



Midsummer night's dream script

Enter a midsummer night's dream thes, hippolita, philostratte, and attendants thes now, fair Hippolyta, our marital hours draws fast; Four happy days bring in another moon: but, hey, methinks, how slow this old moon gets! He lingers my desires, like a step dame or a dowager long to wither out a young man's revenue. HIPPOLYTA four days will quickly get itself parked at night; Four nights will quickly dream off time; And then the moon, like a silver bow new bent in heaven, will behold the night of our seriousness. Shake the thissus go, the philostratte, the Athenian youth for merriment; Awaken Mirath's pert and agile spirit; turn the sadness forward for the funeral; The yellow companion is not for our pomp. Exit the Philostratte Hippolyta, I tempt you with my sword, and your love won, injuries to you; But I will wed you in another key, with fanfare, with victory and revel. Enter EGEUS, Hermia, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS EGEUS Happy Ins, our famous Duke! Thanks This, good Egeus: What's the news with you? EGEUS full of waxing I, with complaints against my child, come to my daughter Hermia, Stand ahead, Demetrius, My great Lord, this man hands my consent to marry him. Stand ahead, Lysander: And my gracious Duke, this guy has to twitch my baby's chest; You, Tu, Lysander, Tu Rhymes Her, and Love Token Interchange with My Baby: Tu is sung by Moonlight on her window, with voice verses of love feigning, and stealing the impression of her imagination with bracelets of messenger of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits, Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats unharden'd strong ardent in youth: hat thou with my daughter's heart Turn to stubborn rigor, his obedience, which is because of me: and, Duke of My grace, be it then he; Before his gracious consent to marry demetrius, I beg the ancient privilege of Athens, as he is mine, I can dispose of him: who will be either to this gentleman or to his death, according to our law immediately provided in that case. This is what you say, hermia? Fair Maid advised: You must be your Father as a God; One that composed its beauties, yes, and the one whom you are, but hammered by her as a form in wax and within her power to leave the figure or distort it. Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. Hermia is so Lysander. In Thesus he is; But in this way, wanting your father's voice, the other must be held lol. Hermia I would look at my father but with my eyes. Thesis should rather be with your eyes look your judgment. Hermia I beg for your grace to forgive me. I do not know by what power I am bowled, nor how concerned it may be from my modesty, in such an appearance here to advocate my thoughts; But I am pleased with you I do that I may know the worst in this case, if I refuse to wed demetrius. Thesis to die either Or abandon the society of men forever. Therefore, fair hermia, questions your desires; Be aware of your youth, thoroughly check your blood, regardless, if you don't yield to your father's liking, you can endure a nun's lithe, to be in the shady cloister mew'd, a barren sister to live her entire life, chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. Blessed three times they let that master then undergo their blood, such a first pilgrimage; But the earthlear happy rose withered on distillation, which grows virgin spine, lives and dies in single blessing. HERMIA so I will grow, then live, then die, my Lord, Ere I would consent to my virgin patent its dominance, whose undisturbed gambling would not give sovereignty to my soul. Take the time to pause the thesis; And, until the next new moon - sealing-day my love and me, for the eternal bond of fellowship - that day is either ready to die for defiance of his Father's will, or to mercury Demetrius to someone else, as he will; Or ai on Diana's altar to protest for austerity and single life. DEMETRIUS LENT, SWEET HERMIA: And, Lysander, yield thy craze title to some of my right. LYSANDER You have your father's love, Demetrius; I have hermia: do you marry her. EGEUS disdain Lysander! True, he hands my love, and what my love is will provide him. And that's mine, and all his rights I do property for Demetrius. LYSANDER I am, my Lord, as well as the official d; My love is more than her; My luck ranks guite as much as D, with otherwise convenient, as Demetrius'; And, to be more than what all these boasts, I'm the darling of beautiful hermia: why shouldn't I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, I am avouch it on his head, loved nedar's daughter, Helena, and her soul to conquer; And she, sweet lady, dotes, dotes devotee, dotes in idolatry, on this spotted and inconsistent man. Thetuss should confess to me that I have heard so much, and thought to talk about him with Demetrius; But, being more fraught with self-affairs, my mind lost it. But, demetrius, come on; And come, Egeus; You'll go with me, I have some private schooling for both of you. For you, fair hermia, see you hand yourself to fit your imagination to your father's will; Or the law of Athens yields you - which by no means can we extend - to death, or to a vow of single life. Come on, my hippolyta: What cheer, my love? Demetrius and Egeus, go along: I should like to employ you in some business against your marriages and provide you with almost certain that concerns yourself. EGEUS with duty and desire we follow you. Exeunt all but how LYSANDER and HERMIA LYSANDER now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale? How has chance rose faded there so fast? Hermia Belike in the absence of rain, whom I Could have been well-betum with a storm of eyes. LYSANDER AI ME! For aught that I could ever read, ever hear from story or history, of course of course Love never went smooth; But, either it was different in blood,-- Hermia O Cross! Be thrilled to do too much less. LYSANDER or someone else is wrong in relation to the very old young. LYSANDER else or else it stood on the likes of friends,-- HERMIA O HELL! To choose love from other eyes. LYSANDER or, if there were a sympathy in choice, war, death, or illness it had to lay siege, making it transient as a sound, swift as a shadow, less as any dream; Koli briefly as lightning at night, that, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth, and a man's hand power to say 'Behold! The jaws of darkness devour it: so quickly bright things get confused. HERMIA If so true lovers have ever been crossed, it stands as a decree in destiny: so teach us our test patience, because it is a customary cross, as due to thoughts and dreams and sighs, desires and tears, love as poor fancy followers. LYSANDER A GOOD PERSUS: So, listen to me, hermia. I have a widowed aunt, a dowager of great revenue, and she has no baby hand: her home remote seven leagues from Athens; And the sharp Athenian law for that place cannot follow us. If you love me then, steal further to your father's house last night; And in the wood, a league without the city, where I had to meet you once with Helena, to follow a moron of May, there I would stay for you. Hermia my good Lysander! I swear by Rhyme, from Cupid's strongest bow, with his best arrows with golden heads, from the simplicity of the pigeons of Venus, who loves weaving spirits and prosper, and from that fire from which TheE manner burned the Queen, when the false Troyan under the sail was seen, all the pledges that have ever broken men., in numbers more than ever talked to women, the same place you have not appointed me, to do tomorrow actually I will meet you. LYSANDER keep promised, love. Look, here comes Helena. Enter Helena Hermia God Speed Fair Helena! Whittle away? Call Helena fair to me? It appropriately unsaid again. Demetrius loves your fair: Hey happy fair! Your eyes are loed-star; And the sweet air of your tongue is more tuneable than the lard in the cowboy's ear, when the wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear. The disease is catching up: hey, the sides were so, yours I hold, fair hermia, ere I would go; My ears should catch your voice, my eye, your eye, my tongue should catch the sweet melody of your tongue. The worlds were mine, Demetrius being batting, the rest I want to translate you. Hey, teach me how you look, and what art with you dominated Demetrius' heart rate. Hermia I frowned on him, yet he loves me still. Helena O that your frowns will teach my smile such skills! Hermia I curse him, Also he gives me love. Helena hey that my prayers could step up such affection! The more I hate Hermia, the more he follows me. Helena The I love it, and he hates me. Hermia is her stupidity, Helena, my no fault. Helena none, but its beauty: that mistake was mine! Take hermia rest: she would see no one else my face; Lysander and myself will fly this place. Before time I see Lysander, think athens as a paradise for me: Hey, so, what kindness in my love, is that he was a heavenly hand to hell! LYSANDER HELEN, you will reveal to our minds we: to - last night, when the moon doth behold her silver visa in the glass of water, decking with liquid pearl blade grass, at a time that lovers' flights doth still conceal, through the gates of Athens we have prepared to steal. In Hermia and Wood, where often you and I were would be my Lysander and myself; And thence away from Athens turn our eyes away, seeking new friends and stranger companies. Farewell. sweet playfellow: pray for us thou: And good luck grant you Tera Demetrius! Put the word, Lysander: We must starve our vision from lovers' food deep up to midnight. LYSANDER I will, my hermia. Hermia Helena, farewell exit: As you dote on it, Demetrius you! How happy helena exit can be something o'er other! Through Athens I am thought of as appropriate as he. But what about that? Demetrius doesn't think so; He does not know what all is, but he knows: and as he errs, he is doting on hermia's eyes, so I, admire his gualities: things can move to base and wretched, no volume folding, love form and dignity: love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; And so Wing D. Cupid is painted blind: nor any judgment mind loving the hand of taste; Feathers and no eyes figure thinking haste: and so love is called a toddler, because in choice he's beguiled so often. As waggish boys in sports forswear themselves, so boy love everywhere is perjury: For ere Demetrius's look at Hermia Eyne, he hails down oaths that he was only mine; And when it felt some heat from hermia; then for wood he will chase him at night; And for this intelligence if have thanks, it's a dear expense: but with it means that I have to enrich my pain, his vision is thither and back again. Exit View II. Athens. The house of guince. Enter guince, pleasant, down, flute, SNOUT, and STARVELING guince is all our company here? Below you were best to call them usually, man by man, according to Scrip. Quince here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, all through Athens, before the Duke and Queen play in our gaps, at their wedding day night. Below first, the good Peter Quince, says what the game treats on, then read the names of the actors, Hence grow at one point. Quince Marriage, our game, is the most deplorable comedy, and the most brutal death of Pyramus and Thisby. