

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM

Characters :

- Narrator

the lovers :

- Hermia
- Helena
- Lysander
- Demetrius
- + Egeus
- + Duke Theseus

the actors :

- Bottom
- Quince
- Flute
- Snug
- Starveling

the fairies :

- Oberon
- Titania
- Puck

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Characters: EGEUS, DUKE THESEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, HELENA

NARRATOR :

I have a story, strange but true,
That I would like to share with you.
I set the stage to begin my show,
In Athens, Greece, so long ago.
Now let me take you back in time,
When a Duke named Theseus was in his prime
The Duke ruled Athens and was top in command;
He governed his people with a firm, steady hand.
A Queen, named Hippolyta, would soon share his life;
In just four days, they'd be husband and wife.
Throughout this great city, the excitement grew;
A huge feast was proposed. Entertainment, too!
These arrangements were made at a feverish rate,
But the business of governing would not wait.
A man named Egeus burst into the room;
His face was furrowed with fury and gloom.
His daughter, Hermia, felt the strain;
She knew her father was there to complain.
A young lad, Lysander, followed behind;
Passionate love thoughts enveloped his mind.
He cherished dear Hermia, that was clear.
So did Demetrius, who brought up the rear.
Egeus bowed low to the Duke and confided,

EGEUS : My daughter won't marry the one I decided
Demetrius is the mate I chose,
Yet to this poor man she snubs her nose.
She wants to be Lysander's wife,
I won't allow it! Not on your life!
I tell you, Duke Theseus, this is the last straw.
I come to beg the power of the law.
She must do as I say and listen to me,
Or prepare to die; that is the decree!

NARRATOR : The noble Duke rose from his lofty throne,

DUKE THESESUS : Your behaviour, young lady, I cannot condone.
You're making your father very irate,
And on this matter, there will be no debate.
Fathers choose husbands! That is the rule!
So marry Demetrius. Don't be a fool!

NARRATOR : Poor Hermia pleaded in tragic despair;
She thought this rule was completely unfair.

HERMIA : I despise Demetrius!

NARRATOR : she said with candour,

HERMIA : I am devoted to handsome Lysander.
This love in my heart cannot be swayed;
To marry another would be a charade.

NARRATOR : The Duke was offended,

DUKE THESEUS : I said there's no choice.
You'll forfeit your life,

NARRATOR : he replied in a strong voice.

DUKE THESEUS : Or in a convent spend the rest of your days.
You must decide soon. There will be no delays.

NARRATOR : Hermia protested,

HERMIA : This law I defy!
I'll become a nun. I'll even die!

NARRATOR : The atmosphere was very tense.
Then Lysander spoke out in his own defence,

LYSANDER : I'm as rich as Demetrius and as well born.
Hermia's love for me, you must not scorn.
And furthermore, I wish to say,
Demetrius loved Helena until yesterday.
He courted the lady and won her soul,
I tell you, Demetrius has no self-control!

NARRATOR : The Duke interrupted,

DUKE THESEUS : I've heard of this talk!
I'll speak with him on it, but you'd better take stock
The law of Athens cannot be denied;
By my wedding day, you'll have to decide.

NARRATOR : The Duke and his group then quickly departed;
Hermia was desolate and broken-hearted.

LYSANDER : Don't cry!

NARRATOR : said Lysander.

LYSANDER : Your tears I will soothe,
For the course of true love never did run smooth.
An aunt of mine lives seven leagues away;
We could go to her place without delay.
She has no children, not even one;
She loves me as though I were her son.
There we shall marry and end this sorrow;
Run away with me, at twilight tomorrow.

NARRATOR : Hermia, whose face was tear-stained and pale,
Glowed with new hope,

HERMIA : I will not fail!
Lysander, I vow by Cupid's bow,
Tomorrow night, I'll be ready to go.
We'll meet in the forest,

NARRATOR : she said without fear,

HERMIA : Then into the darkness we'll disappear.
Together, my dear, we both shall flee,
And at your aunt's home, I'll marry thee!
My sweet Lysander, I will no longer grieve.

NARRATOR : Then they kissed good-bye and turned to leave.
They hadn't taken but a single pace,
When the two were greeted by a familiar face
It was Helena, Hermia's best friend;
It looked like she was at her wit's end.

HELENA : Hermia,

NARRATOR : she sighed,

HELENA : Demetrius is my life,
But he dotes on you. I'll never be his wife.
Oh teach me, Hermia. Tell me what to do.
If only I were as beautiful as you.

