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# SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM SHAKESPEARE

RECORDED IN PERFORMANCE BY  
THE SHAKESPEARE FOR STUDENTS COMPANY

Produced by Scotti D'Arcy / Directed by Milt Commons

Arranged for this performance by James Russell / Music composed and played by Gary Filsinger

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9872



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1964  
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MUSIC LP

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# SHAKESPEARE: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER ENGRAVING FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. / DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

Happy be Theseus  
Is all our company here?  
How now, spirit...  
And here's a marvellous convenient place  
I wonder if Titania be awaked

When my cue comes...  
Have you sent to Bottom's house?  
'Tis strange, my Theseus...  
If we offend...

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9872



FOLKWAYS RECORDS ALBUM # FL 9872  
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# *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare

Recorded in performance by The Shakespeare For  
Students Company

Produced by Scotti D'Arcy

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SHAKESPEARE FOR STUDENTS

224 West 16th Street,  
New York, 11, N. Y.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

SIDE I, Band 1:

MUSIC: THESEUS

EGEUS:

Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.

THESEUS:

Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news with thee?

EGEUS:

Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander. And, my gracious Duke,  
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes  
Turned her obedience, which is due me,  
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious Duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your Grace  
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 this gentleman  
Or to her death, according to our law.

THESEUS:

What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.  
To you your father should be as a god.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA:

So is Lysander.

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THESEUS:

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

HERMIA:

I would my father looked but with my eyes.

THESEUS:

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HERMIA:

I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold,  
But I beseech your Grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THESEUS:

Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.

DEMETRIUS:

Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYSANDER:

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

EGEUS:

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

LYSANDER:

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

THESEUS:

I must confess that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it. But Demetrius, come,  
And come, Egeus. You shall go with me;  
I have some private schooling for you both.  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will.  
Demetrius and Egeus, go along.

EGEUS:

With duty and desire we follow you.

LYSANDER:

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

HERMIA:

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

LYSANDER:

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

HERMIA:

O cross! too high to be enthralled to low.

LYSANDER:

Or else misgraffed in respect of years --

HERMIA:

O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

LYSANDER:

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it.

HERMIA:

If then true lovers have been ever crossed,  
It stands as an edict in destiny:  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross.

LYSANDER:

A good persuasion. Therefore hear me, Hermia.  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager,  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA:

My good Lysander,  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow, with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,  
In that same place thou hast appointed me  
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER:

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

HERMIA:

God speed fair Helena. Whither away?

HELENA:

Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.

Sickness is catching. O, were favor so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
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:

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HELENA:

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA:

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HELENA:

None but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!

HERMIA:

Take comfort. He no more shall see my face;  
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

LYSANDER:

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.  
Tomorrow night, when Phoebe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass --  
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal --  
Through Athens gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA:

And in the wood where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow. Pray thou for us;  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.  
Keep word, Lysander. We must starve our sight  
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

LYSANDER:

I will, my Hermia.  
Helena, adieu.  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you.

HELENA:

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.  
Then to the wood will he tomorrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again.



SIDE I, Band 2:

MUSIC: BOTTOM

QUINCE:

Is all our company here?

BOTTOM:

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

QUINCE:

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

BOTTOM:

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

QUINCE:

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

BOTTOM:

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

QUINCE:

Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom the weaver.

BOTTOM:

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

QUINCE:

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM:

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE:

A lover that kills himself, most gallant, for love.

BOTTOM:

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

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

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

QUINCE:

Francis Flute the bellows-mender.

FLUTE:

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE:

Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE:

What is Thisby? a wand'ring knight?

QUINCE:

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE:

Nay, faith, let not me play a woman. I have a beard coming.

QUINCE:

That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM:

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: -  
'Thisne, Thisne!'  
'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

QUINCE:

No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM:

Well, proceed.

QUINCE:

Robin Starveling the tailor.

STARVELING:

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE:

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.  
Tom Snout the tinker.  
You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father.  
Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part.

BOTTOM:

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

QUINCE:



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

ALL:

That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM:

But I would aggravate my voice so that I will roar  
you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you  
an 'twere any nightingale.

QUINCE:

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

BOTTOM:

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

QUINCE:

Why, what you will.

BOTTOM:

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

QUINCE:

But masters, here are your parts; and I am to  
entreat you, request you, and desire you to con-  
them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the  
palace wood, a mile without the town, by  
moonlight. I pray you fail me not.

