

A Midsummer Night's Dream Audition Sides

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Hippolyta & Theseus A

Act I, scene i

Theseus and Hippolyta A

Characters: Theseus & Hippolyta

THESEUS

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon. But, O, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes!

HIPPOLYTA

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THESEUS

Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.

HIPPOLYTA

Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Philostrate exits.

THESEUS

Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword
But I will wed thee in another key,

HIPPOLYTA

With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Hippolyta & Theseus B

Act V, scene i

Theseus and Hippolyta B

Characters: Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate

THESEUS

Say what abridgment have you for this evening,
What masque, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time if not with some delight?

PHILOSTRATE, *taking out a paper*

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

HIPPOLYTA

“The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.”

THESEUS

We'll none of that. That have I told my love
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
“The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.”

HIPPOLYTA

That is an old device.
“The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.”
Mimes a yawn/gag/etc

THESEUS

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
“A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth.”

HIPPOLYTA

“Merry” and “tragical”? “Tedious” and “brief”?
That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow!

THESEUS

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.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is.
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

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,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain
To do you service.

THESEUS

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

The Lovers A

Act III, scene ii

The Lovers A

Characters: Lysander, Demetrius, Helena

Enter Lysander and Helena.

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?

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, *waking up*

O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,
O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

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 thus 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.

LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius. Be not so,
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here with all goodwill, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part.
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

HELENA

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

The Lovers B

Act III, scene ii

The Lovers B

Characters: The Lovers

Enter Hermia.

HERMIA, *to Lysander*

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.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA

You speak not as you think. It cannot be.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.—
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived,
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
O, is all forgot?
All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
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 am amazèd at your words.
I scorn you not. It seems that you scorn me.

HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.
Lysander, whereto tends all this?

She takes hold of Lysander.

LYSANDER, *to Hermia*

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

Thy love? Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathèd med'cine! O, hated potion, hence!

HERMIA

Do you not jest?

HELENA Yes, sooth, and so do you.

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, of question, of doubt.
Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Hermia turns him loose.

HERMIA

O me! *To Helena.* You juggler, you cankerblossom,
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA

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. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness.
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike 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 threatened 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
And follow you no further. Let me go.

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—
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.

Demetrius and Lysander exit.

HERMIA

You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.

Helena retreats.

Nay, go not back.

HELENA

I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
My legs are longer though, to run away.

She exits.

HERMIA

I am amazed and know not what to say.

She exits.

Hermia and Lysander

Act I, scene i

Hermia & Lysander

Characters: Hermia and Lysander only

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 theme 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.

HERMIA

O hell, to choose love by another's eyes!

LYSANDER

If there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and Earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
So quick bright things come to confusion.

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,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYSANDER

A good persuasion. Therefore, hear me, Hermia:
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,
And she respects me as her only son.
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

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,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

Demetrius & Helena

Act II, scene i

Demetrius & Helena

Characters: Demetrius, Helena

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay; the other stayeth me.
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

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

And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you.

DEMETRIUS

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HELENA

And I am sick when I look not on 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.
Run when you will. The story shall be changed:
Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed
When cowardice pursues and valor flies!

DEMETRIUS

I will not stay thy questions. Let me go,
Or if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief.

Demetrius exits.

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Helena exits.

Helena Monologue

Act I, scene i

Helena Monologue

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.
And, as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.
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.

The Lovers +Others

Act I, scene i

The Lovers+ A

Characters: Theseus, Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, Demetrius

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
And interchanged love token with my child.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience (which is due to 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

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.

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 judgement 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 due the death or to abjure
Forever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a nun,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

HERMIA

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

THESEUS

Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius

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 to Theseus

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed. My love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked
And (which is more than all these boasts can be)
I am beloved of beautiful 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 in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THESEUS

I must confess that I have heard so much,
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,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
To death or to a vow of single life.—

Mechanicals A

Act 1, *scene ii*

The Mechanicals A

Characters: Quince, Flute, Bottom, Snug

QUINCE Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.

FLUTE What is Thisbe— a wandering knight?

QUINCE It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE Nay, faith, let me not 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 Thisbe too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: "Thisne, Thisne!"—"Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisbe dear and lady dear!"

QUINCE No, no, you must play Pyramus—and, Flute, you Thisbe.

BOTTOM Well, proceed.

QUINCE Snug the joiner, you the lion's part.—And I hope here is a play fitted.

SNUG Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

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 I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us. But I will 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.

Mechanicals B

Act III, scene i

The Mechanicals B

Characters: Bottom, Quince, Snout, Starveling

BOTTOM Are we all met?

QUINCE Pat, pat. And here's a marvels 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 Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

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

BOTTOM Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed. And, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This 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 yourself, to bring in (God shield us!) a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

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. No, 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 there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber, for you know Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNOUT Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac. Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quince takes out a book.

QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM Why, then, may you leave the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine.

QUINCE Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thisbe, 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 let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

Mechanicals C

Act III, scene i

The Mechanicals C

Characters: Bottom, Quince, Flute

QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother’s son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so everyone according to his cue.

QUINCE Speak, Pyramus.—Thisbe, stand forth.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

Thisbe, the flowers of odious savors sweet—

QUINCE Odors, odors!

BOTTOM, as Pyramus

...odors savors sweet.

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.—
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.

FLUTE 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.

FLUTE, as *Thisbe*

Most radiant Pyramus,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
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."

FLUTE

O! As *Thisbe*. As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Enter Bottom as Pyramus with the ass-head.

BOTTOM, as *Pyramus*

If I were fair, fair Thisbe, I were only thine.

QUINCE O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters, fly, masters! Help!

Mechanicals D

Act V, scene i

The Mechanicals D

Characters: The Mechanicals

QUINCE

If we offend, it is with our goodwill.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with goodwill. 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,
The actors are at hand, and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

Prologue exits.

SNOUT, *as 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 Thisbe,
Did whisper often, very secretly.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night! O night! Alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisbe'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.
But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss,
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Enter Thisbe (Flute).

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

O wall, full 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.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

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

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

My love! Thou art my love, I think.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

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

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

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

Bottom and Flute exit.

SNOUT, *as Wall*

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

He exits.

Enter Lion (Snug) and Moonshine (Starveling).

SNUG, *as Lion*

You ladies, you 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, as Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

STARVELING, *as Moonshine*

This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present.
Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.

...

All that I have to say is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon, I
the man i' th' moon, this thornbush my thornbush, and this dog my dog.

Enter Thisbe (Flute).

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

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

SNUG, *as Lion*

O!

The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off, dropping her mantle.

Lion worries the mantle.

Enter Pyramus (Bottom).

Lion exits.

BOTTOM, as Pyramus

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.—

But stay! O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good—

What, stained with blood?

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

...

O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,

Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear,

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer?

Come, tears, confound!

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop.

Pyramus stabs himself.

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead;

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky.

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Moonshine exits.

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Pyramus falls.

Enter Thisbe (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.

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!

Thisbe stabs herself.

And farewell, friends.

Thus Thisbe ends.

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thisbe falls.

Bottom & Quince

Act 1, *scene ii*

Bottom and Quince

Characters: Bottom & Quince only

QUINCE Is our company here?

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

QUINCE Here is the scroll of every man's name to play in our interlude before the Duke
And 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 Thisbe.”

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:

*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.

Puck Monologue

Act II, scene i

Puck Monologue

The King doth keep his revels here tonight.
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolen from a faroff king;
She never had so sweet a changeling.
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy.

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.

...

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.
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap 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 "Tailor!" cries and falls into a cough,
And then the whole choir hold their hips and loffe
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But room, fairy. Here comes Oberon.

Oberon & Titania A

Act II, scene i

Oberon & Titania A

Characters: Oberon and 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 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,
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 not thou lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigouna, whom he ravishèd,
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,
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
Hath every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world
By their increase now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

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 vot'ress of my order,
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,
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.
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

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 & Titania B

Act IV, scene i

Oberon & Titania B

Characters: Oberon and Titania

OBERON

Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairyland.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA, *waking*

My Oberon, what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamored of an ass.

OBERON

There lies your love.

TITANIA

How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

OBERON

Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—

ROBIN, removing the ass-head from Bottom

Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBERON

Sound music. Music.

Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Titania and Oberon dance.

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will tomorrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

...

Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after night's shade.
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITANIA

Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

Oberon & Puck

Act III, scene ii

Oberon & Puck A

Characters: Oberon, Puck

Enter Oberon, King of Fairies.

OBERON

I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

ROBIN

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,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's noll I fixèd on his head.
So at his sight away his fellows fly,

I led them on in this distracted fear
And left sweet Pyramus translated there.
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 did bid thee do?

ROBIN

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.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

OBERON

Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

ROBIN

This is the woman, but not this the man.

...

OBERON, *to Robin*

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juice on some true-love's sight.

ROBIN

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.
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer
With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

ROBIN

I go, I go, look how I go,

Titania & Bottom

Act III, scene i

BOTTOM & TITANIA A

Characters: Bottom and Titania

BOTTOM I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

*The ouzel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,*

Add Headings (Format > Paragraph styles) and they will appear in your table of contents.

*The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill—*

TITANIA, *waking up* What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

BOTTOM *sings*

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

*The plainsong cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer "nay"—
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird? Who would give a bird the lie though he cry
"cuckoo" never so?*

TITANIA

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 performeth 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 neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee 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 am a spirit of no common rate.
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee. Therefore go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee...

Come, wait upon him. Lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue. Bring him silently.