

Table Of Contents

A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 1	2
A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 2	8
A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 3	15
A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 4	26
A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 5	31

A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 1

[00:01:01] Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour draws on apace.
[00:01:05] Four happy days bring in another moon,
[00:01:08] but oh, methinks, how slow this old moon wanes.
[00:01:12] She lingers my desires like to a step-dame or a dowager
[00:01:15] long withering out a young man's revenue.
[00:01:19] Four days will quickly steep themselves in night.
[00:01:21] Four nights will quickly dream away the time.
[00:01:24] Then the moon, like to a silver bow new bent in heaven,
[00:01:28] shall behold the night of our solemnities.
[00:01:32] Go, Philostrate, stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.
[00:01:37] Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.
[00:01:39] Turn melancholy forth to funerals.
[00:01:42] The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[00:01:55] Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword
[00:01:58] and won thy love doing the injuries.
[00:02:01] But I will wed thee in another key,
[00:02:04] with pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.
[00:02:10] Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
[00:02:13] Thanks, good Egeus.
[00:02:14] What's the news with thee?
[00:02:16] Full of vexation come I
[00:02:19] with complaint against my child, my daughter Hermia.
[00:02:25] My noble lord, this man, Demetrius, hath my consent to marry her.
[00:02:32] And, my gracious Duke, this man, Lysander,
[00:02:37] hath bewitched the bosom of my child.
[00:02:39] Thou, thou, Lysander, thou has given her rhymes
[00:02:43] and interchanged love tokens with my child.
[00:02:46] Thou hast by moonlight at her window
[00:02:48] sung with feigning voice verses of feigning love
[00:02:51] and stolen the impression of her fantasy.
[00:02:53] With cunning hath thou filched my daughter's heart,
[00:02:56] turned her obedience, which is due to me,
[00:02:59] to stubborn harshness.
[00:03:03] And, my gracious Duke, be it so she will not here before your grace
[00:03:06] consent to marry with Demetrius,
[00:03:08] I beg the ancient privilege of Athens.
[00:03:12] As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
[00:03:17] which shall be either to this gentleman or to her death,
[00:03:22] according to our law immediately provided in that case.
[00:03:26] What says thou, Hermia?
[00:03:27] Be advised, fair maid: To you, your father should be as a god,
[00:03:31] one that composed your beauties,
[00:03:33] yea, and one to whom you are but as a form in wax
[00:03:36] by him imprinted and within his power
[00:03:38] to leave the figure or disfigure it.
[00:03:43] Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
[00:03:44] So is Lysander.
[00:03:46] In himself, he is.
[00:03:47] But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
[00:03:49] the other must be held to be the worthier.
[00:03:51] I would my father looked but with my eyes.
[00:03:54] Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.
[00:03:57] I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
[00:03:59] I know not by what power I am made bold,
[00:04:02] nor how it may concern my modesty
[00:04:04] in such a presence here to plead my thoughts,
[00:04:06] but I beseech your grace that I may know
[00:04:09] the worst that may befall me in this case

[00:04:11] if I refuse to wed Demetrius.
[00:04:13] Either to die the death
[00:04:15] or to abjure forever the society of men.
[00:04:18] Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
[00:04:22] know of your youth, examine well your blood,
[00:04:24] whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
[00:04:27] you can endure the livery of a nun,
[00:04:30] for aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
[00:04:33] to live a barren sister all your life,
[00:04:35] chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.
[00:04:39] Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
[00:04:44] to undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
[00:04:46] but earthlier happy is the rose distilled
[00:04:51] than that which withering on the virgin thorn grows,
[00:04:56] lives, and dies in single blessedness.
[00:04:59] So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord.
[00:05:05] Ere I will yield my virgin patent up unto his lordship,
[00:05:08] whose unwished yoke my soul consents not to give sovereignty.
[00:05:12] Take time to pause, and, by the next new moon--
[00:05:16] the sealing-day betwixt my love and me
[00:05:18] for everlasting bond of fellowship--
[00:05:20] upon that day, either prepare to die
[00:05:24] for disobedience to your father's will
[00:05:25] or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
[00:05:28] or on Diana's altar to protest
[00:05:33] for aye austerity and single life.
[00:05:37] Relent, sweet Hermia.
[00:05:38] And, Lysander, yield thy crazed title to my certain right.
[00:05:42] You have her father's love, Demetrius.
[00:05:44] Let me have Hermia's.
[00:05:47] Do you marry him?
[00:05:49] Scornful Lysander, true, he hath my love.
[00:05:52] And what is mine my love shall render him.
[00:05:56] And she is mine, and all my right of her
[00:05:59] I do estate unto Demetrius.
[00:06:01] I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
[00:06:03] as well possessed.
[00:06:04] My love is more than his.
[00:06:07] My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,
[00:06:10] if not with vantage, as Demetrius'.
[00:06:12] And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
[00:06:15] I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
[00:06:20] Why should not I then prosecute my right?
[00:06:24] Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
[00:06:26] made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
[00:06:29] and won her soul.
[00:06:31] And she, sweet lady, dotes, devoutly dotes,
[00:06:36] dotes in idolatry, upon this spotted and inconstant man.
[00:06:40] I must confess that I have heard as much,
[00:06:42] and with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof,
[00:06:45] but, being over-full of self-affairs,
[00:06:46] my mind did lose it.
[00:06:50] But, Demetrius, come.
[00:06:51] And come, Egeus, you shall go with me.
[00:06:54] I have some private schooling for you both.
[00:06:58] For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
[00:07:01] to fit your fancies to your father's will,
[00:07:04] or else the law of Athens yields you up--
[00:07:07] which by no means we may extenuate--
[00:07:10] to death or to a vow of single life.

[00:07:23] How now, my love?
[00:07:27] Why is your cheek so pale?
[00:07:30] How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
[00:07:35] Belike for want of rain, which I could well betem them
[00:07:39] from the tempest of my eyes.
[00:07:42] Ay me.
[00:07:45] For aught that I could ever read,
[00:07:47] could ever hear by tale or history,
[00:07:49] the course of true love never did run smooth.
[00:07:54] But, either it was different in blood--
[00:07:56] Oh cross,
[00:07:57] too high to be enthralled too low.
[00:07:59] Or else misgraffed in respect of years.
[00:08:01] Oh, spite.
[00:08:03] Too old to be engaged to young.
[00:08:05] Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.
[00:08:07] Oh, hell.
[00:08:08] To choose love by another's eyes.
[00:08:11] Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
[00:08:13] war, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
[00:08:16] making it momentary as a sound,
[00:08:19] swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
[00:08:21] brief as the lightning in the collid night.
[00:08:24] Ere a man hath power to say "Behold,"
[00:08:27] the jaws of darkness do devour it up,
[00:08:30] So quick bright things come to confusion.
[00:08:35] If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
[00:08:37] it stands as an edict in destiny.
[00:08:40] let us teach our trial patience,
[00:08:43] because it is a customary cross
[00:08:45] as due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
[00:08:51] wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
[00:08:56] A good persuasion.
[00:09:01] Therefore, hear me, Hermia.
[00:09:05] I have a widow aunt, a dowager of great revenue,
[00:09:10] and she hath no child.
[00:09:11] From Athens is her house remote seven leagues.
[00:09:14] And she respects me as her only son.
[00:09:17] There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
[00:09:21] And to that place the sharp Athenian law cannot pursue us.
[00:09:25] If thou lovest me then,
[00:09:28] steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night,
[00:09:30] and in the wood, a league without the town,
[00:09:32] where I did meet thee once with Helena
[00:09:34] to do observance to a morn of May,
[00:09:37] there will I stay for thee.
[00:09:39] My good Lysander.
[00:09:41] I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
[00:09:44] by his best arrow with the golden head,
[00:09:46] by the simplicity of Venus' doves,
[00:09:49] by that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
[00:09:51] and by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
[00:09:55] when the false Trojan under sail was seen,
[00:09:57] by all the vows that ever men have broke,
[00:10:00] in number more than ever woman spoke.
[00:10:03] At that same place thou hast appointed me,
[00:10:06] tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.
[00:10:12] God speed, fair Helena.
[00:10:24] Call you me fair?
[00:10:28] That fair again unsay.

[00:10:30] Demetrius loves your fair.
[00:10:33] Oh, happy fair.
[00:10:36] Your eyes are lodestars,
[00:10:39] and your tongue's sweet air more tunable
[00:10:41] than lark to shepherd's ear when wheat is green,
[00:10:44] when hawthorn buds appear.
[00:10:46] Sickness is catching.
[00:10:49] Oh, were favour so,
[00:10:50] yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go.
[00:10:52] My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
[00:10:56] my tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
[00:10:59] Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
[00:11:04] the rest I'd give to be to you translated.
[00:11:07] Oh, teach me how you look
[00:11:09] and with what art you sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
[00:11:13] I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
[00:11:15] Oh that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill.
[00:11:19] I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
[00:11:21] Oh, that my prayers could such affection move.
[00:11:23] The more I hate, the more he follows me.
[00:11:26] The more I love, the more he hateth me.
[00:11:30] His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
[00:11:32] None but your beauty.
[00:11:35] Oh, would that fault were mine.
[00:11:38] Take comfort. He no more shall see my face.
[00:11:40] Lysander and myself shall fly this place.
[00:11:44] Before the time I did Lysander see,
[00:11:46] seemed Athens as a paradise to me.
[00:11:48] Oh, then, what graces in my love do dwell
[00:11:51] that he hath turned a heaven unto a hell.
[00:11:55] Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
[00:12:01] Tomorrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
[00:12:03] her silver visage in the watery glass,
[00:12:06] decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
[00:12:09] a time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
[00:12:13] through Athens' gates we have devised to steal.
[00:12:15] And in that wood,
[00:12:17] where often you and I upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
[00:12:19] emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
[00:12:21] there my Lysander and myself shall meet
[00:12:24] and thence from Athens turn away our eyes
[00:12:27] to seek new friends and stranger companies.
[00:12:35] Farewell, sweet playfellow.
[00:12:37] Pray thou for us.
[00:12:41] And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.
[00:12:44] How happy some o'er other some can be.
[00:12:48] Through Athens, I am thought as fair as she.
[00:12:51] But what of that?
[00:12:53] Demetrius thinks not so.
[00:12:55] He will not know what all but he do know.
[00:12:57] And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
[00:13:00] so I, admiring of his qualities.
[00:13:04] Things base and vile, holding no quantity
[00:13:07] love can transpose to form and dignity.
[00:13:11] Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
[00:13:14] and therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
[00:13:16] Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste.
[00:13:19] Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.
[00:13:22] And therefore is love said to be a child,
[00:13:25] because in choice, he is so oft beguiled.

