

***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 'bern' rather than 'be-n'). Other

features (e.g., the [ɑ] pronunciation of the THOUGHT and LOT lexical sets) that today's mid-Western American English shares with the Early Modern English of Shakespeare's day were also largely omitted. David's uncut version will vary somewhat from this transcription convention.

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

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

- My online interactive IPA charts, at <https://www.paulmeier.com/ipacharts>.
- 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 <https://www.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 <https://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 [https://paulmeier.com/DREAM/Top\\_Ten\\_Tips.pdf](https://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 [ɑ], [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. See David's website: <http://originalpronunciation.com/> for further resources.

The stage production was recorded in high-definition video, and a DVD is available at [FilmsMediaGroup.com](http://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 <https://www.paulmeier.com/shakespeare/>.

Finally, I must pay tribute to my wonderful company. It was a truly joyous collaboration; one 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 *
DRAGONSNAPE - A FAIRY	Jennifer Walker
PEASEBLOSSOM	Mary McNulty
COBWEB	Hailey Lapin
MOTH	Sara Kennedy

MUSTARDSEED  
PUCK  
PETER QUINCE  
NICK BOTTOM  
FRANCIS FLUTE  
TOM SNOOT  
SNUG  
ROBIN STARVELING  
UNDERSTUDY TO TITANIA

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](http://PaulMeier.com)  
[The International Dialects of English Archive](http://The International Dialects of English Archive)  
University of Kansas  
December, 2010  
Revised 01 April 2025

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1\\_1.mp3](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](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, ɔː nɪpsɪəl ɔːr  
 Draws on apɛːce; fɔːr happəi dɛːys bring in  
 Anɔːther moon: bʌt, oː, mɪthinks, 'əʊ sloːw  
 This ɔːld moon wɛːnes! shɪ lingers məi desəɪres,  
 Ləike to a step-dɛːme or a dəʊager  
 Long with'rin' əʊt a yʌng mən's revɛnue.

#### **HIPPOLYTA**

Fɔːr dɛːys will quickləi stɛəight;  
 Fɔːr nəights will quickləi drɛːm awɛːy the təime;  
 And then the moon, ləike to a silver boːw  
 New-bent in heaven, shəll brɔːld the nəight  
 Of ɔːr solemnɪtəɪs.

#### **THESEUS**

Goː Philostrɛːte,  
 Ster ɪp th' Ateːnɪan youth tə merriments;  
 Awɛːke the pɜːt and nimble sprəɪt ə mɜːth;  
 Tɜːrn melancholəi fɔːrth tə funerals;  
 The pɛːle companion ɪs not fɔːr ɔːr pomp.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

Hippolyta, ə woo'd thɪ with mɪ swɔːrd,  
 And wɪn thɪ lʌve, doin' thɪ injurəɪs;  
 But əi will wed thɪ in anɔːther kɛːy,  
 With pomp, with trəɪɪmp and with revellin'.

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

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS*

**EGEUS**

Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke!

**THESEUS**

Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

**EGEUS**

Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,  
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast giv'n her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers  
Of strong prevailment in 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,

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS*

**EGEUS**

Happai bi The:seus, o:r renəʊwnɪd duke!

**THESEUS**

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

**EGEUS**

Full ə vexɛ:sjən cyme əi, with comple:nt  
Agənst mɪ chəɪld, mɪ da:ghter Hermia.  
Stand fo:rth, Deme:trɪʊs. Mɪ no:ble lo:rd,  
This man 'əθ məi consent tə marrəi her.  
Stand fo:rth, Lɪzander: and mɪ grɛ:sjəs duke,  
This man 'əθ b'witch'd the bosom of mɪ chəɪld;  
Thəʊ, thəʊ, Lɪzander, thəʊ 'əst giv'n 'er rhəɪmes,  
ənd interchɛ:ng'd lʌve-to:kens with mɪ chəɪld:  
Thəʊ hast bɪ moonləɪght at 'er wində svng,  
Wi' fɛ:gnɪn' vəɪce, verses ə fɛ:gnɪn' lʌve,  
ən' sto:l'n th' impresjən of 'er fəntəsəi  
Wi' brɛ:celets of thi hɛ:r, rings, gawds, conce:ts,  
Knacks, trəɪflɪs, noseɣɛ:ys, swe:tme:ts, messengerɪs  
Of strong prevɛ:lment in ʏnharden'd youth:  
With cʏnnɪn' hast thəʊ filch'd mɪ da:ghter's hart,  
Tɜ:n'd her obe:dience, hwɪch is due tə me:ɪ,  
Tə stɪbborn harshnɪss: and, mɪ grɛ:sjəs duke,  
Be:'t so: shɪ will not hi:re befo:re yər grɛ:ce  
Consent tə marrəi with Deme:trɪʊs,  
ə beg the ɛ:nsjɛnt privilege of atens,  
As she: is məɪne, ə me:y dispose of her:  
hwɪch shəll be ɛθer to this gentleman  
or to 'er death, accordin' to or law  
Imme:diateləi provəɪdɪd in thət cɛ:se.

**THESEUS**

hwat sɛ:y yə, Hermia? be: advəɪsɪd fɛ:r mɛ:ɪd:  
Tə you yər father should be as a god;  
o:ne thət compo:sed yər beautəɪs, yɛ:, ənd o:ne  
Tə whom you are but as a fo:rm in wɒx  
Bɪ him imprintɪd and within his pɔ:r  
To le:ve the figjʊrə o:r disfigjʊrɪt.

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.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

**HERMIA**

So is Lysander.

**THESEUS**

In 'imself 'I is;  
But in this kind, wantin' yər father's vɔɪs,  
The ɔ:ther mɪs' be held the wɜrθiər.

**HERMIA**

ə wʊld mɪ fɑðər lʊk'd bʊt wɪθ məɪ əɪs.

**THESEUS**

Rather your əɪs mʊs' wɪθ 'ɪs ʃɪdʒmənt lʊk.

**HERMIA**

ə dʊ ɪnˈtreɪt yər grɛːs tə pɑːdn meː.  
ə knoʊ nɒt bæɪ hwat pəʊər əɪ am mɛːde bɔɪld,  
Nər hæʊ ɪt mɛːy kɒnˈcɜːn mɪ mɒdəstəɪ,  
In sʌʃ a prɛsɛns hiːrə tə plɛːd mɪ θɒtɪts;  
Bʊt əɪ bɪsɛːʃ yər grɛːs θæt əɪ mɛːy knoʊ w  
The wɜːst θæt mɛːy bɪfɔːl mɪ ɪn θɪs ˌkeɪs,  
If əɪ rɪfjuːz tə wɛd dɛmɛˈtriʊs.

**THESEUS**

ɛðər tə dəɪ the deəθ ɔːr tʊ əbʃʊr  
Fɔː evər the sɒsɪəˈteɪ ə mɛn.  
Thɪrɛfɔːr, fɜː Hɜːmiə, kɛstʃən juːr dɛsəɪrɛs;  
Knəʊ wɒt yər juːθ, ɛkəˈmɪn weɪl yər blɪd,  
hwɛːr ɪf yə yeɪld nɒt tʊ yər fɑːðər's ʃəɪs,  
Yə kən ɛndʃʊːr the liv'raɪ ɒf ə ɪn,  
Fɜː əɪ tʊ biː ɪn ʃɛːdɪ ˌkloɪstər mɛw'd,  
Tə livə ə bɑːrən sɪstər ɔːl yər laɪf,  
ʃəntɪn' fɛːnt hɪmns tə the ˌkəʊld fruɪtlɪs muːn.  
Thɪrɔɪs blɛs'd bɪ θɛː θæt mɑːstər sɔː θɛɪr blɪd,  
Tʊ vɪndɜːrɔː sʌʃ mɛːdɛn pɪlgrɪmɑːʒ;  
Bʊt ɜːθlɪər hɒpəɪ ɪz the rəʊsɪ dɪstɪl'd,  
Thən θæt hwɪʃ wɪθ'ɪn ɒn the vɜːdʒɪn θɔːrɪn  
Grəʊs, lɪvɪs ʌn' dɔɪs ɪn sɪŋɡlɪ blɛsɪdnɪs.

**HERMIA**

Sə wɪl ə grəʊ, sə livə, sə dəɪ, mɪ lɔːrd,  
Ere əɪ wɪl yeɪld mɪ vɜːdʒɪn pɛːtɪnt ɪp  
ʊntʊ 'ɪs lɔːrdʃɪp, wɒz ɪnwɪʃɪd joːkɛ  
Mɪ sɔːl kɒnsɛnts nɒt tʊ gɪvə sɒvərɪɡntəɪ.

**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**

Tē:ke tēime tē pause; an', bēi the nex' new moon--  
 The se:ling-dē:y betwix' mī lyve an' me:,  
 Fēr everlastin' bond ə felləship--  
 Upon that dē:y ɛther prepē:re tē dēi  
 Fēr disobe:diēce to yēr fāther's will,  
 or else tē wed Deme:trius, as 'i would;  
 or on Dēiana's altar to protest  
 For əi austeritəi ən' single lēife.

**DEMETRIUS**

Relent, swe:t Hermia: and, Līzander, ye:ld  
 Thī crē:zīd tētle to mī certain rēight.

**LYSANDER**

You have 'ər fāther's lyve, Deme:trius;  
 Let me: 'ave Hermia's: do you marrəi him.

**EGEUS**

Sco:rnful Līzander! true, 'i hath mī lyve,  
 And hwat is mēine mī lyve shəll render him.  
 An' she: is mēine, and all mī rēight of her  
 ə do estē:te unto Deme:trius.

**LYSANDER**

I am, mī lo:rd, as well derəiyed as he:,  
 As well possess'd; mē lyve is mō:re thən his;  
 Mī fo:rtēnes everəi wē:y as fē:rləi rank'd,  
 If not wi' vanta:ge, as Deme:trius';  
 And, hwich is mō:re thən all the:se bo:sts cən be:,  
 əi am bilyved of beauteous Hermia:  
 hwəi should not əi then prosecute mī rēight?  
 Deme:trius, əi'll avəvuch it to 'is head,  
 Mē:de lyve tē Nē:dar's dā:ghter, Helena,  
 ən' wv'n 'er so:l; ən' she:, swe:t lē:dəi, do:tes,  
 Devəvutəi do:tes, do:tes in əidolatrəi,  
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

**THESEUS**

ə mvs' confess that əi əve herd sə mych,  
 ən' with Deme:trius thought t'ave spokē thereof;  
 But, be:in' o:ver-full of self-affē:rs,



**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.

Mi mæind did lose it. But, Deme:trius, cyme;  
An' cyme, Ege:us; you shall go: with me:,  
æ have some præivate schoolin' fo:r yæ bo:th.  
Fær you, fæ:r Hermia, look you arm yærself  
Tæ fit yær fancæis to yær father's will;  
Or else the law of atens ye:lds you yp--  
hwich bæi no me:ns wi mæ:y extenuæ:te--  
Tæ death, or to a væu of single læife.  
Cyme, mæi Hippolyta: hwat chi:r, mi lyve?  
Deme:trius and Ege:us, go: along:  
æ myst emplæi you in sy:me business  
Agænst or nyptial an' confer with you  
Of symething ni:rlæi that concerns yærselfes.

**EGEUS**

Wi' dutæi an' desæire wi follæ you.

**LYSANDER**

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

**HERMIA**

Bi:læike fær want æ ræ:n, 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 lyve never did ræn smooth;  
~~But, either it was different in blood,--~~

**HERMIA**

~~Ø cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.~~

**LYSANDER**

~~Or else misgrafted in respect of years,--~~

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

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

**HERMIA**

~~Ø hell! to choose love by another's eyes.~~

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 misgraffed in respect of years,--~~

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

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

**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, hi:r me, Hermia.  
 æ have a widæw ant, a dæuwager  
 Of græt revenue, an' shI hath no chæild:  
 From atens is 'er hæuse remo:te se'n le:gues;  
 An' she: respects mI as 'er o:nlæi sÿn.  
 There, gentle Hermia, mæ:y æ marræi the:;  
 And to that plæ:ce the sharp Ate:nian law  
 Cannot pursue us. If thæu lyv's' mI then,  
 Ste:l fo:rth thi father's hæuse tæ-morræ næight;  
 And in the wood, a le:gue withæut the tæun,  
 hwere æi did me:t the: ðnce with Helena,  
 To do observance to a mo:rn æv Mæ:y,  
 There will æ stæ:y for the:.~~

**HERMIA**

MI good Lizander!

~~æ swæ:r to the:, bI Cjæpid's strongIst bo:w,  
 BI his best arræ wi' the go:lden head,~~

**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,

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,  
 Bi all the vəus that ever men əve bro:ke,  
 In nymber mo:re thən ever women spo:ke,  
 In thət sε:me plε:ce thəu hast appəinted me:,  
 Tə-morrə truləi will ə me:t wi' the:.

**LYSANDER**

Ke:p promise, lyve. Look, hi:re cymes Helena.

*Enter HELENA*

**HERMIA**

God spe:d fer Helena! hwither awε:y?

**HELENA**

Call you mi fer? that fer agen ynsε:y.  
 Deme:trius lyves yər fer: O: happəi fer!  
 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.

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

**HERMIA**

ə frəun upon 'im, yit i lyves mi still.

**HELENA**

O: thət yu:r frəuns would tε:ch məi sməilεs sych skill!

**HERMIA**

ə give 'im cerses, yit i gives mi lyve.

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.~~

**HELENA**

o: that mæ prɛ:rs could sʏch affecsjon mʏve!

**HERMIA**

The mo:re æi hɛ:te, the mo:re 'ɪ folləs me:.

**HELENA**

The mo:re æi lʏve, the mo:re 'ɪ hɛ:teth me:.

**HERMIA**

'is follæi, Helena 's no faut æ mæine.

**HELENA**

No:ne bæt yær beautæi: would that faut were mæine!

**HERMIA**

Tɛ:ke cʏmfort: hɛ: nə mo:re shəll se: mɪ fɛ:ce;

Lɪzander and mɪself will flæi this plɛ:ce.

Befo:re the tæime æ did Lɪzander se:,

Se:m'd atens as a paradæise tæ me::

O, then, hwat grɛ:ces in mæ lʏve do dwell,

That hɛ: æth tɛrn'd a heav'n unto a hell!

**LYSANDER**

Helen, tæ you o:r mæinds wɪ will ʏnfo:ld:

Tæ-morræ næight, hwen Phe:be dʏth beho:ld

'ær silver visa:ge in the wat'ræi glass,

Deckin' wɪ' liquid pɛrl the blɛ:ded grass,

A tæime that lʏvers' flæights dæth still conce:l,

Through atens' gɛ:tes 'æve we: devæised to ste:l.

**HERMIA**

ænd in the wood, hwere often you and æi

Upon fɛ:nt primrose-beds wære wo:nt tæ læi,

Emptyin' or bosoms of thær cæʊnsel swe:t,

Thɛ:re mæi Lɪzander an' mɪself shəll me:t;

æn thence fræm atens tɛrn awe:y ær æis,

Tæ se:k nʝew frien's æn stre:nger cʏmpanæis.

Fɛ:rewell, swe:t plɛ:fellæ: prɛ:y thæʊ fær ʏs;

æn good lʏck grant thi thæi Deme:trius!

Ke:p wɛrd, Lɪzander: we: mus' starve or sæight

From lʏvers' fud till morræ de:p midnæight.

**LYSANDER**

æ will, mɪ Hermia.

~~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,

*Exit HERMIA*

Helena, adiu::

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

*Exit*

**HELENA**

Hæ happæi syme o:er o:ther syme cæn be:!

Through atens æi æm thought as fæ:r as she:.

But hwat of that? Deme:trius thinks not so:;

'I will not kno:w hwat all but he: do kno:w:

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

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:

Før æ:re Deme:trius look'd on Hermia's æine,

'I hæ:l'd dæon o:ts that he: wæs o:nlæi mæine;

æn' hwæn this hæ:l sǽme he:t frǽm Hermia felt,

So he: dissolved, an' sho:rs of o:ts did melt.

æ will go tell 'im of fæ:r Hermia's flæight:

Then to the wood will he: tǽ-morra næight

Pursue ær; and fær this intelligence

If æi æve thanks, it is a dæ:r ixpense:

But hæ:rein me:n æi to enrich mī pæ:n,

Tǽ have 'is sæight thither æn back agæ:n.

*Exit*

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,~~

<p>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. <i>Exit</i></p>	
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David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1\\_2.mp3](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.

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

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

**QUINCE**

Is all **ə**r cʏmp'nəi 'i:re?

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

'i:re is the scro:ll əf ev'rəi 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 dy:chess, on 'is weddin'-dɛ:y at nəight.

**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**

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

**BOTTOM**

A verəi good pe:ce ə' werk, əi əfju:re yə, and a merrəi. Nəʊ, good Pe:ter Quince, call fo:rth yər actors bɪ the scro:ll. Masters, spread yərselves.

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

Readəi. Nɛ:me hwat part əi əm fo:r, ən' proce:d.

**QUINCE**

You, Nick Bottom, ərə set dəʊn fər Pyraməs.

**BOTTOM**

hwat is Pyraməs? a ly:ver, ər a təirant?



**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**

A l~~y~~ver, th~~a~~t kills 'imself m~~o~~:s' gallant f~~a~~r l~~y~~ve.

**BOTTOM**

That'll ask s~~y~~me t~~e~~:rs in the true perf~~o~~:rmin' of it: if ~~a~~i do it, let the audience look to th~~e~~r ~~a~~is; ~~a~~i will m~~y~~ve st~~o~~:rms, ~~a~~i will cond~~o~~:le in some mez~~e~~re. T~~a~~ the rest: y~~i~~t m~~i~~ ch~~e~~:f 'umour is f~~a~~r a t~~a~~irant: ~~a~~ could pl~~e~~:y ercle:s r~~e~~:rel~~a~~i, ~~a~~r a part t~~a~~ t~~e~~:r a cat in, t~~a~~ m~~e~~:ke all split.

The r~~e~~:gin' rocks

and shivering shocks

Sh~~o~~ll br~~e~~:k the locks

Of prison g~~e~~:tes;

And Phibbus' car

Sh~~o~~ll sh~~a~~ine from far

And m~~e~~:ke and mar

The f~~y~~lish F~~e~~:tes.

This was loft~~a~~i! N~~a~~u n~~e~~:me the rest ~~a~~' the pl~~e~~:yers. This is ercle:s'

v~~e~~:n, a t~~a~~irant's v~~e~~:n; a l~~y~~ver is m~~o~~:re cond~~o~~:lin'.

