

MAYHEM THEATRE COMPANY
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM - AUDITION NOTICE

Performance Dates: Wednesday 31 July – Saturday 3 August 2019

Performance Venue: Cannizaro Park (Wimbledon)

First Auditions: Monday 20 May 2019 from 7.30pm -10.00pm and Thursday 23 May 2019 from 8:00pm-10.00pm (South Wimbledon)

Recall Auditions: Monday 3 June 2019 from 7:30pm (South Wimbledon)

In this ever-popular comedy, a quartet of mismatched lovers, a company of hapless actors and malicious sprites cross paths with the King and Queen of the fairies, entangled in their own domestic dispute. Audiences will be transported to a tainted supernatural forest overflowing with possibilities where the unexplainable magic of falling in love – and the marvel of waking up from the sweetest of dreams – is discovered.

Chaos, confusion, trickery and skullduggery reign in this fresh, joyful, accessible and memorable interpretation of the Shakespeare's most loved comedy.

The beautiful setting of Cannizaro Park will once again provide us with a stunning backdrop for this year's open-air performances (this year performed in the round with amplified sound) and will continue Mayhem's popular summer tradition of bringing the Bard to South London.

PERFORMANCES

The performance dates are Wed 31 July, Thu 1, Fri 2 & Sat 3 August 2019 at Cannizaro Park, Wimbledon. All evening performances will start at 7.45pm and cast will be expected to be at the venues by 6.30pm on each evening. There will also be a matinee performance at 2pm on the Saturday. The performances will be open-air and we only cancel performances in the event of bad weather if absolutely necessary for health & safety reasons.

FIRST AUDITIONS

Monday 20 May from 7:30pm- 10.00pm

St John Ambulance Hall. 122-124 Kingston Road, Wimbledon, SW19 1LY.

Thursday 23 May from 8:00pm – 10:00pm

South Wimbledon Community Centre, 78 Victory Road, South Wimbledon, SW19 1HN

We know how stressful auditioning can be, and we want you to know that we're here to help and be as supportive as we can. We want you to shine and so we may ask you to do something again, or in a different way, and this is to ensure that we get to see everything you have to offer and give the best chance of success.

When you book your audition, you will be sent an audition form to complete and given a time slot. Please arrive 10 minutes in advance of your allocated time slot for registration where your photo will be taken (used solely for the purposes of the

auditions and subsequently destroyed). Auditionees will then be called into the audition room individually.

Please prepare ONE of the audition dialogues for EACH of the characters that you would like to audition for (up to MAXIMUM OF 3). You don't need to be off book for these – in fact we'd prefer you to read from the script, as trying to remember the lines at this stage can sometimes detract from your performance. You'll see from the audition pieces (listed at the end of this pack) that for some characters there is more than one dialogue extract listed – just choose the piece that you feel most comfortable with. Some pieces also feature more than one character – if you chose one of these extracts, don't worry, there'll be someone to read with in the audition. We will notify everyone as soon as possible after the first round auditions to let you know if we would like to see you again for the recall auditions.

RECALL AUDITIONS

Monday 3 June from 7:30pm

St John Ambulance Hall. 122-124 Kingston Road, Wimbledon, SW19 1LY.

If you're invited to the recall session, we will work with you on some additional scenes and possibly ask you to read with another auditionee to see how you work opposite another character. Any additional material will be sent out immediately following the first round auditions.

BOOKING YOUR AUDITION

To book your audition please send an email to the show's producers at mnd@mayhemtheatre.co.uk stating your **name, email address, phone number and whether you would prefer to audition on Monday 20 or Thursday 23 May**. Once your audition is booked, we will email you a confirmation with the time of your individual audition slot and a copy of the audition form for you to complete.