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Name what part I'm for, and move on. Quince you, Nick Down, are set down for Pyramus. What is pyramus below? A lover, or a dictator? Quince kills a lover, that himself the most heroic for love. Below that would ask a few tears in the perfect performance about it: If I do it, viewers look at their eyes; I will pursue storms, will mourn in any measure. For the rest: yet my main comic is for a dictator: I can play Ercles rarely, or tear a cat into one part, to all the divisions. Fiery rocks and trembling shocks will break the locks of prison gates; And Phibbus' car will shine remotely and make and march silly fates. It was lofty! Now the names of the rest of the players. It is the vein of Ercles Vein, a dictator; A lover is more mourning. Quince Francis Flute, Bello-Mander. Flute here, Peter Quince flute, you should take this door on you. What is Flute Thisby? A wandering knight? Quince It's the woman that Pyramus should love. Flute Nay, believe, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming. Quince is all this one: you'll play it in a mask, and you can talk as little as you can. Below is the one I can hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thene, Thene; "Ah, Pyramus, boyfriend dear! Tera Theby Darling, and Lady Darling! No quince, no; You should play pyramas: and, flute, you isby. Right down, proceed. Quince Robin Starwelling, tailor. Starwelling, teilor. Starwel lion's part: And, I hope, here's a play fit. SNUG have you written the lion's part? Pray to you, if so, give it to me, because I am slow to study. Quince you can ashu it, because it is nothing but roaring. Let me play the lion below too: I roar, that I would be good to hear any man's heart listen to me; I roar, that I would say the Duke 'roar him again, let him roar again.' Quince is the one you should do too much, you would fear the Queen and the ladies, that they would scream; And that was enough to hang us all. It will all hang us, every mother's son. Below I grant you, folks, if that should make you women scared out of your mind, they will have no more conscience, but hang us: but I will increase my voice so that I will roar you as slowly as any sucking pigeon; I'll make you roar a twere' any nightingale. Quince you can play pyramus rather no part; A sweet-faced man for pyramas A reasonable man, as one would see in the summer day; Man like a most beautiful gentleman: So you should need to play Pyramus. Well down, I'll start it. Were the beards I best to play it? Why quince, what will you do? Below I'll let it either shave your straw-colored, your orange-tawny beard, shave the grain in your purple, or shave your French crown color, discharge into your perfect yellow. Quince has some hair of his French crown at all, and then you'll play bare-faced. But, Owner, here are your parts: and I am to beg you, to request you and wish you and wish you, to request you and wish you, to request you and wish you and wi be dogged with company, and our devices are known. Meanwhile I will draw up a bill of properties, as if our game wants. I pray to you, I don't fail. Below we'll meet; And there we can practice the most and dare. Take pain; Be perfect: Farewell. Quince at Duke Oak we meet. Quite down; Hold or cut the bow wire. Exeunt Act II scene I a wood near Athens. Enter from opposite sides, an fairy, and puck brewing how now, sense! Whither do you wander? Fairy on the park, yellow, completely flooded, completely flooded, completely flooded, completely flooded, completely bushy, totally brier, on the park, yellow, completely flooded, completely floode I serve the fairy queen, dewing her orbs on the green. Her pensioners see the long gallilips; in their gold coat spots; They're ruby, fairy favors, live their savours in those freckles; I should go seek some dewdrops here and hang a pearl in every gavelip ear. Farewell, thou shalt be the lobe of souls; I'll go; our Oueen and all our dwarves come here. PUCK King doth keep his revels here night: Attention the Queen doesn't come into his sights; Oberon fell for and passing anger, as he is a beautiful boy as his attendant, stolen from an Indian king; He was never so sweet a changeling; And envy Oberon will have the child knight of his train to explore wild forests; But he stops the forced love boy, crowns him with flowers and makes him all his joy: and now they never meet in the grove or green, from the fountain's clear, or glistening starlight glow, but, they do square, that fear to creep into all their dwarf acorn-cups and hide them there. Either I mistake my size and make guite that, or else you're that clever and knavish phantom Call'd Robin Goodfellow: you don't fear the maidens of that villager he's not; Milk skim, and sometimes labour breathless housewives churn in guern and bootless; and some time do not tolerate any baram to drink; Errant night-wandering, laugh at their loss? What Hobgoblin calls you more sweet brewing, you do their job, and they'll have good luck: Aren't you that? The puck you speak fine; I'm wandering that merry of the night. I joke Oberon and make him smile when I beguile a plump and bean-fed horse, Neighing in the likeness of a filled foal: and sometime I bowl a gossip The likeness of a roasted crab, and when she drinks, against her lips I bob and pour the desal on her withers. Wise aunt, telling the saddest story, some time me for the three-foot stool mistake; Then I slip off his bum, down he drops, and cries 'tailor', and falls into a cough; And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh, and wax in their mirth and neeze and swear a merrier hour was never wasted there. But, room, fairy! Here comes Oberon, Fairy and my mistress here. That he was gone! Enter OBERON, aside with your train; From the other, Titana, with her OBERON sick moonlight, proudly met Titana. Titana Do, Jealous Oberon! Fairy- so skip: I've sworn my bed and company. OBERON TARY, RASH RAGGED: Am I Not Your God? Titanya so I should be thy woman: but I know when you steal the fairy away from the land, and sat all day in the shape of Corin, playing on corn pipes and versing love to the sexiest Phillida. Why art come from you here, India's farthest step? But he, forsooth, jumpy Amazon, must be married to his buskin'd mistress and your warrior love, Theus, and come to give you your bed joy and prosperity. OBERON How to look at my credit with this type of shame, Titana, Hippolyta canst you, knowing I know thy love to Thesus? Didst thou lead him through ray night from Perigenia, whom he ravished? And break her trust with fair AEgle, with Ariadne and Antipa? Titanium these are forgerys of envy: and never, since the spring of mid-summer, on the hill we met, in dell, jungle or mead, by paved fountain or Russian brook, or in the carriage on the sea beach, to dance our ringlets in whistling air, but with your controversies you disturb our game. Therefore stretch their sea suck from infectious fog: Every stoned river falling into which country is so proud that they have overborne their continents is made: bull hands therefore stretch their gambling in vain, plow lost their sweat, and green corn hands rotting ere your young receive a beard; The fold stands empty in the sinking field, and the guaint labyrinths in ragged green for lack of walking are irresistible: human humans want their winter here; No night is now with hymns or carol blest: so the moon, the governess of the flood, its angry yellow, all the air washes, that rhabesumes do abundant diseases: and completely see this disintegration we change the weather: in the fresh lap of the crimson roses headed away by Hori, and the old Hiems is a smell man of sweet summer bud on thin and icy crowns. As, jokingly, set: spring, summer, baby autumn, angry winters, change their vonted liveries, and the amazed world, by their rise, now Which is not: and this same child of evil comes from our debate, from our differences; We are their parents and origins. Oberon do you modify it; It lies in you: why should Titanium cross your oberon? I do, but a little changer boy begs, be my henchmen. Titanium sets your heart comfortably: Fairy Land doesn't buy me's baby. His mother had a votares of my order: and, in the spicy Indian air, by night, full often he'd gossiped by my side, and sat with me on neptune yellow sands, marking merchants starting on the flood, when we watch sail fantasy and laugh to develop bellied with big ragged wind; Which he, with the beautiful and after with swimming moves,--herm will then mimic the rich,-- with my young squirrel, and sail on the land, bring me trifles, and return again, as from a trip, rich with goods. But he, being mortal, the boy died; And for him I do follow his boy, and for him I won't run away with him. OBERON How long do you intend to stay within this wood? Titana's 'Perchance Until After Theus' Wedding Day. If you patiently dance in our round and see our moonlight, go with us: If not, remove me, and I will leave my power, OBERON give me that guy, and I'll go with you, Titanium not for your fairy kingdom. Fairy up, away! We would downright chide, if I live now, Exit Titanya with her train OBERON well, go your way; You don't shalt from this grove until I torment you for this injury. My gentle puck, come here. You remember ever since I sat down on a jog, and heard a mermaid on the back of a dolphin to hear such dulcet and harmonious breath that rude seas became obsessed over her song and some stars shot crazy from their fields, the sea maid to listen to music. Puck I remember. OBERON that much of the time I saw, but you couldn't, flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all hands: a certain purpose he took to the throne by a fair West, and his love shaft smartly loosened with his bow, as it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; But I can see the holy beams of the water moon guench the young cupid flaming shaft,'d, and passed on the royal votaress, in the first meditation, fancy free. Yet Mark I where cupid's bolts fell: it fell on a small western flower; white before milk, now purple with a wound of love, and the young woman calls it laziness in love. Bring me that flower; The herb I once shew'de: The eye will make its juice-laid lids on sleeping or dote on the man or woman madly like the next living creature that sees it. Bring me this herb; And you can swim here again Ere Leviathan A League. Brewing I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. Exit OBERON Once having this juice, I'll see Titanium when she's asleep, and drop the alcohol of it in her eyes. Next So he looks at waking up, be it on the lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, on On the monkey, she'll chase it with the soul of love: and ere I take this charm from her sight, as I can take it with another herb, I'll make her provide her page for me. But who comes here? I'm invisible; And I will listen to their conference. ENTER DEMETRIUS, HELENA, AFTER DEMETRIUS