**QUINCE**

Francis Flute, the bell~~a~~s-mender.

**FLUTE**

'i:re, P~~e~~:ter Quince.

**QUINCE**

Flute, you mus' t~~e~~:ke Thisb~~a~~i on y~~a~~.

**FLUTE**

hwat is Thisb~~a~~i? a wand'rin' kn~~a~~ight?

**QUINCE**

It is the l~~e~~:d~~a~~i th~~a~~t Pyram~~a~~s m~~a~~s' l~~y~~ve.

**FLUTE**

N~~e~~:y, f~~e~~:th, let m~~i~~ not pl~~e~~:y a woman; ~~a~~i 'ave a b~~e~~:rd c~~y~~min'.

**QUINCE**

That's all o:ne: y~~a~~ sh~~a~~ll pl~~e~~:y it in a mask, and y~~a~~ m~~e~~:y sp~~e~~:k as small as y~~a~~ will.

**BOTTOM**

an ~~a~~ m~~e~~:y 'a~~i~~de m~~i~~ f~~e~~:ce, let m~~e~~: pl~~e~~:y Thisb~~a~~i too, ~~a~~'ll sp~~e~~:k in a monstrous little v~~a~~ice. 'Thisn~~a~~i, Thisn~~a~~i;' 'Ah, Pyram~~a~~s, l~~y~~ver d~~e~~:r!

**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.

thi Thisbæi dɛ:r, ən' lɛ:dæi dɛ:r!'

**QUINCE**

No:, no:; you mus' plɛ:y Pyraməs: ən' Flute, you Thisbæi.

**BOTTOM**

Well, proce:d.

**QUINCE**

Robin Starvelin', the tɛ:lor.

**STARVELING**

'i:re, Pe:ter Quince.

**QUINCE**

Robin Starvelin', you mus' plɛ:y Thisbæi's mɪθer. Tom Snəʊt, the tinker.

**SNOUT**

'i:re, Pe:ter Quince.

**QUINCE**

You, Pyraməs' father: mɪself, Thisbæi's father: Snɪg, the jəiner; you, the læion's part: and, æi 'o:pe, 'i:re is a plɛ:y fitted.

**SNUG**

'ave you the læion's part written? prɛ:y yə, if it be:, give it mɪ, fər æi am slə:w ə stɪdæi.

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

Let mɪ plɛ:y the læion too: ə will ro:r, that ə will do any man's 'art good to 'er mɪ; æi will ro:r, that ə will mɛ:ke the djuke sɛ:y 'Let 'im ro:r agɛn, let 'im ro:r agɛn.'

**QUINCE**

an yə should do it too terriblæi, yə would frəight the dɪchess ən' the lɛ:dæis, θæt θey would shre:k; ən that wəre enɪgħ t' 'ang ɪs all.

**ALL**

That would 'ang ɪs, ev'ræi mɪθer's sɪn.

**BOTTOM**

ə grant yə, frien's, if θæt yə should frəight the lɛ:dæis əʊt ə' θer wits, θɛ:y would 'ave no: mo:re discreʃion bɪt t' 'ang ɪs: bɪt ə

**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.~~

will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

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~~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, 'I' re are yor parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con am bi to-morrow night; an' me't mi in the palace wood, a mile without the town, bi moonlight; there will wi re'erse, for if wi me't in the citi, wi shall bi dogged wi cump'ni, and ar devaices kno:n. In the me:ntime I will draw a bill a propertis, sych as ar ple:y wants. a prey ye, fæ:l mi not.~~

**BOTTOM**

~~We will meet; an' there wi me:y re'erse most obscenelai an' cour:geouslai. Take pæ:ns; bi perf'i't: adiu:.~~

**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, here are your parts: ~~and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to~~ con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

*Exeunt*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2\\_1.mp3](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](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 wənder you?

**Fairy**

o:ver ‘ill, o:ver de:le,  
 Thɜrə bush, thɜrə brəɪr,  
 o:ver park, o:ver pe:le,  
 Thɜrə flɪd, thɜrə fəɪr,  
 əɪ do wənder ev’rəɪhwɛ:r,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphɛ:re  
 And əɪ sɜrvə 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’lɪ bɪ gone:  
 o:r que:n ənd əl əɪr elves cɜme 'lɪre anon.  
**PUCK**  
 The king dɔθ kɛ:p ‘ɪs revels 'lɪr tə-nəɪt:  
 Tɛ:ke ‘e:d the que:n cɜme 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 passin' fell ən' wrath,  
 Because thæt she: əs 'ər 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 is trɛ:n, tə trɛ:ce the forests wəild;  
 But she: perfo:ce wit'o:lds the lʌvid bəi,  
 Crəuns 'im with flo:rs ən' mɛ:kes im 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 fɛ:r  
 Cre:p into ɛ:co:rn-cʌps ən' 'əide əm the:r.

#### FAIRY

ɛ'er əi mistɛ:ke yər she:pe ən' mɛ:kin' quəite,  
 ər else you ər thæt shro:wd ən' knɛ:vish sprəit  
 Call'd Robin Goodfello: ər not you 'e:  
 Thæt frəits the mɛ: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 thæt '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 am thæt merrəi wand'rər of the nəit.  
 əi jest to o:beron ən' mɛ:ke 'im sməile  
 hwen əi a fat ən be:n-fed 'o:rse begəile,  
 Nɛ:in' in ləikenɪss of a filləi fo:l:  
 ən' sɪmetəime lɜrk əi in a gossip's bə: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~~ai~~ l~~ai~~ken~~iss~~ of a ro:sted crab,  
~~ən~~' hwen sh~~i~~ drinks, agenst 'ər lips ə bab  
 and on 'ər wither'd d~~j~~ewlap p~~o~~:r the ~~ε~~:le.  
 The w~~ai~~sest ant, tellin' the saddest t~~ε~~:le,  
 s~~ym~~et~~ə~~ime fər thre:-foot stool mist~~ε~~:keth me:;  
 Then slip ~~əi~~ from 'ər b~~ym~~, d~~ə~~un topples she:,  
~~ən~~' 't~~ε~~:lor' cr~~ə~~is, ~~ən~~' falls into a c~~af~~;  
~~ən~~' then the 'o:le q~~ə~~ire 'o:ld thər 'ips ~~ən~~' l~~af~~,  
~~ən~~' waxen in thər m~~ər~~th ~~ən~~' n~~e~~:ze ~~ən~~' sw~~ε~~:r  
 A merrier o:r w~~ə~~s never w~~ə~~sted th~~ε~~:re.  
 But, ro:m, f~~ε~~:r~~ai~~! 'i:re c~~ym~~es o:beron.

**Fairy**

and 'i:re m~~i~~ mistr~~iss~~. Would that 'e: w~~ə~~re gone!

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

**OBERON**

Ill met b~~i~~ moonl~~ə~~it, pr~~ə~~ud Titania.

**TITANIA**

hwat, jealous o:beron! F~~ε~~:r~~ai~~s, skip 'ence:  
~~əi~~ 'ave fo:rswo:rn is bed ~~ən~~' c~~ym~~pan~~əi~~.

**OBERON**

Tarr~~ai~~, rash wanton: am not ~~əi~~ thi lo:rd?

**TITANIA**

Then ~~əi~~ m~~ys~~' be: thi l~~ε~~:d~~əi~~: b~~xt~~ ə kno:w  
 hwen th~~əu~~ 'ast sto:l'n aw~~ε~~:y frəm f~~ε~~:r~~ai~~ land,  
 and in the sh~~ε~~:pe ə Corin sat all d~~ε~~:y,  
 Pl~~ε~~:yin' on p~~əi~~pes ə co:rn ~~ən~~' v~~ersin~~' l~~x~~ve  
 To am'rous Phillida. hw~~ai~~ art th~~əu~~ 'i:re,  
 C~~ym~~e from the farth~~i~~st Steppe of India?

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

#### OBERON

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

#### TITANIA

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

But that, fərsooth, the bəʊncin' amazon,  
Yər bʁskin'd mistriss an' yər warrior lɪve,  
Tə The:seus mɪs' bɪ wedded, an' yə cɪme  
Tə give thər bed jəɪ ən' prosperitəɪ.

#### OBERON

'əʊ cans' thəʊ thɪs fər shɛ:me, Titania,  
Glance at mɪ credit with 'ippolyta,  
Kno:wɪn' ə kno:w θɪ lɪve tə The:seus?  
Dids' thəʊ not le:d 'ɪm through the glimm'rin' nəɪt  
From Perige:nia, 'əm ɪ ravishɪd?  
ən' mɛ:ke 'ɪm with fɛ:r i:gle: brɛ:k 'is fɛ: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 dɛ:le, forest ər me:d,  
Bɪ pɛ:vɪd fəʊntain ɔ:r bɪ rɪshəɪ brook,  
ər in the be:chɪd margent of the se:,  
Tə dance ɔ:r ringlets tə the hwistlin' wəɪnd,  
But with θɪ brawls thəʊ 'ast distɜrb'd ɔ:r spo:rt.  
The:refo:re the wəɪnds, pəɪpɪn' to ɪs in vɛ:n,  
əs in revenge, 'əve sɪck'd ɪp from the se:  
Contɛ:gɪəs fogs; hwich fallɪn' in the land  
'əve ev'rəɪ peltɪn' river mɛ:de sə prəʊd  
That the:y 'əve ɔ:verbo:rne thər 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 mɪrrɪon flock;  
The nəɪme men's mɒrrɪs is fill'd ɪp wi' mɪd,



~~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 chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world,  
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:  
 And this same progeny of evils comes  
 From our debate, from our dissension;  
 We are their parents and original.

### OBERON

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

### TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:

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

~~And the quaint mazes in the wanton green~~  
~~For lack of tread are undistinguishable:~~  
 The 'uman mo:rtals want ther winter 'i:r;  
 No: nait is nəʊ with 'ymn ər carol blest:  
 The:refo:re the moon, the gʏvernɪss ə flʌds,  
 Pe:le in 'ər anger, washes all the ɛ:r,  
 Thət r̥heumə'tɪk dise:ses do əbʌnd:  
 ən' thɪrə this distemp'ratəre wɪ se:  
 The se:sons alter: 'o:rəɪ-eaded frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap ə the crimson ro:se,  
 ənd on o:ld 'əɪəms' thin ənd əɪcəɪ crəʊn  
 ən o:d'rous chaplet ə' swe:t sɪmmer bʌds  
 Is, as in mock'rəɪ, set: the spring, the sɪmmer,  
 The chəɪldɪn' autumn, angrəɪ winter, che:nge  
 Ther wo:nted liv'rəɪs, ən' the me:zɪd wɜ:ld,  
 Bɪ ther incre:se, nəʊ kno:ws not hwɪch is hwɪch:  
 ən' this se:me progenəɪ of e:vɪls cɪmes  
 From o:r debɛ:te, from o:r dissensɪən;  
 Wɪ are ther pe:rents and ərɪɡɪnəl.

### OBERON

Də you amend it then; it ləɪs in you:  
 hwəɪ should Titania cross 'ər o:beron?  
 ə do but beg a little chɛ:ngelɪn' bəɪ,  
 Tə be: mɪ 'enchman.

### TITANIA

Set yər 'art ət rest:

The fe:rəɪ land bəɪs not the chəɪld ə' me:.  
 'ɪs mʌθer wəs ə vɒ:t'rɪss of mɪ o:rdɜ:  
 ənd, in the spəɪcɪd Indian ɛ:r, bɪ nait,  
 Full often 'əθ shɪ gossip'd bəɪ mɪ səɪde,  
 ən' sat wɪt' me: on Neptjəne's yellə sands,

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

**OBERON**

How long within this wood intend you stay?

**TITANIA**

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

**OBERON**

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

**TITANIA**

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

*Exit TITANIA with her train*

**OBERON**

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

Markin' th'embarkid traders on the floyd,  
 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 yʌŋg squəire,--  
 Would imite:te, ən' se:l upon the land,  
 Tə fetch mɪ trəfles, ən' reɾn agen,  
 As from a vɔ:ige, rich with mɛrchandəise.  
 But she:, be:in' mɔ:rtal, of that bəi did dɔi;  
 ən' fo:r 'ər se:ke do əi ri:r ʔp 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 pɛ:sientləi dance in ɔ:r rəʊnd  
 ən' se: ɔ:r moonləit revels, go: with ʔs;  
 If not, shʏn me:, ən' əi will spɛ:re yu: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: thi we:y: thəʊ shɒlt not from this grʏve  
 Till əi to:rmənt thi fo:r this injurəi.  
 Mɪ gentle Pʏck, cʏme '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**

æi remember.

**OBERON**

That veræi tæime æ saw, but thæu coulds' not,  
Flæiin' betwæ:n the co:ld moon an' the ærth,  
Cjæpid all arm'd: a cærtain æ:m i took  
At a fæ:r vestal thro:nid bæi the west,  
æn loosed 'is lʏve-shaft smartlæi from 'is bo:w,  
As it should pi:rce a 'ʏndred thæusand 'arts;  
But æi mært se: yʏng Cjæpid's fæiræi shaft  
Quench'd in the chast be:ms æ the wat'ræi moon,  
æn the imp:ri:jal vo:t'riss passid on,  
In mæ:den medite:sion, fancæi-fre:.  
Yet mark'd æi hwæ:re the bo:lt æ Cjæpid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flo:r,  
Befo:re milk-hwæite, næu pærpel with lʏve's wæund,  
æn mæ:dens call it lʏve-in-æidleniss.  
Fetch mi that flo:r; the 'ærb æ sho:'d thi ʏnce:  
The jæice of it on sle:pin' æi-lids le:d  
Will mæ:ke o:r man o:r woman madlæi do:te  
Upon the nex' læive cre:tære that it se:s.  
Fetch mi this 'ærb; æn be: thæu 'i:re ægen  
æ:re the levæiathan cæn swim a le:gue.

**PUCK**

æ'll put a gærdle ræund abæut the ærth  
In fo:rtæi 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 jəice,  
ə'll wəʃt Titəniə hwen shɪ is əsle:p,  
ən' drɒp the likwɔr əv it in ər əis.  
The nex' thing then shɪ wɛ:kin' lʊks ʊpən,  
Be: it ɒn laɪən, be:r, ər wɒlf, ər bʊl,  
ɒn meddlɪn' mʌŋkəl, ər ɒn busəɪ ɛ:pe,  
Shɪ ʃɒll pʊrsju: it wɪð the sɔ:l ə lʌve:  
ən' ɛ:re ə te:ke this tʃɑ:m frɒm ɒf 'ər sɔɪt,  
As əɪ cən te:ke it wɪð ənʌðər 'ɜ:b,  
ə'll me:ke ər render ɪp ər pe:ge tə me:.  
But 'o cʌmes 'i:re? əɪ əm ɪnvɪsɪbəl;  
ən' əɪ wɪl ɔ:ver'ti:r ðər kɒnfərəns.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him*

**DEMETRIUS**

ə lʌve θɪ not, θɛ:refo:re pʊrsju: mɪ not.  
hwe:re ɪz lɪzəndər ən' fɛ:r hɜ:mɪə?  
The o:ne ə'll sle:y, the o:ðər sle:yeth me:.  
Thəʊ to:l'st mɪ θe:y wɛrə stɔ:l'n ʊnto θɪs wʊd;  
ən' hɪ:re əm əɪ, ən' wʊde wɪðɪn θɪs wʊd,  
Be:kəʊ ə kənɒt me:t mɪ hɜ:mɪə.  
Hence, get θɪ gone, ən' follə me: nə mo:re.

**HELENA**

Yə drəw mɪ, ju hɑ:d-hɑ:rtəd ədəmənt;  
But ɪt yə drəw nɒt əɪrən, fɔ:r mɪ hɑ:t

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 used as you use your dog?

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

And I am sick when I look not on you.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

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

Is true **az** ste:l: le:ve you yər po:r tə draw,  
ən' əi shall 'ave no: po:r tə follə you.

**DEMETRIUS**

Do əi entə:ce yə? do ə spe:k yə fɛ:r?  
o:r, rather, do ə not in ple:nɪst truth  
Tell you, ə do not, no:r ə cannot lʌve yə?

**HELENA**

ənd e:n fər that do əi lʌve you the mo:re.  
əi am yər spaniel; and, Deme:trɪʊs,  
The mo:re yə be:t mɪ, əi will fawn on you:  
Use me: but as yər spaniel, spɜ:n mɪ, strə:ke mɪ,  
Neglect mɪ, lose mɪ; o:nləi give mɪ le:ve,  
ʌnwɜ:θəi as əi am, tə follə you.  
hwat wɜ:sɜ:p le:ce cən əi beg in yər lʌve,--  
ən' yɪt ə ple:ce ə' həi respect wɪt' me:;--  
Then tə bi:usɪd as yə use yər dog?

**DEMETRIUS**

Tem't not too mʌtʃ 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 mʌtʃ,  
Tə le:ve the citəi ən' commit yərsɛlf  
Into the hands əf o:ne θət lʌves yə not;  
Tə trʌst the oportjunitəi əf nəɪt  
ən' the ill cəʊnsəl of ə dɜ:st plɛ:ce  
With the rich wɜ:θ of yu:r vɜ:ɡɪnɪtəi.

**HELENA**

Yər vɜ:tʃə is mɪ prɪvɪleʒ: fər that  
It is not nəɪt hwɛn əi do se: yər fe: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 ɔmpanəɪ,  
 Fəɪ you in məɪ respect ɑr ɔl ðə wɜ:ld:  
 Then həʊ can it be said əɪ am əlo:nə,  
 hwɛn ɔl ðə wɜ:ld ɪs hɪ:re tə lʊk ɔn me:?

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

The wɔ:ldɪst 'ɑθ nɒt sʌʃ 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 steɪy θɪ kwestʃənz; let mɪ go:;  
 ɔ:r, ɪf θə fɒlə me:, dɒ nɒt belevə  
 Bʌt əɪ ʃəʊl ðə θɪ mɪʃɪf ɪn ðə wu:d.

**HELENA**

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

*Exit DEMETRIUS*

ə'ɪl fɒlə ðe: ən' meɪke ə he'en ɔf hell,  
 tə ðəɪ ʊpən ðə hænd ə lʌve sə well.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

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

*Re-enter PUCK*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

**PUCK**

Ay, there it is.

**OBERON**

I pray thee, give it me.

