

***A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM***  
**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**  
**PERFORMED IN THE ORIGINAL PRONUNCIATION**  
**UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS**  
**NOVEMBER 11-21, 2010**  
**DIRECTOR: PAUL MEIER**

**INTRODUCTION**

I first encountered the idea of Original Pronunciation in 2005 when I read David Crystal's *Pronouncing Shakespeare*. This is his account of the OP experiment at Shakespeare's Globe's in 2004 in which just one weekend out of the entire run of *Romeo and Juliet* was devoted to performances in the dialect. David was retained by the company to guide them in this bold project, and again the following year when the company produced *Troilus and Cressida*, this time more boldly devoting the entire run to OP.

When I read about this very rare, but highly successful experiment (prior to his production Crystal knew only of John Barton's *Julius Caesar* at Cambridge in the 1950s as a precedent in living memory) I was very keen to engage in this research myself. I invited David to give an OP workshop to the group of American acting students I took to Stratford-upon-Avon in June, 2007. His workshop was a huge hit, and only confirmed my enthusiasm to direct an OP production. I proposed a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to the University Theatre at the University of Kansas, where I am the voice, speech, dialect and heightened text specialist on the faculty. My proposal included a two week residency by David to coach the cast. Thanks to funding by KU's upper administration, he was engaged for this purpose, and to deliver a range of talks university-wide on the many linguistic topics for which he is famous.

Prior to his visit we decided to transcribe the play using phonetic symbols to show the differences in pronunciation between Early Modern and Modern English, and to produce recordings to guide the cast. The document you are reading now is what the cast used. We used both the ordinary and the phonetic alphabets, thus avoiding redundant detail, and making it easier for actors not familiar with the International Phonetic Alphabet (about half the company). IPA phonetic symbols are **colored in red** to distinguish them from ordinary Roman letters.

Since the actors in this production were all Americans, and mid-Westerners to boot, and already used post-vocalic r-coloration in their own speech, indications of that feature were omitted (for example, *burn* was transcribed as ‘b<sup>ɚ</sup>n’ rather than ‘b<sup>ɛ</sup>n’). Other features (e.g. the [ɑ] pronunciation of the THOUGHT and LOT lexical sets) that today’s mid-Western American English shares with the Early Modern English of Shakespeare’s day, were also largely omitted. David’s uncut version will vary somewhat from this transcription convention.

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

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

- My online interactive IPA charts, at <http://www.paulmeier.com/ipa/charts.html>.
- An OP dialect tutorial in eBook form, based on David’s analysis, and with his oversight, with both text and embedded sound files, online at <http://paulmeier.com/OP.pdf>.
- David may be heard speaking in the dialect at his Website, <http://www.pronouncingshakespeare.com/>.
- My eBook, *Voicing Shakespeare*; I gave the cast subscriptions to this. It’s available at <http://paulmeier.com/shakespeare.html>
- I extracted my *Top Ten Tips* from *Voicing Shakespeare* and embedded a sound file in that document. It’s freely available at [http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/Top\\_Ten\\_Tips.pdf](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/Top_Ten_Tips.pdf)
- Two actors from David’s *Troilus and Cressida* cast can be heard in OP on this Signum Records 2-CD set: <http://www.signumrecords.com/catalogue/early-music/this-world~s-globe/sigcd077.html>.

Two students who came with me to Stratford in 2007, Amy Virginia Buchanan and Chris McGillivray, shared the transcription task with me; David Crystal guided and corrected our work. Click the links to hear him speak the text. Since this was meant to guide only the actors’ *pronunciation* rather than their *performance*, his reading is deliberately flat and without interpretation. However, since he is skilled in Shakespeare’s verse, his transcription and reading are metrically observant and are excellent guides to the speaking in that regard. Notice, for instance, the difference between strong and weak forms; for example, *I* appears as [a], [əi], or [ə] depending on its metrical context.

I produced this edition after careful comparison of several others; my performance cuts are indicated by the use of strike-through. David is planning a full version, with all cuts restored, and following his established transcription convention without color-coding. It will be available at his Website: <http://www.pronouncingshakespeare.com/>.

The stage production was recorded in high-definition video and a DVD is available. I further cut the text and adapted it for radio, and the original cast recorded this radio drama version immediately following the close of the stage production; it is available as an mp3 download. For details of these, see <http://paulmeier.com/shakespeare.html>.

Finally I must pay tribute to my wonderful company. It was a truly joyous collaboration, one that I shall never forget.

The company was as follows:

DIRECTOR	Paul Meier
MUSICAL DIRECTOR/COMPOSER	Ryan McCall
CHOREOGRAPHER	Leslie Bennett
SCENIC AND LIGHTING DESIGNER	Delbert Unruh
COSTUME DESIGNER	Dennis Christilles
SOUND DESIGNER	Erin Tomkins
DIALECT COACHES	David Crystal, Paul Meier
MAKEUP DESIGNERS	Phillip Schroder, Tammy Keiser
THESEUS	Matt Gieschen
HIPPOLYTA	Claire Vowels
LYSANDER	Austin Robinson
DEMETRIUS	Ben Sullivan
HERMIA	Hannah Roark
HELENA	Lynsey Becher
EGEUS	Festus Shaughnessy
PHILOSTRATE	Troy Clifford Dargin
OBERON	John Staniunas *
TITANIA	Leslie Bennett *

DRAGONSAP - A FAIRY  
PEASEBLOSSOM  
COBWEB  
MOTH  
MUSTARDSEED  
PUCK  
PETER QUINCE  
NICK BOTTOM  
FRANCIS FLUTE  
TOM SNOOT  
SNUG  
ROBIN STARVELING  
UNDERSTUDY TO TITANIA

Jennifer Walker  
Mary McNulty  
Hailey Lapin  
Sara Kennedy  
Margaret Hanzlick  
J.T. Nagle  
Garrett Lawson  
Scott Cox  
Ryan Lueders  
Charlie Stock  
James Teller  
Sam Voelker  
Mary McNulty

\*GUEST FACULTY ARTISTS

Paul Meier  
University of Kansas  
December, 2010

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1_1.mp3)

## ACT I

### SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants*

**THESEUS**

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
 Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow  
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
 Like to a step-dame or a dowager  
 Long with'ring out a young man's revenue.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;  
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
 Of our solemnities.

**THESEUS**

Go, Philostrate,

Stir up th'Athenian youth to merriments;  
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals;  
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

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## ACT I

### SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants*

**THESEUS**

Nəʊ, fɛːr Hippolyta, ɔr nɪpsɪəl ɔːr  
 Draws on apɛːce; fɔːr happəɪ deɪs bring in  
 Anɔːther moon: bʌt, oː, mɪθɪŋks, 'əʊ sloːw  
 This ɔːld moon weɪnes! shɪ lɪŋgɜs məɪ desəɪres,  
 Ləɪke to a step-dɛːme ɔr a dəʊəgɜr  
 Long with'rin' əʊt a jʌŋg mən's revɛnuː.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Fɔːr deɪs wɪl quɪckləɪ steɪp θɛmsɛlvɜs ɪn nəɪt;  
 Fɔːr nəɪtɜs wɪl quɪckləɪ drem əweɪy θɛ təɪme;  
 And then the moon, ləɪke to a sɪlvɜr bɔːw  
 New-bent ɪn heʊvən, shəʊl bɪ'ɔːld θɛ nəɪt  
 Of ɔːr səʊləmnɪtəɪs.

**THESEUS**

Goː ɪlɔːstrɛːte,

Stɜr ɪp θɪ' Aθɛnɪən jʊθ tə mərrɪmənts;  
 əweɪke θɛ pɜrt ənd nɪmblɛ sprəɪt ə məɜrθ;  
 Tɜrn mələnçəʊləɪ fɔːrθ tə fʊnɜrəls;  
 θɛ pɛːlə kəmˌpənɪən ɪz nɔt fɔːr ɔr pɒmp.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

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

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS*

**EGEUS**

Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke!

**THESEUS**

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

**EGEUS**

Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,  
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast giv'n her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,

Hippolyta, ə woo'd thi with mi swo:rd,  
And wɪn thi lɪve, doin' thi injurəis;  
But əi will wed thi in ano:ther ke:y,  
With pomp, with trəiɪmɪph and with revellin'.

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS*

**EGEUS**

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

**THESEUS**

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

**EGEUS**

Full ə vexɛ:sjən cɪme əi, with complɛnt  
Agɛnst mi chəild, mi da:ghter Hɛrmia.  
Stand fo:rth, Deme:trius. Mi no:ble lo:rd,  
This man 'əth məi consent tə marrəi hɛr.  
Stand fo:rth, Lizander: and mi grɛ:sjəs duke,  
This man 'əth b'witch'd the bosom of mi chəild;  
Thəʊ, thəʊ, Lizander, thəʊ 'əst giv'n 'er rhəimes,  
ənd interchɛ:ng'd lɪve-to:kens with mi chəild:  
Thəʊ hast bi moonləight at 'er wində sɪng,  
Wi' fɛ:gnin' vəice, vɛrsɛs ə fɛ:gnin' lɪve,  
ən' sto:l'n th' impresjən of 'er fantəsəi  
Wi' brɛ:celets of thi hɛ:r, rings, gawds, conce:ts,  
Knacks, trəiflɛs, nosegɛ:ys, swɛ:tme:ts, messengɛrɪs  
Of strong prevɛ:lment in ɪnharden'd youth:  
With cɪnnin' hast thəʊ filch'd mi da:ghter's hart,  
Tɛrn'd her obe:dience, hwich is due tə me:,  
Tə stɪbborn harshnɪss: and, mi grɛ:sjəs duke,  
Be:'t so: shi will not hi:re befo:re yər grɛ:ce  
Consent tə marrəi with Deme:trius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:  
Which shall be either to this gentleman  
Or to her death, according to our law  
Immediately provided in that case.

**THESEUS**

What say you, Hermia? be advised fair maid:  
To you your father should be as a god;  
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax  
By him imprinted and within his power  
To leave the figure or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

**HERMIA**

So is Lysander.

**THESEUS**

In himself he is;  
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

**HERMIA**

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

**THESEUS**

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

**HERMIA**

I do entreat your grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;  
But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

ə beg the ɛ:nsjənt prɪvɪlɪdʒ of ətens,  
As she: ɪs məɪnə, ə mə:ɪ dɪspəʊz ɒf hɜ:ɹ:  
hwɪtʃ ʃəʊl be ɛðə to θɪs dʒentlmən  
ɔr to 'er deθ, əkərdɪn' to ɔr lɔw  
ɪmme:diətələɪ prɒvəɪdɪd ɪn θət keɪsə.

**THESEUS**

hwət seɪ yə, Hɜ:miə? be: ədvəɪsɪd fɜ:ɹ məɪd:  
Tə yu yər fɑ:ðə ʃəʊl be əs ə gɔd;  
ɔ:nə θət kɒpəʊsɪd yər beətu:ɪs, jɛ:, ənd ɔ:nə  
Tə wɒm yu ərə bʊt əs ə fɔ:ɹm ɪn wɔks  
bɪ hɪm ɪmpɪntɪd ənd wɪθɪn hɪs pɔ:ɹ  
Tə le:və θə fɪdʒʊə ɔ:r dɪsɪdʒʊə ɪt.  
Demə:trɪəs ɪs ə wɜ:θəɪ dʒentlmən.

**HERMIA**

So: ɪs lɪzəndə.

**THESEUS**

ɪn 'ɪmsɛlf 'ɪ ɪs;  
bʌt ɪn θɪs kaɪnd, wɒntɪn' yər fɑ:ðərs vɔɪsə,  
θə ɔ:ðə mʌs' be held θə wɜ:θɪə.

**HERMIA**

ə wəʊld mɪ fɑ:ðə lʊk'd bʊt wɪθ məɪ əɪs.

**THESEUS**

Rəðə yuər əɪs mʌs' wɪθ 'ɪs dʒɒdʒmənt lʊk.

**HERMIA**

ə dʊ ɪntreɪt yər grɛɪsə tə pɑ:dn mə:.  
ə knəʊ nɒt bæɪ hwət pɔ:ɹ əɪ əm mə:de bɔɪld,  
nɜ: həʊ ɪt mə:ɪ kɒnɜ:ɹn mɪ mɒdəstəɪ,  
ɪn sʌtʃ ə prɛzəns hɪ:re tə plɛ:d mɪ θɒtʃts;  
bʊt əɪ bese:tʃ yər grɛɪsə θət əɪ mə:ɪ knəʊ  
θə wɜ:ɹst θət mə:ɪ befall mɪ ɪn θɪs keɪsə,  
ɪf əɪ refʊs tə wed Demə:trɪəs.

**THESEUS**

Either to die the death or to abjure  
 For ever the society of men.  
 Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;  
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
 You can endure the liv'ry of a nun,  
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
 To live a barren sister all your life,  
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
 Thrice bless'd be they that master so their blood,  
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
 Than that which with'ring on the virgin thorn  
 Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

**HERMIA**

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
 Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke  
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

**THESEUS**

Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon--  
 The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
 For everlasting bond of fellowship--  
 Upon that day either prepare to die  
 For disobedience to your father's will,  
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
 Or on Diana's altar to protest  
 For aye austerity and single life.

**THESEUS**

~~ether~~ tə dəi the death or to abjure  
 For ever the soc~~iet~~əi ə men.  
 Th~~e~~ref~~o~~:re, f~~er~~ H~~er~~mia, quest~~io~~n yu:r des~~ai~~res;  
 Kno:w of yər youth, ex~~a~~mine well yər blyd,  
 h~~w~~e:r if yə ye:ld not to yər father's ch~~oi~~ce,  
 Yə can end~~ju~~:re the liv'r~~ai~~ of a n~~yn~~,  
 F~~or~~ əi to be: in sh~~e~~:d~~ai~~ clo~~ai~~ster mew'd,  
 Tə live a b~~ar~~ren sister all yər l~~ai~~fe,  
 Ch~~an~~tin' f~~ai~~nt hymns t~~o~~ the c~~o~~ld fruitl~~ess~~ moon.  
 Thr~~oi~~ce b~~l~~ess'd b~~y~~ th~~e~~r that m~~a~~ster s~~o~~: their blyd,  
 T~~o~~ ~~yn~~derg~~e~~: such m~~e~~:den pilgrima:ge;  
 But ~~er~~thlier h~~app~~əi is the r~~o~~:se distill'd,  
 Than that h~~w~~ich with'rin' on the v~~er~~gin th~~o~~:rn  
 Gro:s, lives an' d~~ai~~s in single b~~l~~ess~~id~~n~~ess~~.

**HERMIA**

Sə will ə gro:w, sə live, sə dəi, mɪ lɔ:rd,  
 Ere əi will ye:ld mɪ v~~er~~gin p~~ai~~tent ɹp  
 Unto 'is lɔ:rdship, whose ɹnwishɪd y~~o~~:ke  
 Mɪ s~~o~~:l consents not to give sovereignt~~ai~~.

**THESEUS**

T~~e~~:ke t~~ai~~me t~~ə~~ pause; an', b~~ai~~ the nex' new moon--  
 The s~~e~~:ling-d~~e~~:y betwix' mɪ l~~ʌ~~ve an' m~~e~~:,  
 F~~ər~~ everlastin' bond ə felləship--  
 Upon that d~~e~~:y ~~ether~~ prep~~e~~:re t~~ə~~ d~~ai~~  
 F~~ər~~ disob~~e~~:dience to yər father's will,  
 or else t~~ə~~ wed Deme:trius, as 'i would;  
 or on D~~ai~~ana's altar to protest  
 For əi austerit~~ai~~ ən' single l~~ai~~fe.



**DEMETRIUS**

Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

**LYSANDER**

You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

**EGEUS**

Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,  
And what is mine my love shall render him.  
And she is mine, and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

**LYSANDER**

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

**THESEUS**

I must confess that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;  
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.

**DEMETRIUS**

Relent, swe:t Hèrmia: and, Lìzander, ye:ld  
Thi crè:zid tǝitle to mǝ certǝin rǝight.

**LYSANDER**

You have 'ǝr father's lǝve, Deme:trius;  
Let me: 'ave Hèrmia's: do you marrǝi him.

**EGEUS**

Scò:rnful Lìzander! true, 'ǝ hath mǝ lǝve,  
And hwat is mǝine mǝ lǝve shǝll render him.  
An' she: is mǝine, and all mǝ rǝight of her  
ǝ do estǝ:te unto Deme:trius.

**LYSANDER**

I am, mǝ lò:rd, as well derǝived as he:,  
As well possess'd; mǝ lǝve is mò:re thǝn his;  
Mǝ fò:rtǝnes everǝi wǝ:y as fǝ:rlǝi rank'd,  
If not wi' vanta:ge, as Deme:trius';  
And, hwich is mò:re thǝn all the:se bò:sts cǝn be:,  
ǝi am bìlǝved of beauteous Hèrmia:  
hwǝi should not ǝi then prosecute mǝ rǝight?  
Deme:trius, ǝi'll avǝuch it to 'is head,  
Mǝ:de lǝve tǝ Nǝ:dar's da:ghter, Helena,  
ǝn' wǝn 'er sò:l; ǝn' she:, swe:t lǝ:dǝi, dò:tes,  
Devǝutlǝi dò:tes, dò:tes in ǝidolatrǝi,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

**THESEUS**

ǝ mǝs' confess that ǝi ǝve hǝrd sǝ mǝch,  
ǝn' with Deme:trius thought t'ave spò:ke thǝreof;  
But, bein' ò:ver-full of self-affǝ:rs,  
Mǝ mǝind did lose it. But, Deme:trius, cǝme;  
An' cǝme, Ege:us; you shall go: with me:,  
ǝ have some prǝivete schoolin' fò:r yǝ bò:th.

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up--  
 Which by no means we may extenuate--  
 To death, or to a vow of single life.  
 Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?  
 Demetrius and Egeus, go along:  
 I must employ you in some business  
 Against our nuptial and confer with you  
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

**EGEUS**

With duty and desire we follow you.

**LYSANDER**

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

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

~~Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth;  
 But, either it was different in blood,—~~

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

~~Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—~~

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

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

Fær you, fæ:r Hærmia, look you arm yærself  
 Tæ fit yær fancæis to yær father's will;  
 Or else the law of ætens ye:lds you Ƴp--  
 hwich bæi no me:ns wI mæ:y extenuæ:te--  
 Tæ death, or to a væu of single læife.  
 CƳme, mæi Hippolyta: hwat chi:r, mI lƳve?  
 Demæ:trius and Ege:us, go: along:  
 æ mƳst emplæi you in sƳme business  
 Agænst or nƳptjæl an' confær with you  
 Of sƳmething ni:rlæi that concæ:rn s yærselfes.

**EGEUS**

Wi' dutæi an' desæire wI follæ you.

**LYSANDER**

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

**HERMIA**

Bilæike fær want æ ræ:n, hwich æi could well  
 Bite:m them from the tempest of mI æis.

**LYSANDER**

~~æi me:!  
 for aught that æi could ever re:d,  
 Could ever hi:r bi tæ:le or historæi,  
 The course æ true lƳve never did rƳn smooth;  
 But, either it was different in blood,—~~

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

~~Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—~~

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

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

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

~~Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.~~

**HERMIA**

~~If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny:  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.~~

**LYSANDER**

~~A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,~~

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

~~Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
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And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,~~

To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

**HERMIA**

My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
~~By the simplicity of Venus' doves,~~  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
~~When the false Trojan under sail was seen,~~  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke,  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

**LYSANDER**

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter HELENA*

**HERMIA**

God speed fair Helena! whither away?

**HELENA**

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!  
~~Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air~~  
~~More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,~~  
~~When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.~~  
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
~~My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,~~  
~~My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.~~

To do observance to a morn əv Me:y,  
There will ə stɛrɪ fər the:.

**HERMIA**

Mɪ good Lɪzəndər!

ə swɛr to the:, bɪ Cjəpɪd's strongɪst bo:w,  
Bɪ hɪs best arrə wɪ' the go:ldən head,  
~~By the simplicity of Venus' doves,~~  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
~~When the false Trojan under sail was seen,~~  
Bɪ all the vəʊs that ever men əve bro:ke,  
In nʌmber mo:re thən ever wɒmən spo:ke,  
In thət sɛ:mə ple:ce θəʊ hɑst əpəɪntəd me:,  
Tə-morrə truləɪ wɪll ə me:t wɪ' the:.

**LYSANDER**

Ke:p promise, lʌve. Look, hɪ:re cʌmɛs Helənə.

*Enter HELENA*

**HERMIA**

God spe:d fɛr Helənə! hwɪðər əwɛ:y?

**HELENA**

Call you mɪ fɛr? thət fɛr əgən ʌnsɛ:y.  
Demɛ:trɪəs lʌvɛs jər fɛr: O: happəɪ fɛr!  
~~Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air~~  
~~More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,~~  
~~When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.~~  
Sɪkknɛs ɪs kætʃɪŋ: O, wɛrə fəvəʊ sɔː,  
jəʊrs wəʊld ɪ kætʃ, fəɪr hɜrmɪə, ɛrɪ ɪ gəʊ;  
~~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.

**HERMIA**

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

**HELENA**

O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

**HERMIA**

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

**HELENA**

O that my prayers could such affection move!

**HERMIA**

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

**HELENA**

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

**HERMIA**

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

**HELENA**

None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

**HERMIA**

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heav'n unto a hell!

**LYSANDER**

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

~~Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.~~

O:, **te:ch** mi **həʊ** yə look, an' with **hwat** **art**  
Yə swɛ:y the **mo:sj**on of Deme:trius' hart.

**HERMIA**

ə frəʊn upon 'im, yɪt 'i lʌves mi still.

**HELENA**

O: that yu:r frəʊns would **te:ch** məɪ sməɪles sʌch skill!

**HERMIA**

ə give 'im **ɜ:s**es, yɪt i gives mi lʌve.

**HELENA**

**o:** that mə **prɛ:**rs could sʌch affecsjon mʌve!

**HERMIA**

The **mo:re** əɪ hɛ:te, the **mo:re** 'i folləs me:.

**HELENA**

The **mo:re** əɪ lʌve, the **mo:re** 'i hɛ:teth me:.

**HERMIA**

'is folləɪ, Helena 's no faut ə məɪne.

**HELENA**

No:ne bət yər beautəɪ: would that faut were məɪne!

**HERMIA**

Tɛ:ke **ɟ**mfɔrt: hɛ: nə mo:re shall se: mi fɛ:ce;

Lɪzəndər and mɪself will fləɪ this plɛ:ce.

Befɔ:re the təɪme ə did Lɪzəndər se:,

Se:m'd **at**ens as a **p**aradəɪse tə me:.

O, then, **hwat** grɛ:ces in mə lʌve do dwell,

That hɛ: əθ tɜ:n'd a heav'n unto a hell!

**LYSANDER**

Helen, tə you **o:r** məɪnds wɪ will ʌnfɔ:ld:

Tə-morrə nəɪght, **hw**en Phe:be dʌθ beho:ld

'ər silver vɪsə:ge in the wət'rəɪ glɑ:s,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,  
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

**HERMIA**

And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

**LYSANDER**

I will, my Hermia.

*Exit HERMIA*

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

*Exit*

**HELENA**

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know:  
~~And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,~~

Deckin' wi' liquid p~~e~~rl the bl~~e~~ded grass,  
A t~~a~~ime that l~~y~~vers' fl~~a~~ights d~~o~~th still conce:l,  
Through atens' g~~e~~tes 'ave we: dev~~a~~ised to ste:l.

**HERMIA**

and in the wood, hwere often you and ai  
Upon f~~e~~:nt primrose-beds w~~a~~re wo:nt t~~a~~ lai,  
Emptyin' or bosoms of th~~a~~r c~~a~~ounsel swe:t,  
Th~~e~~:re m~~a~~i Lizander an' miself sh~~a~~ll me:t;  
an thence fr~~a~~m atens t~~e~~rn aw~~e~~:y ~~a~~r ais,  
T~~a~~ se:k n~~j~~ew frien's an str~~e~~:nger c~~y~~mpanais.  
F~~e~~rewell, swe:t ple:fell~~a~~: pr~~e~~:y th~~a~~u f~~a~~r ~~y~~s;  
an good l~~y~~ck grant thi th~~a~~i Deme:trius!  
Ke:p w~~e~~rd, Lizander: we: mus' starve or s~~a~~ight  
From l~~y~~vers' f~~u~~d till morr~~a~~ de:p midn~~a~~ight.

**LYSANDER**

~~a~~ will, m~~i~~ Hermia.

*Exit HERMIA*

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

*Exit*

**HELENA**

H~~a~~u happ~~a~~i s~~y~~me o:'er o:ther s~~y~~me c~~a~~n be:!  
Through atens ai am thought as f~~e~~:r as she:  
But hwat of that? Deme:trius thinks not so;  
'i will not kno:w hwat all but he: do kno:w:  
~~And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,~~

So I, admiring of his qualities:  
 Things base and vile, folding no quantity,  
 Love can transpose to form and dignity:  
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:  
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;  
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:  
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  
~~As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,~~  
~~So the boy Love is perjured every where:~~  
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.  
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:  
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
 To have his sight thither and back again.  
*Exit*

So I, admiring of his qualities:  
 Things base and vile, folding no quantity,  
 Love can transpose to form and dignity:  
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:  
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;  
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:  
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
 So the boy Love is perjured every where:  
 For **ɛ:re** Dem**ɛ:trius** look'd on H**ɛ:rmia's** **ə**ine,  
 'I **hɛ:l'd** d**əʊn** **o:ts** that **hɛ:** w**ə**s **o:n**l**ə**i m**ə**ine;  
**ən'** **hw**en this **hɛ:l** s**ə**m**e** **hɛ:t** fr**ɔ:m** H**ɛ:rmia** felt,  
 So **hɛ:** dissolved, an' sh**ɔ:**r**s** of **o:ts** did melt.  
**ə** will go tell 'im of **fɛ:r** H**ɛ:rmia's** fl**ə**ight:  
 Then to the wood will **hɛ: t**ə-morr**ə** n**ə**ight  
 Pursue **ər;** and **fər** this intellig**ɛ**nce  
 If **əi** **ə**ve thanks, it is a d**ɛ:r** **ɪ**xpense:  
 But **hɛ:rein** m**ɛ:n** **əi** to enrich m**ɪ** p**ɛ:n**,  
 T**ə** **h**ave 'is s**ə**ight thither **ən** back ag**ɛ:n**.  
*Exit*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1_2.mp3)

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

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

**QUINCE**

Is all our company here?