I DON'T LOVE YOU, SO DON'T CHASE ME. Where is Lysander and Fair Hermia? One I'll kill, the other kills me. Thou told me that they had been stolen from this wood; And here I am, and wode within this wood, because I can't get from my hermia. Wherefore, you go away, and follow me no more. Helena you attract me, you hard heart adamant; But even though you don't draw iron, steel to my heart is true as: you leave to attract your power, and I will have no power to follow you. DEMETRIUS Do I tempt you? Do I speak to you appropriately? Or, rather, do I obviously not really say to you, I do not, nor can I not love you? Helena and even I love you for more. I am your spaniel; And, demetrius, the more you beat me, the more I'll be fawning over you: use me, but as your spaniel, reject me, kill me, ignore me, lose me; Only leave me, unworthy as I am, you follow. What worse place do I beg in my love,-- and yet have a place of high respect with me,-- can you be used as your dog use? DEMETRIUS doesn't tempt my soul's hatred too much; For I'm sick when I look at you. Helena and I are sick when I don't look at you. DEMETRIUS you impeach your modesty too much, leave the city and commit yourself in the hands of the one that loves you; Rely on the occasion of the night and the sick lawyer of a desert place with the rich value of your virginity. Helena your virginity. Helena your virginity. wood company lacking, for you are all the world in relation to me: so how can it be said I am alone, when the whole world is here to look at me? DEMETRIUS I will run from you and hide me in the brakes, and leave you for the mercy of wild animals. Helena Wildest not such a heart as you. When you will, the story will change: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chases Griffin; Light hind creates speed to catch tiger; Bootless speed, when cowardice chases and gallantry flies. DEMETRIUS I will no longer question yours; Let me go: Or, if you follow me, don't believe it, but I'll do prank you in the woodwork. Helena Ai, in the temple, in the city, the farm, you prank me. Fie, Demetrius! Your mistakes set a scandal over my sex We cannot fight for love, as men can; We should be wooden and were not to entice. Exit DEMETRIUS I follow you and make the heaven of hell, to die on the hand I love so well. Exit OBERON FARE YOU WELL, NYMPH: ere By she leave this grove, you'll fly her and she'll seek thy love. Re-entry brewing hat tu flower Welcome, Wayfarer. Puck AI, there it is. OBERON I pray you, give me. I know a bank where wild thyme blows, where oxlips and shake purple grows, canopied with significantly more luscious woodbine, with sweet ovsters and with eglantine; there's some time of the night titanium sleeps, lull'd in these flowers with dancing and joy; And there the snake throws her enough; and with the juice of this I'll streak her eves, and her is full of disgusting fantasies. You want to take it somewhat, and through this grove: a sweet Athenian woman is in love with a disdainful youth: anointing her eyes; But do it when the next thing she can be female: You know the man with the Athenian robes she hands over. It has some impact with care, that he may prove more fond on him than he did on his love: and see you meet me first crow ere. The puck is not afraid, my Lord, your servant will do it. Exeunt Visual II. The second part of wood. Enter Titanya, come her train Titanya, come make my little dwarf coat, and keep some back the cacophony owl that night hoots and marvels at our bizarre spirits. Sing me asleep now; Then to your offices and let me relax. Fairy sing you saw snakes with double tongues, prickly elephants, cannot be seen; Newts and blind bugs, no wrong, don't come to our fairy gueen. Philomel, sing in our sweet lullaby, lull Worm nor snail, there is no crime. Philomel, with melody, and C fairy therefore, away! Now everything is fine: a separate standing watchdog. Exeunt fairy. Titania sleeps OBERON enter and squeeze flowers on titania evelids What you do when you wake up, take it to thy true love, love and debilitate for him: be it ounces, or pigs with cat, pard, or bristol hair, in your eye that when thoust will appear, it's thy darling: wake up when something vile thing is near. Exit LYSANDER enter fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood; And to the troth thing, I've forgotten my way: we'll comfort us, hermia, if you think it's good, and tarry for the rest of the day. Hermia be like that, Lysander: You get a bed out; For I'll rest my head on this bank. LYSANDER Will serve as a turf cushion for both of us; A heart, a bed, two bosoms and a troth. Hermia Ny, Good Lysander; For me, my dear, lies ahead yet, so does not lie near. LYSANDER HEY, take my sense of innocence, sweet! Love means love at the conference is. I mean, that's my Yours is so knit that but a heart we can do it; Two bosoms and the same troth. Then no bed room from your side denies me; To lie, Hermia, I do not lie. HERMIA Lysander Puzzle very beautiful: Now very beshrew my manners and my pride, if to say hermia means Lysander lied. But, gentle friends, lie forth to love and manners; In human modesty, such separation can be said as well as becomes a virtuous graduate and a maid, far away; And, good night, sweet dude: Tera love ne'er change thy sweet life until the end! LYSANDER AMEN, amen, to pray that fair, I say; And then life ended when I finish loyalty! Here's my bed: Sleep give you all your comfort! HERMIA with half that wish well-wisher's eyes be press d! They enter the puck brewing through the woods I've gone to sleep. But athenian I found none, on whose eves I might nod to force this flower into stirring love. Night and silence. -- Who's here? The weeds of Athens he wear: it is he, my boss said, despised the Athens maid; And here the young woman, the sound of sleep, on the damp and dirty field. Beautiful soul! He doesn't lie near this lack-love, this kill-manners. Chulal, on

your eyes, I throw all the power of this charm doth indebted. When you wake up, celebrating love, sleeping your seat on your eyelid: so wake up when I'm gone; For I will now have to Oberon. Enter exit DEMETRIUS and Helena, Helena Stay running, though you kill me, sweet Demetrius. DEMETRIUS I charge you, therefore, and don't bother me thus. Helena, wilt you leave me dark? It is not so. STAY DEMETRIUS, on thy crisis: I'll go alone. Exit Helena O'Brien, I'm out of breath in this buff chase! The less my grace is. Happy is hermia, on which he lies; For he hands blessed and charming eyes. How did his eyes come so bright? Not with a tear of salt: if so, my eyes are trying to wash more often than him. No, no, I'm as ugly as a bear; For animals that run for fear of meeting me: so no miracles though Do Demetrius, as a monster blows my presence thus. Did Wicked and my dissembling glass compare me with Hermia's speri eyne? But who's here? Lysander! On the ground! Too much? Or sleep? I see no blood, no wounds. Lysander if you live, good sir, wake up. LYSANDER [Awaking] and to run through the fire I'll have thy sweet sake. Transparent Helena! Nature art shows that through your chest I get to see your heart. Where is Demetrius? Hey, how to fit a word that has the vile name to destroy on my sword! Don't say Helena like that, Lysander; So don't he say love his hermia still loves you: so be content. With Hermia materials! No; I have the exhausting minute I spent with him. Not Hermia but Helena I love: Who won't turn a raven to a pigeon? Man's will is because of Him; And the reason says you're worthy maid. Things are not ripe until growing their their So I, being young, not the reason so mature so far; And now touching the point of human skill, the reason my desire tends to be marshalled and leads me to my eyes, where I love stories of love written in the richest book O'erlook. Helena where did I have to create this curious joke? When in your hands did I deserve this disdain? Not enough, young man, that I never did, no, nor can never, 'Demetrius deserve a sweet look from the eye, but should you violate my inadequacy?' Good troth, you do me wrong, good title, you do, to entice me in such a disdainful way. But you fare well: the forced I must confess I thought you more god of true gentleness. Hey, that's a woman, a man denied. Another must therefore be abused! EXIT LYSANDER He doesn't see hermia. Hermia, you sleep there: And you never come to Lysander! For the sweetest brings deep disgust to the stomach as a sureit of things, or tie heresies as that men leave are hating most of those they had cheated, so you, my surfeit and my pasher, hate everyone, but most of me! And, all my powers, address your love and honor Helen and be her knight! Get Out of Hermia [Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me! Your best to pluck this crawling serpent from my tits! O me, for mercy! What a dream it was here! Lysander, see how I do earthquakes with fear: Methought a serpent eat my heart away, and you were sitting smiling at your cruel prayers. Lysander! What, removed? Lysander! God! What, out of the hearing? Done? No sound, no words? Alack, where you're speaking, one if you hear; Speak, of all loves! I almost swoon with fear. No? So I do well experience you all either not foresee death or you I will get immediately. Exit Act III Scene I Wood . Titana is sleeping. Enter down guince, pleasant, down, flute, snout, and STARVELING we've all met? Quince Pat, Pat; And here's a wonderful convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot will be our phase, this hawthorn-break our tired-house; And we'll do it in action because we'll do it before the Duke. Down Peter Quince,-- Quince What sayest tu, bully down? Below are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, pyramus must draw a sword to kill itself; Which women cannot follow. How do you respond to that? SNOUT By'r Lakin, a brilliant fear. STARVELING I believe we should leave the murder out, when everything is done. Not a white down: I have a tool for making all that well. Write me a preamble; And let's say the preamble, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not really killed; And, for more better reassurance, tell them that I, pyramas, not pyramas But weaver down: it will make them out of fear. Ouince well, we will have such a preamble; And it will be written in eight and six. Not below, make it two more; It should be written in eight and six. Not below, make it two more; It should be written in eight and six. Not below, make it two more; It should be written in eight and six. Not below, make it two more; It should be written in eight and six. Not below, make it two more; It should be written in eight and six. Not below, make it two more; It should be written in eight and six. Not below, make it two more; It should be written in eight and six. 