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# A Midsummer Night's Dream

By William Shakespeare

Hippolyta.

I wooed you with my sword  
and won your love doing you injuries.  
But I will wed you in another key.

With pomp, with triumph  
and with reveling.

Theseus be blessed  
For making up this peace  
When earthly things made  
Even atone together  
Then there is mirth  
In heavens

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When earthly things made  
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Then there is mirth in heaven  
In heaven

Trumpets and fifes

Trumpets and fifes

Make dance the sun

Make dance the sun

Trumpets and fifes

Trumpets and fifes

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Trumpets and fifes

Make dance the sun

Make dance the sun

Theseus be blessed, be blessed

Theseus be blessed

Welcome, welcome, Theseus

Welcome, Theseus

Hail  
Theseus, hail  
Go, Philostrate.  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.  
Awake the pert  
and nimble spirit of mirth.  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals.  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.  
Stand forth, Lysander.  
With cunning did you steal  
my daughter's heart.  
Turned her obedience,  
which is due to me,  
to stubborn harshness.  
I am, my lord,  
beloved of beauteous Hermia.  
But she is mine. I may dispose of her.  
Which shall be either to Demetrius,  
or to her death.  
According to our law,  
immediately provided in that case.  
So will I die, my father.  
Before I yield my maiden virtue  
up unto his lordship,  
whose unwished yoke  
my soul consents not to give sovereignty.  
Relent, sweet Hermia.  
Lysander, yield your crazed title  
to my certain right.  
You have her father's love, Demetrius.  
Let me have Hermia's.  
- You marry him.  
- Scornful Lysander.  
True, he has my love.  
And what is mine,  
my love shall give to him.  
And she is mine, and all my right of her,  
I hereby grant unto Demetrius.  
My fortune is, my lord, as fairly ranked,  
if not with vantage, as Demetrius'.  
Here is the scroll of every man's name  
which is thought fit through all Athens.  
To play...  
In our interlude...

Shhh.

...before the duke and the duchess  
on his wedding day at night.

Now, fair Hippolyta,  
our nuptial hour draws on apace.  
Four happy days bring in another moon:  
But, oh, methinks how slow  
this old moon wanes.

She lingers my desires.

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.

Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke.

Thanks, good Egeus.

What's the news with you?

Full of vexation am I  
and complain against my child,  
my daughter, Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius.

My noble lord,  
this man has my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander.

And, my gracious duke, this man  
has bewitch'd the bosom of my child.

You, you, Lysander, you have  
by moonlight at her window, sung  
with feigning voice,  
verses of feigning love.

Be it so.

She will not here before your grace,  
consent to marry with Demetrius.

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,  
as she is mine, I may dispose of her.  
For disobedience to her father's will,  
either to die the death  
or to give up forever  
the society of men.

What say you, Hermia?

Be advised, fair maid.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.  
So is Lysander.  
In himself, he is.  
But in this case, lacking your father's voice,  
the other must be held the worthier.  
I am, my lord, as nobly born as he,  
as well possess'd.  
My love is more than his. Demetrius...  
I'll declare it to his face.  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
and won her soul.  
And she, sweet lady, dotes,  
devoutly dotes,  
dotes in idolatry  
upon this fickle and inconstant man.  
But I beseech your grace  
that I may know that  
the worst that may befall me in this case  
if I refuse to wed Demetrius.  
Either to fit your fancies  
to your father's will,  
or else the law of Athens yields you up,  
and mark, by no means may we alter it.  
To death, or to avow a single life.  
So will I...  
Hermia.  
The course of true love  
never did run smooth.  
Oh, spite.  
To choose love by another's eyes.  
Hear me, Hermia.  
And if you love me,  
then steal forth your father's house  
tomorrow night.  
To the wood, a league without the town,  
will I go with you.  
I have a widow aunt,  
a dowager from Athens  
is her house removed seven leagues.  
There, gentle Hermia,  
may I marry you.  
And to that place,  
the sharp Athenian law cannot pursue us.  
Keep word, Lysander.

We must starve our sight  
from lovers' food  
till morrow deep midnight.  
Oh, my good Lysander.  
Larry, our play  
is "the most lamentable comedy  
"and most cruel death  
of Pyramus and Thisbe. "  
First, good Peter Quince,  
say what the play treats on.  
Then read the names of the actors  
and so grow on to a point.  
- Answer as I call you.  
- Masters, spread yourselves.  
Answer as I call you.  
- "Nick Bottom, the Weaver. "  
- Ready.  
Name what part I am for and proceed.  
Nick Bottom, you are set down  
for... Pyramus.  
I play Pyramus. I play Pyramus.  
I play Pyramus.  
What is Pyramus?  
A lover or a tyrant?  
A lover...  
that kills himself  
most gallantly for love.  
A lover.  
A lover.  
If I do it,  
let the audience look to their eyes.  
I will move storms:  
Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant.  
I could play Ercles rarely, or a part  
to tear a cat in, to make all split.  
"Francis Flute. "  
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.  
Francis Flute.  
This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein.  
A lover is more, uh, mm...  
condoling.

