

# Midsummer Night's Dream

lyric by  
Wm. Shakespeare  
adapted by  
Joe St.Johanser

music by  
Joe St.Johanser

## ACT 1 SCENE 1

Athens. The palace of THESEUS

1 *Maestoso* ♩ = 80 motif A

Flute

Oboe

Bassoon/  
Contra

Horn in F

Timpani  
29 inch F to C

Cymbals

Gong Ageng

Glockenspiel

Harp

Piano

Viola

Violoncello

Fairy 1

Fairy 2

Puck

HIPPOLYTA  
TITANIA

HELENA

HERMIA

THESEUS/  
OBERON

LYSANDER

DEMETRIUS

EGEUS

Quince

Snug

Bottom

Flute

Snout

Starveling

**accel.**  
 Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Courtiers

Fl. *tr* Allegro ♩ = 120

Ob. *f* 3

Cbsn. *f*

Hn.

Cym.

G.A. *mp*

Glock.

Hp. *f* *pp*

Pno. *mf* *Ped.*

Vla. motif B *mp*

Vc. *f*

Th/Ob.

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
 Another moon;

19

Fl. *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf*

Hn. *mf* *mp* *mf*

Cym.

Hp. *pp* *mf* *mf*

Pno.

Vla. *mf* *mp* *mf*

Vc. *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf*

Hi/Ti *mf* Four days will quick-ly steep them-selves in night Four nights will

Th/Ob. *mf* but ,O, methinks, how slow this old moon wanes

25

Fl.

Hn.

Cym.

Hp.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti motif B quick-ly dream a-way the time— And then the moon like to a sil-ver bow new bent in heaven, shall be-hold the

31 Allegro ♩ = 140

Fl. *f*

Hn. *p*

Cym.

Pno.

Hi/Ti  
night of our so - lem - ni - ties *f*

Th/Ob.  
Go Philostrate'  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals  
I will wed thee with pomp

Exit PHILOSTRATE  
Enter EGEUS, and his daughter HERMIA, LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS

40

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *mf* *f*

Cbsn. *mf* *f*

Hn. *mf*

Timp. *mp* *f*

Cym.

Th/Ob.  
with tri - umph and with re - vel - ling

E  
Happy be Theseus,  
our renowned Duke!

45

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn. To Bassoon Bsn. Bassoon

Hn.

Timp.

Cym.

Th/Ob.

E

Thanks good Egeus;  
what's the news with thee?

Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia

tr

3

3

EGEUS.  
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.  
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.

THESEUS.  
What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid.  
To you your father should be as a god;

One that compos'd your beauties; yea,

and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA.  
So is Lysander.

THESEUS.  
In himself he is;  
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

51 Allegro ♩ = 140

Bsn. *mf* *tr* *mf*

Timp. *p* *tr*

Cym.

Pno. *p* *p*

Her. I would my father looked but with my eyes I do en-treat your Grace to

Th/Ob. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

60

Bsn.

Cym.

Pno.

Her. par - don me I know not by what pow - er I am made bold I be-

67

Cym.

Pno.

Her. seech your Grace that I may know the worst that may be - fall me in thei case, If I re-fuse to wed De-me - tri-us.

74

Meno mosso ♩ = 100  
motif Da

Bsn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Cym.

Pno.

Vc. *pp*

Th/Ob. *mp*

Ei-ther to die the death, or to ab-jure for - e - ver the so-ci-e - ty of men. To en-dure the

82

Bsn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Cym.

Pno.

Vc.

Th/Ob. *mp*

li-ver-y of a nun\_ For aye to be in sha - dy clois - ter mew'd Chant-ing faint hymns to the cold\_

89

Bsn.

Hn.

Cym.

Vla.

Her. *mp* Motif Cb

Th/Ob. *mp*

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, Ere I will yield my vir-gin pa-tent up  
fruit-less moon\_



97

Fl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cym.

Vla.

Her.

102

Fl. motif A

Ob.

Bsn.

Hn.

Timp. Motif Ca, Db, Da

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Pno.

Vla.

Th/Ob.

Take time to pause; and by the next new moon  
 The sealing-day betwixt my love and me  
 For everlasting bond of fellowship-  
 Upon that day either prepare to die  
 For disobedience to your father's will,  
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,  
 Or on Diana's altar to protest  
 For aye austerity and single life. -

Exeunt all but LYSANDER and HERMIA

112

Fl. *arco* *f*

Ob. *f*

Bsn. *f*

To Contra Cbsn. Contrabassoon *ff*

Cym.

Glock. *tr*

Hp. *f*

Pno. *mf*

Red.

119

Fl.

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Pno.

Lys.

How now my love

125

Cym.

Pno.

Her. Be-like for want of rain, which I could

Lys. Why is your cheek\_\_ so pale? How chance the ro - ses there do fade so fast?\_\_

131

Cym.

Pno.

Her. well-be-teem them from the tem-pest of my eyes\_

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could e-ver read, Could e-ver hear by tale or his-to-ry

137

Fl.

Cym.

Pno.

Her. Oh cross! too high

Lys. The course of true love ne-ver did run smooth; But ei-ther it was dif-fer-ent in blood\_\_ Or else mis-graf-fed

144

Cym.

Pno.

Her.

Lys.

148

Cym.

Pno.

Her.

Lys.

153 Andante ♩ = 80

Cym.

Pno.

Lys.

hari joshi scale  
C mi no B no F)  
blank verse iambic

159

Cym.

Pno.

Lys. 

sick - ness, did lay siege\_\_ to it. The jaws of dark - ness The jaws of dark - ness do de-vour it

165

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 

Lys. 

up So quick bright things So quick bright things come to con - fu- sion

172

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 

The let us teach our tri - al pat - ience, Be-cause it is a

178

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 

cus - to-ma-ry cross, As due to love as thoughts and dreams\_\_ and sighs,\_\_ wi - shes and

182

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 

tears, poor Fan - cy's fol - lo - wers.

186

Cym.

Pno.

Her.

Lys.

Joe octatonic  
up a semitone  
Db Eb F G Ab A Bb C Db

Hear me, Hermia  
I have a widow aunt,  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues-  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
There will I stay for thee.

193 Andante ♩ = 90

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 

My good Ly-san-der I swear to thee by Cu-pid's strong - est bow, By his best ar - row, with the

201

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 

gol-den head, By the sim-ple-ci ty of Ven-nus' doves, By all the vows that e-ver men have broke, In

210

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 
  
 num-ber more than wo-men e - ver spoke\_\_ In that same place thou hast ap-poin-ted me

216

Cym.

Pno.

Her. 
  