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

*Exit*

**OBERON**

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, wand'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 wʊodbəime,  
Wi' swe:t mʌskro:ses ən' with eglantəine.  
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 wəide 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:teful 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 man  
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.

*Exeunt*

Mo:re fond on 'ɜr thən she: upon ər lɪve.  
ən' look thəʊ me:t mi ɛ:re the fɜrst cock cro:w.

**PUCK**

Fi:r not, mi lo:rd, yər sɜrvant shəll do so:.

*Exeunt*



David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2\\_2.mp3](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](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:rəɪ 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-məɪs fo:r θə leather wings,  
 Tə me:ke mi small elves co:ts, ən' sɪme ke:p back  
 The clam'rous əʊl θət naɪtləɪ '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 tʌŋɡweɪ,  
 Tho:rnəɪ 'edʒə'ɒɡs, be: not se:n;  
 Njɛwts ən' bləɪnd-wɜ:ms, do no: wrong,  
 Cyme not ni:r o:r fe:rəɪ que:n.  
 Philomel, with melodəɪ  
 Sing in o:r swe:t lɪllabəɪ;  
 Lɪlla, lɪlla, lɪllabəɪ, lɪlla, lɪlla, lɪllabəɪ:  
 Never harm,  
 No:r spell no:r charm,  
 Cyme o:r lɪveləɪ le:dəɪ nəɪ;  
 So:, good nəɪt, with lɪllabəɪ.  
 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:tles black, appro:ch not nɛ:r;  
 Wɜrm nɔr snɛ:l, do nɔ: offence.  
 Philomel, with melodəɪ, & c.

**Fairy**

'ence, awɛ:y! nəʊ all is well:  
 ɔ:ne aloof stænd sentinel.

*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps*

*Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids*

**OBERON**

hwat θəʊ se:st hwen θəʊ dɪs' wɛ:ke,  
 Do it fo:r θəɪ true-lʌve tɛ:ke,  
 Lʌve ən' languish fo:r 'is sɛ:ke:  
 Be: it əʊnce, ər cat, ər be:r,  
 Pard, ər bo:r with bristled 'ɛ:r,  
 In θəɪ əɪ that şəʊll appe:r  
 hwen θəʊ wɛ:k'st, it is θəɪ dɛ:r:  
 Wɛ:ke hwen sɪme vəɪle thing is nɛ:r.

*Exit*

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA*

**LYSANDER**

Fɛ:r lʌve, yə fɛ:nt with wænd'rɪn' ɪn the wood;  
 ən' tə spe:k tro:th, ə have forgot ɔ:r wɛ:y:  
 Wɪ'll rest ɪs, Hɜrmia, ɪf yə think it good,  
 ən' tarrəɪ fo:r the cɪmfɔrt of the 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 əot a bed;  
Fər əi upon this bank will rest mi head.

**LYSANDER**

o:ne tɜrf shall sɜrvə as pillə fo: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, swɛ:t, of mæi innocence!  
Lɜvɛ tɛ:kəs the mɛ:nin' in lɜvɛ's conference.  
ə mɛ:n, θət mæi hart unto yu:rs is knit  
Sə that bɪt o:ne hart wɛ: cən mɛ:ke of it;  
Two bosoms interchɛ:nɪd with ən o:th;  
Sə then two bosoms and a single tro:th.  
Then bæi yər səide no: bed-room mɛ: denəi;  
Fər ləiɪn' so:, Hɜrmia, ə do not ləi.

**HERMIA**

Lizander riddles verəi prettiləi:  
Nəʊ mɪtʃ beshro:w mi manners an' mi prəide,  
If Hɜrmia meant to sɛ:y Lizander ləid.  
Bɪt, gentle friend, fər lɜvɛ ən' co:rtɛsəi  
Ləi fərthər off; in human modestəi,  
Sɪtʃ sepəre:ʃion as mɛ:y well bi sɛ:d  
Becɪmɛs a vɜrt'əs bach'lor and a mɛ:d,  
So: fər bi distant; and, good nait, swɛ:t friend:  
Thi lɜvɛ nɛ:r alter till thi swɛ:t ləife end!

**LYSANDER**

Amen, amen, to that fɛ:r prɛ:r, sɛ:y əi;  
ən' then end ləife hwen əi end ləialtəi!

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 th~~at~~ wish the wisher's ~~is~~ b~~i~~ press'd!

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Through the forest 'ave ~~ai~~ go:ne.

But Ate:nian fəʊnd ~~ai~~ no:ne,

On 'ose ~~ais~~ ə məit appr~~ve~~

This flo:r's fo:nce in st~~errin~~' l~~yve~~.

N~~ait~~ ən' sə:lnce.—'o is 'e:re?

We:ds of atens 'e: dəθ w~~er~~:

This is 'e:, mi master s~~e~~:d,

Desp~~aisid~~ the Ate:nian m~~e~~:d;

ən' 'i:re the m~~e~~:den, sle:pin' səʊnd,

On the dank ən' d~~ert~~~~ai~~ grəʊnd.

Prett~~ai~~ so:l! sh~~i~~ d~~erst~~ not l~~ai~~

Ni:r this lack-l~~yve~~, this kill-co:rts~~ai~~.

Ch~~erl~~, upon th~~ai~~ ~~ais~~ ə thro:w

all the p~~o~~:r this charm dəθ o:.

hwen th~~əu~~ w~~e~~:k'st, let l~~yve~~ forbid

Sle:p 'is se:t on th~~ai~~ ə:lid:

So: aw~~e~~:ke hwen ~~ai~~ əm gone;

F~~er~~ ~~ai~~ m~~ys~~' 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**

Ste:y, tho: thə kill mɪ, swe:t Deme:trius.

**DEMETRIUS**

ə charge thɪ, hence, ən' do not haunt mɪ thɪs.

**HELENA**

o:, wilt thəʊ darklin' le:ve mɪ? do not so:.

**DEMETRIUS**

Ste:y, on thɪ peril: əɪ alo:ne will go:.

*Exit*

**HELENA**

o:, əɪ əm əʊt ə' breath in this fond che:se!

The mo:re mɪ pre:r, the lesser is mɪ gre:ce.

Happəɪ is Hərmiə, hwɛ:reso:ɛ:r shɪ ləɪs;

Fər she: 'əθ blessɪd ənd attrəktɪv əɪs.

Həʊ ce:me 'ər əɪs sə brəɪt? Not with salt te:rs:

If so:, məɪ əɪs ərə oft'ner wəʃ'd θən he:rs.

No:, no:, əɪ əm əs ʁgləɪ əs ə be:r;

Fər be:sts θət me:t mɪ rʌn əweɪ fər fe:r:

The:refo:re no: marvel tho: Deme:trius

Do, əs ə monster fləɪ mɪ prensə θɪs.

~~What wicked and dissembling glass of mine~~

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

But who is hɪ:re? Lɪzənder! on the grəʊnd!

Dead? or asle:p? ə se: no: blɪd, no: wəʊnd.

Lɪzənder if yə live, good sɜr, əwe: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 fəɪre ə will fər θəɪ swe:t sə:ke.  
 Transparent Helena! Ne:təre sho:ws art,  
 Thət through thɪ bosom me:kes mɪ se: θɪ hart.  
 hwɛ:re is Deme:tr'us? o:, hæʊ fit a wo:rd  
 Is thət vəɪle ne:me tə perish on mɪ swo:rd!

**HELENA**

Do not sə:y so:, Lɪzander; sə:y not so:  
 hwat θo: 'ɪ lʌve yər Hɜrmia? Lo:rd, hwat θo:?  
 Yɪt Hɜrmia still lʌves you: then be: content.

**LYSANDER**

Content with Hɜrmia! No:, ə do repent  
 The tɪdɪʊs minutes əɪ wɪθ hɜr əve spent.  
 Not Hɜrmia bʌt Helena ə lʌve:  
 Who will not chɛ:nge a re:ven fo:r a dʌve?  
 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 θɪs ke:n mock'rəɪ bo:rn?  
 hwɛn at yər hands did əɪ desɜ:və θɪs sco:rn?  
 Is't not enʏgh, is't not enʏgh, yɪŋ man,  
 Thət əɪ dɪd never, no:, no:r never cən,  
 Desɜ:və ə swe:t look frəm Deme:tr'us' əɪ,  
 Bət you məs' fləʊt mɪ ɪnsʌfɪsiencəɪ?  
 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

Sh~~i~~ se:s not H~~er~~mia. H~~er~~mia, sle:p th~~ou~~ the:re:  
~~an'~~ never me:s' th~~ou~~ cyme L~~iz~~ander ne:r!  
F~~or~~ as a s~~er~~feit of the swe:tist things  
The de:pist lo:thin' to the st~~ym~~ach brings,  
o:r as the he:res~~is~~ th~~at~~ men do le:ve  
~~are~~ he:ted mo:st ~~a~~ tho:se the:y did dece:ve,  
S~~a~~ th~~ou~~, m~~i~~ s~~er~~feit an m~~i~~ he:res~~is~~,  
Of all b~~i~~ he:ted, b~~ut~~ the mo:st ~~a~~ me:!  
~~and~~, all m~~i~~ po:rs, address y~~er~~ l~~y~~ve ~~an~~ m~~ait~~  
To honour Helen ~~an~~ t~~a~~ be: ~~er~~ kn~~ait~~!

*Exit*

### HERMIA

[Awaking] Help m~~i~~, L~~iz~~ander, help m~~i~~! do th~~i~~ best  
T~~a~~ pl~~uck~~ this crawlin' s~~er~~pent from m~~i~~ breast!  
~~ai~~ me:, f~~or~~ pit~~is~~! h~~wa~~t a dre:m w~~as~~ he:re!  
L~~iz~~ander, look 'a~~u~~ ~~ai~~ do que:ke wi' f~~er~~:  
M~~i~~th~~ought~~ a s~~er~~pent ~~et~~ m~~i~~ hart aw~~e~~:y,  
~~an'~~ you sat sm~~ailin'~~ at 'is cruel pr~~e~~:y.  
L~~iz~~ander! h~~wa~~t, rem~~y~~ved? L~~iz~~ander! lo:rd!  
h~~wa~~t, ~~aut~~ ~~a'~~ h~~i~~:rin'? gone? no: s~~au~~nd, 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** lɪves! ə swoon **almo:**st wi' **fɛ:**r.  
**No:**? then ə well **perce:**ve you **are** not nɪ  
**ɛ'**er death **ər** you ə'll **fəɪnd** **imme:**diatəl.

*Exit*



David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3\\_1.mp3](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](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 'tɪ:re's a marv'ljʊs conve:nient ple:ce fər o:r re'ɜ:rsəl. This gre:n plot shall be: ər ste:ge, this 'əwθo:rn-brɛ:ke ər tɔ:ɪn'-əʊse; ən we: will do it in ɑ:ksɪən əs we: will do it befo:re the dʒuke.

**BOTTOM**

Pe:ter Quince,--

**QUINCE**

hwat se:y's' thəʊ, bulləɪ Bottom?

**BOTTOM**

There ərə things in this comedɪ ə Pyraməs ən' Thisbəɪ θət will never ple:se. Fɜ:st, Pyraməs mɪks' draw a swo:rd to kill 'ɪmsɛlf; hwɪtʃ the le:dəɪs cannot əbəɪde. 'əʊ ənsweɪ yə θət?

**SNOUT**

Bəɪ'r le:kin, a parlous fe:r.

**STARVELING**

ə bele:ve wɪ məs' le:ve the killɪn' əʊt, hwɛn ɔ:l ɪs dɒne.

**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**o**ice t**o** m**e**:ke **all** well.

Wr**ite** m**i** a pr**o**:logue; **en**' let the pr**o**:logue se**m** to se**y**, w**i** will do n**o**: 'arm with **er** sw**o**:rds, **en**' th**at** Pyram**es** is not killed inde**d**; and, f**er** the m**o**:re better ass**u**rance, tell **em** th**at** **ai**, Pyram**es**, **em** not Pyram**es**, b**ut** Bottom the we**ver**: this will put **em** **out** **a** f**e**:r.

**QUINCE**

Well, w**i** will 'ave s**ych** 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**e**:d**ais** b**i** af**e**:rd **a** the l**ai**on?

**STARVELING**

**ai** f**e**:r it, **a** promise y**a**.

**BOTTOM**

M**as**ters, you ought t**o** consider w**i**' yourselves: t**o** bring in--God she**ld** **as**!--a l**ai**on am**ng** l**e**:d**ais**, is a m**o**:s' dreadful thing; f**er** th**ere** is not a m**o**:re f**e**:rful w**ail**'-f**aul** th**en** y**er** l**ai**on livin'; **en**' w**i** ought t**o** look to 't.

**SNOUT**

Th**e**:re**fo**:re an**o**:ther pr**o**:logue m**ys**' tell 't is not a l**ai**on.

**BOTTOM**

N**e**:y, y**a** m**ys** n**e**:me **is** n**e**:me, **en**' 'a:f **is** f**e**:ce m**as**' b**i** se**n** through the l**ai**on's neck: **en**' 'e: 'imself m**ys**' spe:k through, se:yin' th**ys**, **o**:r t**o** the se**me** defect,-- l**e**:d**ais**,--**o**:r 'F**e**:r-l**e**:d**ais**-- **ai** would wish Y**a**,--**o**:r 'ai would req**est** y**a**,--**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 laɪfə  
fər yu:rs. If yə think ə cʏme 'ɪθər əs ə laɪən, it  
wərə pitəɪ ə' mɪ laɪfə: nɔ: əɪ əm nɔ: sʏtʃ θɪŋ; əɪ əm ə  
mæn əs ɔ:θər mæn arə;' ən θə're inde:d let 'ɪm neɪmə  
ɪs neɪmə, ən' tell əm pleɪnləɪ 'e: ɪs Snʏg θə jəɪnər.

### QUINCE

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

### SNOUT

Dəθ θə mu:n shəɪnə θæt nəɪt wɪ pleɪ y ɔ:r pleɪ y?

### BOTTOM

A ɔləndər, ə ɔləndər! lʊk ɪn θə ɔlmanək; faɪnd  
əʊt mu:nshəɪnə, faɪnd əʊt mu:nshəɪnə.

### QUINCE

Yes, ɪt dɪθ shəɪnə θæt nəɪt.

### BOTTOM

hwəɪ, θen meɪ y yə le:və ə tʃeɪsəmənt ə' θə grɛ:t  
tʃeɪmbər wɪndə, hwə're wɪ pleɪ y, ɔ:pən, ən' θə mu:n  
meɪ y shəɪnə ɪn ət θə tʃeɪsəmənt.

### QUINCE

əɪ; ər əlsə ɔ:nə mɪs' cʏme ɪn wɪθ ə θo:rnz  
ən' ə lant'ɔ:rn, ən' seɪ y 'ɪ cʏmes tə dɪsfɪgʃər, ɔ:r tə  
prɛzənt, θə pɜ:sn ə mu:nshəɪnə. θen, θə're ɪs  
ənə:θər θɪŋ: wɪ mɪst 'əve ə wɔ:l ɪn θə grɛ:t  
tʃeɪmbər; fər pɪrəməs ən' θɪsbəɪ sez θə stɔ:rəɪ, dɪd  
tɔ:k θru:θ θə tʃɪŋk əv ə wɔ:l.

### SNOUT

Yə cən never brɪŋ ɪn ə wɔ:l. hwat seɪ y yə, Bɔtəm?

### BOTTOM

Səme mæn ər ɔ:θər mɪs' prɛzənt 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 sǣme plaster, ǽr sǣme lo:m, ǽr sǣme rȝgh-cast aboot im, tǽ signifǽi wall; ǽn' let im 'o:ld is fingers thȝs, ǽn' through that crannǽi shǽll Pyramǽs ǽn' Thisbǽi hwisper.

**QUINCE**

If that mǽy be:, then all is well. Cȝme, sit dǽun, ev'rǽi mȝther's sȝn, ǽn' re'ǽrse yǽr parts. Pyramǽs, you begin: hwen you 'ǽve spo:kēn yǽr spe:ch, enter into that brǽ:ke: ǽn so: evrǽi o:ne acco:rdin' to is cue.

*Enter PUCK behind*

**PUCK**

hwat 'empen 'o:me-spȝns 'ave wī swagg'rin' 'i:re, Sǽ nī:r the crǽ:dle of the fǽ:rǽi que:n? hwat, a ple:y to:rd! ǽi'll be: an auditor; An actor too, pǽraps, if ǽi se: cause.

**QUINCE**

Spe:k, Pyramǽs. Thisbǽi, stand fo:rth.

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

o:dours, o:dours.

**BOTTOM**

--o:dours se:vours swe:t:

So: 'ath theǽi breath, mǽi dī:rest Thisbǽi dī:r. But 'ǽrk, a vǽice! stȝy thǽo bǽt 'i:re ahwǽile, and bǽi and bǽi ǽi will tǽ the: appī: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, marray, must yə; fər yə must ʌnderstand 'I go:s bət tə se: a nəise θət 'I 'ɜrd, ən' is tə cʏme agen.

**FLUTE**

Mo:st red:dʒant Pyraməs, mo:st liləi-hwəite of 'ue,  
ə colour ləike the red ro:se on trəɪmphant brəɪr,  
Mo:st briskəi juvenal and e:ke mo:st lʏveləi Jew,  
As true as truɪst 'o:rse θət yɪt wʉld never təire,  
əɪ'll me:t the:, Pyraməs, at Ninnəi's tʉmb.

**QUINCE**

'Nəinus' tʉmb,' man: hwəi, yə mʏs' not spe:k θət yɪt; θət yə ʌnsʉr tə Pyraməs: yə spe:k ʌll yər pɑ:t ʌt ʉnce, cues ən' ʌll. Pyraməs enter: yər cue is pɑ:t; it is, 'never təire.'

**FLUTE**

o:--As true əz truɪst 'o:rse, θət yɪt wʉld never təire.

*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 **ə**i wəre fɛ:r, Thisb**ə**i, **ə**i wəre ɔ:n**l**əi thəine.