**BOTTOM**

You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

**QUINCE**

Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

**BOTTOM**

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

**QUINCE**

Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

**BOTTOM**

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

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream1_2.mp3)

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

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

**QUINCE**

Is all ær cʏmp'næi 'i:re?

**BOTTOM**

You were bes' to call 'em gen'rallæi, man bi man, acco:rdin' tæ the scrip.

**QUINCE**

'i:re is the scro:ll æf ev'ræi man's nɛ:me, hwich is thought fit, through all at'ens, tæ plɛ:y in o:r interljude befo:re the djuke æn' the dʏchess, on 'is weddin'-dɛ:y at næight.

**BOTTOM**

Fɛrst, good Pe:ter Quince, sɛ:y hwat the plɛ:y tre:ts on, then rɛ:d the nɛ:mes æ' the actors, and so: gro:w to a pæint.

**QUINCE**

Marræi, ær plɛ:y is, The mo:s' lɑmentable comedæi, æn' mo:s' cruel death æ' Pyraməs æn' Thisbæi.

**BOTTOM**

A veræi good pe:ce æ' wɛrk, æi æfju:re yæ, and a merræi. Næu, good Pe:ter Quince, call fo:rth yær actors bi the scro:ll. Masters, spread yærselfes.

**QUINCE**

answer as æ call yæ. Nick Bottom, the we:ver.

**BOTTOM**

Readæi. Nɛ:me hwat part æi æm fo:r, æn' proce:d.



**QUINCE**

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

**BOTTOM**

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

**QUINCE**

A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

**BOTTOM**

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far  
And make and mar  
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

**QUINCE**

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

**FLUTE**

Here, Peter Quince.

**QUINCE**

Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

**FLUTE**

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

**QUINCE**

You, Nick Bottom, are set doun fər Pyraməs.

**BOTTOM**

hwat is Pyraməs? a lʏver, ər a təɪrant?

**QUINCE**

A lʏver, thət kills 'imself mo:s' gallant fər lʏve.

**BOTTOM**

That'll ask sʏme tɛ:rs in the true perfo:rmin' of it: if əɪ do it, let the audience look to thər əɪs; əɪ will mʏve sto:rms, əɪ will condolɪ in some mezərə. Tə the rest: yɪt mi che:f 'umour is fər a təɪrant: ə could plɛ:y ɛrcle:s rɛ:reləɪ, ər a part tə tɛ:r a cat in, tə mɛ:ke all split.

The rɛ:gin' rocks  
and shivering shocks  
Shəll brɛ:k the locks  
Of prison gɛ:tes;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shəll shəɪne from far  
And mɛ:ke and mar  
The fʏlish fɛ:tes.

This wəs loftəɪ! Nəʊ nɛ:me the rest ə' the plɛ:yers. This is ɛrcle:s' vɛ:n, a təɪrant's vɛ:n; a lʏver is mo:re condolɪn'.

**QUINCE**

Francis Flute, the belləs-mender.

**FLUTE**

'i:re, Pe:ter Quince.

**QUINCE**

Flute, you mus' tɛ:ke Thisbəɪ on yə.

**FLUTE**

hwat is Thisbəɪ? a wand'rin' knəɪght?

**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**

It is the lɛ:dəi thət Pyraməs məs' lʏve.

**FLUTE**

Nɛ:y, fɛ:th, let mɪ not plɛ:y a woman; əi 'əve a beɪrd cʏmin'.

**QUINCE**

That's all ɔ:ne: yə shall plɛ:y it in a mask, and yə mɛ:y spɛ:k as small as yə will.

**BOTTOM**

an ə mɛ:y 'əide mɪ fɛ:ce, let me: plɛ:y Thisbəi too, ə'll spɛ:k in a monstrous little vɔice. 'Thisnəi, Thisnəi;' 'Ah, Pyraməs, lʏver dɛ:r! thɪ Thisbəi dɛ:r, ən' lɛ:dəi dɛ:r!'

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

Well, proce:d.

**QUINCE**

Robin Starvelin', the tɛ:lor.

**STARVELING**

'i:re, Pe:ter Quince.

**QUINCE**

Robin Starvelin', you mus' plɛ:y Thisbəi's mʏther. Tom Snəut, the tinker.

**SNOUT**

'i:re, Pe:ter Quince.

**QUINCE**

You, Pyraməs' father: mɪself, Thisbəi's father: Snʏg, the jəiner; you, the ləion's part: and, əi 'o:pe, 'i:re is a plɛ:y fitted.

**SNUG**

'ave you the ləion's part written? prɛ:y yə, if it be:, give it mɪ, fər əi am slɔ:w ə stʏdəi.

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

**QUINCE**

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

**ALL**

That would hang us, every mother's son.

**BOTTOM**

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

**QUINCE**

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

**BOTTOM**

Well, I will undertake it. ~~What beard were I best to play it in?~~

**QUINCE**

~~Why, what you will.~~

**BOTTOM**

~~I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.~~

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

Let mi plɛ:y the ləion too: ə will ro:r, that ə will do any man's 'art good to 'ɛr mi; əi will ro:r, that ə will mɛ:ke the djuke sɛ:y 'Let 'im ro:r agɛn, let 'im ro:r agɛn.'

**QUINCE**

an yə should do it too terribləi, yə would frəight the dʌtʃɛss ən' the lɛ:dəis, thət they would shre:k; ən thət wɛrɛ ɛnʌgh t' 'ang ʌs all.

**ALL**

That would 'ang ʌs, ɛv'rəi mʌθer's sʌn.

**BOTTOM**

ə grant yə, frien's, if thət yə should frəight the lɛ:dəis ɔʊt ə' θɛr wits, they would 'ave no: mo:re discredɪən bʌt t' 'ang ʌs: bʌt ə will agrævɛ:te mi vɔ:ɪs sə thət ə will ro:r yə əs gentləi əs ənəi sʌkɪn' dʌve; ə will ro:r yə an 'twɛrɛ ənəi nəɪhtɪn'gɛ:le.

**QUINCE**

Yə cən plɛ:y no: part bət Pyraməs; for Pyraməs is a swɛ:t-fɛ:ɪced man; a proper man, as o:nɛ shall sɛ: in a sʌmmɛr's dɛ:y; a mo:s' lʌveləi gentlemən-ləike man: θɛrɛfo:rɛ you məs' nɛ:ds plɛ:y Pyraməs.

**BOTTOM**

Well, ə wɔ:l ʌndɛrɛ:ke it. ~~What beard were I best to play it in?~~

**QUINCE**

~~Why, what you will.~~

**BOTTOM**

~~I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.~~

**QUINCE**

~~Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.~~

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

*Exeunt*

**QUINCE**

~~Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.~~

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*Exeunt*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_1.mp3)

## ACT II

### SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

*Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK*

**PUCK**

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

**Fairy**

Over hill, over dale,  
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
 Over park, over pale,  
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
 I do wander everywhere,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
 And I serve the fairy queen,  
 To dew her orbs upon the green.  
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be:  
 In their gold coats spots you see;  
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
 In those freckles live their savours:  
 I must go seek some dewdrops here  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:  
 Our queen and all our elves come here anon.  
**PUCK**

The king doth keep his revels here to-night:  
 Take heed the queen come not within his sight;

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_1.mp3)

## ACT II

### SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

*Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK*

**PUCK**

'əʊ nəʊ, spirit! hwither wander you?

**Fairy**

o:ver 'ill, o:ver de:le,  
 Thʏrə bush, thʏrə brəɪr,  
 o:ver park, o:ver pe:le,  
 Thʏrə flʌd, thʏrə feɪr,  
 əɪ do wander ev' rəɪhwɛ:r,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphɛ:re  
 And əɪ sɜ:və the fe:rəɪ que:n,  
 Tə djew 'ər o:rbz upon the gre:n.  
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be:  
 In their gold coats spots you see;  
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
 In those freckles live their savours:  
 I must go seek some dewdrops here  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
 Fe:rewell, thəʊ lob ə spirits; əɪ'll bi gone:  
 o:r que:n ənd əl əv elvz cʏme 'ɪ:re anon.  
**PUCK**  
 The king dəθ ke:p 'ɪs revels 'ɪ:r tə-nəɪt:  
 Te:ke 'e:d the que:n cʏme not within 'ɪs saɪt;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
 Because that she as her attendant hath  
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
 She never had so sweet a changeling;  
 And jealous Oberon would have the child  
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
 But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,  
 Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:  
 And now they never meet in grove or green,  
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
 But they do square, that all their elves for fear  
 Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

#### FAIRY

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he  
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
~~Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern  
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;  
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;  
 Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm?~~  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,  
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:  
 Are not you he?

#### PUCK

Thou speak'st aright;  
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
 I jest to Oberon and make him smile  
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

Fər ɔ:berɒn is passɪn' fell ən' wrath,  
 Because thət she: əs 'ɜr attendant 'ath  
 A lʌveləɪ bɔɪ, stɔ:l'n frɒm ən Indjən kɪŋ;  
 Shi never 'ad sə swe:t a tʃeɪŋgəlɪŋ;  
 ən' jealous ɔ:berɒn wʊld 'əve the tʃaɪld  
 Knəɪt of ɪs treɪn, tə tre:ɪtʃ the forests wɔɪld;  
 But she: pɜ:fɔ:rs weɪt wɪt' ɔ:ldz the lʌvɪd bɔɪ,  
 Crəʊnz 'ɪm wɪt flɔ:rs ən' meɪkəs ɪm əl əl jɔɪ:  
 ən' nəʊ the:y never meɪt ɪn grəʊv ər gre:n,  
 Bi fəʊntəɪn klɪr ər spəŋɡld stɑ:ləɪt she:n,  
 But the:y dɔ skweɪr, thət əl thər elves fər feɪr  
 Cre:p ɪntu eɪ:ɔ:rn-kʌps ən' 'aɪde əm theɪr.

#### FAIRY

ɛ'er əɪ mɪstɛ:ke jər she:pə ən' me:kin' kwaɪtə,  
 ər əlse ju ər thət shro:wd ən' knɛ:vɪʃ sprɪt  
 Kall'd Rɔbɪn Guɔdfellə : ər nɔt ju 'e:  
 Thət fraɪts the meɪ:dens of the vɪlɪg'rəɪ;  
~~Skɪm mɪlk, ənd sɔmətɪmz ləʊbɜr ɪn the kwɜrn  
 Ənd bu:tles mək the brɛθləs haʊswɪf tʃɜrn;  
 Ənd sɔmətɪmz mək the drɪŋk tu beə nɔ bɑ:m;  
 Mɪslɛəd naɪt wəndərəs, lɑ:ʃɪŋ ət theɪr hɑ:m?~~  
 Tho:sə thət 'ɔbgɔblɪn kɔl jə ən' swe:t pʌk,  
 Jə dɔ thər wɜrk, ən' the:y ʃəl əve guɔd lʌk:  
 ər nɔt ju 'e:?

#### PUCK

θəʊ spe:k'st əraɪt;  
 əɪ əm thət mɛrɪəɪ wənd'rɜr of the naɪt.  
 əɪ dʒɛst tu ɔ:berɒn ən' me:ke 'ɪm smɑɪl  
 hwen əɪ ə fat ən be:n-fed 'ɔ:rsə begaɪl,  
 Neɪ:n' ɪn ləɪkənɪs of ə fillə fɔ:l:  
 ən' sɪmɛtəɪmz lɜrk əɪ ɪn ə gɔsɪp's bɔ:l,

In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob  
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;  
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,  
 And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear  
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.  
 But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

**Fairy**

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

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

**OBERON**

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

**TITANIA**

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

**OBERON**

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

**TITANIA**

Then I must be thy lady: but I know  
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
 Playing on pipes of corn and versing love  
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
 Come from the farthest Steppe of India?

In ver<sub>ə</sub> l<sub>ə</sub>ikən<sub>ɪ</sub>ss of a r<sub>o</sub>:sted crab,  
 ən' hwən sh<sub>ɪ</sub> drinks, agənst 'ər lips ə bab  
 ənd on 'ər wɪðer'd d<sub>j</sub>ewlap p<sub>ɔ</sub>:r the ɛ:l<sub>ə</sub>.  
 The w<sub>ə</sub>ɪsɛst ant, tellɪn' the sɑddest tɛ:l<sub>ə</sub>,  
 s<sub>ɪ</sub>met<sub>ə</sub>ɪm<sub>e</sub> f<sub>ər</sub> thr<sub>e</sub>:foot stool mɪstɛ:kɛθ m<sub>e</sub>:;  
 Then slɪp əɪ frəm 'ər b<sub>ʌ</sub>m, d<sub>ə</sub>ʊn tɒppləs sh<sub>e</sub>:,  
 ən' 't<sub>ɛ</sub>:lɒr' kr<sub>ə</sub>ɪs, ən' fɒlls ɪntu ə kɒf;  
 ən' then the 'o:l<sub>ə</sub> q<sub>ə</sub>ɪr<sub>e</sub> 'o:l<sub>d</sub> θ<sub>ər</sub> 'ɪps ən' lɒf,  
 ən' wɒksn ɪn θ<sub>ər</sub> m<sub>ɜ</sub>rθ ən' n<sub>e</sub>:z<sub>e</sub> ən' sw<sub>ɛ</sub>:r  
 A m<sub>ɛ</sub>rɪ<sub>e</sub>r o:ɪ w<sub>ə</sub>s n<sub>e</sub>v<sub>ə</sub>r w<sub>ɛ</sub>stɛd θ<sub>e</sub>:r<sub>e</sub>.  
 But, r<sub>o</sub>:m, f<sub>ɛ</sub>:r<sub>ə</sub>ɪ! 'ɪ:r<sub>e</sub> k<sub>ɪ</sub>m<sub>ɛ</sub>s o:b<sub>ə</sub>rɒn.

**Fairy**

ənd 'ɪ:r<sub>e</sub> mɪ mɪstrɪss. W<sub>ə</sub>uld θæt 'e: w<sub>ə</sub>r<sub>e</sub> g<sub>ə</sub>nl!

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

**OBERON**

Ill met b<sub>ɪ</sub> m<sub>u</sub>nl<sub>a</sub>ɪt, pr<sub>ə</sub>ʊd Tɪt<sub>ə</sub>nɪ<sub>ə</sub>.

**TITANIA**

hwat, j<sub>e</sub>al<sub>ə</sub>us o:b<sub>ə</sub>rɒn! f<sub>ɛ</sub>:r<sub>ə</sub>ɪs, skɪp 'ɛn<sub>ɛ</sub>:  
 əɪ 'əv<sub>e</sub> f<sub>ɔ</sub>:rsw<sub>ə</sub>:r<sub>n</sub> ɪs b<sub>e</sub>d ən' k<sub>ɪ</sub>m<sub>p</sub>ən<sub>ə</sub>.

**OBERON**

Tarr<sub>ə</sub>ɪ, rɒʃ wɒnt<sub>ə</sub>n: əm n<sub>ɔ</sub>t əɪ θɪ l<sub>ɔ</sub>:rd?

**TITANIA**

Then əɪ m<sub>ɪ</sub>s' b<sub>e</sub>: θɪ l<sub>e</sub>:d<sub>ə</sub>: b<sub>ʌ</sub>t ə kn<sub>o</sub>:w  
 hwən θ<sub>ə</sub>ʊ 'ɑst st<sub>o</sub>:l'n əw<sub>e</sub>:y frəm f<sub>ɛ</sub>:r<sub>ə</sub>ɪ lænd,  
 ənd ɪn θ<sub>e</sub> sh<sub>e</sub>:p<sub>e</sub> ə k<sub>ɔ</sub>rɪn sɑt əll d<sub>e</sub>:y,  
 pl<sub>e</sub>:ɪn' ɒn p<sub>ə</sub>ɪp<sub>ɛ</sub>s ə k<sub>ɔ</sub>:rɪn ən' v<sub>ɜ</sub>sɪn' l<sub>ʌ</sub>v<sub>e</sub>  
 T<sub>u</sub> əm'r<sub>u</sub>s fɪlɪd<sub>ə</sub>. hw<sub>ə</sub>ɪ ɑrt θ<sub>ə</sub>ʊ 'ɪ:r<sub>e</sub>,  
 k<sub>ɪ</sub>m<sub>e</sub> frəm θ<sub>e</sub> f<sub>ər</sub>θɪst st<sub>e</sub>p<sub>p</sub>e of ɪndɪ<sub>ə</sub>?

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

**OBERON**

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

**TITANIA**

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

But that, fərsooth, the bəʊncin' amazon,  
Yər bʌskin'd mistriss an' yər warrior lʌve,  
Tə The:seus mʌs' bi wedded, an' yə cʌme  
Tə give thər bed jəi ən' prosperitəi.

**OBERON**

'əʊ cans' thəʊ thʌs fər she:me, Titania,  
Glance at mi credit with 'ippolyta,  
Kno:wɪn' ə kno:w θi lʌve tə The:seus?  
Dids' thəʊ not le:d 'ɪm through the glimm'rin' nəɪt  
From Pərige:nia, 'əm i ravishɪd?  
ən' me:ke 'ɪm with fe:r i:gle: brɛ:k 'is fe:θ,  
With ariadni and antəɪpə?

**TITANIA**

The:se are the fo:rgerəis ə jealousəi  
ən' never, since the middle sʌmmer's spring,  
Met we: on 'ill, in de:le, forest ər me:d,  
Bi pɛ:vɪd fəʊntain o:r bi rʌshəi brook,  
ər in the be:chɪd margent of the se:,  
Tə dance o:r ringlets tə the hwistlin' wənd,  
But with θi brawls thəʊ 'ast distərb'd o:r spɔ:rt.  
The:refo:re the wənds, pəɪpɪn' tɔ ʌs in ve:n,  
əs in revenge, 'əve sʌck'd ʌp from the se:  
Conte:giʊs fogs; hwich fallɪn' in the land  
'əve ev' rəi peltɪn' river me:de sə prəʊd  
That the:y 'əve o:verbo:rne θər continents:  
~~The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn  
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;~~  
The fo:ld stan's em'təi in the drəʊnɪd fe:ld,  
ən' cro:ws ər fatted with the mʌrrɪon flock;  
The nəime men's morris is fill'd ʌp wi' mʌd,



~~And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
 For lack of tread are undistinguishable:  
 The human mortals want their winter here;  
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest:  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
 And thorough this distemperature we see  
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,  
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 Is, as in mock'ry, set: the spring, the summer,  
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world,  
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:  
 And this same progeny of evils comes  
 From our debate, from our dissension;  
 We are their parents and original.~~

**OBERON**

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

**TITANIA**

Set your heart at rest:

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

~~And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
 For lack of tread are undistinguishable:  
 The 'uman mo:rtals want ther winter 'i:r;  
 No: nait is nəʊ with 'ymn ər carol blest:  
 Thɛ:refo:re the moon, the gʏvernɪss ə flʏds,  
 Pɛ:lɪ in 'ər ɑŋgɜr, wʌʃɪs ɔ:l the ɛ:r,  
 Thət rɦeumətɪk dɪs:es do əbəʊnd:  
 ən' thɪrə this dɪstɛmp'rətəre wɪ se:  
 The se:sɔns ɔ:lter: 'o:rəɪ-eədəd frɔsts  
 Fɔl in the frɛʃ lɔp ə the krɪmsɔn ro:se,  
 ɔ:nd ɔ:ld 'əɪəms' θɪn ɔ:nd əɪcəɪ krəʊn  
 ɔ:n ɔ:d'rɔs ʧɔplɛt ə' swɛ:t sʏmɜmɜ bʏds  
 Is, ɔs in mɔk'rəɪ, sɛt: the sprɪŋ, the sʏmɜmɜ,  
 The ʧəɪldɪn' ɔ:tʌm, ɔŋgrəɪ wɪntɜr, ʧɛ:ŋgɛ  
 Thɛr wɔ:ntɛd lɪv'rəɪs, ɔn' the mɛ:zɪd wɜrld,  
 Bɪ thɛr ɪnkr:se, nəʊ kno:wz nɔt hwɪʧ ɪs hwɪʧ:  
 ən' θɪs sɛ:mɛ prɔgɛnəɪ ɔf ɛ:vɪls ɔ:mɛs  
 Frɔm ɔ:r dɛbɛ:tɛ, frɔm ɔ:r dɪsɛnsɪɔn;  
 Wɪ ɔr θɛr pɛ:rɛnts ɔ:nd ərɪŋɔl.~~

**OBERON**

Də you ɔmend ɪt θɛn; ɪt ləɪs ɪn you:  
 hwəɪ should ɪtəniə kɔrs 'ər ɔ:berɔn?  
 ə dɔ bʌt bɛg ə lɪtl ʧɛ:ŋgɛlɪn' bəɪ,  
 Tə bɛ: mɪ 'ɛnʧmɔn.

**TITANIA**

Set yər 'ɑrt ət rɛst:

The fɛ:rəɪ lɔnd bəɪs nɔt the ʧəɪld ə' mɛ:.  
 'ɪs mʌθɜr wɔs ə vɔ:t'rɪss ɔf mɪ ɔ:rdɜr:  
 ɔ:nd, ɪn the spɛɪcɪd ɪndiən ɛ:r, bɪ nəɪt,  
 Full ɔftɛn 'ɔθ shɪ gɔsɪp'd bəɪ mɪ səɪdɛ,  
 ən' sɔt wɪt' mɛ: ɔn Nɛptjəne's yellə sɔnds,

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

**OBERON**

How long within this wood intend you stay?

**TITANIA**

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

**OBERON**

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

**TITANIA**

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

*Exit TITANIA with her train*

**OBERON**

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

Markin' th'embarkid traders on the flyd,  
 hwen we: 'əve lagh'd tə se: the se:ls conce:ve  
 ən' gro:w big-bellid with the wanton wind;  
 hwich she:, with prettəi ən' with swimmin' gɛ:t  
 Foll'win',-- ər wʊmb then rich with məi yʌŋg squəre,--  
 Would imitɛ:te, ən' se:l upon the land,  
 Tə fetch mi trəifles, ən' retərn aɟen,  
 As from a vəi:age, rich with mərchandəise.  
 But she:, be:in' mə:rtal, of that bæi did dəi;  
 ən' fo:r 'ər se:ke do əi ri:r ʃp ər bæi,  
 ən' fo:r 'ər se:ke ə will not part with 'im.

**OBERON**

'əʊ long within this wood intend yə stɛ:y?

**TITANIA**

Perchance till a'ter The:seus' weddin'-dɛ:y.  
 If you will pɛ:sientləi dance in ɔ:r rəʊnd  
 ən' se: ɔ:r moonləit revels, go: with ʃs;  
 If not, shʌn me:, ən' əi will spɛ:re ju:r 'aunts.

**OBERON**

Give me: that bæi, ən' əi will go: with the:.

**TITANIA**

Not fər thəi fɛ:rəi kingdom. Fɛ:rəis, awɛ:y!  
 Wi shəll chəide dəʊnrəit, if ə longer stɛ:y.

*Exit TITANIA with her train*

**OBERON**

Well, go: thi wɛ:y: thəʊ shɒlt not from this grʌve  
 Till əi tə:rmənt thi fo:r this injurəi.  
 Mi gentle Pʌck, cʌme 'iθer. Thəʊ rememb'rɪst  
 Since ʊnce ə sat upon a promont'rəi,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

**PUCK**

I remember.

**OBERON**

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:  
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

**PUCK**

I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

and 'ærd a mærmæ:d on a dolphin's back  
ʌtt'rin' sœch dʌlcet and 'armo:n'jæs breath  
Thæt the rude se: grew civil at 'ær song  
æn' cærtain stars shot madlæi from thær sphæ:res,  
To 'i:r the se:-mæ:d's music.

**PUCK**

æi remember.

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

æ'll put a gærdle ræund abæut the ærth  
In fo:rtæi minutes.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:  
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,  
As I can take it with another herb,  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible;  
And I will overhear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him*

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

*Exit*

**OBERON**

'avin' ɒnce this jɔɪce,  
ə'll wɑtʃ Titania hwɛn shɪ is asle:p,  
ən' drɒp the liquor of it in ər əɪs.  
The nex' thing then shɪ wɛ:kɪn' lʊks ʊpɒn,  
Be: it on ləɪɒn, be:r, ər wɒlf, ər bull,  
On meddlin' mʌŋkəl, ər ɒn busəɪ ɛ:pe,  
Shɪ ʃɒll pʊrsju: it with the so:l ə lʌve:  
ən' ɛ:re ə te:kɛ this ʃɑ:m frɒm ɒf 'ər sɔɪt,  
As əɪ cən te:kɛ it with ʌnʌðər 'ɜ:b,  
ə'll me:kɛ ər rɛndər ɪp ər pɛ:ge tə me:.  
But 'oʊ cʌmes 'ɪ:re? əɪ ʌm ɪnvɪsɪbəl;  
ən' əɪ wɪl ɒ:ver'ɪ:r ðɛr kɒnfərəns.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him*

**DEMETRIUS**

ə lʌve θɪ nɒt, ðɛ:refo:re pʊrsju: me nɒt.  
hwɛ:re ɪz lɪzəndər ən' fɛ:r hɜ:mɪə?  
The ɒ:ne ə'll sle:y, the ɒ:ðər sle:yeth me:.  
Thəʊ to:l'st mi ðe:y wɛr stɒ:l'n ʊnto θɪs wʊd;  
ən' hɪ:re əm əɪ, ən' wʊde wɪðɪn θɪs wʊd,  
Beɪkəʊ ə kənɒt me:t mi hɜ:mɪə.  
Hɛns, get θɪ gɒne, ən' fɒllə me: nə mo:re.