NARRATOR : Hermia replied

HERMIA : Dear Helena, don't cry.
I guarantee you, I can't stand your guy!
I frown on him coldly, yet he loves me still.
I love Lysander and I always will!

NARRATOR : Then Lysander spoke out, he was gracious and kind,

LYSANDER : I'll tell you, dear friend, what's on my mind.
We're running away tomorrow night;
It's the only way to solve our plight!

NARRATOR : With that, the two left, content as could be.
Poor Helena was in agony.

HELENA : Demetrius loves Hermia!

NARRATOR : she cried in despair.

HELENA : This is far more than I can bear!
How can I get him to love me instead?

NARRATOR : Then a brilliant idea crept into her head,

HELENA : I'll tell Demetrius of their scheme;
He'll thank me for sure, then I'll be supreme!

NARRATOR : So off she ran, her heart on fire,
To find Demetrius, her life-long desire.

ACT 1 SCENE 2

Characters: QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNUG, *Snout, Starveling*

NARRATOR : Now all this time, not far away,
Six jolly men were practising a play.
Nick Bottom was there, and so was Tom Snout.
Robin Starveling, the tailor, was also about.
Francis Flute and Snug added to the din,
Then Peter Quince called,

QUINCE : We'd better begin!
A play's been requested for Theseus and his bride;
We haven't much time,

NARRATOR : Peter Quince cried.

QUINCE : Their wedding is soon, so we'll have to act fast,
Now listen, as I read out the names of the cast.
Nick Bottom, the weaver, your role is to be
Pyramus, a lover, as you will soon see.
A lover most gallant that kills himself for love.

NARRATOR : Nick was ecstatic. The role fit like a glove.

BOTTOM : A lover!

NARRATOR : he cried,

BOTTOM : It's such a great part.
I'll give the ladies a change of heart!
I'll have them all in showers of tears.
They'll remember my acting for many years.
My Pyramus will be hard to resist.
But proceed, dear Quince, go on with your list.

QUINCE : Francis Flute, you'll take Thisbe's role;
I want you to give it your heart and soul.

NARRATOR : Flute was excited; his eyes sparkled bright,

FLUTE : What is Thisbe?

NARRATOR : he asked,

FLUTE: A wandering knight?

QUINCE : Oh, no,

NARRATOR : Quince replied,

QUINCE : Thisbe's a she,
And madly in love with Pyramus, you see.

FLUTE : I'll not play a woman,

NARRATOR : Francis Flute sneered,

FLUTE : Can't you see I've started a beard?

BOTTOM : Let me be Thisbe,

NARRATOR : Bottom shouted with joy,

BOTTOM : I'll be the girl as well as the boy.
I can speak like a lady. I'll be sweet as a dove.
'Oh, Pyramus,'

NARRATOR : he chirped,

BOTTOM : 'You are my love.'

QUINCE : No way!

NARRATOR : Quince shouted,

QUINCE : You'll be the guy.
I'm the director, and you must comply.

NARRATOR : Then Quince turned to Snug,

QUINCE : In our tale of woe
You'll be the lion in our show.

SNUG : I'll need the script now!

NARRATOR : Snug said with concern

SNUG : It'll take me quite a while to learn.
For I'm slow of study, I implore!

QUINCE : Don't worry,

NARRATOR : cried Quince,

QUINCE : All you do is roar

NARRATOR : Nick Bottom jumped up and down with glee,

BOTTOM : That fiercesome beast, I could be!
I'd growl so loud, they would never complain,
They'd beg me to do it, again and again!
ROAR!

NARRATOR : he thundered, then his tone became smug,

BOTTOM : I told you, I'm much better than Snug!

QUINCE : You'd scare the ladies,

NARRATOR : Quince said,

QUINCE : and that's wrong!

BOTTOM : Then I will roar soft as a nightingale's song.
Roar, roar,

NARRATOR : Bottom started to squeak,

BOTTOM : I know the women will love my technique.

QUINCE : You're Pyramus!

NARRATOR : Quince cried,

QUINCE : That ends the debate!
Any more of this talk, I'll not tolerate!
We'll meet in the woods tomorrow night,
And rehearse our play by the moon's silver light.

