

Midsummer's night dream pdf

A Midsummer Night's Dream Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants THESEUS Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour Draws on apace; four happy days bring another moon: but, O, think me, how slow This old moon declines! she lingers my desires, like a stepmo old lady or a long-timer arding of a young man's income. HIPPOLYTA Four days will fit quickly into the night; Four nights will quickly dream away from the hour; And then the moon, as if to a new silver arch bent in the sky, will see the night of our solemnities. THESEUS Go, Philostrate, Stir Athenian Youth to Cheerfulness; Wake up the pert and agile spirit of cheerfulness; Turn melancholy into a funeral; The pale companion is not for our pomp. Exit PHILOSTRATE Hippolytus, I woo you with my sword, and earn your love, wounding you; But I will call you in another key, with pomp, with triumph and delight. Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS EGEUS Full of vexation come to me, with complaint against my child, my daughter Hermia. Stand up, Demetrius. My noble lord, this man has my consent to marry him. Lysander, you gave his rhymes, and exchanged love tokens with my child: You sang to the moon at his singing window, With verses of false voices to feign love, And stole the impression of his fantasy With bracelets of your hair, rings, gawds, vanities, Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweets, messengers of strong youth With cunning hast you filch'd my daughter's heart, turn to her obedience, which is due to me, to tenacious hardness: and, my gracious duke, may it be so; will not be here before your grace Consent to marry Demetrius, I pray the old privilege of Athens, As it is mine, I can dispose of it: Who will be either to this gentleman or to his death, according to our law immediately provided in this case. THESEUS What are you saying, Hermia? be advised good just: For you, your father should be like a god; The one who composed your beauties, yes, and the one to whom you are, but as a wax form By him printed and in his power to leave the figure or disfigure it. Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. HERMIA I would like my father to look, but with my eyes. THESEUS Rather your eyes must with its judgment look. HERMIA, I implore your grace to forgive me. I don't know by what power I'm made bold, nor how it can concern my modesty, In such a here to plead my thoughts; But I implore your grace that I know the worst that may happen to me in this case, if I refuse to unseat Demetrius. THESEUS Either die on or to abjure men's society forever. Therefore, just Hermia, question your desires; Know your youth, examine your blood well, If, if you do not give in to your father's choice, You can endure the livery of a nun, For a year to be in the shady cloister mew'd, To live a barren sister all your life, Singing weak hymns to the fruitless cold moon. Three times blessed they who thus control their blood, To undergo such an inaugural pilgrimage; But the happiest burrow is the rose distill'd, That loosening on the virgin patent up to his lordship, whose wireless yoke My soul consents not to give sovereignty. THESEUS Take the time to take a break; and, by the next new moon - The day of sealing betwixt my love and I, For the eternal bond of brotherhood - That day either prepare to die for disobedience to the will of your father, or else to marry Demetrius, as he would; Or on Diana's altar to protest against austerity and unique life. DEMETRIUS Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, give your crazy title to my certain right. LYSANDER You have the love of his father, Demetrius; Leave me at Hermia's: you're marrying her. EGEUS Disregarding Lysander! true, it hath my love, and what is mine my love will make it. And it is mine, and all my right to it I take over from Demetrius. LYSANDER I am, my lord, as well derived as he is, So possess'd; my love is more than his; My fortunes in every sense as just rank'd, if not with sight, as Demetrius'; And, what is more than anything these boasting can be, I am loved by the beautiful Hermia: Why shouldn't I then pursue my right? Demetrius, I avouch at his head, Makes love to Nedar's daughter, Helena, and has earned her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, devout dotes, dotes in idolatry, On this man spotted and fickle. THESEUS I must confess that I have heard so much, And with Demetrius thought to have spoken of it; But, being too full of self-business, my mind lost it. But, Demetrius, come; And come, Egeus; you will go with me, I have a private school for both of you. For you, just Hermia, watch as you arm yourself to adapt your fantasies to your father's will; Or the law of Athens gives you - which in no way can we mitigate - to death, or to a single vow of life. Come, my Hippolyte: what joy, my love? Demetrius and Egeus, go ahead: I must employ you in some cases against our nuptial and confer you on something that almost concerns you. EGEUS With duty and desire, we follow you. Exeunt all except LYSANDER and HERMIA Belike for lack of rain, that I could well beteem the storm of my eyes. LYSANDER Ay me! to teach that I could ever read, could never hear by tale or story, The course of love has never run smoothly; But either it was different in the blood,-- hermia O cross! too old to be engaged to young people. LYSANDER Or well malgraffed as far as the years,-- HERMIA O hell! to choose love through the eyes of another. LYSANDER Or, if there was sympathy in choice, war, death or disease besieged him, making it a sonorous moment, Swift as a shadow, short as any dream; In short as lightning in the night emellian, Who, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth, And ere a man hath power to say Here! The jaws of darkness do devour it: So quickly bright things come to confusion. HERMIA If then the true lovers were never cross'd, It presents itself as an edict in fate: So let us teach our patience of testing, Because it is a customary cross, As because of love as thoughts and dreams and sighs, wishes and tears, disciples of the poor fantasy. LYSANDER A good persuasion: therefore, listen to me, Hermia. I have a widowed aunt, a high-income douairière, and she has no children: From Athens is her home seven leagues away; And in this place, strong Athenian law cannot sue us. If you love me then, steal your father's house tomorrow night; And in the woods, a league without the city, where I met you once with Helena, To observe a may morn, I will stay for you. HERMIA My good Lysander! I swear to you, by Cupid's strongest bow, By this fire that burns the queen of Carthage, When the false Trojan under the sail was seen, By all the vows that ever men have broken, In numbers more than ever women have spoken, In the same place you have appointed me, tomorrow I would really meet you. LYSANDER Keep promise, my love. There's Helena. Enter HELENA HERMIA God speed fair Helena! whither away? Is HELENA just calling you? that just again insaluubr. Demetrius loves your fair: good fair! Your eyes are lode stars; and the soft air of your tongue More pleasant than the lark to the shepherd's ear, When the wheat is green, when the hawthorn buds appear. The disease is catching: O, have been favored so that, yours would I catch, just Hermia, before I go; My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, my tongue should catch the sweet melody of your tongue. If mine of the world, Demetrius being bated, the rest I would give to be to you translated. Teach me what you look like, and with what art You swing the movement of Demetrius' heart. HERMIA I frown on him, but he still loves me. HELENA O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill! HERMIA I give him curses, but he gives me love. HELENA O that my prayers could if affection move! HERMIA Her madness, Helena, is not my fault. HELENA None, but your beauty: would it be the fault were mine! HERMIA Rest assured: he will no longer see my face; Lysander and I will fly here. Before the time I made Lysander see, Seem'd Athens as a paradise for me: O, then, what graces in my love do dwell, Let it hath turn'd from heaven to hell! LYSANDER Helen, to you our minds, we will unfold: Tomorrow night, when Phoebe doth see her silver face in the glass aquesy, Decking with liquid pearl blade grass, A time that the flights of doth lovers still hide, Through the gates of Athens have we designed to fly. HERMIA And in the woods, where often you and I, on low beds of priming, you do not feel like lying, emptying our breasts of their sweet advice, There, my Lysander and I will meet; And then Athens look away, To look for new friends and foreign companies. Goodbye, sweet playfellow: pray for us; And good luck to you your Demetrius! Lysander: we must starve our view of the food of lovers until midnight tomorrow. LYSANDER I will, my Hermia. Exit HERMIA Helena, farewell: Like you on him, Demetrius endows on you! Exit HELENA How happy some o'er others can be! Across Athens, I am considered as fair as she is. But what about that? Demetrius doesn't think so; He will not know what everything but he knows: And as he is wrong, dowrying on the eyes of Hermia, Then me, admiring his qualities: Things base and vile, bending no quantity, love can transpose to form and dignity: Love looks not with the eyes, but with the spirit; And so is wing'd Cupid painted blindly: Neither the spirit of Love hath of any taste for judgment; Wings and no eyes figure hastily without haste: And so is love said to be a child, Because in choice, it is so often seduced. As the waggish boys in the game themselves forswear, So the Love Boy is perjured everywhere: For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne, He hail'd down oaths that he was just mine; And when this hail a little heat Hermia fair: Then to the showers of oaths melted. I'm going to go tell him about the leak of the Hermia fair: Then to the wood will it be tomorrow night Pursue; and for this intelligence If I have thanks, it is an expensive expense: But here I want to enrich my pain, to have his sight there and back. Exit SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE's house. Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING QUINCE Is our entire company here? BOTTOM You were better off calling them in general, man by man, according to the certificate. QUINCE Here is the parchment of each man's name, which is judged throughout Athens, to play in our interlude in front of the Duke and Duchess, on his wedding day at night. BOTTOM First, good Peter Quince, say what the play is about, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point. QUINCE Marry, our play is, The Most Lamentable Comedy, and the Cruelest Death of Pyramus and Thisby. A very good job, I assure you, and a merry one. Now, good Peter Quince, call your actors by parchment. Masters, spread out. ANSWER QUINCE as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver. BOTTOM What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant? QUINCE A lover, who kills himself the most gallantly for love. BACKGROUND This will require a few tears in the true execution of it: if I do, let the audience look at their eyes; I'm going to move the storms, I'm going to move the storms, I'm going rocks and shivering shocks will break the locks of the prison gates; And Phibbus' car will shine from afar and will make and mar The senseless fates. It was high! Now name the rest of the players. It is the vein of Ercles, the vein of a tyrant; a lover is more condoling. QUINCE Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. FLUTE Here, Peter Quince. Flute quince, you have to take Thisby on you. FLUTE What is Thisby? a wandering knight? QUINCE This is the lady Pyramus must love. FLUTE No, faith, let me not play a woman; I've got a beard coming in. QUINCE It's all one: you're going to play it in a mask, and you can talk as small as you want. BACKGROUND One I can hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a small monstrous voice. Thisne, Thisne; Ah, Pyramus, dear lover! your dear Thisby, and dear lady! QUINCE No, no; you have to play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby. BOTTOM Well, proceed. QUINCE Robin Starveling, you have to play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the handyman. SNOUT here, Peter Quince. QUINCE You, pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the carpenter; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a room equipped. SNUG Do you have the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a room equipped. SNUG Do you have the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a room equipped. SNUG Do you have the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a room equipped. SNUG Do you have the lion's share written? pray, if that is the case, give it to me, for I am slow to study. QUINCE You can make it extempore, because it is nothing but roaring. BACKGROUND Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will make the heart of any good man to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again, let him roar again, let him roar again. QUINCE An you should do it too terribly, you would frighten the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shout; and that was enough to hang us all. Anything that would hang us, every mother's son. BOTTOM I grant you, my friends, if you would frighten the ladies from their minds, they would have no other discretion than to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice for I roar you a 'twere any nightingale. COE You can play no role, but Pyramus; for Pyramus; for Pyramus; for Pyramus; for Pyramus; for Pyramus; for Pyramus is a man with a soft face; a decent man, as will be seen on a summer day; a very charming gentleman-like man: so you must need to play Pyramus. BOTTOM Well, I'll undertake it. beard have I been better off playing in? WHAT Why, what your orange-tawny beard, your orange-tawny beard in the grain, or your French-colored crown beard, your perfect yellow. QUINCE Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play with bare faces. But, masters, here are your parts: and I must implore you, ask and desire you, ask and bare faces. But, masters, here are your parts: and I must implore you, ask and desire you our known devices. In the meantime, I'm going to draw a property bill, as our game wants. Please don't miss me. BOTTOM We will meet; and there we can repeat most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; Be perfect: farewell. QUINCE At the Duke's Oak, we meet. QUITE LOW; hold or cut the bow ropes. Exeunt ACTE II SCNE I. A wood near Athens. Enter, on either side, a fairy, and PUCK How now, mind! whither you walk around? Fairy Over hill, over dale, Thorough brier, Over park, over pak, over gold coats stains you see; These are rubies, fairy favors, In these freckles live their flavors: I have to fetch a few drops of dew here and all our elves come here anon. PUCK The doth king keep his delights here tonight: Beware the queen do not come to his sight; For Oberon passes fell and anger, Because she as her attendant hath A handsome boy, stolen from an Indian king; She has never had such a sweet change; And jealous Oberon would have the child Knight of his train, to trace the wild forests; But she forces holds the beloved boy, the crown of flowers and makes him all his joy: And now they never meet in the grove or the grove or the green, By light fountain, or glittering star glow, But, they make square, that all their elves fear Creep in gland-cups and hide them there. Fairy either I confuse you are that astute and knavish sprite Call'd Robin Goodfellow: aren't you him who scares the young girls of the villager; Skimmed milk, and sometimes work in guern and without booty make the breathless churning of housewife; And sometimes make the drink to not bear any barm; Misleading at heir evil? Those that Hobgoblin calls you and sweet Puck, You do their job, and they will be lucky: Aren't you him? PUCK You speak well; I'm that merry wanderer of the night. I joke to Oberon and make him smile When I'm a big and bean-fed horse seduces. Sighing in the likeness of a filly foal: And sometimes hiding in a bowl of gossip, In In resemblance of a roast crab, And when she drinks, against her lips, I bob And on her deer'd dewlap pour the beer. The wisest aunt, telling the saddest story, Sometimes for the three-foot stools fool me; Then slip me from her buttocks, down knocks him down, and tailor cries, and falls into a cough; And then all the quire hold their hips and laugh, And waxed in their cheerfulness and neeze and swear a happier hour was never wasted there. But, room, fairy! This is Oberon. Fairy And this is my mistress. Could it be that he was gone! Enter, on one side, OBERON, with his train; on the other, TITANIA, with the Sler OBERON III met in the moonlight, proud Titania. TITANIA What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, jump so: I lent his bed and his company. OBERON Tarry, rash wanton: am I not your lord? TITANIA So I must be your lady: but I know when you got flown away from the land of fairies, and in the form of Corin sitting all day, playing on corn pipes and pouring love to love phillida. Why are you from the farthest steppe in India? But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, Your mistress buskin'd and your warrior love, To Theseus must be married, and you come to give their bed joy and prosperity. OBERON How can you so for shame, Titania, Peek at my credit with Hippolyte, Knowing that I know your love to You? Didn't you lead him through the glittering night of Perigenia, which he delighted? And do it with just AEgle breaking his faith, with Ariane and Antiopa? TITANIA These are the fakes of jealousy: And never, since the spring of midsump, We put on the hill, in the dale, the forest or the winged, By paved fountain or by rushy stream, Or in the margin of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with your fights you did not disturb our sport. Therefore, the winds, piping for us in vain, As if to get revenge, sucked from the sea contagious fogs; who fall into the earth Have every pelante river made so proud that they overwrought their continents: The hath beef so stretch his voke in vain. The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn Hath rotted before his vouth reached'a beard: The crease is empty in the drowned field, and the picturesque mazes in the bare green For lack of tread are indistinguishable: Human mortals want their winter here; No night is now with anthem or carol blest: Therefore, the moon, the governess of the floods, Pale in her anger, washes all the air, That rheumatic diseases abound: And deepened this distemperature we see The seasons change: frosts hoary-head Far in the knees of the purple rose, And on the thin and icy crown old Hiems A fragrant rosary of sweet summer buds East, as in mockery, together: spring, summer, childhood autumn, angry winter, change their conquered vivaries, and the maze world, By their increase, now now this is not what: And this same offspring of evils comes from our debate, from our debate, from our dissent; We are their parents and originals. OBERON Then Change; it lies in you: Why Titania cross his Oberon? I'm just begging for a little boy who's changing, to be my henchman. TITANIA Put your heart to rest: The fairy land does not buy the child from me. His mother was a votaress of my order: And, in the spicy Indian air, at night, Full often hath she gossiped by my side, And sat with me on the yellow sand of Neptune, marking the traders embarked on the flood, When we laughed to see the sails conceive and grow big-bellied with the inconceive wind; That she, with pretty and with the next swimming gait,--her then rich uterus with my young squire,-- would imitate, and sail the earth, to fetch me trifles, and come back, Like a journey, rich in goods. But she, being mortal, of this boy died; And for her, would I raise her son, and for her, I would not part with him. OBERON How long in this wood do you intend to stay? Titania Perchance until after the day of Tea's wedding. If you dance patiently in our tower and you see our delights in the moonlight, go with us; If not, run away from me, and I'll spare your lairs. OBERON Give me this boy, and I will go with you. TITANIA Not for your fairy kingdom. Fairies, away! We'll crack down outright, if I stay longer. Exit TITANIA with his OBERON train Well, go your way: you will not leave this grove until I torment you for this injury. Sweet Puck, come here. You remember more Since I sat on a promontory, and heard a mermaid on the back of a dolphin uttering such a dulcet and a harmonious breath that the rough sea became civilized to his song And some stars pulled madly from their spheres, To hear the music of the sea maid. PUCK PUCK I remember. OBERON This very time I saw, but you could not, Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all arms in it: a certain purpose he took to a vestal just throne by the west, And lost his love tree intelligently from his bow, As he should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; But I could see the fiery tree of the young Cupid Quench'd in the inaugural meditation, without fantasy. Yet mark'd I where Cupid's bolt fell: He came across a small western flower, Before the white milk, now purple with the wound of love, And the young girls call it love in idleness. Get me that flower. the grass I shew'd you once: The juice of it on the sleeping eyelids laid will either man or the madly endowed On the next living creature he sees. Get me that weed. and be here again Ere the leviathan can swim in a league. PUCK I'm going to put a belt around the ground in forty minutes. Exit OBERON Having once this juice, I'll look at Titania when she sleeps, and I'll drop the liquor in her eyes. The next thing then she wakes up looks, Whether on the liquor in her eyes. The next thing then she wakes up looks, Whether on the liquor in her eyes. charm from his sight, As I can take it with another herb, I will make him return his page to me. But who's coming here? I am invisible; And I hear their lecture. Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, the next DEMETRIUS I don't love you, so don't chase me. Where is Lysander and hermia just? The one I kill, the other will kill me. You told me that they were stolen from this wood; And here I am, and wode in this wood, because I can't meet my Hermia. Therefore, you are gone, and do not follow me anymore. HELENA You attract me, you hard heart inflexible; But yet you do not draw iron, for my heart is true as steel: let yourself be able to draw, and I will not have the power to follow you. DEMETRIUS Do I attract you? Am I just talking to you? Or, rather, am I not in the simplest truth Tell you, I have not, nor can I love you? Helena And even for that, I love you: Use me, but as a spaniel, despise me, strike me, neglect me, lose me; Just give me the leave, unworthy that I am, to follow you. What better place can I beg in your love.-- And vet a place of great respect with me.-- What to be used as you use your dog? DEMETRIUS Doesn't try too much hatred of my mind: Because I'm sick when I look at you. Helena And I'm sick when I look at you. DEMETRIUS Doesn't try too much hatred of my mind: Because I'm sick when I look at you. of the one who does not love you; Trust on the occasion of the night and the bad advice of a desert place with the rich value of your virginity. HELENA Your virginity. HELENA Your virginity. HELENA Your virginity. HELENA Your virginity. that I am alone, When everyone is there to look at me? DEMETRIUS I'm going to run from you and hide in the brakes, and leave you at the mercy of the wild beasts. HELENA The wild beasts. HELENA The wild beasts is not a heart like you. Run whenever you want, the story will be changed: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the hunt; The dove pursues the griffin; the soft rear makes the speed to catch the tiger; speed without boots, When cowardice pursues and valiant flies. DEMETRIUS I will not remain your questions; let me go: Or, if you follow me, do not believe, but I will hurt you in the woods. HELENA Ay, in the temple, in the city, the field, you hurt me. Fie, Demetrius! Your wrongs do put a scandal on my sex: We can't fight love, as men can do; We should be wooden and were not made to woo. Exit DEMETRIUS I will follow you and I will make a paradise of hell, to die on the hand that I love so much. Exit OBERON Fare you well, nymph; before you leave this grove, you will make him fly and he will seek your love. Re-enter PUCK Hast you flower flower Welcome, yagabond, PUCK Ay here he is. OBERON Please give it to me. I know a bank where wild thyme blows, Where grow oxen and violet nodding, guite over-canopied with succulent woodbine. With sweet musky roses and with eglantine: He sleeps Titania sometimes from the night, Lull'd in these flowers with dances and pleasure; And there the snake throws his skin commencell'd, bad news wide enough to wrap a fairy in: And with the juice of what I will streak his eyes, and make it full of hateful fantasies. Take a little, and look through this grove: A sweet Athenian lady is in love with a dismissive youth: anointing her eyes; But do it when the next thing he marries can be the lady; you will know the man by the Athenian clothes he hath on. Effect with some care, that he can prove more fond on her than her on his love: And watch me meet me before the first crow. PUCK Fear not, my lord, your servant will. Scene execut II. Another part of the wood. Enter TITANIA, with his train TITANIA, with his train TITANIA come, now a roundel and a fairy song; Then, for the third part of a minute, so; Some to kill the cankers in the musk-pink buds, Some war with re-mouse for their leather wings, To make my little elves coats, and some keep back The clamor owl who boos every night and wonders To our picturesque minds. Sing me now asleep; Then to your offices and let me rest. Fairies sing You have spotted double-tongued snakes, thorny hedgehogs, don't be seen; Newts and blind worms, do no harm, Don't come near our fairy queen. Philomel, with melody Singing in our sweet lullaby, l near; Worm or snail, don't be offended. Philomel, with melody, and v. Fairy Hence, away! Now all is well: A stand away sent home. Fairies exeunt. TITANIA OBERON What do you worry about when you wake up dost, Do it for your true love take, Love and languish for him: Whether it's the ounce, or the cat, or the bear, Pard, or wild boar with spiky hair, In your eye that will appear When you wake up : Wake when a vile thing is near. Exit Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA LYSANDER and tarry for the comfort of the day. HERMIA So be it, Lysander: find yourself a bed; Because I'm pressing this bank. LYSANDER O, take the sweet sense of my innocence! Love takes on meaning in the conference of love. I mean, that my my to yours is knitted so that, but a heart we can make of it; Two breasts chained with an oath; So, two breasts and one troth. Then by your side no bedroom deny me; For lying, HERMIA Lysander puzzles very nicely; Now a lot of trouble with my manners and my pride, If Hermia meant Lysander lied. But, sweet friend, out of love and courtesy Lie further; in human modesty, such a separation as it may well be said becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid, until now being distant; and, good night, sweet friend: Your love does not change until your sweet end of life! LYSANDER Amen, amen, at this righteous prayer, tell me; And then end life when I finish loyalty! Here's my bed: sleep give you all his rest! HERMIA With half who want the wisher's eyes to be press'd! They're sleeping Enter PUCK PUCK Across the forest, I'm gone. But Athenian did not find that I did not, On the eyes of whom I could approve the strength of this flower by stirring love. Night and silence.--Who's here? The good of Athens that he does not wear: It is he, my master said, despised the good Athenian; And here's the girl, her asleep, on the damp and dirty ground. Nice soul! she hardt not lie Near this lack of love, this kill-courtesy. Churl, on your eyelid: So awake when I'm gone; Because I now owe It to Oberon. Exit Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running HELENA Stay, although you're killing me, sweet Demetrius. DEMETRIUS I charge you, therefore, and do not haunt me like that. HELENA O, wilting are you leaving me? don't do it. DEMETRIUS Stay, on your peril: I'll go alone. Exit HELENA O, I'm out of breath in this chase! The greater my prayer, the less my grace is. Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she finds herself; For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. How did his eyes come so bright? Not with tears of salt: If so, my eyes are often more wash'd than sier. No, no, I'm as ugly as a bear; For the beasts that meet me run away in fear: Therefore, no wonder if Demetrius Do, like a monster steal my presence as well. What nasty, mine-like glass made me compare with Hermia's spherical eyne? But who's here? Lysander! on the ground! Death? or asleep? I don't see any blood, I don't s that through your womb makes me see your heart. Where's Demetrius? O, how to adapt to a word Is that vile name to on my sword! HELENA Don't say it, Lysander; say not then What does he like your Hermia? What are you doing? Yet Hermia still loves you: so be content. LYSANDER Content with Hermia! No, that's not the case I repent of the tedious minutes I spent with her. Not Hermia but Helena I like: Who won't change a crow for a dove? Man's will is by his reason says you're the most valuable maid. The things that grow up are not ripe until their So me, being young, until now ripe not to reason; And now touching the point of human competence, reason becomes the marshal at my will and leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook love stories written in the richest book of love. HELENA That's why I was at this vivid mockery born? When did I deserve this contempt? Is not enough, young man, that I never, no, nor ever, deserve a gentle look from the eye of Demetrius, But you must flout my inadequacy? Good troth, you hurt me, good appease, you do it, in a disdainful way that I woo. But get away with it: perforce I must confess that I thought you lord of greater true sweetness. O, a lady, of a man refused. So you have to abuse someone else! Exit LYSANDER She doesn't see Hermia. Hermia, sleep there: And never mayst you come Lysander by! For as a surf of the sweetest things The deepest disgust to the stomach brings, Or as tie heresies that men do leave are hated most of those they deceived, So you, my surf and my heresy, Of all be hated, but the most of me! And, all my powers, speak to your love and could honor Helen and be her knight! Exit HERMIA [Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me! do your best to rip that crawling snake out of my chest! Ay me, for pity's sake! What a dream was here! Lysander, look as I tremble with fear: Metate, a snake gnawed at my heart, and you sit smiling at his cruel prayer. Lysander! What, removed? Lysander! Lord! What, apart from hearing? Party? no sound, no word? Alack, where do you speak, one if you hear; Talk about all the love! I almost faint with fear. No? then I see you all not close to death or you that I will find immediately. Exit ACTE III SCENE I. Wood. TITANIA asleep. Enter QUINCE, pat; and here's a wonderful convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot will be our scene, this hawthornbrake our tiring house; and we will do it in action as we will before the Duke. BACKGROUND Peter Quince, -- QUINCE What tells you the most, bully Bottom? BACKGROUND There are things in this comedy by Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; that the ladies can't respect. How do you respond to that? SNOUT By'r lakin, a parlous fear. STARVELING I think we need to put the murder aside when it's all over. BOTTOM Not a whit: I have a device to do everything right. Write me a prologue; and that the prologue seems to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for more assurance, tell them that Pyramus, I'm not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear. QUINCE Well, we will have such a prologue; and it will be written in eight and eight. SNOUT Won't the ladies be a lion's afeard? Lion? I'm afraid, I promise you. BOTTOM Masters, you should consider with yourself: to bring - God protect us!