**HELENA**

Yə drɒw mi, ju hɑ:d-hɑ:rtɪd ədɑ:mənt;  
But ɪt jə drɒw nɒt əɪrɒn, fɔ:r mi hɑ:t

Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

And e'en for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love,--  
And yet a place of high respect with me,--  
Than to be usèd as you use your dog?

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

And I am sick when I look not on you.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

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

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

**DEMETRIUS**

Do əɪ entəɪce yə? do ə spe:k yə fe:r?  
o:r, rather, do ə not in ple:nɪst truth  
Tell you, ə do not, no:r ə cannot lʌve yə?

**HELENA**

ənd e:n fər that do əɪ lʌve you the mo:re.  
əɪ əm yər spaniel; ənd, Deme:trɪəs,  
The mo:re yə be:t mɪ, əɪ wɪl fawn ɒn you:  
Use me: bət əs yər spaniel, spɜ:n mɪ, strəɪke mɪ,  
Neglect mɪ, lose mɪ; o:nləɪ gɪvə mɪ le:ve,  
ʌnwɜ:θəɪ əs əɪ əm, tə follə you.  
hwət wɜ:sər ple:ce cən əɪ beg ɪn yər lʌve,--  
ən' ɪt ə ple:ce ə' həɪ rɪspekt wɪt' me:--  
Thən tə bi:usɪd əs yə use yər dog?

**DEMETRIUS**

Tem't not too mʌtʃ the he:tred ɒf mɪ spɪr't;  
For əɪ əm sɪk hwən əɪ do look ɒn the:.

**HELENA**

ən' əɪ əm sɪk hwən əɪ look nɒt ɒn you.

**DEMETRIUS**

Yə do ɪmpe:ç yər mədestəɪ tu: mʌtʃ,  
Tə le:ve the citəɪ ən' kəmɪt jərsɛlf  
ɪntu: ðə hænds ɒf o:nə θət lʌves yə nɒt;  
Tə trʌst ðə ɒpɔ:tʃunitəɪ ɒf naɪt  
ən' ðə ɪl kəʊnsəl ɒf ə dɜ:st plɛ:ce  
wɪθ ðə rɪç wɜ:θ ɒf ju:r vɜ:ɡɪnɪtəɪ.

**HELENA**

Yər vɜ:tʃə ɪz mɪ prɪvɪleʒ: fər θət  
ɪt ɪz nɒt naɪt hwən əɪ do se: yər fe:ce,

Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
 Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
 For you in my respect are all the world:  
 Then how can it be said I am alone,  
 When all the world is here to look on me?

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
~~Run when you will, the story shall be changed:  
 Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
 The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
 Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
 When cowardice pursues and valour flies.~~

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

~~Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
 You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:  
 We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
 We should be wood and were not made to woo.~~

*Exit DEMETRIUS*

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

therefo:re ə think əɪ am not in the naɪt;  
 No:ɪ dɔθ this wud læk wɜ:ldz ə kəmpanəɪ,  
 Fəɪ you in məɪ rɛspɛkt ɑ: əl ðə wɜ:ld:  
 Then həʊ kən ɪt bi saɪd əɪ am əlo:nə,  
 hwɛn əl ðə wɜ:ld ɪs hɪ:re tə lʊk ɒn me:?

**DEMETRIUS**

ə'ɪl rʌn frɒm ðe: ən' hɑ:de mɪ ɪn ðe brɛ:kɛs,  
 ən' li:və θu: tə ðə mɜ:ɔ:ɪ ɒf wɑɪld be:sts.

**HELENA**

The wɑɪldɪst 'ɑ:θ nɒt sʌtʃ ə hɑ:rt əz ju:  
~~Run when you will, the story shall be changed:  
 Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
 The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
 Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
 When cowardice pursues and valour flies.~~

**DEMETRIUS**

ə wɪl nɒt steɪ y θu: kwestʃənz; let mɪ go:;  
 ɔ:ɪ, ɪf θə fɒlə ə me:, dɒ nɒt be:le:və  
 Bʌt əɪ ʃəl do θu: mɪʃɪf ɪn ðə wud.

**HELENA**

~~Ay, ɪn ðə tɛmple, ɪn ðə taʊn, ðə fi:ld,  
 ju: du: mi:ʃɪf. fi: demɛ'tri:əs!  
 ju:ɪ wɒŋgz du: set ə sɛndəl ɒn maɪ sɛk:  
 we kənɒt faɪt fɔ: lʊv, əz mɛn maɪ do:  
 we ʃʊd bi wud ənd wɜ: nɒt meɪd tə wu:.~~

*Exit DEMETRIUS*

ə'ɪl fɒlə ðe: ən' mɛ:kə ə he'ven ɒf hell,  
 tə dɑɪ ʊpən ðə hænd ə lʌvə sə wɛl.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

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

*Re-enter PUCK*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

**PUCK**

Ay, there it is.

**OBERON**

I pray thee, give it me.

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

*Exit*

**OBERON**

fɛ:r θɪ well, nymph: ɛ:r 'e: do le:və this grʌvə,  
Thəʊ shəʊlt flɑɪ 'ɪm ən' 'e: shəʊl se:k θɪ lʌvə.

*Re-enter PUCK*

'ast θəʊ the flɔ:r θɛ:re? Welcome, wænd'rɛr.

**PUCK**

əɪ, θɛ:re it is.

**OBERON**

ə prɛ:y θɪ, give it me:.  
əɪ kno:w a bɑnk hwɛ:r the wɔɪld θəɪmɛ blɔ:ws,  
hwɛ:r ɒxlips ən' the nɒddɪn' vɔɪlɛt grɔ:ws,  
Quəɪtə ɔ:vər-cənɒpəɪd wi' lʌʃɪəs wʊdbrəɪnɛ,  
Wi' swɛ:t mʌskrɔ:sɛs ən' wɪθ ɛglɑntəɪnɛ.  
θɛ:r slɛ:ps ɪtəniə sɪmɛtəɪmɛ ə θɛ nɑɪght,  
Lʌlɪd ɪn θɛ:sɛ flɔ:rs wi' dɑnsɛs ən' deləɪght.  
ən' θɛ:r θɛ snɛ:kɛ θrɔ:ws ɛr ɛnəməʊl'd skɪn,  
wɛ:d wɑɪdɛ ɛnʌgh tə wrəp ə fɛ:rəɪ ɪn.  
ən' wi' θɛ dʒu:ɪs ə θɪs ə'll strɛ:k ɛr əɪs  
ən' mɛ:kɛ ɛr full əf 'ɛ:tɛfʊl fəntəsəɪs.  
Tɛ:kɛ θəʊ sɪmɛ əf ɪt, ən' se:k θrʊθ θɪs grʌvə.  
A swɛ:t Aθɛ:nɪən lɛ:dəɪ ɪs ɪn lʌvɛ  
Wɪθ ə dɪsdɛ:nfʊl ju:θ – ənəɪnt 'ɪs əɪs;  
Bʊt dɔ ɪt hwɛn θɛ nex' θɪŋ 'e: ɛspəɪs  
Mɛ:y bɪ θɛ lɛ:dəɪ: θəʊ shəʊlt kno:w θɛ mæn  
Bəɪ θɛ Aθɛ:nɪən gɑrnmɛnts 'e: əθ ən.  
ɛfɛkt ɪt wɪ' sɪmɛ ɔɛ:rɛ, θət 'e: mɛ:y prʌvɛ

More fond on her than she upon her love:  
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

**PUCK**

Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

*Exeunt*

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

**PUCK**

Fɪ:r not, mɪ lo:rd, yər sɜrvant shəʊll do so:.

*Exeunt*



David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_2.mp3)

**SCENE II. Another part of the wood.**

*Enter TITANIA, with her train*

**TITANIA**

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;  
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;  
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,  
 Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,  
 To make my small elves coats, and some keep back  
 The clam'rous owl that nightly hoots and wonders  
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;  
 Then to your offices and let me rest.

*The Fairies sing*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
 Come not near our fairy queen.  
 Philomel, with melody  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
 Never harm,  
 Nor spell nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh;  
 So, good night, with lullaby.  
 Weaving spiders, come not here;

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream2_2.mp3)

**SCENE II. Another part of the wood.**

*Enter TITANIA, with her train*

**TITANIA**

Cyme, nəʊ a rəʊndel ən' a fe:rəɪ song;  
 Then, fo:r the θɜrd pɑrt of a minute, 'ence;  
 Sɪme to kill cɑnkɜrs in the mɪsk-ro:se bʌds,  
 Sɪme wɑr with ri:re-maɪce fo:r θə leathern wings,  
 Tə me:ke mi smɑl elvɜs ko:ts, ən' sɪme ke:p bɑk  
 The klɑm'rus əʊl θæt nəɪtləɪ 'oots ən' wʌndɜrs  
 At o:r keɪnt spɪrɪts. Sɪng mi nəʊ əsle:p;  
 Then to jər ɒfɪsɜs ən' let mi rest.

*The Fairies sing*

You spotted sne:kɜs wɪθ dʌblɪ tʌŋɡweɪ,  
 θo:rnəɪ 'edʒə'ɒɡs, be: nɒt se:n;  
 Nju:wtɜs ən' blænd-wɜrms, do nɒ: wɹɒŋɡ,  
 Cɪme nɒt ni:r o:r fe:rəɪ keɪn.  
 Philomel, wɪθ melo:di  
 Sɪŋ in o:r swe:t lʌləbəɪ;  
 Lʌlə, lʌlə, lʌləbəɪ, lʌlə, lʌlə, lʌləbəɪ:  
 Never hɑ:m,  
 No:r spell nɒ:r tʃɑ:m,  
 Cɪme o:r lɪveləɪ le:dəɪ nəɪ;  
 So:, ɡu:d nəɪt, wɪθ lʌləbəɪ.  
 We:vɪn' spəɪdɜrs, cɪme nɒt 'e:re;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
 Beetles black, approach not near;  
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.  
 Philomel, with melody, & c.

**Fairy**

Hence, away! now all is well:  
 One aloof stand sentinel.

*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps*

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

**OBERON**

What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
 Do it for thy true-love take,  
 Love and languish for his sake:  
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
 In thy eye that shall appear  
 When thou wakest, it is thy dear:  
 Wake when some vile thing is near.

*Exit*

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA*

**LYSANDER**

Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;  
 And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:  
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

'ence, yə long-legg'd spinners, 'ence!  
 Be:tles black, appro:ch not nɛ:r;  
 Wɜ:m nɔ:r snɛ:l, do no: offence.  
 Philomel, with melodəɪ, & c.

**Fairy**

'ence, awɛ:y! nəʊ all is well:  
 o:ne aloof stand sentinel.

*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps*

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

**OBERON**

hwat θəʊ se:st hwɛn θəʊ dɔ:s' wɛ:ke,  
 Do it fo:r θəɪ true-lʌve tɛ:ke,  
 Lʌve ən' languish fo:r 'is sɛ:ke:  
 Be: it əʊnce, ɔ:r cat, ɔ:r beɪr,  
 Pɑ:d, ɔ:r bo:r with bristled 'ɛ:r,  
 In θəɪ əɪ that ʃəʊll apɛ:r  
 hwɛn θəʊ wɛ:k'st, it is θəɪ dɛ:r:  
 Wɛ:ke hwɛn sɜ:me vɔ:le thing is nɛ:r.

*Exit*

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA*

**LYSANDER**

Fɛ:r lʌve, yə fɛ:nt with wɑnd'rɪn' in the wood;  
 ən' tə spɛ:k tro:θ, ə hɑvə forgot ɔ:r wɛ:y:  
 Wɪ'll rest ɜ:s, Hɜ:rmia, if yə think it good,  
 ən' tarrəɪ fo:r the ɔ:mfort of the dɛ:y.

**HERMIA**

Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

**LYSANDER**

One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

**HERMIA**

Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

**LYSANDER**

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit  
So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath;  
So then two bosoms and a single troth.  
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;  
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

**HERMIA**

Lysander riddles very prettily:  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off; in human modesty,  
Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:  
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

**LYSANDER**

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
And then end life when I end loyalty!

**HERMIA**

Be:t so:, Lizander: fəind you əʊt a bed;  
Fər əi upon this bank will rest mi head.

**LYSANDER**

o:ne tɜrf shall sɜrvə as pillə fo:r əs bo:θ;  
o:ne hɑrt, o:ne bed, two bosoms and o:ne tro:θ.

**HERMIA**

Nɛ:y, good Lizander; for mi sɛ:ke, mi dɛ:r,  
Ləi fərθər off ɣit, do not ləi sə nɛ:r.

**LYSANDER**

o:, tɛ:ke the sense, swe:t, of məi innocence!  
Lʌvə tɛ:kəs the me:nin' in lʌvə's conference.  
ə me:n, θət məi hɑrt unto ɣu:rs is knit  
Sə θət bʌt o:ne hɑrt we: cən me:ke of it;  
Two bosoms interchɛ:nid with ən o:θ;  
Sə θen two bosoms and a single tro:θ.  
Then bəi ɣər sɑide no: bed-room me: denəi;  
Fər ləiin' so:, Hɜrmia, ə do not ləi.

**HERMIA**

Lizander riddles verəi prettiləi:  
Nəʊ mʌtʃ beshro:w mi mɑnnərs ən' mi prəide,  
If Hɜrmia meant to sɛ:y Lizander ləid.  
Bʌt, ɟentlɪ frɛnd, fər lʌvə ən' kɔ:rtəsəi  
Ləi fərθər off; in hʌmən mɔdɛstəi,  
Sʌtʃ sepəre:ʃiən əs me:y well bi sɛ:d  
Becʌməs ə vɜrt'əs bɑtʃ'lor and ə me:d,  
So: fɑr bi dɪstənt; and, ɟu:d naɪt, swe:t frɛnd:  
θi lʌvə nɛ:r ɔltər tɪl θi swe:t lɑife end!

**LYSANDER**

Amen, amen, to that fɛ:r prɛ:r, sɛ:y əi;  
ən' θen end lɑife hwen əi end ləiɔltəi!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

**HERMIA**

With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Through the forest have I gone.

But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve

This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence.--Who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,

Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie

Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wakest, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:

So awake when I am gone;

For I must now to Oberon.

*Exit*

Hi:re is mi bed: sle:p give thi all 'is rest!

**HERMIA**

With half that wish the wisher's ɔis bi press'd!

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Through the forest 'ave ɔi go:ne.

But Ate:nian fəʊnd ɔi no:ne,

On 'ose ɔis ə məit aprɪve

This flo:r's fo:nce in stɜrɪn' lɪve.

Nɛɪt ən' səɪlence.—'o is 'ɛ:re?

We:ds of atens 'e: dəθ wɛ:r:

This is 'e:, mi master sɛ:d,

Despəʊsɪd the Ate:nian mɛ:d;

ən' 'ɪ:re the mɛ:den, sle:pin' səʊnd,

On the dank ən' dɜrtəɪ grəʊnd.

Prettəɪ so:l! shɪ dɜrst not ləɪ

Nɪ:r this lack-lɪve, this kill-co:rtsəɪ.

Chɜrl, upon thəɪ ɔis ə thro:w

all the po:r this charm dəθ o:.

hwɛn thəʊ wɛ:k'st, let lɪve forbid

Sle:p 'is se:t on thəɪ əɪlɪd:

So: awɛ:ke hwɛn ɔi əm gone;

Fɜr ɔi mɪs' nəʊ to o:beron.

*Exit*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running*

**HELENA**

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

**DEMETRIUS**

I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

**HELENA**

O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

**DEMETRIUS**

Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

*Exit*

**HELENA**

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster fly my presence thus.

~~What wicked and dissembling glass of mine~~

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

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running*

**HELENA**

St~~e~~:y, tho: thə kill mɪ, swe:t Deme:trius.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

St~~e~~:y, on thi peril: əɪ alo:ne will go:.

*Exit*

**HELENA**

o:, əɪ əm əʊt ə' breath in this fond ch~~e~~:se!

The mo:re mɪ pr~~e~~:r, the lesser is mɪ gr~~e~~:ce.

Happ~~a~~i is H~~e~~r~~m~~ia, h~~w~~e:reso:e:r shɪ l~~a~~ɪs;

F~~o~~r she: 'əθ blessɪd ənd attr~~a~~ctive əɪs.

H~~a~~ʊ c~~e~~:me 'ər əɪs sə br~~a~~ɪt? Not with salt t~~e~~:rs:

If so:, m~~a~~i əɪs əre oft'ner wash'd th~~o~~n h~~e~~:rs.

No:, no:, əɪ əm əs ʌgl~~a~~i əs ə b~~e~~:r;

F~~o~~r be:sts th~~a~~t me:t mɪ r~~u~~n aw~~e~~:y f~~o~~r f~~e~~:r:

Th~~e~~:refo:re no: marvel tho: Deme:trius

Do, as a monster fl~~a~~i mɪ presence th~~y~~s.

~~What wicked and dissembling glass of mine~~

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

But who is h~~i~~:re? L~~yz~~ander! on the gr~~o~~und!

Dead? or asle:p? ə se: no: bl~~y~~d, no: w~~o~~und.

L~~yz~~ander if y~~ə~~ live, good s~~er~~, aw~~e~~:ke.

**LYSANDER**

[Awaking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
 Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,  
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

**HELENA**

Do not say so, Lysander; say not so  
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?  
 Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

**LYSANDER**

Content with Hermia! No; I do repent  
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
 Not Hermia but Helena I love:  
 Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
 Things growing are not ripe until their season  
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
 And touching now the point of human skill,  
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will  
 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook  
 Love's stories written in love's richest book.

**HELENA**

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
 That I did never, no, nor never can,  
 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
 But you must flout my insufficiency?  
 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

**LYSANDER**

[Awaking] ən' rʏn through fəire ə will fər θəɪ swe:t sə:ke.  
 Transparent Helena! Ne:təre sho:ws art,  
 Thət through thɪ bosom me:kes mɪ se: θɪ hart.  
 hwɛ:re is Deme:tr'us? o:, həʊ fit a wo:rd  
 Is thət vɔ:le ne:me tə perish on mɪ swo:rd!

**HELENA**

Do not sə:y so:, Lɪzander; sə:y not so:  
 hwat θo: 'ɪ lʏve yər Hɜ:rmɪa? Lo:rd, hwat θo:?  
 Yɪt Hɜ:rmɪa still lʏves you: then be: content.

**LYSANDER**

Content with Hɜ:rmɪa! No:; ə do repent  
 The tɪdɪʊs mɪnɪtəs əɪ wɪθ hɜ: əve spent.  
 Not Hɜ:rmɪa bʏt Hɛ:lɛnə ə lʏve:  
 Who will not chɛ:ngɛ a rɛ:vɛn fo:r a dʏve?  
 The wɪll of mæn ɪs bɪ hɪs rɛ:zən swaɪ'd;  
 And rɛ:zən sə:ys ju: ər θə wɜ:θɪər maɪd.  
 Thɪngs grəʊɪŋ ər nɔt rɪpɛ ʊntɪl θɛɪr sɛ:zən  
 So ɪ, bɛɪŋ jʊŋg, tɪl nəʊ rɪpɛ nɔt tə rɛ:zən;  
 And təʊtʃɪŋ nəʊ θə pɔɪnt of hʊmæn skɪl,  
 Rɛ:zən bɛ:kɔmɪs θə mɑ:ʃəl tə mɪ wɪll  
 And lɛ:dz mɛ tə ju:ər ə:zɪs, wɛrə ɪ o:'erlʊk  
 Lʊv's stɔ:ri:z wɪrɪtɪn ɪn lʊv's rɪtʃɪst bu:k.

**HELENA**

hwɛ:refo:re wəs əɪ tə θɪs ke:n mock'rəɪ bo:rn?  
 hwɛn at yər hænds dɪd əɪ desɜ:rvɛ θɪs sɔ:rn?  
 ɪs't nɔt ɛnʏgh, ɪs't nɔt ɛnʏgh, jʊŋg mæn,  
 Thət əɪ dɪd nəvɛr, nɔ:, nɔ:r nəvɛr kæn,  
 Desɜ:rvɛ ə swe:t lʊk frɔm Deme:tr'us' əɪ,  
 Bət ju: məs' fləʊt mɪ ɪnsʊffɪsɪɛnçəɪ?  
 Gu:d trɔθ, ju: dʊ mɛ wɔŋg, gu:d su:θ, ju: dʊ,

~~In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady, of one man refused.  
Should of another therefore be abused!~~

*Exit*

**LYSANDER**

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:  
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!  
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,  
Or as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive,  
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
And, all my powers, address your love and might  
To honour Helen and to be her knight!

*Exit*

**HERMIA**

[Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!  
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel pray.  
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!  
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

~~In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady, of one man refused.  
Should of another therefore be abused!~~

*Exit*

**LYSANDER**

Shi se:s not Hɛrmi:a. Hɛrmi:a, sle:p θəʊ θɛ:re:  
ən' never me:s' θəʊ ɔ:me Lɪzander ne:r!  
Fɔr as a sɜ:fɛit of the swe:tɪst θɪŋs  
The de:pɪst lo:θɪn' to the stɪmɑ:k bɪŋs,  
o:r as the he:resɪs θæt men do le:ve  
əre he:ted mo:st ə θo:se θɛ:y did de:ce:ve,  
Sə θəʊ, mɪ sɜ:fɛit ən mɪ he:resəɪ,  
Of all bɪ he:ted, bɪt the mo:st ə me:!  
ənd, all mɪ po:rs, address jər lɪve ən məɪt  
To honour Helen ən tə be: ər knaɪt!

*Exit*

**HERMIA**

[Awaking] Help mɪ, Lɪzander, help mɪ! do θɪ best  
Tə plɪk θɪs kɔ:wln' sɜ:pɪnt frəm mɪ bre:st!  
əɪ me:, fɔr pɪtəɪ! hwæt ə dre:m wəs he:re!  
Lɪzander, look 'əʊ əɪ do keɪ:kə wɪ' fe:r:  
Mɪθɔ:gt ə sɜ:pɪnt ɛt mɪ hɑ:t əwe:y,  
ən' ju:sət sməɪlɪn' at 'ɪs kru:əl pre:y.  
Lɪzander! hwæt, remɪvəd? Lɪzander! lo:rd!  
hwæt, əʊt ə' hɪ:rɪn'? gone? no: səʊnd, no: wo:rd?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;  
 Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.  
 No? then I well perceive you all not nigh  
 Either death or you I'll find immediately.

*Exit*

Alack, hwɛ:re are yə? spe:k, ən' if yə hɛ:r;  
 Spe:k, of all lɪves! ə swoon almo:st wi' fe:r.  
 No:ʔ then ə well perce:ve you are not nɪ  
 ɛ'er death ər you ə'll fəɪnd imme:diateləl.

*Exit*



David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3_1.mp3)

## ACT III

### SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.

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

**BOTTOM**

Are we all met?

**QUINCE**

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

**BOTTOM**

Peter Quince,--

**QUINCE**

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

**BOTTOM**

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

**SNOUT**

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

**STARVELING**

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

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

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## ACT III

### SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.

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

**BOTTOM**

are wɪ all met?

**QUINCE**

Pat, pat; ənd 'i:re's a marv'ljʊs konve:njənt ple:ce fər o:r re'ɜrsəl. This gre:n plot shall be: ə stɛ:ge, this 'əwθo:rn-brɛ:ke ə təɪrɪn'-əʊse; ən we: will do it in ɑ:ʃɪən əs we: will do it befo:re the dju:ke.

**BOTTOM**

Pe:ter Quince,--

**QUINCE**

hwat se:y's' thəʊ, bulləɪ Bottom?

**BOTTOM**

There əre things in this comedəɪ ə Pyraməs ən' Thisbəɪ thət will never ple:se. Fɜrst, Pyraməs mɪs' draw a swɔ:rd to kill 'ɪmsɛlf; hwɪtʃ the le:dəɪs cannot əbəɪde. 'əʊ ənsweɪ yə thət?

**SNOUT**

Bəɪ'r le:kin, a parlous fe:r.

**STARVELING**

ə be:le:ve wɪ məs' le:ve the killɪn' əʊt, hwɛn əll ɪs dɔ:ne.

**BOTTOM**

Not a whit: I have a device to make all well.

Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

**QUINCE**

Well, we will have such a prologue; ~~and it shall be written in eight and six.~~

**BOTTOM**

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

**SNOUT**

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

**STARVELING**

I fear it, I promise you.

**BOTTOM**

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

**SNOUT**

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

**BOTTOM**

Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,--'Ladies,'--or 'Fair-ladies--I would wish You,'--or 'I would request you,'--or 'I would

**BOTTOM**

Not a **hwit**: **ai** 'ave a dev**ai**ce t**o** m**e**:ke all well.

Wr**ai**te m**i** a pro:logue; **an**' let the pro:logue se**m** to se**y**, w**i** will do no: 'arm with **er** swo:rds, **an**' th**at** Pyram**as** is not killed inde:d; and, f**er** the mo:re better assurance, tell **em** th**at** **ai**, Pyram**as**, **em** not Pyram**as**, b**at** Bottom the we:ver: this will put **em** **o**ut **a** f**er**.

**QUINCE**

Well, w**i** will 'ave s**ych** a pro:logue; ~~and it shall be written in eight and six.~~

**BOTTOM**

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

**SNOUT**

Will not the l**ei**:d**ai**s b**i** af**er**:rd **a** the l**ai**on?

