

Side 1 (HERMIA, HELENA)

Hermia. God speed fair Helena! Going away?

Helena. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Hermia. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Helena. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Hermia. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Helena. I wish my prayers alone made me his dove!

Hermia. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Helena. The more I love, the more does he hate me.

Hermia. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

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

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

Side 2 (EGEUS, THESEUS)

Egeus. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
This man Lysander filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
If here and now before your grace she will not
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to Demetrius
Or to her death according to our law.
Immediately provided, in that case.

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

Side 3 (QUINCE, BOTTOM)

Bottom. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom.

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

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself. For love.

Bottom. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms. To the rest. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant:

The raging rocks

And shivering shocks

Shall break the locks

Of prison gates;

And Phibbus' car

Shall shine from far

And make and mar

The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players.

Side 4 (OBERON, TITANIA)

Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

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

Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I your lord?

Titania. Then I must be your lady: but I know
When you have stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Cupid sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous farmgirls. Why are you here,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Oberon. How can you mock me with shame, Titania,
For merely glancing at Hippolyta,
Knowing I know your love to Theseus?
Did you not lead him through the glimmering night
Away from Perigenia, whom he loved?
And make him break faith with Ariadne?

Titania. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with your brawls you have disturb'd our sport.

Side 5 (DEMETRIUS, HELENA)

Demetrius. I love you not, therefore pursue me not.
Go, get you gone, and follow me no more.

Helena. You draw me, you cruel hearted magnet;
But yet I am not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: you leave your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

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

Helena. Contempt will make me love you even more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Step on me, bruise me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What other place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Demetrius. You should not tempt the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on you.

Helena. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Side 6 (TITANIA, BOTTOM)

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

Bottom. [Sings]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man does mark,
And dares not answer nay;—
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird?

Titania. I pray you, gentle mortal, sing again:
My ear is much enamour'd of your note;
So is my eye enthralled to your shape;
And your fair virtue's force perforce does move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love you.

Bottom. I think, mistress, you should have little reason
for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and
love keep little company together now-a-days.

Titania. you are as wise as you are beautiful.

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

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
you shall remain here, whether you will or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still does tend upon my state;
And I do love you: therefore, let me woo;
I'll give you fairies to attend on you.

Side 7 (FAIRY, PUCK)

Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
That sometimes wilts the fruit of every farm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Steals milk from housewives, who call you sweet Puck?
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. you speak aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I jab
And down her wagging chin I pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'traitor!' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole choir hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and tease and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Side 8 (HELENA)

Helena. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me this much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a maiden, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make your sport.

Side 9 (BOTTOM)

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

Side 10 (FLUTE)

Flute. [as Thisbe] Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These My lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
[Stabs herself]
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Side 11 (LYSANDER, HERMIA)

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

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

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

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

Lysander. O, understand, sweetheart, my innocence!
Our love will translate in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So in two hearts, one love will live in both.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Hermia. Lysander riddles very prettily:
The heavens curse my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

Side 12 (OBERON)

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.