**QUINCE**

**o:** monstrous! **o:** str**ɛ:**nge! w**i** ərə 'aunted. Pr**ɛ:**y,  
m**as**ters! fl**ə**i, m**as**ters! 'elp!

*Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

**PUCK**

**ə**'ll foll**ə** y**ə**, **ə**'ll le:d y**ə** 'b**ə**ut a r**ə**und,  
Through bog, through bush, through br**ɛ:**ke, through br**ə**i:r  
S**ɪ**met**ə**ime a '**o:**rse **ə**'ll be:, s**ɪ**met**ə**ime a '**ə**und,  
A '**ɒ**g, a 'eadl**ɪ**ss b**ɛ:**r, s**ɪ**met**ə**ime a f**ə**ire;  
**ən**' n**ɛ:**, **ən**' bark, **ən**' gr**ʌ**nt, **ən**' r**ɔ:**r, **ən**' b**ɜ:**rn,  
L**ə**ike '**o:**rse, '**ə**und, '**ɒ**g, b**ɛ:**r, f**ə**ire, at ev'**r**əi t**ɜ:**rn.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

**hw**əi d**ə** th**ɛ**y r**ʌ**n aw**ɛ:**y? this is a kn**ɛ:**vr**ə**i ɒf ɐm t**ə**  
m**ɛ:**ke m**i** af**ɛ:**rd.

*Re-enter SNOUT*

**SNOUT**

**o:** Bottom, th**ə**u ɔrt ch**ɛ:**nged! **hw**at d**ə** ɐ se: on the:?

**BOTTOM**

**hw**at d**ə** y**ə** se: y**ə** se: an **ass**'ead of y**ə**r **o:**n, do  
y**ə**?

*Exit SNOUT*

*Re-enter QUINCE*

**QUINCE**

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

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

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

*Sings*

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

[Sings]

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

*Exit SNOUT*

*Re-enter QUINCE*

**QUINCE**

Bless thi, Bottom! bless thi! thəu art translɛ:ted.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

ə se: thɛr knɛ:vrəi: this is tə mɛ:ke an ass ə mi;  
tə frɛt mi, if thɛ:y could. But əi will not stɛr  
frɒm this plɛ:ce, do hwat thɛ:y can: ə will walk ʔp  
ən' dəʊn 'i:re, ən' ə will sing, thət thɛ:y shəll 'i:r  
əi am not afrɛ:d.

*Sings*

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 dəth mark,

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

ən' 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 pre:y θɪ, ɡentlɪ mɔ:rtəl, sɪŋ əɡeɪn:  
mɪn ɪ:ɪr ɪs mʌtʃ enə'mʊərd ɒf θɪ nɔ:te;  
so: ɪs mɪn əɪ enθrəlɪd tə θɪ ʃe:pɪ;  
ən' θəɪ fɛ:r vɜ:tʃə's fɔ:rsɪ pɜ:fɔ:rsɪ dɔθ mʌvə mɪ  
On ðə fɜ:st vju tə se:y, tə swɛ:r, əɪ lʌvə θɪ.

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

əʊt ə ðɪs wʊd dɒ nɒt desə're tə ɡo:;  
Thə ʃəʊlt reɪn 'ɪ:re, hwe'er θə wɪlt ər nɔ:.  
əɪ əm ə spɪrɪt ɒf nɔ: kɒmən re:te;  
Thə sʌmɪə stɪl dɔθ tend ʊpən mɪ ste:te;  
ən' əɪ dɒ lʌvə ðe:; ðe:refo:re, ɡo: wɪθ me:;  
ə'll ɡɪvə θɪ fɛ:rɪs tə ətend ɒn ðe:;  
ən' ðe:y ʃəll fetʃ θɪ dʒewls frɒm ðə de:p,  
ən' sɪŋ hweɪlə θəʊ ɒn presɪd flo:rs dəs' sle:p;  
ən' əɪ wɪl pɜ:ɡə 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 ɛ:rəɪ spɪrɪt goː.  
Peːseblossom! Cobweb! Mo:t! ən' Mʌstərdse:d!

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and  
MUSTARDSEED*

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Readəɪ.

**COBWEB**

ənd əɪ.

**MOTH**

ənd əɪ.

**MUSTARDSEED**

ənd əɪ.

**ALL**

hwɛːre shəll wɪ goː?

**TITANIA**

Bɪ kəɪnd ən' co:rtəs to this gentleman;  
'op in ɪs walks ən' gambol in ɪs əɪs;  
Fe:d ɪm wɪθ ɛ:prɪcocks ən' dʒɛwberrəɪs,  
Wɪ' pɜːplə greɪpɪs, gre:n fɪɡs, ən' mʌlberrəɪs;  
The 'ʌnəɪ-bags steɪl frɒm the 'ʌmblɪ-bəɪs,  
ən' fo:r naɪt-tɛ:pɜːs crop θəɹ wæxən θəɪs  
ən' laɪt əm at the fəɪrəɪ glo:-wɜːm's əɪs,  
Tə 'ave mɪ lʌve tə bed ən to arəɪsɪ;  
ən' plʌk the wɪŋs frɒm peɪntɪd bʌtɪfləɪs  
Tə fæn the mu:nbe:ms frɒm ɪs sle:pin' əɪs:  
Nɒd to ɪm, ɛlvɪs, ən' do 'ɪm co:rtəsɪs.

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Heɪl, mo:rtal!

<p><b>COBWEB</b> Hail!</p> <p><b>MOTH</b> Hail!</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Hail!</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.</p> <p><b>COBWEB</b> Cobweb.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> 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?</p> <p><b>PEASEBLOSSOM</b> Peaseblossom.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> 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?</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Mustardseed.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> 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.</p>	<p><b>COBWEB</b> Hɛ:l!</p> <p><b>MOTH</b> Hɛ:l!</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Hɛ:l!</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> ə crəɪ yər wɜːrʃɪp's mɜːrcəɪ, 'ɑːt'ləɪ: ə beseɪːch yər wɜːrʃɪp's neɪ.me.</p> <p><b>COBWEB</b> Cobweb.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> ə ʃəll desəɪre you of moːre acqɛːntance, good Master Cobweb: if ə cʌt mi fɪŋɡər, ə ʃəll meɪːke boːld with you. Yuːr neɪːme, honest gentleman?</p> <p><b>PEASEBLOSSOM</b> Peɪːseblossom.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> ə preɪy yə, commend mi tə Mɪstrɪss Squəʃ, yər mʌðər, ən' tə Master Peɪːscod, yər fɑːðər. Good Master Peɪːseblossom, ə ʃəll desəɪre you of moːre acqɛːntance too. Yuːr neɪːme, ə beseɪːch yə, sɜːr?</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Mʌstardseɪːd.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> Good Master Mʌstardseɪːd, ə knoːw yər peɪːsɪəns well: θæt seɪːme coːrdlɪ, ɡəɪənt-ləɪke ɒx-beɪf əθ devɔːred mənəɪ a gentleman ə your 'əʊse: ə prəmɪsə yə yər kɪndrəd 'əd meɪːde mi əɪs wɑːtər ɛːre nəʊ. ə desəɪre yər moːre acqɛːntance, good Master Mʌstardseɪːd.</p>
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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**

C~~ȳ~~me, w~~e~~:t upon ~~i~~m; l~~e~~:d ~~i~~m to m~~i~~ b~~o~~:r.  
 The moon m~~i~~thinks looks with a w~~a~~t'r~~ə~~i ~~ə~~i;  
 ən' hwen sh~~i~~ w~~e~~:ps, w~~e~~:ps ev'r~~ə~~i little fl~~o~~:r,  
 Lamentin' s~~ȳ~~me enfo:rc~~i~~d ch~~a~~stit~~ə~~i.  
 T~~ə~~i ȳp m~~i~~ l~~ȳ~~ve's t~~o~~ngue, bring ~~i~~m s~~ə~~ilentl~~ə~~i.

*Exeunt*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3\\_2.mp3](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 noll I fix'd on his head:

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3\\_2.mp3](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 waz θæt nex' ce:me in 'ər əɪ,  
 hwich she: mʌs' do:te on in extremitəɪ.

*Enter PUCK*

'i:re cʌmes mi messenger.  
 'əʊ nəʊ, mad spɪr't!  
 hwat naɪt-rule nəʊ əbəʊt θɪs 'aʊntəd grʌvə?

**PUCK**

Mɪ mistrɪss wɪθ a mɒnstər ɪz ɪn lʌv.  
 Nɪ:ɪ to 'ər klo:se ən' consecrɪ:təd bo:ɪ,  
 hwəɪl she: wəz ɪn ər dʌll ən sle:pɪn' 'o:ɪ,  
 A crew ə pætʃes, rude mekənɪkəls,  
 θæt wɜ:k fɜ:bred ʌpən Ate:nɪən stɔ:lz,  
 Wɜ:ɪ met tə:geðər to re'ɜ:rsə ə ple:y  
 ɪntendəd fo:r gre:t θe:seʊs' nʌpsɪəl-de:y.  
 θə shall'west θɪk-skɪn ɒf θæt bærən so:rt,  
 'o pyraməs presented, ɪn ðeɪ spɔ:rt  
 fɜ:soʊk ɪs se:ne ənd ɛntər'd ɪn ə bre:ke  
 hwɛn əɪ dɪd 'ɪm ət θɪs ədvəntə:ge tɛ:ke,  
 ən' əss's nɒ:lə ə fɪksɪd ɒn ɪs 'ead:

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

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

*Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS*

**OBERON**

Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Anon əs Thisbəɪ mɪs bɪ ˈɑːnsəd, ə  
 ɒn' fɔːrθ mɪ mɪmɪk ˈkɪmɪs. hwen θeɪ y 'ɪm spəɪ,  
 əs wɔɪld ɡeːsə θæt θe kriːpɪn' fəʊlə ɪ,  
 ɔː rʌsɪt-petɪd tʃɪgʃs, mənəɪ ɪn soːrt,  
 Reɪsɪn' ɒn' ˈkəwɪn' æt θe ɡʌn's reɪpɔːrt,  
 Sever θemselvəs ɒn' mædləɪ swɛːp θe skəɪ,  
 Soː, æt 'ɪz seɪt, əweɪ y 'ɪs felləs fləɪ;  
 ɒn', æt oːr stæmp, 'ɪːre oːr ɒnd oːr oːne fɔːls;  
 'ɪ mɜːdər kriːs ɒn' 'ɛlp frəm ætɛns kɔːls.  
 θə ˈsɛns θɪs weːk, lɒst wɪ' θə ˈfeɪəz θɪs strɒŋ,  
 Meɪde sɛnsəlɪs θɪŋs bɪɡɪn tə do əm wɒŋ;  
 Fɜː brəɪəz ɒn' θoːrns æt θeɪr æpərel snætʃ;  
 Səme sleːvəs, səme 'æts, frəm jeɪldəz ɔːl θɪŋs kætʃ.  
 ə led əm ɒn ɪn θɪs dɪstræktɪd feɪr,  
 ɒn' lef' sweɪt pɪrəməs trænslɛːtɪd θeɪre:  
hwen ɪn θæt moːmənt, soː ɪt ˈseɪm tə pɑːs,  
 tɪtəniə weɪkɪd ɒn streɪtweɪ y lʌvɪd ən əs.  
**OBERON**

This falls ɔʊt better than ə could devaɪsə.  
 Bət 'æst θə yɪt lætʃ'd θe ætɛːniən's əɪs  
 Wɪ' θe lʌve-ʤeɪs, əs əɪ dɪd bɪd θɪ do?

**PUCK**

ə took ɪm sleɪpɪn',--θæt ɪs fɪnɪʃ'd tə,--  
 ɒn' θe ætɛːniən wʊmən bəɪ ɪz saɪde:  
 θæt, hwen ɪ weɪkɪd, ɒf fɔːrsə ʃɪ mɪs' bɪ əɪd.

*Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS*

**OBERON**

Stænd kloːse: θɪs ɪs θe seɪm ætɛːniən.

**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 lyves yə so:?

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

**HERMIA**

Nəu əi but chæide; but əi should use thi wɜ:se,  
Fər thəu, ə fæ:r, əs't gi'en mɪ cause tə cɜ:se,  
If thəu əs't sle:n Lizander in 'is sle:p,  
Be:in' o:rshoes in blɔd, plɛ:nge in the de:p,  
ən' kill me: too.

The sɛn wəs not sə true unto the dæ:y  
əs he: tə me:: would he: 'əve sto:l'n awæ:y  
Frəm sle:pin' Hermia? ə'll be:le:ve əs sɛn  
~~This whole earth me: bi bo:r'd on' that the mɛn~~  
~~Me: through the centre cre:p ən' so disple:s~~  
~~ər brɛθer's nɔ:tɪde with th' Antipode:s.~~

It cannot be: but thəu əst mɜ:der'd him;  
So: should a mɜ:d'rer look, sə dead, sə grim.

**DEMETRIUS**

So: should the mɜ:der'd look, ən' so: should əi,  
Pi:rced through the hɑ:t with yʊ:r stɜ:rn crueltə:  
Yit you, the mɜ:d'rer, look əs brɔ:t, əs clɛ:r,  
əs yonder Ve:nus in 'ər glimm'rin' sphɛ:re.

**HERMIA**

hwat's this tə mæi Lizander? hwæ:re is he:?  
Ah, good Deme:trus, wilt thə give im me:?

**DEMETRIUS**

ə'd rather give 'is cɑ:rcass to mɪ həunds.

**HERMIA**

əut, dog! əut, cɜ:r! thəu drɔ:v'st mɪ past the bəunds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?  
 Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
 O, once tell true, tell true, ev'n for my sake!  
 Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,  
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!  
~~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:'n fo:r mɪ se:ke!  
 Dərst thəʊ 'əve look'd upon ɪm be:ɪn' awɛ:ke,  
 ən' hast thəʊ kill'd ɪm sle:pɪn'? o: brɛ:ve tʌtʃ!  
 Could not a wɜrm, an adder, do sə mʌtʃ?  
~~An adder did it; for with doubler tongue~~  
~~Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.~~  
**DEMETRIUS**

Yə spend yər passion on a misprəɪsɪd mʊd.  
 əɪ am not gʊlty of Lɪzander's blʌd;  
 No:r ɪs 'ɪ dead, fər aʊɡt θət əɪ cən tell.

**HERMIA**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

ən ɪf ə cʊld, hwat should ə get θɛ:refo:re?

**HERMIA**

A privilege never tə se: mɪ mo:re.  
 ən' frɒm θɪ he:tɪd presence pɑrt ə so:  
 Se: me: nə mo:re, hwe'er he: bɪ dead ər no:.

*Exit*

**DEMETRIUS**

Thəre ɪs no: foll'wɪn' hɜr ɪn θɪs fe:ɪce ve:n:  
 Here θɛ:refo:re fər ə hwəɪle ə wɪl reme:n.  
 So: sorrə's heavɪnɪss dəθ heavjər gro:w  
 Fər debt θət bʌŋkrəʊt sle:p dəθ sorrə o:.  
~~Which now in some slight measure it will pay,~~  
~~If for his tender here I make some stay.~~

*Lies down and sleeps*

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

*Exit*

**OBERON**

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

*Lies down and sleeps*

**OBERON**

hwat hast thə dʏne? θəʊ 'ast mistɛ:ken quəɪte  
ən' lɛ:d the lʏve-jəɪce on sɪme true-lʏve's səɪt:  
Of θəɪ misprɪzjən mɪs' pɜ:fɔ:rsɪe ensjue  
Səme true lʏve tɜ:n'd ən' not a fəlse tɜ:n'd true.

**PUCK**

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

**OBERON**

Abəʊt the wood go: swifter than the wəɪnd,  
ənd 'elɛnə əf at'ens look θə fəɪnd:  
all fəncəɪ-sɪk shɪ ɪs ən' pɛ:le əf cheɪr,  
With səɪs ə lʏve, θət costs the frɛʃ blʌd dɛ:r:  
Bɪ sɪme ɪlluzɪən se: θə brɪŋ 'ər 'ɛ:re:  
ə'll çarm ɪs əɪs ədʒɛns' shɪ do əpɛ:r.

**PUCK**

ə go:, ə go:; look 'əʊ ə go:,  
Swifter θən arrə frəm the Tɑ:tɑr's bɔ:w.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

Flo:r ɒf this pɜ:plɪ dəɪ,  
'ɪt wɪθ Cjəpɪd's ɑ:tʃərɪ,  
Sink ɪn ʌpplɪ 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 shəne əs glɔːriəsləɪ  
as the Veːnus ɒf the skɑɪ.  
hwen θəʊ weɪks', if sheɪ bɪ beɪ,  
Beg of 'ər fər remedəɪ.

*Re-enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Captain of ər feɪrəɪ bænd,  
'elena is 'ere at 'ænd;  
an' the youth, mistook bɪ meɪ,  
Pleɪdɪn' foːr a lʌvər's feɪ.  
Shəll wi θeɪr fɒnd peɪənt seɪ?  
Loːrd, hwat fɒls thesə moːrtals beɪ!

**OBERON**

Stand asəɪdeɪ: the nəɪse θeɪy meɪke  
Will cause Demeɪtr'us to aweɪke.

**PUCK**

Then will two at ɒnce woo oːne –  
That mʌs' neɪds bɪ spoːrt əloːne;  
An' θoːse θɪŋs do best pleɪse meɪ:  
Thæt befall prepost'rousləɪ.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA*

**LYSANDER**

hwəɪ should yə θɪŋk θæt əɪ should woo ɪn skoːrn?  
skoːrn ən' derɪzɪən never kʌme ɪn teɪrs:  
Look, hwen ə vəʊ, ə weɪp; ən vəʊs sə boːrn,  
ɪn θeɪr nətɪvɪtəɪ əl θrʌθ əpeɪrs.  
Həʊ kən thesə θɪŋs ɪn meɪ seɪm skoːrn tə yə,

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 æ fe:th, tə prʌve æm true?

**HELENA**

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

hwɛn truth kills truth, ɔ: dev'lish-ho:ly frɛ:y!

The:se vəʊs ərə Hɜrmia's: will yə give 'ər ɔ:r?

We: ɔ:th with ɔ:th, ən' you will nʌtɪn' wɛ:.

Yær vəʊs to hɜr ən' me:, put in two sɛ:les,

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

**LYSANDER**

æ had no: jʌdʒmənt hwɛn to hɜr æ swɔ:re.

**HELENA**

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

**LYSANDER**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

[Awaking] ɔ: Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divəɪne!

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

Crystal is mʌddəɪ. ɔ:, hæʊ rəɪpe in sho:w

Thɪ lips, θo:se kɪssɪn' cherrəɪs, temptɪn' gro:w!

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

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

hwɛn θəʊ ho:l'st ʃp θɪ hand: ɔ:, let mɪ kɪss

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

**HELENA**

ɔ: spəɪte! ɔ: hell! æ se: you all ərə bent

Tə set əɡɛnst mɪ fo:r yær merrɪmənt:

If you wəre civil ən' knjɛw ɔ:rtesəɪ,

Yə would not do mɪ θɪs mʌtʃ ɪnjʊrəɪ.