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Nay below, you should have her name, and half her face should be seen through the lion's neck: and she should speak through herself, thus saying, or having the same flaw,-- 'Ladies,' or 'fair women -- I want you,' -- or 'I'll request you,' -- or 'I'll beg you,--'t afraid, don't tremble. : My life for you. If you think I come here as a lion, it was the mercy of my life: No, I'm not doing any such thing; I'm doing other people as a man; 'And there's actually him the name of his name, and tell them clearly he's the snug joiner. Quince will do well. But there are two difficult things; that is, to bring the moonlight. SNOUT Doth Moon Shine That Night We Play Our Game? A calendar below, a calendar! Look at the Almanac; Find the moonlight, find the moonlight. Quince yes, it flashes doth that night. Below why, then you can leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we can play, open, and shine in the moon casement. Quince AI; Otherwise one should come up with a bush of thorns and a lantehorn, and say that he comes to subvert, or present, the person of the moonlight. Again, there is one more thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; Pyramus spoke for and through the of a wall, thisby says the story. SNOUT you can never bring to the wall. What do you say, below? Below should be some man or other wall present: and he has some plaster, or some domat, or some rough cast of him, reflects the wall; And let him hold his fingers like this, and through that cranny pyramus and thistle will whisper. Quince if that can happen, all right. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse his parts. Pyramus, you start: When you've talked your speech, enter that break: and so each one according to your cue. Enter the puck behind the puck what hempen home-spuns we have here swaggering, then near the cradle of fairy gueen? What, a play towards! I'll be an auditor; An actor too, perhaps, if I see the reason. Speak guince, pyramus. By this, stand ahead. Below isby, slimy taste sweet,-- guince smell, flowers of smell. Down-smell sweet savours: Then hand your breath, my dear Thisby darling. But Hark, a voice! You stay, but here for a while, and by and by I will see you. Exit puck played e'er from a stranger Pyramus here. Exit flute should I speak now? Quince AI, marry, but here for a while, and by and by I will see you. you should; Because you should understand that he goes but to see a noise that he was, and has to revisit. Flute rose on the most bright Pyramus, most lily-colored white, red-like triumphant brier of color, fastest juvenal and eke eke Lovely Jew, true as the truest horse that will never tire yet, I will meet you, Pyramus, at Ninny's Grave. Quince 'Ninus' Tomb, 'Man: Why, you shouldn't speak it yet; That you respond to pyramas: you speak all your cue is past; It's, 'Never tire.' Flute O,-- true as the truest horse, will never tire of that yet. Re-enter the puck, and down with the head of a donkey down if I were fair, Thisby, I were only thin. Quince o monstrous! Hey weird! We are haunted. Pray, Swami! help! Exeunt guince, SNUG, flute, SNOUT, and STARVELING BREWING I will follow you, I will lead you about a round, through the bush, through the brakes, through the brier: sometime a horse I will be, sometime a hound, a hog, a head bear, some time a fire; And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, horse, hound, hog, bear, like fire, at every turn. Exit below why do they
rush? It's a weave of them to make me down. Re-enter the muzzle SNOUT o below, you changed the art! What do I see on you? What do you see below? You see an ass of your own, right? Exit SNOUT re-enter guince guince bless you, below! Bless you! You translated art. Exit below I see their knavery: it's my one ass to make; I fear, if they can. But I will not stir from this place, what they can do: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they will hear that I am not afraid. Ousel's sings so colored black, orange-with-tawny burrows, throstle with your note so true, wren with little pen,-- TITANIA [Awaking] Does the fairy wake me up from my flower bed? Below [sings] Finch, Sparrow and Lark, the plain song Cuckoo Gray, whose note completes many a man's doth scars, and dares not answer the new; -- for, in fact, who would be so foolish a bird to set his wit? Who will give a bird lie, though he never cries 'cuckoo'? Titanya I pray you, gentle mortal, sing again: My ear is enamour'd much of thy note; So my eye is thrilled to thy size; And thy proper virtue force forced doth to say step upon seeing me first, swear, I love you. Methinks below, Mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say truth, reason and love to keep little company together now a day; As sorry as it is that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek at this opportunity. Titana tu art as intelligent as vou art beautiful. Not down then, neither: but if I had enough wisdom to get this wood out. I would have had enough of my own turn to serve. There is no desire to go titania out of this wood; you live here, whether you wilt or not. I'm no common rate feeling: Summer still Let's do it on my kingdom; And I love you: Therefore, go with me; I will give to the strangers of Tughlag, and they will bring you ornaments from Tughlag, and work in sleep when you sing on the pressed flowers; And I will cleanse thy mortal So that's what you go like an airy spirit. Peaseblossom! Cobweb! moth! And mustard key! ENTER PEASEBLOSSOM, COBJAL, MOTH, AND MUSTARDSEED PEASEBLOSSOM READY. Cobweb and I MOTH and I mustard maceed and I will all go where we go? Titana be kind and humble to this gentleman; his walks in his eyes and hop into Gambol; Feed him with purple grapes, green figs and mulberry with apricock and duberi; Honey-bags are stolen from humble-bees, and for the night-tapers harvest their wax thighs and light them on the eyes of vivid glitter-worm, to love and generate mine in bed; And pluck feathers from painted butterflies fan moonbeams from his sleepy eyes: nod to him, dwarves, and do him manners. PEASEBLOSSOM HAIL, MORTAL! Cobwebs hail! Moth Jai Ho! Hail mustard! Below I cry out for the mercy of your worship, from the heart: I beg in the name of your worship, from the heart: I beg in the name of your worship, from the heart: I beg in the name of your worship, from the heart: I beg in the name of your worship. honest gentleman? PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom, Below I pray to you, squash me mistress, appreciate for your mother, and Master Peaseblossom, I would wish you more familiar too, Your name, I beg you, sir? Mustard seeds, Below the good master mustard, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant bull-like beef hand ate many a gentleman of your home: I promise you your kindred had made my eyes water now ere. I wish to have my more familiar, good master mustard. Come Titanium, wait on it; Lead him to my chin. Moon methinks looks with a watery eye; And when he cries, every little flower cries, lamenting some applied purity. My tongue of love binds bring her quietly. Exeunt Visual II. The second part of wood. Enter the puck here comes my rapporteur. Now how, crazy emotion! What night rules now about this haunted grove? Brewing is in love with a monster my mistress. Near her dull and sleeping hours, patches, rude mechanics, a crew of that worked for bread at Athenian stalls, met together to rehearse a great drama intended for Thesus' matrimony day. The shallow thick skin of that barren kind, which Pyramus presented, forsook his scene in their game and take a break in entering when I did him on this advantage, an ass nole I fixed on his head: Anon should have answered his Thisbe, and next comes my copy. When they spied on him, as wild geese that crawling Fowler's eye, or russet-pated choughs, many in kind, rising and cawing at gun reports, smashed himself and sweep the sky like crazy, then, in his sight, fly away his comrades; And, on our stamp, here o er O'er falls one; He cries murder and calls Athens to help. Their sense of feeling The weak, lost with their fear thus strong, silly things started to misunderstand them; for briers and thorns on your garment snatch; Some hats, catches everything from the growers. I led them on in this distracted fear, and the sweet Pyramus left to translate there: when in that moment, then it came to pass, Titana woke up and loved straight a donkey. OBERON it falls out better than I could bequeath. But that you have yet to latch the Athenian's eyes with love juice, as I quote did to you? PUCK I took her asleep,-- that finish too,-- and the Athenian woman by her side: that, when she wakes up, she must have eyes of force. Enter hermia and demetrius oberon stand close: this is the same Athenian. Puck it's woman, but it's not the guy. DEMETRIUS O, why do you scolding him that makes you so much loved? To give such a bitter breath on your bitter enemy. Hermia now I chide but; But I should use worse than you, for you, I fear, given me the cause of the curse, if you killed Lysander in your sleep, being O'Er shoes in blood, dip in the deep, and kill me too. The sun wasn't so true for the day as he did to me: Would he steal hermia away from gold? I believe as soon as this whole earth might get bored and that the moon might be through the center creep and therefore annoyed her brother's noontide with antipodes. It cannot be, but thou does not murder him; So a murderer should look, so dead, so serious. DEMETRIUS must then see murder, and so I, with its stiff toughness pierced through the heart: yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, as the yonder venus in his beam area. What is this for hermia my Lysander? Where is he? Ah, good Demetrius, wilt you give him me? DEMETRIUS I'd rather give my bodies to my hounds. Hermia out, dog! Out, cur! You drivet me past the limits of the young woman's patience. He has killed him, then? The numbers among men from now on never occur! Hey, once tell the truth, tell the truth, tell the truth, even for me! Durst have been sleeping in haste? Hey brave touch! Couldn't have a worm, not an adder, so much? An adder did so; With a thin to doubleer tongue, thou serpent, never sting eder. DEMETRIUS you spend your passion on a wrong nature: I'm not guilty of Lysander's blood; Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell. Hermia I pray to you, tell me then that she is well. DEMETRIUS was one if I could, what should I get so? Hermia is a privilege to never see me more. And from the part of thy hate appearance I then: let me see no more, whether it is dead or not. Exit DEMETRIUS is no chasing him in this awful vein: here so for a while I will stay. So the overwhelmingness of suffering is to grow to the dow heavy debt that the bankrupt sleep doth misery: who will now pay it in some modest measure, For her tender here I make some stay. OBERON lies down and sleeps what have you done? You are quite wrong and laid the juice of love on something Vision: Tera should force wrong publicity to turn some true love turn and not a false turn true. The puck then rules fate o'er- that, a man holding the troth, a million failed, confounding the oath on oath. OBERON about wood go faster than the wind, and the Helena look of Athens you get: all the fancy sick she is and pale of cheer, with sighs of love, that fresh blood cost dear: from some illusions look you bring her here: I charm