Francis Flute, the Bellows-mender!  
Nay.  
Here, Peter Quince.  
Flute...  
Flute, you must take... Thisbe on you.  
Thisbe?  
What is Thisbe? A wandering knight?  
A wandering knight.  
It is the lady that Pyramus must love.  
A lady.  
Nay, faith, let not me play a woman.  
- Flute.  
- Nay, I have a beard coming.  
That's all one. You shall play it in a mask,  
and you may speak as small as you will.  
Pyramus, Pyra...  
As small as you will.  
If I may hide my face,  
let me play Thisbe too.  
- No.  
- I will speak in a monstrous little voice.  
- No.  
- Listen, listen.  
Oh, Pyramus, my lover dear.  
- No.  
Thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear.  
No, no!  
No.  
You must play Pyramus.  
And, Flute, you Thisbe.  
Well...  
proceed.  
- "Robin Starveling, the Tailor. "  
- Here, Peter Quince, here, Peter Quince.  
You must play...  
Thisbe's mother.  
"Tom Snout, the Tinker. "  
Here, Peter Quince.  
You, Pyramus' father.  
Myself, Thisbe's father.  
Snug, the joiner.  
You, the lion's part.  
And I hope here is a play fitted.  
Have you the lion's part written?

Pray you, if it be, give it me,  
for I am slow of study.  
You may do it extempore,  
for it is nothing but roaring.  
Let me play the lion too.  
I will roar you, 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. "  
If 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.  
But I will aggravate my voice so  
that I will roar you as gently  
as any sucking dove.  
I will roar you an't were any nightingale.  
You can play no part but Pyramus.  
Oh, 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.  
Well...  
I will undertake it.  
But, masters, here are your parts.  
Thisbe's mother,  
Thisbe's mother, Thisbe's mother.  
Pyramus. Pyramus.  
- Thisbe's mother, Thisbe's mother.  
- And I am to entreat you,  
- Oh, Thisbe's mother.  
Request you and desire you,  
to con them by tomorrow night.  
And let us by moonlight  
to the palace wood  
a mile without the town.  
There will we rehearse  
for if we meet in the city,  
we shall be dogged with company  
and our devices known.  
We will meet.



And there we may rehearse  
most obscenely and courageously.  
Take pains, be perfect.  
Adieu.  
How, now, Spirit!  
Whither wander you?  
Over hill, over dale  
Through bush, through brier  
Over park, over pale  
Through flood, through fire  
I do wander everywhere  
Swifter than the moon's sphere  
And I serve the Queen of Fairies  
Are not you he that frights  
the maidens of the village?  
Thou speakest 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 a likeness of a filly foal.  
The king doth keep  
his revels here tonight.  
Take heed the queen,  
come not within his sight.  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath  
because that she as her attendant hath  
a lovely boy  
stolen from an Indian king.  
She never had so sweet a changeling.  
But jealous Oberon  
would have the child  
knight of his train  
to trace the forest wild.  
But she, perforce,  
withholds the loved boy  
crowns him with flowers  
and makes him all her joy.  
How, now, here comes Oberon!  
I met by moonlight, proud Titania.  
What, jealous Oberon.  
Fairies, skip hence.  
I have forsworn his bed and company.  
Tarry, rash wanton.  
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.  
Set your heart at rest.  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order.  
And for her sake, do I rear up her boy,  
and for her sake, I will not part with him.  
How long within this wood  
intend you stay?  
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.  
Give me that boy,  
and I will go with thee.  
Not for thy fairy kingdom.  
Fairies, away.  
My gentle Puck, come hither.  
Fetch me that flower,  
the herb I shew'd thee once.  
Before milk white,  
now purple with love's wound,  
and maidens call it love in idleness.  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids 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.  
I'll put a girdle round about the Earth  
in 40 minutes!  
Fair love, you faint with wandering  
in the wood.  
And...  
to speak truth...  
I have forgot our way.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit  
So that but one heart

We can make of it  
Two bosoms  
Interchained with an oath  
So then two bosoms  
And a single troth  
You told me they were stolen  
into this wood.  
And here am I,  
like wood within this wood,  
because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
I will overhear their conference.  
I love you not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where are Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant.  
Give up your power to draw,  
and I shall have no power  
to follow you.  
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?  
And even for that do I love you the more.  
I'll run from you  
and hide me in the brakes.  
And leave you to the mercy  
of wild beasts.  
The wildest has not such a heart as you.  
If you follow me, you may be sure  
that I shall do you mischief in the wood.  
Ay, in the temple, in the town,  
in the field, you do me mischief.  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.  
We should be wooed  
and were not made to woo.  
You're...  
I'll follow you...  
and make a heaven of hell.  
To die upon the hand I love so well.  
Fare thee well, nymph.  
Before he leaves this grove,  
thou shalt fly him,  
and he shall seek thy love.  
Oh, Peter Quince.  
- Peter Quince.

- What say you, bully Bottom?

There are things in this, uh, comedy  
of Pyramus and Thisbe  
that will never please.