 To-mor-row tru - ly will I meet with thee\_\_

Lys.

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.



HERMIA.  
God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

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 favour so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go!

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.  
His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HELENA.  
None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

HERMIA.  
Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;  
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

LYSANDER.  
Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:  
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,  
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HERMIA.  
And in the wood where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
Exit both

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 do know.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again. Exit

## ACT 1 SCENE 2

## Athens. Quince's House

Andantino ♩ = 90

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM,  
SNOUT, and STARVELING

222

2 Motif F Rustics

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn.

Timp.

Cym.

229

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn.

Timp.

Cym.

Flu.

QUINCE.  
Is all our company here?

BOTTOM.  
You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUINCE.  
Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day at night.

BOTTOM.  
First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Andantino ♩ = 90

235 Motif G The Play

Ob. *mf* *p* *mf*

Hn. *mf* *p* *mf*

Cym. *mf* *p*

G.A. *mp*

Pno. *mf* *p*

Vla. *mf* *p*

Vc. *mf* *p*

Qui.

Marry, our play is 'The most Lamentable Comedy and most  
Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby.'

239

Fl. *p*

Ob.

Hn. *mf* *p* *mf*

Cym.

Pno. *mf* *p*

Vla. *mf* *p*

Vc. *mf* *p*

Bot.

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.  
Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.  
Masters, spread yourselves.

QUINCE.

Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM.

Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUINCE

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM.

What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE.

A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

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 humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

Allegro  $\text{♩} = 60$

243 3



Ob.

Timp.

Cym.

Pno.

Bot

The ra - - gingrocks And shi - - ringshocks Shall

248

Timp.

Cym.

Pno.

Bot

break the locks Of pri-son gates; And Phi - bus' car Shall

254

Timp.

Cym.

Pno.

Bot

shine from far, And make and mar The fool-ish Fates.

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more condoling.

FLUTE  
Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE.  
Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE.  
What is Thisby? A wand'ring knight?

QUINCE.  
It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE.  
Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUINCE.  
That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM.  
An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: 'Thisne, Thisne!' [Then speaking small] 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

QUINCE.  
No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM.  
Well, proceed.

QUINCE. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING  
. Here, Peter Quince.

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; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL.  
That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM  
. I grant you, friends, if 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-fac'd 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. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUINCE.  
Why, what you will.

BOTTOM.  
I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

QUINCE.  
Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. 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 dogg'd 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.

BOTTOM.  
We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

QUINCE.  
At the Duke's oak we meet.

BOTTOM. Enter the Duke's men with torches. Exit the

ACT 2 SCENE 1

A wood near Athens.

4 Adagio ♩ = 60

260 Motif H The Wood

Musical score for measures 260-263. The score is in 3/4 time and consists of four staves: Cbsn. (Bassoon), Cym. (Cymbal), Glock. (Glockenspiel), and Hp. (Harp). The Cbsn. part begins with a *mp* dynamic. The Glock. part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The Hp. part has a *mf* dynamic at the end of the section.

Enter a FAIRY at One door, and PUCK at another

Allegro ♩ = 120

264

Musical score for measures 264-266. The score is in 3/4 time and consists of five staves: Fl. (Flute), Cbsn. (Bassoon), Cym. (Cymbal), Glock. (Glockenspiel), and Hp. (Harp). The Fl. part begins with a *mp* dynamic. The Cbsn. part has a *mp* dynamic. The Hp. part has a *mf* dynamic.

270 Motif K Puck

Motif J Fairies

Musical score for measures 270-273. The score is in 3/4 time and consists of four staves: Fl. (Flute), Cym. (Cymbal), Glock. (Glockenspiel), and Pu. (Puck). The Fl. part includes trills and a *mf* dynamic. The Pu. part has lyrics: "How now spi-rit! wi-ther wan der you? wi-ther wan der you?".

278

Fl. *p*

Cym.

Glock. *p* Motif J Fairies

Fai.2 *mf*

O-ver hill o-ver dale Thor ough bush tho-rough brier, Ov-er park, o-ver pale,

284

Fl.

Cym.

Glock.

Fai.2

Thor ough flood tho-rough fire, I do wan der e-very where— Swif - ter than the moon's sphere

290

Fl. *tr*

Hn.

Cym.

Glock. *pp*

Fai.2

Swif - ter 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 favours,  
In those freckles live their savours.

298

Cym.

Glock.

Fai.2

I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.



305

Fl. *mp*

Cbsn.

Cym.

Glock. *tr* *tr*

Fai.2

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

315

Fl. *tr*

Cym.

Pu. *tr*

The King doth keep his re-vels here to night; Take heed the Queen come not wi-thin his sight; For O-ber-on is

323

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp* *tr* *tr* *tr*

Cym.

Pu. *tr*

pass-sing fell\_ and wrath, Be - cause that she as her at - ten dant\_ hath A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.  
Jealous Oberon would have the child  
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,

331

Fl. *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

Ob. *tr*

Cym.

Pu. *tr*

And now they ne-ver meet in grove or\_\_ green But they do square that all their elves for fear Creep in - to a-corn

Andante ♩ = 90

339 Motif J Fairies

Fl. *tr*

Ob. *p* *tr*

Cym.

Glock. *pp*

Fai.2

Pu. cups and hide them there

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,  
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,  
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn

347

Cym.

Glock.

Fai.2

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,  
 Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm? Are not you he?  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.  
 Are not you he?

355 Motif K Puck Motif J Fairies

Fl. *mp* *tr*

Cym.

Glock. *mf*

Pu. Thou speakest 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:

Enter OBERON at one door, with his TRAIN,  
and TITANIA, at another, with hers

5 Adagio ♩ = 60

364

Fl. *p* *mf* tr

Ob. *mf*

Cbsn. *mf*

Hn. *mf* tr

Cym.

Glock. *p* *mf* *p*

Hp. *mf* *p* *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Pu. *mf*

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

371 Andante ♩ = 90

Fl. *f*

Ob. *f* *pp*

Cbsn. *f* *p*

Hn. *f*

Cym.

Glock. *mf* *mf*

Hp. *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f*

Th/Ob.

Ill met by moon light proud Ti - ta

379

Ob. *pp*

Cbsn. *p*

Cym.

Hp. *mf*

Hi/Ti

Th/Ob.

What, jea - lous Ob - e - ron! Fai-ries skip hence; I have for-sworn his bed and com-pa-ny.

- nia. Tar - ry, rash wan ton;

385

Ob.

Cbsn.

Cym.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

Th/Ob.

Then I must be thy la - dy But I know when thou hast sto - len a-way  
 am not I thy lord?\_\_

392

Cym.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

from fai - ry land Why art thou here? Come from the farthest steep of India,  
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
 To give their bed joy and prosperity?