ACT 1 SCENE 3

Characters: OBERON, TITANIA, PUCK

NARRATOR : The hours dragged on till the following eve;
The four desperate lovers prepared to leave.
Lysander and Hermia met as was planned,
Then trudged through the forest, hand clutching hand
Demetrius followed the couple's route;
Helena chased after in hot pursuit.
They all moved through the woods unknown,
But these mortals were not alone.
And if they'd looked closely and listened with care,
They'd have heard rustling in the bushes out there.
Perhaps they'd have seen the shimmer of wings,
And many other magical things.
For in the dark woods, as the humans took flight,
The fairies held revels far into the night.
Oberon was King of this fairy land,
And the little sprites jumped to his every command.
But for fairies, too, life's not always serene;
Oberon had quarrelled with Titania, his Queen.

OBERON : Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania,

NARRATOR : he said.
The Queen paused as her fairies fled.

TITANIA : Why are you here?

NARRATOR : she cried in disdain.

TITANIA : All you do is argue and complain!
Since the start of midsummer, we've had this feud;
It's put all nature in an angry mood!

OBERON : Then change it

NARRATOR : he cried,

OBERON : You have the cure;
Your stubbornness I'll not endure!
Fill your Oberon's heart with joy;
I do but beg your servant boy.
Come now, Titania, it's my only request.
He'll be my helper, and we'll end this unrest."

NARRATOR : Titania's anger was acute,

TITANIA : It's not that easy to end our dispute.
You do not seem to comprehend;
This boy is the son of a very dear friend.
She was in my service,

NARRATOR : Titania said with a sigh,

TITANIA : But alas, she was human, and had to die.
I promised her I'd raise her son,
And I won't give him to anyone.
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
Come hither, my elves. Away we shall flee!

NARRATOR : Then Titania left with her fairy lot.

OBERON : I'll get my revenge,

NARRATOR : Oberon thought.

OBERON : But I'll need some help to change my bad luck

NARRATOR : So he called for his sprite, a fairy named Puck.
Robin Goodfellow was Puck's real name;
In the world of magic, he held much acclaim.
For Puck was always playing jokes
On all the unsuspecting folks.
But this was not a time for glee,
As the fairy king began his plea :

OBERON : I need you to find an unusual flower.
I'm in frantic need of its magical power.
It's called love-in-idleness, my little sprite;
It's purple in colour, though it used to be white.
When sleeping eyes are streaked with its juice,
A powerful love potion is set loose.

NARRATOR : Oberon snickered,

OBERON : I'll repay my Queen.
I'll observe her sleep in the forest green.
Then drop the nectar into her eyes;
When Titania awakens, she'll have a surprise.
The next thing she sees, be it bull, wolf, or bear,
She will suddenly feel a love most rare.
I will not cancel this magic spell,
Till she gives me the boy. Then all will be well

NARRATOR : Puck bowed to his King,

PUCK : This flower I'll find,
I can do it so fast, it will boggle your mind!
I'll search everywhere and try hard to please!"

NARRATOR : Then Puck fluttered off into the breeze.

ACT 1 SCENE 4

Characters: HELENA, DEMETRIUS, OBERON, PUCK, HERMIA, LYSANDER, TITANIA,
Peaseblossom, Moth, Cobweb, Mustardseed

NARRATOR : As Oberon revelled in his spiteful scheme,
Demetrius raced in on another theme.
Helena followed a few steps behind,

HELENA : I pray you, my darling, change your mind.
I have, to you, my love unfurled,
For you, Demetrius, are all my world.
I reported their plan. I did my part.
I beg of you now, give me your heart!"

NARRATOR : Demetrius erupted like a raging cyclone,

DEMETRIUS : Get out of my life! Leave me alone!
I told you before, you make me ill.
I love Hermia and I always will!

NARRATOR : By now, poor Helena was completely distraught,

HELENA : He'll change his mind,

NARRATOR : she desperately thought. Demetrius stomped off,

DEMETRIUS : It's Hermia I must find.

NARRATOR : Helena sobbed and ran along behind.
Now Oberon was touched by Helena's plight,
So he made a second promise that night.

OBERON : This shameful conduct just won't do.
I'll use the flower on this lad, too!
When the young man awakes, he'll see Helena's face,
And it will be her, he'll want to embrace.