BOTTOM:

We will meet, and there we may rehearse most  
obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be  
perfit. Adieu.

QUINCE:

At the Duke's Oak we meet.

BOTTOM:

Enough. Hold, or cut bowstrings.

SIDE I, Band 3:

MUSIC:

FAIRIES

PUCK:

How now, spirit, whither wander you?

FAIRY:

Over hill, over dale, Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire;  
I do wander everywhere, Swifter than the moon's  
sphere;

And I serve the Fairy Queen, To dew her orbs upon  
the green.

I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.  
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK:

The King doth keep his revels here tonight.  
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight.  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath.

FAIRY:

Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.

PUCK:

But she perforce withholds the loved boy,  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen,  
But they do square, that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

FAIRY:

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.  
Are not you he?

PUCK:

Thou speakest 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.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.  
But room, fairy: here comes Oberon.

FAIRY:

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

OBERON:

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA:

What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence.

OBERON:

Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

TITANIA:

Then I must be thy lady; but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from fairyland,



And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India,  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity?

OBERON:

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

TITANIA:

These are the forgeries of jealousy;  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound.  
And thorough this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter: The spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter change  
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.

OBERON:

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

TITANIA:

Set your heart at rest.  
The fairyland buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votress of my order,  
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON:

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA:

Perchance till after Theseus' wedding day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us.

OBERON:

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

TITANIA:

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

OBERON:

Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.  
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remem'rest

Since once I sat upon a promontory  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song...

PUCK:

I remember.

OBERON:

That very time I saw -- but thou couldst not --  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth  
Cupid, all armed. A certain aim he took  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow.  
It fell upon a little western flower  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I showed thee once.  
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb.

PUCK:

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

OBERON:

Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
The next thing then she, waking, looks upon  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
And ere I take this charm from off her sight  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible,  
And I will overhear their conference.

DEMETRIUS:

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood;  
And here am I, and wood within this wood  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more!

HELENA:

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant!  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS:

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

HELENA:

The wildest hath not such a heart as you...  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

OBERON:

Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.  
... Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.



PUCK:

Ay, there it is.

OBERON:

I pray thee give it me.  
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it and seek through this grove.  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes;  
But do it when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

PUCK:

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

TITANIA:

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence --  
Sing me now asleep.  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

OBERON:

What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love take;  
In they eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

LYSANDER:

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

HERMIA:

Be't so, Lysander. Find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER:

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

HERMIA:

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

LYSANDER:

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence.  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.  
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,  
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HERMIA:

Lysander riddles very prettily.

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

LYSANDER:

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I,  
And then end life when I end loyalty.  
Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA:

With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!

PUCK:

Through the forest I have gone  
But Athenian found I none  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence! Who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear.  
This is he -- my master said --  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe;  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.  
So awake when I am gone,  
For I must now to Oberon.

HELENA:

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS:

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

HELENA:

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

DEMETRIUS:

Stay, on thy peril! I alone will go.

HELENA:

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase.  
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
But who is here? Lysander, on the ground?  
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER:

And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA:

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



LYSANDER:

Content with Hermia? No! I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.

HELENA:

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When at your heads did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
O, that a lady, of one man refused,  
Should of another therefore be abused!

LYSANDER:

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there,  
And never mayst thou come Lysander near.

HERMIA:

Help me, Lysander, help me! Do thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.  
Ay me, for pity. What a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.  
Lysander! What, removed? Lysander! lord!  
Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear.  
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.  
No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.  
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

SIDE I, Band 4:

MUSIC:

BOTTOM

QUINCE:

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

BOTTOM:

Peter Quince?

QUINCE:

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM:

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

SNOUT:

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STARVELING:

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

BOTTOM:

Not a whit. I have a device that will make all well.  
Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to

say, that we will do no harm with our swords, and  
that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for the more  
better assurance, tell that that I pyramus am not  
Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. That will put  
them out of fear.

QUINCE:

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

BOTTOM:

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

SNOUT:

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING:

I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM:

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

SNOUT:

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a  
lion.