400

Ob.

Cbsn.

Cym.

Hp.

Th/Ob.

*pp* *p*

How can'st though thus for shame\_\_ Tit - ta -

407 *tr* *pp*

Ob.

Cbsn.

Cym.

Hp.

Th/Ob.

To Basson Cbsn.  
To Basson Bsn.

*p*

nia  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?  
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night  
And make him with fair Aegles break his faith,

415 Adagio ♩ = 70

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

These are the for-ge-ries of jea-lou-sy And ne-ver, since the

420

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

mid-dle sum-mer's spring, Met we on hill, in dale, for-est or mead, By pa-ved foun-tain, or by rush-y brook, To

425

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

dance our ring-lets to the whist - ling wind, — But with thy brawls thou hast dis turb'd our sport. There-fore the

432

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

winds have suck'd up from the sea con - ta - gious fogs which fal-ling in the land Hath e - very pel - ting

437

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

ri - er made so proud That they have o-verborne their con-ti-nents That

444

6 Adagio ♩ = 50

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *mf*  
Bassoon

Cbsn. *mf*

Hn. *p*

Timp. *p*

Cym.

Hp. *mf*

Pno. *p*

Vla. *p* pizz.

Vc. *p*

Hi/Ti  
they have o-ver-borne their con - ti-nents      The ox\_\_\_\_\_ hath there fore



451

Hn.

Timp.

Cym.

Hp.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

stretch'd his yoke in vain, The plough-man lost his sweat, and the green corn hath

457

Cym.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

rot - ted\_ ere his youth at-taina beard; The fold stands emp-ty in the drown-ed field, And crows are fat-ted

463

Cym.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

with the mur-rion flock;      The nine men's mor-ris      Is fill'd up with

469

Hn.

Timp.

Cym.

Hp.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

mud,      The sea \_\_\_\_\_ sons al- ter: hoa-ry head - ed frosts \_\_\_\_\_ Fall in the fresh

476

Timp.

Cym.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

lap of the crim - son rose The spring, the sum - mer,

482 Adagio ♩ = 30

Cym.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

the chi-ding au-tumn change Their won-terd li - ve ries; and the ma-zed world,

487

Cym.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

now knows not\_ now knows not\_ which is\_ which\_

493 Più mosso  $\text{♩} = 40$

Fl.

Ob.

Cym.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

Th/Ob.

this progeny of evils comes  
from our dissension;  
We are their parents and original.

Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon? I do but beg a lit - tle

7

501

Fl.

Ob. *tr* *pp*

Cym.

Vc.

Hi/Ti

Th/Ob.

change - ling boy\_\_ to be my hench man.

Set your heart at rest; Full often hath she gossip'd by my side; When we have laugh'd to the fairy land buys not the child of me. And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, And grow big-bellied with His mother was a votress of my order; Marking th' embarked traders on the flood; Which she, And, in the spiced Indian air, by night, her womb then rich with Would imitate.

510

Allegro ♩ = 140

Ob.

Cym.

Hi/Ti

How long within this wood intend you stay?

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; And for her sake do I rear up her boy; And for her sake I will not part with him.

521

Fl. *mf* *p*

Ob. *tr* *mf* *p* *pp*

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

Th/Ob.

Not for thy fai - - ry

Give me that boy\_\_ and I will go\_\_with thee

527

Maestoso ♩ = 80

Fl. *mf* *f* *tr*

Ob. *mf* *f*

Bsn. *mf* *f*

Hn. *mf* *f* *tr*

Cym.

Glock. *mf* *p*

Hp. *mf* *p*

Pno. *p*

Vla. *mf* *f*

Vc. *mf* *f*

Hi/Ti  
king - dom. Fai - ries, a - way. Fai - ries, a - way.

8 Moderato ♩ = 100

Motif K Puck

533

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Th/Ob.

Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove My gen - tle Puck  
 Till I torment thee for this injury.  
 My gentle Puck, come hither

542

Fl.

Ob.

Cym.

Pno.

Th/Ob.

come hi - ther come hi - - ther

550

Ob. *mf*

Cym.

Pno.

Th/Ob. *mf*

Thou re- mem-sbrest since once I sat u-pon a pro-mon-to ry

556

Cym.

Pno.

Th/Ob.

And heard a mer maid on a dol phin's back Ut ter ring such\_ dul-cet and har-mon-iousbreath That the rude sea -

562

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cym.

Pno. *p*

Pu. I re mem ber\_ I re mem ber

Th/Ob. - grew ci-vil at her song\_



568

Fl.

Ob. *mp*

Hn. *p*

Cym.

Glock. *p*

Pno.

Pu.

Th/Ob.

That ve - ry time I saw but though could't not\_ Fly - ing be tween the

574

Hn.

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Th/Ob.

cold moon\_\_\_\_\_ and the earth Cu - pid, all arm'd;

a certain aim he took  
 At a fair vestal, thrond by the west,  
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

582

Fl.

Ob.

Hn.

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Pu.

Th/Ob.

*mp*

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;  
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet

590

Fl.

Ob.

Hn.

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Vla.

Th/Ob.

mark'd I where the bolt of Cu-pid fell. It fell u pon a lit - tle

597

Fl.

Hn.

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Vla.

Th/Ob.

\_\_ wes-tern flower, be - fore milk - white now pur-ple with love's wound, And maidens call it Love-in-idlene

604

Fl.

Hn.

Cym.

Pno.

Th/Ob.

Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed thee once.  
 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote  
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.

612 Presto ♩ = 200

Fl.

Ob.

Cym.

Glock.

Pu.

Th/Ob.

I'll put a gir-dle round a-bout the

Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again  
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

619 ♩ = 40

Cym.

Glock.

Vla.

Vc.

Pu.

Exit PUCK

earth In for- ty min - utes.

627

Fl. *mf* *p*

Ob. *mf* *p* *pp*

Cym.

Vla.

Vc. arco

Th/Ob.

Ha-ving once this juice, I'll watch Tit - ta nia when she is a sleep— The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

634

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him

Fl.

Cym.

Vla.

Vc.

Th/Ob.

And ere I take this charm from off her sight,  
 I'll make her render up her page to me. But who comes here? I am invisible;  
 And I will overhear their conference

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 stol'n unto this wood,  
 And here am I, and wood 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?

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?

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. You do impeach your modesty too much  
 To leave the city and commit yourself  
 Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
 To trust the opportunity of night,  
 And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
 With the rich worth of your virginity.