REHEARSALS

Rehearsals will be held in South Wimbledon on Monday and Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons and will begin on Sunday 9 June with a full cast call read through. We will not require everyone at every rehearsal for the first few weeks and we will ask people on their audition form to give us their availability, so we can try and match that to our rehearsal schedule. However, we will expect the cast to be as committed to the process as physically possible. As we get closer to show week, rehearsals will increase and it is very likely that everyone will be required for all rehearsals in the last two weeks running up to the show.

FEES

Auditions for Mayhem are open to everyone and we do not charge an audition fee. However, if you are cast in the show, you must be(come) an acting member of the group to perform. New membership fees are £35 (£25 concessions) for the year. In addition, there will be a show fee of £20 to cover the cost of rehearsal venues and insurance.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

Please note that these character descriptions are given as a guide only, according to traditional interpretations, and may change during rehearsals. Doubling and cross-gender casting will be at the discretion of the production team. All audition pieces can be found at the end of this pack.

THE COURT

Theseus – Male (Playing age 40+) - Duke of Athens, renowned military general and strategist. Is engaged to Hippolyta and planning their marriage. An important high-status character at the beginning and end of the play.

Audition pieces:

- Act 1, Scene 1, verses 1-19
- Act 4, Scene 1, verses 133-146
- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 345-360

Hippolyta – Female (Playing age 30-50) - A foreign queen, her country has been conquered by Theseus and she has been taken as his bride. Proud, noble, graceful and diplomatic. An important high-status character at the beginning and end of the play.

Audition pieces:

- Act 4, Scene 1, verses 113-119

Egeus – Male (Playing age 45+) - Hermia's father, a member of the court and ally of Theseus. Demands that his daughter is married to Demetrius rather than Lysander/Lysandra. Unpleasant and patriarchal, without concern for his daughter's happiness.

Audition pieces:

- Act 1, Scene 1, verses 22-45

Philostrate – Male/Female (Playing age 25+) - Theseus's master of revels, he/she is organising the entertaining the entertainment for the Duke's wedding. A fun cameo part at the beginning and end of the play

Audition pieces:

- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 61-81

THE LOVERS

Hermia – Female (Playing age 18-30) - Egeus's daughter. She loves Lysander/Lysandra yet her father wants her to marry Demetrius instead. Independent, passionate and feisty, she plans to flee Athens with her lover. Should be shorter than Helena.

Audition pieces:

- Act 1, Scene 1, verses 168-178
- Act 2, Scene 2, verses 145-156
- Act 3, Scene 2, verses 65-73

Helena – Female (Playing age 18-30) - Hermia's best friend. She loves Demetrius yet this isn't returned, he pursues Hermia instead. Jealous and driven by love, she hatches a plan to win over Demetrius. Should be taller than Hermia.

Audition pieces:

- Act 1, Scene 1, verses 181-193
- Act 2, Scene 1, verses 202-210
- Act 2, Scene 2, verses 88-102
- Act 3, Scene 2, verses 145-161

Demetrius – Male (Playing age 18-30) - In love with Hermia and is her father's chosen suiter. Has previously wooed and then discarded Helena with no remorse for his actions. Jealous and bitter, he pursues Hermia into the forest and threatens harm against both Helena and Lysander/Lysandra.

Audition pieces:

- Act 2, Scene 1, verses 188-201
- Act 4, Scene 1, verses 161-177

Lysander/Lysandra – Male/Female (Playing age 18-30) - In love with Hermia and is frustrated that her father won't accept him/her. Plots to flee into the forest with Hermia so they can be together. Sarcastic, idealistic and driven by love for Hermia. *Please note, Lysander is usually a male part. We're toying with the idea of Hermia and Lysander having a same-sex relationship so we welcome female auditionees as well.*

Audition pieces:

- Act 1, Scene 1, verses 99-110
- Act 2, Scene 2, verses 111-122

THE MECHANICALS

Bottom – Male/Female (Playing age 25+) - A local tradesman who has an extremely high opinion of himself. Bottom believes that he is a great actor, capable of performing any role, and frequently clashes with Quince for leadership of the acting troupe. In the forest he is transformed into a donkey. Must be a talented physical comedian.