**STARVELING**

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

**BOTTOM**

M**as**ters, you ought t**o** consider w**i**' yourselves: t**o** bring in--God she:ld **as**!--a l**ai**on am**yn**g l**ei**:d**ai**s, is a mo:s' dreadful thing; f**er** th**ere** is not a mo:re f**er**:ful w**ai**l'-f**ai**l th**an** y**er** l**ai**on livin'; **an**' w**i** ought t**o** look to 't.

**SNOUT**

Th**er**e:fo:re ano:ther pro:logue m**ys**' tell 'i is not a l**ai**on.

**BOTTOM**

N**ei**:y, y**a** m**ys** n**ei**:me **is** n**ei**:me, **an**' 'a:f **is** f**ei**:ce m**as**' b**i** se:n through the l**ai**on's neck: **an**' 'e: 'imself m**ys**' sp**e**:k through, se:yin' th**ys**, o:r t**o** the se:me defect,-- l**ei**:d**ai**s,'--o:r 'F**er**:l**ei**:d**ai**s-- **ai** would wish Y**a**,'--o:r 'ai would req**est** y**a**,'--o:r 'ai would

entreat you,--not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

**QUINCE**

Well it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

**SNOUT**

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

**BOTTOM**

A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

**QUINCE**

Yes, it doth shine that night.

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

**SNOUT**

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

**BOTTOM**

Some man or other must present Wall: and let him

entre:t yə,--not tə fɛ:r, not tə tremble: mi laɪfe fər yu:rs. If yə think ə cɜme 'ither əs a ləɪən, it wəre pitəɪ ə' mi laɪfe: nɔ: əɪ əm nɔ: sʌtʃ θɪŋ; əɪ əm ə mæn əs ɔ:θer men ɑre;' ən θe:re ɪndeɪd let 'ɪm neɪme ɪs neɪme, ən' tell əm pleɪnləɪ 'e: ɪs Snʌg θe ʝəɪner.

**QUINCE**

Well it shəll bɪ sɔ:. Bʌt θəre ɪs tuwə 'ɑrd θɪŋs; θæt ɪs, tə brɪŋ θe mu:nlaɪt ɪntu a tʃeɪmbər; fɔ:r, yə knəw, pɪrəməs ən' θɪsbəɪ me:t bɪ mu:nlaɪt.

**SNOUT**

Dəθ θe mu:n shəɪne θæt nəɪt wɪ ple:y ɔ:r ple:y?

**BOTTOM**

A ɔləndər, ə ɔləndər! lʊk ɪn θe əlmanək; fəɪnd əʊt mu:nshəɪne, fəɪnd əʊt mu:nshəɪne.

**QUINCE**

Yes, ɪt dɜθ shəɪne θæt nəɪt.

**BOTTOM**

hwəɪ, θen me:y yə le:və ə tʃe:səmənt ə' θe greɪt tʃeɪmbər wɪndə, hwɛ:re wɪ ple:y, ɔ:pən, ən' θe mu:n me:y shəɪne ɪn ət θe tʃe:səmənt.

**QUINCE**

əɪ; ər əlse ɔ:nə mɜs' cɜme ɪn wɪθ ə θo:rnz ən' ə lɑnt'ɔ:rn, ən' se:y 'ɪ cɜmes tə dɪsfɪʝə, ɔ:r tə prɪzənt, θe pɜrsən ə mu:nshəɪne. θen, θere ɪs əno:θer θɪŋ: wɪ mɜst 'əve ə wɔll ɪn θe greɪt tʃeɪmbər; fər pɪrəməs ən' θɪsbəɪ sez θe stɔ:rəɪ, dɪd tɔlk θru:θə tʃɪŋk əf ə wɔll.

**SNOUT**

Yə cən never brɪŋ ɪn ə wɔll. hwət se:y yə, Bɔtəm?

**BOTTOM**

Səme mæn ər ɔ:θer mɜs' prɪzənt wɔll: ən' let ɪm

have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

**QUINCE**

If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.

Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind*

**PUCK**

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

**QUINCE**

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

**BOTTOM**

Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--

**QUINCE**

Odours, odours.

**BOTTOM**

--odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.  
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,  
And by and by I will to thee appear.

'ave sɑ:mə plaster, ər sɑ:mə lɔ:m, ər sɑ:mə rʌgh-cast  
əbəʊt ɪm, tə signɪfəɪ wall; ən' let ɪm 'o:ld ɪs  
fɪŋgəz θʌs, ən' θru:θ that krænəɪ shəʊl Pyrəməs  
ən' θɪsbəɪ hwɪsper.

**QUINCE**

If that meɪ be:, then ɑ:l ɪs well. Cʌme, sɪt dəʊn,  
ev'rəɪ mʌðə's sʌn, ən' re'ɜ:rsə jər pɑ:ts.

Pyrəməs, ju bi:ɡɪn: huwen ju 'əve spə:kən jər  
spe:tʃ, ɛntər ɪntə θət breɪ:kə: ən sɔ: evrəɪ o:nə  
əkɔ:rdɪn' tə ɪs kju:.

*Enter PUCK behind*

**PUCK**

hwət 'empen 'o:me-spʌns 'əve wɪ swæɡ'ɪn' 'ɪ:re,  
Sə nɪ:ɪr the kreɪdlə of the feɪ:rəɪ kju:en?  
hwət, ə pleɪ jə tɔ:rd! əɪ'll be: ən əudɪtɔ:r;  
An ək'tɔ:r tu:, pə'ræps, ɪf əɪ se: kəʊz.

**QUINCE**

Spe:k, Pyrəməs. θɪsbəɪ, stænd fɔ:rθ.

**BOTTOM**

θɪsbəɪ, the flɔ:rs of o:dɪəs se:vɔ:rs swe:t,--

**QUINCE**

o:dɔ:rs, o:dɔ:rs.

**BOTTOM**

--o:dɔ:rs se:vɔ:rs swe:t:

Sɔ: 'æθ θəɪ brɛθ, məɪ dɪ:rest θɪsbəɪ dɪ:r.  
Bʌt 'ɑ:k, ə vɔ:ɪs! steɪ θəʊ bət 'ɪ:re əhwəɪl,  
ænd bəɪ ænd bəɪ əɪ wɪl tə θe: əpi:r.

*Exit*

**PUCK**

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

*Exit*

**FLUTE**

Must I speak now?

**QUINCE**

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

**FLUTE**

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

**QUINCE**

'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

**FLUTE**

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

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

*Exit*

**PUCK**

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

*Exit*

**FLUTE**

Must I speak now?

**QUINCE**

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

**FLUTE**

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
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Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

**QUINCE**

'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

**FLUTE**

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

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

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

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

**PUCK**

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

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

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

*Re-enter SNOUT*

**SNOUT**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**BOTTOM**

If **əɪ** wɛrɛ fɛ:r, Thisb**əɪ**, **əɪ** wɛrɛ o:nl**əɪ** θɪnɛ.

**QUINCE**

**o:** monstrous! **o:** str**ɛ:**nge! wɪ **ə**rɛ 'auntɛd. Pr**ɛ:**y,  
m**ə**st**ə**rs! fl**əɪ**, m**ə**st**ə**rs! 'ɛlp!

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

**PUCK**

**ə**'ll fɒll**ə** y**ə**, **ə**'ll l**ɛ:**d y**ə** 'b**ə**ʊt a r**ə**ʊnd,  
Through bog, through bush, through br**ɛ:**ke, through br**əɪ**r:  
S**ɪ**met**əɪ**me a 'o:r**ɛ** **ə**'ll b**ɛ:**, s**ɪ**met**əɪ**me a 'əʊnd,  
A 'ɒg, a 'h**ɛ**d**l**ɪss b**ɛ:**r, s**ɪ**met**əɪ**me a f**əɪ**re;  
**ən**' n**ɛ:**, **ən**' b**ɑ**rk, **ən**' gr**ʌ**nt, **ən**' r**o:**r, **ən**' b**ɜ**rn,  
L**əɪ**ke 'o:r**ɛ**, 'əʊnd, 'ɒg, b**ɛ:**r, f**əɪ**re, at ev'**r**əɪ t**ɜ**rn.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

**hw**əɪ d**ə** θ**ɛ**y r**ʌ**n aw**ɛ:**y? θ**ɪ**s ɪs a kn**ɛ:**v**r**əɪ **ə**f **əm** t**ə**  
m**ɛ:**ke mɪ af**ɛ:**rd.

*Re-enter SNOUT*

**SNOUT**

**o:** Bottom, θ**ə**ʊ **ɑ**rt ch**ɛ:**ngɛd! **hw**at d**ə** **ə** s**ɛ:** on θ**ɛ:**?

**BOTTOM**

**hw**at d**ə** y**ə** s**ɛ:**? y**ə** s**ɛ:** an **ɑ**ss'ead of y**ə**r **o:**n, d**ə**  
y**ə**?

*Exit SNOUT*

*Re-enter QUINCE*

**QUINCE**

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

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

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

*Sings*

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

[Sings]

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

*Exit SNOUT*

*Re-enter QUINCE*

**QUINCE**

Bless thi, Bottom! bless thi! theu art transle:ted.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

ə se: thɛr knɛ:vrɔ: this is tə mɛ:ke an ass ə mi; tə frɔɪt mi, if the:y could. But əɪ will not stɪr frəm this plɛ:ce, do hwat they: can: ə will walk ʌp ən' dəʊn 'i:re, ən' ə will sing, thət the:y shall 'i:r əɪ am not afrɛ:d.

*Sings*

The ousel cock so: black of 'ue,  
With orange-tawnɔɪ bill,  
The throstle with 'is no:te so: true,  
The wren with little quill,--

**TITANIA**

[Awaking] hwat ɛ:ngel wɛ:kes mi from mi flo:rɔi bed?

**BOTTOM**

[Sings]

The finch, the sparrɔ and the lark,  
The plɛ:n-song cuckoo grɛ:y,  
'ose no:te full manɔɪ a man dɔθ mark,

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

ən' de:res not answer ne:y;--  
fər, inde:d, 'o would set is wit tə sə fəlɪʃ  
ə bɜ:rd? 'o would give a bɜ:rd the laɪ, tho: 'i crəɪ  
'cuckoo' never so:?

**TITANIA**

ə pre:y θi, gentle mo:rtal, sing aɡen:  
Mɪn ɪ:r ɪs mʌtʃ enəmoʊr'd of θi no:te;  
So: ɪs mɪn əɪ enθrəlɪd tə θi ʃe:p;e;  
ən' θə: fɛ:r vɜ:tʃə's fo:ɾe pɜ:fo:ɾe dəθ mʌve mɪ  
On the fɜ:st vju tə se:y, tə swɛ:r, əɪ lʌve θi.

**BOTTOM**

Mɪθɪŋks, mɪstrɪs, yə should 'əve lɪtlə re:sən  
fɜ: θət: ən' jɪt, tə se:y θə trʊθ, re:sən ən'  
lʌve ke:p lɪtlə kʌmp'nəɪ təɡe'er nəʊ-a-de:ys; θə  
mo:re θə pɪtəɪ θət səm əhɒnɪst neɪ:bɜ:rs wɪl nɒt  
meɪke əm frɛnds. Ne:y, əɪ kən gle:k ʊpən ɒkɛ:zɪən.

**TITANIA**

θəʊ ɑ:t əz wɪse əz θəʊ ɑ:t beəʊtɪfʊl.

**BOTTOM**

Nɒt so:, neθer: bət ɪf əɪ 'əd wɪt enʌɡθ tə ɡet əʊt  
ə θɪs wʊd, əɪ 'əve enʌɡθ tə sɜ:ve mɪn ɒ:n tɜ:n.

**TITANIA**

əʊt ə θɪs wʊd do nɒt de:səɪr tə ɡo:;  
θə ʃəʊlt reɪn 'ɪ:re, hwe'er θə wɪlt ər nɒ:.  
əɪ ɑ:m ə spɪrɪt of nɒ: kɒmən re:te;  
θə sʌmər stɪl dəθ tɛnd ʊpən mɪ ste:te;  
ən' əɪ do lʌve θe:; θe:refo:re, ɡo: wɪθ me:;  
ə'll ɡɪve θɪ fɛ:rɪs tə ətɛnd ɒn θe:;  
ən' θe:y ʃəll fetʃ θɪ dʒewls frɒm θə de:p,  
ən' sɪŋ hwəɪl θəʊ ɒn pre:sɪd flɔ:rs dəs' sle:p;  
ən' əɪ wɪl pɜ:ɡe θɪ mo:rtal ɡro:ssnɪs so:



That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED*

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Ready.

**COBWEB**

And I.

**MOTH**

And I.

**MUSTARDSEED**

And I.

**ALL**

Where shall we go?

**TITANIA**

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Hail, mortal!

Thæt thəʊ shəlt ləɪkə ən ɛːrəɪ spɪrɪt goː.  
Peːsɛblossom! Cobweb! Mo:t! ən' Mɪstərdse:d!

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED*

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Readəɪ.

**COBWEB**

ənd əɪ.

**MOTH**

ənd əɪ.

**MUSTARDSEED**

ənd əɪ.

**ALL**

hwɛːrə shəll wɪ goː?

**TITANIA**

Bɪ kəɪnd ən' kɔːrtəs to this gentleman;  
'ɒp ɪn ɪs wɔːks ən' gæmbɒl ɪn ɪs əɪs;  
Feːd ɪm wɪθ ɛːprɪkɔːks ən' dʒɛwbɛrɹɪs,  
Wɪ' pɜːplə grɛːpɛs, grɛːn fɪɡs, ən' mʌlbɛrɹɪs;  
The 'hʌnəɪ-bæɡz steɪl frɒm ðə 'hʌmblɪ-bɛɪs,  
ən' fɔːr naɪt-tɛːpɜːs krɒp θɜːr wæksn θɜːs  
ən' laɪt əm æt ðə fɛɪrəɪ glɔː-wɜːm's əɪs,  
Tə 'ævə mɪ lʌvə tə bed ən to əraɪsɛ;  
ən' plʌk ðə wɪŋz frɒm pɛɪntɪd bʌtɜːflaɪs  
Tə fæn ðə muːnbɛːms frɒm ɪs slɛːpɪn' əɪs:  
Nɒd to ɪm, ɛlvɛs, ən' dɔ 'ɪm kɔːrtɛsɪs.

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Hɛːl, moːrtal!

<p><b>COBWEB</b> Hail!</p> <p><b>MOTH</b> Hail!</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Hail!</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.</p> <p><b>COBWEB</b> Cobweb.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?</p> <p><b>PEASEBLOSSOM</b> Peaseblossom.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Mustardseed.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred had made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.</p>	<p><b>COBWEB</b> Hɛ:l!</p> <p><b>MOTH</b> Hɛ:l!</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Hɛ:l!</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> ə crəɪ yər wɜrʃɪp's mɜrcəɪ, 'ɑrt'ləɪ: ə bese:ch yər wɜrʃɪp's nɛ:me.</p> <p><b>COBWEB</b> Cobweb.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> ə ʃəl desəɪre yu of mo:re acqɛ:ntance, good Master Cobweb: if ə cʌt mɪ fɪŋgɪ, ə ʃəl mɛ:ke bo:ld wɪθ yu. Yu:r nɛ:me, honest gentlemən?</p> <p><b>PEASEBLOSSOM</b> Pe:seblossom.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> ə prɛ:y yə, commend mɪ tə Mɪstrɪss Squash, yər mʌθər, ən' tə Mɑstər Pe:scod, yər fɑθər. Good Mɑstər Pe:seblossom, ə ʃəl desəɪre yu of mo:re acqɛ:ntance tu. Yu:r nɛ:me, ə bese:ch yə, sɜr?</p> <p><b>MUSTARDSEED</b> Mʌstɑrdse:d.</p> <p><b>BOTTOM</b> Good Mɑstər Mʌstɑrdse:d, ə kno:w yər pe:sɪəns wɛll: θæt se:mə co:rdlɪ, gəɪənt-ləɪke ɒks-be:f əθ devəʊəd mənəɪ ə gentlemən ə juər 'əʊsə: ə prəmɪsə ju yər kɪndrəd 'əd mɛ:de mɪ əs wɑtər ɛ:rə nəʊ. ə desəɪre yər mo:re acqɛ:ntance, good Mɑstər Mʌstɑrdse:d.</p>
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**TITANIA**

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.  
 The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;  
 And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
 Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
 Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

*Exeunt*

**TITANIA**

Cyme, we:t upon im; le:d im to mi bo:r.  
 The moon mi:thinks looks with a wat'rəi əi;  
 ən' hwən shi we:ps, we:ps ev'rəi little flo:r,  
 Lamentin' syme enfo:rcid chastitəi.  
 Təi xp mi lve's tɒŋgue, bring im səilentləi.

*Exeunt*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3_2.mp3)

**SCENE II. Another part of the wood.**

*Enter OBERON*

**OBERON**

I wonder if Titania be awaked;  
 Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
 Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK*

Here comes my messenger.  
 How now, mad spirit!  
 What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

**PUCK**

My mistress with a monster is in love.  
 Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
 Were met together to rehearse a play  
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.  
 The shall'west thick-skin of that barren sort,  
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
 Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake  
 When I did him at this advantage take,  
 An ass's nolle I fixèd on his head:

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream3_2.mp3)

**SCENE II. Another part of the wood.**

*Enter OBERON*

**OBERON**

ə wʌndər if Titania be: awɛ:ked;  
 Then, hwat it waz thət nex' ce:me in 'ər əɪ,  
 hwich she: mɪs' do:te on in extremɪtəɪ.

*Enter PUCK*

'ɪ:re cɪmes mɪ messenger.  
 'əʊ nəʊ, mɛd spɪr't!  
 hwat naɪt-rule nəʊ əbəʊt this 'aunted grɒvə?

**PUCK**

Mɪ mɪstrɪs with a monster is in lʌvə.  
 Nɪ:ɪ to 'ər klo:se ən' consecre:ted bo:ɪ,  
 hwəɪl she: wɛs in ər dʌll ən sle:pɪn' 'o:ɪ,  
 A crew ə pætʃes, rude me:chanɪkəls,  
 Thət wɜ:k fɜ:bred ʊpən Ate:nɪən stɔ:lz,  
 Wɜ:re met tə:geθər to re'ɜ:rsə a ple:ɪ  
 Intended fo:r gre:t The:seus' nɪpsɪəl-de:ɪ.  
 The shall'west thɪk-skɪn of thət bærən so:rt,  
 'o Pyraməs presented, in ther spo:rt  
 Fɜ:sook ɪs sce:nə ənd enter'd in ə bre:ke  
 hwən əɪ dɪd 'ɪm ət thɪs ədvəntə:ge te:ke,  
 ən' əs's nɔ:lə ə fɪksɪd ɒn ɪs 'hed:

Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,  
 And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
 Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,  
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;  
 He murder cries and help from Athens calls.  
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;  
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
 Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
 When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
 Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

*Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS*

**OBERON**

Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Anon əs Thisbəɪ mɪs bɪ ɒnsweɹəd,  
 ən' fo:ɪθ mɪ mɪmɪk ɔːmɛs. hwen θe:y 'ɪm spəɪ,  
 əs wəɪld ge:se θæt θe kre:pɪn' fəʊləɹ əɪ,  
 ər rʌsɪt-peɪtəd ʧɪgʃs, mənəɪ ɪn so:ɪt,  
 Rəɪsɪn' ən' cəwɪn' æt θe ɡʌn's re:pɔ:ɪt,  
 Sever θemselves ən' mædləɪ swe:p θe skəɪ,  
 So:, æt 'ɪz səɪt, əwe:y 'ɪs felləs fləɪ;  
 ən', æt o:r stæmp, 'ɪre o:r ənd o:r o:nə fəɪls;  
 'ɪ mɜːdər krəɪs ən' 'ɛlp frəm ætens kɔːls.  
 Thəɹ sɛns θɪs we:k, lɔst wɪ' θəɹ fe:ɪs θɪs strɔŋg,  
 Mɛ:de sɛnsəlɪss θɪŋgɪz bɛɡɪn tə dɔ əm wrɔŋg;  
 Fər brəɪs ən' θo:ɪns æt θe:ɪr æpərel snætʃ;  
 Səme sle:vɛs, səme 'æts, frəm je:ldərs ɔːl θɪŋgɪz kætʃ.

ə led əm ɔn ɪn θɪs dɪstræktəd fe:ɪr,  
 ən' lef' swe:t pɪræmɪs trænslɛ:təd θe:ɪre:  
 hwen ɪn θæt mɔ:mənt, so: ɪt se:mə tə pæs,  
 Tɪtænɪə we:kəd ən stre:twe:y lʌvəd ən əss.

**OBERON**

This falls əʊt bɛtɛr θæn ə kʊld devəɪse.  
 Bət 'æst θə ɪt lætʃ'd θe ætɛ:nɪən's əɪs  
 Wɪ' θe lʌve-ʤəɪs, əs əɪ dɪd bɪd θɪ dɔ?

**PUCK**

ə tʊk ɪm sle:pɪn',--θæt ɪz fɪnɪʃ'd tʊ,--  
 ən' θe ætɛ:nɪən wɔmən bəɪ ɪz səɪde:  
 Thæt, hwen ɪ we:kəd, ɔf fo:ɪs sɦɪ mɪs' bɪ əɪd.

*Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS*

**OBERON**

Stand klɔ:se: θɪs ɪz θe se:mə ætɛ:nɪən.

**PUCK**

This is the woman, but not this the man.

**DEMETRIUS**

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

**HERMIA**

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day  
As he to me: would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon  
This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon  
May through the centre creep and so displease  
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.  
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;  
So should a murd'rer look, so dead, so grim.

**DEMETRIUS**

So should the murder'd look, and so should I,  
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

**HERMIA**

What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

**DEMETRIUS**

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

**HERMIA**

Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

**PUCK**

This is the woman, but not this the man.

**DEMETRIUS**

o:, hwæi rebuke yə him that lʏves yə so:?

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

**HERMIA**

Nəʊ əi but çəiðe; but əi should use thi wɜ:se,  
Fər θəʊ, ə fe:r, əs't gi'en mi cause tə çɜ:se,  
If θəʊ əs't sle:n Lizander in 'is sle:p,  
Be:in' o:rshoes in blɪd, plɪnʒe in the de:p,  
ən' kill me: too.

The sʏn wəs not sə true unto the de:y  
əs he: tə me:: would he: 'əve sto:l'n awɛ:y  
Frəm sle:pɪn' Hɜ:miə? ə'ɪl be:le:ve əs sʏn  
This who:le ɜ:θ me: bi bɜ:r'd ən' θət the mʏn  
Me: through the centre cre:p ən' so disple:sɛ  
ə brʌðer's nʏtəiðe wiθ θ' Antipode:s.  
It cannot be: but θəʊ əst mɜ:ðer'd him;  
So: should a mɜ:ð'rɜ:r look, sə deəd, sə grim.

**DEMETRIUS**

So: should the mɜ:ðer'd look, ən' so: should əi,  
Pi:rced through the hɑ:t wiθ yu:r stɜ:n crueltəi:  
Yit you, the mɜ:ð'rɜ:r, look əs brəit, əs clɛ:r,  
əs yonder Ve:nus in 'ər glimm'rin' sphɛ:re.

**HERMIA**

hwat's this tə məi Lizander? hwɛ:re is he:?  
Ah, good Deme:tr'us, wilt θə give im me:?

**DEMETRIUS**

ə'd rather give 'is carcass to mi hæʊnds.

**HERMIA**

əʊt, dog! əʊt, çɜ:r! θəʊ drəiv'st mi pɑ:st the bæʊnds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?  
 Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
 O, once tell true, tell true, ev'n for my sake!  
 Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,  
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!  
~~Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?~~  
~~An adder did it; for with doubler tongue~~  
~~Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung-~~  
**DEMETRIUS**

You spend your passion on a misprised mood:  
 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;  
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

**HERMIA**

I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

**DEMETRIUS**

An if I could, what should I get therefore?

**HERMIA**

A privilege never to see me more.  
 And from thy hated presence part I so:  
 See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

*Exit*

**DEMETRIUS**

There is no foll'wing her in this fierce vein:  
 Here therefore for a while I will remain.  
 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe:  
~~Which now in some slight measure it will pay,~~  
~~If for his tender here I make some stay.~~

Of me:den's pe:sience. Has' thəʊ sle:n im, then?  
 Hencefo:rth bi never nʌmber'd amʌŋg men!  
 o:, ɒnce tell true, tell true, e:ʼn fo:r mi se:ke!  
 Dərst thəʊ 'əve look'd upon im be:in' awɛ:ke,  
 ən' hast thəʊ kill'd im sle:pin'? o: brɛ:ve tʌxh!  
 Could not a wɜ:m, an adder, do sə mʌxh?  
~~An adder did it; for with doubler tongue~~  
~~Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung-~~  
**DEMETRIUS**

Yə spend yər passion on a misprə:sed mʌd.  
 əɪ am not guiltəɪ of Lɪzander's blʌd;  
 No:r is 'ɪ dead, fər aught thət əɪ cən tell.

**HERMIA**

ə prɛ:y θɪ, tell mi then thət he: is well.

**DEMETRIUS**

ən if ə could, hwat should ə get thɛ:refo:re?

**HERMIA**

A privilege never tə se: mi mo:re.  
 ən' from θɪ hɛ:ted presence part ə so:  
 Se: me: nə mo:re, hwe'er he: bi dead ər no:.