HELENA. Your virtue is my privilege for that:  
 It is not night when I do see your face,  
 Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
 Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
 For you, in my respect, are all the world.  
 Then how can it be said I am alone  
 When all the world is here to look on me?

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 chang'd:  
 Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
 The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
 Makes speed to catch the tiger- bootless speed,  
 When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

DEMETRIUS. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;  
 Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
 But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELENA. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
 You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.  
 We cannot fight for love as men may do;  
 We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Exit DEMETRIUS

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
 To die upon the hand I love so well.                   Exit HELENA

OBERON. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove,  
 Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK

645 9 Presto ♩ = 200

Fl. *mp* *tr*

Ob. *mp*

Cym.  $\text{||} \frac{2}{2}$

Glock. *mp* *p*

Pu.

Th/Ob.  $\frac{2}{2}$

Ay, there it is.

Hast thou the flower there?  
Welcome, wanderer

I pray thee

652 rit. Andante ♩ = 80

Fl.

Ob. *mf* *tr* *p* *tr*

Hn.

Cym.  $\frac{4}{4}$

Glock.

Pno. *p*

Vla. *arco* *p* *pizz.*

Vc. *p*

Th/Ob.  $\frac{4}{4}$

give it me.

I know a bank where the wild

660

Fl.

Ob.

Hn.

Cym.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Th/Ob.

*p*

pizz.

arco

arco

pizz.

8

— thyme blows, — Where ox - lips — and the nod - ding vi - o - let grows, Quite o - ver - ca - no - pied

668

Fl.

Hn.

Cym.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Th/Ob.

pizz.

arco

pizz.

8

with lus - cious wood bine, With sweet musk - roses, and with eglantine;  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;



676

Fl. pizz.

Hn. pizz.

Cym.

Pno.

Vla. arco

Vc. pizz.

Th/Ob.

And there the snake throws her enamell'd 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;

685

Ob. *mp*

Cym.

Pu.

Th/Ob.

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.  
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.  
 Fear not, my lord; your servant shall

692 **rall.** ----- **Andante** ♩ = 80

Fl. **rall.**

Ob.

Hn.

Cym.

Glock. *p* *mf*

Hp.

Vla. arco

Vc.

696 **10**

Cym.

Glock.

Hp. *f* *p*

Vc. *mf* *p*

Enter TITANIA, with her train  
- fairies dancing

704

Cym.

Glock. *p*

Hp.

Vc.

Hi/Ti  
Come now, a roun - del and a fai-ry song: Then for the third part of a min - ute

712

Cym.

Glock. *p*

Hp.

Vc.

Hi/Ti  
hence: Some to kill can-kers in the musk-rose buds; some war with re - re mice for their lea-thern wings

719 rit. ----- Adagio ♩ = 40

Cym. | Glock. | Hp. | Vc. | Hi/Ti

*p* *pizz.* yawns and stretches

to make my small elves coats to make my small elves coats

725 11 Andante ♩ = 80

Cym. | Glock. | Hp. | Vc. | Hi/Ti

*mf* The FAIRIES Sing and dance

to make my small elves coats Sing me now a sleep and let me rest. - -

733

Cym. | Glock. | Hp. | Fai.1 | Fai.2

*mf* Phi-lo-mel with me-lo - dy Sing in our sweet lul - la - by Lul - la lul - la lul - la - by; lul - la, lul - la, lul - la

Phi-lo-mel with me-lo - dy Sing in our sweet lul - la - by Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by lul - la, lul - la, lul - la

741

Cym.

Fai.1

Fai.2

748

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Fai.1

Fai.2

755

Hn.

Cym.

Hp.

Fai.1

Fai.2

763

Cym.

Fai.1

Fai.2

771

Cym.

Hp.

Fai.1  
charm Come our love-ly la - dy nigh So good-night with lul - la - by So good night with lul la - by

Fai.2  
charm Come our love-ly la - dy nigh So good-night with lul - la - by So good-night with lul - la - by

778

Cym.

Hp.

Fai.2  
Wea-ving spi-ders come not here Hence you long-legg'd spin-ners hence Beetles black ap

786

Cym. rit.  $\frac{4}{4}$

Hp. [TITANIA sleeps] Exeunt FAIRIES

Fai.2 *pp* *pp*

proach not near Worm nor snail do no off fence Worm nor snail do no off fence

794 Moderato  $\text{♩} = 100$

Ob. *tr*

Cym.  $\frac{4}{4}$

Th/Ob.  $\frac{4}{4}$

What thou seest when thou dost wake, Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Do it for thy true-love take; Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
Love and languish for his sake. In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.

802

Ob. *tr* rit.  $\frac{3}{4}$

Cym.  $\frac{3}{4}$

Th/Ob. Exit  $\frac{3}{4}$

Wake when some vile thing is near.

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER.

Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;  
And, to speak troth, 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!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Two bosoms interchained 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 human modesty;  
Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.  
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

LYSANDER.

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I;  
And then end life when I end loyalty!  
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA.

With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!  
[They sleep]

12

Enter Puck

810

Fl.

Cym.

Pu.

Through the fo- rest have I gone —

818

Ob.

Cym.

Pu.

But Ath-e - ni - an found I none —

Night and silence- Who is here? And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear: On the dank and dirty ground.

828

Cym.

Glock.

Pu.

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:  
Exit



Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

HELENA.

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA.

O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

DEMETRIUS.

Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.           Exit

HELENA.

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

13

837 Moderato ♩ = 100

Fl.

Bsn.

Cym.

Hel.

Hap - py is Her - mi - a,

843

Fl.

Bsn.

Cym.

Hel.

Where - so - e'er she lies, For she has bles-sed and at - trac - tive eyes. How came her eyes

848

Fl.

Bsn.

Cym.

Hel.

so bright? Not with salt tears; If so, my eyes are oft - ner wash'd than

853

Fl.

Cym.

Hel.

hers No, no, I am as ug-ly as a bear, No, no, I am as ug-ly as a bear, For

858

Fl.

Cym.

Hel.

beasts that meet me run a-way for fear; Therefore no marvel though Demetrius But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

864

Fl.  $f$

Hn.

Cym.

Pno.  $f$

Vla. arco  $f$

Vc.  $f$

Hel.  $f$

Lys. Dead, or asleep? Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake. Good sir a - wake Waking Motif Cb And run through fire I

870

Fl.

Hn.

Cym.

Vla.

Vc.

Lys. will for thy sweetsake. Trans - pa - rent Hel - e - na! Na-ture shows art, That through thy bo-som makes me see

878

Hn.

Cym.

Vla.

Vc.

Lys.

— thy heart. — Not Her - mi-a but He - le - na I love He - le - na I love

887

Fl. Motif Cb

Hn.