[00:13:28] As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
[00:13:30] so the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
[00:13:40] For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
[00:13:43] he hailed down oaths that he was only mine.
[00:13:46] And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
[00:13:50] so he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
[00:14:00] I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight,
[00:14:05] then to the wood will he tomorrow night pursue her.
[00:14:10] And for this intelligence if I have thanks,
[00:14:13] it is a dear expense.
[00:14:16] But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
[00:14:20] to have his sight thither and back again.
[00:14:27] Is all our company here?
[00:14:29] You would best to call them generally,
[00:14:31] man by man, according to the script.
[00:14:34] Here is the scroll of every man's name
[00:14:37] which is thought fit, through all Athens,
[00:14:39] to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess
[00:14:42] on his wedding day at night.
[00:14:44] First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on,
[00:14:46] then read the names of the actors and so grow to a point.
[00:14:49] Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy
[00:14:53] and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.
[00:14:55] A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.
[00:14:58] Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.
[00:15:01] Masters, spread yourselves.
[00:15:02] Answer as I call you.
[00:15:03] Nick Bottom, the weaver.
[00:15:04] Ready.
[00:15:06] Name what part I am for and proceed.
[00:15:07] You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.
[00:15:09] What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?
[00:15:12] A lover that kills himself most gallant for love.
[00:15:16] That will ask some tears in the true performing of it.
[00:15:19] If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes.
[00:15:21] I will move storms.
[00:15:23] I will condole in some measure.
[00:15:25] To the rest.
[00:15:27] Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant.
[00:15:28] I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,
[00:15:31] to make all split.
[00:15:33] The raging rocks and shivering shocks
[00:15:36] shall break the locks of prison gates.
[00:15:39] And Phibbus' car shall shine from far
[00:15:42] and make and mar the foolish fates.
[00:15:46] This was lofty.
[00:15:47] Now name the rest of the players.
[00:15:48] This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein.
[00:15:50] A lover is more condoling.
[00:15:51] Francis Flute, the bellows-maker.
[00:15:53] Here, Peter Quince.
[00:15:54] Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.
[00:15:57] What is Thisbe, a wandering knight?
[00:16:00] It is the lady that Pyramus must love.
[00:16:03] Nay, faith, let not me play a woman.
[00:16:05] I have a beard coming.
[00:16:07] That's all one.
[00:16:09] You shall play it in a mask.
[00:16:10] And you may speak as small as you will.
[00:16:12] And I may hide my face.

[00:16:13] Let me play Thisbe too.
[00:16:14] I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.
[00:16:16] "Thisne, Thisne."
[00:16:18] "Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear."
[00:16:20] "Thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear."
[00:16:21] No, no, no, you must play Pyramus,
[00:16:23] and, Flute, you Thisbe.
[00:16:25] Well, proceed.
[00:16:27] Robin Starveling, the tailor.
[00:16:28] Here, Peter Quince.
[00:16:31] Robin Starveling, you must play...
[00:16:36] Thisbe's mother.
[00:16:39] Tom Snout, the tinker.
[00:16:41] Here, Peter Quince.
[00:16:42] You, Pyramus' father.
[00:16:43] and myself, Thisbe's father.
[00:16:44] Oh, and Snug the joiner, you, the lion's part.
[00:16:46] And, I hope, here is a play fitted.
[00:16:53] Have you the lion's part written?
[00:16:55] Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.
[00:16:58] You may do it extempore, for it's nothing but roaring.
[00:17:02] Let me play the lion too.
[00:17:03] I will roar that it will do any man good to hear me.
[00:17:05] I will roar that it will make the duke say,
[00:17:07] "Let him roar again. Let him roar again!"
[00:17:10] And you should do it too terribly,
[00:17:12] you would fright the duchess and the ladies that they would shriek.
[00:17:15] And that were enough to hang us all.
[00:17:16] That would hang us, every mother's son.
[00:17:18] I grant you, friends,
[00:17:19] if you should fright the ladies out of their wits,
[00:17:22] they would have no more discretion but to hang us,
[00:17:24] but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you
[00:17:26] as gently as any sucking dove.
[00:17:28] I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.
[00:17:31] You can play no part but Pyramus,
[00:17:37] for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man,
[00:17:41] a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day,
[00:17:46] a most lovely gentleman-like man.
[00:17:52] Therefore you must needs play Pyramus.
[00:17:58] Well, I will undertake it.
[00:18:02] Masters, here are your parts.
[00:18:04] And I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you
[00:18:07] to con them by tomorrow night
[00:18:08] and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight.
[00:18:12] There will we rehearse,
[00:18:14] for if we meet in the city, we will be dogged with company,
[00:18:19] and our devices known.
[00:18:21] In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties,
[00:18:23] such as our play wants.
[00:18:25] I pray you, fail me not.
[00:18:27] We will meet,
[00:18:29] and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously.
[00:18:33] Take pains; Be perfect.
[00:18:37] Adieu.
[00:18:38] Hold or cut bow-strings.

A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 2

[00:18:42] How now, spirit!
[00:18:43] Whither wander you?
[00:18:45] Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
[00:18:47] over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire,
[00:18:50] I do wander everywhere swifter than the moon's sphere.
[00:18:53] And I serve the fairy queen, to dew her orbs upon the green.
[00:18:56] The cowslips tall her pensioners be.
[00:18:58] In their gold coats spots you see.
[00:19:00] Those be rubies, fairy favours.
[00:19:03] In those freckles live their savours.
[00:19:05] I must go seek some dewdrops here
[00:19:06] and hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
[00:19:08] Farewell, thou lob of spirits.
[00:19:10] I'll be gone.
[00:19:11] Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
[00:19:53] The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
[00:19:56] Take heed the queen come not within his sight,
[00:19:58] for Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
[00:20:01] because that she as her attendant
[00:20:03] hath a lovely boy stolen from an Indian king.
[00:20:07] She never had so sweet a changeling.
[00:20:10] And jealous Oberon would have the child knight of his train
[00:20:14] to trace the forests wild,
[00:20:15] but she perforce withholds the loved boy,
[00:20:18] crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy.
[00:20:21] Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
[00:20:24] or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
[00:20:26] called Robin Goodfellow.
[00:20:28] Thou speakest aright.
[00:20:29] I am that merry wanderer of the night.
[00:20:31] I jest to Oberon and make him smile
[00:20:33] when I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
[00:20:36] neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
[00:20:38] And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
[00:20:41] in very likeness of a roasted crab.
[00:20:43] And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
[00:20:46] and on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
[00:20:49] The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
[00:20:51] sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.
[00:20:54] Then slip I from her bum.
[00:20:56] Down topples she.
[00:20:57] But, room, fairy, here comes Oberon.
[00:20:59] Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
[00:21:02] What?
[00:21:03] Jealous Oberon.
[00:21:07] Fairies, skip hence.
[00:21:08] I have forsworn his bed and company.
[00:21:10] Tarry, rash wanton.
[00:21:12] Am not I thy lord?
[00:21:15] Then I must be thy lady,
[00:21:17] but I know when thou hast stolen away from fairy land
[00:21:22] and in the shape of Corin sat all day playing on pipes of corn
[00:21:26] and versing love to amorous Phillida.
[00:21:30] Why art thou here, come from the farthest steppe of India,
[00:21:34] but that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
[00:21:36] your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love
[00:21:38] to Theseus must be wedded,
[00:21:41] and you come to give their bed joy and prosperity.

[00:21:44] How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
[00:21:46] glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
[00:21:48] knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
[00:21:50] Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
[00:21:53] from Perigenia, whom he ravished?
[00:21:54] And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
[00:21:57] with Ariadne and Antiopa?
[00:21:59] These are the forgeries of jealousy.
[00:22:02] And never, since the middle summer's spring,
[00:22:06] met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
[00:22:08] by paved fountain or by rushy brook,
[00:22:10] or in the beached margent of the sea,
[00:22:12] to dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
[00:22:14] but with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
[00:22:18] Therefore, the wind, piping to us in vain as in revenge,
[00:22:25] have sucked up from the sea contagious fogs,
[00:22:27] which falling in the land,
[00:22:29] have every pelting river made so proud
[00:22:31] that they have overborne their continents.
[00:22:35] The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
[00:22:37] the ploughman lost his sweat,
[00:22:38] and the green corn hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
[00:22:42] The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
[00:22:44] and crows are fatted with the murrion flock.
[00:22:48] The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
[00:22:51] and the quaint mazes in the wanton green for lack of tread
[00:22:54] are undistinguishable.
[00:22:57] The human mortals want their winter cheer.
[00:22:59] No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.
[00:23:03] Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
[00:23:09] pale in her anger, washes all the air
[00:23:12] that rheumatic diseases do abound.
[00:23:14] And thorough this distemperature we see the seasons alter,
[00:23:17] hoary-headed frosts far in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
[00:23:21] and on old Hiems' thin and icy crown,
[00:23:24] an odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
[00:23:27] is, as in mockery, set.
[00:23:29] The spring, the summer, the childing autumn,
[00:23:31] angry winter, change their wonted liveries,
[00:23:33] and the mazed world, by their increase,
[00:23:36] knows not now which is which.
[00:23:41] And this same progeny of evils comes from our debate,
[00:23:45] from our dissension.
[00:23:47] We are their parents and original.
[00:23:50] Do you amend it then?
[00:23:51] It lies in you.
[00:23:53] Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
[00:23:55] I do but beg a little changeling boy to be my henchman.
[00:23:59] Set your heart at rest.
[00:24:01] The fairy land buys not the child of me.
[00:24:06] His mother was a votaress of my order.
[00:24:10] And, in the spiced Indian air by night,
[00:24:15] full often hath she gossiped by my side
[00:24:18] and sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
[00:24:21] marking the embarked traders on the flood
[00:24:24] where we have laughed to see the sails
[00:24:26] conceive and grow big-bellied with the wanton wind, which she,
[00:24:30] with pretty and with swimming gait following--
[00:24:34] her womb then rich with my young squire--
[00:24:38] would imitate and sail upon the land

[00:24:41] to fetch me trifles and return again as from a voyage,
[00:24:44] rich with merchandise.
[00:24:47] But she, being mortal, of that boy did die.
[00:24:53] And for her sake do I rear up her boy.
[00:24:57] And for her sake, I will not part with him.
[00:25:03] Give me that boy.
[00:25:06] Not for thy fairy kingdom.
[00:25:10] Fairies, away.
[00:25:11] We shall chide downright if I longer stay.
[00:25:14] Well, go thy way.
[00:25:15] Thou shalt not from this grove till I torment thee for this injury.
[00:25:21] My gentle Puck, come hither.
[00:25:27] Thou rememberest since once I sat upon a promontory
[00:25:29] and heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
[00:25:32] uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
[00:25:34] that the rude sea grew civil at her song
[00:25:37] and certain stars shot madly from their spheres
[00:25:39] to hear the sea-maid's music.
[00:25:41] I remember.
[00:25:42] That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
[00:25:45] flying between the cold moon and the earth,
[00:25:47] Cupid all armed.
[00:25:50] A certain aim he took at a fair vestal throned by the west
[00:25:53] and loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow
[00:25:56] as it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
[00:25:58] But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
[00:26:01] quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
[00:26:04] and the imperial votaress passed on, in maiden meditation,
[00:26:10] fancy-free.
[00:26:12] Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
[00:26:15] It fell upon a little western flower,
[00:26:18] before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.
[00:26:22] And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
[00:26:25] Fetch me that flower, the herb I shewed thee once.
[00:26:28] The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
[00:26:30] will make all man or woman madly dote
[00:26:32] upon the next live creature that it sees.
[00:26:34] Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
[00:26:36] ere the leviathan can swim a league.
[00:26:38] I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.
[00:26:42] Having once this juice,
[00:26:44] I'll watch Titania when she is asleep
[00:26:46] and drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
[00:26:49] The next thing then she waking looks upon,
[00:26:52] be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
[00:26:56] on meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
[00:26:58] she shall pursue it with the soul of love.
[00:27:01] And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
[00:27:03] as I can take it with another herb,
[00:27:06] I'll make her render up her page to me.
[00:27:11] Who comes here?
[00:27:13] I am invisible, and I will overhear their conference.
[00:27:17] Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
[00:27:21] Thou toldest me they were stolen unto this wood.
[00:27:27] Hence, get thee gone and follow me no more.
[00:27:46] Do I entice you?
[00:27:48] Do I speak you fair?
[00:27:49] Or rather, do I not, in plainest truth,
[00:27:51] tell you I do not, nor I cannot, love you?
[00:27:55] And even for that do I love you the more.

