Never mɔ:le, 'ɛ:re lɪp, nəɪr sɜ:ɑ:,
Nəɪr mɑ:k prɒdɪgɪəs, sɪʃ əs ɑ:re

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

Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train

PUCK

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

Despəɪsɪd in nativiteɪ,
 Shəʊl upon theɪ children beɪ.
 With this feɪld-dʒew consecreɪt,
 Ev'ri feɪrəi teɪke 'is geɪt;
 An' eɪch sev'ral chamber bless,
 Through this pəleɪs, with sweɪt peɪs;
 And the ɔ:nər of it blest
 Ever shəʊl in seɪftəi rest.
 Trip əweɪy; meɪke no: steɪy;
 Meɪt mi all bi breɪk ə deɪy.

Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train

PUCK

If we shadəs 'əve offended,
 Think but this, ən' all is mended,
 That you 'əve but slʌmber'd 'ɛ:re
 hwəɪle the:se vizions did appeɪr.
 An' this we:k ən' əɪdle the:me,
 No: mo:re ye:ldin' bɪt a dre:m,
 Gentles, do not repre'end:
 If you pardon, we: will mend:
 And, əs əɪm an honest Pɜck,
 If wi 'əve ʏnɜrnɪd lɜck
 Nəʊ tə 'sɛɪpe the sɜrpent's tɒŋgue,
 We: will meɪke amends ɛre long;
 Else the Pɜck a ləɪər call;
 So:, good nəɪt unto you all.
 Gi' mi yər 'ands, if we: bi frien's,
 ən' Robin shəʊl resto:re amen's.