BOTTOM:

Nay, you must name his name, and half his face  
must be seen through the lion's neck, and he  
himself must speak through, saying thus, or to  
the same defect: 'Ladies,' or 'Fair Ladies, --  
I would wish you' or 'I would request you' or 'I  
would entreat you -- not to fear, not to tremble.  
My life for yours! If you think I come hither as  
a lion, it were pity of my life. I am no such thing.  
I am a man as other men are.' And there, indeed,  
let him name his name and tell them plainly he is  
Snug the joiner.

QUINCE:

Well, it shall be so... But we must have a wall in  
the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says  
the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT:

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

BOTTOM:

Some man or other must present Wall; and he must  
have some plaster, or some loam, or some  
roughcast about him, to signify wall; and let him  
hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall  
Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUINCE:

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



PUCK:

What hempen homespons have we swagg'ring here,  
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?

QUINCE:

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

PUCK:

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE:

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

PYRAMUS:

Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet --

QUINCE:

Odorous, odorous.

PYRAMUS:

-- odors savors sweet;  
So that thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.  
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,  
And by and by will I to thee appear.

PICK:

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here!

THISBY:

Must I speak now?

QUINCE:

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

THISBY:

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

QUINCE:

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

PYRAMUS:

Thisby if I were fair, I were only thine.

QUINCE:

O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted.  
Fray, masters! Fly, masters! Help!

BOTTOM:

Why do they run away? This is a knavery of  
them to make me afeard. ... I see their knavery.  
This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they  
could. Well, I will not stir from this place, do  
what they can. I will walk up and down here, and  
will sing, to show them that I am not afeard.

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

TITANIA:

What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?  
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force -- perforce -- doth  
move me, On the first view, to say, to swear,  
I love thee.

BOTTOM:

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason  
for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and  
love keep little company together nowadays. The  
more the pity that some honest neighbor will not  
make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon  
occasion.

TITANIA:

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM:

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

TITANIA:

Out of this wood do not desire to go.  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
Peaseblossom, Cobweb!

PEASEBLOSSOM:

Ready.

COBWEB:

And I.

TITANIA:

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
And pluck the wings from painted betterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.  
Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

SIDE II, Band 1:

OBERON:



I wonder if Titania be awaked;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.  
Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK:

My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,  
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nolle I fixed on his head.  
Anon his Thisby must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky;  
So at his sight away his fellows fly,  
When in that moment -- so it came to pass --  
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

OBERON:

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

PUCK:

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

OBERON:

Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

PUCK:

This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS:

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA:

No I but chide; but I should use thee worse,  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
It cannot be but thou hast murd'ered him.  
So should a murderer look -- so dead, so grim.

DEMETRIUS:

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

HERMIA:

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

DEMETRIUS:

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA:

Out, dog! out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
Henceforth be never numb'ered among men.

DEMETRIUS:

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

HERMIA:

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

DEMETRIUS:

An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA:

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

DEMETRIUS:

There is no following her in this fierce vein.  
Here therefore for a while I will remain.

OBERON:

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

PUCK:

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

OBERON:

About the wood, go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find.  
By some illusion see thou bring her here.  
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK:

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

OBERON:

Flower of this purple dye, Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye! When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously As the Venus of the sky.  
When thou wak'st, if she be by, Beg of her for remedy.

PUCK:

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

OBERON:

Stand aside. The noise they make  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.



PUCK:

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

LYSANDER:

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

HELENA:

You do advance your cunning more and more.  
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!  
These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.

LYSANDER:

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA:

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

LYSANDER:

Demetrius loves her; and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS:

O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

HELENA:

O devilish spite! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment.  
If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals to mock Helena.

LYSANDER:

You are unkind, Demetrius. Be not so!  
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part.

DEMETRIUS:

Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none.  
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

LYSANDER:

Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS:

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.  
Look where thy love comes. Yonder is thy dear.

HERMIA:

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER:

Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA:

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER:

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide --  
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

HERMIA:

You speak not as you think. It cannot be.

HELENA:

Lo, she is one of this confederacy.  
Oh! Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,  
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived,  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it.  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA:

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA:

Ay, do. Persever, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,  
Wink at each other, hold the sweet jest up.  
Oh! But fare ye well. 'Tis partly my own fault.  
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER:

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

HELENA:

O excellent!

HERMIA:

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS:

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYSANDER:

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.  
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak  
prayers. Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do!

DEMETRIUS:

I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER:

If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS:

Quick, come!