Please note, Bottom is traditionally a male part but we welcome both male and female auditionees.

Audition pieces:

- Act 1, Scene 2, verses 21-36
- Act 4, Scene 1, verses 200-219
- Act 4, Scene 2, verses 30-41
- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 265-280

Quince – Male/Female (Playing age 30+) - A local tradesman who has written a play for the Duke's wedding and intends to put it on with his fellows. Becomes increasingly frustrated by Bottom's attempts to take over the group and change parts of his play. A very poor public speaker.

Please note, Quince is traditionally a male part but we welcome both male and female auditionees.

Audition pieces:

- Act 1, Scene 2, verses 90-99
- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 126-150

Flute – Male (Playing age 18-30) - A local tradesman and younger member of the mechanical group who is perhaps not as masculine as the others. Is forced to play a woman in Quince's play against his will. Is a surprisingly convincing actor and saves the play with an emotional portrayal of Thisbe.

Audition pieces:

- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 315-338

Snug – Male/Female (Playing age 25+) - A local tradesman who is rather slow and unintelligent. Plays the lion in Quince's play and spectacularly fails to be as scary or menacing as the script demands.

Audition pieces:

- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 216-223

Snout – Male/Female (Playing age 25+) - A local tradesman and part of the acting troupe. Close with Starveling. Plays the wall in Quince's play and gets rather carried away with an over-dramatic performance.

Audition pieces:

- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 154-163

Starveling – Male/Female (Playing age 25+) - A local tradesman and part of the acting troupe. Close with Snout. Plays the moon in Quince's play and isn't too happy about it, showing frustration to the heckling of the court.

Audition pieces:

- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 234-252

THE FAIRIES

Oberon - Male (Playing age 30+) - King of the fairies, an immortal and magical being. Is grand and noble, yet also petulant and vengeful. Becomes upset when his wife, Titania, adopts a child and will not relinquish it, so plans to humiliate her. His attempts to meddle in the affairs of the human lovers also backfire.

Audition pieces:

- Act 2, Scene 1, verses 247-267
- Act 4, Scene 1, verses 46-69

Titania – Female (Playing age 30+) - Queen of the fairies, an immortal and magical being. She has adopted a changeling child, to the anger of her husband, Oberon. After being exposed to love potion she falls madly in love with and seduces Bottom, who has been transformed into a donkey. There is a big change in her personality from proud and graceful to smitten and lustful.

Audition pieces:

- Act 2, Scene 1, verses 81-117
- Act 3, Scene 1, verses 143-156

Puck – Male/Female (Can be any age) - A mischievous and malevolent figure, Puck is a sprite who serves Oberon. He/she regularly teases and humiliates others for enjoyment. Puck's actions directly affect the lives and circumstances of the fairies, lovers and mechanicals.

Audition pieces:

- Act 2, Scene 1, verses 42-58
- Act 2, Scene 2, verses 66-83
- Act 3, Scene 2, verses 6-34
- Act 5, Scene 1, verses 413-427

Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed - Male/Female (Can be any age) - The fairies support, defend and attend to Titania. They are fiercely loyal to and protective of their queen. We imagine them working together as an ensemble, speaking in unison and behaving like one being.

Audition pieces:

- Act 2, Scene 1, verses 2-17

AUDITION MATERIAL

THESEUS #1 - ACT 1 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 1-19

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! She lingers my desires,
Like to a stepdame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

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,
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [Exit Philostrate]
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

THESEUS #2 - ACT 4 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 133-146

THESEUS

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

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
Horns and shout within. [LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA wake and start up.]
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds 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?

THESEUS #3 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 345-360

THESEUS

No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled

The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels and new jollity.