First, Pyramus must draw a sword  
to kill himself.

- And?

- And which the ladies cannot abide.

How answer you that?

By heavens, a grave mistake.

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

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 then, for the more better assurance,  
tell them that I, Pyramus,  
am not Pyramus.

Huh?

But Bottom the weaver.

This will put them out of fear.

Well, we will have such a prologue.

Then, there's another thing.

- We must have a wall in the great chamber.

- A wall?

For Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story,  
did talk through the chink of a wall.

But you can never bring in a wall.

What say you, Bottom?

Some man or other must present wall.

Let him have some plaster or some loam,  
or rough-cast about him to signify wall.

And let him hold his fingers thus.

And through this cranny  
shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

If that may be, then all is well.

Welcome, wanderer.

Hast thou the flower there?

- Here it is!

- 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 with the juice of this  
I'll streak her eyes  
And make her full of hateful fantasies  
The next thing then  
She waking looks upon  
She shall pursue it  
With the soul of love  
And before I take this charm off  
From her sight  
I'll make her render up this boy to me  
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 him  
by the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care so he may prove  
more fond of her than she is of her love.  
Look thou we meet before  
the first cock crows.  
Fear not, my lord,  
your servant shall do so.  
Sing me now asleep.  
Then to your duties go, and let me rest.  
Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby  
Good night, with lullaby  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm  
Come our lovely lady nigh  
Good night, with lullaby

Weaving spiders, come not here  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence  
Beetles black, approach not near  
Worm do no offense  
Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby  
Good night, with lullaby  
What thou seest when thou dost wake  
Do it for thy truelove take  
Be it leopard, cat, or bear  
Wolf or boar with bristled hair  
In thine eye that shall appear  
When thou wakest, it is thy dear  
Through the forest have I gone  
Have I gone, have I gone  
But Athenian found I none  
Found I, found I none  
On whose eyes I am to prove  
Am to prove, am to prove  
This flower's force in stirring love  
Stirring  
Stirring  
Love  
We'll rest us, Hermia.  
If you think it good.  
And bathe here  
for the comfort of the day.  
Be it so, Lysander.  
Find you out a bed.  
For I, upon this bank, will rest my head.  
One turf shall serve as pillow for us both.  
One heart, one bed,  
two bosoms and one troth.  
Nay, good Lysander.  
For my sake, my dear, lie further off yet.  
Do not lie so near.  
Oh, take the sense, sweet,  
of my innocence!  
Then by your side no bedroom me deny.  
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.  
Lysander riddles very prettily.  
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.  
Your love ne'er alter  
till your sweet life end.  
Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I.  
And then end life when I end loyalty.  
Here is my bed.  
Sleep give you all his rest.  
With half that wish,  
the wisher's eyes be pressed.  
Through the forest have I gone  
Have I gone, have I gone  
But...  
Night and silence. Who is here?  
Dress of Athens he doth wear.  
This is he, my master said.  
Despised of the Athenian maid.  
And here's the maiden, sleeping sound.  
On the damp and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul.  
She dares not lie near this lack-love.  
Fool.  
Fool, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth hold  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid  
So awake when I am gone  
For I must go to Oberon  
Ho, there!  
Hast thou charmed the Athenians eyes  
with the love juice, as I did bid thee do?  
I took him sleeping. That is finished too.  
And the Athenian woman by his side.  
So when he wakes,  
by him she must be eyed.  
What has't thou done?  
Thou has't mistaken quite.  
And laid the love juice  
on some true love's sight.  
Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me I should know the man

by the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far am I glad this so did sort.  
For this, their jangling, I esteem a sport.  
When beasts that meet me  
run away for fear.  
It is no wonder that Demetrius,  
should like a monster,  
fly my presence thus.  
But who is here?  
Lysander!  
On the ground. Dead or asleep?  
I see no blood, no wound.  
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake!  
Lysander, there's...  
There was a...  
And run through fire  
I will for your sweet sake.  
Transparent Helena!  
Nature shows art, that through your bosom  
makes me see your heart.  
Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.  
- Yet Hermia...  
- Not Hermia, but Helena I love.  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason swayed.  
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.  
Good troth, you do me wrong.  
Good sooth, you do so  
in such disdainful manner me to woo.  
- But, fare you well.  
- Helena!  
I must confess,  
I thought you lord of true gentleness.  
- Helena.  
- Oh, that a lady by one man refused  
Should by another therefore be abused.  
Her...  
Hermia, sleep you there.  
And never may you come Lysander near.



Now, all my powers  
address your love and might.  
To honor Helena, and to be her knight!  
Help me, Lysander!  
Do your best  
to pluck this crawling serpent  
from my breast.  
Ay, me, for pity.  
What a dream was here.  
Lysander, look how I do shake with fear.  
I thought a serpent ate my heart away.  
And you sat smiling at my agony.  
Lysander...  
What?  
Not here?  
Lysander!  
Lysander!  
Oh, dear heart, speak!  
Oh, dear heart, speak!  
I swoon almost with fear.  
No!  
No!  
Lord, then I will perceive  
that you are gone.  
Either death or you I'll find immediately!  
Lysander!  
Lysander!  
Lysander!  
Hermia!  
Demetrius!  
Demetrius!  
Helena! Helena!  
Helena!  
Lysander!  
- Hermia, Hermia!  
- Hermia!  
Demetrius!  
Helena! Helena!  
Lord...  
...what fools these mortals be!  
Here.  
Here's a marvelous convenient place  
for our rehearsal.  
Ah!