NARRATOR : Then the fairy king searched the skies for his sprite,

OBERON : When Puck returns, we'll make everything right

NARRATOR : Meanwhile, little Puck continued his probe;
He looked like a blur, as he circled the globe.
Finally, in a distant place,
Puck found the flower to end the chase.
It smelled like sweet honey and had a soft touch.
He cradled it gently, it was treasured so much.
Then homeward bound, he blazed through the night,
Soaring at the speed of light.

OBERON : Welcome, wanderer!

NARRATOR : Oberon cried,

OBERON : Well done!
We'll do our tricks now, one by one.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows.
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.
I'll meet Titania for our rendezvous.
This juice will make all my dreams come true.

NARRATOR : Oberon continued,

OBERON : And you, my comrade!
Must find the youth who's gone stark raving mad.
The lady he scorns follows close behind;
You must give this Demetrius a change of mind.
Take some of this juice and anoint his eyes,
But make sure Helena's the first one he spies.
You'll know the lad by his Athenian clothes.
Come back before the rooster crows.

PUCK : Fear not,

NARRATOR : Puck replied,

PUCK : I'll do as you ask!

NARRATOR : Then off he flew to complete the task.
But Puck was soon to commit a blunder.
He'd mix up the couples, and that was no wonder.
Hermia and Lysander still wandered around,
The home of his aunt was nowhere to be found.
The gentle Hermia was most distressed,

HERMIA : Beloved, I'm faint. I need to rest!
Lysander find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
It would be wrong, if together we'd stay.

NARRATOR : So Lysander lay down, a short distance away.
Above the forest, eager Puck flew,
Until this twosome came into his view.

PUCK : There is the youth, that Oberon chose,
For he is wearing just the right clothes.
And here is the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the dank and dirty ground.
They lie apart, another good sign,
His romantic intentions, I'll realign.
A powerful passion, I will induce.

NARRATOR : On Lysander's eyes, Puck poured the charmed juice.

PUCK : So awake when I am gone.
For I must now to Oberon!

NARRATOR : Along came Helena, gasping for air;
Her heart was heavy and full of despair,

HELENA : Oh I am out of breath in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

NARRATOR : She saw Lysander lying in a heap,
And rushed to him,

HELENA : Is he dead or asleep?
Lysander if you live, good sir, awake...

LYSANDER : ...And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake

NARRATOR : Replied Lysander as he leapt to his feet,
Embracing Helena,

LYSANDER : You are my sweet!

HELENA : You've got to be kidding!

NARRATOR : Helena cried,

HELENA : I know, it's Hermia, you want for your bride.

LYSANDER : Not a chance!

NARRATOR : said Lysander,

LYSANDER : It's you I love!
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

HELENA : Give me a break!

NARRATOR : Helena scoffed in dismay,

HELENA : Do you think I was born yesterday?
Your speech to me is like a thorn;
How dare you treat me with such scorn!

NARRATOR : Then she stomped off, in great disdain;
Lysander followed with a loving refrain.
But what about Hermia, still sound asleep,
Lying on the grass in a curled-up heap?
Soon she awoke from a dreadful nightmare;
She couldn't find Lysander anywhere.

HERMIA : Lysander, my love, what has occurred?
Out of hearing? Gone? No sound? No word?
Alack, where are you? Speak if you can!

NARRATOR : Then into the night, she ran after her man.
As Hermia awoke from her slumber deep,
Titania, the fairy queen, wanted to sleep.
She called to her fairies who were playing nearby,

TITANIA : I need you to sing me a lullaby.

NARRATOR : Peaseblossom and Moth were the first to begin,
Then Cobweb and Mustardseed joined right in.
They circled Titania, who made not a peep.
For she had fallen fast asleep.
Oberon peered from behind the trees,
Then crept towards her on bended knees,

OBERON : What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Be it lynx or cat or bear,
Leopard, or boar with bristled hair,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near."

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Characters: PUCK, BOTTOM, QUINCE, FLUTE, SNUG, SNOUT, STARVELING, TITANIA,
OBERON

NARRATOR : As chance would have it, quite near where she lay,
The six merry men were practising the play.
Not one of them noticed Puck appear,
For he was invisible and had nothing to fear.

Puck fluttered down from the air,
And hid behind the director's chair.
Then Bottom stood up to practise his cue;
He wanted to be ready for his debut.
As he left the stage, Puck followed behind,
A cunning thought brewing in his mind.
He'd work his magic on this man, too,

PUCK : I've the perfect idea what to do!