[00:27:59] I am your spaniel.
[00:28:02] And, Demetrius, the more you beat me,
[00:28:04] I will fawn on you.
[00:28:05] Use me but as your spaniel; spurn me; strike me;
[00:28:09] neglect me; lose me.
[00:28:11] Only give me leave, unworthy as I am, to follow you.
[00:28:14] What worser place can I beg in your love--
[00:28:17] and yet a place of high respect with me--
[00:28:20] than to be used as you use your dog?
[00:28:23] Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
[00:28:26] for I am sick when I do look on thee.
[00:28:28] And I am sick when I look not on you.
[00:28:31] You do impeach your modesty too much
[00:28:33] to leave the city and commit yourself
[00:28:35] into the hands of one that loves you not,
[00:28:36] to trust the opportunity of night and the ill counsel of a desert place
[00:28:40] with the rich worth of your virginity.
[00:28:41] Your virtue is my privilege.
[00:28:44] For that it is not night when I do see your face.
[00:28:47] Therefore, I think I am not in the night,
[00:28:49] nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
[00:28:52] for you, in my respect, are all the world.
[00:28:55] Then how can it be said I am alone
[00:28:57] when all the world is here to look on me?
[00:28:59] I will not stay thy questions.
[00:29:02] Let me go.
[00:29:03] Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
[00:29:04] but I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
[00:29:06] Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, you do me mischief.
[00:29:10] Fie, Demetrius!
[00:29:11] Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
[00:29:13] We cannot fight for love as men may do.
[00:29:16] We should be wooed and were not made to woo.
[00:29:18] I'll run from thee, and hide me in the breaks,
[00:29:20] and leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
[00:29:25] I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
[00:29:29] to die upon the hand I love so well.
[00:29:31] Fare thee well, nymph.
[00:29:33] Ere he do leave this grove,
[00:29:34] thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
[00:29:38] Hast thou the flower there?
[00:29:42] Welcome, wanderer.
[00:29:44] Ay, there it is.
[00:29:46] I pray thee, give it me.
[00:29:50] I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
[00:29:52] where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
[00:29:55] quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
[00:29:58] with sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
[00:30:02] There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
[00:30:04] lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.
[00:30:08] And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
[00:30:10] weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
[00:30:15] And with the juice of this, I'll streak her eyes
[00:30:19] and make her full of hateful fantasies.
[00:30:22] Take thou some of it and seek through this grove.
[00:30:25] A sweet Athenian lady is in love with a disdainful youth.
[00:30:28] Anoint his eyes,
[00:30:30] but do it when the next thing he espies may be the lady.
[00:30:33] Thou shalt know the man by the Athenian garments he hath on.
[00:30:37] Effect it with some care,

[00:30:39] that he may prove more fond on her
[00:30:43] than she upon her love.
[00:30:50] Sing me now asleep
[00:30:51] then to your offices and let me rest.
[00:30:57] You spotted snakes with double tongue.
[00:31:08] Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.
[00:31:18] Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong.
[00:31:27] Come not near our fairy queen.
[00:31:33] Come not near our fairy queen,
[00:31:36] our fairy queen.
[00:31:44] Philomel, with melody, sing in our sweet lullaby.
[00:31:48] Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
[00:31:51] Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
[00:31:54] come our lovely lady nigh.
[00:31:56] So good night with lullaby.
[00:31:57] So good night with lullaby.
[00:32:00] So good night with lullaby.
[00:32:01] So good night
[00:32:03] with lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.
[00:32:07] Weaving spiders, come not here.
[00:32:11] Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence.
[00:32:16] Beetles black, approach not near.
[00:32:23] Worm nor snail, do no offense.
[00:32:33] Worm nor snail, do no offense.
[00:32:42] Philomel, with melody, sing in our sweet lullaby.
[00:32:46] Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
[00:32:50] Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
[00:32:52] come our lovely lady nigh.
[00:32:54] So good night with lullaby.
[00:32:56] So good night with lullaby.
[00:32:58] So good night with lullaby.
[00:33:00] So good night
[00:33:01] with lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.
[00:33:05] Hence, away.
[00:33:06] Now all is well.
[00:33:08] One aloof stand sentinel.
[00:33:21] What thou seest when thou dost wake,
[00:33:22] do it for thy true-love take,
[00:33:25] love and languish for his sake,
[00:33:29] be it ounce, or cat, or bear, pard,
[00:33:33] or boar with bristled hair
[00:33:34] in thy eye that shall appear when thou wakest,
[00:33:37] it is thy dear.
[00:33:44] Wake when some vile thing is near.
[00:33:51] Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood.
[00:33:55] And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.
[00:34:04] We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
[00:34:06] and tarry for the comfort of the day.
[00:34:09] Be it so, Lysander.
[00:34:10] Find you out a bed, for I upon this bank will rest my head.
[00:34:14] One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
[00:34:16] one heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
[00:34:21] Nay, good Lysander,
[00:34:24] for my sake, my dear, lie further off.
[00:34:26] Do not lie so near.
[00:34:28] Oh, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence.
[00:34:36] Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
[00:34:38] I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
[00:34:42] so that one heart we can make of it,
[00:34:46] two bosoms interchained with an oath

[00:34:49] so then two bosoms and a single troth.
[00:34:54] Then by your side no bedroom me deny.
[00:34:56] For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
[00:35:01] Lysander riddles very prettily.
[00:35:03] Now much beshrew my manners and my pride
[00:35:05] if Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
[00:35:07] But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy lie further off.
[00:35:12] In human modesty,
[00:35:13] such separation as may well be said
[00:35:17] becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.
[00:35:20] So far be distant.
[00:35:23] And, good night, sweet friend.
[00:35:25] Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.
[00:35:39] Amen, amen to that fair prayer, say I.
[00:35:45] So end life when I end loyalty.
[00:35:58] Here is my bed.
[00:36:03] Sleep give thee all his rest.
[00:36:06] With half that wish, the wisher's eyes be pressed.
[00:36:12] Through the forest have I gone,
[00:36:14] but Athenian found I none on whose eyes I might approve
[00:36:18] this flower's force in stirring love.
[00:36:21] Night and silence.
[00:36:23] Who is here?
[00:36:24] Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
[00:36:27] This is he, my master said, despised the Athenian maid.
[00:36:33] And here the maiden sleeping sound on the dank and dirty ground.
[00:36:39] Pretty soul,
[00:36:40] She durst not lie near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
[00:36:44] Churl, upon thy eyes I throw all the power this charm doth owe.
[00:36:50] When thou wakest, let love forbid.
[00:36:53] Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
[00:36:57] So awake when I am gone, for I must now to Oberon.
[00:37:01] Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
[00:37:07] I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
[00:37:11] Oh, wilt thou darkling leave me?
[00:37:12] Do not so.
[00:37:14] Stay, on thy peril.
[00:37:17] I alone will go.
[00:37:32] Oh, I am out of breath in this fond chase.
[00:37:39] The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
[00:37:44] Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
[00:37:47] for she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
[00:37:53] How came her eyes so bright?
[00:37:55] Not with salt tears.
[00:37:58] If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
[00:38:09] No, no, I am as ugly as a bear.
[00:38:16] For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
[00:38:20] Therefore no marvel though Demetrius do
[00:38:23] as a monster fly my presence thus.
[00:38:26] What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
[00:38:29] made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
[00:38:37] But who is here?
[00:38:41] Lysander on the ground!
[00:38:43] Dead?
[00:38:45] Or asleep?
[00:38:47] I see no blood, no wound.
[00:38:50] Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
[00:38:54] And run through fire will I for thy sweet sake.
[00:38:57] Transparent Helena!
[00:38:59] Nature shows art,

[00:39:03] that through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
[00:39:06] Where is Demetrius?
[00:39:08] Oh, how fit a word is that vile name to perish on my sword.
[00:39:12] Do not say so, Lysander.
[00:39:16] Say not so what though he love your Hermia?
[00:39:21] Lord, what though?
[00:39:22] Yet Hermia still loves you, then be content.
[00:39:25] Content with Hermia.
[00:39:28] No, I do repent the tedious minutes I with her have spent.
[00:39:35] Not Hermia but Helena I love.
[00:39:39] Who will not change a raven for a dove?
[00:39:43] The will of man is by his reason swayed.
[00:39:46] And reason says you are the worthier maid.
[00:39:48] Things growing are not ripe until their season,
[00:39:51] so I, being young, till now ripe not to reason.
[00:39:54] And touching now the point of human skill,
[00:39:58] reason becomes the marshal to my will
[00:40:00] and leads me to your eyes,
[00:40:08] where I o'erlook love's stories written in love's richest book.
[00:40:14] Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
[00:40:20] When at your hand did I deserve this scorn?
[00:40:23] It's not enough-- it's not enough, young man,
[00:40:26] that I did never, no, nor never can,
[00:40:29] deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
[00:40:32] but you must flout my insufficiency?
[00:40:34] Good troth, you do me wrong.
[00:40:35] Good sooth, you do, in such disdainful manner me to woo.
[00:40:40] But fare you well.
[00:40:41] Perforce, I must confess
[00:40:45] I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
[00:40:51] Oh, that a lady, of one man refused
[00:40:54] should of another therefore be abused.
[00:41:00] She sees not Hermia.
[00:41:04] Hermia, sleep thou there
[00:41:06] and never mayst thou come Lysander near.
[00:41:09] For all my powers, address your love and might
[00:41:13] to honour Helen and to be her knight.
[00:41:22] Ay me, for pity!
[00:41:24] What a dream was here.
[00:41:27] Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
[00:41:29] Methought a serpent ate my heart away
[00:41:34] and you sat smiling at his cruel pray.
[00:41:39] Lysander?
[00:41:49] What, removed?
[00:41:53] Lysander!
[00:41:58] Lord!
[00:42:03] What, out of hearing?
[00:42:04] Gone?
[00:42:07] No sound,
[00:42:10] no word?
[00:42:13] Alack, where are you?
[00:42:15] Speak, and if you hear,
[00:42:18] speak, of all loves.
[00:42:20] I swoon almost with fear.
[00:42:25] No?
[00:42:27] Then I well perceive you are not nigh.
[00:42:32] Either death or you I'll find immediately.