her eyes against she appear. Puck I go, I go; Look how I go, swifter with arrows from the bow of the tartar. Exit the OBERON flower of this purple dye, beat with cupid archery, sink into the apple of his eye. When his love becomes quilty, let him shine brilliantly as venus of the sky. When you wake up, if she're from, beg her for measure. Re-enter the brewing puck captain of our fairy band, Helena is here in hand; And young, understood by me, pleading for a lover's fee. Will we see their fond spectacle? Lord, what can be a fool of these men! OBERON stand aside: The noise they will cause Demetrius to wake up. The puck will then have one to entice two at once; It needs to play alone; And those things best please me that meaningless befal. LYSANDER and HELENA LYSANDER ENTER WHY DO YOU THINK THAT I SHOULD ENTICE IN DISDAIN? Disdain and ridicule never come to tears: Behold, when I vow, I cry; And the promise was born, and in their birth all the truth appears. How can you find these things in me, the badge of faith, to prove them true? Helena let you advance your cunning more and more. When the truth kills the truth, o satanic-holy ground! These pledges are hermia: Will you give him oar? Weigh the oath with oath, and you won't weigh anything: his and me will put your vows, two scales, even weight, and both stories as light, LYSANDER I had no decision when to him I swore, Helena nor anyone, in my mind, now you give her o'er, LYSANDER Demetrius loves him, and he loves you no, DEMETRIUS [Awaking] Hey Helena, Goddess, Nymph, Perfect, Divine! What to do, my love, will I compare thine evne? The crystal is muddy. Hey, how ripe thy lips in the show, those kissing cherries, grow seductive! Fann'd with that pure congealed white, high taurus snow, eastern wind, a crow when you hold your hand; Hey, turns me pure white, to kiss this princess of this seal of bliss! Helena O'Brien spite! Hey hell! I see you are all bent to set against me for your merriment: if you are citizen and knew manners, you wouldn't hurt me thus
much. Can't you hate me, as I know you do, but you need to mock me too for joining spirits? If you were male, men as you are on the show, you wouldn't use a gentle woman; to make a vow, and swear, and the superprints of my parts, I'm sure you hate me your hearts. You're both rivals, and love hermia; And now to mock both rivals, Helena: a trim exploit, a masculine enterprise, to spell tears in the eyes of a poor maid with her derision! Great way no one would offend then a one And squirm the patience of a poor soul, all you make the game. LYSANDER You are ruthless, demetrius; It's not; You love hermia; It is you know I know: and here, with all the good will, with my whole heart, in love and will do until my death. Helena never wasted more useless breath. Demetrius Lysander, keep thy hermia; I wouldn't have any: if e'er I loved him, all love is gone. My heart to her, but wise sojourn as guest, and now for Helen it's not. DEMETRIUS does not insult the faith you don't know, leth that for thy crisis, you endear it by. Behold, where thy love comes Yonder is your darling. Re-enter hermia the Dark Knight, that takes her act from the eye, makes the ear more guickly of apprehension; In which it impairs the sense of view, this hearing pays double the compensation. Thou shalt not art by my eye, Lysander, found; My ear, I thank it, brought me to your voice but why do you leave me so much? LYSANDER Why should he stay, whom Doth love to go press? What love could Lysander press by my side? LYSANDER love Lysander, that won't let her bide, fair Helena, who more engilds you night with all the flaming oes and eyes of light. Why seek me? It can't be known to you, hate I bear you left me you then? Hermia you don't speak as you think: it can't be. Take Helena, she's one of this confederacy! Now I have the experience they combined to fashion this false game to all three, despite me. Harmful hermia! Most ungrateful Maid! Have you conspired, have you forage with these hypotheticals to ridicule me with this foul? Have we forgotten the advice we have both given, the sisters' pledge, the hours we have given us a hasty foot time for parting ,--O, has it all forgotten? The friendship of all school days, the innocence of childhood? We, like Hermia, two artificial gods, made both a flower with our needles, both on a sampler, sitting on a pillow, both warbling of a song, both in a key, such as our hands, our sides, voice and mind, were included. So we grow together, like a double cherry, feeling parted, but yet a union in splits; two beautiful berries molded on a stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, caused but crowned for one and with a crest. And would you hire your poor friend to join with men in disdain, asunder our ancient love? It's not friendly, 'thirty not young woman: our sex, as well as I, you might chide for it, although I feel hurt alone.' Hermia I am appalled at my passionate words. I don't despise you: It seems you despise me. Haven't you set Lysander, as in disdain, to follow me and admire my eyes and face? And his other love, Demetrius, who also but now turned me off his foot, gave, Call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare, precious, celestial? Where does he hate her for it speaks? And where doth Lysander denies his love, so rich within his soul, and tender me, forsooth, affection, but by his inception on, by his consent? What thought I didn't do in grace as you, so hung on with love, so lucky, but most miserable, to make unpleasant love? It should give you mercy instead of scorning. Hernia I don't understand what you mean by this. Helena Ay, persevere, looks fake sad, make mouths on me when I turn my back; wink at each other; Catch sweet banter: This game, well done, will be chronicled. If you have any mercy, grace or courtesy, you will not give me such an argument. But hire you well: 'Thirty partly my own fault; Which death or absence will soon take measures. LYSANDER STAY, GENTLE HELENA; Listen to my excuse: my love, my life my soul, fair Helena! Hermia sweet, doesn't disdain her so much. DEMETRIUS If he can't beg, I can force. LYSANDER THOU IS NO MORE THAN HE FORCED TO Beg: Thy Dangers Do Not Have More Power Than His Weak Prayer. Helen, I love you; From my life, I do: I swear that what I will lose for you, to prove him false, says I do not love you. DEMETRIUS I say I love you more than he can. LYSANDER If you say so, take back, and prove it too. DEMETRIUS QUICK. COME! Hermia Lysander, where is it all habit? LYSANDER AWAY, YOU Ethiope! Demetrius no, no; He seems to break loose; Take on as you will follow, but don't come yet: you are a pet man, go! LYSANDER HANG OFF, Tu, tu burr! Despicable thing, let loose, or I'll shake you from me like a serpent! Why are you so rude to hermia? What is this change? Sweet love,-- LYSANDER Tera Love! Out, tinsel tartar, out! Outside, loathing medicine! Hate potion, so! Hermia don't make you joke? Helena yes, Hadith; And so do you. LYSANDER Demetrius, I will keep my word with you. DEMETRIUS I had my bond, for I have a weak Bond experience you holds: I will not rely on your word. LYSANDER What, should I hurt him, strike him, kill him dead? Even though I hate him, I won't harm him so much. What harm can you do more than hate me, what harm to hermia? Hate me! Where for? Hey me! What the news, my love! Am I not hermia? Aren't you Lysander? I'm as fair now as I was erewhile. By night you loved me; Yet from the night you left me: Why, then you left me — O, deities forbid!-- in earnest, I would say? LYSANDER Ay, from My Life; And never wished to see more from you. So be out of hope, of guestion, of suspicion; Be sure, anything No; 'Thirty no joke that I hate you and love Helena. Hermia o me! You juggler! You canker-blossom! You thief of love! What, have you come by night and stolen the heart of my love from him? Helena ok, I believe! Have you had no humility, no first shame, no touch of hesitation? What, would you tear the impatient answer from my gentle tongue? Fie, fie! You you You puppet, you! Hermia puppet? Why this? Ai, this is how the game goes. Now I believe that he made a comparison between our stature; She urged her height to hand; And with her personality, her long personality, her height, forsooth, she has prevailed with him. And have ye become so high in his honour; Because I'm so dwarf and so low? How little am I, did you portray Mepol? Speak; How little am I? I'm not so low yet but my nails can reach thin eyes. Helena I pray to you, although you mock me, gentlemen, let him not hurt me: I was never curst; I have no gift in Chaturshi; I'm a perfect maid for his cowardice: don't let him strike me. You probably think, because he's something less than myself, that I can match him, Hermia Lower! Harak, again, Helena good hermia, don't be so bitter with me. I always loved you, Hermia, never keep your counselors, never wrong you: Save that, for Demetrius in love, I told him about his sneak to this wood. He follows you; I follow him for love; But that hand chid me so and threatened me to strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too: and now, then you will go silent to me, to Athens I bear my stupidity back and you follow next: let me go; you see how simple and how fond I am. Why hermia, you went: Who isn't that interrupting you? Helena has a silly heart, that I leave behind here. What with Hermia, Lysander? Helena with Demetrius. LYSANDER DON'T BE AFRAID; He won't harm you, Helena. DEMETRIUS No, sir, she won't, although you take her part. Helena O'Brien, when she's angry, she's curious and smart! She was a vixen when she went to school; And though he's done, but little, he's fierce. Hermia 'Little' Again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'! Why would you suffer him for violating me thus? Let me come to him. LYSANDER you're gone, you dwarf; You reduce, obstruct the knot-grass; You bead, you acorn. DEMETRIUS you are also officiating on behalf of those who despise your services. Let him alone: not to talk of Helena; Do not take part of that; For, if you never intend to show him so little of love, you shalt by it. LYSANDER Now she doesn't keep me; Now follow, if you try to be the darest, whose authority, thin or mine, is the highest in Helena. Follow DEMETRIUS! Neither will I go to you with a cheek. EXEUNT LYSANDER AND DEMETRIUS HERMIA YOU, MISTRESS, It's all horoscopes 'Long of you: Nay, don't go back. Helena I won't trust you, I, nor live in your Kurt Company anymore. My hands are guick for a field, my legs are now though, to run away. Exit from Hermia I am amazed, and do not know what to say. EXIT OBERON It's Your Negligence: Still You Mistake, or Someone Else Tera knaveries. PUCK believes me, king of shadows, I understood. Didn't you tell me I should know the man by Athenian apparel? And by now innocent my venture proves, that I have nointed an 'Athenian eyes;' And so far I'm glad it did so This is their jangalling as I respect a game. OBERON You see these lovers seek a place to fight: Hie So, Robin, night overcast; Starry Welkin Acheron covers tu anon with foggy dropping as black, and these testy rivals lead so don't fall within each other's way as wandering. Some time frames for Lysander like your tongue, then stir Demetrius with bitter wrong; And some time rail thou like Demetrius; And look at each other thou leads them this way, until Oar creep their brows with death-forgery's sleepy leaden legs and batty wings: then crush this herb into the eye of Lysander; Those whose wine hands this virtuous property, with their power to take from all error, and let his eyes roll with deprived vision. When they wake up next, all this derision appears to be a dream and meaningless sight, and lovers back to Athens will never end until wend, whose date to death with the league. While I employ you in this affair, I beg for my gueen and her Indian boy; And then I would release her mesmerising eye from the scene of the monster, and everything would be peace. The
