

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

1. Introductory Note

So, ladies and gentlemen, four young people are in love. So far so good. But **not** with each other. Very sad. [couples do panto left & right] Ds wants Hr, but she loves Ls. And Ls loves her. Ecstasy and happiness! — No love for Ds? Oh, Helena loves Ds. — And does Ds love Helena? No, he doesn't. — Misery!

This play shows you how to turn unhappiness into happiness. Would you be possibly interested in love and love's labour? — I thought so. Right now. What we need is a flower. This one. One single drop from it on a sleeper's eye will make him or her love **madly** whoever he or she sees first after waking up. — See for yourselves.

2. Act I, Sc 2 Athens. QUINCE's house. (Qc Bt Ft Sg)

- Qc** Is all our company here?
Bt You were best to call them, man by man.
Qc Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.
Bt First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.
Qc Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.
Bt Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors.
Qc Nick Bottom, the weaver.
Bt Ready. Name what part I am for.
Qc You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.
Bt What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?
Qc A lover, that kills himself for love.
Bt That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, I will move storms: "The raging rocks / And shivering shocks / Shall break the locks..."
Qc Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.
Ft Here, Peter Quince.
Qc Flute, you must take **Thisby** on you.
Ft What is Thisby? a wandering knight?
Qc It is the lady that Pyramus must love.
Ft Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.
Qc That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.
Bt And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Ah, Pyramus, lover dear!
Qc No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.
Bt [grumbling] Well, proceed.
Qc Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part.
Sg Have you the lion's part written? Give it me, for I am slow of study.
Qc It is nothing but roaring.
Bt Let me play the lion too...
Qc You can play no part but **Pyramus**.
Bt Well, I will undertake it.
Qc But, masters, here are your parts: and I request you to meet me in the palace wood, by moonlight; **there** will we rehearse.

3. Act II, Sc 1. A wood near Athens. (Ob Ta Pc)

Explanatory Note:

The main thing in life is love. And the same goes for the craftsmen's play. And for Shakespeare's as well. However, where there is love, there is charm. Love works through charm. And in the world of fairies all is done by charm. — Charming!

- Ob** → Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Ta ← What, jealous Oberon! [turning →]
 I have forsworn his bed and company.
Ob Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?
Ta Then I must be thy lady.
Ob I do but beg a little changeling boy.
Ta Set your heart at rest: I will not part with him.
Ob Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Ta Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. →
Ob My gentle Puck, come hither.
 I saw Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 It fell upon a flower,
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again.
Pc → I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. ←
Ob I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? — I am invisible; →

4. (Ds HI)

- Ds** → I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 For I am **sick** when I do look on thee.
HI → And I am sick when I look **not** on you.
Ds I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
 And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts. →
HI I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
 To die upon the hand I love so well. →

5. (Ob Pc)

- Ob** Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly **him** and **he** shall seek **thy** love. [to Pc]
 Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Pc → Ay, there it is.
Ob I pray thee, give it me. —
 I know where sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes; →
Pc Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. ←

6. Act II, Sc 2. (Ta Ob)

- Ta** Come, sing me now asleep;
 and let me rest. [dozes off]
Ob What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love take,
 When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
 Wake when some **vile** thing is near. →

7. (Ls Hr)

- Ls** → We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good.
Hr Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

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

Hr ↓ Lie further off; in human modesty,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end! [*dozes off*]

Pc → Through the forest have I gone.
But Athenian found I none,
Night and silence. — Who is here?
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. →

8. (Pc)

HI → Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

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

HI O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

Ds Stay, on thy peril: I **alone** will go. →

HI O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
But who is here? Lysander! On the ground!
Lysander if you live, good sir, **awake**.

Ls [*waking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

HI O, that a lady, of **one** man **refused**.
Should of **another** therefore be **abused**! →

Ls [*coldly*] Hermia, sleep thou there:
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour **Helen** and to be **her** knight! →

Hr [*Awaking*] Ay me, for pity! Lysander! **what**, removed?
No sound, no word? Alack, where are you? →

10. Act III, Scene 1 (Pc Qc Bt Ta)

Pc [*after* → *sleepwalking Bt, putting head on him*]
I'll lead you about a round,
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound.

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

Bt This is to make an **ass** of me. ↓ I will sing, that they
shall hear I am **not** afraid.
The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill...

Ta [*Awaking*] I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
On the first view to say, to swear, **I love thee**.

Bt Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for
that.

Ta Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bt Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood — ↓.

Ta [*bewitching Bt*]
Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
To have my love to bed and to arise;
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. →

11. Act III, Sc 2. Another part of the wood (Ob Pc)

Ob ← How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Pc → [*delighted*] My mistress with a monster is in love.
Titania waked and straightway loved an **ass**.

Ob But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Pc [*pleased with himself*]
And the Athenian woman by his side:
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Ob Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Pc [*surprised, points*] This is the woman, but not this the
man. ↗ [*watching with Ob*]

12. (Hr Ds)

Hr → I pray thee, tell me then Lysander's well.

Ds → An[d] if I could, what should I get therefore?

Hr A privilege **never** to see me more. [→ *in a rage*]

Ds There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain. [*lying down* ↓]

13. (Ob Pc)

Ob [↖ *threateningly*]
What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some **true**-love's sight:

Pc [*eager to make amends*] I go, I go; **look** how I **go**,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Ob [*putting spell on Ds*] Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky. →

Pc Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be! [*laughs* ← (→)]

14. (Ls HI Ds Hr)

Ls → Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

HI You do advance your cunning more and more.
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Ls I had no judgment when to her I swore.