A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 3

[00:43:19] Here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal.
[00:43:22] And we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.
[00:43:24] Peter Quince.
[00:43:26] What sayest thou, bully Bottom?
[00:43:27] There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe
[00:43:29] that will never please.
[00:43:31] First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself,
[00:43:34] which the ladies cannot abide.
[00:43:36] How answer you that?
[00:43:37] By'r lakin, a parlous fear.
[00:43:38] I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.
[00:43:41] Not a whit. I have a device to make all well.
[00:43:43] Write me a prologue.
[00:43:45] Let the prologue seem to say
[00:43:46] that we will do no harm with our swords
[00:43:48] and that Pyramus is not killed indeed.
[00:43:50] And for the more better assurance,
[00:43:51] tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus,
[00:43:53] but Bottom the weaver.
[00:43:55] This will put them out of fear.
[00:43:56] Well, we will have such a prologue,
[00:43:58] and it shall be written in eight and six.
[00:44:00] No, let it be two more.
[00:44:01] Let it be written in eight and eight.
[00:44:03] Will the ladies not be afeard of the lion?
[00:44:05] I fear it, I promise you.
[00:44:06] Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves.
[00:44:08] To bring in-- God shield us--
[00:44:10] a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing,
[00:44:12] for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living.
[00:44:15] And we ought to look to it.
[00:44:16] Therefore, another prologue should tell it that he's not a lion.
[00:44:19] Nay, you must name his name.
[00:44:21] And half his face must be seen through the lion's neck.
[00:44:23] And he himself must speak through
[00:44:25] saying thus, or to the same defect,
[00:44:27] "Ladies,"--or "Fair ladies"--
[00:44:29] "I would wish you,"-- or "I would request you"--
[00:44:32] or "I would--
[00:44:33] Entreat you.
[00:44:34] "I would entreat you not to fear,
[00:44:35] "not to tremble my life for yours.
[00:44:37] "If you think I come hither as a lion, "it were pity of my life.
[00:44:40] "No, I am no such thing.
[00:44:41] I am a man as other men are."
[00:44:43] And there indeed let him name his name
[00:44:44] and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.
[00:44:47] Well, it shall be so.
[00:44:49] But there is two hard things.
[00:44:51] That is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber,
[00:44:58] for Pyramus and Thisbe you know meet by moonlight.
[00:45:01] Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?
[00:45:04] A calendar, a calendar.
[00:45:05] Look in the almanac.
[00:45:07] Find out moonshine.
[00:45:08] Yes, it doth shine that night.
[00:45:09] Why, then, may you leave a casement
[00:45:11] of the great chamber window, where we play, open,

[00:45:13] and the moon may shine in at the casement.
[00:45:15] Ay, or else one must come in
[00:45:18] with a bush of thorns and a lantern,
[00:45:21] and say he comes to disfigure, or to present,
[00:45:23] the person of moonshine.
[00:45:26] And there is another thing.
[00:45:27] We must have a wall in the great chamber,
[00:45:29] for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story,
[00:45:32] did talk through the chink of a wall.
[00:45:34] You can never bring in a wall.
[00:45:36] What say you, Bottom?
[00:45:37] Some man or other must present wall,
[00:45:40] and let him have some plaster or some loam
[00:45:42] or some rough-cast about him to signify wall.
[00:45:45] And let him hold his fingers thus,
[00:45:48] and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.
[00:45:53] If that may be, then all is well.
[00:45:56] Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
[00:45:59] Now, Pyramus, you begin.
[00:46:02] When you have spoken your speech,
[00:46:04] enter into that brake,
[00:46:07] and so every one according to his cue.
[00:46:11] What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here
[00:46:14] so near the cradle of the fairy queen?
[00:46:17] What, a play toward.
[00:46:20] I'll be an auditor, an actor too, perhaps,
[00:46:22] if I see cause.
[00:46:24] Speak, Pyramus.
[00:46:25] Thisbe, stand forth.
[00:46:30] Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet--
[00:46:35] Odious--Odorous!
[00:46:37] Odorous savors sweet,
[00:46:40] so hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.
[00:46:43] But hark, a voice.
[00:46:46] Stay thou but here awhile,
[00:46:48] and by and by I will to thee appear.
[00:46:51] A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.
[00:46:56] Must I speak now?
[00:46:58] Ay, marry, must you, for you must understand
[00:47:02] he goes but to see a noise that he heard
[00:47:03] and is to come again.
[00:47:05] Oh, most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
[00:47:10] of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
[00:47:14] most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
[00:47:18] as true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
[00:47:22] I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.
[00:47:26] "Ninus' tomb," man.
[00:47:29] Why, you mustn't speak that yet, that you answer to Pyramus.
[00:47:32] You speak all your part at once, cues and all.
[00:47:35] Pyramus, enter.
[00:47:36] Your cue is past.
[00:47:37] It is, "never tire."
[00:47:39] Oh, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.
[00:47:43] If I were fair, fair Thisbe, I were only thine.
[00:47:52] Oh, monstrous.
[00:47:54] Oh, strange.
[00:47:55] We are haunted.
[00:47:57] Pray, masters.
[00:47:58] Fly, masters!
[00:47:59] Help!

[00:48:00] I'll follow you. I'll lead you about, around,
[00:48:02] through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.
[00:48:05] Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
[00:48:07] a hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire
[00:48:09] and neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
[00:48:13] like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[00:48:22] I see their knavery.
[00:48:25] This is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could.
[00:48:52] But I will not stir from this place, do what they can.
[00:48:59] I will walk up and down here, and I will sing,
[00:49:04] that they shall hear I am not afraid.
[00:49:08] The ousel cock so black of hue with orange-tawny bill.
[00:49:16] The throstle with his note so true.
[00:49:20] The wren with little quill--
[00:49:25] The finch, the sparrow and the lark.
[00:49:27] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
[00:49:29] A plain-song cuckoo gray,
[00:49:32] whose note full many a man doth mark,
[00:49:35] and dares not answer nay.
[00:49:39] For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
[00:49:45] Who would give a bird the lie, though it cry "cuckoo" never so?
[00:49:53] I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
[00:49:55] Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.
[00:49:58] So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.
[00:50:04] And thy fair virtue's force
[00:50:06] perforce doth move me on the first view
[00:50:08] to say, to swear,
[00:50:14] I love thee.
[00:50:17] Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that.
[00:50:20] And yet, to say the truth,
[00:50:21] reason and love keep little company together nowadays.
[00:50:24] The more the pity that some honest neighbours
[00:50:26] will not make them friends.
[00:50:29] Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.
[00:50:31] Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
[00:50:37] Not so, neither,
[00:50:38] but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood,
[00:50:41] I have enough to serve mine own turn.
[00:50:43] Out of this wood do not desire to go.
[00:50:44] Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
[00:50:47] I am a spirit of no common rate.
[00:50:51] The summer still doth tend upon my state.
[00:50:54] And I do love thee.
[00:50:56] Therefore, go with me.
[00:50:58] I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
[00:51:00] and they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep
[00:51:05] and sing whilst thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.
[00:51:08] And I will purge thy mortal grossness
[00:51:11] so that thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
[00:51:16] Peaseblossom, Cobweb,
[00:51:18] Moth, and Mustardseed.
[00:51:20] - Ready. - And I.
[00:51:21] - And I. - And I.
[00:51:22] Where shall we go?
[00:51:23] Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
[00:51:26] Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes.
[00:51:29] Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
[00:51:33] with purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
[00:51:36] The honey-bags steal from the humble-bee.
[00:51:38] And for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs

[00:51:43] and light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
[00:51:45] to have my love to bed and to arise.
[00:51:49] And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
[00:51:52] to fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
[00:51:56] Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
[00:52:00] - Hail. - Hail.
[00:52:03] - Hail. - Hail.
[00:52:04] I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.
[00:52:06] I beseech your worship's name.
[00:52:08] Cobweb.
[00:52:09] I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
[00:52:11] good Master Cobweb.
[00:52:12] If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.
[00:52:18] Your name, honest gentleman?
[00:52:20] Peaseblossom.
[00:52:21] Good Master Peaseblossom,
[00:52:23] I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.
[00:52:26] Your name, I beseech you, sir?
[00:52:27] Mustardseed.
[00:52:28] Good Master Mustardseed,
[00:52:31] Your kindred had made my eyes water ere now.
[00:52:35] I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.
[00:52:39] Come, wait upon him.
[00:52:41] Lead him to my bower.
[00:52:55] The moon methinks looks with a watery eye.
[00:53:00] And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
[00:53:04] lamenting some enforced chastity.
[00:53:12] Tie up my love's tongue.
[00:53:16] Bring him silently.
[00:53:46] How now, mad spirit!
[00:53:48] What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
[00:53:51] My mistress with a monster is in love.
[00:53:56] This falls out better than I could devise.
[00:54:22] Oh, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
[00:54:23] Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
[00:54:25] Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
[00:54:27] For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
[00:54:30] If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
[00:54:32] being o'er shoes in blood,
[00:54:33] plunge in the deep and kill me too.
[00:54:37] The sun was not so true unto the day as he to me.
[00:54:40] Would he have stolen away from sleeping Hermia?
[00:54:43] I'll believe as soon this whole earth may be bored
[00:54:45] and that the moon may through the centre creep
[00:54:48] and so displease her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
[00:54:50] It cannot be but thou hast murdered him.
[00:54:53] So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
[00:54:57] So should the murdered look and so should I,
[00:54:59] pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.
[00:55:01] Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear
[00:55:03] as yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
[00:55:06] What's this to my Lysander?
[00:55:07] Where is he?
[00:55:08] Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
[00:55:12] I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
[00:55:16] Out, dog.
[00:55:17] Out, cur.
[00:55:18] Thou drivest me past the bounds of maiden's patience.
[00:55:21] Hast thou slain him, then?
[00:55:22] Henceforth be never numbered among men.