NARRATOR : What followed next was hard to conceive;
His friends saw a sight they could not believe.
When Bottom returned, he had a new head,
No longer a man's, but a donkey's instead!
They all trembled with fear and stared at his face,

QUINCE/FLUTE/SNUG : "Oh monstrous! Oh strange! Let us fly this place!"

NARRATOR : The scene that followed was complete disarray;
They howled in terror, and all ran away.
Nick Bottom looked puzzled,

BOTTOM : Why did they flee?
This is to make an ass of me!
I'll show them that I have no fear,
I'll march and sing out, loud and clear.

NARRATOR : Titania was sleeping in her flowery bed,
When Bottom appeared, his arms outspread,

BOTTOM : Hee haw! Hee haw!

NARRATOR : was his ludicrous tune.
Her eyes flew open. She wanted to swoon,

TITANIA : Mine ear is much enamoured of thy strain.
I pray thee gentle mortal, sing again.
I am enchanted by your lovely notes;
Come, fairy servants, bring him some oats.

NARRATOR : She wrapped sweet roses in his hair,

TITANIA : You are beautiful, beyond compare!
Stay with me forever, I propose.

NARRATOR : And then she kissed his soft, wet nose.
Puck was delighted with the success of his plan,

And left Nick Bottom, part burro, part man.
Back to his master, he flew in a dash,
Intent to deliver the latest news flash.
Oberon was eager to hear of the trick,

OBERON : How did it go, Puck? Who did she pick?

PUCK : Wait till I tell you,

NARRATOR : Puck said with pride,

PUCK : I know you will be satisfied!
She's in love with a monster,

NARRATOR : was Puck's report.

PUCK : A donkey!

NARRATOR : he cried,

PUCK : to make a long story short.

NARRATOR : Oberon chuckled,

OBERON : What a surprise!
This falls out better than I could devise.

ACT 2 SCENE 2

Characters: DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, OBERON, PUCK, LYSANDER, HELENA,

NARRATOR : Then they heard footsteps approaching their spot;
Hermia rushed in looking quite distraught.
Demetrius followed of his own free will,

DEMETRIUS : I won't give you up! I love you still!

HERMIA : Demetrius,

NARRATOR : she cried,

HERMIA : you're such a creep!
Did you kill Lysander while he was asleep?

DEMETRIUS : I tell you I'm innocent!

NARRATOR : Demetrius said,

DEMETRIUS : I'm sure Lysander is not dead!
Why do you scold me so severely?
My only fault is to love you dearly!

HERMIA : Demetrius, I know you speak in jest.

NARRATOR : Hermia kept running. He lay down to rest.
Oberon watched this scene in dismay,
And pointed to Demetrius in a worried way.

OBERON : Did you squeeze the juice into his eyes?
Tell me, Puck? And I want no lies.

PUCK : I remember the woman,

NARRATOR : Puck was alarmed,

PUCK : But that is not the man I charmed.

OBERON : Puck, oh Puck, this isn't right,
You chose the wrong man, you silly sprite!
Fly like the wind. Be Helena's guide.
Entice her back here, by this man's side.
Go quickly, Puck, and fix this mistake.
I'll use the flower to cure this heartache.

NARRATOR : Oberon advanced and held out the bloom;
Demetrius inhaled its enchanting perfume.
As the fragrant potion shrouded his mind,
Puck appeared with Helena behind,

PUCK : Oh Captain, your wishes I did execute,
But Lysander is in swift pursuit!

OBERON : Stand aside!

NARRATOR : Oberon shouted,

OBERON : This noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake!

PUCK : Then,

NARRATOR : Puck grinned,

PUCK : two will woo one,
And the sport will have just begun.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

NARRATOR : As Oberon and Puck quickly withdrew,
Lysander and Helena rushed into view.

LYSANDER : Helena,

NARRATOR : cried Lysander,

LYSANDER : I worship you so!

HELENA : You mock me,

NARRATOR : she yelled,

HELENA : I told you to go!

NARRATOR : Then Demetrius awoke,

DEMETRIUS : Oh Helena, divine!
Tell me you love me. Just give me a sign.

NARRATOR : Then both of the men dropped to their knees,
And cried together,

DEMETRIUS : Marry me please!

NARRATOR : Helena couldn't believe her ears,
Appalled to hear their taunting jeers,

HELENA : The two of you are acting absurd;
In fact, abnormal is the word!

NARRATOR : Demetrius cried,

DEMETRIUS : I'll restart my life,
I must have Helena for my wife!