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

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

HI [*despairing*] O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:

Ls [*mild rebuke*] You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love **Hermia**; **this** you know I know:

Ds [*pointing*]
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Hr → [*naive*] What love could press Lysander from my
side?

Ls Why seek'st thou me? [*pushes her away*]
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so.

Hr You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HI Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:

Ls Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do.

Ds I say I love thee more than **he** can do.

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

Hr Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

Ls [*contemptuous*] Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.

HI [*pleading*] Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

Hr [*aggro*] Why, get you gone.

Ls [*spotting an opportunity*]
Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Ds *[spotting one for himself]*
No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hi *[bitching]*
O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd! →

Hr *[exploding]* Let me **come** to her. [→→→]

Ls Get you **gone**, you **dwarf**; → → (off with Ds)

15. (Ob Pc)

Ob ← *[to Pc]* Robin, crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
all error shall seem a dream
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend.

Pc When thou wakest, / Thou takest
True delight / In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
Jack shall have Jill; / Nought shall go ill;

16. Act IV, Sc 1 (Ta Bt Ob)

Ta Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bt I must to the barber's; for I am hairy about the face;
and I am such a tender ass.

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

Bt But I have sleep come upon me. *[snoring]*

Ta Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
[falling asleep in sweet embrace]

Ob ← Welcome, good Robin,
[applies herb juice] Now, my Titania;
Wake you, my sweet queen.

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

Ob There lies your love. *[pointing]*

Ta *[reacts]* How came these things to pass?

Ob Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Pc Now, when thou wakest,
With thine **own** fool's eyes peep.

Ob Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be. →

17. Bt

Bt *[Awaking]* ↓ 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. The eye of man hath not heard,
the ear of man hath not seen, what my dream was. I
will write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called **BOT-
TOM'S DREAM**, because it **hath** no bottom.

18. Act V, 1. Athens. Palace (Qc, Hp St Ts Bt Ds Sv Ft Sg)

Qc → If we offend, it is with our good will.
/ All for your delight. We are not here. /
/ That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand and by their show /
You shall know all that you are like to know.

Hp ↑ Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child
on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Qc *[Bt → bows]* This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
[Ft ← curtsies] This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

St ↓ In this same interlude it doth **befall**
That I, one Snout by name, present a **wall**;
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Hp It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my
lord.

Ts Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Bt And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
Show me thy **chink**, to **blink** through with mine eyne!
But what see I? — No Thisby do I see.
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Ts The wall, methinks, should curse again.

Bt No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me'
is **Thisby's** cue. Yonder she comes.

Ft O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!

Bt *[delighted to audience]* I can **hear** my Thisby's **face**.
Thisby!

Ft My love thou art, my love I think.

Bt O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

Ft I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Bt Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway? ←

Ft 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. →

Hp This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Ts Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Sg → You, ladies, know that I, one Snug the joiner, am a
lion.

Ts A very gentle beast, of a good conscience.

Hp And let us listen to the moon.

Sv → This lanthorn doth the horned moon present; —
Myself the man in the moon do seem to be.

Hp I am awearry of this moon: would, he would change!

Sv All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the **lanthorn** is
the **moon**; I, the **man** in the **moon**; this **thorn-bush**,
my thorn-bush; and **this dog**, **my** dog.

Ft → This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love? →

Sg ↓ *[Roaring]* Oh —

Hp Well roared, Lion.

Ts Well run, Thisbe.

Hp Well shone, Moon.

Ds And then came Pyramus.

Bt → Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy **sunny** beams;
But mark, what is here!

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Hp Thisbe comes
back and finds her lover

Ft ← Asleep, my love? — /

What, dead, my dove?

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

And, farewell, friends;

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Ts Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Hp Ay, and Wall too.

Bt *[Starting up]* Will it please you to see the epilogue?

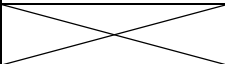
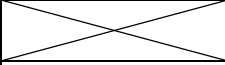
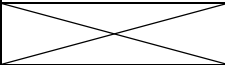
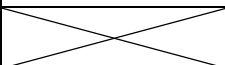
Ts No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse.
Lovers, to bed;

Sweet friends, to bed.

19. (Pc)

Pc If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.

A Midsummer night's Dream Team

		total		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
		161																				
The Court																						
THESEUS — Duke	Ts	7																			7	
HIPPOLYTA — Queen	Hp	8																			8	
The Lovers		0																				
HERMIA	Hr	10							2		1			2		5						
LYSANDER	Ls	13							2		2					9						
DEMETRIUS	Ds	11				2					2			2		4					1	
HELENA	HI	11				2					4					5						
The 'Mechanicals'		0																				
NICK BOTTOM	Bt	23		10									3					2	1	7		
PETER QUINCE	Qc	18		15									1								2	
FRANCIS FLUTE	Ft	9		3																	6	
TOM SNOOT	St	1																			1	
ROBIN STARVELING	Sv	2																			2	
SNUG	Sg	3		1																	2	
The Fairies		0																				
PUCK	Pc	13				1		2			1		1	3		2		1	1			1
OBERON	Ob	19				6		2	1				3		2		1	4				
TITANIA	Ta	13				4		1				3						5				