[00:55:24] Oh, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake.
[00:55:27] Durst thou have looked upon him being awake,
[00:55:30] and hast thou killed him sleeping?
[00:55:32] Oh, brave touch.
[00:55:34] Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
[00:55:36] An adder did it,
[00:55:38] for with doubler tongue than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
[00:55:41] You spend your passion on a misprised mood.
[00:55:43] I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
[00:55:45] nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
[00:55:46] I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
[00:55:48] If I could, what should I get therefore?
[00:55:50] A privilege never to see me more.
[00:55:52] And from thy hated presence part I so.
[00:55:54] See me no more, whether he be dead or no.
[00:55:57] pierce vein.
[00:55:59] Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
[00:56:07] What hast thou done?
[00:56:08] Thou hast mistaken quite and laid the love-juice
[00:56:11] on some true-love's sight.
[00:56:12] Of thy misprision must perforce ensue.
[00:56:14] Some true love turned and not a false turned true.
[00:56:16] Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
[00:56:19] a million fail, confounding oath on oath.
[00:56:22] About the wood go swifter than the wind
[00:56:24] and Helena of Athens look thou find.
[00:56:25] All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
[00:56:27] with sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.
[00:56:29] By some illusion see thou bring her here.
[00:56:32] I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
[00:56:34] I go. I go.
[00:56:35] Look how I go, swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
[00:56:40] Flower of this purple dye hit with Cupid's archery,
[00:56:43] Sink in apple of his eye.
[00:56:45] When his love he doth espy,
[00:56:47] let her shine as gloriously as the Venus of the sky.
[00:56:50] When thou wakest, if she be by,
[00:56:53] beg of her for remedy.
[00:56:58] Captain of our fairy band, Helena is here at hand,
[00:57:01] and the youth, mistook by me, pleading for a lover's fee.
[00:57:05] Shall we their fond pageant see?
[00:57:07] Lord, what fools these mortals be.
[00:57:10] Draw aside: the noise they make will cause Demetrius to awake.
[00:57:15] Then will two at once woo one.
[00:57:17] That must needs be sport alone.
[00:57:19] And those things do best please me that befall preposterously.
[00:57:24] Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
[00:57:28] Scorn and derision never come in tears.
[00:57:30] Look, when I vow, I weep.
[00:57:33] And vows so born, in their nativity,
[00:57:35] all truth appears.
[00:57:37] How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
[00:57:41] Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
[00:57:43] You do advance your cunning more and more.
[00:57:46] These vows are Hermia's.
[00:57:47] Will you give her o'er?
[00:57:48] I had no judgment when to her I swore.
[00:57:50] Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
[00:57:53] Demetrius loves her and loves not you.
[00:57:56] Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine.

[00:58:05] To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
[00:58:08] Crystal is muddy.
[00:58:10] Oh, how ripe in show thy lips, those kissing cherries,
[00:58:13] tempting grow.
[00:58:14] Oh, spite.
[00:58:15] Pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
[00:58:17] Fanned with the eastern wind,
[00:58:19] turns to a crow when thou holdest up thy hand.
[00:58:21] I see you all are bent to set against me for your merriment.
[00:58:24] You are unkind, Demetrius.
[00:58:25] Be not so, for you love Hermia.
[00:58:27] If you were civil, you would not do me this much injury.
[00:58:29] Can you not hate me, as I know you do?
[00:58:31] But you must join in souls to mock me too?
[00:58:33] You love Hermia.
[00:58:34] This you know I know.
[00:58:35] And here, with all my good will, with all my heart,
[00:58:38] In Hermia's love, I yield you up my part.
[00:58:40] To vow and swear and superpraise my parts
[00:58:43] when I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
[00:58:45] You both are rivals and love Hermia.
[00:58:48] In Hermia's love, I yield you up my part.
[00:58:51] And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
[00:58:53] And now both rivals to mock Helena.
[00:58:55] Whom I do love and will do till my death.
[00:58:58] A trim exploit,
[00:59:01] a manly enterprise to conjure tears up
[00:59:03] in a poor maid's eyes with your derision.
[00:59:06] If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
[00:59:08] Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
[00:59:11] the ear more quick of apprehension makes.
[00:59:13] And now to Helen, is it home returned.
[00:59:16] There to remain.
[00:59:17] Helen, it is not so.
[00:59:19] Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
[00:59:23] Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found.
[00:59:26] Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
[00:59:30] But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
[00:59:33] Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
[00:59:35] What love could press Lysander from my side?
[00:59:38] Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
[00:59:40] fair Helena, who more engilds the night
[00:59:44] Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.
[00:59:47] Why seekest thou me?
[00:59:48] Could not this make thee know
[00:59:51] the hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
[00:59:53] Lo, she is one of this confederacy
[00:59:57] Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
[01:00:00] to fashion this false sport in spite of me.
[01:00:03] Injurious Hermia,
[01:00:06] most ungrateful maid,
[01:00:07] Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
[01:00:10] to bait me with this foul derision?
[01:00:13] Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
[01:00:15] the sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
[01:00:17] when we have chid the hasty-footed time for parting us.
[01:00:20] Oh, is all forgot--
[01:00:24] All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
[01:00:28] We, Hermia, have like two artificial gods,
[01:00:32] have with our needles created both one flower,

[01:00:37] both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
[01:00:41] both warbling of one song, both in one key,
[01:00:46] as if our hands, our sides,
[01:00:48] voices and minds, had been incorporate.
[01:00:51] So we grew together, like...
[01:00:58] to a double cherry,
[01:01:01] seeming parted, but yet an union in partition,
[01:01:06] two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
[01:01:09] so, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
[01:01:14] And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
[01:01:18] to join with men in scorning your poor friend?
[01:01:21] It is not friendly.
[01:01:24] 'Tis not maidenly.
[01:01:27] Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
[01:01:29] though I alone do feel the injury.
[01:01:31] I am amazed at your passionate words.
[01:01:34] I scorn you not.
[01:01:35] It seems that you scorn me.
[01:01:37] Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
[01:01:40] to follow me and praise my eyes and face?
[01:01:42] And made your other love, Demetrius,
[01:01:44] who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
[01:01:46] to call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
[01:01:52] precious, celestial?
[01:01:56] Wherefore speaks he this to her he hates?
[01:01:58] And wherefore doth Lysander deny your love,
[01:02:01] so rich within his soul,
[01:02:02] and tender me, forsooth, affection,
[01:02:05] but by your setting on by your consent?
[01:02:08] What though I be not so in grace as you,
[01:02:12] so hung upon with love, so fortunate,
[01:02:16] but miserable most, to love unloved?
[01:02:21] This you should pity rather than despise.
[01:02:25] I understand not what you mean by this.
[01:02:32] Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
[01:02:37] make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
[01:02:39] wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up.
[01:02:42] This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
[01:02:46] If you had any pity, grace, or manners,
[01:02:50] you would not make me such an argument.
[01:02:52] But fare ye well.
[01:02:54] No, stay, gentle Helena.
[01:02:55] 'Tis partly my own fault--
[01:02:56] Hear my excuse.
[01:02:58] Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
[01:03:00] My life, my love, my soul, fair Helena.
[01:03:04] Oh, excellent.
[01:03:06] Sweet, do not scorn her so.
[01:03:08] If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
[01:03:10] Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
[01:03:12] Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
[01:03:17] Helen, I love thee, by my life, I do.
[01:03:21] I swear by that which I will lose for thee
[01:03:23] to prove him false that says I love thee not.
[01:03:25] I say I love thee more than he can do.
[01:03:27] If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
[01:03:29] Quick, come!
[01:03:30] Lysander, whereto tends all this?
[01:03:32] Away, you Ethiopie.
[01:03:33] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr.

[01:03:35] Vile thing, let loose, or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
[01:03:38] Thy love--Ha!
[01:03:40] Out, tawny Tartar, out!
[01:03:43] You loathed medicine, hated potion, hence!
[01:03:45] Do you not jest?
[01:03:46] Yes, sooth, and so do you.
[01:03:48] You're a tame man.
[01:03:49] Go.
[01:03:50] Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
[01:03:52] I would I had your bond, for I perceive a weak bond holds you.
[01:03:55] I'll not trust your word.
[01:03:56] What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
[01:03:58] No, although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
[01:04:03] What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
[01:04:06] Hate me?
[01:04:07] Wherefore?
[01:04:09] Oh me, what news, my love.
[01:04:10] Am not I Hermia?
[01:04:11] Are not you Lysander?
[01:04:13] I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
[01:04:15] Since night you loved me, yet since night you left me.
[01:04:18] Why, then you left me-- oh, the gods forbid--
[01:04:20] in earnest, shall I say?
[01:04:22] Ay, by my life, and never did desire to see thee more.
[01:04:25] Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt.
[01:04:29] Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest that I do hate thee
[01:04:34] and love Helena.
[01:04:44] Oh, me.
[01:04:48] You juggler.
[01:04:52] You canker-blossom.
[01:04:56] You thief of love!
[01:04:58] What, have you come by night and stolen my love's heart from him?
[01:05:04] What, will you tear impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
[01:05:07] Fie, fie.
[01:05:08] You counterfeit, you puppet, you.
[01:05:12] Puppet?
[01:05:14] Why so?
[01:05:15] Ay, that way goes the game.
[01:05:19] Now I perceive that she hath made compare between our statures.
[01:05:23] She hath urged her height, and with her personage,
[01:05:26] her tall personage, her height, forsooth,
[01:05:29] she hath prevailed with him.
[01:05:30] I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
[01:05:32] let her not hurt me.
[01:05:33] And are you grown so high in his esteem
[01:05:35] because I am so--
[01:05:36] dwarfish--
[01:05:37] And so low?
[01:05:39] I was never cursed.
[01:05:40] I have no gift at all in shrewishness.
[01:05:42] How low am I, thou painted maypole?
[01:05:46] Speak.
[01:05:47] How low am I?
[01:05:49] I am a right maid for my cowardice.
[01:05:51] I am not yet so low but that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
[01:05:55] Let her not strike me.
[01:05:56] You perhaps may think because she is something
[01:05:58] lower than myself that I can match her.
[01:06:00] Lower! Hark, again.
[01:06:01] Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

[01:06:03] I evermore did love you, Hermia, did ever keep your counsels,
[01:06:06] never wronged you.
[01:06:07] Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
[01:06:09] I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
[01:06:11] AAHH!
[01:06:12] He followed you.
[01:06:14] For love, I followed him,
[01:06:15] but he hath chid me hence and threatened me
[01:06:17] to spurn me, strike me, nay, to kill me too.
[01:06:25] And now, so you will let me quiet go.
[01:06:30] To Athens will I bear my folly back and follow you no further.
[01:06:35] Let me go.
[01:06:38] You see how simple and how fond I am.
[01:06:40] Why, get you gone.
[01:06:42] Who is it that hinders you?
[01:06:43] A foolish heart that I leave here behind.
[01:06:47] What, with Lysander?
[01:06:49] No, with Demetrius.
[01:06:50] Ooh, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd.
[01:06:53] She was a vixen when she went to school,
[01:06:55] and though she be but little, she is fierce.
[01:06:58] "Little" again.
[01:06:59] Nothing but "low" and "little."
[01:07:00] Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
[01:07:02] Let me come to her.
[01:07:03] Get you gone, you dwarf,
[01:07:05] you minimus of hindering knot-grass made,
[01:07:08] you bead, you acorn!
[01:07:12] Let her alone.
[01:07:14] Speak not of Helena.
[01:07:16] Take not her part.
[01:07:18] For, if thou dost intend never so little show of love to her,
[01:07:20] thou shalt aby it.
[01:07:21] Now she holds me not.
[01:07:23] Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right
[01:07:26] of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
[01:07:29] Follow?
[01:07:30] Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[01:07:36] You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.
[01:07:40] I will not trust you, I,
[01:07:43] nor longer stay in your cursed company.
[01:07:46] Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
[01:07:50] My legs are longer though, to run away.
[01:07:54] I am amazed and know not what to say.
[01:07:57] This is thy negligence still thou mistakest
[01:08:01] or else committest thy knaveries willfully.
[01:08:07] Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
[01:08:09] Did not you tell me I should know the man
[01:08:11] by the Athenian garments he had on?
[01:08:13] And so far blameless proves my enterprise
[01:08:15] that I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes.
[01:08:18] And so far, am I glad it so did sort
[01:08:21] as this their jangling I esteem a sport.
[01:08:23] Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight.
[01:08:25] Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night.
[01:08:28] The starry welkin cover
[01:08:30] thou anon with drooping fog as black as Acheron
[01:08:32] and lead these testy rivals so astray
[01:08:35] as one come not within another's way.
[01:08:37] Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue.