This plot shall be our stage.  
This Hawthorne-brake our tiring-house.  
There is a play on foot.  
I'll be the audience.  
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.  
Come, sit down, every mother's son,  
and rehearse your part.  
And we will do it in action  
as will do it before the duke.  
Pyramus, you begin.  
Well...  
I begin.  
Oh, Thisnay!  
And when you have spoken your speech...  
- Then I stop.  
- No, no!  
- Well, then I go on.  
- No, no!  
Then you enter into that break.  
And so every one according to his cue.  
Thisbe, stand forth.  
Speak, Pyramus.  
- Oh, Thisnay, the flowers...  
- "Oh, Thisbe. "  
- "Thisnay. "  
- "Thisbe. "  
- "Nay. "  
- "Be. "  
- "Nay. "  
- "Be!"  
This...  
This...  
This...  
nebee.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
The flowers of odious savors sweet.  
"Odorous," "odorous. "  
Odorous, odorous.  
The flowers od...  
The flowers of odorous savors sweet.  
Oh, Thisbe,  
the flowers of odorous savors sweet.  
So hath thy breath.  
Oh, Thisbe.

My dearest Thisbe dear.  
But, hark...  
Oh, no, Bottom.  
Bottom.  
Thisnay.  
Thisbe.  
But, hark.  
A voice.  
Stay you but here a while,  
and by and by...  
I will to you appear.  
Into that break!  
Most radiant Pyramus...  
Most radiant Pyramus!  
Must I speak now?  
Ay, indeed, must you,  
for you must understand  
he goes  
but to see a noise that he heard,  
and he's to come again.  
If I were fair Thisbe,  
I were only thine...  
I were only...  
Most radiant Pyramus,  
most lily-white of hue...  
Most lily-white of hue.  
Of color like the red rose  
on triumphant brier.  
Most briskly juvenal and eke...  
Eke.  
Eke most lovely Jew  
as true as truest horse  
that yet would never tire.  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.  
- Ninny's?  
- Ninny's.  
- Ninny's.  
- Ninny's.  
Ninus' tomb, man!  
Ninus' tomb, man!  
But you must not speak that yet.  
But you must not speak that yet.  
That you answer to Pyramus.  
That you answer to Pyramus.

You speak all your part at once,  
cues and all!  
You speak all your part at once, cues...  
I won't play anymore.  
I won't play.  
Pyramus! Your cue is passed.  
It's "never tire. "  
If I were fair Thisbe, I were only thine.  
If I were fair Thisbe.  
If I were fair Thisbe, I were only thine.  
Oh, me.  
Oh, monstrous.  
Strange.  
We are haunted.  
Pray, masters.  
Fly, masters.  
I'll follow you.  
I'll lead you about, around,  
through bog, through bush,  
through break, through brier.  
Sometime a hound I'll be.  
A hog!  
Murder! Murder!  
Starveling.  
Help me!  
I won't play anymore.  
Why do they run away?  
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 will.  
I will walk up and down here,  
and I will sing,  
so they shall hear I am not afraid.  
The ousel cock so black of hue  
With orange-tawny bill...  
The throstle with his note so true  
The wren with little...  
Oh, me.  
The finch, the sparrow and the lark  
The plain-song cuckoo gray  
Whose note full many a man doth mark  
And dares not answer nay

What angel wakes me  
from my flowery bed?  
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note.  
And so is mine eye enthralled  
by thy shape.  
And thy fair manliness  
and grace doth move me  
on the first view...  
to say, to swear, I love thee.  
Methinks, mistress,  
you should have little reason for that.  
And yet, to say the truth...  
reason and love  
keep little company together nowadays.  
Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.  
Not so, not so.  
Sing again.  
The ousel cock so black of hue  
So black of hue  
With orange-tawny bill  
The throstle with his note so true  
The wren with little quill  
If I had wit enough to get out  
of this wood,  
I'd have enough  
to serve mine own turn.  
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.  
No.  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee.  
Peaseblossom.  
Cobweb. Moth.  
And Mustardseed.  
Me  
And I  
And I  
Where shall we go?

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
Hop in his walks  
and gambol in his eyes,  
feed him with apricots  
and dewberries  
with purple grapes,  
green figs and mulberries,  
the honey-bags steal  
from the humblebees  
and for night candles,  
crop their waxen thighs,  
and light them  
at the fiery glowworm's eyes  
to have my love to bed and to arise.  
Nod to him, elves,  
and do him courtesies.  
Hail, mortal, hail!  
Hail! Hail!  
I greet your worships most heartily.  
I beseech your worship's name.  
Cobweb.  
Oh. Cobweb.  
- Bottom.  
Bottom.  
I desire more of your acquaintance,  
good Master Cobweb.  
Your name, honest gentleman?  
Peaseblossom.  
Your name, I beseech you, sir?  
Mustardseed.  
Oh. Mustardseed.  
I desire more of your acquaintance,  
good Master Mustardseed.  
Oh. Oh!  
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.  
Come, wait upon him,  
lead him to my bower.  
This falls out better than I could devise.