HIPPOLYTA #1 - ACT 4 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 113-119

HIPPOLYTA

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd 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'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

EGEUS #1 - ACT 1 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 22-45

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 bewitch'd the bosom of my child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd 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, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

PHILOSTRATE #1 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 61-81

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 labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd 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 stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

HERMIA #1 - ACT 1 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 168-178

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,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

HERMIA #2 - ACT 2 - SCENE 2 - VERSES 145-156

HERMIA

[Awaking] 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.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sate smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! What, removed? Lysander! Lord!
What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? Speak, and if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? Then I well perceive you all not nigh
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

HERMIA #3 - ACT 3 - SCENE 2 - VERSES 65-73

HERMIA

Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have looked upon him being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

HELENA #1 - ACT 1 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 181-193

HELENA

Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favor so,
Yours would 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.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HELENA #2 - ACT 2 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 202-210

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.
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.
What worser place can I beg in your love--
And yet a place of high respect with me--
Than to be used as you use your dog?

HELENA #3 - ACT 2 - SCENE 2 - VERSES 88-102

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.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! On the ground!
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

HELENA #4 - ACT 3 - SCENE 2 - VERSE 145-161

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:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

DEMETRIUS #1 - ACT 2 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 188-201

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode 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?

DEMETRIUS #2 - ACT 4 - SCENE 1 - VERSES 161-177

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 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 saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

LYSANDER/LYSANDRA #1 - ACT 1 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 99-110

LYSANDER/LYSANDRA

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,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius'.
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 in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

LYSANDER/LYSANDRA #2 - ACT 2 - SCENE 2 - VERSE 111-122

LYSANDER/LYSANDRA

Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena 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 now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in Love's richest book.

BOTTOM #1 - ACT 1 - SCENE 2 - VERSE 21-36

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.

BOTTOM #2 - ACT 4 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 200-219

BOTTOM

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. 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 conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

BOTTOM #3 - ACT 4 - SCENE 2 - VERSE 30-41

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 ribbons to your pumps. Meet presently at the palace. Every man look o'er his part, for the short and the long 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 onions nor garlic, 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!

BOTTOM #4 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 265-280

BOTTOM

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 Thisby 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, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

QUINCE #1 - ACT 1 - SCENE 2 - VERSE 90-99

QUINCE

Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

QUINCE #2 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 126-150

QUINCE

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 rough-cast, 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 man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
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.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

FLUTE #1 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 315-338

FLUTE

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

SNOUT #1 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 154-163

SNOUT

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.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

SNUG #1 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 216-223

SNUG

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, one 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 #1 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 234-252

STARVELING

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present--

DEMETRIUS

He should have worn the horns on his head.

THESEUS

He is no crescent, and his horns are
invisible within the circumference.

STARVELING

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

THESEUS

This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man
should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the
man i' the moon?

DEMETRIUS

He dares not come there for the candle; for, you
see, it is already in snuff.

HIPPOLYTA

I am awary of this moon. Would he would change!

THESEUS

It appears, by his small light of discretion, that
he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all
reason, we must stay the time.

LYSANDER

Proceed, Moon.

STARVELING

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

OBERON #1 - ACT 2 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 247-267

I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the 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.
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.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

OBERON #2 - ACT 4 - SCENE 1- VERSE 46-69

Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors from this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
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 fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

TITANIA #1 - ACT 2 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 81-117

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 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 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
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
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: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; 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.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

TITANIA #2 - ACT 3 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 143-156

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,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

PUCK #1 - ACT 2 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 42-58

PUCK

Thou speak'st 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 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.

PUCK #2 - ACT 2 - SCENE 2 - VERSE 66-83

PUCK

Through the forest have I 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.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

PUCK #3 - ACT 3 - SCENE 2 - VERSE 6-34

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 nole 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,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So at his sight away his fellows fly;
And at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
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.

PUCK #4 - ACT 5 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 413-427

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
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 a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

PEASEBLOSSOM/COBWEB/MOTH/MUSTARDSEED #1 - ACT 2 - SCENE 1 - VERSE 2-17

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.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors
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 our elves come here anon.