[01:08:40] Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong.
[01:08:43] And sometime rail thou like Demetrius.
[01:08:45] And from each other look thou lead them thus,
[01:08:47] till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
[01:08:49] with leaden legs and batty wings doth creep,
[01:08:52] Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
[01:08:55] whose liquor hath this virtuous property
[01:08:57] to take from thence all error with his might
[01:09:00] and make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
[01:09:02] When they next wake, all this derision
[01:09:05] shall seem a dream and fruitless vision
[01:09:07] and back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
[01:09:09] with league whose date till death shall never end.
[01:09:12] Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
[01:09:14] I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy.
[01:09:16] And then I will her charmed eye release
[01:09:19] from monster's view,
[01:09:21] and all things shall be peace.
[01:09:23] My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
[01:09:26] for night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
[01:09:29] and yonder shines Aurora's harbinger
[01:09:31] at whose approach ghosts wandering here and there
[01:09:33] troop home to churchyards, damned spirits
[01:09:36] that in crossways and floods have burial,
[01:09:38] already to their wormy beds are gone.
[01:09:40] For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
[01:09:42] they willfully themselves exile from light
[01:09:45] and must for aye consort with black-browed night.
[01:09:47] But we are spirits of another sort.
[01:09:51] I with the morning's love have oft made sport.
[01:09:53] And, like the forester, the groves may tread
[01:09:55] even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
[01:09:58] opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
[01:10:00] turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
[01:10:04] But, notwithstanding, haste.
[01:10:05] Make no delay.
[01:10:07] We may effect this business yet ere day.
[01:10:10] Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down.
[01:10:16] I am feared in field and town.
[01:10:19] Goblin, lead them up and down.
[01:10:23] Here comes one.
[01:10:25] Where art thou now, proud Demetrius?
[01:10:27] Speak thou now.
[01:10:28] Here, villain.
[01:10:29] Drawn and ready.
[01:10:30] Where art thou?
[01:10:31] I will be with thee straight.
[01:10:33] Follow me, then, to plainer ground.
[01:10:35] Lysander, speak again.
[01:10:37] Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
[01:10:40] Speak!
[01:10:41] In some bush?
[01:10:42] Where dost thou hide thy head?
[01:10:44] Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
[01:10:47] telling the bushes that thou lookest for wars
[01:10:49] and wilt not come?
[01:10:50] Come, recreant; Come, thou child.
[01:10:53] I'll whip thee with a rod.
[01:10:55] He is defiled that draws a sword on thee.
[01:10:58] Yea, art thou there?

[01:10:59] Follow my voice.
[01:11:00] We'll try no manhood here.
[01:11:03] He goes before me and still dares me on.
[01:11:06] When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
[01:11:10] The villain is much lighter-heeled than I.
[01:11:12] I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
[01:11:15] that fallen am I in dark uneven way
[01:11:19] and here will rest me.
[01:11:23] Come, thou gentle day.
[01:11:25] For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
[01:11:29] I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.
[01:11:32] Ho, ho, ho!
[01:11:34] Coward, why comest thou not?
[01:11:36] Abide me, if thou darest, for well I wot.
[01:11:38] Thou runnest before me, shifting every place
[01:11:40] and darest not stand nor look me in the face.
[01:11:42] Where art thou now?
[01:11:44] Come hither; I am here.
[01:11:49] Nay, then, thou mockest me.
[01:11:52] Thou shalt buy this dear if ever I thy face by daylight see:
[01:11:55] Now go thy way.
[01:11:59] Faintness constraineth me
[01:12:01] to measure out my length on this cold bed.
[01:12:04] Oh weary night,
[01:12:06] Oh long and tedious night.
[01:12:09] Abate thy hours.
[01:12:12] Shine comforts from the east
[01:12:13] that I may back to Athens by daylight
[01:12:16] from these that my poor company detest.
[01:12:21] And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
[01:12:24] steal me awhile from mine own company.
[01:12:28] Yet but three?
[01:12:29] Come one more.
[01:12:30] Two of both kinds makes up four.
[01:12:33] Here she comes, curst and sad.
[01:12:35] Cupid is a knavish lad thus to make poor females mad.
[01:12:40] Never so weary, never so in woe.
[01:12:43] Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
[01:12:46] I can no further crawl, no further go.
[01:12:50] My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
[01:12:53] Here will I rest me till the break of day.
[01:12:56] Heavens shield Lysander if they mean a fray.
[01:13:03] On the ground, sleep sound.
[01:13:06] I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[01:13:14] When thou wakest, thou takest true delight
[01:13:20] in the sight of thy former lady's eye.
[01:13:25] And the country proverb known
[01:13:29] that every man should take his own
[01:13:32] in your waking shall be shown.
[01:13:38] Jack shall have Jill.
[01:13:40] Nought shall go ill.
[01:13:42] The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[01:13:48] Jack shall have Jill.
[01:13:51] Nought shall go ill.
[01:13:53] The man shall have his mare again,
[01:13:56] and all shall be well.

A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 4

[01:14:01] Where's Peaseblossom?
[01:14:03] Ready.
[01:14:04] Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.
[01:14:06] Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed
[01:14:11] while I thy amiable cheeks do coy
[01:14:14] and stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head
[01:14:18] and kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy.
[01:14:25] Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?
[01:14:28] Ready.
[01:14:29] Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur,
[01:14:31] get you your weapons in your hand
[01:14:33] and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee
[01:14:35] on the top of a thistle.
[01:14:36] And, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
[01:14:39] Don't fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur.
[01:14:43] And, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not.
[01:14:47] I would be loath to have you overflown
[01:14:50] with a honey-bag, signior.
[01:14:52] Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?
[01:14:54] Ready.
[01:14:56] Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed.
[01:14:58] Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.
[01:15:00] What's your Will?
[01:15:02] Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch.
[01:15:07] I must to the barber's, monsieur,
[01:15:09] for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face.
[01:15:12] And I am such a tender ass,
[01:15:15] if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.
[01:15:31] What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?
[01:15:41] I have a reasonable good ear in music.
[01:15:43] Let's have the tongs and the bones.
[01:15:44] Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.
[01:15:48] Truly, a peck of provender.
[01:15:53] I could munch your good dry oats.
[01:15:54] Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay.
[01:15:58] Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
[01:16:01] I have a venturous fairy
[01:16:02] that shall seek the squirrel's hoard and fetch thee new nuts.
[01:16:05] I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
[01:16:10] But let none of your people stir me.
[01:16:15] I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
[01:16:18] Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
[01:16:25] Fairies, away, and be all ways away.
[01:16:33] So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle gently entwist.
[01:16:40] The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
[01:16:47] Oh, how I love thee.
[01:16:51] Oh, how I dote on thee.
[01:17:01] See'st thou this sweet sight?
[01:17:06] Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
[01:17:08] For, meeting her of late behind the wood
[01:17:11] seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
[01:17:14] I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
[01:17:18] For she his hairy temples
[01:17:19] then had rounded with a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
[01:17:24] And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
[01:17:27] was wont to swell like round and orient pearls
[01:17:30] stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
[01:17:33] like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

[01:17:36] When I had at my pleasure taunted her
[01:17:40] and she in mild terms begged my patience,
[01:17:44] I then did ask of her her changeling child,
[01:17:46] which straight she gave me.
[01:17:48] And her fairy sent to bear him to my bower in fairy land.
[01:17:52] And now I have the boy,
[01:17:55] I will undo this hateful imperfection of her eyes.
[01:17:59] And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
[01:18:03] from off the head of this Athenian swain.
[01:18:05] That, he awaking when the other do,
[01:18:06] may all to Athens back again repair
[01:18:09] and think no more of this night's accidents
[01:18:11] but as the fierce vexation of a dream.
[01:18:18] But first, I will release the fairy queen.
[01:18:28] Be as thou wast wont to be.
[01:18:35] See as thou wast wont to see.
[01:18:45] Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
[01:18:49] hath such force and blessed power.
[01:18:53] Now, my Titania,
[01:19:02] wake you, my sweet queen.
[01:19:12] My Oberon.
[01:19:20] What visions have I seen.
[01:19:29] Methought I was enamoured of an ass.
[01:19:42] There lies your love.
[01:19:54] How came these things to pass?
[01:19:56] Oh, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.
[01:20:00] Silence awhile.
[01:20:01] Robin, take off this head.
[01:20:03] Titania, music call.
[01:20:04] Music, music, such as charmeth sleep.
[01:20:10] Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
[01:20:17] Sound, music.
[01:20:20] Come, my queen, take hands with me
[01:20:21] and rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
[01:20:27] Now thou and I are new in amity,
[01:20:30] and will to-morrow midnight solemnly dance
[01:20:33] in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
[01:20:35] and bless it to all fair prosperity.
[01:20:39] There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be wedded
[01:20:42] with Theseus all in jollity.
[01:20:46] Fairy king, attend, and mark.
[01:20:47] I do hear the morning lark.
[01:20:48] Then, my queen, in silence sad,
[01:20:50] trip we after night's shade.
[01:20:52] We the globe can compass soon swifter than the wandering moon.
[01:20:54] Come, my lord, and in our flight,
[01:20:56] tell me how it came this night that I sleeping here was found
[01:21:00] with these mortals on the ground.
[01:21:12] I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
[01:21:14] when in a wood of Crete,
[01:21:16] they bayed the bear with hounds of Sparta.
[01:21:19] Never did I hear such gallant chiding.
[01:21:22] For besides the groves, the skies, the fountains,
[01:21:25] every region near seemed all one mutual cry.
[01:21:29] I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
[01:21:35] Good morrow, friends.
[01:21:37] Saint Valentine is passed.
[01:21:39] Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
[01:21:42] But speak, Egeus,
[01:21:43] is this not the day