Cən you not hɛ:te mɪ, as æ kno:w yə do,

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

If you wəre men, əs men you ərə 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' lʌve Hɜrmia;  
 ən' nəʊ bo:th rəɪvals, tə mock Helena:  
 A trim expləɪt, a manləi enterprəɪse,  
 Tə conjure tʌrs ɪp in a pɔ:r mɛ:d's əɪs  
 With yu:r derizɪən! nɔ:ne of nɔ:ble so:rt  
 Would so: offend a vɜrgin, and exto:rt  
 A pɔ:r so:l's pɛ:sɪence, all tə mɛ:ke yə spɔ:rt.

**LYSANDER**

You ərə ɪnkənd, Deme:tr'us; be: not so:;  
 Fər you lʌve Hɜrmia; this yə kno:w ə kno:w:  
 ən' hɛ:re, with all good will, with all mɪ hart,  
 In Hɜrmia's lʌve ə ye:ld yə ɪp mɪ part;  
 ən yu:rs əf Helena tə mɛ: bequɛθ,  
 Whom əi do lʌve 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 lʌved ər, all that lʌve is go:ne.  
 Mɪ hart tə hɜr but as guest-wəɪse səjɜrn'd,  
 ən' nəʊ tə Helen is it ho:me retɜrn'd,  
 Thɛ:re tə remɛ:n.

**LYSANDER**

Helen, it is not so:.

**DEMETRIUS**

Disparage not the fɛ:θ θə dɪst not kno:w,  
 Lest, to θɪ peril, θəʊ abəɪ it dɛ:r.

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

Look, **hw**e:re **thi** **l**ve **c**ymes; yonder is **thi** **d**e:r.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

**D**ark **n**ei**t**, **th**at from the **e**i his **f**unction **t**e:kes,  
**T**he **e**r **m**o:re quick of **a**pprehension **m**e:kes;  
**h**w~~e~~:rein it doth **i**mp~~e~~:r the **s**e:in' sense,  
It **p**e:s the **h**e:rin' **d**uble recompense.  
**T**h~~o~~**u** art not **b**e:i **m**i**n** **e**i, **L**izander, **f**o**u**nd;  
**M**i**n** **r**:r, **e** thank it, brought **m**i to **th**i **s**o**u**nd  
But **h**w~~e~~i **x**nk~~e~~nd**l**e:i dids' **th**e **l**e:ve **m**i **s**o:?

**LYSANDER**

**h**w~~e~~i should **e** **s**t~~e~~:y, whom **l**ve doth press **t**o **g**o:?

**HERMIA**

**h**wat **l**ve could press **L**izander from **m**i **s**e:i**d**e?

**LYSANDER**

**L**izander's **l**ve, **th**at would not let 'i**m** **b**e:i**d**e,  
**F**e:r Helena, who **m**o:re engilds the **n**ei**t**  
**T**h~~e~~n all yon **f**e:i**r**e:i **o**:s and **e**i**s** **e** **l**e:i**t**.  
**h**w~~e~~i **s**e:k'st **th**o**u** **m**e: could not this **m**e:ke **th**i **k**no:w,  
The **h**e:te **e** **b**e:r **th**i **m**e:de **m**i **l**e:ve **th**i **s**o:?

**HERMIA**

**Y**e **s**p~~e~~:k not **a**s **y**e think: it cannot **b**e:.

**HELENA**

**L**o:, **s**he: is **o**:ne **e** this confed'rac~~e~~i!  
**N**o**u** **e**i **p**erce:ve **th**e**y** 'ave **c**onj~~e~~m'd all **th**re:  
**T**e **f**ash**i**on this false **s**p~~o~~:rt, in **s**p~~o~~ite **e** ' **m**e:.  
**I**nju:rious **H**er**m**ia! **m**o:st **x**ngre:teful **m**e:d!  
'**e**ve you **c**onsp~~a~~ired, 'e**ve** you with **th**e:se **c**ontr~~a~~ived  
**T**o **b**e:t **m**i with this **f**o**u**l **d**eriz**i**on?

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,

Is all the cōnsel that wī two 'āve shē:red,  
 The sisters' vāus, the ō:rs thāt we: āve spent,  
 hwen we: 'āve chid the hastēi-footed tēime  
 Fēr partin' xs,--ō:, is it all forgot?  
 all school-dē:ys' frien'ship, chāldhood innocence?  
 We:, Hermia, lāike two art'fisial gods,  
 'āve with ō:r ne:dles crē:ted bō:th ō:ne flō:r,  
 Bō:th on ō:ne sāmpler, sittin' on ō:ne cushiōn,  
 Bō:th warblin' of ō:ne song, bō:th in ō:ne kē:y,  
 ās if ār hands, ār sēides, vāices ān' mēinds,  
 'ād be:n inco:rp'rate. So: wī gro:w toge'er,  
 Lāike to a dȳble cherrēi, se:min' parted,  
 But yit an union in partision;  
~~Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;~~  
~~So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;~~  
~~Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,~~  
~~Due but to one and crowned with one crest.~~  
 ān' will yā rent ār ē:nsient lȳve āsȳnder,  
 Tā jāin with men in sco:rnin' yu:r pō:r friend?  
 It is not friendlāi, 'tis not mē:denlāi:  
 ō:r sex, ās well ās āi, mē:y chāide yā for't,  
 Tho: āi ālō:ne do fē:l the injurēi.

#### HERMIA

āi am amē:zid at yār passionate wō:rd̄s.  
 ā sco:rn yā not: it se:ms thāt you sco:rn mē:.

#### HELENA

'āve you not set Līzander, ās in sco:rn,  
 Tā follā mē: ān' prē:se mī āis ān' fē:ce?  
 ān' mē:de yār ō:ther lȳve, Deme:trius,  
 Who ē:n bāt nāu did spērn mī with 'is foot,  
 Tā call mī goddess, nymph, divāine ān' rē:re,

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.

Precious, celestial? **hwe:refo:re** spe:ks 'i this  
 Tə hɜr 'i he:tes? ən' **hwe:refo:re** dɜθ Lɪzəndər  
 Denəɪ yər lʌve, sə rɪtʃ wɪθɪn ɪs so:ɪ,  
 ən' tender me:, fərsu:θ, əfeksiən,  
 But bæɪ yu:ɹ settɪn' ɒn, bɪ yu:ɹ kɒnsent?  
**hwat** θo: ə be: nɒt so: ɪn grɛ:ce əs yu,  
 Sə hʌŋ ʊpən wi' lʌve, sə fɔ:rtənɛtɛ,  
 But miserable mo:st, tə lʌve ʌnlʌvəd?  
 This you should pitəɪ rəðər θən despəɪsɪ.

**HERMIA**

əɪ ʌndərstand nɒt **hwat** yə me:n bɪ this.

**HELENA**

əɪ, do, pərsever, cəʊntərfit sɑd lʊks,  
 Me:ke məʊθs ʊpən mi **hwen** ə tɜ:n mi bæk;  
 Wɪnk e:ʃ ət ɔ:ðər; ho:ld the swe:t jest ʌp:  
 This spɔ:rt, well **carrəɪd**, shəʊl bɪ kɹɒnɪkl'd.  
 If you 'əve **ənəɪ** pitəɪ, grɛ:ce, ər mænərs,  
 Yə wʊld nɒt me:ke mi sʌtʃ ən ɑrgəmənt.  
 But fɛ:re yə well: 'tɪs pɑ:tləɪ məɪ ɔ:n fəʊt;  
**hwɪtʃ** deθ ər əbsəns sʊn shəʊl rɛmedəɪ.

**LYSANDER**

Steɪy, ɡentlɪ hɛlənə; hɪ:ɹ məɪ ɛkskʊs:  
 Mi lʌve, mi laɪf, mi so:ɪ, fɛ:ɹ hɛlənə!

**HELENA**

o: ɛksələnt!

**HERMIA**

Swe:t, do nɒt skɔ:ɹn 'ər so:.

**DEMETRIUS**

If she: cənɒt ɛntre:t, ə kən kəmpeɪl.

**LYSANDER**

**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?

Thē cans' compel nē mo:re thēn she: entre:t:

Thī threats 'əve nō: mo:re strength thēn hēr we:k prē:rs.

Helen, ə lʌve the:; bæi mi ləife, ə do:

ə swē:r bi thæt hwich əi will lose fər the:,

To prʌve 'im false thæt sɛz ə lʌve thī not.

**DEMETRIUS**

ə sɛ:y ə lʌve thī mo:re thēn he: cən do.

**LYSANDER**

If thəʊ sɛ:y sɔ:, withdraw, ən' prʌve it too.

**DEMETRIUS**

Quick, cʌme!

**HERMIA**

Lɪzander, hwɛ:reto tends ʌl this?

**LYSANDER**

Awɛ:y, you-ɛθiope!

**DEMETRIUS**

No:, nɔ:; 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, thəʊ cat, thəʊ bɜrr! vɔ:le thing, let loose,

~~Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!~~

**HERMIA**

hwɛi are yə grɔ:n sə rude? hwæt che:nge is this?

Swe:t lʌve,--

**LYSANDER**

~~Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!~~

əʊt, lo:θɪd med'cine! he:ted pɔ:sjən, hence!

**HERMIA**

Də you not jest?

**HELENA**

**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!

Yes, soth; an' so: do you.

**LYSANDER**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

ə would ə had yər bond, fər əi perce:ve

A we:k bond ho:lds yə: əi'll not trʏst yər wo:rd.

**LYSANDER**

hwat, should ə hɜrt 'ər, strəke 'ər, kill 'ər dead?

altho: ə he:te 'ər, əi'll not harm 'ər so:.

**HERMIA**

hwat, can yə do mi grɛ:tər harm thən he:te?

He:te me:! hwɛ:refo:re? o: me:! hwat njews, mi lʏve!

əm not əi Hɜrmia? are not you Lizander?

əi am əs fe:r nəʊ əs ə was ɛ:rehwəile.

Since nəit yə lʏved mi; yit since nəit yə left

mi :

hwɛi, then yə left mi--o:, the gods forbid!--

In ɜ:nɪst, shəll ə se:y?

**LYSANDER**

əi, bæi mi ləife;

ən' never did desəire tə se: thi mo:re.

The:refo:re bi əʊt ə' ho:pe, əf questɪən, əf dəʊt;

Bi cɜrtain, nʏtin' truer; 'tis no: jest

Thət əi do he:te thi and lʏve Helena.

**HERMIA**

o: me:! you jʌggler! you cənkər-blossom!

You the:f ə' lʏve! hwat, have yə cʏme bi nəit

ən' stə:le:n məi lʏve's hɑrt frəm hɪm?

**HELENA**

Fəine, i'fɛ:th!

'əve you no: mədestəi, no: mɛ:den she:me,



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.

No: tʌch ə' bashfulnɪss? hwat, will yə tɛ:r  
Impɛ:sɪent answers from mɪ gentle tɒŋɡʊe?  
fəɪ, fəɪ! you cəʊnterfɪt, you pʌppet, you!

### HERMIA

Pʌppet? hwəɪ so:ʔ əɪ, that wɛ:y ɡo:s the ɡɛ:me.  
Nəʊ əɪ pɜ:ceɪ:ve θət she: 'əθ mɛ:de ɒmpɛ:re  
Betwɛ:n ɔ:r statjəres; she: 'əθ ɜ:ɡed 'ər hɔɪt;  
ən' with 'ər pɜ:s'nage, hɜr tall pɜ:sonage,  
ər hɔɪt, forsʊθ, shɪ 'aθ pɹevɛ:l'd with hɪm.  
ən' are yə ɡro:n sə hɔɪ in hɪs estɛ:m;  
Because əɪ am sə dwɑ:fɪʃ ən' sə lo:w?  
Həʊ lo:w am əɪ, θəʊ pɛɪnted mɛ:pə:le? spɛ:k;  
Həʊ lo:w am əɪ? əɪ am not ɪt sə lo:w  
But that mɪ nɛ:ls cən re:ɪch ʊnto θɪn əɪs.

### HELENA

ə pɹɛ:y yə, θo: yə mɒk mɪ, ɡentlemen,  
Let 'ər nɒt hɜrt mɪ : əɪ wəs never kɜrst;  
ə hævə nɔ: ɡɪft at ɒl in ʃhro:wɪʃnɪss;  
~~I am a right maid for my cowardice:~~  
Let 'ər nɒt strɔɪkɛ mɪ. You pɜr'hæps mɛy θɪnk,  
Because shɪ's sɪmɛθɪn' lo:wer θæn mɪself,  
Thət əɪ cən mætʃ 'ər.

### HERMIA

Lo:wer! hɑrk, əɡɛn.

### HELENA

Good Hɜrmɪə, do nɒt be: sə bɪtɜr wɪθ mɪ.  
əɪ ɛvɜrmɔ:re dɪd lʌvɛ yə, Hɜrmɪə,  
Dɪd ɛvɜr ke:p yər cəʊnsɛls, never wɹɒŋɡ'd yə;  
Se:vɛ θæt, in lʌvɛ ʊnto Demɛ:trɪʊs,  
ə to:ld 'ɪm ɒf yər stɛalth ʊnto θɪs wʊd.  
Hɪ fɒllə'd yə; fər lʌvɛ ə fɒllə'd hɪm;

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;

But he: 'æth chid mi hence æn' threaten'd me:  
 Tə stræike mi, spɜrn mi, nɛ:y, tə kill mi too:  
 æn' nəʊ, sə you will let mi quæiet go:,  
 To at'ens will ə be:r mi folləi back  
 æn' follə you nɔ: fɜrðer: let mi go:  
 Yə se: 'əʊ simple and 'əʊ fond əi am.

**HERMIA**

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

**HELENA**

A fʊlish hart, thæt əi le:ve hi:re behəind.

**HERMIA**

hwat, with Lɪzander?

**HELENA**

With Deme:trɪus.

**LYSANDER**

Bɪ not afrɛ:d; shɪ shəll not harm θɪ, Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

Nɔ:, sɜr, shɪ shəll not, θo: yə te:ke 'ər part.

**HELENA**

o:, hwɛn shɪ's angrəi, she: is ke:n æn' shro:wd!

Shɪ wɒs a vixen hwɛn shɪ wɛnt tə school;

æn' θo: shɪ be: but little, she: is fɛ:rs.

**HERMIA**

'Little' agɛn! Nɪtɪn' but 'lo:w' æn' 'little'!

hwəi will yə sɪffər hɜr tə fləʊt mi θɪs?

Let me: cɜme to 'ər.

**LYSANDER**

Get yə gone, yə dwarf;

Yə minimus, ɒf hind'rin' knot-grass me:de;

Yə be:d, you e:co:rn.

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.

**DEMETRIUS**

You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;

Take not 'er part; for if the dust intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

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Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

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Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

*Exit*

**HERMIA**

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

*Exit*

**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 th<sup>ai</sup> negligence: still th<sup>au</sup> mist<sup>ek</sup>'st,  
or else committ's' th<sup>i</sup> kn<sup>e:v</sup>'r<sup>ais</sup> wilfull<sup>ai</sup>.

**PUCK**

Bele:ve m<sup>i</sup>, king <sup>a</sup> shad<sup>as</sup>, <sup>ai</sup> mistook.  
Did not y<sup>a</sup> tell m<sup>i</sup> <sup>ai</sup> should kno:w the man  
B<sup>i</sup> the Ate:nian garment 'e: 'ad on?  
on' so: far bl<sup>e</sup>:meless pr<sup>y</sup>ves m<sup>i</sup> enterpr<sup>aise</sup>,  
Th<sup>at</sup> <sup>ai</sup> 'ave 'n<sup>ai</sup>nted on Ate:nian's <sup>ais</sup>;  
on' so: far am <sup>a</sup> glad it so: did so:rt  
as this ther janglin' <sup>ai</sup> este:m a spo:rt.

**OBERON**

Th<sup>au</sup> se:'st the:se l<sup>y</sup>vers se:k a ple:ce t<sup>o</sup> f<sup>ai</sup>t:  
H<sup>ai</sup> the:refo:re, Robin, o:vercast the n<sup>ai</sup>t;  
The starr<sup>ai</sup> welkin c<sup>y</sup>ver th<sup>au</sup> anon  
With droopin' fog as black as Acheron,  
on' le:d the:se test<sup>ai</sup> r<sup>ai</sup>vals so: astr<sup>e:y</sup>  
as o:ne c<sup>y</sup>me not within ano:ther's we:y.  
L<sup>ai</sup>ke to L<sup>i</sup>zander s<sup>y</sup>met<sup>ai</sup>me fr<sup>e</sup>:me th<sup>i</sup> t<sup>o</sup>ngue,  
Then st<sup>er</sup> Deme:tr'us <sup>y</sup>p with bitter wrong;  
on' s<sup>y</sup>met<sup>ai</sup>me re:l th<sup>i</sup> l<sup>ai</sup>ke Deme:trius;  
on' from e:ch o:ther look th<sup>au</sup> le:d am th<sup>y</sup>s,  
Till o:'r ther br<sup>aus</sup> death-c<sup>au</sup>nterfitin' sle:p  
Wi' leaden legs on' batt<sup>ai</sup> wings d<sup>ath</sup> cre:p:  
Then cr<sup>y</sup>sh this 'erb into L<sup>i</sup>zander's <sup>ai</sup>;  
'ose liquor 'ath this vert<sup>j</sup>as propert<sup>ai</sup>,  
T<sup>o</sup> t<sup>e</sup>:ke fr<sup>om</sup> thence all error with 'is m<sup>ai</sup>t,  
on' m<sup>e</sup>:ke is <sup>ai</sup>balls ro:ll with wo:nted s<sup>ai</sup>t.

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: damned 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 derizion  
 Shəll se:m a dre:m ən' fruitliss vizion,  
 ən' back to atens shəll the lɪvers wend,  
 With le:gue 'ose de:te till death shəll never end.  
 hwəiles əi in this affe:r do the: empləi,  
 əi'll to mi que:n ən beg əi Indjan bəi;  
 ən' then ə will əi charmɪd əi rele:se  
 Frəm monster's view, ən' all things shəll bi pe:ce.