--a lion among the ladies, is a most terrible thing; for there is no wild poultry more fearful than your living lion; and we should turn to 't. SNOUT So another prologue must say that he is not a lion. BOTTOM Nay, you must name his name, and half of his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying, or at the same fault,-- Ladies, or Fair-ladies - I wish you, or I would ask you, or I would beg you,-- not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come here like a lion, it was a pity of my life: no, I am not such a thing; I am a man as other men are; and he actually let him name his name, and tell them clearly that he is Snug the carpenter. QUINCE Well, that will be the case. But there are two difficult things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a room; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet in the moonlight. SNOUT Doth the moonlight. SNOUT Doth the moonlight into a room; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet in the moonlight. Why, then can you leave a case of the large bedroom window, where we play, open, and the moon can shine in the case. QUINCE Ay; or you have to go in with a thorn bush and a lanthorn, and say that he comes to disfigure, or introduce, the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the big room; for Pyramus and Thisby told the story, do speak through the crack of a wall. SNOUT You can never bring a wall. What are you saying, Bottom? BACKGROUND A man or a little loam, or a little loam. this is the case, everything is fine. Come on, sit down, every mother's son, and repeat your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into this brake: and therefore each according to his signal. Enter PUCK behind PUCK What hemps do we swagger here, so close to the fairy queen's cradle? What, a room worm! I will be an auditor; An actor too, maybe, if I see the cause. QUINCE Speak, Pyramus. By the way, stick to it. BOTTOM -- sweet savors smells: So hath your breath, my dear Dear Thisby. But hark, a voice! stay you, but here for a while, And by and by I will appear to you. Exit PUCK A Pyramus that e'er played here. Exit FLUTE Should I speak now? QUINCE Ay, wife, should you; for you must understand that he is going, but to see a noise that he has heard, and is to come back. FLUTE Pyramus the most radiant, mostly white lilies of hue, Color like red rose on triumphant brier, The most brisky juvenal and eke eke Beautiful Jew, as true as the truest

horse that never tires yet, I will meet you, Pyramus, at Ninny's grave. Quince 'Ninus' falls, man: why, you must not speak that again; that you answer to Pyramus enter: your marker has passed; it is, Never get tired. FLUTE O,--Is true as the truest horse, yet never tire. Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with the head of a BAS ass If I were right, Thisby, I was just you. QUINCE O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, I will be, sometimes a dog, a pig, a headless bear, sometimes a fire; And sigh, and bark, and growl, and roar, and burn, Like horse, dog, pig, bear, fire, at every turn. Exit BOTTOM Why are they running away? it's a knavery of them to make me afeard. Re-enter SNOUT SNOUT O Bottom, you've changed! What do I see about you? BOTTOM What do you see? you see an asshead of your own, don't you? Exit SNOUT Re-enter QUINCE Bless the, Bottom! Bless you! You're translated. Exit BOTTOM I see their knavery: it's to make an ass of me; to frighten me, if they could. But I'm not going to stir from this place, do what they can: I'm going to go up and down here, and I'm going to sing, that they're going to hear, I'm not afraid. Sing The cock of ousel so black in hue, With the orange beak, The throstle with its note so true, The key with little spice,-- TITANIA [Awakening] What angel wakes me from my flower bed? BOTTOM [Sing] The finch, sparrow and lark, The grey cuckoo plain song, Whose note full of many marks doth man, And dare not answer no;-- for, indeed, who was lying his mind to such a stupid bird? who would give a bird a lie, though it cries cuckoo never so? TITANIA Please, sweet mortal, sing again: My ear is much in love with your note; Just like my eye captivated by your shape; And the strength of your virtue just makes me advance on the first sight to tell you, to swear, I love you. BOTTOM Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for this: and yet, to tell the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more it is a pity that some honest neighbors do not make friends. No, I can rejoice from time to time. TITANIA You're as wise as you are beautiful. BOTTOM Not so, neither: but if I had enough spirit to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve my own turn. TITANIA Out of this wood do not wish to go: You will stay whether you wilted or not. I am a spirit with no common rate; Summer doth still take care of my condition; And I love you: therefore, go with me; I will give you fairies to witness upon you, and they will fetch you jewels from the depths, and sing while you sleep on pressed flowers; And I will purge your mortal mortal so you'll be like a musty mind go. Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and MUSTARDSEED PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB and I. ALL Where will we go? TITANIA Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes; Feed it with appenrions and dews, purple grapes, green figs and blackberries; The bags of the burning worm, to have my love in bed and to get up; And pluck the wings of painted butterflies to fan the moon rays of his sleeping eyes: Nod to him, elves, and make him courtesys. PEASEBLOSSOM Hi, deadly! COBWEB Hail! MOTH Hi! Hail to THE MOUTARDE! FOND I mourn the mercy of your worship, with good heart: I beg the name of your worship. COBWEB spider web. BOTTOM I would like you to know more, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger off, I will be bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman? PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom. PLEASE, congratulate me on Mistress Squash, your mother, and Master Peaseblossom, I'll want you more knowledge too. Your name, I beg you, sir? MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed. BOTTOM Good Master Mustard, I know well your patience: this same cowardly, giant as hath beef devoured many of a gentleman of your house: I promise you that your kindred had made my eyes of water before now. I desire your knowledge, good Mustard Master. TITANIA Come, wait for him; lead him to my bower. The moon thinks me looks with a lay eye; And when she cries, weeps every little flower, lamenting a certain forced chastity. Attach the language of my love to bring it in silence. Scene exeunt II. Another part of the wood. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. Enter OBERON I wonder if Titania be awake; Then, what then came into her eye, which she must endow in the end. about this haunted grove? PUCK My mistress with a monster is in love. Near her close and consecrated bow, While she was in her dull and sleepy hour, A team of patches, coarse mechanics, working for bread on the Athenian stalls, were gathered to repeat a piece intended for the great Bridal Day of St. Esus. The shallowest thick skin of this sterile kind, Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake When I did it to this taking advantage, A nœur of the ace that I fixed on his head: Anon his Thisbe must be answered, And forward my imitation comes. When they spy on him, like wild geese the eye crawling fowler, Or rousst-pated choughs, many in nature, rising and cawing at the ratio of the gun, Sever themselves and madly sweeping the sky, So at his sight, away from his companions fly; And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er we fall; He murders the cries and thorns to their clothes to snatch; Some sleeves, a few hats, yields all catch. I led them into this distracted fear, and left sweet pyramus translated there: When at that moment it came to pass, Titania awakened and straight loved a jerk. OBERON This falls better than I could conceive. But have you not yet locked the eyes of the Athenian with the juice of love, as I do offer you to do? PUCK I took him to sleep,-- it's over too,-- And the Athenian woman by his side: That, when he woke up, by force, she must be looked at. Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS O, why reprimand the one who loves you so much? Blow so bitter on your bitter enemy. HERMIA Now I, but chives; but I should use you worse, for you, I fear, gave me no reason to curse, If you killed Lysander in his sleep, be o'er shoes in the blood, dive into the depths, and kill me too. The sun was not so true until the day he for me: would he have flown away from hermia's sleep? I will believe as soon as all this earth is bored and the moon can cross the central creep and displease his brother's noontide with antipodes. It may not be, but you don't murder'd him; A murderer should look so dead, so dark. DEMETRIUS So, if the murder looked, and I too, pierced by the heart with your severe cruelty: Yet, you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, As there Venus in her glittering sphere. HERMIA What is it for my Lysander? Where is he? Ah, good Demetrius, will you give it to me? DEMETRIUS I preferred to give his carcass to my dogs. HERMIA Out, dog! out, heart! you lead me beyond the limits of maiden's patience. You killed him? From now on, never be number one among men! O, once tell the truth, tell the truth, even for me! Durst, you look like you're awake, and you killed him in your sleep? O touch brave! Couldn't a worm, an adder, do the same? An adder did it; for with the double tongue you snake, never adder stung. DEMETRIUS An if I because I can say that. HERMIA Please tell me that he's fine. DEMETRIUS An if I could, what do I get so? HERMIA It's a privilege never to see me again. And from your hated presence part I so: Don't see me anymore, whether he's dead or not. Exit DEMETRIUS There is no following her in this ferocious vein: Here so for a while I will stay. Thus, the heaviness of doth pain heavy grow For the debt that doth sleep pain in bankruptcy must: Who now to some extent light, he will pay, If for his tender here, I make some stay. Go to bed and sleep OBERON What did you do? you made a