[01:21:45] that Hermia should give answer of her choice.
[01:21:47] It is, my Lord.
[01:21:48] I pray, all, stand up.
[01:21:55] I know you two are rival enemies.
[01:21:58] How comes this gentle concord in the world,
[01:22:01] that hatred is so far from jealousy
[01:22:03] to sleep by hate and fear no enmity?
[01:22:06] My lord, I shall reply amazedly, half sleep, half waking,
[01:22:11] but as yet, I swear, I cannot truly say how I came here.
[01:22:17] But, as I think--
[01:22:18] for truly would I speak, and now do I bethink me, so it is--
[01:22:23] I came hither with Hermia.
[01:22:25] Our intent was to be gone from Athens,
[01:22:27] where we might, without the peril of the Athenian law--
[01:22:30] Enough, enough, my lord.
[01:22:32] You have enough.
[01:22:33] I beg the law, the law upon his head.
[01:22:37] They would have stolen away.
[01:22:39] They would, Demetrius,
[01:22:40] thereby to have defeated you and me,
[01:22:43] you of your wife, and me of my consent,
[01:22:46] of my consent that she should be your wife.
[01:22:49] My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
[01:22:52] of this their purpose hither to this wood.
[01:22:55] And I, in fury, hither followed them,
[01:22:57] fair Helena, in fancy, following me.
[01:23:00] But, my good lord, I wot not by what power--
[01:23:02] but by some power it is--
[01:23:04] my love to Hermia, melted as the snow,
[01:23:06] seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaud
[01:23:10] which in my childhood I did dote upon.
[01:23:12] All the faith, the virtue of my heart,
[01:23:15] the object and the pleasure of mine eye is only Helena.
[01:23:20] To her, my lord, was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia.
[01:23:23] But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food.
[01:23:26] But, as in health, come to my natural taste.
[01:23:29] Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
[01:23:33] and will, for evermore, be true to it.
[01:23:37] Egeus, I will overbear your will.
[01:23:41] For in the temple by and by with us
[01:23:43] these couples shall eternally be knit.
[01:23:56] These things seem small and indistinguishable,
[01:23:59] like far off mountains turned into clouds.
[01:24:03] Methinks I see these things with parted eye
[01:24:05] when everything seems double.
[01:24:07] So methinks, and I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
[01:24:12] mine own, and not mine own.
[01:24:17] Are you sure that we are awake?
[01:24:20] It seems to me that yet we sleep, we dream.
[01:24:22] Do not you think The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
[01:24:26] Yea, and my father.
[01:24:28] And Hippolyta.
[01:24:29] And he bid us follow to the temple.
[01:24:33] Why, then, we are awake.
[01:24:34] Let's follow him and by the way let us recount our dream.
[01:24:45] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
[01:24:50] My next is, "Most fair Pyramus."
[01:24:57] Heigh-ho, Peter Quince.
[01:24:58] Flute, the bellows-mender.
[01:25:01] Snout, the tinker.

[01:25:05] Starveling.
[01:25:09] God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep.
[01:25:18] I have had a most rare vision.
[01:25:21] I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was.
[01:25:27] Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream.
[01:25:31] Methought I was-- there is no man can tell what.
[01:25:40] Methought I was-- and methought I had--
[01:25:47] but man is but a patched fool,
[01:25:49] if he will offer to say what methought I had.
[01:25:53] The eye of man hath not heard.
[01:25:55] The ear of man hath not seen.
[01:25:57] Man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive,
[01:26:00] nor his heart to report what my dream was.
[01:26:08] I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream.
[01:26:12] It shall be called Bottom's Dream,
[01:26:18] because it hath no bottom.
[01:26:22] And I will sing it in the latter end of a play
[01:26:24] before the duke.
[01:26:26] Peradventure, to make it the more gracious,
[01:26:29] I shall sing it at her death.
[01:26:36] 'Tis strange my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
[01:26:39] More strange than true.
[01:26:41] I never may believe these antique fables,
[01:26:46] nor these fairy toys.
[01:26:49] Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
[01:26:51] such shaping fantasies
[01:26:53] that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends.
[01:26:59] The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
[01:27:02] are of imagination all compact.
[01:27:04] One sees more devils than vast hell can hold.
[01:27:08] That is the madman.
[01:27:11] The lover, all as frantic,
[01:27:13] sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
[01:27:16] The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling
[01:27:20] doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven
[01:27:24] and as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown.
[01:27:29] The poet's pen turns them to shapes
[01:27:32] and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.
[01:27:38] Such tricks hath strong imagination
[01:27:42] that if it would but apprehend some joy,
[01:27:45] it comprehends some bringer of that joy.
[01:27:51] Or in the night, imagining some fear,
[01:27:54] how easy is a bush supposed a bear.
[01:27:58] But all the story of the night told over,
[01:28:00] and all their minds transfigured so together,
[01:28:03] more witnesseth than fancy's images
[01:28:08] and grows to something of great constancy,
[01:28:11] but, howsoever, strange and admirable.
[01:28:20] Have you sent to Bottom's house?
[01:28:21] Is he come home yet?
[01:28:23] He cannot be heard of.
[01:28:25] Out of doubt, he is transported.
[01:28:27] If he come not, then the play is marred.
[01:28:30] It goes not forward, doth it?
[01:28:31] It is not possible.
[01:28:33] You have not a man in all Athens
[01:28:35] able to discharge Pyramus but he.
[01:28:37] No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.
[01:28:41] Yea.
[01:28:43] And the best person too.

[01:28:46] And he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.
[01:28:49] You must say "paragon."
[01:28:51] A paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.
[01:28:54] Masters, the duke is coming from the temple,
[01:28:56] and there is two or three lords and ladies more married.
[01:29:00] If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.
[01:29:04] Oh, sweet bully Bottom.
[01:29:08] Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life.
[01:29:12] He could not have 'scaped sixpence a day.
[01:29:14] An the duke had not given him sixpence a day
[01:29:17] for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged.
[01:29:19] He would have deserved it.
[01:29:23] Sixpence a day in Pyramus or nothing.
[01:29:27] Where are these lads?
[01:29:29] Where are these hearts?
[01:29:32] Bottom?
[01:29:33] Bottom?
[01:29:37] Bottom!
[01:29:38] Oh, most courageous day.
[01:29:41] Oh, most happy hour.
[01:29:42] Masters, I am to discourse wonders,
[01:29:44] but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian.
[01:29:47] I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.
[01:29:49] Let us hear, sweet Bottom.
[01:29:51] Not a word of me.
[01:29:52] All that I will tell you is that the duke hath dined.
[01:29:55] Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards,
[01:29:58] new ribbons to your pumps.
[01:29:59] Meet presently at the palace.
[01:30:01] Every man look o'er his part.
[01:30:03] For the short and the long is,
[01:30:05] our play is preferred!
[01:30:08] In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen,
[01:30:11] and let not him that plays the lion pair his nails,
[01:30:15] for they shall hang out for the lion's claws.
[01:30:17] And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic,
[01:30:22] for we are to utter sweet breath,
[01:30:24] and I do not doubt but to hear them say
[01:30:26] it is a sweet comedy.
[01:30:27] No more words: away!
[01:30:29] Go, away.

A Midsummer's Night Dream Act 5

[01:30:40] Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have
[01:30:42] to wear away the long age of three hours
[01:30:44] between our after-supper and bed-time?
[01:30:46] Where is our usual manager of mirth?
[01:30:48] What revels are in hand?
[01:30:51] Is there no play to ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
[01:30:55] Call Philostrate.
[01:30:56] Here, mighty Theseus.
[01:30:57] Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
[01:30:59] What masque?
[01:31:01] What music?
[01:31:02] How shall we beguile the lazy time, if not with some delight?
[01:31:05] There is a brief how many sports are ripe.
[01:31:08] Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[01:31:11] "The battle with the Centaurs
[01:31:13] to be sung By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
[01:31:16] We'll none of that.
[01:31:17] That have I told my love in glory of my kinsman Hercules.
[01:31:21] "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals
[01:31:24] tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
[01:31:26] That is an old device, and it was played
[01:31:29] when I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
[01:31:32] "The thrice three muses mourning for the death of learning,
[01:31:37] late deceased in beggary."
[01:31:39] That is some satire, keen and critical,
[01:31:41] not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
[01:31:44] "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe,
[01:31:49] very tragical mirth."
[01:31:51] Merry and tragical.
[01:31:53] Tedious and brief.
[01:31:55] That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
[01:31:59] How shall we find the concord of this discord?
[01:32:02] A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
[01:32:05] which is as brief as I have known a play.
[01:32:07] But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
[01:32:10] which makes it tedious.
[01:32:11] For in all the play, there is not one word apt,
[01:32:15] one player fitted.
[01:32:16] And tragical, my noble lord, it is.
[01:32:19] For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
[01:32:21] Which, when I saw rehearsed,
[01:32:22] I must confess made mine eyes water,
[01:32:25] but more merry tears the passion of loud laughter never shed.
[01:32:29] What are they that do play it?
[01:32:31] Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
[01:32:33] which never laboured in their minds till now
[01:32:35] and now have toiled their unbreathed memories
[01:32:38] with this same play against your nuptial.
[01:32:40] And we will hear it.
[01:32:42] No, my noble lord.
[01:32:43] It is not for you.
[01:32:45] I have heard it over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world.
[01:32:49] Unless you can find sport in their intents,
[01:32:53] extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain
[01:32:55] to do you service.
[01:32:57] I will hear that play, for never anything can be amiss
[01:33:02] when simpleness and duty tender it.
[01:33:05] Go, bring them in.

[01:33:06] I love not to see wretchedness o'er charged
[01:33:08] and duty in his service perishing.
[01:33:11] Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
[01:33:14] He says they can do nothing in this kind.
[01:33:16] The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
[01:33:19] Our sport shall be to take what they mistake.
[01:33:21] And what poor duty cannot do,
[01:33:23] noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
[01:33:26] Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
[01:33:29] to greet me with premeditated welcomes
[01:33:32] where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
[01:33:34] make periods in the midst of sentences,
[01:33:36] throttle their practised accents in their fears,
[01:33:38] and in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
[01:33:40] not paying me a welcome.
[01:33:42] Trust me, sweet, out of this silence yet I picked a welcome.
[01:33:47] And in the modesty of fearful duty,
[01:33:50] I read as much as in the rattling tongue
[01:33:53] of saucy and audacious eloquence.
[01:33:55] Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
[01:33:58] in least speak most to my capacity.
[01:34:03] So please your grace, the Prologue is addressed.
[01:34:05] Let him approach.
[01:34:13] If we offend, it is with our good will.
[01:34:18] That you should think we come not to offend,
[01:34:20] but with good will
[01:34:22] to show our simple skill.
[01:34:28] Th--
[01:34:32] That is the true beginning of our end.
[01:34:34] Consider then we come but in despite.
[01:34:37] We do not come as minding to content you.
[01:34:40] Our true intent is all for your delight.
[01:34:42] We are not here that you should here repent you,
[01:34:46] The actors are at hand, and by their show,
[01:34:49] you shall know all that you are like to know.
[01:34:52] Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show.
[01:34:54] But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
[01:34:57] This man is Pyramus, if you would know.
[01:35:01] This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.
[01:35:04] This man, with lime and rough-cast,
[01:35:10] doth present Wall,
[01:35:12] that vile wall which did these lovers sunder.
[01:35:19] And through Wall's chink, poor souls,
[01:35:21] they are content to whisper.
[01:35:23] At the which let no man wonder.
[01:35:30] This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
[01:35:35] presenteth Moonshine;
[01:35:39] For, if you will know, by moonshine
[01:35:40] did these lovers think no scorn to meet at Ninus' tomb,
[01:35:44] there, there to woo.
[01:35:47] This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
[01:35:52] the trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
[01:35:55] did scare away, or rather did affright.
[01:35:58] And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
[01:36:01] which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
[01:36:06] Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall
[01:36:10] and finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain.
[01:36:15] Whereat, with blade, with bloody, blameful blade,
[01:36:18] he bravely broached his boiling, bloody breast.
[01:36:23] And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,