*Exit*

**DEMETRIUS**

Thɛrɪs no: foll'win' hɜ:r in θɪs fe:rcɛ ve:n:  
 Hɛrɛ thɛ:refo:re fər a hwəɪle ə wɪl remɛ:n.  
 So: sorrə's heavɪnɪss dəθ heavjɛr gro:w  
 Fər debt thət bʌnkrɔ:t sle:p dəθ sorrə o:.  
~~Which now in some slight measure it will pay,~~  
~~If for his tender here I make some stay.~~

*Lies down and sleeps*

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

**OBERON**

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

**PUCK**

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

*Exit*

**OBERON**

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

*Lies down and sleeps*

**OBERON**

hwat hast thə dʌne? thəʊ 'ast mistɛ:ken quəite  
ən' le:d the lʌve-ʤə:ʃ on sɪme true-lʌve's saɪt:  
Of thəɪ misprɪzjən mɪs' pɜ:fɔ:rsə ensjue  
Səme true lʌve tɜ:n'd ən' not a fə:lsə tɜ:n'd true.

**PUCK**

Then fe:te o:r-rules, thət o:nə mən 'o:ldɪn' tro:th,  
A million fe:l, confəʊndɪn' o:th on o:th.

**OBERON**

Abəʊt the wood go: swifter than the wəɪnd,  
ənd 'elənə əf at'ens look thə fəɪnd:  
əl fənsəɪ-sɪk shɪ ɪs ən' peɪlə əf cheɪr,  
With saɪs ə lʌve, thət costs the frɛsh blʌd deɪr:  
Bɪ sɪme ɪlluzjən se: thə brɪŋ 'ər 'ɛ:re:  
ə'll chɑ:m ɪs əɪs əgɛns' shɪ do əpɛ:r.

**PUCK**

ə go:, ə go:; look 'əʊ ə go:,  
Swifter thən ɑ:rɪ from the Tartar's bo:w.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

Flo:r of this pɜ:plə deɪ,  
'ɪt wɪθ Cjəpɪd's ɑ:ʃerəɪ,  
Sink ɪn ɑ:pplə of 'ɪz əɪ.  
hwɛn 'ɪs lʌve 'ɪ dɪθ espəɪ,



Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee.  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

**OBERON**

Stand aside: the noise they make  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

**PUCK**

Then will two at once woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone;  
And those things do best please me  
That befall prepost'rously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA*

**LYSANDER**

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?  
Scorn and derision never come in tears:  
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.  
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Let 'ər shəme əs glɔ:riəsləɪ  
as the Ve:nus of the skəɪ.  
hwen thəʊ wɛ:ks', if she: bɪ bəɪ,  
Beg of 'ər fər remedəɪ.

*Re-enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Captain of ər feɪrəɪ band,  
'elena is 'ere at 'and;  
an' the youth, mistook bɪ me:,  
Ple:dɪn' fo:r a lʌvər's fe:.  
Shəll wɪ theɪr fond pageant se:?  
Lo:rd, hwat fəls the:se mo:rtals be:!

**OBERON**

Stand asəɪde: the nɔɪse theɪy me:ke  
Will cause Deme:tr'us to awe:ke.

**PUCK**

Then will two at ɒnce woo o:ne –  
That mɪs' ne:ds bɪ spo:rt alo:ne;  
An' tho:se things do best ple:se me:  
That befəll prepost'rousləɪ.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA*

**LYSANDER**

hwəɪ should yə think θət əɪ should woo in sco:rn?  
Sco:rn ən' derɪzɪən never cɜ:mɛ in tɛ:rs:  
Look, hwən ə vəʊ, ə we:p; ən vəʊs sə bɔ:rn,  
In theɪr natɪvɪtəɪ all truth appe:rs.  
Həʊ cən the:se things in me: se:m sco:rn tə you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

**HELENA**

You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

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

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

**LYSANDER**

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

**HELENA**

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

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

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealèd white, high Taurus snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

**HELENA**

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

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

Bearin' the badge ə fæ:θ, tə prʊve əm true?

**HELENA**

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

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

The:se vəʊs əre Hɜrmi'a's: will yə give 'ər o:r?

We: o:θ with o:θ, ən' you will nʌtɪn' wɛ:.

Yər vəʊs tə hɜr ən' me:, put in two scɛ:lɛs,

Will e:ven wɛ:, ən' bo:θ əs laɪt əs tɛ:lɛs.

**LYSANDER**

ə had no: jʌdʒmɛnt hwɛn tə hɜr ə swɔ:re.

**HELENA**

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

**LYSANDER**

Demɛ:tr'us lʌvɛs 'ər, ən' 'ɪ lʌvɛs not you.

**DEMETRIUS**

[Awaking] o: Helena, goddess, nymph, pɜrfɛkt, divaɪnɛ!

Tə hwat, mɪ lʌvɛ, shall əɪ compɛ:re θɪn əɪnɛ?

Crystal is mʌddəɪ. o:, həʊ rəɪpɛ in sho:w

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

That pu:re congɛ:lɪd hwəɪtɛ, həɪ Taurus sno:w,

Fann'd with the e:stɜrn wɪnd, tɜrnz tə a cro:w

hwɛn θəʊ ho:l'st ʃp θɪ hand: o:, let mɪ kiss

This princess of pu:re hwəɪtɛ, θɪs se:l ə' blɪss!

**HELENA**

o: spəɪtɛ! o: hell! ə se: you all əre bent

Tə set əʒɛnst mɪ fo:r yər mɛrɪmɛnt:

If you wərə civil ən' knjɛw ɔ:rtesəɪ,

Yə would not do mɪ θɪs mʌtʃ ɪnjɜrəɪ.

Cən you not hɛ:te mɪ, əs ə kno:w yə do,

But you mʌs' jəɪn ɪn so:lz tə mock mɪ too?

If you wərə men, əs men you ərə ɪn sho:w,

You would not use a gentle lady so;  
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
 When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:  
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
 With your derision! none of noble sort  
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

**LYSANDER**

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
 For you love Hermia; this you know I know:  
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
 Whom I do love and will do till my death.

**HELENA**

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

**DEMETRIUS**

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.  
 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,  
 And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
 There to remain.

**LYSANDER**

Helen, it is not so.

**DEMETRIUS**

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.

Yə would not use a gentle lē:dəi so:;  
 Tə vəʊ, ən swɛ:r, ən' superprɛ:se mɪ parts,  
 hwen əɪ am su:re yə hɛ:te mɪ with yər harts.  
 Yə bo:th ərə rəɪvəls, ən' lʌve Hɜ:mia;  
 ən' nəʊ bo:th rəɪvəls, tə mock Helena:  
 A trim expləɪt, a manləɪ enterprəɪse,  
 Tə conjure tɪ:rs ɪp in a pɔ:r mɛ:d's əɪs  
 With yu:r derizɪən! nə:nə of nə:blə so:rt  
 Would so: offend a vɜ:rdʒɪn, and extɔ:rt  
 A pɔ:r so:l's pɛ:ɪsɪəns, əll tə mɛ:ke yə spɔ:rt.

**LYSANDER**

You are ʌnkəɪnd, Deme:tr'us; be: not so:;  
 Fər you lʌve Hɜ:mia; this yə kno:w ə kno:w:  
 ən' hɛ:re, with əll good will, with əll mɪ hart,  
 In Hɜ:mia's lʌve ə ye:ld yə ɪp mɪ part;  
 ən yu:rs əf Helena tə mɛ: bequɛθ,  
 Whom əɪ do lʌve ən will do till mɪ death.

**HELENA**

Never did mockers wast mo:re əɪdlə breath.

**DEMETRIUS**

Lɪzəndər, ke:p θəɪ Hɜ:mia; əɪ will nə:nə:  
 If ɛ:r ə lʌvəd ər, əll θət lʌve ɪs go:nə.  
 Mɪ hart tə hɜr but əs gɛst-wəɪsə sɔ:ʒɜrn'd,  
 ən' nəʊ tə Helen ɪs ɪt ho:mə rətɜrn'd,  
 Thɛ:re tə remɛ:n.

**LYSANDER**

Helen, it is not so:.

**DEMETRIUS**

Disparəge not the fɛ:θ θə dɪst not kno:w,

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

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

**LYSANDER**

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

**HERMIA**

What love could press Lysander from my side?

**LYSANDER**

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,  
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

**HERMIA**

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

**HELENA**

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

Lest, to thi peril, thəʊ abəi it dɛ:r.  
Look, hwɛ:re thi lʌve cʌmes; yonder is thi dɛ:r.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

Dark nɔ:t, that from the əi his fʌnksən te:kəs,  
The ɪr mɔ:re quick of ʌp'rehensən me:kəs;  
hwɛ:reɪn it doth ɪmpeɪr the se:ɪn' sɛnsə,  
It pe:ɪs the hɪrɪn' dʌblə rekɔmpensə.  
Thəʊ ɑrt not bəi mɪn əi, Lɪzɑndər, fəʊnd;  
Mɪn ɪ:r, ə θɑnk ɪt, brɔʊt mɪ to thi səʊnd  
But hwəi ʌnkəɪndlɪ dɪd's' θə le:ve mɪ sɔ:?

**LYSANDER**

hwəi should ə ste:y, whom lʌve doth press tə go:?

**HERMIA**

hwat lʌve could press Lɪzɑndər from mɪ səɪde?

**LYSANDER**

Lɪzɑndər's lʌve, θət wəʊld not let 'ɪm bəɪde,  
fɛ:r Helənɑ, wɔ mɔ:re ɛngɪld's the nɔ:t  
θən ɑll jɔn fəɪrɪ ə:s ɛnd əɪs ə leɪt.  
hwəi se:k'st θəʊ me:ʔ could not this me:kə thi kno:w,  
The he:te ə be:r thi me:de mɪ le:ve thi sɔ:ʔ

**HERMIA**

Yə spe:k not ɑs jə θɪnk: ɪt kɑnɔt be:.

**HELENA**

Lo:, she: ɪs ɔ:ne ə θɪs kɔnfəd'ræcəɪ!  
Nəʊ əɪ pɛrce:ve θeɪ 'ɑve kɔnjəɪn'd ɑll θre:  
Tə fæʃɔn θɪs fɔ:lsə spɔ:rt, ɪn spəɪte ə' me:.  
ɪnju:riəs Hɜ:mɪɑ! mɔ:st ʌngre:tefʊl me:d!  
'əve jə kɔnspeɪred, 'əve jə wɪθ θe:sə kɔntrəɪvəd

To bait me with this foul derision?  
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us,--O, is it all forgot?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Have with our needles created both one flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key,  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
 Had been incorporate. So we grow together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition;  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one and crowned with one crest.  
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

#### HERMIA

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

#### HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
 And made your other love, Demetrius,  
 Who e'en but now did spurn me with his foot,

To bɛ:t mɪ with this fəʊl derɪzɪən?  
 Is all the cəʊnsəl that wɪ two 'əve shɛ:red,  
 The sisters' vəʊs, the ɔ:rs θət we: əve spent,  
 hwɛn we: 'əve chɪd the hɛstəɪ-footed təɪme  
 Fər partɪn' ʌs,--o:, is it all forgot?  
 all school-dɛ:ys' frien'shɪp, çəʊldhʊd ɪnɒsɛns?  
 We:, Hɜ:mɪə, ləɪke two ɑ:t'fɪʃɪəl gods,  
 'əve with ɔ:r nɛ:dɪlɪs kreɪ:tɪd bo:θ ɔ:ne flɔ:r,  
 Bo:θ on ɔ:ne sɑ:mplɪr, sɪtɪn' on ɔ:ne kʊʃɪən,  
 Bo:θ wɑ:blɪn' of ɔ:ne sɒŋ, bo:θ ɪn ɔ:ne ke:y,  
 əs ɪf ər hænds, ər seɪdɪs, vɔɪsɪs ən' mæɪndz,  
 'əd be:n ɪnko:rp'rate. So: wɪ grɔ:w toge'er,  
 Ləɪke to a dʌblɪ çerrɪ, se:mɪn' pɑ:rtɪd,  
 But ɪt ɪn ɪn ɪn pɑ:rtɪʃɪən;  
 Two lɔ:vli bɛ:rɪɪs moʊldɪd ɒn ɔ:ne stem;  
 So, wɪθ tu: sɛ:mɪŋ bɔ:dɪɪs, bʊt ɔ:ne hɜ:rt;  
 Tu: ɒv ðə fɪ:st, lɪke kəʊts ɪn hɛrəldrɪ,  
 Du: bʊt tu: ɔ:ne ɪnd krəʊnd wɪθ ɔ:ne krest.  
 ən' wɪl jə rent ər ɛ:nsɪənt lʌvɪ əsʌndɪr,  
 Tə jəɪn wɪθ mɛn ɪn skɔ:rnɪn' ju:r pɔ:r frɛnd?  
 It ɪs nɔt frɛndlɪ, 'tɪs nɔt meɪdnlɪ:  
 ɔ:r sɛks, əs wɛll əs ɪ, mɛ:y çəɪdɪ jə fɔ:t,  
 θə: ɪ əlɔ:ne dɔ fe:l ðə ɪnʃʊrɪ.

#### HERMIA

ɪ ɪm əmeɪzɪd ət jər pɑ:ʃɪənəte wɔ:rdz.  
 ə skɔ:rn jə nɔt: ɪt sɛ:mz θət ju: skɔ:rn mɛ:.

#### HELENA

'əve ju nɔt sɛt lɪzəndɪr, əs ɪn skɔ:rn,  
 Tə fɒllə me: ən' prɛ:se mɪ əɪs ən' feɪs?  
 ən' mɛ:de jər ɔ:ðɪr lʌvɪ, Demɛ:trɪʊs,  
 Wə ɛ:n bət nəʊ dɪd spɜ:n mɪ wɪθ 'ɪs fʊt,

To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
 And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
 But by your setting on, by your consent?  
 What though I be not so in grace as you,  
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
 But miserable most, to love unloved?  
 This you should pity rather than despise.

**HERMIA**

I understand not what you mean by this.

**HELENA**

Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,  
 Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;  
 Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:  
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicl'd.  
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
 You would not make me such an argument.  
 But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;  
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

**LYSANDER**

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

**HELENA**

O excellent!

**HERMIA**

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

**DEMETRIUS**

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Tə call mi goddess, nymph, divəine ən' rɛ:re,  
 Presious, celestial? hwɛ:refo:re spe:ks 'i this  
 Tə hɛr 'i hɛ:tes? ən' hwɛ:refo:re dɪθ Lɪzəndər  
 Denəi jər lʌve, sə rich within ɪs so:l,  
 ən' tɛndər mɛ:, fərsu:θ, əfɛksɪən,  
 Bət bəi ju:r settin' on, bi ju:r consent?  
 hwət θo: ə be: not so: in grɛ:ce əs ju:,  
 Sə hʌŋg ʊpən wi' lʌve, sə fo:rtənɛte,  
 Bət mɪsɛrəbəl mo:st, tə lʌve ʌnlʌvəd?  
 This ju: should pitəi rəθər θən despəɪsɪ.

**HERMIA**

əi ʌndərstand nɒt hwət jə mɛ:n bi θɪs.

**HELENA**

əi, do, pɜrsɛvər, cəʊntɜrfɪt səd lʊks,  
 Mɛ:kə məʊθs ʊpən mi hwen ə tɜrn mi bæk;  
 Wɪnk ɛ:ç ət o:θər; ho:ld θə swɛ:t jɛst ʌp:  
 This spɔ:rt, wɛll kærɪd, ʃəl bɪ kɹɒnɪkl'd.  
 If ju: 'əvə ənəi pitəi, grɛ:ce, ər mænɜrs,  
 Jə wʊld nɒt mɛ:kə mi sʌç ən ɑrgəmənt.  
 Bət fɛ:re jə wɛll: 'tɪs pɑrtləi məi o:n fəʊt;  
 hwɪç dɛθ ər əbsɛnsɪ sʊn ʃəl rɛmɛdɪ.

**LYSANDER**

Stɛ:y, ɟɛntəl hɛlənə; hɪ:r məi ɛksju:sɪ:  
 Mi lʌve, mi laɪfɪ, mi so:l, fɛ:r hɛlənə!

**HELENA**

o: ɛksɛlənt!

**HERMIA**

Swɛ:t, do nɒt skɔ:rn 'ər so:.

**DEMETRIUS**

If shɛ: cənɒt ɛntreɪt, ə kən kəmpeɪl.

**LYSANDER**

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:  
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.  
 Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:  
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.

**DEMETRIUS**

I say I love thee more than he can do.

**LYSANDER**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

Quick, come!

**HERMIA**

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

**LYSANDER**

Away, you Ethiopie!

**DEMETRIUS**

No, no; he'll [-]

~~Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,  
 But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!~~

**LYSANDER**

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,  
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

**HERMIA**

Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?  
 Sweet love,--

**LYSANDER**

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!  
 Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

**HERMIA**

Do you not jest?

**LYSANDER**

Thə cans' compel nə mo:re thən she: entreat:  
 Thi threats 'əve no: mo:re strength thən hɜr we:k prɛ:rs.  
 Helen, ə lʌve the:; bæi mi ləife, ə do:  
 ə swɛ:r bi thət hwich əi will lose fɜr the:,  
 To prʌve 'im false thət sɛz ə lʌve thi not.

**DEMETRIUS**

ə sɛ:y ə lʌve thi mo:re thən he: cən do.

**LYSANDER**

If thəu sɛ:y so:, withdraw, ən' prʌve it too.

**DEMETRIUS**

Quick, cʌme!

**HERMIA**

Lizander, hwɛ:reto tends all this?

**LYSANDER**

Awe:y, you Ethiopie!

**DEMETRIUS**

No:, no:; he'll [-]

~~Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,  
 But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!~~

**LYSANDER**

Hang off, thəu cat, thəu bɜrr! vɔile thing, let loose,  
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

**HERMIA**

hwɔi are yə gro:n sə rude? hwat che:ngɛ is this?  
 Swe:t lʌve,--

**LYSANDER**

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!  
 əut, lo:θid med'cinɛ! hɛ:ted pɔ:sjən, hence!

**HERMIA**

Də you not jest?

**HELENA**

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

**DEMETRIUS**

I would I had your bond, for I perceive  
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

**LYSANDER**

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

**HERMIA**

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?  
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!  
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?  
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.  
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left  
me:

Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!--  
In earnest, shall I say?

**LYSANDER**

Ay, by my life;  
And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;  
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

**HERMIA**

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night  
And stolen my love's heart from him?

**HELENA**

Fine, i'faith!

**HELENA**

Yes, soth; an' so: dæ you.

**LYSANDER**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

æ would æ had yær bond, fæ æi perce:ve  
A we:k bond ho:lds yæ: æi'll not trÿst yær wo:rd.

**LYSANDER**

hwat, should æ hært 'ær, stræke 'ær, kill 'ær dead?  
altho: æ hæ:te 'ær, æi'll not harm 'ær so:.

**HERMIA**

hwat, can yæ do mi græ:ter harm thæn hæ:te?  
Hæ:te me:! hwæ:refo:re? o: me:! hwat njews, mi lÿve!  
æm not æi Hærmia? are not you Lizander?  
æi am æs fæ:r næu as æ was æ:rehwæile.  
Since næit yæ lÿved mi; yit since næit yæ left  
mi :  
hwæi, then yæ left mi--o:, the gods forbid!--  
In ærnist, shøll æ sæ:y?

**LYSANDER**

æi, bæi mi læife;  
æn' never did desæire tæ se: thi mo:re.  
The:refo:re bi æut æ' ho:pe, æf questio:n, æf dæut;  
Bi cærtain, nætin' truer; 'tis no: jest  
That æi do hæ:te thi and lÿve Helena.

**HERMIA**

o: me:! you jÿggler! you canker-blossom!  
You the:f æ' lÿve! hwat, have yæ cÿme bi næit  
æn' sto:len mæi lÿve's hart from him?

**HELENA**

Fæine, i'fæ:th!



Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
 Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

**HERMIA**

Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.  
 Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
 Between our statures; she hath urged her height;  
 And with her personage, her tall personage,  
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.  
 And are you grown so high in his esteem;  
 Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
 How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;  
 How low am I? I am not yet so low  
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

**HELENA**

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
 Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;  
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
~~I am a right maid for my cowardice:~~  
 Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,  
 Because she is something lower than myself,  
 That I can match her.

**HERMIA**

Lower! hark, again.

**HELENA**

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

'əve you nɒ: modestəɪ, nɒ: meɪ:den she:me,  
 Nɒ: tʌʃ ə' bashfʊlnɪs? hwæt, wɪl jə teɪr  
 Impɛ:sɪənt ɒnsəʊz frɒm mɪ gentl tɒŋɡe?  
 Feɪ, feɪ! ju cəʊnterfɪt, ju pʊpɪt, ju!

**HERMIA**

Pʊpɪt? hwəɪ sɔ: əɪ, θæt weɪ gɔ:s ðe geɪme.  
 Nəʊ əɪ pɛrce:ve θæt she: 'əθ meɪ:de kompɛ:re  
 Betwɛ:n ɔ:r stətʃəres; she: 'əθ ɜrɡed 'ər haɪt;  
 ən' wɪθ 'ər pɜrs'næɡe, hɜr tɒl pɜrsnæɡe,  
 ər haɪt, fɔrsuθ, shɪ 'əθ pɪveɪ:l'd wɪθ hɪm.  
 ən' ɛr jə grɔ:n sə haɪ ɪn hɪs esteɪm;  
 Bi:kəʊ əɪ ɒm sə dʊwɜfɪʃ ən' sə lo:w?  
 Həʊ lo:w ɒm əɪ, θəʊ pɛ:nted meɪ:pɔ:le? spe:k;  
 Həʊ lo:w ɒm əɪ? əɪ ɒm nɒt jɪt sə lo:w  
 Bʊt θæt mɪ neɪls cən re:ʃ ʊntu θɪn əɪs.

**HELENA**

ə pɪeɪ yə, θo: yə mɒk mɪ, ɡentlɛmɛn,  
 Let 'ɜr nɒt hɜrt mɪ : əɪ wəs nɛvɜ kɜrst;  
 ə hæv nɒ: ɡɪft ɒt ɒl ɪn ʃro:wɪʃnɪs;  
~~I ɒm ɒ rɪht maɪd fɔr mɪ kɔwɜdɪs:~~  
 Let 'ɜr nɒt strəɪk mɪ. ju pɜrhæps meɪ θɪŋk,  
 Bi:kəʊ shɪ's sɪmɛθɪn' lo:wɜr θæn mɪsɛlf,  
 θæt əɪ cən mætʃ 'ər.

**HERMIA**

Lo:wer! hark, ɒɡɛn.

**HELENA**

ɡʊd hɜrmɪə, dɒ nɒt be: sə bɪtɜr wɪθ mɪ.  
 əɪ ɛvɜmɔ:re dɪd lʌve jə, hɜrmɪə,  
 dɪd ɛvɜ ke:p jər cəʊnsɛls, nɛvɜ wɒŋɡ'd jə;  
 seɪv θæt, ɪn lʌve ʊntu demɛ:trɪʊs,  
 ə tɔ:ld 'ɪm ɒf jər steɪlθ ʊntu θɪs wʊd.

He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;  
 But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me  
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:  
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
 To Athens will I bear my folly back  
 And follow you no further: let me go:  
 You see how simple and how fond I am.

**HERMIA**

Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

**HELENA**

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

**HERMIA**

What, with Lysander?

**HELENA**

With Demetrius.

**LYSANDER**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

**HERMIA**

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

**LYSANDER**

Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;

Hɪ follə'd you; fər lʌvə ə follə'd him;  
 But he: 'əθ chɪd mɪ hence ən' threaten'd me:  
 Tə strəɪkə mɪ, spɜrn mɪ, ne:y, tə kɪl mɪ too:  
 ən' nəʊ, sə you will let mɪ quəɪət go:,  
 To at'ens will ə be:r mɪ folləɪ bæk  
 ən' follə you no: fɜrðer: let mɪ go:  
 Yə se: 'əʊ sɪmplə and 'əʊ fɒnd əɪ əm.

**HERMIA**

hwəɪ, get yə gone: who is't thət hɪndərs you?

**HELENA**

A fɒlɪʃ hɑ:t, thət əɪ le:və hɪ:re behəɪnd.

**HERMIA**

hwət, wɪθ lɪzəndər?

**HELENA**

Wɪθ demə:trɪəs.

**LYSANDER**

Bɪ nɒt əfrɛ:d; shɪ shəʊl nɒt hɑ:m θɪ, heləna.

**DEMETRIUS**

nɔ:, sɜr, shɪ shəʊl nɒt, θo: yə te:ke 'ər pɑ:t.

**HELENA**

o:, hwɛn shɪ's əŋgrəɪ, she: ɪs ke:n ən' shro:wd!

shɪ wəz ə vɪkən hwɛn shɪ wɛnt tə sku:l;

ən' θo: shɪ be: bʊt lɪtlə, she: ɪs fɛ:rs.

**HERMIA**

'lɪtlə' əgeɪn! nʌtɪn' bʊt 'lo:w' ən' 'lɪtlə'!

hwəɪ wɪl yə sɪfər hɜr tə fləʊt mɪ θɪs?

Let me: kʌm tə 'ər.

**LYSANDER**

Get yə gone, yə dwarf;

Yə minimus, of hɪnd'rɪn' knɒt-grɑ:s me:de;

You bead, you acorn.

**DEMETRIUS**

You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

**LYSANDER**

Now she holds me not;

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

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

*Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

**HERMIA**

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

**HELENA**

I will not trust you, I,

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

*Exit*

**HERMIA**

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

Yə be:d, you ɛ:co:rn.

**DEMETRIUS**

You əre too offi:si:us

In hɜr behɑlf thət sco:rnz yər sɜrvɪsɪz.

Let hɜr əlo:ne: spe:k not of Helena;

Te:ke not 'ər pɑ:t; fər if θə dɒst intend

Never sə little sho:w of lʌve tə her,

Thəʊ shɔlt əbɪ it.

**LYSANDER**

Nəʊ shɪ ho:ldz mi not;

Nəʊ follə, if θəʊ de:r'st, tə treɪ 'ose ræt,

of θəme ər məme, is mo:st in Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

Follə! ne:y, ə'll go: wi' θi, che:k bi jəʊl.

*Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

**HERMIA**

You, mistrɪss, ɑl θɪs koɪl ɪz 'lɒŋ ə you:

Ne:y, go: not bɑ:k.

**HELENA**

ə wɪl not trʌst yə, əɪ,

No:r lɒŋŋer ste:y ɪn ju:r kɜrst kʌmpənɪ.

Yu:r hændz θən məme ərə kwi:kər fo:r ə fre:y,

Məɪ legz ərə lɒŋŋer θo:, tə rʌn əwe:y.

*Exit*

**HERMIA**

əɪ əm əme:zəd, ən' kno:w not hwət tə se:y.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,  
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

**PUCK**

Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me I should know the man  
By the Athenian garment he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;  
And so far am I glad it so did sort  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

**OBERON**

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:  
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,  
And lead these testy rivals so astray  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,  
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

This is thəi negligence: still thəʊ mistɛ:k'st,  
əɪ else committ's' thɪ knɛ:v'rəɪs wilfulləɪ.

**PUCK**

Bele:ve mi, king ə shadəs, əɪ mistook.  
Did not yə tell mi əɪ should kno:w the man  
Bi the Ate:nian garment 'e: 'ad on?  
ən' so: far ble:meless prɪves mi enterprəɪse,  
Thət əɪ 'əve 'nɔɪnted ən Ate:nian's əɪs;  
ən' so: far am ə gləd it so: did so:rt  
əs this ther janglin' əɪ este:m a spo:rt.

**OBERON**

Thəʊ se:'st the:se lɪvɜrs se:k ə ple:ce tə fəɪt:  
Həɪ the:refo:re, Robin, o:vercast the nəɪt;  
The starrəɪ welkin cɜvɜr thəʊ anon  
With droopin' fog əs black əs Acheron,  
ən' le:d the:se testəɪ rəɪvəls so: astrɛ:y  
əs o:ne cɜme not within ano:ther's wɛ:y.  
Ləɪke to Lɪzəndɜ sɪmetəɪme frɛ:me thi tɒŋgwe,  
Then stɜ Demɛ:tr'us ɪp with bitter wrong;  
ən' sɪmetəɪme re:l thi ləɪke Demɛ:trɪus;  
ən' frɒm e:ch o:ther look thəʊ le:d əm thɪs,  
Till o:'r ther brəʊs death-cəʊntɜrfɪtɪn' sle:p  
Wi' leaden legs ən' battəɪ wings dəθ cre:p:  
Then crɪʃh this 'ɜrb into Lɪzəndɜ's əɪ;  
'ose liquor 'əth this vɜrtjəs propertəɪ,  
Tə te:ke frəm thence all error with 'ɪs məɪt,  
ən' mɛ:ke ɪs əɪbɒls ro:ll with wo:nted səɪt.

When they next wake, all this derision  
 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,  
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
 With league whose date till death shall never end.  
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
 I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
 And then I will her charmed eye release  
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

**PUCK**

My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
 Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,  
 That in crossways and floods have burial,  
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
 They willfully themselves exile from light  
 And must for aye consort with black brow'd night.

**OBERON**

But we are spirits of another sort:  
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport,  
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
 E'en till the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
 Op'ning on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.  
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:  
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

*Exit*

hwēn thɛ:y nex wɛ:ke, all this derizjən  
 Šhall se:m a dre:m ən' fruitlɪss vɪzjən,  
 ən' bæk to atens šɒll the lɪvɜrs wend,  
 With le:gue 'ose dɛ:te till death šəll never end.  
 hwəɪles əɪ in this affɛ:r do the: empləɪ,  
 əɪ'll to mɪ que:n ən beg əɪ Indjən bəɪ;  
 ən' then ə wɪll əɪ charmɪd əɪ rele:se  
 Frəm monster's view, ən' all things šɒll bɪ pe:ce.

**PUCK**

Mɪ fe:rəɪ lɔ:rd, this mɪst be done wɪth hɑ:ste,  
 Fɔ:r nɑ:ɪt's swɪft dræɡɒns kʌt the kləʊdz fʌll fɑ:st,  
 ən' jɒndɜr šaɪnɪs ɔ:ro:rɑ's 'ɑ:brɪŋɜ:r;  
 ət wɒsə ɔ:pɹəʊtʃ, ɡhəʊ:stz, wænd'ɪn' hɪ:re ən' the:re,  
 Trəʊp 'o:me to tʃɜ:rtʃjɑ:dz: dæmnd spɪ:rɪts ɔ:l,  
 Thæt in krɒssweɪs ən' flʊdz 'ævɪ bʊrɪəl,  
 ɔ:lredɪ to the:ɪr wɜ:rməɪ bɛdz ɑ:re ɡɒne;  
 Fɔ:r fe:r lɛst dɛ: should lʊk the:ɪr še:mes ʊpən,  
 The: wɪllfʌlləɪ themselfs ɛ:kəɪl frɪm laɪt  
 ən' mɪst fɔ:r əɪ kɒnsɔ:rt wɪth blæk brəʊ'd nɑ:ɪt.

**OBERON**

Bʌt we: ɑ:re spɪ:rɪts ɔ:f ɔ:nəðɜr sɔ:rt:  
 ɔ:wɪth the mɔ:ɪnɪn's lʌvɪ hævɪ ɔ:ft mɛ:de spɔ:rt,  
 ən', laɪke ə fɔ:restɜr, the ɡrʌvɪz mɛ: tɹɛd,  
 e:'ɛn tɪll the e:stɜ:n ɡe:te, ɔ:l fəɪrəɪ rɛd,  
 ɔ:p'nɪn' ɒn Neptjʊn wɪth fe:r blɛsɪd be:ms,  
 Tɜ:ɪns ɪntə jɛləʊ: ɡɔ:ld hɪs sɔ:lɪt ɡrɛ:n strɛ:ms.  
 Bʌt, nɒtwɪðstændɪn', hɛ:ste; mɛ:ke nɔ: dele::  
 Wɪ mɛ: ɛ:fɛkt θɪs bɪznɪs jɛt ɛ:re dɛ:.

*Exit*

**PUCK**

Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town:  
Goblin, lead them up and down.  
Here comes one.

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

**PUCK**

Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

**LYSANDER**

I will be with thee straight.

**PUCK**

Follow me, then,  
To plainer ground.

*Exit LYSANDER, as following the voice*

*Re-enter DEMETRIUS*

**DEMETRIUS**

Lysander! speak again:  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

**PUCK**

Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

**PUCK**

ʌp ən' dəʊn, ʌp ən' dəʊn,  
aɪ wɪl li:d əm ʌp ən' dəʊn:  
aɪ əm feɪr'd ɪn fi:ld ən' təʊn:  
Goblin, li:d əm ʌp ən' dəʊn.  
'Hɪre kʌmɛs o:nɛ.

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

hwɛ:re ɑrt θəʊ, prəʊd demɛ:tr'ʊs? spi:k θəʊ nəʊ.

**PUCK**

hɪ:re, vɪləɪn; drɔ:n ən ri:dəɪ. hwɛ:re ɑrt θəʊ?

**LYSANDER**

ə wɪl bi wi' θɪ stri:t.

**PUCK**

Follə mi, then,  
Tə plɛ:nɛr grəʊnd.

*Exit LYSANDER, as following the voice*

*Re-enter DEMETRIUS*

**DEMETRIUS**

lɪzəndə! spi:k əgeɪn:  
θəʊ rʌnəweɪy, θəʊ kə:wərd, ɑrt θəʊ fled?  
spi:k! ɪn sʌmɛ bʊʃ? hwɛ:re dɪs' θəʊ haɪde θɪ head?

**PUCK**

θəʊ kə:wərd, ɑrt θəʊ brægɪn' tə ðə stɑ:z,  
tɛlɪn' ðə bʊʃɛz θæt θəʊ lʊks' fə r wɔ:z,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;  
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled  
That draws a sword on thee.

**DEMETRIUS**

Yea, art thou there?

**PUCK**

Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

He goes before me and still dares me on:  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me.

*Lies down*

Come, thou gentle day!  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.

*Sleeps*

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS*

ən' wilt not cyme? Cyme, recreant; cyme, thəu chəild;  
ə'll hwip thi with a rod: hi is defəiled  
Thət draws a swo:rd on the:.

**DEMETRIUS**

Yɛ:, art thəu there?

**PUCK**

Follə mi vɔice: we'll trəi no: manhood hi:re.

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

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

*Lies down*

Cyme, thəu gentle dɛ:y!  
For if but ɒnce thəu sho:w mi thəi grɛ:y ləit,  
ə'll fəind Deme:tr'us an' revenge this spəite.

*Sleeps*

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS*

**PUCK**

Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?

**DEMETRIUS**

Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou now?

**PUCK**

Come hither: I am here.

**DEMETRIUS**

Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,  
If ever I thy face by daylight see:  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
By day's approach look to be visited.

*Lies down and sleeps*

*Re-enter HELENA*

**HELENA**

O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hour! Shine comforts from the east,  
That I may back to Athens by daylight,  
From these that my poor company detest:

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

*Lies down and sleeps*

**PUCK**

Ho:, ho:, ho:! Co:ward, hwæ: cʏm's' thæu not?

**DEMETRIUS**

Abæide mi, if thæu dæ:r'st; fæ: well æ wot  
Thæu rʏnn's' befo:re mi, shiftin' ev'ræi ple:ce,  
æn' dæ:r'st not stand, nœ: look mi in the fæ:ce.  
hwæ:re art thæu næu?

**PUCK**

Cʏme hither: æi am hære.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

*Lies down and sleeps*

*Re-enter HELENA*

**HELENA**

o: wæ:ræi næit, o: long æn tidious næit,  
Abæ:te thi o:r! Shæine cʏmforts from the æst,  
Thæt æi mæ:y back to atens bæi dæ:læit,  
Fræm the:se thæt mæi po:r cʏmpanæi detest:  
æn' sle:p, thæt sʏmetæimes shʏts ʏp sorræ's æi,  
Ste:l me: ahwæ:ile from mæine o:n cʏmpanæi.

*Lies down and sleeps*



**PUCK**

Yet but three? Come one more;  
 Two of both kinds make up four.  
 Here she comes, curst and sad:  
 Cupid is a knavish lad,  
 Thus to make poor females mad.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

Never so weary, never so in woe,  
 Bedabbl'd with the dew and torn with briers,  
 I can no further crawl, no further go;  
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
 Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

*Lies down and sleeps*

**PUCK**

On the ground  
 Sleep sound:  
 I'll apply  
 To your eye,  
 Gentle lover, remedy.

*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes*

When thou wakest,  
 Thou takest  
 True delight

**PUCK**

Yit but thre:?. Cyme o:ne mo:re;  
 Two of bo:th kəʊnds mɛ:ke ʏp fo:r.  
 'I:re shi cymes, cɜrst ən' sad:  
 Cjəpid is a knɛ:vish lad,  
 Thɜs tə mɛ:ke po:r fe:mɛ:les mad.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

Never sə wɛ:rɪ, never so: in wo:,  
 Bedabbl'd with the djew ən to:rn with brɪrs,  
 ə cən nə fɜrther crawl, nə fɜrther go:;  
 Mɪ legs cən ke:p nə pɛ:ce with məɪ desɪres.  
 Hɛ:re will ə rest mɪ till the brɛ:k ə de:y.  
 Hea'ns she:ld Lɪzander, if the:y me:n a frɛ:y!

*Lies down and sleeps*

**PUCK**

On the grəʊnd  
 Sle:p səʊnd:  
 ə'll appləɪ  
 To your əɪ,  
 Gentle lɪvɜr, remedəɪ.

*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes*

hwɛn thəʊ wɛ:kst,  
 Thəʊ tɛ:kst  
 True deləɪt

<p>In the sight  Of thy former lady's eye:  And the country proverb known,  That every man should take his own,  In your waking shall be shown:  Jack shall have Jill;  Nought shall go ill;</p> <p>The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.</p> <p><i>Exit</i></p>	<p>In the <i>səɪt</i>  Of <i>θəɪ</i> <i>fɔːr</i>mer <i>leɪ</i>dəɪ's <i>əɪ</i>:  <i>An'</i> the <i>cʌn</i>trəɪ proverb <i>knəʊ</i>n,  <i>Thət</i> ev'<i>rəɪ</i> man should <i>tɛ</i>:ke 'is <i>oʊ</i>n,  In <i>yər</i> <i>wɛ</i>:kin' <i>ʃ</i>əʊll be <i>ʃ</i>o:n:  <i>Jack</i> <i>ʃ</i>əʊll 'ave Jill;  Nought <i>ʃ</i>əʊll <i>g</i>o: ill;</p> <p>The man <i>ʃ</i>əʊll 'ave 'is <i>mɛ</i>:re aɪən, <i>ən'</i> <i>ɔ</i>ll <i>ʃ</i>əʊll <i>bɪ</i> well</p> <p><i>Exit</i></p>
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David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_1.mp3)

## ACT IV

**SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA**

lying asleep.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen*

**TITANIA**

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

**BOTTOM**

Where's Peaseblossom?

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Ready.

**BOTTOM**

Scratch my head Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

**COBWEB**

Ready.

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_1.mp3)

## ACT IV

**SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA**

lying asleep.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen*

**TITANIA**

C $\gamma$ me, sit thi d $\text{ə}$ ʊn upon this flo: $\text{r}$  $\text{ə}$ i bed,  
h $\text{w}$ əle  $\text{ə}$ i thi  $\text{e}$ :mi $\text{ə}$ bl $\text{ə}$  che: $\text{k}$ s do c $\text{ə}$ i $\gamma$ ,  
 $\text{ə}$ n stick m $\gamma$ sk-ro: $\text{s}$ es in thi sle: $\text{k}$  smooth 'ead,  
 $\text{ə}$ n kiss thi fe: $\text{r}$  large i: $\text{r}$ s, mi gentle j $\text{ə}$ i.

**BOTTOM**

h $\text{w}$ e: $\text{r}$ s Pe: $\text{s}$ eblossom?

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Read $\text{ə}$ i.

**BOTTOM**

Scratch mi 'ead Pe: $\text{s}$ eblossom. h $\text{w}$ e: $\text{r}$ 's Mons $\text{j}$  $\text{u}$ : $\text{r}$  Cobweb?

**COBWEB**

Read $\text{ə}$ i.

**BOTTOM**

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

**MUSTARDSEED**

Ready.

**BOTTOM**

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

**MUSTARDSEED**

What's your Will?

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

Monsju:r Cobweb, good monsju:r, get you yər weapons in yər 'and, ən kill mɪ a red-'ipped 'ymbel-be: on the top əf a thistle; ən, good monsju:r, bring mɪ the 'ɣnəɪ-bag. Do not fret yərsəlf too mɪtʃ in the əksjən, monsju:r; and, good monsju:r, 'ave a ɔ:re the 'ɣnəɪ-bag brɛ:k not; ə wəd be lə:θ to 'ave yə ɔ:verflo:wn with a 'ɣnəɪ-bag, signior. hwɛ:r's Monsju:r Mɪstardse:d?

**MUSTARDSEED**

Readəɪ.

**BOTTOM**

Gi' mɪ yər ne:f, Monsju:r Mɪstardse:d. Prɛ:y yə, le:ve yər ɔ:r'tsəɪ, good monsju:r.

**MUSTARDSEED**

hwat's yər will?

**BOTTOM**

Nɪ'tɪn', good monsju:r, bɪt to 'elp Cavəljɛrəɪ Cobweb tə scratch. ə mɪs' tə the bərber's, monsju:r; fər mɪ'thɪŋks əɪ əm mɑ:v'ljʊs 'ɛ:rəɪ əbʊt the fe:ɔ:s; and əɪ əm sɪtʃ ə tender əs, if mɪ 'ɛ:r do bɪt tickle mɪ, ə mɪs' scratch.

**TITANIA**

hwat, wilt θəʊ 'ɪ:r sɪme music, mɪ swe:t lɪve?

**BOTTOM**

əɪ 'ave ə re:s'nəblə good 'ɪ:r in music. Let's 'ave the tɒŋs ən the bɔ:nəs.

**TITANIA**

ɔ:r se:y, swe:t lɪve, hwat θəʊ desəɪr'st to e:t.

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

**BOTTOM**

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

**TITANIA**

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

*Exeunt fairies*

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

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**OBERON**

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

**BOTTOM**

Trul~~ai~~, a peck of provender: ~~a~~ could m~~yn~~ch y~~er~~ good dr~~ai~~ o:ts.  
M~~i~~thinks ~~ai~~ 'ave a gr~~e~~t des~~ai~~re to a bottle  
of 'e:y: good 'e:y, swe:t 'e:y, 'e:th no: fell~~a~~.

**TITANIA**

~~ai~~ 'ave a vent'rous f~~e~~:r~~ai~~ th~~at~~ sh~~all~~ s~~e~~:k  
The squirrel's 'o:rd, ~~an~~ fetch th~~i~~ njew n~~u~~ts.

**BOTTOM**

~~ai~~ 'ad rather 'ave a 'andful ~~er~~ two ~~a~~ dr~~ai~~d p~~e~~:s.  
B~~u~~t, ~~a~~ pr~~e~~:y y~~a~~, let no:ne ~~a~~ y~~er~~ p~~e~~:ple st~~er~~ m~~i~~ : ~~ai~~  
'ave an exposi~~ti~~on ~~a~~ sle:p c~~u~~me upon m~~i~~.

**TITANIA**

Sle:p th~~u~~, and ~~ai~~ will w~~a~~ind th~~i~~ in m~~i~~ arms.  
F~~e~~:r~~ai~~s, b~~i~~gone, ~~an~~ b~~e~~: all w~~e~~:ys aw~~e~~:y.

*Exeunt fairies*

So: d~~y~~th the woodb~~ai~~ne the swe:t 'y~~n~~ai'sy~~ck~~le  
Gentl~~ai~~ entwist; the fe:m~~e~~:le ~~ai~~v~~ai~~ so:  
Enrings the b~~ark~~ai fingers of the elm.  
o:, 'e:u ~~a~~ l~~y~~ve th~~e~~:! 'e:u ~~a~~ do:te on th~~e~~:!

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**OBERON**

[Advancing] Welc~~y~~me, good Robin.  
Se:'st th~~u~~ this swe:t s~~ai~~t?  
'~~er~~ do:tage n~~au~~ ~~a~~ do b~~i~~gin to pit~~ai~~:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,  
 Seeking sweet favours from this hateful fool,  
 I did upbraid her and fall out with her;  
~~For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
 With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
 Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,  
 Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes  
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.~~  
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her  
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
 And now I have the boy, I will undo  
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes:  
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp  
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;  
 That, he awaking when the other do,  
 May all to Athens back again repair  
 And think no more of this night's accidents  
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

*[squeezes the flower juice on her eyes]*

Be as thou wast wont to be;  
 See as thou wast wont to see:  
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
 Hath such force and blessed power.  
 Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

For, meetin' 'er of late bi'and the wood,  
 Seekin' swe:t fe:vors from this 'e:teful fūl,  
 əi did ʏpbre:ɪd 'ər ən fall əʊt with 'ər;  
~~For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
 With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
 Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,~~

~~Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes  
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.~~

hwɛn əi 'ad at mi pleazəre taunted 'ər  
 ən she: in məɪld tɜ:ms begg'd mi pɛ:siəns,  
 ə then did ask of 'ər 'ər chɛ:ngelin' chəɪld;  
 hwɪtʃ stre:t shɪ ge:ve mi, and 'ər fe:rəi sent  
 To be:r 'im to mi bo:r in fe:rəi land.  
 ən nəʊ əi 'ave the bæi, ə will ʏndo  
 This 'e:teful imperfɛ:ʃən of 'ər əis:  
 ən, gentlɪ pʏk, te:ke this trɑnsfɔ:rmɪd skɑlp  
 From off the 'ead ə this Ate:nian swɛ:n;  
 Thət, 'e: əwɛ:kin' hwɛn the ɔ:thɪr do,  
 Me:y əll to atens bæk əgɛn rɪpe:r  
 ən thɪnk nə mo:re ə this nəɪht's əkɪdnts  
 Bət əs the fɪ:rce vexɛ:ʃən of ə dre:m.  
 Bət fɜ:st ə wɪll rele:se the fe:rəi que:n.

*[squeezes the flower juice on her eyes]*

Be: əs thəʊ wɑst wɔ:nt tə be:  
 Se: əs thəʊ wɑst wɔ:nt tə se:  
 De:ɪən's bʏd ɔ:r kʏpɪd's flɔ:r  
 'əθ sʏtʃ fɔ:rsɪ ən blɛsɪd pɔ:r.  
 Nəʊ, məɪ Titəniə; wɛ:ke jə, məɪ swe:t que:n.

**TITANIA**

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

**OBERON**

There lies your love.

**TITANIA**

How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

**OBERON**

Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.  
Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

**TITANIA**

Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

*Music, still*

**PUCK**

Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

**OBERON**

Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair prosperity:  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

**PUCK**

Fairy king, attend, and mark:  
I do hear the morning lark.

**TITANIA**

Mi O:beron! hwat vizɔns 'ave ə sen!  
Mi thought ə was inamoured of an ass.

**OBERON**

Ther ləɪs jər lʌve.

**TITANIA**

'əʊ ce:me the:se things tə pass?  
o:, 'əʊ mɪn əɪs do lo:the 'is visa:ge nəʊ!

**OBERON**

Səɪlence əhwəɪle. Robin, te:ke off this 'ead.  
Titania, music call; ən strəɪke mo:re dead  
Thən common sle:p of all the:se fəɪve the sense.

**TITANIA**

Music, ho:! music, sʌch as charmeth sle:p!

*Music, still*

**PUCK**

Nəʊ, hwən θəʊ we:k'st, with θəɪne o:n fʊl's əɪs pe:p.

**OBERON**

Səʊnd, music! Cʌme, mɪ que:n, te:ke 'ands wi' me:,  
ən rock the grəʊnd hwɛ:reɔn the:se sle:pers be:  
Nəʊ θəʊ ənd əɪ əre njew in əmitəɪ,  
ən will tə-morrə mɪdnəɪt sələmnləɪ  
Dance in Djuke The:seus' 'əʊse trəɪʌmphantləɪ,  
ən bless it to all fe:r prosperitə:  
Thɛ:r shʊl the pe:rs ə fe:θfʊl lʌvers be:  
Wedded, wi' The:seus, all in jollitəɪ.

**PUCK**

Fe:rəɪ king, attend, ən mark:  
əɪ do 'ɪr the mo:rɪnɪn' lark.

**OBERON**

Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
 Trip we after the night's shade:  
 We the globe can compass soon,  
 Swifter than the wandering moon.

**TITANIA**

Come, my lord, and in our flight  
 Tell me how it came this night  
 That I sleeping here was found  
 With these mortals on the ground.

*Exeunt*

*Horns winded within*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**THESEUS**

Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
 For now our observation is perform'd;  
 And since we have the vaward of the day,  
 My love shall hear the music of my hounds.  
 Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:  
 Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

*Exit an Attendant*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
 And mark the musical confusion

**OBERON**

Then, mi que:n, in səilence sad,  
 Trip wi a:ter the nəit's shad:  
 We: the glɔ:be cən cʏmpass soon,  
 Swifter than the wənd'rin' moon.

**TITANIA**

Cʏme, mi lord, ənd in ɔ:r fləit  
 Tell mi 'əʊ it cɛ:me this nəit  
 That əi sle:pin' i:r wəs fəʊnd  
 Wi' the:se mɔ:rtals on the grəʊnd.

*Exeunt*

*Horns winded within*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**THESEUS**

Go:, ɔ:ne ə you, fəind əʊt the forester;  
 Fər nəʊ əʀ ɔbsərvɛ:siən is perfɔ:rm'd;  
 ən since wi hævə the vaward of the de:y,  
 Mi lʏvə shall hi:r the music of mi həʊnds.  
 ʏncʏple in the westərn vɔlləi; let 'em go:;  
 Dispatch, ə se:y, ən fəind the forester.

*Exit an Attendant*

Wi will, fe:r que:n, ʏp to the məʊntain's top,  
 ən mark the musical confjuziən



Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

**HIPPOLYTA**

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding: for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

**THESEUS**

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

**EGEUS**

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;  
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:  
I wonder of their being here together.

**THESEUS**

No doubt they rose up early to observe  
The rite of May, and hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.  
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

of hounds and echo: in conjunction.

**HIPPOLYTA**

ai was with 'ercjale:s an Cadmʏs ɒnce,  
hwen in a wood ə Cre:te they beɪd the beɪr  
With 'əunds ə Sparta: never did ai 'ɪr  
Sʏch gallant chəɪdɪn': fo:r, bɪsəɪdes the grʏves,  
The skəɪs, the fəʊntəɪns, ev'rəɪ re:ɡɪən nɪr  
Se:m'd all o:ne mut'əl crəɪ: ə never 'ɜrd  
So: musical a disco:rd, sʏch swe:t thʏnder.

**THESEUS**

Mɪ həʊnds əre bred əʊt of the Spartan kəɪnd,  
Sə flew'd, sə sanded, an' thər heads əre hʏŋg  
With ɪr:s thət swe:p awɛ:y the mo:rnɪn' djew;  
Crook-kne:d, ən djew-lapp'd ləɪke Thəssɛ:liən bulls;  
Sləʊw in pursuit, bʏt mətʃ'd in məʊθ ləɪke bells,  
e:ch ʏnder e:ch. A crəɪ mo:re tʃuneable  
Wəs never holla'd to, nər chɪr'd with ho:rn,  
In Cre:te, in Sparta, nor in Thessaləɪ:  
Jʏdʒe hwen yə hɪr. Bʏt, soft! hwat nymphs əre the:se?

**EGEUS**

Mɪ lo:rd, this is mɪ da:ɡhter hɪr asle:p;  
ən this, Lɪzander; this Deme:trɪus is;  
This Helena, o:ld Ne:dar's Helena:  
əɪ wʏnder of thər be:ɪn' hɪr toge'er.