Cym.

Vla.

Vc.

Hel. Exit

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
 That I did never, no, nor never can,  
 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
 But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
 In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
 But fare you well; perforce I must confess  
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
 O, that a lady of one man refus'd  
 Should of another therefore be abus'd!

896

Fl.

Hn.

Cym.

Vla.

Vc.

Lys. Exit

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;  
 And never mayst thou come Lysander near!  
 And, all my powers, address your love and might  
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

904

Fl. *pp* *ff*

Timp. *ff*

Cym.

Her. Help me Ly-san-der,

910

Fl. *p*

Hn.

Timp. *p*

Cym.

Vla.

Vc.

Her. help me; do thy best To pluck thiscrawl-ing ser-pent off my breast. Ay me, for pi-ty! What a dreamas here!

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

916

Fl.

Cym.

Her. Lysander! Lysander! lord! Alack, where are you?

rall.

Lights fade down to dark black green wood

922

Fl.

Timp.

Cym.

Her.

exit

3/4

3/4

3/4

3/4

The musical score consists of four staves. The Flute staff (Fl.) has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a series of rests followed by two sixteenth-note runs. The Timpani staff (Timp.) has a bass clef and contains a single note with a trill (tr) and a decrescendo hairpin. The Cymbal staff (Cym.) has a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature. The Horn staff (Her.) has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats, with a box labeled 'exit' above it. The time signature 3/4 is indicated at the end of each staff.

No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.  
Either death or you I'll find immediatly.

The wood. TITANIA lying asleep

**15**  
motif H

929 Adagio ♩ = 60

Motif F Rustics  
Andantino ♩ = 90

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Timp.

Cym.

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mf*

Lights up on lighter black green wood

938

tr

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Timp.

Cym.

944

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Timp.

Cym.

Pno.

Qui.

Bot.

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.

Are we all met?

952

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

Pno.

Qui.

Bot.

Snou.

Starv.

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Peter Quince!


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

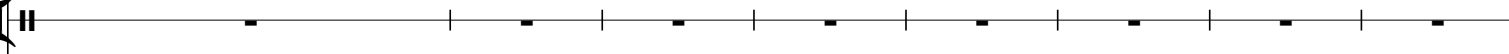
By'r lakin, a parlous fear.


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



959

Bsn. 

Cym. 

Bot 

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 kill'd 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.

967

Ob. 

Cym. 

Pno. 

Qui. 

Snu. 

I fear it, I promise you.

Well, we will have such a prologue;  
and it shall be written  
in eight and six

Will not the ladies be  
afear'd of the lion?

BOTTOM.

Masters, you ought to consider with yourself 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't.

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 Thisby 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 Thisby, 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 Thisby 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 every  
one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind

16

Motif K Puck

973

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cym.

Pu.

What hem-pen home-spuns have we swagg'-ring here, So near the

978

Fl.

Ob.

Cym.

Pu.

cra-dle of the Fai-ry Queen? What a play to ward! a play to ward! I'll be an au-di-tor an ac-tor too per-haps

985 *Moderato* ♩ = 50

Fl. *tr* *mp*

Ob. 3

Bsn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Cym.

G.A. *mp*

Pno. *tr* *mp*

Vla. *ff* *tr*

Vc. *mp*

Pu. *Moderato*  
If I see cause.

Qui.

Bot. Speak, Pyramus.  
Thisby, stand forth.  
This - by the

993

Bsn.

Hn.

Cym.

Pno.

Qui. 'Odious'- odorous!

Bot. flow-ers of o di-ous sa-vours sweet  
o - dours sa-vours sweet; So hath thy breath, my dea-rest This-by dear

1000

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

G.A.

Bot

But hark a voice! Stay thou but here a- while, And by and by I will to thee ap-pear.

exit - Puck following

1007

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

Flu.

Most ra-diant Py-ra-mus most li-ly white of hue, Of co-lour like the red rose on tri-ump-hant bri er Most bris-ky

1014

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

Flu.

ju - ve-nal, and eke most love-ly Jew, As true as tru - est horse, that would ne - ver tire I'll meet thee Py-ra-musat

**Più mosso** ♩ = 80

1020 *tr*

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

Pno.

**Più mosso**

Qui.

Flu.

'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.'

**Allegro** ♩ = 140

1027 *tr*

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

G.A.

Bot

Flu.

17 **Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head**

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

4/4

4/4

**Allegro** *ff*

17

1032

Fl. *ff*

Ob. *ff*

Bsn. *ff*

Cym.

G.A. *ff*

Pno. *ff*

Qui.

Bot

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

This-by, I were on-ly thine.

1037

Motif K Puck

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cym.

Pu. *mp*

I'll fol-low you; I'll lead you a - bout a round, Tho-rough bog, tho-rough bri -

1043

exit Puck

Fl. *mp*

Ob.

Cym.

Pu. *mp*

- er; Some time a horse I'll be, some time a hound, A hog a head-less bear, some-time a fire

1050

Fl. *tr*

Ob. *tr*

Bsn.

Cym.

G.A. *mp*

Pno.

Bot

Snou.

Re-enter SNOUT

Exit SNOUT

Why do they run away?  
This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

O Bottom, thou art chang'd!  
What do I see on thee?

1056

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

Pno.

Qui.

Bot

Flu.

Re-enter QUINCE

Exit QUINCE

Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee!  
Thou art translated.

I see their knavery: this is to make an ass  
of me; to fright me, if they could.

But I will not stir from this place,  
do what they can;



1064

Andante ♩ = 80

Fl. *tr* *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *mp*

Cym.  $\frac{3}{4}$

Andante

Bot

I will walk up and down here, and will sing,  
 that they shall hear I am not afraid. The ou-sel cock, so

1072

Fl. *p* *tr*

Ob. *p*

Bsn.

Cym.

Hp. *p* *f*

Bot

black of hue, With o - range taw - ny bill, The thros - tle with his note so true, The wren with lit - tle quill

1079

Fl. *tr*

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

Hp. *p* *f*

Hi/Ti

Bot

What angel wakes me  
from my flow'ry bed?

The finch, the spar - row and the lark, The plain-song cuck-oo grey, Whose

1086 (tr)

Fl. *tr*

Ob.

Bsn.

Cym.

Hp. *p*

Bot

note full ma - ny a man doth mark, And dares not ans- wer nay

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?  
Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

1093

Fl. *tr*

Ob. *tr*

Cym.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
 Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;  
 So \_\_\_\_\_ is mine eye en - thral - led \_\_\_\_\_ to thy shape;

1103

Cym.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

And thy fair vir - tue's force per-force doth move me On the first

1110

Fl.