Have you slain him, then?  
You spend your passion  
on a foolish mood.  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,  
nor is he dead, for all that I can tell.  
Stand close. This is the same Athenian.  
This is the woman, but not this the man.  
I beg you, tell me then if he is well.  
And if I could,  
what should I get therefore?  
A privilege never to see me more,  
so from your hated presence shall I go.  
See me no more,  
whether he be dead or no.  
There is no following her  
in this fierce vein.  
Here therefore for a while I will remain.  
From thy mistaking  
must perforce ensue  
some true love turn'd  
and not a false turn'd true.  
Then fate o'er-rules,  
that, one man holding troth,  
a million fail,  
confounding oath on oath.  
About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
and Helena of Athens look thou find.  
By some illusion  
see thou bring her here.  
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.  
I go! I go!  
Look how I go,  
swifter than the arrow  
from the Tartar's bow.  
Flower of this purple dye  
Sink in apple of his eye  
When his love he doth espy  
Let her shine in glory high  
When thou wakest, if there she be  
Beg of her for remedy  
Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand  
And the youth, mistook by me...  
...pleading for a lover's fee.

Stand aside. The noise they make  
will cause Demetrius to awake.  
Then will two at once woo one.  
That must needs be sport alone,  
and those things do best please me  
that befall preposterously.  
Look, when I vow, I weep,  
and vows so born,  
in their nativity all truth appears.  
- These oaths are Hermia's.  
- Hermia's?  
Love you her no more?  
I had no judgment when to her I swore.  
Nor none, in my mind,  
while you thus implore.  
Demetrius loves her,  
and he loves not you.  
Demetrius, I...  
Helen, goddess, nymph.  
Perfect, divine.  
To what, my love,  
shall I compare your eyne?  
Crystal is muddy.  
Oh, how ripe in show  
your lips, those kissing cherries,  
tempting grow.  
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.  
Helena.  
You are both are rivals and love Hermia.  
And now, both rivals to mock Helena.  
A fine exploit, a manly enterprise.  
To conjure tears up  
in a poor maid's eyes.  
- Helena. Huh?  
- You are unkind, Demetrius.  
Be not so, for you love Hermia.  
This you know, I know.  
L...  
And here, with all goodwill,  
with all my heart.



Of Hermia's love, I yield you up my part.  
And yours of Helena's to me bequeath.  
For her I love,  
and will love till my death.  
Lysander, keep your Hermia,  
I want none.  
If once I loved her, all that love is gone.  
My heart to her but as a guest sojourned.  
And now, to Helena is it home returned.  
There to remain.  
Helena, it is not so.  
Disparage not the faith you do not know.  
- Hermia.  
- Yes, Lysander.  
Oh, Lysander.  
Oh, my ear.  
I thank it brought me to your sound.  
But why unkindly did you leave me so?  
Why should he stay,  
whom love does press to go?  
What love could press Lysander  
from my side?  
Lysander's love,  
that would not let him bide.  
Why seek you me?  
Could this not make you know the hate  
I bare you made me leave you so?  
Oh, you speak not as you think.  
- Here, it cannot be.  
- Lo, she is one of this confederacy.  
Now I perceive.  
They have joined up all three  
to fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia. Most ungrateful maid.  
To join with men  
in scorning your poor friend.  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.  
I understand not what you mean by this.  
Go on, persevere, counterfeit sad looks.  
Make mouths upon me  
when I turn my back.  
Wink at each at other.  
Hold the sweet jest up.  
But fare you well.

Helena!

'Tis partly my own fault, which death  
or absence soon shall remedy.

Helena.

Stay, gentle Helena. Hear my excuse.  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena.  
Oh, excellent.

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

You can compel no more  
than she entreat.

Your threats have no more strength  
than her weak prayers.

Helena, I love you. By my life I do.

I say I love you more than he can do.

If you say so, withdraw and prove it too.

- Come. Quick.

- Come. Quick.

- Come quick!

- Quick come!

- Lysander, to what leads all this?

- Away, you Ethiopie.

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

Be certain, it is no jest  
that I do hate you.

And love Helena.

Oh, me.

You juggler.

You canker blossom.

You thief of love.

What? Have you come by night  
and stolen my love's heart from him?

Fine, I'faith! Have you no modesty?

No maiden shame?

No touch of bashfulness?

Why, will you tear impatient answers  
from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeit,  
you puppet, you.

- Puppet?

- Puppet!

Puppet.