**THESEUS**

Nə dəʊbt the:y ro:se ʏp ɜrləɪ to ɒbsɜrve  
The rəɪte ə Me:y, ən hɪ:rɪn' o:r intent,  
Ce:me hɪr in grɛ:ce əf əʊr solemnitəɪ.  
But spe:k, Ege:us; is not this the de:y  
That Hɜrmia should give ənsweər of 'er chəɪce?

**EGEUS**

It is, my lord.

**THESEUS**

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

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

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

**LYSANDER**

Pardon, my lord.

**THESEUS**

I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

**LYSANDER**

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here;  
But, as I think,--for truly would I speak,  
And now do I bethink me, so it is,--  
I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,  
Without the peril of the Athenian law--

**EGEUS**

Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.  
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,

**EGEUS**

It is, mi lo:rd.

**THESEUS**

Go:, bid the hƳntsmen we:ke əm with thər ho:rns.

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

Good morrə frien's. Sɛ:nt Valentəine is past:  
Bɪgin the:sə wood-bɜ:ds bʏt to cʏplə nəʊ?

**LYSANDER**

Pardon, mi lo:rd.

**THESEUS**

ə prɛ:y you əll, stənd ʏp.  
ə kno:w you two are rəɪvəl eneməɪs:  
Həʊ cʏmɛs this gentlə kɔncɔrd in the wɜ:ld,  
Thət hɛ:tɪd is sə fɑ: from ʒeə'ləʊsɪ,  
Tə sle:p bi hɛ:te, ən fɛ:r no: enmɪtəɪ?

**LYSANDER**

Mɪ lo:rd, ə shəʊl rɪpləɪ əmɛ:zɪdləɪ,  
'əlf sle:p, 'əlf wɛ:kin': bʏt əs ɪt, ə swɛ:r,  
ə kənəʊt truləɪ sɛ:y 'əʊ əɪ cɛ:me 'ɪ:r;  
Bʏt, əs ə thɪnk,--fɔ: truləɪ wəʊld ə spɛ:k,  
ən nəʊ do əɪ bɪθɪnk mɪ, sɔ: it ɪs,--  
ə cɛ:me wɪθ Hɜ:mɪə hɪθər: ɔ:r ɪntɛnt  
Wə:z tə bi go:nə frɔm ətɛns, hwɛ:rə wɪ məɪt,  
Wɪθəʊt the pɛrɪl of th' Ate:nɪən ləʊ--

**EGEUS**

Enʏgh, enʏgh, mi lo:rd; ɪə həvə enʏgh:  
ə beg the ləʊ, the ləʊ, ʊpən 'ɪs hɛd.  
Thɛ:y wəʊld 'əvə stɔ:l'n əwɛ:y; thɛ:y wəʊld, Demɛ:trɪəs,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,  
 You of your wife and me of my consent,  
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.

**DEMETRIUS**

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
 Of this their purpose hither to this wood;  
 And I in fury hither follow'd them,  
 Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,--  
 But by some power it is,--my love to Hermia,  
 Melted as the snow, seems to me now  
 As the remembrance of an idle gaud  
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon;  
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,  
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:  
 But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;  
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
 Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,  
 And will for evermore be true to it.

**THESEUS**

Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:  
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.  
 Egeus, I will overbear your will;  
 For in the temple by and by with us  
 These couples shall eternally be knit:  
 And, for the morning now is something worn,  
 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.  
 Away with us to Athens; three and three,  
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Thē:rebəi to 'ave dife:ted you ən me:,  
 You of yər wəife ən me: of məi consent,  
 Of məi consent thət she: should be: yər wəife.

**DEMETRIUS**

Mi lɔ:rd, fɛ:r Helen to:l' mi of thər stealth,  
 Of this thər pərpose hither to this wood;  
 ənd əi in furəi 'ithər follə'd them,  
 Fɛ:r Helena in fancəi foll'win' me:.  
 But, məi good lɔ:rd, əi wot not bəi hwat pɔ:r,--  
 But bəi sɣme pɔ:r it is,--məi love tə Hərmiə,  
 Melted əs the sno:w, se:ms to mi nəu  
 əs the remembrance of an əidle gaud  
 hwich in mi chəild'ood əi did do:te upon;  
 ənd əll the fɛ:th, the vɛrtjə of mi 'art,  
 The object ən' the pleazəre of min əi,  
 Is o:nləi Helena. Tə hɛr, mi lɔ:rd,  
 Wəs əi bitro:th'd ere əi saw Hərmiə:  
 But, ləike in sickness, did ə lo:the this food;  
 But, əs in 'ealth, cɣme to mi nat'ral tast,  
 Nəu əi do wish it, lɣve it, long fər it,  
 ən will fər evermɔ:re bi true to it.

**THESEUS**

Fɛ:r lɣvers, you əre fo:rtənɛ:teləi met:  
 əf this disco:rsə wi mɔ:re will hi:r anon.  
 Ege:us, əi will o:verbɛ:r yər will;  
 Fər in the temple bəi ən bəi with ɣs  
 The:se cɣples shɔll etərnəlləi bi knit:  
 ən, fo:r the mɔ:rmin' nəu is sɣmethin' wo:rn,  
 o:r pərpos'd hɣntin' shɔll bi set əsəide.  
 Awɛ:y with ɣs to ətens; thre: ən' thre:;  
 Wi'll ho:ld a fɛst in grɛ:t solemnitiə.

Come, Hippolyta.

*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**DEMETRIUS**

These things seem small and undistinguishable,

**HERMIA**

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

**HELENA**

So methinks:

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

**DEMETRIUS**

Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me

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

**HERMIA**

Yea; and my father.

**HELENA**

And Hippolyta.

**LYSANDER**

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

*Exeunt*

Cyme, Hippolyta.

*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**DEMETRIUS**

These things seem small and undistinguishable,

**HERMIA**

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

**HELENA**

So methinks:

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

**DEMETRIUS**

are you sure

(beat) That we are awake? It seems to me:

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

**HERMIA**

Yea; and my father.

**HELENA**

And Hippolyta.

**LYSANDER**

and he did bid us follow to the temple.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

*Exeunt*

**BOTTOM**

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,--and methought I had,--but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

[Awaking] When **m**i cue **c**ymes, call **m**i, **ən ə**i will answer: **m**i next is, 'Mo:s' **f**ɛ:r Pyraməs.' **H**ɛi-ho:!  
**P**ɛ:tɛr Quince! Flute, the belləs-mender! Snəʊt, the tinker! Starv'lin'! God's **m**i ləɪfə, stɔ:l'n  
 'ence, **ən** lɛf' **m**i aslɛ:p! **ə**i 'əvə 'ad a mo:s' rɛ:re  
 vizɪən. **ə**i 'əvə 'ad a dre:m, past the wit **ə** man tə  
 sɛ:y hwat dre:m it wɑ:s: man is bət **ən** ass, if 'ɪ go:  
 abəʊt t' **ɛ**xpəʊnd this dre:m. Mɪθɔ:gt **ə** wɑ:s--θɛrɛ  
 is nɔ: **m**an **c**ən tell hwat. Mɪθɔ:gt **ə** wɑ:s,-- **ən**  
 mɪθɔ:gt **ə** 'ad,--but **m**an is but a patched fʊl, if  
 'ɪ will offer tə sɛ:y hwat mɪθɔ:gt **ə** 'ad. The **ə**i  
 of **m**an 'əθ nɔt 'ɜrd, the **r**:r of **m**an 'əθ nɔt  
 sɛ:n, **m**an's 'and is nɔt **ɛ**:blɛ tə tɑst, 'is tɔŋg  
 tə **c**ɔnseɪvə, nɜr 'is 'ɑrt tə rɪpɔ:rt, hwat **m**i dre:m  
 wɑ:s. **ə** will get **P**ɛ:tɛr Quince tə wrɑ:te a **b**alləd **ə**  
 this dre:m: it shəll **b**i **c**alled Bottom's Dre:m,  
**b**i **c**ause it 'ɑθ nɔ: **b**ottom; **ən ə**i will sing it in the  
**l**atter end of a plɛ:y, **b**i **f**ɔ:re the djuke:  
 pɛrədventʊrɛ, tə mɛ:kɛ it the mo:re grɛ:sɪəs, **ə** shəll  
 sing it **ət** 'ɜr death.

*Exit*

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_2.mp3)

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

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

**QUINCE**

Have you sent to Bottom's house ? is he come home yet?

**STARVELING**

He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

**FLUTE**

If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

**QUINCE**

It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

**FLUTE**

No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

**QUINCE**

Yea and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

**FLUTE**

You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

David Crystal speaks this scene at:  
[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4\\_2.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream4_2.mp3)

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

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

**QUINCE**

'ave yə sent tə Bottom's 'əʊse? Is 'ɪ cʌme 'o:me yit?

**STARVELING**

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

**FLUTE**

If 'ɪ cʌme not, then the pleɪy is marred: it go:s not fo:rward, dʌθ it?

**QUINCE**

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

**FLUTE**

No:, 'ɪ 'ath simpləɪ the best wit of anəɪ 'andɪcraft man in atens.

**QUINCE**

Ye: ən the best pɜrson too; ən 'ɪ is a verəɪ paramo:r fər a swe:t vɔ:ce.

**FLUTE**

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

*Enter SNUG*

**SNUG**

Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

**FLUTE**

O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter BOTTOM*

**BOTTOM**

Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

**QUINCE**

Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

**BOTTOM**

Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

**QUINCE**

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

**BOTTOM**

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, ~~good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your~~

*Enter SNUG*

**SNUG**

Masters, the djuke is cʏmin' from the temple, ən there is two ə thre: lɔ:ɹds ən lɛ:dəis mɔ:re marrəid: if ɔ:r spɔ:ɹt 'ad go:ne fo:rward, wɪ 'ad all bɪn mɛ:de men.

**FLUTE**

ɔ: swɛ:t bʏlləɪ Bottom! Thʏs 'ath 'ɪ lost sixpence a dɛ:y dʒurɪn' 'is ləɪfe; 'ɪ could not 'əve 'scɛ:pɛd sixpence a dɛ:y : ən the djuke 'əd not gi'en 'im sixpence a dɛ:y fɛr plɛ:yɪn' Pyraməs, əɪ'll be 'anged; 'ɪ would 'əve dɪsɛrved it: sixpence a dɛ:y in Pyraməs, əɹ no:tɪn'.

*Enter BOTTOM*

**BOTTOM**

hwɛ:re əre the:se lads? hwɛ:re əre the:se 'arts?

**QUINCE**

Bottom! ɔ: mɔ:s' courɛ:ɟiɔ:s dɛ:y! ɔ: mɔ:st 'əppy 'ɔ:r!

**BOTTOM**

Masters, əɪ əm tə dɪsco:rse wʏnders: but əsk mɪ not hwat; fɛr if ə tell yə, əɪ əm nɔ: true Ate:nian. ə will tell yə ev'rɪt'in', rəɪght əs it fell əʊt.

**QUINCE**

Let us 'ɪr, swɛ:t Bottom.

**BOTTOM**

Not a wɛrd ə mɛ:. əll thət əɪ will tell yə is, thət the djuke 'əth dɔ:nd. Get yəɹ əpparel toge'er, ~~good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your~~

pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

*Exeunt*

pumps; meet presentlæi at the palace; ev'ri man look o:r 'is part; fæi the sho:rt æn the long is, o:r ple:y is preferred. In anæi cæise, let Thisbæi 'ave cle:n linen; æn let not 'im thæt ple:ys the læion pæ:r 'is næ:ls, fæi the:y shall 'ang æut fæi the læion's claws. and, mo:s' di:r actors, e:t no: yniγns næi garlic, fæi we: ære to γtter swe:t breath; æn æ do not dæubt bæi to 'i:r 'æm sæ:y, it is a swe:t comedæi. No: mo:re wæ:rd:s: awæ:y! go:, awæ:y!

*Exeunt*



David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream5\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream5_1.mp3)

## ACT V

### SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants*

**HIPPOLYTA**

'Tis strange my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

**THESEUS**

More strange than true: I never may believe  
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
 The lunatic, the lover and the poet  
 Are of imagination all compact:  
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,  
 That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,  
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:  
 The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
 And as imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name.

David Crystal speaks this scene at:

[http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream5\\_1.mp3](http://paulmeier.com/DREAM/dream5_1.mp3)

## ACT V

### SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants*

**HIPPOLYTA**

'Tis strange mi Theseus, that these  
 lovers speak of.

**THESEUS**

More strange than true: ə never meɪy bile:ve  
 These antik fe:bles, no:r the:se fe:rəi tɔ:is.  
 Lɔ:vərs ən madmen hævə such se:thin' bre:ns,  
 Such shɛ:pɪn' fantasəɪs, θət əpprɪhend  
 More than cool re:son ever comprɪhends.  
 The lunatic, the lɔ:və ən the pɔ:et  
 əre of ɪmæɪnɛ:sɪən əll kompækt:  
 o:nə se:s mo:re devils θən vɛst hell cən ho:ld,  
 That is, the madmən: the lɔ:və, əll əs fræntɪk,  
 Se:s Helen's beautəɪ ɪn ə brəʊ of e:gypt:  
 The pɔ:et's əɪ, ɪn fəɪnə frenzəɪ rɔ:llɪn',  
 Dəθ glæns frəm hea'n to ɜ:θ, frəm ɜ:θ to hea'n;  
 ənd əs ɪmæɪnɛ:sɪən bɔ:dəɪs fɔ:rθ  
 The fɔ:rms ə θɪŋs unkno:n, the pɔ:et's pen  
 Tɜ:ns θəm tə shɛ:pəs ən gɪvəs to ɛ:rəɪ nɪ'tɪn'  
 A lo:cal hæbɪtɛ:sɪən ənd ə neɪme.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

**HIPPOLYTA**

But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigured so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images  
And grows to something of great constancy;  
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

**THESEUS**

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA*

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts!

**LYSANDER**

More than to us  
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

**THESEUS**

Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,  
To wear away this long age of three hours  
Between our after-supper and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

**PHILOSTRATE**

Here, mighty Theseus.

Such tricks 'əth strong iməgineɪsɪən,  
Thət if it wuld but əprɪhɛnd sʊm dʒɔɪ,  
It kɒmprɪhɛndz sʊm brɪŋgɪŋ ɒf ðət dʒɔɪ;  
ɔːr ɪn ðə naɪt, ɪməgɪnɪŋ sʊm fɛr,  
Həʊ eɪsɪ ɪz ə bʊʃ sʊpəʊsɪd ə beər!

**HIPPOLYTA**

But ɔːl ðə stɔːrɪ of ðə naɪt tɔːld ɔːr,  
ənd ɔːl ðə mændz trənsfɪgərd sɔː tʒe'ɪr,  
mɔːr wɪtnɪsɪθ ðən fənsɪ's ɪmɪdʒɪz  
ən grəʊs tə sʌmɪθɪŋ ɒf grɛɪt kɒnstənsɪ;  
But, 'əʊsɔːvɪr, strɛɪŋdʒ ənd ədɪməɪbəl.

**THESEUS**

Hɪrɪ kʌm ðə lʌvɪz, fʊl ə dʒɔɪ ən mɜːθ.

*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA*

dʒɔɪ, dʒɛntl fɹɪɛnz! dʒɔɪ ən frɛʃ deɪs ə lʌvɪ  
əkəmpənəɪ jɜː hɑːts!

**LYSANDER**

mɔːr ðən tə ʌs  
weɪt ɪn jɜː rɔɪəl wɔːks, jɜː bɔːrd, jɜː bed!

**THESEUS**

kʌm nəʊ; hwət məskwɛz, hwət dɑːnsɪz ʃɔːl wɛ hæv,  
tə weər əweɪ ðɪs lɔːŋ eɪdʒ ɒf θreɪ 'ɔːrɪz  
bɪtwɛn ɔːr ə'tɜː-sʌpɪr ən bed-taɪm?  
hwɛrɪz ɪz ɔːr ʊsuəl mənɪdʒə ə mɜːθ?  
hwət rɛvlz ɑːr ɪn hænd? ɪz ðɛrɪ nɔː plɛɪ,  
tə eɪz ðə ɔːŋgɪʃ ɒf ə tɔːrt'rɪn 'ɔːr?  
kɔːl fɪləstɹeɪt.

**PHILOSTRATE**

Hɪrɪ, məɪtɪ Theɪsɪs.

**THESEUS**

Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?  
 What masque? what music? How shall we beguile  
 The lazy time, if not with some delight?

**PHILOSTRATE**

There is a brief how many sports are ripe:  
 Make choice of which your highness will see first.

*Giving a paper*

**THESEUS**

[Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
 By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'  
 We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*Reads*

'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
 Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'  
 That is an old device; and it was play'd  
 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*Reads*

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
 Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'  
 That is some satire, keen and critical,  
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

**THESEUS**

S<sub>e:y</sub>, **hw**at abridgement have yə fo:r this e:v'nin'?  
**hw**at masque? **hw**at music? Həʊ shəll we: bi'gəilə  
 The l<sub>e:zəi</sub> təime, if not with sʏme diləight?

**PHILOSTRATE**

Th<sub>e:re</sub> is a br<sub>e:f</sub> həʊ mənəi sp<sub>o:rt</sub>s əre rəipe:  
 M<sub>e:ke</sub> ch<sub>ə:is</sub> ə hwich yər hən<sub>i:ns</sub> will s<sub>e:</sub> fərst.

*Giving a paper*

**THESEUS**

[Reads] 'The **b**attle with the Cent**a**rs, to bi sʏng  
 Bəi ən At<sub>e:n</sub>ian eunuch to the harp.'  
 Wi'll n<sub>o:ne</sub> ə th<sub>at</sub>: th<sub>at</sub> h<sub>av</sub>e ə t<sub>o:ld</sub> mi lʏve,  
 In gl<sub>o:rəi</sub> of mi kinsman H<sub>er</sub>cjəle:s.

*Reads*

'The r<sub>ə:ot</sub> of the tips<sub>əi</sub> B<sub>ac</sub>chanals,  
 T<sub>e:r</sub>in' the Thr<sub>e:s</sub>ian singer in th<sub>ər</sub> r<sub>e:ge</sub>.'  
 That is an o:ld di**v**ice; ənd it wəs pl<sub>e:y</sub>'d  
 hwen əi from Th<sub>e:bes</sub> c<sub>e:me</sub> l<sub>ast</sub> a conqueror.

*Reads*

'The thr<sub>ə:is</sub> thr<sub>e:</sub> Muses m<sub>o:r</sub>nin' fo:r the death  
 ə L<sub>er</sub>min', l<sub>e:te</sub> di**c**esed in beggar<sub>əi</sub>.'  
 That is some s<sub>at</sub>ire, k<sub>e:n</sub> ən critical,  
 Not s<sub>o:rt</sub>in' with a nʏpsial ceremo:nəi.

*Reads*

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'  
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!  
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

**PHILOSTRATE**

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

**THESEUS**

What are they that do play it?

**PHILOSTRATE**

Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,  
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,  
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

**THESEUS**

And we will hear it.

**PHILOSTRATE**

No, my noble lord;  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,

*Reads*

'A **bre:f sce:ne** **ə** **yŋg** Pyraməs  
**ənd** 'is **lʏve** This**bəi**; **verəi** tragical **mərth**.'  
**Merrəi** **ən** tragical! **tɪdɪəs** **ən** **bre:f**!  
That is, hot **əice** **ən** **wʏndrəs** **strɛ:ng**e **snə:w**.  
**Həʊ** **ʃdɒl** **wɪ** **fəɪnd** the **conco:rd** of this **disco:rd**?

**PHILOSTRATE**

A **plɛ:y** **θəre** is, **mɪ** **lo:rd**, **səme** ten **wɜ:ds** long,  
**hw**ich is **əs** **bre:f** **əs** **əi** 'əve **knə:n** a **plɛ:y**;  
But **bəi** ten **wɜ:ds**, **mɪ** **lo:rd**, it is too long,  
**hw**ich **mɛ:k**es it **tɪdɪəs**; **fɔ:r** in **all** the **plɛ:y**  
There is not **o:n**e **wɜ:rd** **əpt**, **o:n**e **plɛ:y**er fitted:  
**ən** **trəgɪkəl**, **mɪ** **nə:bl**e **lo:rd**, it is;  
F**ɜ:r** Pyram**ʏs** **θɛ:r**ein **dəθ** kill 'imself.  
**hw**ich, when **ə** saw **rɪhɜ:rs**ed, **ə** **mʏs**' confess,  
**mɛ:de** **məɪn** **əɪs** **wə:t**er; but **mə:re** **merrəi** **tɛ:rs**  
The **pəsi**on of **ləʊd** **lɑ:gt**er never shed.

**THESEUS**

**hwat** **əre** **θɛy** **θət** do **plɛ:y** it?

**PHILOSTRATE**

**hɑ:d**-**hænd**ed men **θət** **wɜ:k** in **Atens** **hɪ:r**e,  
**hw**ich never **lɛ:b**our'd in **θɜ:r** **məɪn**ds till **nəʊ**,  
**ən** **nəʊ** 'əve **təɪl**'d **θɜ:r** **ʏnbre:θ**ed **memor****əɪs**  
With this **sɛ:me** **plɛ:y**, **əgenst** **yɜ:r** **nʏpsɪəl**.

**THESEUS**

**ən** **wɛ:** will **hɪ:r** it.

**PHILOSTRATE**

No, **mɪ** **nə:bl**e **lo:rd**;  
It is not for you: **əi** 'əve **hɜ:d** it **o:ver**,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

**THESEUS**

I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

**HIPPOLYTA**

I love not to see wretchedness o'er charged  
And duty in his service perishing.

**THESEUS**

Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

**HIPPOLYTA**

He says they can do nothing in this kind.

**THESEUS**

The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.  
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:  
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practised accent in their fears  
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

and it is nʌtɪn', nʌtɪn' in the wɜ:ld;  
Unless you cən fəɪnd spɔ:rt in thɛ:r intents,  
Extre:mələɪ stretch'd ən conn'd with cruel peɪn,  
Tə do yə sɜ:vɪs.

**THESEUS**

ə will hɪ:r thət pleɪy;  
Fɜ:r never ɪnɪθɪŋ cən be: əmɪs,  
hwɛn sɪmpleɪnɪs ən dʒutəɪ tɛndəɪt.  
Go:, brɪŋ əm ɪn: ən teɪke jər pleɪsɪs, leɪdɪs.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

**HIPPOLYTA**

əɪ lʌvɪ not to se: wretʃɪdnɪs o:'r tʃɑ:dʒɪd  
ən dʒutəɪ ɪn 'ɪs sɜ:vɪs pərɪʃɪn'.

**THESEUS**

hwəɪ, ɡɛntəl swet, jə ʃəlɪ se: nɔ: sʌtʃ θɪŋ.

**HIPPOLYTA**

'ɪ sez θeɪ cən do nʌtɪn' ɪn θɪs kænd.

**THESEUS**

The kændər we:, tə ɡɪv əm θæŋks fɜ:r nʌtɪn'.  
o:r spɔ:rt ʃəlɪ be: tə teɪke hwət θeɪ mɪstɛ:ke:  
ən hwət pɔ:r dʒutəɪ cənɔ:t do, nɔ:blɪ rɛspɛkt  
Teɪkɪs ɪt ɪn məɪht, nɔt məɪt.

hwɛrɪ əɪ əvɪ ɔ:vɪ klɜ:kz 'əvɪ pɜ:pəzɪd

Tə ɡre:t mɪ wɪθ prɛmɛdɪtɛ:tɪd wɛlɔ:vɪs;

hwɛrɪ əɪ əvɪ se:n əm ʃɪvɪr ən lʊk peɪlə,

Meɪke pɪ:rjɔ:dz ɪn θə mɪdst ə sɛntɛnsɪs,

θrɔtəl θɜ:p ræktɪs'd əkɛnt ɪn θɜ:p fɛ:rs

ən dɪn kɔnklʊsɪən dʌmbləɪ hæv brɔ:keɪf,

Nɔt peɪɪn' me: ə wɛlɔ:vɪs. Trʌs' mɪ, swet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
 And in the modesty of fearful duty  
 I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE*

**PHILOSTRATE**

So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.

**THESEUS**

Let him approach.

*Flourish of trumpets*

*Enter QUINCE for the Prologue*

**Prologue**

*If we offend, it is with our good will.  
 That you should think, we come not to offend,  
 But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
 That is the true beginning of our end.  
 Consider then we come but in despite.  
 We do not come as minding to contest you,  
 Our true intent is. All for your delight  
 We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
 The actors are at hand and by their show  
 You shall know all that you are like to know.*

əʊt ə this səɪləns yɪt ə pick'd a welcʌme;  
 ʌnd ɪn ðə mɒdəstəɪ ə feɪrful dʒʊtəɪ  
 ə rɛd əs mʌtʃ əs frɒm ðə rʌtəlɪn' tʌŋɡweɪ  
 əf sɔːsɪ and əudɛ:sɪəs əlɒkwɛns.  
 Lʌv, ðeɪrɛfɔːr, ən' tʌŋɡwe-təɪd sɪmpɪlɪtɪ  
 ɪn leɪst spi:k mɔːst, tə məɪ kəpəɪtɪ.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE*

**PHILOSTRATE**

Sə ple:se yər grɛ:ce, ðe Pro:logue ɪs ədres's'd.

**THESEUS**

Let 'ɪm əprɔ:ʃ.

