

EGEUS SIDE

EGEUS

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd my child;
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
She will not Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law.

OBERON/TITANIA SIDE

OBERON

I'll met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence..

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady.

OBERON

Why should Titania cross her Oberon? *(goes in for a kiss Titania slaps him)*

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day. Fairies, away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

Exit TITANIA with her train

Lysander/Hermia/Helena SIDE

LYSANDER

Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA

My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA

HERMIA

God speed fair Helena! whither away?

HELENA

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

DEMETRIUS/HELENA SIDE

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA

You draw me, I have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

And even for that do I love you the more.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed.

DEMETRIUS

I will not stay thy questions; let me go.

HELENA

Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on women:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wood and were not made to woo.

Exit DEMETRIUS

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

QUINCE

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUINCE

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE

Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have
a beard coming.

QUINCE

That's all one: you shall play it in a mask,
and
you may speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby
too, I'll
speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thisne,
Thisne;' 'Ah, Pyramus, lover dear! thy
Thisby dear,
and lady dear!'

QUINCE

No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute,
you Thisby.

BOTTOM

Well, proceed.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's
mother.

Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's
father:

Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I
hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG

Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if
it
be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar,
I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again,
let him roar again.'

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus; for
Pyramus is a
sweet-faced man; therefore you must needs
play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it.

QUINCE

Here are your parts: and I am to entreat
you, request
you and desire you, to con them by
to-morrow night;
and meet me in the palace wood, a mile
without the
town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse.

BOTTOM

We may rehearse. Take pains; be perfect:
adieu.

QUINCE

At the duke's oak we meet.

BOTTOM

Enough.

Exeunt

BOTTOM/TITANIA SIDE

BOTTOM

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

Sings

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

[Sings]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;--

TITANIA

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
I love thee.

BOTTOM

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason
for that.

TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

Out of this wood do not desire to go:

TITANIA, PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED SIDE

TITANIA

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

COBWEB

And I.

MOTH

And I.

MUSTARDSEED

And I.

ALL

Where shall we go?

TITANIA

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Feed him with apricots and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

PEASEBLOSSOM

Hail, mortal!

COBWEB

Hail!

MOTH

Hail!

MUSTARDSEED

Hail!

BOTTOM

I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

COBWEB

Cobweb.

BOTTOM

I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master

Cobweb. Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM

Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUSTARDSEED

Mustardseed.

BOTTOM

I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

TITANIA

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower. *Exeunt*

**DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HELENA, and
HERMIA Side**

DEMETRIUS

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYSANDER

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS

I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER

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

DEMETRIUS

Quick, come!

HERMIA

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER

Away, you!

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let
loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

HERMIA

Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this?

Sweet love,--

LYSANDER

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

HERMIA

Do you not jest?

HELENA

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

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

HERMIA

What, can you do me greater harm than
hate?

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

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?

LYSANDER

Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

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

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

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

And stolen my love's heart from him?

HELENA

Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA

Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the
game.

PUCK SIDE

PUCK

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.