**PUCK**

~~My fe:rəi lo:rd, this mɪst be done with h:ste,  
 For nəi'ts swift dragons ɛt the cləuds full fast,  
 ən' yonder shəines Auro:ra's 'arbinge:r;  
 ət whose appro:ch, ghə:sts, wand'rin' hɪ:re ən' the:re;  
 Troop 'o:me to chɜ:rchyards: damnid spɪ:rits all,  
 That in crosswɛ:s ən' flɪds 'ave burial,  
 Alreadəi to the:r wɜ:rməi beds are gone;  
 For fɪ:r lest de: should look the:r she:mes upon,  
 The: willfulləi themselves exəile frɪm ləit  
 ən' mɪst fəi əi consə:rt with black-brəʊ'd nəit.~~

**OBERON**

But we: are spɪ:rits of ənɪther sə:rt:  
 a with the mɔ:rin's lɪve have oft mɛ:de spə:rt,  
 ən', ləike ə fo:rester, the grɪves mɛ: tread,  
 e:'en till the e:stɜ:n ge:te, all fəiəi red,  
 ə:p'nin' on Neptjune with fe:r blessɪd be:ms,  
 Tɜ:rn into yello: go:ld his salt gre:n stre:ms.  
 But, notwithstandin', he:ste; mɛ:ke nɔ: dele::  
 Wɪ mɛ: 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**

ʔp ən' dəʊn, ʔp ən' dəʊn,  
 əɪ wɪl le:d əm ʔp ən' dəʊn:  
 əɪ əm fe:r'd in fe:ld ən' təʊn:  
 Goblin, le:d əm ʔp ən' dəʊn.  
 'I:re cʔmes o:ne.

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

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

**PUCK**

hɪ:re, villain; drawn ən readəɪ. hwɛ:re ɑrt 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**

Lɪzəndər! spe:k əge:n:  
 Thəʊ rʔnawɛ:y, θəʊ co:ward, ɑrt θəʊ fled?  
 Spe:k! In sʔme bush? hwɛ:re dʔs' θəʊ hɑ:de θi head?

**PUCK**

Thəʊ co:ward, ɑrt θəʊ bræggin' to the stɑ:rs,  
 Tellin' 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  
That draws a sword on the:.

**DEMETRIUS**

Yɛ:, art thou there?

**PUCK**

Follə mi voice: we'll trəi no: manhood hɪre.

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

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

*Lies down*

Cyme, thou gentle dɛ:y!  
For if but ɒnce thou sho:w mi thaɪ grɛ:y ləit,  
ə'll fəind 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 mi, if thæu dæ:r'st; fæi well æ wot  
Thæu rynn's' befo:re mi, shiftin' ev'ræi ple:ce,  
æn' dæ:r'st not stand, nœr look mi in the fæ:ce.  
hwæ:re art thæu næu?

**PUCK**

Cyme hither: æi am hære.

**DEMETRIUS**

Næ:y, then, thæu mock's' mi. Thæu shælt bæi this dæ:r,  
If ever æi thi fæ:ce bi dæ:lœit se:  
Næu, go: thi wæ:y. Fæ:ntni:ss constræ:neth me:  
Tæ measære æut mi length on this co:ld bed.  
Bi dæ:y's appro:ch look to be visited.

*Lies down and sleeps*

*Re-enter HELENA*

**HELENA**

o: wæ:ræi næit, o: long æn tidious næit,  
Abæ:te thi o:r! Shæine cymforts from the æst,  
Thæt æi mæ:y back to ætens bæi dæ:lœit,  
Frœm the:se thæt mæi po:r cympanæi detest:  
æn' sle:p, thæt symetæimes shæts xp sorræ's æi,  
Ste:l me: ahwæ:le from mæine o:n cympanæi.

*Lies down and sleeps*

**PUCK**



**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

Yit but three? Cyme o:ne mo:re;  
Two of bo:th kənds mē:ke ʔp fo:r.  
'I:re shi cymes, cʊrst ən' sad:  
Cjəpid is a knē:vish lad,  
Thʔs tə mē:ke po:r fe:mē:les mad.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

Never sə wē:rəl, never so: in wo:,  
Bedabbl'd with the djew ən to:rn with brə:rs,  
ə can nə fərther crawl, nə fərther go:;  
Mi legs cən ke:p nə pē:ce with məi desə:res.  
He:re will ə rest mi till the brē:k ə dē:y.  
Hea'ns she:ld Lizander, if the:y me:n a frē:y!

*Lies down and sleeps*

**PUCK**

On the grəʊnd  
Sle:p səʊnd:  
ə'll appləi  
To your əl,  
Gentle lʔver, remedəi.

*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes*

hwēn thəʊ wē:kst,  
Thəʊ tē:kst  
True deləit  
In the səit

<p>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;</p> <p>The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.</p> <p><i>Exit</i></p>	<p>Of the former le:der's a:;  An' the c:ntre: proverb kno:n,  That ev'r: man should t:ke 'is o:n,  In y: w:kin' sh:ll be sh: n:  Jack sh:ll 'ave Jill;  Nought sh:ll go: ill;</p> <p>The man sh:ll 'ave 'is m:re agen, :n' all sh:ll b: well</p> <p><i>Exit</i></p>
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David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4\\_1.mp3](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](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**

Cyme, sit thi dəʊn upon this flo:rəi bed,  
hwəle əi thi ɛ:miəbəl che:ks do cəi,   
ən stick mʏsk-ro:ses in thi sle:k smooth 'ead,  
ən kiss thi fɛ:r lɑ:ʒe i:rs, mi gentle jəi.

**BOTTOM**

hwɛ:rs Pe:seblossom?

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Readəi.

**BOTTOM**

Scratch mi 'ead Pe:seblossom. hwɛ:r's Monsju:r Cobweb?

**COBWEB**

Readəi.

**BOTTOM**

Monsju:r Cobweb, good monsju:r, get you yər  
weapons in yər 'and, ən kill mi a red-'ipped

**BOTTOM**

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

**MUSTARDSEED**

Ready.

**BOTTOM**

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

**MUSTARDSEED**

What's your Will?

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

'ymble-bee on the top of a thistle; an, good monsju:r, bring mi the 'ynai-bag. Do not fret yerself too mych in the acsion, monsju:r; and, good monsju:r, 'ave a ce:re the 'ynai-bag bre:k not; a would be lo:th to 'ave ya o:verflo:wn with a 'ynai-bag, signior. hwe:r's Monsju:r Mystardse:d?

**MUSTARDSEED**

Readai.

**BOTTOM**

Gi' mi yar ne:f, Monsju:r Mystardse:d. Pre:y ya, le:ve yar co:rt'sai, good monsju:r.

**MUSTARDSEED**

hwat's yar will?

**BOTTOM**

Nytin', good monsju:r, byt to 'elp Cavaljerai Cobweb ta scratch. a mys' ta the barber's, monsju:r; far mithinks ai am marv'llous 'e:r ai abut the fe:ce; and ai am sych a tender ass, if mi 'e:r do byt tickle mi, a mys' scratch.

**TITANIA**

hwat, wilt tha'u i:r sy me music, mi swe:t lyve?

**BOTTOM**

ai 'ave a re:s'nable good i:r in music. Let's 'ave the tongs an the bo:nes.

**TITANIA**

o:r se:y, swe:t lyve, hwat tha'u desai'st to e:t.

**BOTTOM**

Trulai, a peck of provender: a could mynch yar good drai o:ts. Mithinks ai 'ave a gre:t desaire to a bottle of 'e:y: good 'e:y, swe:t 'e:y, 'ath no: fellai.

**TITANIA**

ai 'ave a vent'rous fe:r ai tha't shall se:k The squirrel's 'o:rd, an fetch thi njew nyts.

**BOTTOM**

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

*Exeunt fairies*

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

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**OBERON**

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

æi 'ad rather 'ave a 'andful ær two æ dræid pe:s.  
Byt, æ præ:y yæ, let no:ne æ yær pe:ple ster mɪ : æi  
'ave an exposisiæn æ sle:p cyme upon mɪ.

**TITANIA**

Sle:p theu, and æi will wæind thi in mɪ arms.  
Fæ:ræis, bi:gone, æn be: all wæ:ys awæ:y.

*Exeunt fairies*

So: dæth the woodbæine the swe:t 'ynæisæckle  
Gentlæi entwist; the fe:mæ:le æivæi so:  
Enrings the barkæi fingers of the elm.  
o:, 'æu æ lve the:!' 'æu æ do:te on the:!

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**OBERON**

[Advancing] Welcyme, good Robin.

Se:'st theu this swe:t sæit?

'ær do:tage næu æ do bi:gin to pitæi:

Fo:r, me:tin' 'ær of læ:te br'ænd the wood,

Se:kin' swe:t fæ:vors from this 'æ:teful fæl,

æi did æpbræ:d 'ær æn fall æut with 'ær;

~~For she his hairy temples then had rounded~~

~~With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;~~

~~And that same dew, which sometime on the buds~~

~~Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls;~~

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

hwen æi 'ad at mɪ pleazære taunted 'ær

æn she: in mæild terms begg'd mɪ pæ:siens,

æ then did ask of 'ær 'ær chæ:ngelin' chæild;

hwich stræt shi gæ:ve mɪ, and 'ær fæ:ræi sent

To bæ:r 'im to mɪ bo:r in fæ:ræi land.

æn næu æi 'ave the bæi, æ will ændo

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.

This 'ē:teful imperfecsiən of 'ər əis:  
 ən, gentle Pyck, tē:ke this transfō:rmɪd scalp  
 From off the 'ead ə this Ate:nian swē:n;  
 Thət, 'e: awē:kin' hwen the o:ther do,  
 Mē:y all to atens back agən rɪpē:r  
 ən think nə mō:re ə this nəɪht's accɪdents  
 But ʌs the fɪ:ɾce vexē:sɪən of a dre:m.  
 But fɜ:st ə will relē:se the fē:rəɪ que:n.

*[squeezes the flower juice on her eyes]*

Be: as thəʊ wʌst wɔ:nt tə be:;  
 Se: as thəʊ wʌst wɔ:nt tə se:;  
 Dəɪən's bʏd o:r Cjəpɪd's flɔ:r  
 'aθ sʏch fɔ:ɾce ən blɛsɪd pɔ:r.

Nəʊ, məɪ Tɪtəniə; wē:ke yə, məɪ swe:t que:n.

#### TITANIA

Mɪ Ō:beron! hwat vɪzɪəns 'ave ə se:n!  
 Mɪ thought ə wʌs ɪnə'moured of an ʌss.

#### OBERON

Thər ləɪs yər lɪve.

#### TITANIA

'əʊ cē:me the:se things tə pass?  
 ō:, 'əʊ mɪn əɪs do lɔ:the 'is vɪsə:ge nəʊ!

#### OBERON

Səɪlence əhwəɪle. Robin, tē:ke off this 'ead.  
 Tɪtəniə, mʊsɪk ɔ:l; ən strəɪke mō:re deəd  
 Thən common sle:p of ʌl the:se fəɪve the sense.

#### TITANIA

Mʊsɪk, hɔ:!! mʊsɪk, sʏch ʌs ʧərməθ sle:p!

*Music, still*

#### PUCK

Nəʊ, hwen thəʊ wē:k'st, with thəɪne ō:n fʊl's əɪs pe:p.

#### OBERON

Səʊnd, mʊsɪk! Cyme, mɪ que:n, tē:ke 'ʌnds wi' me:;  
 ən rɔk the grəʊnd hwē:reon the:se sle:pərs be:.

**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.

Nəʊ θəʊ ənd əɪ əre nju in əmitaɪ,  
ən will tə-morrə midnəɪt solemnləɪ  
Dance in Djuke The:seus' 'əʊse trəɪmphantləɪ,  
ən bless it to all fɛ:r prosperitəɪ:  
Thɛ:r shəʊl the pɛ:rs ə fɛ:thful lɪvɜrs be:  
Wedded, wi' The:seus, all in jollitəɪ.

**PUCK**

Fɛ:rəɪ king, attend, ən mark:  
əɪ do 'ɪ:r the mo:rnin' lark.

**OBERON**

Then, mɪ que:n, in səɪlence sɑd,  
Trip wɪ a:ter the nəɪt's shɑd:  
We: the glə:be cən cɪmpass soon,  
Swifter than the wɑnd'rɪn' moon.

**TITANIA**

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

*Exeunt*

*Horns winded within*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**THESEUS**

Go:, ɔ:ne ə you, fəɪnd əʊt the forester;  
Fər nəʊ ər ɒbsɜ:vɛ:sɪən is perfɔ:rm'd;  
ən since wɪ hæv the vɑwɑrd of the dɛ:y,  
Mɪ lɪvɜ shəʊl hɪ:r the music of mɪ həʊnds.  
ɪncɪple in the western vɑlləɪ; let 'em go:.  
Dispɑtʃ, ə sɛ:y, ən fəɪnd the forester.

**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

*Exit an Attendant*

Wi will, fe:r que:n, yp to the məuntain's top,  
ən mark the musical confju:ʒən  
of hæʊnds ənd echo: in conjʏncsion.

**HIPPOLYTA**

əi was with 'ercjəle:s ən Cadmʏs ɒnce,  
hwen in a wood ə Cre:te the:y be:d the bæ:r  
With 'əʊnds ə Sparta: never did əi 'i:r  
Sʏch gallant chəidin': fɔ:r, bɪsəides the gryves,  
The skæ:z, the fəʊntains, ev'ræi re:gron nɪ:r  
Se:m'd all o:ne mut'əl cræi: ə never 'erd  
So: musical a disco:rd, sʏch swe:t thynder.

**THESEUS**

Mi hæʊnds əre bred əʊt of the Spartan kəɪnd,  
Sə flew'd, sə sanded, ən' thər heads əre hʏng  
With i:rs thət swe:p awɛ:y the mo:rnin' djew;  
Crook-kne:'d, ən djew-lapp'd læike Thæssɛ:lian bulls;  
Slo:w in pursuit, bʏt match'd in məʊθ læike 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 Thessalæi:  
Jʏdge hwen yə hɪ:r. Bʏt, soft! hwat nymphs əre the:se?

**EGEUS**

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

**THESEUS**

Nə dəʊbt the:y ro:se yp ɛrlæi to observe  
The ræite ə Me:y, ən hɪ:rɪn' o:r intent,  
Cɛ:me hɪ:r in grɛ:ce əf əʊr solemnɪtæi.  
But spe:k, Ege:us; is not this the dɛ:y  
That Hermia should give ənswə of 'er chæi:ce?

**EGEUS**

It is, mi lo:rd.

**THESEUS**



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?

Go:, bid the hynts-men we:ke æm with thær ho:rns.

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

Good morræ frien's. Sæ:nt Valentæine is past:  
Bi:gin the:se wood-berds byt to cẏple næu?

### LYSANDER

Pardon, mī lo:rd.

### THESEUS

æ pre:y you all, stand ẏp.  
æ kno:w you two are ræival enemais:  
Hæu cẏmes this gentle concord in the werld,  
Thæt hæ:trid is sæ far from jealousei,  
Tæ sle:p bi hæ:te, æn fæ:r no: enmitæi?

### LYSANDER

Mī lo:rd, æ shøll ri:plæi amæ:zidlæi,  
'alf sle:p, 'alf we:kin': byt æs ẏt, æ swæ:r,  
æ cannot trulæi sæ:y 'æu æi cæ:me 'i:r;  
Byt, as æ think,--for trulæi would æ spe:k,  
æn næu do æi bi:think mī, so: it is,--  
æ cæ:me with Hermia hither: o:r intent  
Was to bi go:ne from atens, hwæ:re wī mæ:t,  
Withæut the peril of th' Ate:nian law--

### EGEUS

Enẏgh, enẏgh, mī lo:rd; yæ have enẏgh:  
æ beg the law, the law, upon 'is head.  
Thæ:y would 'æve sto:l'n awæ:y; thæ:y would, Deme:trius,  
Thæ:rebæi to 'ave dife:ted you æn me:;  
You of ẏær wæ:fe æn me: of mæi consent,  
Of mæi consent thæt she: should be: ẏær wæ:fe.

### DEMETRIUS

Mī lo:rd, fæ:r Helen to:l' mī of thær stealth,  
Of this thær perpose hither to this wood;  
ænd æi in furæi 'ither follæ'd them,  
Fæ:r Helena in fæncæi foll'win' me:.  
But, mæi good lo:rd, æi wot not bæi hwat po:r,--  
But bæi sẏme po:r it is,--mæi love tæ Hermia,  
Melted as the sno:w, se:ms to mī næu

**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,

as the remembrance of an ædle gaud  
hwich in mī chæld'ood æi did do:te upon;  
and all the fē:th, the vertjə of mī 'art,  
The object an' the pleazəre of mīn æi,  
Is o:nlæi Helena. Tə her, mī lo:rd,  
Wəs æi bitro:th'd ere æi saw Hermia:  
But, læike in sickness, did ə lo:the this food;  
But, as in 'ealth, cyme to mī nat'ral tast,  
Nəu æi do wish it, lyve it, long fər it,  
ən will fər evermo:re bī true to it.

**THESEUS**

Fē:r lyvers, you əre fo:rtənæ:telæi met:  
əf this disco:rsə wī mo:re will hī:r anon.  
Ege:us, æi will o:verbæ:r yər will;  
Fər in the temple bæi ən bæi with ys  
The:se cyples shəll eternallæi bī knit:  
ən, fo:r the mo:rnin' nəu is sȳmethin' wo:rn,  
o:r perpos'd hȳntin' shəll bī set asæide.  
Awē:y with ys to atens; thre: an' thre:.,  
Wi'll ho:ld a fēst in grē:t solemnitiæl.  
Cyme, Hippolyta.

*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**DEMETRIUS**

The:se things se:m small and yndistinguishable,

**HERMIA**

Mīthinks ə se: the:se things wi' parted æi,  
hwen ev'ræi thing se:ms dȳble.

**HELENA**

So: mīthinks:  
and æi 'əve fəʊnd Deme:tr'us læike a jewel,  
Mīn o:n, ən not mīn o:n.

**DEMETRIUS**

are yə su:re  
(beat) That we are awē:ke? It se:ms to me:  
Thæt yit wī sle:p, wī dre:m. Də not you think  
The dȳuke wəs hīre, ən bid us follə him?

**HERMIA**

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.

Y<sub>E</sub>; and m<sub>I</sub> father.

### HELENA

And Hippolyta.

### LYSANDER

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

### DEMETRIUS

hwəɪ, then, wɪ are awɛ:ke: let's follə him  
 ən bəɪ the wɛ:y let ʏs recəʊnt ər dre:ms.