Bsn.

Cym.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

view to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOTTOM.

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that.  
And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company  
together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest  
neighbours will not make them friends.

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.

Allegro 1119 ♩ = 120 **18**

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Fai.1 *f* Peaseblossom  
Rea- dy\_\_

Fai.2 *f* Cobweb  
And I\_\_

Hi/Ti  
Pease-blos-som! Cob - web! Moth!\_\_ and Mus-tard- seed!

1126

Cym.

Glock.

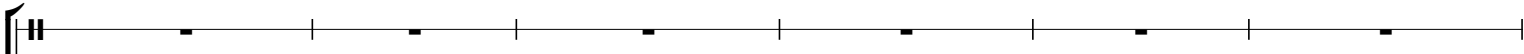
Hp.


Fai.1 *f* Moth  
And I\_\_ Where shall we go Where shall we go

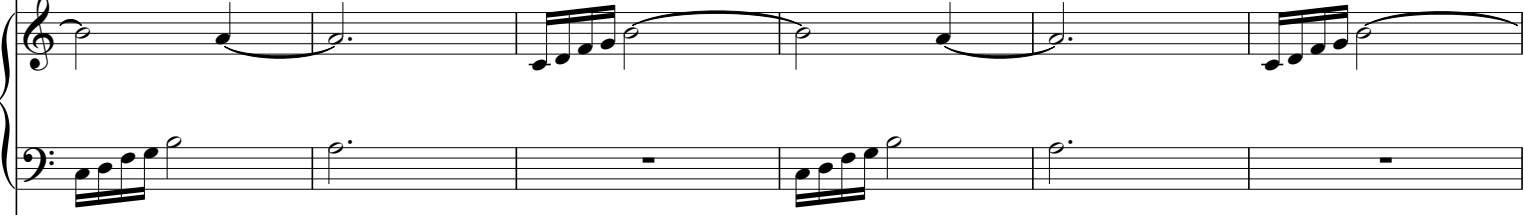
Fai.2 *f* Mustardseed  
\_\_ And I\_\_ Where shall we go Where shall we go


Hi/Ti  
Be kind and cour - te - ous to this

1134

Cym. 

Glock. 

Hp. 

Hi/Ti   
 gen - tle- man Hop in his walks and gam-bol in his eyes Feed him with ap - ri-cocks and

1140

Cym. 

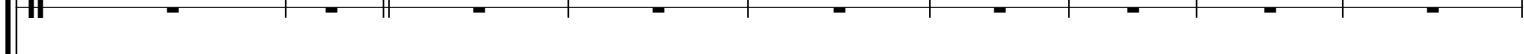
Glock. 


Hp. 


Hi/Ti   
 dew - ber - ries\_ With pur - ple grapes, green figs, and mul-ber ries\_

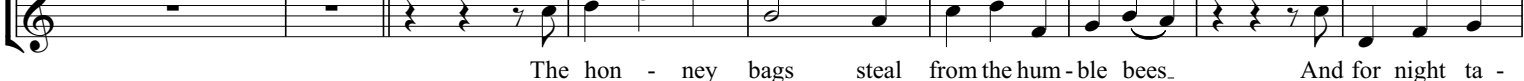
**Andante**  $\text{♩} = 60$

1146

Cym. 

Glock. 

Hp. 

Hi/Ti   
 The hon - ney bags steal from the hum - ble bees. And for night ta -

1155

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti 

pers crop their wax - en thighs\_ Andlight them at the fi - ery glow\_ worms eyes\_

1164

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti 

To have my love to bed\_ and to a - rise\_ And pluck the wings

1173

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti 

from pain - ted but ter flies\_ To fan the moon - beams from his sleep - ing eyes.

1182 **Allegro** ♩ = 120

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti

Nod to him, elves,  
and do him courtesies.

1188

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Fai.1 *f* Peaseblossom *f* Moth  
Hail mor - tal! Hail!

Fai.2 *f* Cobweb *f* Mustardseed  
Hail! Hail!



BOTTOM.

I cry your worships mercy, heartily; I beseech your worship's name.

COBWEB.

Cobweb.

BOTTOM.

I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM.

Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM.

I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUSTARDSEED.

Mustardseed.

BOTTOM.

Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

1193 **19** Maestoso ♩ = 80

Hn. *mp* motif B

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

Hi/Ti  
Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

1200

Hn.

Cym.

Pno. *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Hi/Ti motif B  
The moon me-thinks, looks with a wat - 'ry\_\_ eye and when she weeps, weeps e-very lit - tle\_\_ flower

1206

Hn. *mf* *mp*

Cym.

Pno. *mf* *mp*

Vla. *mf* *mp*

Vc. *mf* *mp*

Hi/Ti  
\_\_ La-ment - ing some en - for - ced chas - ti - ty. Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

1214 **20** Adagio  $\text{♩} = 60$

Another part of the wood

Motif H The Wood

Fl.

Ob.

Contrabassoon

Bsn.

Hn.

Cym.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

*mp*

*mp*

*mf*

*mf* pizz.

*f*

*mp*

*arco*

*mf*

1218 **accel.**

Allegro  $\text{♩} = 120$

Enter PUCK

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Cym.

Hp.

Vc.

Th/Ob.

*(tr)*

*tr*

*tr*

*mf*

Enter 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

1224

Fl. *tr* *tr*

Cbsn. To Basson Bsn.

Cym.

Th/Ob.

The musical score consists of four staves. The Flute staff (Fl.) is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 5/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with trills and a wavy line. The Clarinet staff (Cbsn.) is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a simple bass line. The Cymbal staff (Cym.) is marked with a cymbal symbol and a 5/4 time signature. The Trumpet/Oboe staff (Th/Ob.) is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 5/4 time signature, and contains a simple bass line.

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 thickskin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene and ent'red 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 briers 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 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;

1230

21

Motif Cb deranged

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Timp.

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Pu.

Th/Ob.

*f marcato*

*mf*

*pp*

*f*

*mf*

*pizz.*

*mf*

*mf*

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA

That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

To Basson Cbsn.

1235

Timp. 
  
 Cym. 
  
 Pno. 
  
 Vla. 
  
 Vc. 
  
 Pu. 
  
 Dem.

This is the woman, but not this the man.

O why re-buke you him that loves you so\_ Lay breath so bit-ter

Andante ♩ = 100

1240

Timp. 
  
 Cym. 
  
 Pno. 
  
 Vla. 
  
 Vc. 
  
 Her. 
  
 Dem.

Now I but chide,\_ but I should use thee worse,\_

on your bit - ter foe.