HERMIA:  
Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER:  
Away, you Ethiopie!

DEMETRIUS:  
No, no, you'll seem to break loose, take on as you would follow. But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

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

HERMIA:  
Why are you grown so rude? What change is this, Sweet love?

LYSANDER:  
Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

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

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

HERMIA:  
What, can you do me greater harm than hate? Hate me? Wherefore? O me, what news, my love? Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander? I am as fair now as I was erewhile. Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me. Why then, you left me -- O, the gods forbid! -- In earnest, shall I say?

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

HERMIA:  
O me! you juggler, you canker blossom,  
You thief of love! What, have you come by night  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA:  
Fine, i'faith. Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet you!

HERMIA:  
Puppet? Why, so! Ay, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urged her height,

And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height -- forsooth -- she hath prevailed with him.  
And are you grown so high in his esteem  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak!  
How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA:  
I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me.  
You perhaps may think  
Because she is something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

HERMIA:  
Lower? Hark again!

HELENA:  
Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.  
He followed you; for love I followed him.  
But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back.

HERMIA:  
Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

HELENA:  
A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HERMIA:  
What, with Lysander:

HELENA:  
With Demetrius.

LYSANDER:  
Be not afraid. She shall not harm thee, Helena.

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

HELENA:  
O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.  
She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA:  
'Little' again? nothing but 'low' and 'little'?  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

LYSANDER:  
Get you gone, you dwarf!  
You minimus, of hind'ring knotgrass made!  
You bead, you acorn!



DEMETRIUS:

You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone. Speak not of Helena; Take not her  
part.

LYSANDER:

Now she holds me not.  
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS:

Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

HERMIA:

You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.  
Nay, go not back.

HELENA:

I will not trust you, I  
No longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

HERMIA:

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

OBERON:

This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st,  
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willfully.

PUCK:

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

OBERON:

Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight.  
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night.  
And lead these testy rivals so astray  
As one come not within another's way.  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might  
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.  
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK:

Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down.  
I am feared in field and town.  
Goblin, lead them up and down.  
Here comes one.

LYSANDER:

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

PUCK:

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

LYSANDER:

I will be with thee straight.

PUCK:

Follow me then to plainer ground.

DEMETRIUS:

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

PUCK:

Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood here.

LYSANDER:

He goes before me and still dares me on;  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heeled than I.  
I followed him fast, but faster he did fly.  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way.  
And here will rest me . . . Come, thou gentle day.  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.

DEMETRIUS:

Where art thou now?

PUCK:

Come hither, I am here.

DEMETRIUS:

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

HELENA:

O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours. Shine comforts from the east,  
That I may back to Athens by daylight  
From these that my poor company detest;  
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

PUCK:

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

HERMIA:

Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,  
I can no further crawl, no further go;



My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

PUCK:

On the ground, Sleep sound.  
I'll apply To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy.  
When thou wak'st, Thou tak'st  
True delight In the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye.

SIDE II, Band 2:

MUSIC: BOTTOM

BOTTOM:

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.  
My next is, 'Most fair Pyramus, ' Hey-ho, Peter  
Quince? Flute the bellows-mender? Snout the  
tinker? Starveling? God's my life! Stolen hence,  
and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision.  
I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what  
dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to  
expound this dream. Methought I was -- there is no  
man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought  
I had -- But man is but a patched fool if he will offer  
to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath  
not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand  
is not able to taste, his tongue to convey, nor his  
heart to report what my dream was. I will get  
Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dream. It  
shall be called 'Bottom's Dream,' because it hath  
no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of our  
play, before the Duke.

THESEUS:

But soft! What nymphs are these?

EGEUS:

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

THESEUS:

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

EGEUS:

It is, my lord.  
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.  
Begin these woodbirds but to couple now?

LYSANDER:

Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS:

I pray you all, stand up.  
I know you two are rival enemies.  
How comes this gentle concord in the world  
That hatred is so far from jealousy

To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?

LYSANDER:

My lord, I came with Hermia hither. Our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,  
Without the peril of the Athenian law --

EGEUS:

Enough, enough, my lord! You have enough.  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.  
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me --  
You of your wife, and me of my consent,  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEMETRIUS:

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,  
And I in fury hither followed them,  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
But, my good lord, I know not by what power  
-- But by some power it is -- my love to Hermia.  
Melted as the snow  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object and the pleasure of mine eyes,  
Is only Helena.