*Exeunt*

### BOTTOM

[Awaking] When m<sub>I</sub> cue cymes, call m<sub>I</sub>, ən əɪ will  
 answer: m<sub>I</sub> next is, 'Mo:s' fɛ:r Pyraməs.' Hɛ:-ho:!  
 Pe:ter Quince! Flute, the belləs-mender! Snəʊt,  
 the tinker! Starv'lin'! God's m<sub>I</sub> ləɪfe, stɔ:l'n  
 'ence, ən lef' m<sub>I</sub> asle:p! əɪ 'əve 'ad a mo:s' rɛ:re  
 viziən. əɪ 'əve 'ad a dre:m, past the wit ə mən tə  
 se:y hwat dre:m it was: mən is bət ən ass, if 'ɪ go:  
 abəʊt t' expəʊnd this dre:m. Mɪthought ə was--there  
 is no: mən cən tell hwat. Mɪthought ə was,-- ən  
 mɪthought ə 'ad,--but mən is but a patched ful, if  
 'ɪ will offer tə se:y hwat mɪthought ə 'ad. The əɪ  
 of mən 'əθ not 'erd, the ɪ:r of mən 'əθ not  
 se:n, mən's 'and is not ɛ:ble tə tast, 'is tɒŋg  
 tə conce:ve, nəɪ 'is 'art tə rɪpo:rt, hwat m<sub>I</sub> dre:m  
 was. ə will get Pe:ter Quince tə wrəɪte a ballad ə  
 this dre:m: it shall bɪ called Bottom's Dre:m,  
 bɪcause it 'əθ no: bottom; ən əɪ will sing it in the  
 latter end of a plɛ:y, bɪfo:re the djuke:  
 perədventəre, tə mɛ:ke it the mo:re gre:sɪəs, ə shall  
 sing it at 'ər death.

*Exit*

Come, Hippolyta.

*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**DEMETRIUS**

These things seem small and undistinguishable,

**HERMIA**

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

**HELENA**

So methinks:

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

**DEMETRIUS**

Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

**HERMIA**

Yea; and my father.

**HELENA**

And Hippolyta.

**LYSANDER**

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

*Exeunt*

**BOTTOM**

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! 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*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4\\_2.mp3](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:  
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**SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.**

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

**QUINCE**

'ave yə sent tə Bottom's 'əʊse? Is 'ɪ cy me 'o: me yɪt?

**STARVELING**

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

**FLUTE**

If 'ɪ cy me not, then the plɛ:y is marred: it go:s not fo:rward, dʌθ it?

**QUINCE**

It is not possible: you 'ave not a mən in all atens ɛ:ble tə discharge Pyraməs but 'e:.

**FLUTE**

No:, 'ɪ 'aθ simpləɪ the best wit of anəɪ 'andɪcraft mən in atens.

**QUINCE**

Yɛ: ən the best pɜ:son too; ən 'ɪ is a verəɪ paramo:r fər a swe:t vɔ:ɪs.

**FLUTE**

Yə məs' sɛ:y 'paragon': a paramo:r is, God bless əs, a thing ə nought.

*Enter SNUG*

**SNUG**

*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~~

Masters, the duke is cymin' from the temple, an there is two æ thre: lo: rds æn læ: dæ: s mo: re marræ: d; if o: r spo: rt 'ad go: ne fo: rward, wæ: 'ad all bæn mæ: de men.

**FLUTE**

o: swe: t byllæ: i Bottom! Thys 'ath 'æ: i lost sixpence a dæ: y djurin' 'is læ: i fæ; 'æ: i could not 'æ: ve 'scæ: ped sixpence a dæ: y: æn the djuke 'æd not gi' en 'im sixpence a dæ: y fæ: r plæ: yin' Pyramæs, æ: i'll be 'anged; 'æ: i would 'æ: ve dæ: s æ: rved it: sixpence a dæ: y in Pyramæs, æ: r no: tin'.

*Enter BOTTOM*

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

Bottom! o: mo: s' couræ: gious dæ: y! o: mo: st 'appy 'o: r!

**BOTTOM**

Masters, æ: i æm tæ disco: rse wæ: nders; but æsk mæ: not hwat; fæ: r if æ tell yæ, æ: i æm no: true Ate: nian. æ will tell yæ ev' ræ: t'in', ræ: ight æs it fell æ: ut.

**QUINCE**

Let us 'æ: r, swe: t Bottom.

**BOTTOM**

Not a wæ: rd æ me: . æll thæt æ: i will tell yæ is, thæt the djuke 'æth dæ: ined. Get yæ: r æppæ: rel toge' er, ~~good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your~~

~~pumps;~~ me: t presentlæ: i æt the pæ: lace; ev' ræ: mæn look o: r 'is pæ: rt; fæ: r the sho: rt æn the long is, o: r plæ: y is pæ: r æ: rred. In ænæ: i cæ: se, let Thisbæ: i 'æ: ve clæ: n linen; æn let not 'im thæt plæ: ys the læ: ion pæ: r 'is næ: ls, fæ: r the: y shæll 'æng æ: ut fæ: r the læ: ion's clæ: ws. ænd, mo: s' dæ: r æctæ: rs, æ: t no: yni: yns næ: r gæ: rlic, fæ: r wæ: æ: re to æt æ: t swe: t bræ: th; æn æ do not dæ: ubt bæ: t to 'æ: r æm sæ: y, it is æ swe: t comedæ: i. No: mo: re wæ: rds: æwæ: y! go: , æwæ: y!

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*

*Exeunt*



David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream5\\_1.mp3](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.

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The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks 'th strong imagination,  
That if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or in the next, imagin' some fear,  
Hæc est a bush suppo:sed a bear!

**HIPPOLYTA**

But all the stor:ies of the night to:ld o:r,

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.

and all thər mæɪnds transfigəred so: təgeər,  
Mo:re witnessɪth thən fəncəɪ's images  
ən gro:ws tə symethɪn' of grɛ:t constancəɪ;  
But, 'əʊso:ever, strɛ:nge ənd ədmɪrəbəl.

**THESEUS**

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

*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA*

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

**LYSANDER**

Mo:re thən to ɪs  
We:t ɪn yər rəɪəl wɔ:ks, yər bɔ:rd, yər bed!

**THESEUS**

Cy:me nəʊ; hwat masques, hwat dances shəʊl we hæv,  
To we:r awɛ:y this long ɛ:ge of θre: 'o:rs  
Bɪtwɛ:n ɔ:r əter-sɪppər ən bed-təɪm?  
hwɛ:re ɪs ɔ:r usuəl mænəgər ə mɜ:θ?  
hwat revels ər ɪn hænd? ɪs θɛ:re nə: pleɪ,  
To e:sə the ˈæŋɡwɪʃ of ə tɔ:rt'ɪn' 'o:r?  
Call Philostrɛ:te.

**PHILOSTRATE**

Hɪ:re, mæɪtəɪ θɛ:sɛ:us.

**THESEUS**

Sɛ:y, hwat əbrɪdʒmənt hæv yə fɔ:r θɪs e:v'nɪn'?  
hwat masque? hwat music? Həʊ shəl we: bɪgəɪl  
θɛ lɛ:zəɪ təɪm, ɪf nɒt wɪθ sɪmɛ dɪlɪɡht?

**PHILOSTRATE**

θɛ:re ɪs ə brɛ:f həʊ mænəɪ spɔ:rts ər rəɪpɛ:  
Meɪkə ʧəɪs ə hwɪʃ yər həɪnəs wɪl se: fɜ:st.

*Giving a paper*

**THESEUS**

[Reads] 'θɛ bætəl wɪθ θɛ Cɛntərs, tə bɪ sɪŋg  
Bəɪ ən Ate:nɪən eunuch tə θɛ hɑ:p.'

**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.

W<sup>i</sup>ll n<sup>o</sup>:ne æ thæt: thæt hæv æ t<sup>o</sup>:ld m<sup>i</sup> l<sup>y</sup>ve,  
 In gl<sup>o</sup>:ræi of m<sup>i</sup> kinsman H<sup>e</sup>rcjæle:s.

*Reads*

'The ræi<sup>o</sup>t of the tipsæi Bacchanals,  
 T<sup>e</sup>:rin' the Thræ:sian singer in thær ræ:ge.'  
 That is an o:ld divæice; ænd it wæs plæ:y'd  
 hwen æi from The:bes cæ:me last a conqueror.

*Reads*

'The thræice thre: Muses m<sup>o</sup>:rnin' f<sup>o</sup>:r the death  
 æ L<sup>e</sup>rnin', l<sup>e</sup>:te d<sup>i</sup>ce:sed in beggaræi.'  
 That is some satæire, ke:n æn critical,  
 Not s<sup>o</sup>:rtin' with a n<sup>y</sup>psial cerem<sup>o</sup>:næi.

*Reads*

'A bre:f sce:ne æ y<sup>y</sup>ng Pyramæs  
 ænd 'is l<sup>y</sup>ve Thisbæi; veræi tragical mæth.'  
 Merræi æn tragical! t<sup>i</sup>idious æn bre:f!  
 That is, hot æice æn w<sup>y</sup>ndrous stræ:nge sn<sup>o</sup>:w.  
 Hæu sholl w<sup>i</sup> fænd the conco:rd of this disco:rd?

**PHILOSTRATE**

A plæ:y thære is, m<sup>i</sup> lo:rd, sæme ten wærd<sup>s</sup> long,  
 hwich is æs bre:f æs æi 'æve kn<sup>o</sup>:n a plæ:y;  
 But bæi ten wærd<sup>s</sup>, m<sup>i</sup> lo:rd, it is too long,  
 hwich mæ:kes it t<sup>i</sup>idious; f<sup>o</sup>:r in all the plæ:y  
 Thære is not o:ne wærd apt, o:ne plæ:yer fitted:  
 æn tragical, m<sup>i</sup> no:ble lo:rd, it is;  
 F<sup>o</sup>r Pyram<sup>y</sup>s thæ:rein dæth kill 'imself.  
 hwich, when æ saw r<sup>i</sup>hersed, æ m<sup>y</sup>s' confess,  
 Mæ:de mæin æis water; but m<sup>o</sup>:re merræi tæ:rs  
 The p<sup>a</sup>sion of læud laughter never shed.

**THESEUS**

hwat are thæy thæt do plæ:y it?

**PHILOSTRATE**

*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,

hard-handed men that work in Athens here,  
hwich never lēbour'd in thēr mēinds till nēw,  
ən nēw 'əve tēil'd thēr ʏnbre:thed memorēis  
With this sē:me plē:y, agenst yēr nʏpsīəl.

**THESEUS**

ən we: will hēr it.

**PHILOSTRATE**

No, mī nō:ble lō:rd;  
It is not for you: əi 'əve hērd it o:ver,  
ənd it is nʏtin', nʏtin' in the wē:ld;  
Unless you cən fēind spō:rt in thēr intents,  
Extre:meləi stretch'd ən conn'd with cruel pē:n,  
Tə do yə service.

**THESEUS**

ə will hēr that plē:y;  
Fər never ənɪθɪŋ cən be: əmɪss,  
hwen simplenɪss ən dʒutəi tender it.  
Go:, bring əm in: ən tē:ke yēr plē:ces, lē:dōis.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE***HIPPOLYTA**

əi lʏve not to se: wretchɪdnɪss o:r charged  
ən dʒutəi in 'is sɜ:vɪs perɪshɪn'.

**THESEUS**

hwəi, gentle swe:t, yə shall se: nō: sɪχ θɪŋ.

**HIPPOLYTA**

'i sɛz θey cən do nʏtin' in this kəɪnd.

**THESEUS**

The kəɪnder we:, tə give əm θəŋks fər nʏtin'.  
o:r spō:rt shall be: tə tē:ke hwat θē:y mɪstē:ke:  
ən hwat pō:r dʒutəi cannot do, nō:ble respect  
Tē:kes it in mēɪght, not merit.  
hwere əi əve cʏme, grē:t klɜ:kz 'əve pɜ:pəzɪd  
Tə grē:t mɪ with pɹemɪdɪ:təd welcʏmes;  
hwere əi əve se:n əm shɪvər ən lʊk pē:le,  
Mē:ke pɪ:rjɔdz in the mɪdst ə sɛntənsɪs,  
Thɹɔttəl thər pɹæktɪs'd əkcent in thər fē:rs

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 in conclusi<sup>on</sup> d<sup>y</sup>mb<sup>l</sup>æi have bro<sup>k</sup>e off,  
Not p<sup>æ</sup>:yin' m<sup>e</sup>: a welc<sup>y</sup>me. Tr<sup>y</sup>s' m<sup>i</sup>, sw<sup>e</sup>:t,  
æut æ this sæilence yit æ pick'd a welc<sup>y</sup>me;  
and in the modestæi æ f<sup>æ</sup>:rful d<sup>j</sup>utæi  
æ r<sup>æ</sup>d æs m<sup>y</sup>ch æs from the rattlin' tongue  
æf saucæi and aud<sup>æ</sup>:sious eloquence.  
L<sup>y</sup>ve, th<sup>æ</sup>:refo<sup>o</sup>:re, æn' t<sup>y</sup>ngue-tæied simplicitæi  
In le:st spe:k m<sup>o</sup>:st, tæ mæi capitæi.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE*

**PHILOSTRATE**

Sæ ple:se yær gr<sup>æ</sup>:ce, the Pro:logue is address'd.

**THESEUS**

Let 'im appro:ch.

*Flourish of trumpets*

*Enter QUINCE for the Prologue*

**Prologue**

If we: offend, it is with o:r good will.  
Thæt you should think, we c<sup>y</sup>me not to offend,  
But with good will. Tæ sho:w o:r simple skill,  
Thæt is the true beginnin' of o:r end.  
Consider then we c<sup>y</sup>me bæt in despæite.  
We do not c<sup>y</sup>me æs mæindin' to contest yæ,  
o:r true intent is. all fæ r yu:r delæit  
We ære not 'i:re. Thæt you should 'i:re repent yæ,  
The actors ære æt 'and æn bæi thær sho:w  
Yæ sho:ll kno:w all thæt you ære læike tæ kno:w.

**THESEUS**

This fellæ d<sup>y</sup>th not stænd upon pæints.

**LYSANDER**

'i 'æth rid 'is pro:logue læike a r<sup>y</sup>gh co:lt; 'i kno:ws

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.*

not the stop. A good moral, *mi lo:rd:* it is not  
 enough *tə spe:k*, but *tə spe:k* true.

### HIPPOLYTA

*Inde:d 'i 'æth plɛ:yd on 'is pro:logue lɛ:ke a chɔ:ld  
 on a reco:rd; a səʊnd, but not in gɪvər'ment.*

### THESEUS

*His spe:ch wəs lɛ:ke a tæŋɡld chɛ:n; nɪ'tin'  
 impɛ:red, but ɔ:l diso:rded. Who is next?*

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion*

### Prologue

*Gentles, perchance yə wɪndər ət this sho:w;  
 But wɪndər ɒn, tɪl truθ mɛ:ke ɔ:l θɪŋs plɛ:n.  
 This mæn ɪs Paɪrəmys, ɪf ju wʊld knoʊ;  
 This beəʊtɪʃəs lɛ:dəɪ θɪsbəɪ ɪs kɑ:tɛ:n.  
 This mæn, wɪθ lɛɪm and rɪŋk-kæst, dɪθ prɛsɛnt  
 Wɔ:l, θæt vɛɪl Wɔ:l hwɪtʃ dɪd ðe:sɛ lɪvərs sɪndər;  
 And θru:θ Wɔ:l's tʃɪŋk, pɔ: r sɔ:lz, ðeɪ ɑ: kɒntɛnt  
 Tə hwɪsper. ət ðə hwɪtʃ lɛt nɔ: mæn wɪndər.  
 This mæn, wɪθ lənto:rn, dɒg, and bʊʃ ɒf θo:rn,  
 Prɛsɛntɪθ Mu:nʃaɪn; fɔ: r, ɪf ju wɪl knoʊ,  
 Bəɪ mu:nʃaɪn dɪd ðe:sɛ lɪvərs θɪŋk nɔ: skɔ:rn  
 Tə mɛ:t ət Nəɪnəs' tʊmb, ðe:re, ðe:re tə wɔ:.  
 This grɪsləɪ be:st, hwɪtʃ Ləɪɒn haɪt bəɪ nɛ:me,  
 The trɪstəɪ θɪsbəɪ, sɪmɪn' fɜ:st bəɪ nɛɪt,  
 Dɪd skɛ:re əwɛ:y, ɔ: r rəðər dɪd ɒfrɛɪt;  
 And, ɔ:s shɪ flɛd, 'ər mæntl she: dɪd fɔ:l,  
 hwɪtʃ Ləɪɒn vɛɪl wɪθ blɪdəɪ məʊθ dɪd stɛ:n.  
 Ənɒn sɪmɛs Paɪrəmys, swɛ:t ju:θ and tɔ:l,  
 And fəɪndz 'ɪs trɪstəɪ θɪsbəɪ's mæntl slɛ:n:  
 hwɛrɛət, wɪθ blɛ:de, wɪθ blɪdəɪ blɛ:mɛfʊl blɛ:de,  
 'ɪ brɛ:veləɪ bro:tʃ'd 'ɪs bəɪlɪn' blɪdəɪ brɛst;  
 And θɪsbəɪ, tærɪɪn' ɪn mɪlb'rəɪ shɛ:de,  
 'ɪs dæɡdru: wɔ:l, and dæɪd. fɜ: ɔ:l ðə rɛst,  
 Lɛt Ləɪɒn, Mu:nʃaɪn, Wɔ:l, and lɪvərs twɛ:n  
 ət lɑ:ʒ dɪsko:rsɛ, hwɛɪl 'ɪ:re ðeɪ dɒ remɛ:n.*

**THESEUS**

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

**LYSANDER**

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

**HIPPOLYTA**

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

**THESEUS**

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

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion*

**Prologue**

*Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;*

*But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.*

*This man is Pyramus, if you would know;*

*This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.*

*This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present*

*Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;*

*And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content*

*To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.*

*This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,*

*Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,*

*By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn*

*To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.*

*This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,*

*The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,*

*Did scare away, or rather did affright;*

*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*

**THESEUS**

**ai** w**y**nder if the l**ai**on be: t**a** spe:k.

**DEMETRIUS**

No: w**y**nder, m**i** lo:rd: o:ne l**ai**on m**e**:y, hwen man**ai** asses do.