puck shines my fairy lord, it must be done with haste, cut the clouds full fast for the swift dragons of the night, and the yonder aurora forerunner; On whose viewpoint, ghosts, wandering here and there, the house of the army to the churchyard: cursed souls all, that is buried in crossways and floods, have already gone to their vermi beds; Leth for fear that should look their shames on the day, they should deliberately bane themselves from light and black brow'd night with ave wife. OBERON But we have spirits of another kind: I've made the game often with the love of the morning, and, like a forester, trees can walk, even up to the east gate, all opening on Neptune with flaming red, fair blessed beams, turns into yellow gold turns into his salt green streams. But, despite the haste; No delay: We may impact this business yet ere day. Exit puck up and down, I will take them up and down. Here comes one. RE-recorded LYSANDER WHERE ART TU, PROUD Demetrius? Now, speak. Brewing here, villains; Drawn and ready. Where art do you? LYSANDER I will be directly with you guys. Puck follow mine, then, to plain ground. Exit LYSANDER, re-enter the voice as DEMETRIUS DEMETRIUS DEMETRIUS Lysander! Speak again: Thou fugitive, thou coward, art thou ran away? to speak! In some bush? Where do you hide your head? Puck thou coward, art thou brag to the stars, the bushes saying you watch st for war, and don't come to wilt? Come, re-preview; Come, thou children; I'll whip you with a stick: he's the faux that draws a sword at you. DEMETRIUS Yes, art thous there? Puck follow my voice: We'll try no masculinity here. Exeunt reenter LYSANDER LYSANDER LYSANDER He goes in front of me and still Guts on: When I come where he says, then he's gone. Villain is much lighter than I do: I follow But the faster he flew; That fell I'm in the dark uneven way, and here will comfort me. Come down the lie, thou tender day! For if but once you show me thy grey light, I will get Demetrius and revenge despite this. Sleeps again brewing and DEMETRIUS be brewing, ho, ho enter! Cowardly, why don't you? DEMETRIUS follow me, if you dare; For well I wot you runn'st in front of me, shifting everywhere, and not standing courageous, nor look me in the face. Where is art now? Come the puck here: I'm here. DEMETRIUS Nay, then, you mock me. You buy this beloved, if ever I see your face from daylight: Now, go your way. Swoon compelled me to measure my length on this cold bed. Look for a look from the point of view of the day. Lie down and sleeps again Helena Helena O Weary Night Hey Long and Exhausting Night, Enter Abate Tera Gong! The relaxed glow from the pre-day, that I can come back to Athens by daylight, from these that my poor company loathes: and sleep, that sometimes stops the eye of suffering, stealing me from my own company a little longer. Lie down and the puck sleeps yet, but three? Come another; Both of them make two four. Here he comes, curst and sad: Cupid is a knavish lad, thus making poor women mad. Never re-enter hermia hermia so weary, never in hi, Bedabbled with dew and torn with briers, I can crawl no more, go no further; My feet can't keep any rapport with my wishes. Here I will rest me until the break of the day. Sky shield Lysander, if they mean a field! Lies down and the ground sleep sleeps brewing on the sound: I would apply my eye, gentle lover, to the remedy. LYSANDER Squeezing the juice on the eyes when you wake up, you take true pleasure in the sight of your former woman's eye: and the country adage is known, that every man should take his own, will be shown in his wake: Jack Will Jill; The nought will be his mare again, and everything will be fine. Exit Act IV Scene I same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, AND HERMIA SLEEPING. Enter titanium and bottom; PARTICIPATE IN PEASEBLOSSOM, COBJAL, PESTSEED, MUSTARD, AND OTHER FAIRY- Come OBERON behind the unseen titanium, sit you down on this flower bed while I do your sociable cheeks coy, and stick oysters — roses in thy sleek smooth head, and kiss thy fair big ears, my gentle joy Where's peaseblossom below? PEASEBLOSSOM is ready. Scratch down my head Peaseblossom. Where is Mounsieur's cobwebs below, nice mounsieur, you get your arms in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on top of a thistle; And, good mounsieur, bring me honey bags. Don't fret yourself too much in action, mounsieur; And, good mounsieur, do not break a caring honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag; I would be reluctant you overflowing with a honey bag mounsieur. What is Mustard EseED Will? Nothing below, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery cobwebs to scratch. I should for the hairdresser, Monsieur; For methinks I'm amazingly hairy about the face; And I'm such a tender ass, if my hair do, but tickle me, I should scratch. Titanya Kya, Wilt you hear some music, love my love? Below I have a proper good ear in music. Let's have tongs and bones. Titana or say, sweet love, do you wish to eat. Below truly, a peck of provender: I could chew my good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire for a bottle of grass; good grass, sweet grass, hands no companion. Titanium I have a venturas fairy that will look for a pile of squirrels, and bring you new nuts. Below I'd rather have a handful or two of dried peas. However, I pray to you, none of your people stir me up: I have an exhibition of sleep coming upon me. Titanium sleep thou, and I will have the wind of the tun in my arms. Fairy- begone, and get away in all manner. Exeunt fairy then wood sweet honey gently entwist doth; The female ivy then enering the baric fingers of the elm. Hey, how do I love you! How dote I dote on you! They enter the sleeping puck OBERON [moving] welcome, good Robin. See you this sweet sight? Her dotage now I begin to pity: for, meeting her late behind the wood, seeking sweet favor from this disgusting fool, I had upbraid her and fall out with her; for he had rounded up his hairy temples then with a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which was some time attuned to round on buds and swell like Orient pearls, now stood within the eves of beautiful flowers like tears that had bewail their own insults. When I was at my pleasure taunting her and she would beg my patience in mild terms, I then asked her about the changed child; Which straight he gave me, and his fairy sent him to bear my cold in fairy land. And now I boy, I will undo this disgusting imperfection of his eves: and, gentle puck, take this altered skull from the head of this Athenian Swain: That, he awaking when the other do, repairs all back to Athens again and doesn't think more about the accidents of this night, but as the fierce unpleasant of a dream. But first I will release the Fairy Oueen be as attuned as thou; You wont see as: Dian's bud o'er cupid's flower hands such power and blessed power. Now, my titanium; You wake up, my lovely queen. Titanya My Oberon! What visions I've seen! Methought I was enamored of an. OBERON there lies your love. How did Titanya come to pass these things? Hey how do my eyes no longer despise your visa! Oberon silence a little longer. Robin, take this head off. Titana, music call; And these five strike dead more than the common sleep of emotion. Titanium music, ho! Music, like Charmeth Sleep! Music, still brewing now, when you wake up, thin with its silly eyes | OBERON SOUND, MUSIC! Come, my queen, take hands with me, and ground rock rock These can be sleepers. Now you and I are new in camaraderie, and at midnight will solemnly dance triumphantly in the house of Duke Thisass, and bless it for all fair prosperity: couples of faithful lovers will be married, with Thesis, in all jollity Puck Fairy King, attend, and Mark: I heard the morning lard. OBERON SO, MY OUEEN, IN SILENT BLUES, VISIT WE AFTER THE SHADOW OF THE NIGHT: We Can Compass the World Soon, Swifter from the Wandering Moon. Come Titanya, my God, and tell me in our flight how it came this night that I was found sleeping here with these humans on the ground. Enter the Accent Horn Inus, Hippolyta, Egeu, and Train Thesus Go, find the winding, forester within one of you; For now our observation is performance; And since we have vaward of the day, my love will listen to my hounds music. apal in the Western Valley; Let them go: dispatch, I say, and find the forester. An attendant exit will mark the musical illusions of us, the fair queen, up to the top of the mountain, and the hounds and echoes in conjunction. HIPPOLYTA I was once with Hercules and Cadmus, when in a wood of Crete they bear bay with hounds of Sparta: I never heard such gallant chiding: for, apart from trees, skies, fountains, all a mutual cry near every area: I never heard so a bickering, such sweet thunder. The sped away, then sped away, then filled with sand, and their heads are hung with ears that sweep away morning dew; skunk-knee'd, and dewlapp'd like Thessalian bull; Slow in search, but match in mouth like bell, each under each. A cry was never holla'd more tuneable, nor wanting to cheer with horns, in Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: Judge when you hear. But, soft! What are these nymphs? EGEUS my Lord, it's my daughter sleeping here; And this, Lysander; It is demetrius; It's Helena, the old Nedar Helena; I wonder them being here together. Thes no doubt that they got up early and followed the ritual of May, and hear our intent, came here in the grace of our seriousness. But speak, Egeus; Isn't this the day that