So that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that

she has made compare  
between our statures.  
She has urged her height.  
And with her personage,  
her tall personage.  
Her height! Her height!  
She has prevailed with him.  
And are you grown so high  
in his esteem  
because I am so dwarfish?  
And so low?  
How low am I,  
you painted maypole?  
Speak. How low am I?  
I'm not yet so low but that my nails  
can reach into your eyes.  
I pray you, though you mock me,  
gentlemen, let her not hurt me.  
I was never cursed,  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness.  
Let her not strike me.  
You may think because she is something  
lower than myself that I can match her.  
Lower, hark, again.  
Let me go, let me go.  
Why, get you gone.  
Who is it that hinders you?  
A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.  
What, with Lysander?  
With Demetrius.  
Be not afraid.  
She shall not harm you, Helena.  
No, sir, she shall not,  
though you take her part.  
Oh, 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.  
Little again? Nothing but low and little.  
Low and little.  
Let me come to her.  
Get you gone, you dwarf,

you minimus, you bead.

You acorn.

- You're too officious, sir.

- Sir.

Sir, sir!

In her behalf that scorns your services,  
let her alone. Speak not of Helena...

- Helena!

- Take not her part.

For if you should offer the very slightest  
show of love to her, you shall regret it.

Mmm, now she holds me not.

Now follow if you dare to try whose right  
of yours or mine is most in Helena.

Follow, ha! Nay, I'll go with you,  
cheek by jowl.

You, mistress,  
are the cause of all this strife.

Nay, go not back.

I will not trust you, I.

Nor longer stay in your cursed company.

Your hands than mine  
are quicker for a fray.

My legs are longer, though,  
to run away.

You juggler! You thief of love!

Thou see'st these lovers  
seek a place to fight.

Hie, therefore, Puck, overcast the night  
with drooping fog.

Go lead these men astray, so one  
come not within the other's way.

Like to Lysander sometime  
frame thy tongue,

then stir Demetrius up  
with bitter wrong.

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius.

Then crush this herb  
into Lysander's eye  
to take from thence all error  
with his might.

When they next wake, all this derision  
shall seem a dream and fruitless vision.

Up and down, up and down.

I will lead them up and down.  
I am feared in field and town.  
Goblin, lead them up and down.  
Demetrius!  
Demetrius!  
- Demetrius!  
- Lysander!  
Speak again.  
You runaway.  
You coward.  
Are you fled?  
You coward.  
Are you bragging to the stars?  
Telling the bushes that you look  
for wars and wilt not come?  
Demetrius! Follow my voice.  
We'll try no manhood here.  
Lysander.  
Where are you, proud Demetrius?  
Speak you now.  
Here, villain, drawn and ready.  
- Come you now.  
- I'll be with you straight.  
Follow me then to a plainer ground.  
Lysander.  
You juggler, you thief of love,  
you painted maypole.  
Little, acorn, puppet.  
Lysander.  
Lysander.  
Ah...  
He goes before me and still dares me on.  
When I come  
where he calls, then he is...  
gone.  
And the villain is  
much lighter-heeled than I.  
I followed fast but faster he did fly.  
- Here will I rest me.  
- Here will I rest me.  
- Come, thou gentle day.  
- Come, thou gentle day.  
For if but once...  
you show me your grey light,

I'll find Demetrius.  
- And revenge this spite.  
- Spite.  
Oh, faintness constrains me  
to measure out my length  
on this cold bed.  
By day's approach  
look to be visited by day's approach.  
Oh, weary night.  
Oh, weary night.  
- Oh, long and tedious night.  
- Oh, long and tedious night.  
Abate thy hours...  
that I may back to Athens by daylight.  
For fear that my poor company detest.  
Yet but three?  
Count one more.  
Two of both kinds make up four.  
Here she comes, cursed and sad.  
Cupid is a knavish lad.  
Thus to make poor females mad.  
Never so weary.  
So lost in woe.  
Bedabbled with the dew  
and torn with briars.  
My legs can keep no pace  
with my desire.  
Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heaven shield Lysander  
if they mean a fray.  
On the ground, sleep sound  
I'll apply to your eye  
Gentle lover remedy  
When thou wakest, then thou takest  
True delight in the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye  
And the country proverb known  
That every man should take his own  
In your waking shall be shown  
Jack shall have Jill  
Naught shall go ill  
The man shall have his mare again  
And all shall be well  
What? Will thou hear some music,

my sweet love?  
I have a reasonable good ear for music.  
The aldercock so black of you  
Will a...  
Let us have the tongues and the bones.  
The tongues and the bones.  
Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.  
Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?  
Ready.  
I must to the barber's, monsieur.  
For I feel I am marvelous hairy  
about the face.  
And I am such a tender ass, if my hair  
do but tickle me, I must scratch.  
But say, sweet love,  
what thou desirest to eat?  
Truly, a peck of provender.  
I could munch your good dry oats.  
Methinks I have a great desire  
for a bottle of hay.  
Hay, hay, hay.  
Good hay, sweet hay,  
Has no fellow  
See'st thou this sweet sight?  
I pray you,  
let none of your people stir me.  
I have an exposition of sleep  
come upon me.  
Shh. Faeries, begone.  
Sleep thou, sleep thou  
I will thee wind in my arms  
Sleep thou, sleep thou  
So doth the woodbine, the honeysuckle  
Sweet and gently entwist  
The ivy so enrings  
The barky fingers of the elm  
As I  
Will wind thee in my arms  
Sleep thou, sleep thou  
Oh, how I love thee  
Oh, how I dote on thee  
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
Now I have the boy.  
I will undo this hateful imperfection