NARRATOR : Lysander countered,

LYSANDER : It's me she adores.
My affection for her is greater than yours.
I'll prove it with the blade of my sword!

NARRATOR This was a challenge that couldn't be ignored.
Helena watched in sheer disgust;
Neither of them had won her trust.

HELENA : Oh, spite, I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.

NARRATOR : Now all of this caused quite a hullabaloo.
Hermia stumbled in, her clothes askew.
Her eyes were still wet; her head was hung low.
To lose Lysander had been a real blow.
Then out of the blue, she heard his voice;
She wasn't aware of his new love choice.

HERMIA : Lysander,

NARRATOR : she smiled,

HERMIA : why did you go?

LYSANDER : Behold,

NARRATOR : he replied,

LYSANDER : It's the ugly old crow!

NARRATOR : Hermia could hardly believe her ears;
This was beyond her wildest fears.

HERMIA : Is this a dream? It cannot be.

NARRATOR : Lysander sneered,

LYSANDER: It's Helena, for me."

NARRATOR : Helena's heart and mind were in a blur,
She thought they all made fun of her.
She turned on Hermia with passion deep,

HELENA : This game you play is really cheap!
Injurious Hermia, I do contend,
You join these men in scorning your poor friend

NARRATOR : Hermia was shocked,

HERMIA : You are the thief!
Your accusation defies belief!
Lysander is mine. You stole him by night.
You canker-blossom! You parasite!

NARRATOR : She lunged at Helena,
HERMIA : You painted maypole!

NARRATOR : The whole situation was soon out of control.
Now Oberon looked on and saw his bad luck,

OBERON : You must stop this brawling,

NARRATOR : he told little Puck.

OBERON : This is your mess, so make everything right!
Hurry now, Puck. Overcast the night!

NARRATOR : The sprite obeyed his master's bid,
And in the forest quickly hid.
He directed the mortals round and round,
Until one by one, they collapsed on the ground.
Then he sprinkled the juice, as told to do,
In Lysander's eyes, and off he flew.

ACT 2 SCENE 3

Characters: TITANIA, BOTTOM, OBERON, PUCK

NARRATOR : There the four slept; the earth was their bed.
In came Titania, caressing Nick's head.
Nick brayed with pleasure in her embrace,
And his heart beat at a rapid pace.
The king of shadows watched from afar.
This was indeed a sight bizarre:
His lady wrapped in a donkey's arms,
Completely entranced by the creature's charms.
Oberon knew he'd done his Queen wrong,
And this silly behaviour he wouldn't prolong.
So he crept closer to Titania unseen,
And removed the spell from the eyes of his Queen.
Her eyes flew open, as if on cue,
And there sat Oberon in her view.

TITANIA : Oh what visions have come to pass,
In one I dreamt I loved an ass!

OBERON : There he lies sleeping,

NARRATOR : Oberon said,

OBERON : A wreath of flowers around his head.

NARRATOR Titania was shocked,

TITANIA : I loathe his face!
How could I worship a creature so base?

NARRATOR : Oberon suggested,

OBERON : To the Duke's we'll retreat.

NARRATOR : He whispered to Puck,

OBERON : Get this clod on his feet!
Return the man's head. Send him back to his team.
Make him think it's all been a dream.

NARRATOR : With a hint of a smile and a twinkle in his eye,
Puck changed the donkey back into the guy!
Nick Bottom stood up; his vision seemed blurred,
He wondered aloud what had occurred,

BOTTOM : I have had a dream most rare!
So strange that it is hard to share.
I'll have Peter Quince write a song,
And I will sing it, loud and strong.
But now I think I should away,
To tell my friends and rehearse the play.

ACT 2 SCENE 4

Characters: NARRATOR, DUKE THESEUS, LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, QUINCE, SNOUT (Wall), BOTTOM (Pyramus), FLUTE (Thisbe), STARVELING (Moon), SNUG (Lion), *Hermia, Helena*

NARRATOR : Now all this time, the lovers were asleep,
Perfectly still, not making a peep.
At dawn, there entered in the glen,
Duke Theseus, Egeus, and their huntsmen.

They blew their trumpets, loud and clear.
The couples leapt to their feet, pale with fear.
Theseus demanded,

DUKE THESEUS : I'd like to know,
Were you not rivals, a short time ago?

