

MSND AUDITION SIDES- MONOLOGUES & SCENES

LYSANDER

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 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.

HERMIA

My good Lysander!
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 (In number more than ever women spoke),
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

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:
 Therefore no marvel that Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 But who is here? Lysander! On the ground!
 Dead? Or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
 Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

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 I will purge thy mortal grossness so
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

OBERON

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
 There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
 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:

THESEUS

More strange than true: I never may believe
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact:
 In each, imagination bodies forth,
 In fine frenzy, the forms of things unknown,
 Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

BOTTOM [Awaking]

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,— --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 before the duke on
 his wedding day! *EXIT*

PUCK

Through the forest have I gone.
But Athenian found I none.
Night and silence.--Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he:
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.
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

AUDITION SCENES**THESEUS & HIPPOLYTA****THESEUS**

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires.

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

Hippolyta, I woo'd 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.

LYSANDER & HERMIA**LYSANDER**

How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA

Belike for want of rain, which I could well
 Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER

Ay me! For aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood,--

HERMIA

O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

LYSANDER

Or else misgraffed in respect of years,--

HERMIA

O spite! Too old to be engaged to young.

LYSANDER

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,--

HERMIA

O hell! To choose love by another's eyes.

LYSANDER

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA

Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross,
 As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
 Wishes and tears.

DEMETRIUS & HELENA**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.
 Get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

DEMETRIUS

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HELENA

And even for that do I love you the more.
 Use me but as your spaniel, neglect me, lose me;
 Only give me leave,
 Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

DEMETRIUS

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
 And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
 Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
 Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
 The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
 Makes speed to catch the tiger.

DEMETRIUS

Let me go!

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
 But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

OBERON & TITANIA**OBERON**

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady: but I know
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
 Versing love to amorous Hippolyta.
 Why art thou here, But that, forsooth
 The bouncing Amazon, your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
 night
 And make him break his faith with Ariadne and
 Antiopa?

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
 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.

THE RUSTICS**QUINCE**

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.
Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father:
Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here
is a play fitted.

SNUG

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

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any
man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will
make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar
again.'

QUINCE

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the
duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek.

FLUTE

And that were enough to hang us all.

ALL

That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the
ladies out of their wits, they would have no more
discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my
voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking
dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a
sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a
summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man:
therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it.

PUCK AND FAIRY**Fairy**

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
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
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for the three foot stool mistaketh me:
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And . . .
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.