**Wall**

*In this s**e**:me interljude it d**y**th befall*

*Th**at** **ai**, o:ne Sn**au**t b**ai** n**e**:me, present a w**all**;*

*And s**y**ch a w**all**, as **ai** would 'ave y**a** think,*

*Th**at** 'ad in it a crann**ai**d 'o:le o:r chink,*

*Through h**w**ich the l**y**vers, Pyram**y**s and Thisb**ai**,*

*Did h**w**isper often ver**ai** se:cretl**ai**.*

*This lo:m, this r**y**gh-cast and this sto:ne d**y**th sho:w*

*Th**at** **ai** am th**at** s**e**:me w**all**; the truth is so::*

*And this the crann**ai** is, r**ai**ght and sinister,*

*Through h**w**ich the f**e**:rful l**y**vers are t**a** h**w**isper.*

**THESEUS**

Would y**a** d**i**s**ai**re l**ai**me **an**' h**e**:r t**a** spe:k better?

**DEMETRIUS**

It is the witti**i**st parti**ai**on th**at** ever **a** herd

disc**o**:rse, m**i** lo:rd.

*Enter Pyramus*

**THESEUS**

Pyram**a**s draws n**i**:r the w**all**: s**ai**lence!

**Pyramus**

**o**: grim-look'd n**ai**t! **o**: n**ai**t with hue so: b**l**ack!

**o**: n**ai**t, h**w**ich ever art hwen d**e**:y is not!

**o**: n**ai**t, **o**: n**ai**t! alack, alack, alack,

**ai** f**e**:r m**ai** Thisb**ai**'s promise is fo:rgot!

And th**au**, **o**: w**all**, **o**: swe:t, **o**: l**y**vel**ai** w**all**,

Th**at** stand's' betw**e**:n 'er father's gr**au**nd and m**ai**ne!

Th**au** w**all**, **o**: w**all**, **o**: swe:t and l**y**vel**ai** w**all**,



*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?

*Sho:w mI thəI chink, to blink through with məIne əIne!*

*Wall holds up his fingers*

*Thanks, co:rtəs wall: Jo:ve she:ld the: well fər this!  
But hwat se: əI? No: ThisbəI do əI se:.  
o: wicked wall, through whom əI se: no: bliss!  
Cers'd be: thəI sto:nes fər thys dece:vin' me:!*

#### THESEUS

The wall, mIthinks, be:in' sensible, should cerse agen.

#### Pyramus

No:, in truth, ser, 'I should not. 'Dece:vin' me:'  
is ThisbəI's cue: she is to enter nəʊ, an' əI əm tə  
spəI 'ər through the wall. Yə shəll se:, it'll  
fəll pət əs ə to:ld yə. Yonder shI cy:mes.

*Enter Thisbe*

#### Thisbe

*o: wall, full often 'ast thəʊ 'erd məI mo:ns,  
Fo:r partin' məI fɛ:r Pyramys and me:!  
MəI chɛrrəI lips 'ave often kiss'd thəI sto:nes,  
ThəI sto:nes with ləIme and 'ɛ:r knit ʏp in the:.*

#### Pyramus

*əI se: a vəIce: nəʊ will əI to the chink,  
To spəI ən əI cən 'I:r məI ThisbəI's fɛ:ce. ThisbəI!*

#### Thisbe

*MəI lɪve thəʊ ət, məI lɪve əI think.*

#### Pyramus

*Think hwat thəʊ wilt, əI əm thəI lɪver's grɛ:ce;  
And, ləIke LəImander, əm əI trɪstəI still.*

#### Thisbe

*And əI ləIke 'elen, till the Fɛ:tes me: kill.*

#### Pyramus

*Not Shafəlys to Pro:crɪs was so: true.*

#### Thisbe



**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.

*as Shafalys to Pro:cr̥ys, æ̃ to you.*

**Pyramus**

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

**Thisbe**

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

**Pyramus**

*Wilt th̃æ̃ at Ninnæ̃'s t̃omb me:t me: srt̃ε:tw̃ε:y?*

**Thisbe**

*'T̃aide l̃aife, 't̃aide death, æ̃ c̃yme with̃æ̃t del̃ε:y.*

*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*

**Wall**

*Th̃ys 'æ̃ve æ̃, Wall, m̃i p̃art disch̃arg̃id so:;  
And be:in' d̃yne, th̃ys Wall aw̃ε:y d̃ỹth go:.*

*Exit*

**THESEUS**

*Ñæ̃ is the m̃j̃ure r̃ε:sed b̃itw̃e:n the two ñε:bers.*

**DEMETRIUS**

*No: remed̃æ̃, m̃i lo:rd, h̃wen walls æ̃re so: wilful to 't̃:r  
with̃æ̃t warnin'.*

**HIPPOLYTA**

*This is the sill̃æ̃st st̃yff th̃æt ever æ̃ 'erd.*

**THESEUS**

*The best in this k̃æ̃ind æ̃re but sh̃ad̃es; æ̃n' the w̃erst  
æ̃re no: w̃erse, if im̃agiñε:sĩæn amend æ̃m.*

**HIPPOLYTA**

*It m̃ys' b̃i yu:r im̃agiñε:sĩæn then, æ̃n' not th̃ε:rs.*

**THESEUS**

*If w̃ε: im̃agine no: w̃erse æ̃' them th̃æn th̃ε:y æ̃  
themselves, th̃εy m̃εy p̃ass f̃ær excellent men. H̃i:re  
c̃yme two no:ble be:sts in, a m̃æn æ̃n' a l̃æ̃ion.*

*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 Lion and Moonshine*

**Lion**

*You, lɛ:dais, you, whose gentle 'arts do fɛ:r  
The smallest monstrous mʌʊsə thət cre:ps on flo:r,  
Mɛ:y nʌʊ perchance bɔ:th quɛ:ke and tremble 'ɛ:re,  
hwen lʌion rɪgh in wʌɪldɪst rɛ:ge dɪθ rɔ:r.  
Then kno:w thət ʌɪ, o:nə Snɪg the jʌɪnər, ʌm  
A lʌɪon-fell, nɔ:r ɛlsə nɔ: lʌɪon's dʌm;  
Fo:r, if ʌɪ should ʌs lʌɪon cɪmɛ ɪn strʌɪfə  
Into this plɛ:ce, 'twɛərə pɪtʌɪ ɒn mɪ lʌɪfə.*

**THESEUS**

*A very gentle bɛ:st, əf a good consɪə:nce.*

**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 lantɔ:rn dɪθ the 'o:rnɪd moon present;--*

**DEMETRIUS**

*He should have worn the horns on his head.*

**THESEUS**

*He is no crescent, and his horns are*

*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,*

*invisible within the circumference.*

**Moonshine**

*This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;  
Myself the man i' the moon do se:m t̃a be:.*

**THESEUS**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

*He dares not come there for the candle; for, you  
see, it is already in snuff.*

**HIPPOLYTA**

*̃ãi ̃əm aw:̃r̃ãi ̃ə' this moon: would '̃i would ch̃e:nge!*

**THESEUS**

*It app̃r̃s, b̃ãi 'is sm̃all l̃ãight ̃ə̃ discrẽs̃ĩən, th̃ə̃t  
'̃i is in the w̃e:ñe; but ỹit, in c̃o:rt's̃ãi, in all  
r̃e:son, we m̃ys' st̃e:y the t̃ãime.*

**LYSANDER**

*Proce:d, Moon.*

**Moonshine**

*all th̃ə̃t ̃ãi 'ave t̃ə̃ s̃e:y, is, t̃ə̃ tell you th̃ə̃t the  
l̃ant̃o:rn is the moon; ̃ãi, the m̃an in the moon; this  
th̃o:rn-bush, m̃ãi th̃o:rn-bush; ̃ən' this dog, m̃ãi dog.*

**DEMETRIUS**

*hw̃ãi, all the:se should be: in the l̃ant̃o:rn; f̃ər̃ all  
the:se ̃ə̃re in the moon. But, s̃ãilence! h̃i:re c̃ỹmes Thisb̃ãi.*

*Enter Thisbe*

**Thisbe**

*This is o:ld Ninñãi's t̃ūmb. hw̃e:re is m̃ãi l̃ỹve?*

**Lion**

*[Roaring] Oh--*

*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.*

*Thisbe runs off*

**DEMETRIUS**

Well ro:red, Læion.

**THESEUS**

Well rʏn, Thisbæi.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Well shō:ne, Moon. Trulæi, the moon shæines with a  
good græ:ce.

*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit*

**THESEUS**

Well mæʊsɪd, Læion.

**LYSANDER**

æn' sɔ: the læion vənɪʃɪd.

**DEMETRIUS**

æn' then cæ:me Pyraməs.

*Enter Pyramus*

**Pyramus**

Swē:t Moon, æi thank the: fɔ:r thæi sʏnnæi be:ms;

æi thank the:, Moon, fɔ:r shæɪnɪn' næʊ sɔ: bræɪt;

Fɔ:r, bæi thæi græ:sɪəs, go:ldɛn, glɪt'ɪn' gle:ms,

æi trʏst tə tɛ:ke of truɪst Thisbæi sæɪt.

But stɛ:y, ɔ: spæɪte!

But mɑ:k, pɔ:r knæɪt,

hwat dreadful dɔ:leɪs ɪs 'ɪ:re!

æɪs, do you se:?

'æʊ cən ɪt be:?

ɔ: dɛ:ntæɪ dʏck! ɔ: dɪ:r!

Thæɪ mæntle good,

hwat, stɛ:n'd wɪθ blʊd!

Apprɔ:ch, ɪ Fʊræɪs fell!

**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 awear 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--*

*O: F~~ē~~tes, c~~y~~me, c~~y~~me,  
 C~~y~~t thread and thr~~y~~m;  
 Qu~~ē~~l, cr~~y~~sh, conclude, and quell!*

**THESEUS**

This pa~~j~~ion, ~~an'~~ the death ~~af~~ a d~~ē~~r friend, would  
 go: n~~ē~~r t~~a~~ m~~ē~~ke a man look sad.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Bishro:w m~~i~~ 'art, but ~~a~~ pit~~a~~i the man.

**Pyramus**

*O: h~~wē~~:refo:re, N~~ē~~:t~~a~~re, did's' th~~a~~u l~~a~~ions fr~~ē~~:me?  
 Since l~~a~~ion v~~a~~ile 'a~~th~~ 'i:re deflo:r'd m~~i~~ d~~i~~r:  
 h~~w~~ich is--no:, no:-- h~~w~~ich was the f~~ē~~:rist d~~ē~~:me  
 Th~~a~~t lived, th~~a~~t l~~y~~ved, th~~a~~t l~~a~~iked, th~~a~~t look'd  
 with ch~~i~~r.*

*C~~y~~me, t~~i~~:rs, conf~~a~~und;  
 a~~u~~t, sw~~o~~:rd, and w~~a~~und  
 The p~~a~~p of Pyram~~y~~s;  
 a~~i~~, that left pap,  
 h~~w~~ere 'art d~~y~~th 'op:*

*Stabs himself*

*Th~~y~~s d~~a~~i a~~i~~, th~~y~~s, th~~y~~s, th~~y~~s.  
 N~~a~~u a~~m~~ a~~i~~ dead,  
 N~~a~~u a~~m~~ a~~i~~ fled;  
 M~~a~~i so:l is in the sk~~a~~i:  
 T~~e~~ngue, lose th~~a~~i l~~a~~it;  
 Moon t~~ē~~: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.

*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?*

**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**

Hæu chance Moonshæine is gone befo:re Thisbæi cymes back æn' fæins 'ær lyver?

**THESEUS**

Shi will fæmd 'im bæi starlæght. h:re shi cymes; and 'ær pæfion ends the ple:y.

*Re-enter Thisbe*

**HIPPOLYTA**

Mi thinks shi should not use a long o:ne fæ: sych a Pyramæ: æi 'o:pe shi will bi 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**

Shi 'æth spærd 'im alreadæi with those swe:t æis.

**DEMETRIUS**

~~And thus she means, videlicet:—~~

**Thisbe**

Asle:p, mæi lyve?

hwat, dead, mæi dyve?

o: Pyramys, aræise!

Spe:k, spe:k. Quæite dymb?

Dead, dead? A tymb

My:st cyver thæi swe:t æis.

The:se mæi lips,

This cherræi no:se,

*How can it be?*

*O dainty duck! O dear!*

*Thy mantle good,*

*What, stain'd with blood!*

*Approach, ye Furies fell!*

*O Fates, come, come,*

*Cut thread and thrum;*

*Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!*

**THESEUS**

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

**HIPPOLYTA**

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

**Pyramus**

*O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?*

*Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:*

*Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame*

*That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd*

*with cheer.*

*Come, tears, confound;*

*Out, sword, and wound*

*The pap of Pyramus;*

*Ay, that left pap,*

*Where heart doth hop:*

*Stabs himself*

*Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.*

*Now am I dead,*

*Now am I fled;*

*My soul is in the sky:*

*The:se yellə cəʊslɪp che:ks,*

*are go:ne, are go:ne:*

*Lyvers, me:ke mo:n:*

*'is əɪs were gre:n əs le:ks.*

*o: Sisters Thre:,*

*Cyme, cyme to me:,*

*With 'ands əs pɛ:le əs milk;*

*Le:y them in go:re,*

*Since you 'ave sho:re*

*With shɪ:rs 'is thread of silk.*

*Tɛngue, not a wo:rd:*

*Cyme, trɪstəɪ swo:rd;*

*Cyme, ble:de, mɪ breast imbrue:*

*Stabs herself*

*And, fɛrewell, friends;*

*Thɪs Thɪsbəɪ ends:*

*Adɪu:, adɪu:, adɪu:.*

*Dies*

**THESEUS**

Moonshəɪne ən' Ləɪon əre left tə burəɪ the dead.

**DEMETRIUS**

əɪ, ən' Wall too.

**BOTTOM**

[Starting up] No: assure yə; the wall is dəʊn θət  
parted θər fəðers. Will it ple:se yə tə se: the  
epilogue, o:r to 'ɪ:r a Bɜrgəmask dɑ:ns betwɛ:n two  
əf ər cɪmp'nəɪ?

**THESEUS**

No: epilogue, ə prɛ:y yə; fər yər plɛ:y ne:ds no:  
ɪxcuse. Never ɪxcuse; fər hwen the ple:yers əre ɔ:l  
dead, θəre ne:ds no:nə tə be blɛ:med. Mərrəɪ, ɪf he  
θət wɪt ɪt əd plɛ:yed Pɪrəməs ən' hændəd 'ɪmsɛlf  
ɪn Thɪsbəɪ's gɑ:rtər, ɪt wʊld ə bɪn ə fəɪne  
trædʒədɪ: ən' so: ɪt ɪs, truləɪ; ən' verəɪ no:təbləɪ

*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~~

discharged. But cyme, yər Bergəmask: let yər  
epilogue alo:ne.

*A dance*

The ɛiron tɒŋɡue ə midnəɪt 'ath to:ld twelve:  
Lɪvɜrs, tə bed; 'tis almo:s' fɛ:rɪ təɪme.  
ə fɛ:r we shɒll əʊt-sle:p the cɪmɪn' mo:rn  
əs mʌtʃ əs we: this nəɪt əve o:verwatch'd.  
This palpable-gro:ss ple:y əθ well begəɪld  
The heavɪ gɛ:t ə nəɪt. Swe:t frien's, tə bed.  
A fo:rtənəɪt ho:ld we this solemnɪtɪ,  
In nəɪtlɪɪ revels and ɲjew jollɪtɪɪ.

*Exeunt*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Nəʊ the 'ɪŋɡrɪ ləɪən ro:rs,  
And the wɒlf be'əʊls the mʊn;  
hwɛɪl's' the 'eavɪ pləʊmən sno:res,  
all with wɪ:rɪ tɒsk fo:rdʊne.  
Nəʊ the wɒstəd brænds do glo:w,  
hwɛɪl's' the scre:ch-əʊl, scre:chin' ləʊd,  
Puts the wretch θət ləɪs in wɒ:  
In remembrance of a shrəʊd.  
Nəʊ it is the təɪme ə nəɪt  
That the gre:ves all gɛ:pin' wəɪde,  
Ev'rɪ o:ne lets fo:rth 'is sprɛɪte,  
In the cherch-wɛ:y pɒθs tə gləɪde:  
And we fɛ:rɪs, θət do rɪn  
Bɪ the triple 'ecate's te:m,  
From the presence of the sɪn,  
Foll'win' dɜ:kɪnɪss ləɪke a dre:m,  
Nəʊ are frolic: not a məʊse  
Shɒll dɪstɜ:b this 'allo:d 'əʊse:  
ɪ am sent wɪ' broom befo:re,



~~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*

Tə swe:p the dʏst be'ænd the dɔ:r.

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train*

**OBERON**

Through the 'əʊse give gath'rin' ləɪt,

Bəɪ the dead ən' drəʊsəɪ fəɪre:

Ev'rəɪ elf ən' fɛ:rəɪ sprəɪte

'op əs ləɪt əs bɜrd frəm brəɪr;

An' this dɪttəɪ, a:ter me;

Sing, ən' dance it trippin' ləɪ.

**TITANIA**

Fɜrst, re'ɜrse yər song bɪ rɔ:te

To e:ch wɜrd a wɜrblɪn' nɔ:te:

'and in 'and, with fɛ:rəɪ grɛ:ce,

Will we sing, ən' bless this plɛ:ce.

*Song and dance*

**OBERON**

Nəʊ, until the brɛ:k ə de:y,

Through this 'əʊse e:ch fɛ:rəɪ strɛ:y.

To the best brəɪde-bed will we:,

hwɪch bɪ ɪs shəll blessɪd be:;

And the ɪshue θɛ:re cre:ɛ:te

Ever shəll be fɔ:rtənɛ:te.

So: shəll əll the ɔ:ples θre:

Ever true in lɪvɪn' be:;

And the blots ə Ne:təre's 'and

Shəll not in θɛr ɪshue stənd;

Never mɔ:le, 'ɛ:re lɪp, nər sɜr,

Nə mark prɒdɪgɪəs, sɪch əs ər

Despəɪsɪd ɪn nətɪvɪte:;

Shəll ʊpən θɛr ɪlɪdrən be:.

With this fe:ld-dʒew consecrɛ:te,

Ev'rɪ fɛ:rəɪ tɛ:ke 'ɪs ge:t;

An' e:ch sev'ral ʧæmber bless,

Through this pəleɪs, with swe:t pe:ce;

*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 the owner of it blest  
Ever shall in self-tai 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, an' all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
An' 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 yerned lyck  
Nought 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,  
An' Robin shall restore amen's.

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.

*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

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.