mistake and put the love turn and not a true turn'd fake. PUCK Then fate o'er-rules, that, a man holding troth, A million fail, confuse oath on oath. OBERON About the wood go faster than the wind, And Helena of Athens look you will find: All sick fantasy, she is and pale with joy, With sighs of love, which costs expensive fresh blood: By an illusion you see bring her here: I will charm her eyes against her do seem. PUCK I'm going, I'm going; look how I'm doing, faster than the arrow of the Tartar bow. OberON Flower Exit of This Purple Dye, Hit by Cupid's archery, Sink in the apple of his eye. When his love, he doth espy, May she shine as gloriously as the Venus of heaven. When you wake up, if she's here, ask for her reparation. Re-enter PUCK PUCK Captain of our fairy group, Helena is here at hand; And young people, taken by me, pleading for a lover's fees. Will we see their contest background? Lord, what deceives these mortals! OBERON Step Away: The noise they make will wake Demetrius. PUCK Then will court two at a time; It must be sport alone; And these things do better please me than befal absurdly. Enter LYSANDER and HELENA LYSANDER Why should you think I should woo in contempt? Scorn and derision never come to tears: Look, when I swear, I cry; and the vows thus born, In their nativity all truth appears. How can these things in me seem contemptuous, bearing the insignia of faith, to prove them true? HELENA You're putting forward your cunning more and more. When the truth kills the truth, O evil-holy spawn! These vows are Hermia's: are you going to give her o'er? Weigh oath with oath, and you will weigh nothing: Your vows to her and to me, put in two scales, will even weigh, and both as light as the tales. LYSANDER I had no judgment when I swore to him. HELENA Nor anyone, in my mind, now you give her o'er. LYSANDER Demetrius loves him, and he doesn't like you. DEMETRIUS [Awakening] O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! What, my love, should I compare you eyne to? The crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in showing your lips, those cherries kisses, tempting to grow up! This pure white congealed, high snow taurus, Fann'd with the east wind, turns into a raven When you hold your hand: O, let me kiss This princess of pure white, this seal of happiness! HELENA O spite! O hell! I see that you are all bent to put you against me for your cheerfulness: If you are civil and knew courtesy, You would not hurt me so much. You can't hate me, like I know you do, but you have to join in the to make fun of me too? If you were men, as men you are performing, you would not use a sweet lady as well; Swearing, swearing and superpeding my parts, when I'm sure you hate me with your heart. You are both rivals, and love Hermia; And now the two rivals, to make fun of Helena: A feat trim, a manly enterprise, To evoke the tears in the eyes of a poor maid with your derision! no noble kind would therefore offend a and extort the patience of a poor soul, all to make you sports. LYSANDER You are wicked, Demetrius; Not to be so; For you love Hermia, I give you my share; And yours of Helen for me bequeath, Which I love and will do until my death. HELENA Never have the mockers lost a more idle breath. DEMETRIUS Lysander, keep your Hermia; I won't: If I loved him, all that love is gone. My heart for her, but as a guest-wise stay, And now Helen is back home one, He stays. Helen LYSANDER, that's not the case. DEMETRIUS Denigrating not the faith you do not know, from fear, to your perils, you are dear. Look, where your love comes from; there is your dear. Re-enter HERMIA HERMIA Dark Night, as the eye of its function takes, The ear faster of apprehension does; In which he doth harm the sense of seeing, He pays the double reward audience. You are not in my eyes, Lysander, found; My ear, I thank him, brought me to your sound But why did you leave me so badly? LYSANDER Why should it stay, who like doth press to go? HERMIA What love could Lysander press on my side? The love of LYSANDER Lysander, who would not let him bide, Just Helen, who engilds more at night than all the inflamed oes and eyes of light. Why are you looking for me? Couldn't he let you know, The hatred I carry you made me leave you as well? HERMIA You don't speak the way you think: it can't be. HELENA Lo is one of those confederations! Now I see that the three of them have you conspired, have you with these artificials to bait me with this filthy derision? Are all the advice we shared, the wishes of the sisters, the hours we spent, when we have the hasty time to separate,--O, is everything forgotten? All the friendship of school days, the innocence of childhood? We, Hermia, as two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both a flower, both on a sampler, sitting on a cushion, The two warbling of a song, both in a single key, As if our hands, our sides, voice and spirits, had been incorporated. So we grow up together, like a double cherry, seeming to separate, But still a union in the score; Two of the first, like coats in the heraldic, Due, but to one and crowned with a crest. And will you praise our old love, to join men in despising your poor friend? It is not friendly, 'tis not Our sex, as well as me, can ciseder you for it, although I do feel the wound. HERMIA I am amazed at your passionate words. I do not despise me. HELENA Didn't you put Lysander, as in contempt, to follow me and praise my eyes and my face? And made your other love, Demetrius, Who, even, but now do despise me with his foot, foot, call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare, precious, heavenly? Is that why he's telling her that by your understanding, by your consent? What did I think I'm not as graceful as you, so hooked with love, so lucky, but unhappy the most, to love unloved? This, you should pity rather than despise. HERNIE I don't understand what you mean by that. HELENA Ay, do, persevere, sad false looks, make mouths on me when I turn my back; Wink at each other; keep the joke sweet: This sport, well worn, must be chronic. If you have pity, grace or manners, you would not make such an argument to me. But to do well: It's partly my fault; What death or absence soon to remedy. LYSANDER Stay, sweet Helena; hear my excuse: My love, my life my soul, just Helena! HELENA O excellent! HERMIA Sweet, don't despise her like that. DEMETRIUS If she can't make the request, I can force her. LYSANDER You cannot force more than she asks: Your threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. Helen, I love you: by my life, I do it: I swear by what I will lose for you, to prove it false which says I do not love you. DEMETRIUS I say I love you more than he can. LYSANDER If you say so, step aside, and prove it too. DEMEtrius Rapide, come! HERMIA Lysander, where does all this work? LYSANDER Away, you Ethiope! DEMETRIUS No, no; It will [] seem to come off; take as you would, But do not come: you are a tame man, come on! LYSANDER Hang on, cat, smudge! vile thing, let go, or I'll shake you out of me like a snake! HERMIA Why did you get so rude? what change is that? Sweet love,--LYSANDER Your love! outside, tawny tartare, out! Outside, medicine hated! hated potion, then! HERMIA Aren't you kidding me? HELENA Yes, soothe; And so are you. LYSANDER Demetrius, I'll keep your word. DEMETRIUS I would have had your connection, because I perceive a weak link holds you: I will not trust your word. LYSANDER What, should I hurt her, hit her, kill her dead? Although I hate her, I won't hurt her. HERMIA What, can you hurt me more than hate? I hate myself! That's why? Oh me! what news, my love! I'm not Hermia? Aren't you have left me - O, the gods forbid!-- For good, must I say? LYSANDER Ay, by my life; And I never wanted to see you anymore. Therefore, be out of hope, question, doubt; Be certain, More true; It's not a joke that I hate you and love? HELENA Fine, I have faith! Don't you have modesty, no girl shame, no touch of bashfulness? What, are you going to snatch impatient answers from my sweet tongue? Fie, fie! You're puppet you, you! HERMIA Puppet? Why then? ay, that way the game goes. Now I perceive that she has made us compare our statures; she urged her size; And with her character, her great character, her size, her loss, she wins with him. And have you become so high in his esteem; Because I'm so dwarf and so low? How low am I, you painted maypole? Talking How low am I? I'm not that my nails can reach to thin eyes. HELENA I beg you, even though you make fun of me, gentlemen, that she does not hurt me: I have never been cursted; I have no gift at all in insight; I'm good just for my cowardice: Let her not hit me. Perhaps you can think, because it is something lower than me, that I can match it. HERMIA Lower! hark, again. HELENA Good Hermia, don't be so bitter with me. I always loved you, Hermia, never keep your advice, never hurt you; Save that, demetrius lover, I told him about your stealth on that wood. He was following you; out of love, I am'd him; But he gave me where and threatened to hit me, to despise me, no, to kill me too: And now, so that you may let me go quietly, to Athens, I will bear my madness and I will not follow you further: let me go: You see how simple and fond I am. HERMIA Why, make you leave: who doesn't you mind? HELENA A senseless heart, which I leave here behind me. HERMIA What, with Lysander? HELENA With Demetrius. LYSANDER Don't be afraid; She won't, although you're doing her part. HELENA O, when she's angry, she's lively and astute! She was a vixen when she went to school; And although it is only small, it is fierce. HERMIA 'Little' again! nothing but weak and small! Why are you going to make her suffer to smear me like that? Let me come and see her. LYSANDER Get away, you dwarf; You minimus, hinder knot-grass made; Pearl, acorn. DEMETRIUS You are too unofficial in his name who despises your services. Leave her alone: don't talk about Helen; Don't take your share; for if you intend never to show him so little love, you will have him. LYSANDER Now she doesn't hold me; Now follow, if you dare, to try whose right, From you or mine, is the most to Helena. DEMETRIUS Follow! No, I'll go with you, play by jole. Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS HERMIA You, mistress, all this reel is long of you: No, do not back down. HELENA I won't trust you, nor stay longer in your most curly company. Your hands that mine are faster for a scrum, my legs longer, however, to escape. Exit HERMIA I'm amazed, and don't know what to say. Exit OBERON It's your negligence: always you're wrong, if not committ your knaveries voluntarily. PUCK Believe me, king of shadows, I have confused. Didn't you tell me that I should know man through Athenian; And so far, I'm glad that this is the case Like this jangling them I consider a sport. OBERON You see these lovers looking for a place to fight: Hie so, Robin, covered at night; The starry cover of welkin anon you with the fog falling as black as Acheron, and lead these testy rivals so misplaced that one do not come in the way of another. As in Lysander sometimes frame your tongue, then stir Demetrius with bitter wrong; And sometimes you love Demetrius; And on the other look at them lead them as well, until o'er their eyebrows dead-counterfeit sleep with lead legs and wings batty doth creep: Then crush this grass into Lysander's eye; Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, To take from there any error of its power, and roll his eyeballs with a earned view. When they wake up, all this derision will seem a dream and an unsuccessful vision, and back to Athens will be wend lovers, With the league whose date until death will never end. While I in this matter do employ you, I go to my queen and beg her Indian boy; And then I'll his charmed eye free from the sight of the monster, and all things will be peace. PUCK My fairy lord, this must be done in a hurry, For the fast dragons of the night cut the clouds full quickly, And there shines aurora's harbinger; Approaching that, ghosts, wandering here and there, Troop at the house of cemeteries: damned spirits all, That in the passages and floods have burial, Already to their wormed beds are gone; Lest the day watch their shames, they voluntarily exile themselves from the light and must for aye consort with blackbrow'd'night. OBERON But we are spirits of another kind: me with morning love have often done sport, And, as a forester, the groves can walk, Even up to the oriental door, all fiery red, Opening on Neptune with just blessed beams, Turns into yellow gold its salt green streams. But, notwithstanding, haste; not long: We can carry out this business again th day. Exit PUCK From top to bottom, from top to bottom, I will drive them up and down: I fear that in the field and the city: Goblin, drive them up and down. Here's one. Re-enter LYSANDER LYSANDER I'll be with you straight. PUCK Follow me, then, for clearer ground. Exit LYSANDER, as a result of the voice Re-enter DEMETRIUS DEMETRIUS DEMETRIUS DEMETRIUS beak again: You run away, coward, art you ran away? Talk! In a bush? Where are you hiding your head? PUCK You let go, you brag about the stars, you tell the bushes that you're watching for wars, and you're not coming? Come on, and you're not coming? Come on, and you're watching for wars, and you're not coming? Come on, and you're not coming? recreating; Come, your child; I'm going to whip you with cane: it is soiled that draws a sword on you. DEMETRIUS yes, art you out there? PUCK Follow my voice: we will not try manhood here. Exeunt Re-enter LYSANDER He goes before me and dares me again: When I come where he calls, then he's gone. The villain is much lighter-heel'd than me: I'm'd'd but faster it does fly; What has fallen am I unevenly and dark, and here will rest. Lies down Come, you're sweet day! For if you show me your grey light, I will find Demetrius and I will take revenge for this spite. Sleeps Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS PUCK Ho, ho, ho! Let go, why didn't you come? DEMETRIUS Respect me, if you dare; for good, I wot Thou runn'st in front of me, moving each place, and dare not stand or look me in the face. Where are you now? PUCK Come here: I'm here. DEMETRIUS Nay, then, you're making fun of me. You'll buy this dear, if I ever see you in the light of day: Now go by you. Fainting compels me to measure my length on this cold bed. As the day approaches seem to be visited. Sleeps Re-enter HELENA HELENA O weary night, O long and tedious night, Abate thy hour! Shine comfort of the East, May I return to Athens by daylight, From these that my poor company hates: And sleep, which sometimes closes the eye of pain, Steal some time from my own company. Lies down and sleeps PUCK Yet, but three? Come one more; Two of the two types make up four. Here she is, curse and sad: Cupid is a knavish boy, so to drive the poor females crazy. Re-enter HERMIA HERMIA Never so in misfortune, Bedabbled with dew and torn with briers, I can no longer crawl, no further; My legs can't keep up with my desires. I'll rest until the end of the day. Sky shield Lysander, if they mean a melee! Lies down and sleeps PUCK On the floor Sleep her: I will apply to your eye, sweet lover, remedy. Squeeze the juice on the eyes of LYSANDER When you wake up, You take true pleasure In the sight of the eye of your old lady: And the proverb of the known country, Let every man take his, In your awakening will be shown: Jack will have Jill; Nought will get sick; The man will have his mare again, and everything is fine. Exit ACT IV SCENE I. Same thing. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA and HERMIA asleep. Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other fairies present; OBERON behind invisible titania Come, sit on this flowery bed, While I your kind cheeks do coy, and stick musk-roses in your smooth elegant head, and kiss your big just ears, my sweet joy. BAS Where is Peaseblossom head. Where is Peaseblossom? PEASEBLOSSOM ready. BOTTOM Scratch my peaseblossom? PEASEBLOSSOM ready. weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on top of a thistle; and, good mossieur, bring me the bag of honey not; I to be overflowed with a bag of honey, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed? Mustard ready. BAS Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur. MUSTARDSEED What is is Will, is that you? BOTTOM Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb scratch. I have to go to the barbershop, sir; for me think I'm wonderful hairy on the face; and I'm such a bad thing in mind, if my hair doesn't tickle me, I have to scratch. TITANIA What, you hear music, sweet love? BOTTOM I have a good, reasonable ear for music. Let's take the pliers and the bones. TITANIA Or say, sweet love, what you want to eat. BOTTOM Truly, a peak of provender: I could nibble on your good dry oats. Me think I have a great desire for a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow. TITANIA I have a venturean fairy who will look for hoarding the squirrel, and will look for you new nuts. BOTTOM I had a handful or two of dry peas. But, please, let none of your people emow me: I have a sleep exposure on me. TITANIA Sleep thou, and I'm going to wind you up in my arms. Fairies, begone, and be at every path. Fairies exeunt So doth the woodbine the soft honeysuckle gently entwist; the female ivy thus encloses the barky fingers of the elm. O, how I love you! how I endow on you! They sleep Enter PUCK OBERON [Advancing] Welcome, good Robin. See that sweet show? Her dotting now I begin to feel sorry for: For, meeting her from the end behind the wood, seeking sweet favors from this hateful fool, I do abrading her and falling with her; For she her hairy temples had then rounded with a crown of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds was the urge to swell like round and oriented pearls, now stood in the eyes of pretty florets Like tears that made their own disgraced bewail. When I had to my delight mocked and she in gentle terms begged my patience, I then asked her changing child; What she gave me, and her fairy sent him to wear it to my bower in fairy land. And now that I have the boy, I will undo this hateful imperfection of his eyes: And, sweet Puck, take this transformed scalp from the head of this Athenian swain; That, he awoke when the other do, that all in Athens to repair and no longer think of the accidents of that night, but as the ferocious vexation of a dream. But first I'm going to free the fairy queen. Be as you don't have the heart to see: Dian's bud o'er Cupid hath flower such strength and blessed power. Now my Titania; Wake up, my sweet queen. TITANIA My Oberon! What visions have I seen! I thought I was in love with an ass. OBERON There's your love. TITANIA How did these things happen? O, how my eyes hate his face now! OBERON Silence for a while. Robin, take that head off. Titania, music call and knock more death than the common sleep of all these five senses. TITANIA Music, ho! music, like sleep charmth! Music, always PUCK Now, when you wake up, with the eyes of the fool yourself peep. OBERON Sound, music! Come on, my queen, take the hand with me, and tomorrow midnight dance solemnly in the house of Duke Theseus triumphantly, and bless him to all righteous prosperity: There will be pairs of faithful lovers married, with Theseus, all in joy. PUCK Fairy King, attend, and mark: I hear the morning lark. OBERON Then, my queen, in sad silence, travel us after the shadow of the night: We the globe can soon compass, faster than the wandering moon. TITANIA Come, my lord, and in our flight Tell me how it came that night that I sleep here was found with these mortals on the ground. Horns exeunt meandered into Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and form THESEUS, one of you, discover the forester; For now, our observation is perform'd; And since we have the vaward of the day, My love will hear the music of my dogs. Decouple in the Western Valley; let them go: Hurry, I say, and find the forester. Exit an attendant We go, just queen, to the top of the mountain, and mark the musical confusion of the dogs and echo in conjunction. HIPPOLYTA I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear with dogs of Sparta: never have I heard such gallant chatter: for, besides the groves, the sky, the fountains, every region near Seem'd of all a mutual cry: I have never heard such a musical discord, such a gentle thunder. THESEUS My dogs are bred from the spartan genus, So stolen, if sanded, and their heads are suspended with ears that sweep the morning dew; Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd as the thessalian bulls; Slow in pursuit, but match'd in the mouth like bells, each under each. A more melodious cry has never been holla'd, nor cheer'd with horn, in Crete, sparta, nor in Thessaly: Judge when you hear. But, sweet! What nymphs are they? EGEUS My lord is my sleeping daughter here; And this, Lysander; what Demetrius is; This Helena, helena of old Nedar: I wonder to be here together. THESEUS No doubt they got up early to observe the rite of May, and upon hearing our intention, came here in grace our solemnity. But speak, Egeus; Isn't this the day When Hermia should give an answer to her choice? EGEUS Is my lord. THESEUS Go, offer hunters to wake them up with their horns. Horns and scream inside. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA and HERMIA wake up and start Hello, my friends. Valentine's Day is past: Start these wooden birds, but to couple now? LYSANDER Sorry, my lord. THESEUS Please all, stand up. I know you are rival enemies: How is this sweet concord in the world, That hatred is so far from jealousy, Sleep by the and fear no enmity? LYSANDER My lord, I will respond with astonished amazement, half-sleep, half-wake: but for now, I swear, I can't really say how I came here; But, as I think,--for really would I like to speak, And now do I think, so it is,-- I came with Hermia here; our intention was to have left Athens, where we could, Without the peril peril Athenian law. EGEUS Enough, enough, my lord; you have had enough: I pray the law, the law, on his head. They would have, Demetrius, thus defeated you and I, you of your wife and I of my consent, of my consent, of my consent, of my consent, there follow them, Fair Helena in fantasy follow me. But, my god, I have not wavered by what power,-- But by a certain power is,-- my love for Hermia, melted like snow, now seems to me like the memory of a idle gaud who, in my childhood, I do not endow on; And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, the object and the pleasure of my eye, is only Helen. For her, my lord, have I been engaged and I have seen Hermia: But, as in sickness, did I hate this food; But, as in health, come to my natural taste, Now I wish, love, desire, and will forever be faithful to it. These lovers of the Fair, you are happily met: From this speech, we will hear more anon. Egeus, I will over-arms your will; For in the temple by and by with us These couples will be eternally knitted: And, for the morning is now something carried, Our butted hunt will be set aside. Away from us in Athens; three and three, we will organize a party in great solemnity. Come on, Hippolyte. Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and form DEMETRIUS These things seem small and indistinguishable, HERMIA Methinks I see these things with one eye separate, When everything seems double. Helena So thinks to me: And I found Demetrius as a jewel, mine clean, not mine clean. Den't you think the duke was there, and tell us to follow him? HERMIA yes; and my father. HELENA and Hippolyte. LYSANDER And he asked us to follow the temple. DEMETRIUS Why, then, we are awake: follow it and besides we will tell our dreams. Exeunt BOTTOM [Awakening] When my signal comes, call me, and I will answer: my neighbor is, Pyramus the fairest. Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, bellows-mender! Snout, the handyman! Starveling! God is my life, stolen therefore, and left me asleep! I've had a rare vision. I had a dream, past the mind of man to say what a dream he was: man is only an ace, if he will expose this dream. Methought I,--s and I thought I had. The man's eye was not heard, the man's ear was not seen, the man's hand is not capable of his language to conceive, nor his heart to report, what was my dream. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it will be called Bottom's Dream, because it has no background; and I'm going to sing it at the last end of a play, in front of the Duke: peradventure, to make it the most I'll sing it when he dies. Exit SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE's house. Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT and STARVELING QUINCE This is not going forward, doth it? QUINCE This is not going forward, doth it? QUINCE This is not possible: you do not have a man in all Athens capable of unloading Pyramus, but him. FLUTE No, he simply has the best spirit of any craftsman in Athens. QUINCE yes and the best person too; and it is a very paramour for a soft voice. FLUTE You must say paragon, a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nothing. Enter SNUG masters, the duke comes from the temple, and there are two or three more married lords and ladies: if our sport had progressed, we had all been made men. FLUTE O sweet bully background! Thus, he lost six pence a day to play Pyramus, I shall be hanged; he would have deserved it: six pence a day at Pyramus, or nothing. Enter BOTTOM BOTTOM BOTTOM Masters, I'm at wonderful speeches: but don't ask me what; for if I tell you, I am not a true Athenian. I'll tell you everything, how he fell. QUINCE Listen, sweet Bottom. BOTTOM Not a word from me. All I'm going to tell you is that the Duke has had dinner. Gather your clothes, good strings to your peards, new ribbons to your peards, new ribbons to your beards, new one who plays the lion match his nails, for they will hang out for the claws of the lion. And, most expensive actors, do not eat onions or garlic, for we must pronounce a sweet breath; and I have no doubt, but to hear them say, it's a sweet comedy. No more words: away! Exeunt ACT V SCNE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS. Enter THEESE, HIPPOLYTE, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and HippoLYTA 'Tis strange my Theseus, as these lovers speak. THESEUS Stranger than true: I can never believe these ancient fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and lunatics have such bubbling brains, such training fantasies, which apprehend more than the cool reason ever understood. The madman, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact: We see more devils than the vast hell can hold, that is, the madman: the lover, just as frantic, Sees the beauty of Helen in a front of Egypt: The eye of the poet, in the fine frenzy rolling, Doth from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And as the imagination goes The forms of unknown things, the poet's pen transforms them into shapes and gives nothing aviable A local dwelling and a name. Such stuff hath strong imagination, that if it would, but but a little joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposedly a bear! HIPPOLYTA But the whole story of the night told, And all their minds transfigured so together, More witness than the images of fantasy and develops to something of great constancy; But, be it, strange and admirable. THESEUS Here are the lovers, full of joy and new days of love accompany your hearts! LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA and HELENA Joy, sweet friends! joy and new days of love accompany your hearts! LYSANDER More than for us Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed! THESEUS Come Now; what masks, what dances will we have, to wear this long age of three hours between our after-dinner and bedtime? Where's our usual cheerful manager? Which revelers are in hand? Is there no game, to relieve the anguish of an hour of torture? Call Philostrate. PHILOSTRATE Here, powerful Theseus. THESEUS Say, what abbreviation do you have for tonight? What mask? What music? How are we going to seduce lazy time, if not with a little fun? PHILOSTRATE There are a few sports that are mature: choose what your Highté will see first. Give an article THESEUS [Reads] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung by an Athenian eunuch on the harp. We are not going any of this: who did I say to my love, In the glory of my parent Hercules. It reads The riot of the tipsy bacchanals, tearing the Thracian singer into their rage. It's an old device; and it was play'd When I came from Thebes came last a conqueror. The three muses mourning the death of learning, who died late to beg, read. It's satire, lively and critical, not sorting with a bridal ceremony. Reads A brief tedious scene of the young Pyramus and his love Thisbe; very tragic joy. Happy and tragic! tedious and brief! That is, warm ice and wonderful and strange snow. How will we find the agreement of this discord? PHILOSTRATE A room there are, my lord, a dozen 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 the whole room there is not an appropriate word, a player equipped: And tragic, my noble lord, it is; Because Pyramus is silent. Which, when I saw repeated, I must confess, made my eyes from the water; but more joyful tears The passion for strong laughter has never poured. THESEUS What are they playing? PHILOSTRATE The hard-working people who work in Athens here, who have never worked in their minds until now, and who now have their memories without race with this same piece, against your bridal. And we will hear it. PHILOSTRATE No, my noble lord; This is not for you: I have heard it more, And it is nothing, nothing in the world; Unless you can find the sport in their intentions, Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, To do you a favor. THESEUS I'm going to bring them in and take your place, ladies. Exit PHILOSTRATE HIPPOLYTA I like not to see the misery o'er charged and duty in his service perish. THESEUS Why, sweet sweet, you will not see such a thing. HIPPOLYTA He says they can't do anything like that. THESEUS The nicest we can, to give them thanks for nothing. Our sport will be to take what they confuse: And this poor duty can not do, noble respect takes in power, not merit. Where I came, great clerks were intended to greet me with premeditated welcome; Where I saw them shivering and looking pale, making periods in the middle of sentences, strangling their accent practiced in their fears And in conclusion, stupidly detached, not paying me a welcome. Believe me, sweet, From this silence again I pick'd a welcome; And in the modesty of the duty of fear, I read as much as the rattling tongue of saucy and bold eloquence. Love, therefore, and simplicity related to language In the least speak the most, to my ability. Re-enter PHILOSTRATE PHILOSTRATE So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd. THESEUS Let him get close. Trumpet flowers Enter QUINCE for 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, this is the real beginning of our end. Consider then we come, but in spite. We also do not come the mind to challenge you, Our true intention is. All this for your enjoyment We are not here. Whether you repent here, the actors are at hand and through their show you will know everything you are as if to know. THESEUS This man do not stand on points. LYSANDER He cleared his prologue like a rough foal; he doesn't know the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak truth. HIPPOLYTA Indeed, he played on his prologue as a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government. THESEUS His speech, was like a tangled chain; nothing altered, but all disorderly. Who's next? Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion Prologue Gentles, by chance you wonder about this show; But marvel, until the truth makes everything clear. This man is Pyramus, if you know it; This beautiful lady Thisby is certain. This man, with lime and rough cast, doth present Wall, that vile wall that made these lovers whiten; And through Wall's slot, poor souls, they just whisper. To which no man wonders. This man, with lanthorn, dog, and thorn bush, Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you know, by moonshine these lovers do not think of contempt For meet at Ninus' grave, there, there to woo. This macabre beast, which Lion hight by its name, The trusty Thisby, coming first at night, did frighten, or rather affright; And, as she fled, her coat, she fell, what a vile Lion with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes Pyramus, sweet young and tall, and finds his coat of Thisby worthy killed: with the blade, with bloody blade blame, He bravely approach'd is boiling bloody breast; And Thisby, tarring in the shade of the mulberry, His dagger shot, and died. For everything else, Que Lion, Moonshine THESEUS I wonder if the lion should speak. DEMETRIUS No wonder, my lord: a lion can, when many asses do. Wall In this same interlude, it doth happen that I, a snout by its name, present a wall; And such a wall, as I would make you think, which had in it a crannied hole or crack, through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, often whisper very secretly. This loam, this rough moulding and this stone doth show that I am that same wall; the truth is so: And it is the cranny is, just and sinister, through which fearful lovers are whispering. THESEUS Do you want lime and hair to speak better? DEMETRIUS This is the most spiritual score I have ever heard the speech, my lord. Enter Pyramus THESEUS Pyramus approaches the wall: silence! Pyramus O grim-look'd night! O night with such a black hue! O night, which never art when the day is not! O night, O night! alack, what do I see? No, I see that. O nasty wall, through which I see no happiness! Curse be your stones to deceive me like this! THESEUS The wall, through which I see, it will fall pat as I told you. She's coming over there. Enter Thisbe O wall, full often hast you've heard my moans, To separate my just pyramus and me! My cherry lips often kiss'd your stones, your stones, your stones, your stones, you're art, my love I art think. Pyramus Think of what you wither, I am the grace of your lover; And, like Limander, am I still confident. And I love Helen, until Fates kill me. Pyramus O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall! It's that I kiss the hole in the wall, not your lips at all. Pyramus thou at Ninny's grave meet me right away? Thisbe 'Tide life, death tide, I come without delay. Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe Wall So, Wall, my share unloaded as well; And, being done, so Wall far doth go. Exit THESEUS Now is the mural between the two neighbors. DEMETRIUS No cure, my lord, when walls are so willing to hear without HIPPOLYTA This is the stupidest thing I've ever heard. THESEUS The best in this genre are just shadows; and the worst is not worse, if the imagination fines them than themselves, they can pass for excellent men. Here are two noble beasts, a man and a lion. Enter Lion and Moonshine Lion You, ladies, you, whose sweet hearts do fear The smallest monstrous mouse that crawls on the ground, May now by chance both tremble and tremble here, When rough lion in the wildest rage doth roaring. So know that I, a Snug the carpenter, I am a lion-fallen, nor does it have any lion dam; For, if I have as a lion come into conflict in this place, twere pity on my life. THESEUS A very gentle beast, of good conscience. DEMETRIUS The best to a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw. LYSANDER This discretion. DEMETRIUS Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot bear his discretion; and the fox carries the goose. THESEUS His discretion, I am sure, cannot bear his valour; because the goose does not carry the fox. That's good: let's leave it at its discretion, and listen to the moon. Moonshine This lanthorn doth the moon presents;-- DEMETRIUS He should have worn the horns on his head. THESEUS It is not a crescent, and its horns are invisible in circumference. Moonshine This lanthorn doth the moon presents; Myself the man I' the moon does seem to be. THESEUS This is the biggest mistake of everything else: man must be put in the lanthorn. How is it that this is the moon? DEMETRIUS He dare not come there for the candle; for, you see, he is already in snuff. HIPPOLYTA I'm aweary from this moon: would it change! THESEUS It seems, by its small light of discretion, that it is in decline; but yet, with courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time. LYSANDER Proceed, Moon. Moonshine All I have to say is that the lanthorn; this thorny, my bush of thorns; and that dog, my dog. DEMETRIUS Why, all this should be in the lanthorn; because all of these are in the moon. But, silence! This is Thisbe. Enter Thisbe Thisbe Thisbe Thisbe Thisbe Thisbe is the grave of old Ninny. Where's my love? Lion [Rugissant] Oh -- Thisbe runs away from DEMETRIUS Well roared, Lion. THESEUS Well run, Thisbe. Hippolyta Well shone, Moon. Really, the moon shines with good grace. The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and pulls out theseus well mouse, Lion. LYSANDER And so the lion is gone. DEMETRIUS And then came Pyramus. Enter Pyramus Sweet Moon, thank you for your graceful, golden and twinkling gleams, I trust in thisby's truest sight. But Stay, O spite! But Mark, poor knight, what a terrible dole is here! Eyes, you know? How is that possible? O delicate duck! Delicate! Expensive! Your coat is good, what, stain with blood! Approach, you Furies fell! O Fates, come, come, come, come, come, come, and the thrum; Quail, crush, conclude and repress! THESEUS This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would almost make a man sad. HIPPOLYTA Beshrew my heart, but I feel sorry for the man. Pyramus O that's why, nature, didst thou lions frame? Since vile lion hath here deflower'd my dear: Who is - no, no - who was the most just lady who loved, who l could still recover, and prove an ass. HIPPOLYTA How lucky moonshine left before Thisbe returns and finds her lover? THESEUS She will find it in the light of the stars. There she is; and his passion ends the play. Re-enter Thisbe HIPPOLYTA Methinks she shouldn't use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope it will be brief. DEMETRIUS A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, who Thisbe, is the best; him for a man, God justifies us; her for a woman, God bless us. LYSANDER She has already spied on him with those soft eyes. DEMETRIUS And so she means, videlicet:-- Thisbe Sleeping, my love? What, dead, my dove? O Pyramus, get up! Talk, talk. Is that stupid? Dead, dead? A grave should cover your soft eyes. These lips, This cherry nose, These yellow cheeks of, are gone, have disappeared: Lovers, make moan: His eyes were green as leeks. Sisters Three, Come, sword of trust; Come, blade, my chest imbrue: Stabs himself and, farewell, friends; Thus it ends: Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell. Dies THESEUS Moonshine and Lion are allowed to bury the dead. DEMETRIUS Ay, and Wall too. BOTTOM [Start]No insurance; The wall is downstairs that separated their fathers. Will you like to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our companies? THESEUS No epilogue, please; for your game does not need an excuse. Never apologize; because when the players are all dead, there is no need to be blamed. Marry you, if he had this brief, he had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, that been a beautiful tragedy: and so, really; and very particularly unloaded. But come, your Bergomask: leave your epilogue alone. A dance The iron tongue of midnight says twelve: Lovers, in bed; It's almost fairy time. I'm afraid we'll over-sleep the morn coming as much as we have overwatch'd tonight. This palpable-gross-gross hath well seduces The heavy gait of the night. Dear friends, in bed. Fifteen days hold us this solemnity, In the nocturnal festivities and the new jollity. Exeunt Enter PUCK PUCK Now, the hungry lion roars, and the wolf outsmarts the moon; While the owl-cry, howling loudly, puts the wretched who finds itself in misfortune In memory of a shroud. Now is the time of the night That the tombs all gaping wide, Each lets out his sprite, In the paths to the church to slide: And we fairies, who do run by the team of triple Hecate, From the presence of the sun, After the darkness as a dream, Now are frolicked: not a mouse will disturb this house hallow'd: I am sent with broom before broom before to sum by the team of triple Hecate, From the presence of the sun, After the darkness as a dream, Now are frolicked: not a mouse will disturb this house hallow'd: I am sent with broom before broom before to sum by the team of triple Hecate, From the presence of the sun, After the darkness as a dream, Now are frolicked: not a mouse will disturb this house hallow'd: I am sent with broom before broom before to sum by the team of triple Hecate, From the presence of the sun, After the darkness as a dream, Now are frolicked: not a mouse will disturb this house hallow'd: I am sent with broom before broom before to sum by the team of triple Hecate, From the presence of the sun of triple Hecate, Fr OBERON and TITANIA with their OBERON train Through the house give the light gathering, By the dead and drowsy fire: Each elf and fairy sprite Hop as light as the brier bird; And this plot, after me, sings, and bless this place. Singing and dancing OBERON Now, until the break of the day, Through this house every wandering fairy. To the best wife's bed will be lucky. So all three couples never true in love to be; And the stains of Nature's hand will not be in their question stand; Never taupe, hare lip, nor scar, Nor prodigious mark, as are despised in the nativity, Will be on their children be. With this consecration of field dew, each fairy takes her step; And the owner of it blest never in a safe place to rest. Travel away; Don't stay See you all at the break. Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and form PUCK If we shadows have offended, think but this, and everything is repair, What you have, but sleep here While these visions do seem. And this weak and idle theme, No longer yielding, but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehension: if you forgive, we will repair: And, as I am an honest puck, If we have the undeserved chance Now of landscape of the tongue of the serpent, We will make amends long ere; Else the Puck a lying call; So, good night to all of you. Give me your hands, if we're friends, and Robin will re-apologize.

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