NARRATOR : Lysander spoke first,

LYSANDER : I beseech your grace,
I am amazed at what took place.
It was with Hermia I ran away,
For the law of Athens, we would not obey.
In a dream I loved Helena, but not anymore.
Hermia's mine, as she was before.

NARRATOR : Hermia's father was not amused,
Then Demetrius spoke out, just as confused,

DEMETRIUS : My love for Hermia has melted like snow.
It is to Helena, my heart I owe!

NARRATOR : Duke Theseus smiled,

DUKE THESEUS : I decree,
Instead of one wedding, we'll have three.

NARRATOR : Later, when their vows were done,
There was singing and dancing and lots of fun!
The Duke proclaimed,

DUKE THESEUS : And now for a play,
To celebrate our wedding day.
I'm told that it is tragical mirth.
We'll enjoy it for what it's worth.

QUINCE : I am the Prologue!

NARRATOR : Peter Quince cried.

QUINCE : We don't want the ladies horrified.
So I'll tell you the story, blow by blow.

DUKE THESEUS : What's this?

NARRATOR : the Duke cried,

DUKE THESEUS : a one-man show?
Tis the silliest stuff I can recall,
Oh look, here comes the wall.

SNOUT : In this play,

NARRATOR : said the tinker,

SNOUT : 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.
Pyramus and Thisbe, the lovers in our play,
Whisper through me everyday.

NARRATOR : Pyramus entered,

BOTTOM : Oh sweet, oh lovely wall, Show me the opening, so small.

NARRATOR : Snout held up his fingers to make the crack,

BOTTOM : Thanks, courteous wall.
Will Thisbe come back?

NARRATOR : Then Thisbe arrived,

FLUTE : Oh wall, hear my moans,
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones.

BOTTOM : I see a voice!

NARRATOR : Pyramus peered through the hole,

BOTTOM : Run away with me, Thisbe! You are my soul!
At Ninny's tomb, well meet straightaway.

FLUTE : I'll come to you, Pyramus, without delay!

NARRATOR : Then Starveling marched to centre stage,
Holding up his lighted cage.

STARVELING : This lantern doth present the moon.
I wonder if Thisbe will get here soon?

NARRATOR : Starveling moved aside as Thisbe drew near.
A lion roared!

SNUG : ROAR!

NARRATOR : She cried in fear,

FLUTE : Pyramus, save me!

NARRATOR : Thisbe said.
Her scarf flew off, as she quickly fled.
The lion grabbed it in his paws,
Then ripped it in his bloody jaws.
He roared again

SMUG : ROAR!

NARRATOR : as he shook his prey,
Then dropped the cloth and lumbered away.
Pyramus arrived and saw the shred,

BOTTOM : Oh, my Thisbe. You can't be dead!
What, stained with blood?

NARRATOR : he cried in pain,

BOTTOM : Oh dainty duck. Come back again!
I can't go on without you, dear.
My life is over! I'll end it here!

NARRATOR : He drew his sword,

BOTTOM : I'm so distressed!

NARRATOR : Then thrust it deeply into his chest.

BOTTOM : I'm dying! I'm dying!

NARRATOR : he cried aloud,
He listened to hear the cheers from the crowd.

BOTTOM : My pulse is ebbing!

NARRATOR Pyramus said.
He collapsed on the ground, and moaned,

BOTTOM : I'm dead!

NARRATOR Thisbe returned and let out a scream.
She staggered back,

FLUTE : Is this a dream?
Asleep my love?
What, dead, my dove?
These lily lips, this cherry nose,
These yellow cheeks, no longer rose,
Are gone! Are gone!
His sword is drawn!
Come trusty blade, my breast imbue,
And farewell friends! Adieu! Adieu!

NARRATOR : And with these words the play was complete.
The crowd all clapped. They'd had a real treat!
The Duke proclaimed,

DUKE THESEUS : We've had a long day,
And now to bed we must away.
Tis midnight, and the bells do chime.
Dear friends, it's almost fairy time!"

NARRATOR :
The couples retired to their rooms above,
Wrapped in the sweetness of their love.
Enchanting music filled the halls;
Gentle notes echoed through the walls.
"Hand in hand with fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.
Now until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray,
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day."
The stage was empty. The actors gone.
The lights were out. The curtain drawn.
Did we really see this sight?
Or was this magic in the night?
Were these fancies what they seem?
Or was it all a Midsummer Night's Dream?