Hermia should respond to its choice? EGEUS is this, my God. Go the thisus, bid huntsman wake them up with your horns. Horn and shout inside. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, AND HERMIA WAKE UP AND START GOOD TOMORROW, GUYS. St Valentine's is the past: Start these wood birds but now to do something? LYSANDER SORRY, MY GOD. Thesis I pray to all of you, stand up, I know you're both rival enemies; how in the world does this gentle concord come, that hatred is so far from jealousy, hate to sleep, and no animosity afraid? LYSANDER MY LORD, I will answer astonished, half asleep, half waking up; but yet, I swear, I can't really say how I came here; But, as I think,-- for the fact I'll talk, and now I understand me bethany, It is,-- I came up with hermia here: our intent was gone from Athens, where we might be, without crisis Athenian law. EGEUS enough, my Lord; You have enough: I beg the law, the law, on his head. They would have been stolen; They, Demetrius, from which you and have defeated me, you your wife and me of my consent, have my consent that he should be your wife. DEMETRIUS my Lord, Fair Helen told me about his stealth, of his purpose for this wood so far; And I follow them here in fury, fair Helena in fancy after me. But, my good Lord, I do not wot by what power,-- but by some power it is,-- my love for hermia, melted as ice, I feel now remembered as a useless flare which in my childhood I did dote on; And all faith, the virtues of my heart, the object and the enjoyment of my eye, is only Helena. For him, my Lord, I betroth'd ere I saw hermia: but, like in sickness, I had to despise this food; But, as health, come to my natural taste, now I wish it, love it, for it for the long run, and forever it will come true. The thissus fair lovers, you have fortunately met: of this discourse we will hear more anon. Egeus, I will bear my will; For these couples in the temple and with us will be perpetually knit: and for the morning now something is worn, our intended hunting will be set aside. Away with us to Athens; Three and three, we will hold a feast in great seriousness. Come, Hippolyta. Exeunt Thenus, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train DEMETRIUS These things seem small and undistinguished, HERMIA Methinks I see these things with parted eve, when every thing seems doubled. Helena then methinks: And I've got Demetrius like a jewel, my own, and not my own, DEMETRIUS Are you sure we're awake? It seems to me that yet we sleep, we dream. Don't you think Duke was here, and guote us to follow him? Hermia yes: And my father. Helena and Hippolyta. LYSANDER and he bid had us follow the temple. DEMETRIUS Why, then, we're awake: Let's follow him and the way we remember his dreams. Exeunt down [Awaking] when my cue arrives, call me, and I'll answer: My next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Hague-Ho! Peter Quince! Flute, Belo-Mander! Muzzle, tinker! Starwelling! God's my life, so stolen, and left me asleep! I've had a most rare sight. I've had a dream, the man's wisdom last to say what the dream was: man, but an ass, if he go about interpreting this dream. Methought I was,-- and methought I was,-but man, but a compromise fool, if he would offer to say what methought I was. Man's eve was not heard, man's ears were not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, he has a tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what was my dream, I will get Peter Ouince to write a song of this dream; it will be called the dream of the bottom, Hand it down no; And I'll sing it in the latter part of a play, before the Duke: Paradventure, to make it more I will sing it upon his death. Exit View II. Athens. The house of quince. Enter quince, flute, snout, and STARVELING quince sent you to the house below? Is he coming home yet? Can't be heard of him about Starwelling. He is suspiciously moved. Flute If he doesn't come, the drama has been made; it doesn't go ahead, doth it? Ouince it is not possible; you have not been able to discharge Pyramus to a man all in Athens, but that, Not flutes, he simply hands the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. Ouince yes and the best person too; And he's a very prowess for a sweet voice. The flute should call you 'the opponent': there is a mighty, God bless us, not a matter. Enter the SNUG Masters, coming from Duke Temple, and there are two or three lords and women married more: if our game had gone ahead, we would have made all men. Flute O Sweet Bully Down! Thus he has lost sixpens one day during his life; He couldn't have 'sixpens' in a day: a duke had not given him sixpens in a day at Pyrmus, or nothing. Enter below where are these boys? Where are these hearts? Ouince down! Hey the most adventurous day! Hey happiest hour! Masters below, I'm up to the miracle discourse; but ask me what not; Because if I tell you everything, right because it fell out, Ouince has heard us, sweet bottom, Below is not a word about me. I will tell you that the Duke dined. Get your garment together, good strings for your beard, new ribbons for your pumps; Meet currently in the castle; Every man o er sees his part; Short and long to have, our game is preferred. In any case, let isbi have clean linen; And not him that the lion duo plays their nails, as they will hang out to the lion's paws. And, for the most beloved actors, eat no onions nor garlic, we are sweet breath utter; And I don't doubt but they've heard them say it, it's a sweet comedy. No more words: away! Go away! Exeunt Act v Scene I Athens . The palace of Thesus. Enter inus, hippolita, philostrate, lords and attendants hippolyta 'thirty strange my thes, that speak of these lovers. Thes are more awkward than the truth: I can't believe these ancient fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and maniacs have such seething minds, shaping fantasies that are sometimes caught over a calm reason to understand. Crazy, savvy and poet all of the imagination are compact: a giant sees devils more than hell, he is, crazy: lover, as all frantic, sees the beauty of Helen in an Egyptian forehead: the poet's eye, in rolling fine hysteria, doth glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And unknown things as imagined further Forms bodies, the poet's pen turns them to shape and gives airy nothing a local residence and a name. Such tricks hand strong imagination, that if it will, but but Some of that joy; Or at night, imagine some fear, how easy a bush is considered a bear! HIPPOLYTA HOWEVER TOLD ON ALL THE STORY OF THE NIGHT, AND ALL THEIR MINDS THEN MOVE TOGETHER, MORE THAN FANCY IMAGES AND GROWS TO SOMETHING OF GREAT STABILITY; But, howsoever, weird and admirable. THEUS lovers here come, full of joy and mirth. Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, Hermia, and Helena Joy, gentle friends! New days of joy and love with your hearts! LYSANDER More and more us wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed! Theths come now; What masques, what will we dance, to wear away this longevity of three hours between our post-meal and bed time? Where is our general manager of Mirath? What revels are at hand? Is there no game, to alleviate the suffering of a torturing hour? Call the philostrate. Philostrate here, mighty Thesus. What brief do you have for this evening? What excuse? What music? How will we mix lazy times, if not with some joy? The philostrate is a recap of how many games are mature: choose from which your empress will appear first. A paper giving THEUS [reads] 'Battle with Centaurs, to harp will be sung by an Athenian eunuch.' We'll none of that: that I've told my love, in the glory of my kinsman Hercules. 'A riot of tipsy batches, tearing down their angry Thrusian singer. This is an old device; And it was Play D when I came past a winner from Thebes. 'Mourning for the death of three-time three Muses learning, reads the heavenly deceased in beggary. It's not sorting with some satirical, curious and important, a marital ceremony. Reads 'An Exhausting Brief View of Young Pyramus and Her Love Thisbe; Very sad mirth. Merry and sad! Exhausting and concise! I.e. hot snow and wondrous strange snow. How will we find harmony with this discord? Philostratte is a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long, which makes it exhausting; For not a word in all play is appropriate, a player fit: and sad, my great Lord, it is; For the pyramus, they kill themselves. Which, when I saw the rehearsal, I must confess, made my eyes water; But more merry tears never shed the passion of laughter aloud. Theths what are they doing that play it? The philostratt hard-handed men that work in Athens here, who until now never labour in their minds, and have now toiled their frank memories with this same game, against their marriages. Thesis and we will hear it. Not philostratte, my great Lord; It's not for you: I've heard it, and it's nothing, nothing in the world; Unless you can find the game in your intentions, conn'd with extreme stretch and cruel pain, to serve you. That's what I'll listen to that game; For anything can go wrong when simplicity and duty This. Go, bring them in: and take your places, women. Philostratte hippolyta's exit I love not seeing jinxed Oyer charged and destroying duty in his service. Why thethes, gentle sweet, you won't see any such thing HIPPOLYTA He says they can't do anything in this way. Thesis we kind, to thank them for nothing. Our game is to take what they will mistake: and what poor duty can't, the great respect it can be, takes in qualifying. Where I have come, the great clerks have given me the purpose of greeting me with a premeditated reception; Where I've seen them look shuddering and pale, to create periods in between sentences, choke their practice accents in fear and finally break off dumbly, not give me a welcome. Believe me, sweetly, this silence has yet to pick out I have a welcome; And in the decorum of fearful duty I read as much as the stunning tongue of chic and audacious eloguence. Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity at least matter most, to my ability. Re-enter the philostrate
fillostrate fillostrate so please your grace, the preamble is address D. Thes let them contact him. Enter guince for trumpet's flourishing preamble of the preamble of the preamble is address D. Thes let them contact him. Enter guince for trumpet's flourishing preamble of the preamble of the preamble of the preamble is address D. Thes let them contact him. Enter guince for trumpet's flourishing preamble of the preamb our well-being. That you should think, we do not come to humiliation, but come up with good will. To show our simple skills, that's the true beginning of our end. The idea then we come, but in spite. We don't come to mind you as contesting elections, our real intent. We are not here for your happiness. That you should bemoan you here, the actors are at hand and from their show you will know all that you are like to know. Theus doesn't stand it on fellow doth points. LYSANDER He hands ridd his inferag like a fat colt; He doesn't know how to stop. A good moral, my Lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak the truth. HIPPOLYTA really hands he played on his preamble like a kid on a recorder; One is sound, but not in government. Theinus was like his speech, an intriguing series; Nothing is impaired, but all are chaotic. Who's next? Enter Pyramus and Thinow, Wall, Moonlight, and Lion's Preamble Gentlemen, surprise you on the show; But wonder at, until the truth make everything plain. This man is pyramous, if you know; This beautiful lady Thisby is certain. This man with lime and rough cast, the current wall, that wretched wall which these lovers did sunder; And through the of the wall, poor spirits, they are material to whisper. On which no man surprises. This man, with