

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Midsummer Night's Dream

Act I, Scene 1: *Helena, Hermia, Lysander*

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

Or else misgraffed in respect of years,--

HERMIA

O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

LYSANDER

Hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
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!

HERMIA

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA

O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HELENA

O that my prayers could such affection move!

HERMIA

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HELENA

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

LYSANDER

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA

Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander...

LYSANDER

I will, my Hermia.

[Exit HERMIA]

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

[Exit]

HELENA

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

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Act I, Scene 2: *Quince, Flute, Snug, Snout, Starveling, Bottom*

QUINCE

Is all our company here?

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE

A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOTTOM

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure.

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, and
you may speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM

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,
that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again,
let him roar again.'

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it.

QUINCE

But, masters, here
are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request
you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night;
and meet me in the palace wood. I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM

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

ALL

At the duke's oak we meet!

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Act II, Scene 1: *Helena & Demetrius*

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel:

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.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not...

HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

[Exit DEMETRIUS]

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exit]

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Act II, Scene 1: *Oberon & Titania*

OBERON

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

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

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady:
Forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity?

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

OBERON

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

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us...

OBERON

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

TITANIA

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

[Exit TITANIA with her train]

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.

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Act III, Scene 1: *Quince, Flute, Snug, Snout, Starveling, Bottom, Puck*

BOTTOM

Are we all met?

QUINCE

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal.

SNUG

This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOTTOM

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

SNOUT

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STARVELING

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

BOTTOM

Not a whit:
Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed...

QUINCE

Well, we will have such a prologue...

SNUG

and it shall be written in eight and six!

BOTTOM

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

SNOUT

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING

I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM

Masters, to
bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a
most dreadful thing and we ought to
look to 't.

SNOUT

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM

Nay, he himself
must speak through, saying thus, or to the same
defect,--'Ladies,'--or 'Fair-ladies--I would wish
You,'--or 'I would request you,'--or 'I would
entreat you,--not to fear, not to tremble: my life
for yours....

QUINCE

Well it shall be so. But, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM

A calendar, a calendar! Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUINCE

Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM

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

SNUG

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns
and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to
present, the person of Moonshine.

QUINCE

Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT

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

BOTTOM

Some man or other must present Wall: a let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

SNUG

If that may be, then all is well!

QUINCE

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

[Enter PUCK behind]

PUCK

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

QUINCE

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOTTOM

Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--

QUINCE

Odours, odours.

BOTTOM

--odours savours sweet: But hark, a voice! *[Exit]*

PUCK

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.
Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one. *[Exit]*

FLUTE

Must I speak now?

QUINCE

Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLUTE

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUINCE

'Ninus' tomb,' man:

FLUTE

O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

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

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

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

SNUG

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

BOTTOM

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

[Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING]

PUCK

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

BOTTOM

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

[Re-enter QUINCE]

QUINCE

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

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...

TITANIA

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

PUCK

My mistress with a monster is in love! *[Exit]*

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Midsummer Night's Dream

Act III, Scene 2/**part 1**: *Helena, Hermia, Lysander & Demetrius*

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

HELENA

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

LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS

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

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

O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA

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

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia; this you know I know...

DEMETRIUS

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear. *[Enter HERMIA]*

HERMIA

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

Lysander, why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know, the hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?

HERMIA

I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn ...

To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare?
Wherefore speaks he this to her he hates?

HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA

Oh, fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER [he holds Helena]

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

HELENA

O excellent!

LYSANDER

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:

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

O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left
me:
Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!--
In earnest!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Midsummer Night's Dream

Act III, Scene 2/**part 2**: Helena, Hermia, Lysander & Demetrius

HERMIA

[she attaches herself to Lysander]

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER

[to Hermia]

Away, you Ethiopie!

DEMETRIUS

You are a tame man, go!

LYSANDER

[to Hermia]

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.

DEMETRIUS

I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER

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

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

[back to Hermia] Ay, 'tis no jest

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA

[to Helena]

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love!

HELENA

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

HERMIA

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

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

HERMIA

Lower! hark, again.

LYSANDER

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd! And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'! Let me come to her.

LYSANDER

Get you gone, you dwarf; You minimus, You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

LYSANDER

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

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS

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

[Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS]

HELENA

I will not trust you, I,

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

[Exit]

HERMIA

I am amazed, and know not what to say! *[Exit]*

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Egeus, Lysander, Helena, Quince, Bottom, Puck, Titania, Oberon, Demetrius, Hermia

32-Second *Midsummer*

EGEUS Full of vexation come I, with complaint against my daughter.

LYSANDER Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night.

HELENA Demetrius loves your fair.

QUINCE Is all our company here?

BOTTOM Let me play the lion too.

PUCK I am that merry wanderer of the night.

TITANIA How now, jealous Oberon?

OBERON I'll drop the liquor of it in her eyes.

DEMETRIUS I will not stay thy questions, let me go!

PUCK Upon thy eyes I throw all the power this charm doth owe.

LYSANDER Not Hermia, but Helena I love.

BOTTOM What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own?

TITANIA Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

DEMETRIUS O Helen! Goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

HELENA O spite!

HERMIA What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HELENA O excellent!

PUCK I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.

DEMETRIUS It seems to me that yet we sleep, we dream.

PUCK Give me your hands, if we be friends, and Robin shall restore amends.