[01:36:26] his dagger drew and died.
[01:36:32] For all the rest, let Lion, Moonshine, Wall,
[01:36:36] and lovers twain at large discourse
[01:36:38] while here they do remain.
[01:36:49] In this same interlude, it doth befall that I,
[01:36:52] one Snout by name, present a wall.
[01:36:55] And such a wall, as I will have you think,
[01:36:57] that had in it a crannied hole or chink
[01:37:00] through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
[01:37:04] did whisper often very secretly.
[01:37:07] This loam, this rough-cast and this stone
[01:37:09] doth show that I am that same wall.
[01:37:11] The truth is so, and this the cranny is,
[01:37:14] right and sinister,
[01:37:16] through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.
[01:37:21] Oh, grim-looking night.
[01:37:23] Oh, night with hue so black.
[01:37:25] Oh, night, which ever art when day is not.
[01:37:28] Oh, night, Oh, night.
[01:37:30] Alack, alack, alack,
[01:37:32] I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.
[01:37:36] And thou, oh, wall, oh sweet, oh, lovely wall
[01:37:40] that standest between her father's ground and mine.
[01:37:45] Thou wall, oh, wall, oh, sweet and lovely wall,
[01:37:49] show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[01:37:54] Thanks, courteous wall.
[01:37:57] Jove shield thee well for this.
[01:38:00] But what see I?
[01:38:03] No Thisbe do I see.
[01:38:05] Oh, wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss.
[01:38:08] Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me.
[01:38:13] The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.
[01:38:16] No, in truth, sir, he should not.
[01:38:18] "Deceiving me" is Thisbe's cue.
[01:38:20] She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall.
[01:38:23] You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.
[01:38:28] Oh, wall, full often hast thou heard my moans
[01:38:32] for parting my fair Pyramus and me.
[01:38:34] My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
[01:38:38] thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
[01:38:41] I see a voice.
[01:38:42] Now will I to the chink to spy.
[01:38:45] An I can hear my Thisbe's face.
[01:38:50] Thisbe.
[01:38:51] My love, thou art my love, I think.
[01:38:53] Think what thou wilt.
[01:38:54] I am thy lover's grace.
[01:38:55] And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
[01:38:58] And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.
[01:39:01] Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
[01:39:03] As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
[01:39:06] Oh, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
[01:39:13] I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
[01:39:17] Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
[01:39:21] 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
[01:39:26] Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so.
[01:39:30] And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
[01:39:35] This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
[01:39:38] The best in this kind are but shadows.
[01:39:40] And the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.

[01:39:43] It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
[01:39:46] If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves,
[01:39:49] they may pass for excellent men.
[01:39:51] Ladies, you whose gentle hearts
[01:39:54] do fear the smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor
[01:39:57] may now perchance both quake and tremble here
[01:40:00] when lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
[01:40:03] Then know that I, one Snug the joiner,
[01:40:05] am a lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
[01:40:07] For, if I should as Lion
[01:40:10] come in strife into your place,
[01:40:13] 'twere pity on my life.
[01:40:16] A very gentle beast of a good conscience.
[01:40:19] Let us listen to the moon.
[01:40:21] This lantern doth the horned moon,
[01:40:25] the horned moon present.
[01:40:28] Myself the man in the moon do seem to be.
[01:40:32] This is the greatest error of all the rest.
[01:40:35] The man should be put into the lantern.
[01:40:36] How is it else the man in the moon?
[01:40:39] He dare not come there for the candle.
[01:40:41] For, you see, it is already in snuff.
[01:40:42] I am awear of this moon.
[01:40:44] Would it would change.
[01:40:46] It would appear, by his small light of discretion,
[01:40:48] that he is in the wane.
[01:40:50] But yet, in courtesy, in all reason,
[01:40:52] we must stay the time.
[01:40:58] Proceed, Moon.
[01:41:01] All that I have to say
[01:41:03] is to tell you that the lantern is the moon;
[01:41:05] I, the man in the moon;
[01:41:06] this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush;
[01:41:08] and this dog, my dog.
[01:41:13] This is old Ninny's tomb.
[01:41:15] Where is my love?
[01:41:18] ARR!!
[01:41:28] Well roared, Lion.
[01:41:30] Well run, Thisbe.
[01:41:32] Well shone, Moon.
[01:41:34] Well moused, Lion.
[01:41:37] And then came Pyramus.
[01:41:39] And so the lion vanished.
[01:41:42] Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.
[01:41:46] I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.
[01:41:50] For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
[01:41:53] I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.
[01:42:00] But stay, O spite.
[01:42:01] But mark, poor knight, what dreadful dole is here.
[01:42:06] Eyes, do you see?
[01:42:08] How can it be?
[01:42:09] Oh, dainty duck.
[01:42:11] Oh, dear.
[01:42:12] Thy mantle good, what, stained with blood!
[01:42:19] Approach, ye Furies fell.
[01:42:23] Oh, Fates, come, come.
[01:42:25] Cut thread and thrum.
[01:42:27] Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.
[01:42:31] Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
[01:42:34] Oh, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lion's frame?

[01:42:37] Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear,
[01:42:42] which is--
[01:42:43] no, no--
[01:42:44] which was the fairest dame
[01:42:47] that lived, that loved, that liked,
[01:42:51] that looked with cheer.
[01:42:54] Come, tears, confound.
[01:43:00] Out, sword, and wound the pap of Pyramus.
[01:43:07] Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop.
[01:43:12] Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
[01:43:23] Now am I dead,
[01:43:26] Now am I fled.
[01:43:29] My soul is in the sky.
[01:43:33] Tongue, lose thy light.
[01:43:36] Moon, take thy flight.
[01:43:43] Now die...die...
[01:43:49] die...die...die...
[01:43:57] die.
[01:44:00] How chance Moonshine is gone
[01:44:01] before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?
[01:44:03] She will find him by starlight.
[01:44:07] Here she comes.
[01:44:08] And her passion ends the play.
[01:44:09] What, dead, my dove?
[01:44:14] O Pyramus, arise!
[01:44:15] Speak, speak.
[01:44:20] Quite dumb.
[01:44:21] Dead, dead.
[01:44:25] A tomb must cover thy sweet eyes.
[01:44:29] These lily lips, this cherry nose,
[01:44:32] these yellow cowslip cheeks are gone, are gone.
[01:44:36] Oh, lovers, make moan.
[01:44:41] His eyes were green as leeks.
[01:44:43] Oh, Sisters three, come, come to me.
[01:44:48] With hands as pale as milk, lay them in gore
[01:44:53] since you have shore with shears his thread of silk.
[01:44:57] Tongue, not a word.
[01:45:03] Come, trusty sword.
[01:45:07] Come, blade, my breast imbrue.
[01:45:16] And, farewell, friends.
[01:45:18] Thus Thisbe ends.
[01:45:26] Adieu, adieu, adieu.
[01:45:34] Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.
[01:45:37] Ay, and Wall too.
[01:45:39] No, I assure you;
[01:45:41] the wall is down that parted their fathers.
[01:45:43] Will it please you to see the epilogue
[01:45:46] or to hear a Bergomask dance between our company?
[01:45:49] Uh, no epilogue, I pray you,
[01:45:50] for your play needs no excuse.
[01:45:52] Never excuse,
[01:45:54] for when all the players are dead, there need none to be blamed.
[01:45:57] But come, your Bergomask.
[01:45:59] Let your epilogue alone.
[01:46:33] The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
[01:46:36] Lovers, to bed.
[01:46:39] 'Tis almost fairy time.
[01:46:42] I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
[01:46:46] as much as we this night have over-watched.
[01:46:49] This palpable-gross play

[01:46:51] hath well beguiled the heavy gait of night.
[01:46:53] Sweet friends, to bed.
[01:46:57] Now the hungry lion roars, and the wolf howls the moon
[01:47:02] whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
[01:47:04] all with weary task fordone.
[01:47:06] Now the wasted brands do glow,
[01:47:08] whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
[01:47:11] puts the wretch that lies in woe in remembrance of a shroud.
[01:47:15] Now it is the time of night that the graves all gaping wide,
[01:47:19] every one lets forth his sprite,
[01:47:22] in the church-way paths to glide.
[01:47:24] And we fairies, that do run by the triple Hecate's team
[01:47:27] from the presence of the sun following darkness like a dream
[01:47:31] now are frolic.
[01:47:32] Not a mouse shall disturb this hallowed house.
[01:47:35] I am sent with broom before
[01:47:37] to sweep the dust behind the door.
[01:47:39] Through the house, give gathering light.
[01:47:41] By the dead and drowsy fire,
[01:47:43] every elf and fairy sprite hop as light as bird from brier.
[01:47:46] And this ditty, after me, sing and dance it trippingly.
[01:47:49] First, rehearse your song by rote
[01:47:51] to each word a warbling note.
[01:47:52] Hand in hand, with fairy grace, will we sing and bless this place.
[01:47:57] Now, until the break of day, through this house each fairy stray.
[01:48:01] To the best bride-bed will we,
[01:48:03] which by us shall blessed be.
[01:48:05] And the issue there create ever shall be fortunate.
[01:48:09] So shall all the couples three ever true in loving be.
[01:48:14] And the blots of Nature's hand shall not in their issue stand.
[01:48:17] Never mole, hare lip, nor scar, nor mark prodigious,
[01:48:22] such as are despised in nativity,
[01:48:24] shall upon their children be.
[01:48:26] With this field-dew consecrate, every fairy take his gait.
[01:48:32] And each several chamber bless, through this palace,
[01:48:35] with sweet peace.
[01:48:36] And the owner of it blessed ever shall in safety rest.
[01:48:42] Trip away.
[01:48:44] Make no stay.
[01:48:45] Meet me all by break of day.
[01:49:22] If we shadows have offended,
[01:49:24] think but this, and all is mended,
[01:49:27] that you have but slumbered here while these visions did appear.
[01:49:31] And this weak and idle themeno more yielding but a dream.
[01:49:35] Gentles, do not reprehend.
[01:49:36] If you pardon, we will mend.
[01:49:38] And, as I am an honest Puck, if we have unearned luck
[01:49:43] now to escape the serpent's tongue,
[01:49:45] we will make amends ere long, else the Puck a liar call.
[01:49:49] So, good night unto you all.