of her eyes.  
My fairy lord,  
this must be done with haste.  
For night's swift dragons  
cut the clouds full fast.  
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  
My Titania,  
my sweet queen,  
now awake.  
My Oberon.  
What visions have I seen.  
Methought...  
I was enamored of...  
an ass.  
There lies your love.  
Oh.  
How came these things to pass?  
O, mine eyes do loathe his visage now.  
Come, my queen.  
Take hands with me.  
Now thou and I are new in amity.  
Fairy king, attend and mark.  
Hmm, I do hear the morning lark.  
My gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
from off the head of this Athenian.  
So 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.  
Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
trip we after night's shade.  
We the globe can compass soon  
swifter than the wandering moon.  
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.  
When thou wak'st,  
with thine own fool's eyes peep.  
Heigh-ho.



Heigh-ho.

Peter Quince.

Peter Quince.

- Flute, the Bellows-mender.

- Flute, the Bellows-mender.

- Snout, the tinker.

- Snout, the tinker.

- Starveling.

- 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.

Methought I was...

And methought I had...

Man is but an ass.

Man is but an ass

if he go about to expound this dream.

Methought I was...

And methought I had...

Man is but a patched fool.

If he will offer...

to say.

What methought I was...

And what methought I...

The eye of man has not heard,

the ear of man has not seen,

man's hand is not able to taste,

his tongue to conceive

nor his heart to report...

what my dream was.

And I will get Peter Quince

to write a ballad of this dream.

It shall be called "Bottom's Dream. "

Because it has no bottom.

And... I will sing it in the latter end

of our play before the duke.

And perhaps to make it

the more gracious...

I shall sing it after death.

What methought I was

And what methought I had  
What methought I was  
And methought I had  
I beg the law,  
the law upon her head, my lord.  
Good morrow, friends.  
Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.  
- My consent, my lord.  
- Egeus, I will overbear your will.  
For in the temple by and by with us,  
these couples shall eternally be knit.  
Come, my Hippolyta.  
"We come not to offend, but with  
goodwill to show our... Our simple skills. "  
We come not to offend, but  
with goodwill to show our simple skills.  
Masters, the duke is at the temple.  
There were two or three more  
lords and ladies married.  
Have you sent to Bottom's house?  
Is he come home yet?  
If he cannot be heard of,  
without doubt he is... transported.  
Where are all these lads?  
Where are these hearts?  
Bottom!  
Oh, most courageous day!  
Oh, most happy hour.  
It is with our goodwill.  
Masters, I will tell you of... wonders.  
Let us hear, sweet Bottom.  
Not a word of me.  
Get your costumes together,  
meet presently at the palace.  
- Away. Go, away.  
Come on.  
These things seem small  
and undistinguishable.  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.  
It seems to me that yet we sleep,  
we dream.  
'Tis strange, my Theseus,  
what these lovers speak of.  
Lovers and madmen

have such seething brains.  
Such wild imaginings that apprehend  
more than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover and the poet  
are of imagination all compact.  
The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,  
doth glance from heaven to Earth,  
from Earth to heaven.  
And his imagination bodies forth  
the forms of things unknown.  
The poet's pen turns them into shapes  
and gives to airy nothing  
a local habitation and a name.  
But all the story of the night told over  
and all their minds  
transfigured so together  
tells more to us than fancy's images.  
Come now, what masques,  
what dances shall we have?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand?  
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
and his love Thisbe.  
Very tragical mirth. " Ha!  
No, my noble lord, it is not for you.  
What are they that do play it?  
Hard-handed men  
that work in Athens here  
who never labor'd  
in their minds till now.  
And we will hear it. Go, bring them in.  
The actors are at hand.  
And by their show, you shall know all  
that you are like to know.  
For all the rest, let...  
uh, Lion...  
Moonshine...  
Wall...  
Wall, wall, wall.  
And lovers twain...  
at large discourse,  
while here they do remain.  
In this same interlude.  
Oh, yeah.

In th... This same interlude,  
it doth befall  
That I, uh,  
one Snout by name, present.  
- Uh...  
- Wall.  
A wall.  
Uh, and such a...  
- Wall.  
- Wall.  
Such a wall I'd have you think  
had in it a cranny hole or a...  
Chink.  
- Chink.  
- Chink.  
- Chink. Chink.  
Chink. Chink.  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus  
and Thisbe, did whisper often very secretly.  
Shh!  
Yeah, I know.  
This loam, this rough cast, this stone,  
doth show that I am that same.  
Wall. Wall. Wall.  
Wall. Wall, wall, wall.  
The truth is so and this cranny is...  
This cranny is...  
This cranny is right and sinister through  
which the fearful lovers are to whisper.  
Silence. Pyramus draws  
near the wall.  
Oh, grim-looking night!  
Oh, grim-looking night!  
Oh, night with hue so black!  
Oh, night which ever art when day is not.  
Oh, night which ever art when day is not.  
Oh, night. Oh, night!  
Alack, alack, alack.  
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.  
And thou, oh, wall,  
Oh, sweet, oh, lovely wall.  
Show me thy chink.  
Show me thy chink!  
To blink through with mine eyne.