THESEUS:

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

SIDE II, Band 3:

BOTTOM:

Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

QUINCE:

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

BOTTOM:

Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me  
not what. For if I tell you, I am not true Athenian.  
I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

QUINCE:

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM:

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that  
the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together,  
good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your  
pumps; everyman look o'er his part, for the long  
and the short of it is, our play is preferred. In  
any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not  
him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall  
hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear  
actors, eat no garlic nor onions, for we are to



utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear  
them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words.  
Away, go, away!

SIDE II, Band 4:

MUSIC: THESEUS:

HIPPOLYTA:

'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers  
speak of.

THESEUS:

More strange than true. I never may believe  
These antic fables nor these fairy toys.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

HIPPOLYTA:

But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigured so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images  
And grows to something of great constancy;  
But howsoever, strange and admirable.

THESEUS:

Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have  
To wear away this long age of three hours  
Between our after-supper and bedtime?  
Philostrate.

PHILOSTRATE:

Here, mighty Theseus.

THESEUS:

Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

PHILOSTRATE:

There is a brief how many sports are ripe.  
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

THESEUS:

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth.'  
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?  
That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOSTRATE:

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

THESEUS:

What are they that do play it?

PHILOSTRATE:

Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,  
Which never labored in their minds till now;  
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THESEUS:

And we will hear it.

PHILOSTRATE:

No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you. I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world.

THESEUS:

I will hear that play,  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go bring them in.

PHILOSTRATE:

So please your Grace the Prologue is addressed.

MUSIC: BOTTOM

SIDE II, Band 5:

PROLOGUE:

If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despite.  
We do not come, as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight,  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

THESEUS:

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

HIPPOLYTA:

He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he  
knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is  
not enough to speak, but to speak true.

PROLOGUE:

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.  
This man, with lime and roughcast, doth present  
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;  
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.  
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,  
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright;  
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

HIPPOLYTA:

I wonder if the lion be to speak.



THESEUS:

One lion may, when many asses do.

WALL:

In this same interlude it doth befall  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;  
And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
Did whisper often, very secretly.

THESEUS:

Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

HIPPOLYTA:

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

THESEUS:

Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

PYRAMUS:

O night, which ever art when day is not!  
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.  
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine,  
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.  
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this.  
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
O wickéd wall, through whom I see no bliss,  
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THISBY:

O Wall, O Wall, often hast thou heard my moans  
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.  
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,  
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

PYRAMUS:

I see a voice. Now will I to the chink,  
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

THISBY:

My love! Thou art my love, I think.

PYRAMUS:

Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;  
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

THISBY:

And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

PYRAMUS:

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THISBY:

Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

WALL:

Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;  
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

HIPPOLYTA:

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THESEUS:

The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst  
are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIPPOLYTA:

It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THESEUS:

If we imagine no worse of them than they of them-  
selves, They may pass for excellent men. Oh!  
Here comes a noble beast.

LION:

You, ladies, whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know that I am Snug the joiner.  
For if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

THESEUS:

A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.  
Here comes Thisby.

THISBY:

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

LION:

O! (Roar)

THESEUS:

Well, Roared Lion.

AN:

Well run Thisby.

PYRAMUS:

Eyes, do you see? How can it be?  
O dainty duck, O dear!  
They mantle good, What, stained with blood?  
Approach, ye Furies fell!  
O Fates come, come, Cut thread and thrum,  
Quail, crush, conclude and quell!  
Come, tears, confound, Out, sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus;  
Ay, that left pap Where heart doth hop.  
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

THISBY:

Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?  
O Pyramus, arise!  
Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb  
Must cover thy sweet eyes.



Tongue, not a word, Come trusty sword,  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue!  
And farewell, friends.  
Thus Thisby ends.  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

PROLOGUE:

Will it please you to see the epilogue?

THESEUS:

No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no  
excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are  
all dead, there need none to blame.  
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Sweet friends, to bed.  
A fortnight hold we this solemnity  
In nightly revels and new jollity.

PUCK:

If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all  
is mended - That you have but slumb'ed here, While  
these visions did appear. And, as I am an honest  
Puck, If we have unearned luck  
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck  
liar call.  
So, good night unto you all. Give me your hands,  
if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends.

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