a bush of lantehorn, dog and fork, presents the moonlight; For, if you know, these lovers from Moonlight think there's no disdain to meet at Ninus' grave, there, to entice there. This awesome animal, which by name lion hight, trusty Thisby, is coming by night ago, scare away, or rather did; And, as he fled, his legacy was he fell, which had the lion's vile stain with bloody mouths. Anon Pyramus, sweetly young and tall, and finds his trusty Thisby's legacy killed: With blades, he bravely boils brooche de bloody tits; And Isby, tarrying in mulberry shadows, drew his dagger, and died. For everyone else, let's twain lions, moonlight, wall, and lovers in big discourse while here they live. Exeunt Prelurion, Thisbe, Lion, and Chandni Thenus I wonder, my Lord: a lion, when many asses do. Wall this gap it is that I, by name a snout, present a wall; And such a wall, as I think you think, is that it's a crannied hole or, through which lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, whisper often did very secretly. It's domat, this rough-cast and it shows Stone Doth that I'm the same wall; The truth is this: and it's Cranny, right and frightening, through which horrified lovers are whispering. The thes would you wish to talk better to lime and hair? DEMETRIUS This is the witty division that ever heard the discourse I have, my God. Pyrmus inus draws near pyramus o Gambhir - Look d Night! o So black with night colors! Hey night, who never has art when the day! Hey night, hey night! alack, alack, alack, l'm afraid my Thisby promise has been forgotten! And thou, O wall, O sweet, o beloved wall, which stand between his father's land and me! Thou shalt blink through the wall, o sweet and beautiful wall, show me your, with my eyne! Thanks the wall holds your fingers, the humble wall: Jove Shields you do well for this! But what do I see? Not this isby I'm watching. O wicked wall, through which I see no joy! Cursed thus be your stone to deceive me! The this wall, the Methinks, being sensible, should curse again. Pyramus no, really, sir, he shouldn't. 'Betray me' is Thisby's cue: he has to enter now, and I'm spying on him through the wall. You will see, as I told you, it will fall pat. Yonder he comes. Enter thisbe o wall, full often hat you heard my moans, for my fair Pyramus and parting me! My cherry lips were often kissing thy stone, lime and thy stone with hair knit in you. Pyramus I see a voice: Now I will strum, to do a spy I can hear my Thisby face. By

this! Thisbe my love tu art, my love I guess. Pyramus guess what you wilt, I'm pleased thy lover; And, like Limder, I'm still confident. Thisbe and I like Helen, until the fates kill me. The procrass from pyramus not pherals was so true. To procrass this as phafalus, I give you. Pyramus o kiss me through the hole of this vile wall! This time I kiss the hole of the wall, not your lips at all. Pyrmus Wilt at Niini's tomb do you meet me directly? This 'tide life,' 'tidal death, I come without delay.' Exeunt Pyramus and thus isbe wall i, wall, mine So discharged; And, being done, thus go doth off the wall. The exit thistle is now down the mural between the two neighbors. DEMETRIUS is no way, my God, when listening without walls are so deliberate HIPPOLYTA THIS IS THE SILLIEST STUFF THAT EVER I HEARD. Thethes are the best in this way, but the shadows; And the worst are no worse, if imagine modifying them. HIPPOLYTA IT SHOULD BE YOUR IMAGINATION THEN, and THEIRS NO. If we don't imagine any of them worse off than they own, they can pass for excellent men. Here come in two great animals, one man and one lion. Lion and Moonlight Lion You, ladies, you, whose gentle heart is the smallest demonic mouse that creeps on the floor is feared, can now both perchance earthquakes and tremble here, when the lion's wildest rage nailed in the doth roar. Then know that I, a joiner snug, have fallen a lions,' th my life were pity. Thesis is a very gentle animal, of a good conscience. DEMETRIUS is very good in an animal, my God, that e'er I saw. LYSANDER This lion is very fox for its prowess. Thesis truth; And a goose to your conscience; And the fox is made laughing. I believe that his conscience cannot carry his mighty; Fox is not used for goose. It's well: leave it at your discretion, and let us listen to the moon. Moonlight It exists the lanthorn horned moon; -- DEMETRIUS should have worn him horns on his head. Thesis he is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the perimeter. Moonlight It presents the Lanthorne Horned Moon; Let myself be the man I'm doing to the moon. This is the biggest mistake of everyone else: the man should be placed in the lantehorn. This and how man do I have the moon'? DEMETRIUS He dares not come there for the candle; For, you see, it's already in snous. HIPPOLYTA I'm aweary of this moon: that will change! Theus appears so, from his little light of conscience, that he is in the wane; But even, in courtesy, in all reasons, we must stay time. LYSANDER SLOG, MOON. Moonlight is all that I have to say, is, to tell you that lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; I, the man in the moon; I, the man in the moon; I his fork-shrub, my fork-shrub; And this dog, my dog. Why DEMETRIUS, all these should be in the lantehorn; Because all of them are in the moon. But, silence! Here comes Thisbe. Enter the book this is the tomb of the old Ninni. Where is my love? Lions [roaring] oh-isbe DEMETRIUS roared well, runs from the Lions. Theus run well, Thinow. Hippolyta Well Shon, Moon. Truly the moon shines with good grace. The lion shakes the heritage of Isbe, and theinus is well moused, out of the lion. LYSANDER and so the lion disappeared. DEMETRIUS and then came pyramus. Enter the Pyrmus Pyramas Sweet Moon, I thank you for your sunny beam; I thank you, the Moon, for shining so bright now; For, from thy grace, golden, brilliant glow, I trust the truest Thisby's pick of sight. But stay, hey spite! But Mark, poor knight, what awesome dole he! Eyes, what do you see? How can it be? Hey dainty duck! dear! Your mantle is good, what, stained with blood! Approach, Ye Furies fell! Hey fates, come, come, cut thread and thrum; Quail, crush, finish, and suppress! This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to making a man look sad. HIPPOLYTA Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man. pyramus o wherefore, nature, didst thou lion frame? The lion's wretched hand since here deflower'd my darling: who is - no, no - who is the beautiful dame that lived, loved that, like that, look with that cheer. Come, tears, astonished; outside, sword, and pap wounds of pyramus; Ay, that left pap where the heart hops doth: stabbing myself follows I die, thus, MOONLIGHT IS GONE BEFORE Thisbe comes back and finds her boyfriend? Therein she will get him from Starlight. Here she comes; And his passion ends the game. Re-enter ISBE HIPPOLYTA Methinks he shouldn't use such a pyramus a long one: I hope he'll be brief. Demetrius will change a hefty balance, which pyramas, which Thierow, the better; For he a man, God warrants us; She for a woman, God bless us. LYSANDER He already spied hands with those sweet eyes. DEMETRIUS and thus he means, videlicet: -- sleep this, my love? What, dead, my pigeon? O cutemus, arises! Speak, speak. Dumb enough? Dead, dead? A tomb should cover your sweet eyes. These are my lips, this cherry nose, these yellow gaylip cheeks, gone, gone: lovers, moan: his eyes were green as leeks. O sisters three, come to me, yellow as milk with hands; Lay them in gore, because you have to shore up your threads of silk with scissors. Tongue, not a word: come, trustworthy sword; Come, blade, imbrue my tits: stabbing myself and, farewell, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, farewell, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, farewell, farewell, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, farewell, farewell, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, guys; Thus it ends: Adieu, guys; Thu see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company? Theinus is not an epilogue, I pray to you; No excuses needed for your game. Never pretend; For when the players are all dead, there's no need to be blamed. Get married, if he had played the writ it Pyramus and hanged himself in the Isb Garter, it would have been a good tragedy: and so it is, really; And very specially discharged. but Your Bergomask: Let alone your epilogue. A dance midnight iron tongue said twelve: lovers, to bed; 'Thirty almost fairy time. I'm afraid we'll be out to sleep as much as the coming Moran is as much as we overwatch this night'd. This clear gross gross Huth thoroughly beguiled the huge trick of the night. Sweet friends, in bed. A fortnight we grab this seriousness, night revels and in new jollity. Exeunt usher brewing brewing now roar hungry lions, and wolf moon behowls; While the heavy plow left everyone with snoring, weary work. Now doomed brands tend to shine, while screeching-boob, crying loudly, puts the vile rooted in hi-hye in remembrance of a shroud. Now it's night time that the tomb all the distance wider, each one gives forth its phantom, the way to the church to glide into paths: and we are the ones, run by that Triple Hecate team, by the presence of the sun, after dark like a dream, are no longer gleeful: not a mouse will disturb this holy house: I am sent first with the broom Sweep the dust behind the door, and Enter OBERON and Titana with your train OBERON through the house, giving light gathering from dead and drowsy fires: as light as the bird from every elf and fairy sprite hop brier; And it's ditty, after me, sing, and dance tripping it. Titania first, rehearsing his song by rote for each word a warbling note: hand in hand, with fairy grace, we will sing, and bless this place. SONG AND DANCE OBERON NOW, UNTIL THE BREAK OF THE DAY. EACH FAIRY LOAFER THROUGH THIS HOUSE. Bed for the best bride we, who will be blessed by us; And to make there the issue will ever be lucky. So all couples three will ever be lucky. So all couples three will ever be true in love; and the hand spots of nature shall not stand in their issue; Never mole, rabbit lips, nor scars, nor scars, nor scars are singular, as trivial in birth, will be on your children. With this field-dew anointed, every fairy take his own trick; And bless each many chambers, through this castle, with sweet peace; And its owner will never be in safety comfort blest. travel away; Make no living; Meet me by the break of the day. Exeunt OBERON, TITANA, and TRAIN BREWING If we feel the shade is, but it is, and all is mended, that's you, but sleep was here while these visions appeared. And this weak and passive subject, yielding no more but a dream, gentlemen, is not reprehensible: if you forgive, we will recover: and, as I am an honest puck, if we have unearned fate now to scape the serpent's tongue, we will make improvements for a long time; And call the puck a liar; So, good night for all of you. Give me your hand, if we're friends, and Robin will restore improvement. Reform.

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