DREAM AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1

PUCK: How now, spirit! Whither wander you?

COBWEB: Over hill, over dale, Thorough bush, thorough brier, Over park, over pale,

PEASEBLOSSOM: Thorough flood, thorough fire, We do wander everywhere,

MOTH: Swifter than the moon's sphere; And we serve the Fairy Queen,

MUSTARDSEED: To dew her orbs upon the green. The cowslips tall her pensioners be,

COWSLIP: Me Cowslip In their gold coats spots you see; Those be rubies, fairy favours,

THISTLE: In those freckles live their savours. We must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

COBWEB: Farewell, thou lob of spirits; We'll be gone. Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK: The King doth keep his revels here tonight;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian 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.

PEASEBLOSSOM: Either we mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow.

MUSTARDSEED: Are not you he that frights the maidens of the villagery?

COWSLIP: Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

THISTLE: You do their work, and they shall have good luck. Are not you he?

PUCK.: Thou speak’st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But room, fairy. Here comes Oberon.

SIDE 2

The Queen of Fairies is still lying asleep.

Enter Bottom, Quince, Snout, Starveling, Snug and Flute.

BOTTOM: Are we all met?

QUINCE: Pat, pat; and here’s a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

BOTTOM: Peter Quince?

QUINCE: What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM: There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT: By’r lakin, a parlous fear.

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

BOTTOM: Not a whit; I have a device 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 yourselves, to bring in (God shield us!) a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to It.

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 almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUINCE: Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM: Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

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 have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

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.

#8 MUSIC Enter Puck

PUCK: What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE: Speak, Pyramus.—Thisbe, stand forth.

PYRAMUS:Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet_

QUINCE: Odours, odours.

PYRAMUS: odours savours 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.

Exit.

PUCK: A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here!

Exit.

THISBE: 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.

THISBE: Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour 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.'

THISBE: O, _As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Enter Puck and Bottom with an ass's head.

PYRAMUS: If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine._

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

Exeunt Mechanicals

SIDE 3

Enter Oberon.

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

Enter Puck.

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

PUCK: My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
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 enter'd in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head.
Anon, his Thisbe must be answerèd,

And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

So at his sight away his fellows fly,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there.
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBERON: This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK: I took him sleeping—that is finish'd too—
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

OBERON: Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

PUCK: This is the woman, but not this the man.

SIDE 4

Enter Titania with her Train.

TITANIA: Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;

#4 Music The Fairies and Titania

TITANIA: The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Let me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

PEASEBLOSSOM: You spotted snakes with double tongue,

MOTH: Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;

MUSTARDSEED: Blind-worms do no wrong,

COWSLIP: Come not near our Fairy Queen:

THISTLE: Sing in our sweet lullaby:

PEASEBLOSSOM: Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,

MOTH: Weaving spiders, come not here;

COBWEB: Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.

MUSTARDSEED: Beetles black, approach not near;

COWSLIP: Worm nor snail do no offence.

THISTLE: Hence away! Now all is well.

Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps. Enter Oberon.