

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream
SIDE A
PUCK/ROBIN

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do run,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a Mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE B:** Hermia/Helena

HERMIA

Godspeed fair *Helena*, whither away?

HELENA

Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves you. O!

Your eyes, your tongue!

Sickness is catching. O were favor so,

Your words I catch, fair *Hermia* ere I go,

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

To be to you translated!

O teach me how you look, and with what art

You sway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

HERMIA

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA

O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill.

HERMIA

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HELENA

O that my prayers could such affection move.

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 none of mine.

HELENA

None but your beauty, would that fault were mine.

HERMIA

Take comfort. He no more shall see my face.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE C:** Helena

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 doth know.
And as he errs, doting on *Hermia's* eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and wild, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eye, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd cupid painted blind.
Not hath love's mind of any judgement take.
Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is often beguiled,
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
For ere *Demetrius* looked on *Hermia's* eyne
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine.
And then this Hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolved, and showers 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.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE D:** Robin/Puck 2

ROBIN

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 silly foal,
And sometime lurk I in a bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab.
And when they drink, against their lips I bob,
And on thier withered dewlap pour the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool, mistaketh me,
Then flip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough.
And then the whole choir hold their hips, and laugh,
A merrier hour was never wasted there
But room Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE E:** Helena/Demetrius

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not!
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 thee the more!
I am your spaniel, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel. Spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me. Only give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow 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,
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,
Cowardice pursues, and valor flies!

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE F:** Oberon

OBERON

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where Oxlips and nodding Violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with Eglantine.
There sleeps *Titania*, sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers, with dances and delight.
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in,
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE G:** Lysander

LYSANDER

Content with *Hermia*? No! I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not *Hermia* but *Helena* now I love!
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed.
And reason says you are the worthier Maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season.
So I being young, till not ripe not to reason.
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE H:** Hermia/Demetrius

DEMETRIUS

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

HERMIA

If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Kill me too!
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him!
So should a murderer look! So dead! So grim!

DEMETRIUS

So should the murderer look, and too should I
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty!
Yet you the murderer looks 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'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA

Out dog! Out cur! Thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

DEMETRIUS

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

And if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA

A privilege never to see me more!

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE I:** Hermia/Helena

HERMIA

O me, you juggler, you canker blossom,
You thief of love!

HELENA

Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA

Puppet? Why so? Aye, that way goes the game!
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our features, she had urged her height.
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

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.
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go,
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

HERMIA

Why get you gone. Who ist that hinders you?

HELENA

A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HERMIA

What, with *Lysander*?

HELENA

With *Demetrius*!

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE J**: Titania/Bottom

TITANIA

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM

Me-thinks I am marvelous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender
ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITANIA

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love.

BOTTOM

I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let us have the tongs and the
bones.

TITANIA

Or say sweet Love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM

Me-thinks I have a great desire for a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet
hay hath no fellow.

TITANIA

I have a venturous Fairy, that shall seek the Squirrel's hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

BOTTOM

I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But I pray you let
none of your people stir me, I have an exposition of sleep come upon
me.

TITANIA

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be always away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honeysuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O how I love thee! How I dote on thee!

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE K:** Demetrius

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 followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sickness did I loathe this food,
But as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will forevermore be true to it.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE L:** Quince/Starveling/Flute/Snug

QUINCE

Have you sent to *Bottom's* house? Is he come home yet?

STARVELING

He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

FLUTE

If he come not, then is the play marred? It goes not forward, doth it?

QUINCE

It is not possible. You have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.

FLUTE

No.

QUINCE

Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramor, for a sweet voice.

FLUTE

You must say Paragon. A Paramor is (God bless us) a thing of nought.

SNUG

Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLUTE

O *Bottom*.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE M:** Bottom

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 beams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* 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 Deer!
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 Lion's frame?
Since Lion wild hath here deflowered my deer:
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*:
Aye, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thys 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,
Now die, die, die, die, die.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE N:** Theseus/Hippolita

THESEUS

My Love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the Western valley, let them go;
We will fair Queen, up to the Mountain's top.
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLITA

I was with *Hercules* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* he bayed the Bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS

My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hallowed to, nor cheered with horn,
In *Crete*;
Judge when you hear.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE O:** Oberon/Puck

OBERON

This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

PUCK

Believe me King of shadows, I mistook.
And so far am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBERON

Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
With fog as black as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy Rivals so astray,
Till o'er their brows, death-counterfeiting, sleep
With leaden legs and Battie-wings doth creep.
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

My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger.
At whose approach Ghosts wandering here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards. Damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear least day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye confront with black browed night.

OBERON

But we are spirits of another sort.
I, with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And like a Forester the groves may tread,
Even till the Eastern gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold, his salt green streams,
But not withstanding haste, make no delay.
We may effect this business, yet ere day.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE P:** Hermia/Lysander 1

HERMIA

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes,
Where it doth impair the feeling sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine ear (I thank it) brought me to that 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 Os and eyes of light.
Why seekest 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.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE Q:** Helena/Lysander

HELENA

Lysander, if you live good sir wake.

LYSANDER

And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature shows her art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh 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 love 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* now I love!
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed.
And reason says you are the worthier Maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season.
So I being young, till not ripe not to reason.
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE R:** Hermia/Lysander 1

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

Be it so, *Lysander*. Find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER

O take the sense sweet, of my innocence,
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart you can make of it.
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
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 humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid.

LYSANDER

Here is my bed, sleep give thee all his rest.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE S:** Titania

QUEEN

The Fairy Land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a Votress of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* air, by night
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laughed to see their sails conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton wind.
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE T:** Titania/Oberon

OBERON

Ill met by Moon-light, proud *Titania*.

QUEEN

What, jealous *Oberon*?

OBERON

Tarry rash Wanton. Am not I thy Lord?

QUEEN

Then I must be thy Lady, but I know
When thou wast stolen away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,
Playing on pipes and versing love
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your 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 *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*?
Dids't thou not lead him through the glimmering night?
And make him break his faith
With *Ariadne* and *Antiopa*?

QUEEN

These are the forgeries of jealousy,
And never since the middle Summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn - the mazed world
Now knows not which is which!
This from our dissention,
We are their parents and original.

UAF A Midsummer Night's Dream **SIDE U:** Fairy

FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,
Through brush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the Moon's sphere,
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.