1244

The musical score consists of six staves. The top staff is for Timpani (Timp.), showing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The second staff is for Cymbal (Cym.), which is mostly silent with some rests. The third staff is for Piano (Pno.), featuring a complex texture with many sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The fourth staff is for Viola (Vla.), with a melodic line of quarter notes. The fifth staff is for Violoncello (Vc.), with a bass line of quarter notes. The sixth staff is for the Soprano (Her.), with a vocal line and lyrics: "For thou.I fear, hast giv-en me cause to curse... If thou hast slain Ly-san - der in his sleep,". The lyrics are aligned with the notes on the staff.



1248

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Hn.

Timp.

Cym.

Hp.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Her.

*pp*

*tr*

*mp*

*pizz.*

Be-ing o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep, and kill me too.

1253

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cym.

Hp.

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Her.

The sun was not so true un-to the day as he\_ to me

Would

1258

Fl. 

Ob. 

Bsn. 

Hn. 

Cym. 

Hp. 

Pno. 

Vla. 

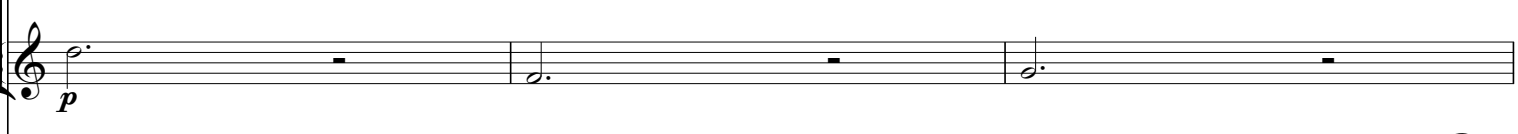
Vc. 

Her. 

1263 Moderato ♩ = 90

Hn. 

Cym. 

Glock. 

Vla. 

Vc. 

Her. 

1266

Hn. *mute sfz*

Cym.

Glock.

Vla.

Vc.

Her. *creep and so dis-please herbro-ther's noon-tide with th'An-ti-po des\_\_\_\_\_ It can - not be but*

1270

Hn. *nat.*

Cym.

Her. *thou hast mur - d'ed him So should a mur-derer look\_ so dead\_ so grim so dead so grim*

Dem. *So should the mur-d'ed look; and so\_ should I*

1275

Hn.

Cym.

Her. *What's this to my Ly- san- der? Where is he? Ah goodDe-me - tri-*

Dem. *Pierc'd through the heart with your\_ stern cru - el-ty.*

1280

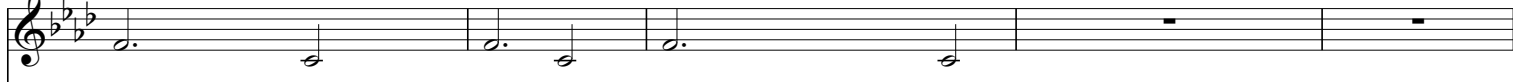
Hn.


Cym.

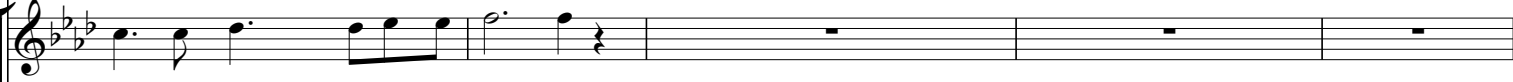
Her. *us\_ wilt thou give him me? Wiltthou give him me? Out dog! Out cur! Thou driv'st me*

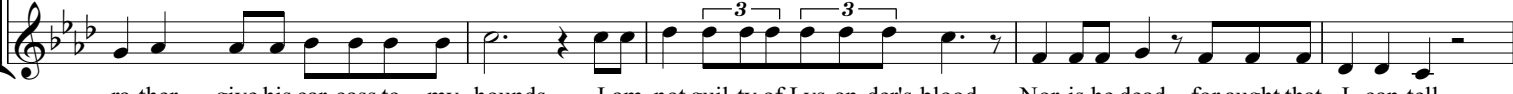
Dem. *I had ra - ther give his car-cas to my hounds I had*

1285

Hn. 

Cym. 

Her.   
 past the bounds of mai-den's pa - tience

Dem.   
 ra-ther give his car-cass to my hounds I am not guil-ty of Lys-an-der's blood. Nor is he dead for aught that I can tell.

1290

Cym. 

Vla.   
 pizz.

Vc.   
 mp

Her.   
 exit

from thy hated presence part I so;  
See me no more whether he be dead or no.

1297

Adagio ♩ = 50

Cym. 

Vla. 

Vc. 

Dem.   
 lies down

There is no following her in this fierce vein;  
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

1302

Fl.

Ob.

Contrabassoon

Cbsn.

Cym.

Vc. *arco*

Pu.

Th/Ob.

What hast thou done? Thou hast mis-ta-ken

1307

Ob.

Cbsn.

Cym.

Th/Ob.

quite. And laid the love juice on some trudove's sight About the wood go swifter than the wind, And Helena of Athens look thou find; By some illusion see thou bring her here;

1313

Fl.

Cbsn.

Cym.

Glock.

Pu.

Th/Ob.

*tr*

*mp*

I go I go Look how I go swif-ter than the ar - row from the Tar-tar's bow.

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear

1318

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn.

Cym.

Glock.

Pu. exit

Th/Ob.

Flow-er of this pur-ple dye Sink in ap-ple of his eye

1324

Ob.

Cbsn.

Cym.

Glock.

Pu.

Th/Ob.

When his love he do es - py, Let her shine as glo-rious - ly, As the Ve-nus of the sky.

1330

Fl. *p* *tr*

Ob.

Cbsn.

Cym. *f*

Glock.

Pu. *enter*

Th/Ob.

Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand,  
And the youth mistook by me  
Pleading for a lover's fee;

Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Stand aside. The noise they make  
Will cause Demetrius to awake

23

1336

*enter Lysander and Helena*

Allegro ♩ = 130

Fl. *p*

Hn. *p*

Glock. *tr*

Pno. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Pu. *mf*

Lys.

Then will two at once woo one.  
That must needs be sport alone;

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn? Scorn and de-ri - sion ne-ver



1341

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Her.

Lys.

come in tears. Look when I vow I weep How can these things in me seem scorn to you?

You do ad-vance your cun-ning more and more.

1347

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Her.

These vows are Her-mi - as' will you give her o'er? Your vows to her and me, put in two scales Will e-ven weigh;

1352

rit. . . . .

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Her.

Lys.

Dem.

and both as light as tales.