*Flourish of trumpets*

*Enter QUINCE for the Prologue*

**Prologue**

*If we: offend, it is with o:r good will.  
 Thət you should think, we cʌme not to offend,  
 But with good will. Tə sho:w o:r simple skill,  
 Thət is the true beginnin' of o:r end.  
 Consider then we cʌme bət ɪn despəɪte.  
 We do not cʌme əs məɪndɪn' to contest yə,  
 o:r true intent is. əl fər yu:r deləɪt  
 We əre not 'ɪre. Thət you should 'ɪre rɛpɛnt yə,  
 The actors əre ət 'ənd ən bæɪ ðər sho:w  
 Yə shəll kno:w əl ðət you əre laɪke tə kno:w.*

**THESEUS**

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

**LYSANDER**

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

**HIPPOLYTA**

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

**THESEUS**

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

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

**Prologue**

*Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.  
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;  
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.  
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,  
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright;*

**THESEUS**

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

**LYSANDER**

'I 'æth rid 'is pro:logue læike a rʏgh colt; 'I kno:ws not the stop. A good moral, mi lo:rd: it is not enough tæ spe:k, but tæ spe:k true.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Inde:d 'I 'æth ple:yed on 'is pro:logue læike a chæild on a reco:rd; a sæund, but not in gʏver'ment.

**THESEUS**

His spe:ch wæs læike a tangled che:n; nʏtin' impæ:red, but all diso:rded. Who is next?

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

**Prologue**

*Gentles, perchance yæ wʏnder at this sho:w;  
But wʏnder on, till truth me:ke all things ple:n.  
This man is Pyramʏs, if you would know:;  
This beaʏtjous læ:dæi Thisbæi is cærtæ:n.  
This man, with læime and rʏgh-cast, dʏth present  
Wall, that væile Wall hwich did the:se lʏvers sʏnder;  
And through Wall's chink, po:r so:ls, the:y are content  
To hwisper. at the hwich let no: man wʏnder.  
This man, with lanto:rn, dog, and bush of tho:rn,  
Presentiʏth Moonshæine; fo:r, if you will kno:w,  
Bæi moonshæine did the:se lʏvers think no: sco:rn  
To me:t at Næinus' tʏmb, the:re, the:re tæ wo:.  
This grisla:i be:st, hwich læi:on hæi:ght bæi næime,  
The trʏsta:i Thisbæi, cʏmin' ferst bæi næi:ght,  
Did scæ:re awæ:y, o:r ræ:ther did affræi:ght;*

*And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:  
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.*

*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*

**THESEUS**

I wonder if the lion be to speak.

**DEMETRIUS**

No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

**Wall**

*In this same interlude it doth befall  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;  
And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
Did whisper often very secretly.  
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show  
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:  
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.*

**THESEUS**

Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

*And, as shi fled, 'ər mantle she: did fall,  
hwich Ləion vəile with blɪdəi məʊth did stɛn.  
Anon cɪmes Pyramɪs, swɛt youth and tall,  
And fəinds 'is trɪstəi Thisbəi's mantle slɛn:  
hwereət, with blɛde, with blɪdəi blɛ:meful blɛde,  
'i brɛ:vələi bro:ch'd 'is bəilin' blɪdəi breast;  
And Thisbəi, tarryin' in mɪlb'rəi shɛde,  
'is dægger drew, and dəid. Fər all the rest,  
Let Ləion, Moonshəine, Wall, and lɪvers twɛn  
At large discɔ:rse, hwəile 'ɪre theɪ do remɛn.*

*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*

**THESEUS**

əi wɪnder if the ləion be: tə spe:k.

**DEMETRIUS**

No: wɪnder, mi lo:rd: ɔ:ne ləion mɛ:y, hwɛn manəi əsɛs do.

**Wall**

*In this sɛ:mɛ interljude it dɪθ befall  
Thət əi, ɔ:mɛ Snəʊt bəi nɛ:mɛ, present a wəll;  
And sɪtʃ a wəll, əs əi wəʊld 'əve jə θɪnk,  
Thət 'əd in it a krannəid 'ɔ:lɛ ɔ:r θɪnk,  
Through hwɪtʃ the lɪvers, Pyramɪs and Thisbəi,  
Did hwɪsper ofɛn verəi sɛ:krɛtləi.  
This lo:m, this rɪgθ-kəst and this stɔ:nɛ dɪθ sho:w  
Thət əi əm θət sɛ:mɛ wəll; the truth is so:  
And this the krannəi is, rəɪgθ and sɪnɪstɜr,  
Through hwɪtʃ the fɛ:rful lɪvers əre tə hwɪsper.*

**THESEUS**

Wəʊld jə dɪsəre ləime ən' hɛ:r tə spe:k better?



**DEMETRIUS**

It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard  
discourse, my lord.

*Enter Pyramus*

**THESEUS**

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

**Pyramus**

*O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!  
O night, which ever art when day is not!  
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,  
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!  
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!  
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!*

*Wall holds up his fingers*

*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!  
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!  
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!*

**THESEUS**

The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

**Pyramus**

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me'  
is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to  
spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will  
fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

**DEMETRIUS**

It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard  
discourse, my lord.

*Enter Pyramus*

**THESEUS**

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

**Pyramus**

*o: grim-look'd nait! o: nait with hue so: black!  
o: nait, hwich ever art hwen dey is not!  
o: nait, o: nait! alack, alack, alack,  
ai fe:r mai Thisbai's promise is fo:rgot!  
And thau, o: wall, o: swe:t, o: lvelai wall,  
That stand's betwe:n 'er father's graund and mane!  
Thau wall, o: wall, o: swe:t and lvelai wall,  
Sho:w mi thai chink, to blink through with mane aine!*

*Wall holds up his fingers*

*Thanks, co:rtas wall: Jo:ve she:ld the: well far this!  
But hwat se: ai? No: Thisbai do ai se:  
o: wicked wall, through whom ai se: no: bliss!  
Cers'd be: thai sto:nes far thys dece:vin' me:!*

**THESEUS**

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

**Pyramus**

No:, in truth, ser, 'i should not. 'Dece:vin' me:'  
is Thisbai's cue: she is to enter nau, an' ai am t  
spai 'er through the wall. Ya shall se:, it'll  
fall pat as a to:ld ya. Yonder shi cymes.

*Enter Thisbe*

**Thisbe**

*O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!  
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,  
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.*

**Pyramus**

*I see a voice: now will I to the chink,  
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!*

**Thisbe**

*My love thou art, my love I think.*

**Pyramus**

*Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;  
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.*

**Thisbe**

*And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.*

**Pyramus**

*Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.*

**Thisbe**

*As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.*

**Pyramus**

*O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!*

**Thisbe**

*I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.*

**Pyramus**

*Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?*

**Thisbe**

*'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.*

*Enter Thisbe*

**Thisbe**

*o: wall, full often 'ast thəʊ 'ɛrd məɪ mo:ns,  
Fo:r partin' məɪ fɛ:r Pyramʌs and me!  
Məɪ chɛrrəɪ lips 'ave often kiss'd thəɪ sto:nɪs,  
Thəɪ sto:nɪs with laɪme and 'ɛ:r knit ʌp in theɪ.*

**Pyramus**

*əɪ se: a vəɪce: nəʊ will əɪ to the chink,  
To spəɪ ən əɪ cən 'ɪr məɪ Thisbəɪ's fɛ:ce. Thisbəɪ!*

**Thisbe**

*Məɪ lʌve thəʊ art, məɪ lʌve əɪ think.*

**Pyramus**

*Think hwat thəʊ wilt, əɪ am thəɪ lʌvɜr's grɛ:ce;  
And, laɪke Ləɪmɑndɜr, əm əɪ trʌstəɪ still.*

**Thisbe**

*And əɪ laɪke 'elen, till the Fɛ:tes me: kill.*

**Pyramus**

*Not Shafalʌs to Pro:crʌs wəs so: true.*

**Thisbe**

*əs Shafalʌs to Pro:crʌs, əɪ to you.*

**Pyramus**

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

**Thisbe**

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

**Pyramus**

*Wilt thəʊ at Ninnəɪ's tʊmb meɪt me: srtɛ:twɛɪ?*

**Thisbe**

*'Təɪde ləɪfe, 'təɪde death, əɪ cʌme wɪthəʊt delɛɪ.*

*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*

**Wall**

*Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;  
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.*

*Exit*

**THESEUS**

Now is the mure rased between the two neighbours.

**DEMETRIUS**

No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

**HIPPOLYTA**

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

**THESEUS**

The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

**HIPPOLYTA**

It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

**THESEUS**

If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine*

**Lion**

*You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,*

*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*

**Wall**

*Thys 'ave æi, Wall, mi part discharged so;  
And be:in' dʁne, thys Wall awæ:y dʁth go:.*

*Exit*

**THESEUS**

Næu is the mjure re:sed bitwe:n the two ne:bers.

**DEMETRIUS**

No: remedæi, mi lo:rd, hwen walls ære so: wilful to 'ir without warnin'.

**HIPPOLYTA**

This is the sillæust stʁff thæt ever æi 'ærd.

**THESEUS**

The best in this kænd ære but shadæs; æn' the wærst ære no: wæ:se, if imaginæ:stæn amend æm.

**HIPPOLYTA**

It mʁs' bi yu:r imaginæ:stæn then, æn' not thæ:rs.

**THESEUS**

If we: imagine no: wæ:se æ' them thæn the:y æ themselves, they mæy pass fæ: excellent men. Hire cʁme two no:ble be:sts in, a man æn' a læion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine*

**Lion**

*You, læ:dæis, you, whose gentle 'arts do fæ:r  
The smallest monstrous mæuse thæt cre:ps on flo:r,*

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,  
 When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
 Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
 A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;  
 For, if I should as lion come in strife  
 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

**THESEUS**

A very gentle beast, of a good conscience.

**DEMETRIUS**

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

**LYSANDER**

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

**THESEUS**

True; and a goose for his discretion.

**DEMETRIUS**

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his  
 discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

**THESEUS**

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour;  
 for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:  
 leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

**Moonshine**

*This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present;--*

**DEMETRIUS**

He should have worn the horns on his head.

**THESEUS**

He is no crescent, and his horns are  
 invisible within the circumference.

**Moonshine**

*This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;  
 Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.*

*Mε:y nαυ perchance bo:th quε:ke and tremble 'ε:re,  
 hwen lαion rγgh in wαld:st rε:ge dγth ro:r.  
 Then kno:w that αi, o:ne Snγg the jαmer, αm  
 A lαion-fell, no:r else no: lαion's dαm;  
 Fo:r, if αi should αs lαion cγme in strαife  
 Into this plε:ce, 'twαre pitαi on mi lαife.*

**THESEUS**

A very gentle be:st, α of a good consiαnce.

**DEMETRIUS**

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

**LYSANDER**

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

**THESEUS**

True; and a goose for his discretion.

**DEMETRIUS**

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his  
 discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

**THESEUS**

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour;  
 for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:  
 leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

**Moonshine**

*This lantorn dγth the 'o:rnid moon present;--*

**DEMETRIUS**

He should have worn the horns on his head.

**THESEUS**

He is no crescent, and his horns are  
 invisible within the circumference.

**Moonshine**

*This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;  
 Mi:sef the man i' the moon do se:m tα be:.*

**THESEUS**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HIPPOLYTA**

I am awearry of this moon: would he would change!

**THESEUS**

It appears, by his small light of discretion, that  
he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all  
reason, we must stay the time.

**LYSANDER**

Proceed, Moon.

**Moonshine**

All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the  
lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this  
thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

**DEMETRIUS**

Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all  
these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

*Enter Thisbe*

**Thisbe**

*This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?*

**Lion**

[Roaring] *Oh--*

**THESEUS**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HIPPOLYTA**

əɪ əm awɪːrəɪ ə' this moon: would 'ɪ would cheɪnʒ!

**THESEUS**

It appɪːrs, bæɪ 'ɪs smɑːl ləɪht ə dɪskreɪʃən, θət  
'ɪ ɪs ɪn ðə weɪn; bət jɪt, ɪn kɔːrt'səɪ, ɪn ɑːl  
reɪsən, we mʌs' steɪ the təɪm.

**LYSANDER**

Proceɪd, Moon.

**Moonshine**

ɑːl θət əɪ 'əve tə seɪ, ɪs, tə tell ju θət ðə  
lɑːntɔːrn ɪs ðə muːn; əɪ, ðə mɑːn ɪn ðə muːn; ðɪs  
θɔːrn-bʊʃ, məɪ θɔːrn-bʊʃ; ən' ðɪs dɔːg, məɪ dɔːg.

**DEMETRIUS**

hwəɪ, ɑːl ðeɪsə should beɪ ɪn ðə lɑːntɔːrn; fə ɑːl  
ðeɪsə əre ɪn ðə muːn. Bət, səɪləns! hɪːre cʌmes ðɪsbəɪ.

*Enter Thisbe*

**Thisbe**

*This ɪs ɔːld Nɪnnəɪ's tʊmb. hwɛːre ɪs məɪ lʌve?*

**Lion**

[Roaring] *Oh--*

*Thisbe runs off*

**DEMETRIUS**

Well roared, Lion.

**THESEUS**

Well run, Thisbe.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

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

**THESEUS**

Well moused, Lion.

**LYSANDER**

And so the lion vanished.

**DEMETRIUS**

And then came Pyramus.

*Enter Pyramus*

**Pyramus**

*Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;*

*I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;*

*For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,*

*I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.*

*But stay, O spite!*

*But mark, poor knight,*

*What dreadful dole is here!*

*Eyes, do you see?*

*Thisbe runs off*

**DEMETRIUS**

Well ro:red, Læion.

**THESEUS**

Well rʏn, Thisbæi.

**HIPPOLYTA**

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

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

**THESEUS**

Well mæused, Læion.

**LYSANDER**

æn' so: the læion vanished.

**DEMETRIUS**

æn' then cæ:me Pyramæs.

*Enter Pyramus*

**Pyramus**

*Swe:t Moon, æi thank the: fo:r thæi sʏnnæi be:ms;*

*æi thank the:, Moon, fo:r shæinin' næu so: bræit;*

*Fo:r, bæi thæi græ:sæ:s, go:lden, glitt'rin' gle:ms,*

*æi trʏst tæ tæ:ke of tru:st Thisbæi sæit.*

*But stæ:y, o: spæite!*

*But mark, po:r knæit,*

*hwat dreadful do:le is 'tære!*

*æis, do you sæ:?*

*How can it be?*

*O dainty duck! O dear!*

*Thy mantle good,*

*What, stain'd with blood!*

*Approach, ye Furies fell!*

*O Fates, come, come,*

*Cut thread and thrum;*

*Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!*

**THESEUS**

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

**HIPPOLYTA**

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

**Pyramus**

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

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

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

*That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.*

*Come, tears, confound;*

*Out, sword, and wound*

*The pap of Pyramus;*

*Ay, that left pap,*

*Where heart doth hop:*

*Stabs himself*

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

*Now am I dead,*

*Now am I fled;*

*My soul is in the sky:*

*'au can it be:?*

*o: dɛ:ntəɪ dʁɛk! o: dɛ:r!*

*Thəɪ mɑntle good,*

*hwat, stɛ:n'd with blud!*

*Appro:ch, ɣɪ Furəɪs fell!*

*o: Fɛ:tes, cʁme, cʁme,*

*Cʁt thread and thrɣm;*

*Quɛ:l, crʁsh, conclude, and quell!*

**THESEUS**

This pɑʃɪən, ən' the death əf a dɛ:r friend, would go: nɛ:r tə mɛ:ke a mæn look sad.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Bɪshro:w mɪ 'ɑrt, but ə pitəɪ the mæn.

**Pyramus**

*o: hwɛ:refo:re, Nɛ:ɪəre, did's' thəʊ ləɪəns frɛ:me?*

*Since ləɪən vɑɪle 'əθ 'ɪre deflo:r'd mɪ dɛ:r:*

*hwɪch is--no:, no:-- hwɪch wɑs the fɛ:rɪst dɛ:me*

*Thət lived, thət lɪved, thət lɑɪked, thət look'd with chɪr.*

*Cʁme, tɛ:rs, confəʊnd;*

*əʊt, swɔ:rd, and wəʊnd*

*The pɑp of Pyramɣs;*

*ɑɪ, that left pɑp,*

*hwɛre 'ɑrt dʁth 'op:*

*Stabs himself*

*Thɣs dəɪ əɪ, thɣs, thɣs, thɣs.*

*Nəʊ əm əɪ dead,*

*Nəʊ əm əɪ fled;*

*Məɪ so:l is in the skɑɪ:*

*Tongue, lose thy light;  
Moon take thy flight:*

*Exit Moonshine*

*Now die, die, die, die, die.*

*Dies*

**DEMETRIUS**

No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

**LYSANDER**

Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

**THESEUS**

With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and  
prove an ass.

**HIPPOLYTA**

How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes  
back and finds her lover?

**THESEUS**

She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and  
her passion ends the play.

*Re-enter Thisbe*

**HIPPOLYTA**

Methinks she should not use a long one for such a  
Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

**DEMETRIUS**

A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which

*T**o**ngue, lose th**a**i l**a**it;  
Moon t**e**:ke th**a**i fl**a**it:*

*Exit Moonshine*

*N**ə**u d**a**i, d**a**i, d**a**i, d**a**i, d**a**i.*

*Dies*

**DEMETRIUS**

No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

**LYSANDER**

Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

**THESEUS**

With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and  
prove an ass.

**HIPPOLYTA**

H**ə**u ch**a**nce Moonsh**a**ine is g**o**ne bef**o**:re Thisb**a**i c**ʏ**mes  
b**ə**ck **ə**n' f**ə**ins 'ɛ**r** l**ʏ**ver?

**THESEUS**

Sh**i** will f**ə**nd 'im b**a**i starl**a**ight. h**i**:re sh**i** c**ʏ**mes; and  
'ɛ**r** p**a**ʃion ends the pl**ɛ**:y.

*Re-enter Thisbe*

**HIPPOLYTA**

M**i**thinks sh**i** should not use a long **o**:ne f**ə**r s**ʏ**ch a  
Pyram**ə**s: **ə**i 'o:p**e** sh**i** will b**i** br**ɛ**:f.

**DEMETRIUS**

A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which



~~Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us;  
she for a woman, God bless us.~~

**LYSANDER**

She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

**DEMETRIUS**

~~And thus she means, videlicet:—~~

**Thisbe**

*Asleep, my love?*

*What, dead, my dove?*

*O Pyramus, arise!*

*Speak, speak. Quite dumb?*

*Dead, dead? A tomb*

*Must cover thy sweet eyes.*

*These my lips,*

*This cherry nose,*

*These yellow cowslip cheeks,*

*Are gone, are gone:*

*Lovers, make moan:*

*His eyes were green as leeks.*

*O Sisters Three,*

*Come, come to me,*

*With hands as pale as milk;*

*Lay them in gore,*

*Since you have shore*

*With shears his thread of silk.*

*Tongue, not a word:*

*Come, trusty sword;*

*Come, blade, my breast imbrue:*

*Stabs herself*

~~Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us;  
she for a woman, God bless us.~~

**LYSANDER**

Shi 'əth spəɪd 'im alreadəɪ with those swe:t əɪs.

**DEMETRIUS**

~~And thus she means, videlicet:—~~

**Thisbe**

*Asle:p, məɪ lʏve?*

*hwat, dead, məɪ dʏve?*

*o: Pyramʏs, arəɪse!*

*Spe:k, spe:k. Quəɪte dʏmb?*

*Dead, dead? A tʏmb*

*Mʏst cʏver thəɪ swe:t əɪs.*

*The:se məɪ lips,*

*This cherrəɪ no:se,*

*The:se yellə cəʊslip che:ks,*

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

*Lʏvers, meɪke mo:n:*

*'is əɪs were gre:n əs le:ks.*

*o: Sisters Thre:ɪ,*

*Cʏme, cʏme to me:ɪ,*

*With 'ands əs peɪle əs milk;*

*Le:ɪ them in go:re,*

*Since you 'əve sho:re*

*With she:rs 'is thread of silk.*

*Tɒŋgue, not a wo:rd:*

*Cʏme, trʏstəɪ swo:rd;*

*Cʏme, bleɪde, mɪ breast imbrue:*

*Stabs herself*

*And, farewell, friends;  
Thus Thisby ends:  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.*

*Dies*

**THESEUS**

Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

**DEMETRIUS**

Ay, and Wall too.

**BOTTOM**

[Starting up] No assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

**THESEUS**

No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

*A dance*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:  
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.  
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn  
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

*And, fɛrewell, friends;  
Thʏs Thisbæi ends:  
Adu:., adiu:., adiu:.*

*Dies*

**THESEUS**

Moonshæine ən' Læion ære left tə buræi the dead.

**DEMETRIUS**

æi, ən' Wall too.

**BOTTOM**

[Starting up] No: assure yə; the wall is dəʊn thæt parted thær fæthers. Will it ple:se yə tə se: the epilogue, o:r to 'i:r a Bɛrgəmask dance betwe:n two əf ær cʏmp'næi?

**THESEUS**

No: epilogue, ə prɛ:y yə; fær yær plɛ:y ne:ds no: ɪxcuse. Never ɪxcuse; fær hwen the plɛ:yers ære all dead, thære ne:ds no:ne tə be blɛ:med. Marræi, if he thæt writ it əd plɛ:yed Pyraməs ən' hanged 'imself in Thisbæi's garter, it would ə bɪn a fæine tragedæi: ən' so: it is, trulæi; ən' veræi no:tablæi discharged. But cʏme, yær Bɛrgəmask: let yær epilogue alo:ne.

*A dance*

The æiron tɒŋgue ə midnæt 'æth to:ld twelve:  
Lʏvers, tə bed; 'tis almo:s' fɛ:ræi tæime.  
ə fɛ:r we shɒll əʊt-sle:p the cʏmin' mo:rn  
əs mʏch əs we: this næt æve o:verwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled  
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.  
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
 In nightly revels and new jollity.

*Exeunt*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Now the hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf behowls the moon;  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 All with weary task fordone.  
 Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
 In remembrance of a shroud.  
 Now it is the time of night  
 That the graves all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his sprite,  
 In the church-way paths to glide:  
 And we fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecate's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolic: not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
 I am sent with broom before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled  
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.  
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
 In nightly revels and new jollity.

*Exeunt*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Now the 'hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf behowls the moon;  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 all with weary task fordone.  
 Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
 In remembrance of a shroud.  
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 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolic: not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
 I am sent with broom before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train*

**OBERON**

Through the house give gathering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire:  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

**TITANIA**

First, rehearse your song by rote  
To each word a warbling note:  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

*Song and dance*

**OBERON**

Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessèd be;  
And the issue there create  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;  
And the blots of Nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand;  
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train*

**OBERON**

Through the 'əuse give gath'rin' ləit,  
Bəi the dead ən' drəʊsəi fəire:  
Ev'rəi elf ən' fɛ:rəi sprəite  
'op əs ləit əs bɜrd frəm brəiɹ;  
An' this dittəi, a:ter me:,  
Sing, ən' dɑnce it trippin'ləi.

**TITANIA**

Fɜrst, re'ɜrsə yər sɔŋ bi rɔ:te  
To e:ch wɜrd a wɑrblin' nɔ:te:  
'ɑnd in 'ɑnd, with fɛ:rəi grɛ:ce,  
Will we sing, ən' blɛs this plɛ:ce.

*Song and dance*

**OBERON**

Nəʊ, until the brɛ:k ə dɛ:y,  
Through this 'əuse e:ch fɛ:rəi strɛ:y.  
To the best brɑide-bed will we:,  
hwich bi ɹs shall blɛsɪd be:  
And the ishue thɛ:re cre:ɛ:te  
Ever shall be fɔ:rtnɛ:te.  
So: shall all the cɹples thre:  
Ever true in lɹvin' be:  
And the blots ə Nɛ:təre's 'ɑnd  
Shɔll not in thɛr ishue stɑnd;  
Never mɔ:le, 'ɛ:re lip, nər sɑr,  
Nər mɑrk prɔdigɪəs, sɹch əs ɑr

Despisèd in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.  
 With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every fairy take his gait;  
 And each several chamber bless,  
 Through this palace, with sweet peace;  
 And the owner of it blest  
 Ever shall in safety rest.  
 Trip away; make no stay;  
 Meet me all by break of day.

*Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train*

**PUCK**

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

Despəɪsɪd in nativite:,  
 Shəʊl upon thɛr children be:  
 With this feɪld-djɛw consecrɛ:te,  
 Ev'ri fɛ:rəi tɛ:kɛ 'is gɛ:t;  
 An' e:ch sev'ral chamber bless,  
 Through this pə:lɛɪtʃ, with swɛ:t pɛ:ɪs;  
 And the ɔ:nɛr of it blest  
 Ever shəʊl in sɛ:f'təi rest.  
 Trip awɛ:y; mɛ:kɛ nɔ: stɛ:y;  
 Mɛ:t mɪ all bɪ brɛ:k ə dɛ:y.

*Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train*

**PUCK**

If we shadəs 'əvɛ offended,  
 Think but this, ən' all is mended,  
 That you 'əvɛ but slɪmber'd 'ɛ:rɛ  
 hwɛɪlɛ the:sɛ vɪzɪɔ:nz dɪd əpɛ:r.  
 An' this wɛ:k ən' əɪdlɛ the:mɛ,  
 Nɔ: mɔ:rɛ jɛ:lɪdn' bɪt ə drem,  
 Gentles, do not reprɛ'ɛnd:  
 If you pərdɔ:n, wɛ: wɪl mɛnd:  
 And, əs əɪm ən' ɔ:nɛst pɪk,  
 If wɪ 'əvɛ ʏnɛrnɪd lɪk  
 Nəʊ tə 'sɛ:ɪpɛ the sɜ:pɛnt's tɔŋgweɪ,  
 Wɛ: wɪl mɛ:kɛ əmɛndz ɛrɛ lɔŋ;  
 Elsɛ the pɪk ə lɪər kəl;  
 Sɔ:, gʊd nəɪt ʊntu ju əl.  
 Gɪ' mɪ jɜr 'əndz, ɪf wɛ: bɪ frɪɛndz,  
 ən' Rɔ:bɪn shəʊl rɛstɔ:rɛ əmɛndz.