Thanks, courteous wall.  
Jove, shield thee well for this.  
But what see I?  
No Thisbe do I see.  
Oh, wicked wall,  
through whom I see no bliss.  
Cursed be thy stones  
for thus deceiving me.  
The wall, I think, being sensible,  
should curse again.  
No, in truth, sir, he should not.  
"Deceiving me" is Thisbe's cue.  
Deceiving me.

**PYRAMUS:**

Deceiving me.  
Yonder she comes.  
Psst!  
Oh, wall, full often hast  
thou heard my moans.  
Moans, moans, moans, moans.  
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.  
Psst! Psst!  
My cherry lips  
have often kiss'd thy stones.  
Thy stones with lime  
and hair knit up in thee.  
Thisbe. Thisbe. Thisbe.  
Pyramus, Pyramus, Pyramus.  
My love thou art, my love I think.  
Not...  
Shafalus to Procrus.  
Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.  
As Shoproc, as Prochoc-shaf...  
As Shaf... As Prer...  
As I to you.  
Kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.  
Mm, mm, mm, mm.  
I kiss the wall, not your lips at all.  
Wilt thou...  
at Ninny's tomb  
meet me straightway?  
Tide life, tide death,  
I come without delay.

Thus have I, the wall,  
my part discharged so.  
And being done,  
thus the wall away doth go.  
The best of this kind are but shadows,  
and the worst are no worse  
if imagination assist them.  
Let us listen to the moon.  
Ahhh.  
This lanthorn doth the horned moon  
present myself the ma...  
He should have worn the horns  
on his head.  
This lanthorn  
doth the horned moon present  
myself the man  
in the moon do seem to be.  
- This dog...  
- This is the greatest error of all the rest.  
The man should be put into the lanthorn.  
- How else is it the man in the moon?  
- This lanthorn doth...  
I am so weary of this moon,  
would he would change.  
- This lanthorn...  
- Proceed, Moon.  
All that I have say is  
that the lanthorn is the moon.  
I, the man in the moon, this thorn-bush,  
my thorn-bush, this dog, my dog.  
This is old Ninny's tomb.  
Where is my love?  
Psst!  
Ah!  
Ah. Ah.  
Well roared, Lion.  
Well run, Thisbe.  
And then came Pyramus.  
Sweet moon  
I thank thee for thy sunny beams  
But stay, oh, spite!  
What dreadful dole is here.  
Oh, dainty duck. Oh, dear.  
Thy mantle good.

What? Stain'd with blood.  
Ah, Fates, come, come.  
Cut thread and thrum.  
Quail, crush, conclude...  
And quell!  
This passion doth go near  
to make a man look sad.  
Come, tears, confound.  
Out, sword,  
and wound the pap of Pyramus.  
Ay, that left pap.  
Where heart doth hop.  
Thus die I...  
thus... thus... thus.  
Oh, bless my heart, I pity the man.  
Now am I dead.  
Now am I fled.  
My soul...  
is in the sky.  
Moon, take thy flight.  
Now...  
die, die, die, die, die.  
Oh.  
Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?  
Come, Pyramus, arise.  
Speak, speak, quite dumb?  
Dead? Dead?  
A tomb must cover thy sweet eyes.  
Oh, 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, trusty sword.  
Come, trusty sword.  
Sword.  
Sword, sword, sword, sword.  
Come, trusty sword.  
Sword.  
Come, trusty sword.  
Come...

Come, trusty sword.  
Come, blade, my breast in blue, blue.  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue.  
So farewell, friends, thus Thisbe ends.  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.  
Oh, this is the silliest stuff  
that ever I heard.  
Will it please you to see the epilogue?  
No, no epilogue, I pray you.  
No epilogue.  
Or a Bergomask dance  
between our company?  
Come, your Bergomask.  
Through the house, give glimmering light  
by the dead and drowsy fire.  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
hop as light as bird from brier.  
Hand in hand with fairy grace  
Will we bless this place  
And the owner of it blest  
Ever shall in  
Safety  
Rest  
Through the house, give glimmering light  
By the dead and drowsy fire  
Every elf and every sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier  
Hop as light as bird from brier  
The iron tongue of midnight  
hath tolled 12.  
Lovers to bed.  
'Tis almost fairy time.  
I fear we shall outsleep  
the coming morn  
as much as we this night  
have overwatch'd.  
Sweet friends, to bed.  
A fortnight hold we this solemnity  
in nightly revels and new jollity.  
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 to dream.  
Gentles, do not reprehend,  
if you pardon, we will mend.  
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!