I had no judge-ment when to her I swore De - me - trius loves her and he loves not you.

1358 Andante ♩ = 80

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Dem.

He - len, god - dess, nymph — per - fect, di - vine — O, let me kiss

1365

**24** F Lydian

Allegro ♩ = 140

Pno.

Vla.

Vc.

Hel.

Her.

Th/Ob.

Lys.

Dem.

O spite! O hell! I

This prin-cess of purewhite, this seal of bliss —

rit. . . . . Andante ♩ = 80

1371

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

Lys.

Dem.

1376

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

Lys.

Dem.

1381

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

Lys.

Dem.

1386

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel. 
  
en - ter-prise To con - jure tears In a poor mai - den'seyes with your de - ri - sion In

Her.

Th/Ob.

Lys.

Dem.

**accel.**

1392

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel. 
  
a poor mai - den'seyes with your de - ri - sion.

Her.

Th/Ob.

Lys.

Dem. 
  
Lys - an - der keep thy Herm - i - a I will

1397 rit. ----- 25 Andante ♩ = 60

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

Her.

Th/Ob.

Lys.

Dem.

none. Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Thou

1403

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

Her.

Th/Ob.

Lys.

Dem.

art not by mine eye Ly-san-der found; Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound. But why un-kind-ly did'st thou leave me so?

1409

Moderato ♩ = 80

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

Her.

Lys.

1416

*tr.*

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Her.

Lys.

1422

**rit.** . . . . .

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

Her.

1427 Moderato ♩ = 110

Cym.

Glock.

Pno.

Hel.

fa-shion this false sport in spite of me. In - ju - ri-ous Her - mi-a

1433

Pno.

Hel.

most un-grate ful maid! Have you conspir'd, have you with these con triv'd, To bait me with this foul de-ri - sion?

1438 G minor

Pno.

Hel.

Is all the coun-sel that we two have shar'd, The sis - ter's vows The hours that we have spent

1445

Pno.

Hel.

O is all for-got? All school-days friend - ship child-hood in - no-cence? We

1452

Pno.

Hel.

Her-mi-a, Have with our nee - dles cre-a-ted both one flower both on one sam - pler,

rit.

1459 *Moderato* ♩ = 80

Pno.

Hel. sit-ting on one cu - shion, Both war - bling of one song, both in one key; So we grew to-

1466 *Moderato* ♩ = 70

Pno.

Hel. ge - ther, Two love-ly ber - ries moul - ded on one stem; moul - ded on one stem;

1473 *Allegro* ♩ = 140

Pno.

Hel. And will you rent our an-cient love a - sun - der, to join with men in scor-ning your poor friend? It is not

1479

Pno.

Hel. friend - ly, tis not mai-den - ly tis not mai-den - ly



HERMIA.

I am amazed at your passionate words;  
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA.

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?  
This you should pity rather than despise.

HERMIA.

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA.

Ay, do- persevere, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,  
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.

But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault, Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER.

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA.

O excellent!

HERMIA.

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS.

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYSANDER.

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;  
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers

Helen, I love thee, by my life I do;

I swear by that which I will lose for thee  
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS.

I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER.

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS.

Quick, come.

HERMIA.

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER.

Away, you Ethiopie!

DEMETRIUS.

No, no, he will

Seem to break loose- take on as you would follow,

But yet come not. You are a tame man; go!

LYSANDER.

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

HERMIA.

Why are you grown so rude? What change is this,

Sweet love?

LYSANDER.

Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed med'cine! O hated potion, hence!

HERMIA.

Do you not jest?

HELENA.

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER.

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS.

I would I had your bond; for I perceive  
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER.

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA.

What! Can you do me greater harm than hate?  
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?  
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?  
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.  
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me.  
Why then, you left me- O, the gods forbid!-  
In earnest, shall I say?

LYSANDER.

Ay, by my life!

And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;  
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA.

O me! you juggler! you cankerblossom!  
You thief of love! What! Have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA.

Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What! Will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

HERMIA.

'Puppet!' why so? Ay, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.  
And are you grown so high in his esteem  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
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.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
 Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;  
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
 I am a right maid for my cowardice;  
 Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,  
 Because she is something lower than myself,  
 That I can match her.

HERMIA.

'Lower' hark, again.

HELENA.

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood.  
 He followed you; for love I followed him;  
 But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned me  
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;  
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
 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 is't that hinders you?

HELENA.

A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HERMIA.

What! with Lysander?

HELENA.

With Demetrius.

LYSANDER.

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS.

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA.

O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd;  
 She was a vixen when she went to school;  
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA.

'Little' again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

LYSANDER.

Get you gone, you dwarf;  
 You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;  
 You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS.

You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

LYSANDER.

Now she holds me not.

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS.

Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

HERMIA.

You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.

Nay, go not back.

HELENA.

I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away. Exit

HERMIA.

I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. Exit

1484 Allegro ♩ = 140

Fl. *mf* *p*

Ob. *mf* *p*

Cbsn. *mf* *p*

Timp. *mf* *p*

Pu. *mf*

Th/Ob. *mf*

Be-lieve me King of sha-dows, I mis took.\_\_\_\_

This is thy neg - li-gence.

D flat/Bb mi

1491 Moderato ♩ = 100

Fl. *p* *mf*

Ob. *p* *mf*

Cbsn. *p* *mf*

Timp. *mf*

Pu. *mf*

Th/Ob. *mf*

I mis took.\_\_\_\_

Thou seest these lov-ers seek a place to fight.\_\_\_\_ Hie there-fore Ro-bin

1497

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn.

Timp.

Th/Ob.

o-ver- cast\_ the night; The star-ry wel-kin co-ver thou a non\_ With droop - ing fog as black as

1503

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn.

Timp.

Pno.

Hel.

Th/Ob.

A - che-ron, And lead these tes-ty riv - als so a - stray. so a - stray. Till o'er their brows death

1510

Fl.

Ob.

Cbsn.

Th/Ob.

coun-ter-feit ing sleep With lead - en lega and bat-ty wings doth creep.— Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye; Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, To take from thence all error

1518

Fl.

Ob.

Glock.

Pu.

1529

Pno.

Hel.

1540 Adagio ♩ = 50

Hn. *mp*

Cym.

Glock.

Hp. *mp*

Pno. *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp* pizz.

Hi/Ti

Hel.

his dance our ring-lets to the whist-lingwind

1548

Cym.

1559 Motif Cb Janacek Vixen

Fl.

Cym.

Hp. *ff*

1568

Cym.

Glock.

Hp.

1573

Fl.

Cym.

Hp.

Pno.

1577

Cym.

Pno.

Lys.

vow, gə