

**A Midsummer's Night Dream – Artwork**  
Palouse Prairie Charter School – 8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Moscow, Idaho



Of this their purpose hither to this wood,  
And I in fury hither follow'd them,  
Fair Helena in fancy following me  
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,  
Melted as the snow, seems to me now  
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,<sup>28</sup>  
Which in my childhood I have loved in vain,  
And all the faith, the virtue, and the truth,  
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betroth'd ere I had seen her once.  
But, like in sickness, I have lov'd myself;  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.  
Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.  
Egeus, I will overbear<sup>29</sup> your will;  
For in the temple, by and by, with us  
These couples shall eternally be knit.

PRO. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beautiful lady Thisbe is certain.  
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;  
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To kiss, and talk, and sing, and all things else,  
Presently Moonshine, for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
By moonshine, with limbeck and with lullaby,  
Presently Moonshine, for, if you will know,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright,  
And he, being terrified, did slay the lion;  
And she, being terrified, did slay the lion;  
And he, being terrified, did slay the lion;  
And she, being terrified, did slay the lion;

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe;  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;  
I can no further crawl, no further go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!  
*[Lies down and sleeps.]*

**SLEEP, THAT SOMETIMES SHUTS UP  
SORROW'S EYE, STEAL ME AWHILE FROM  
MINE OWN COMPANY**

TITA. Tarry, rash wanton, I'll not let thy love go.  
TITA. Then I must be the lady; but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from me,  
And in the shape of Coynach, I have seen  
Playing on pipes of comely form,  
To amorous Phillida, when I have  
Come from the farthest part of the wood,  
But that, forsooth, I have not seen.  
Your buskin'd<sup>23</sup> mirth  
To Theseus must I give, and he  
To give their beds, and he  
Clance at<sup>24</sup> my company,  
Knowing I know not his name,  
Didst thou not kill the lion?  
From Perigenia, that I love,  
And make him to believe  
With Ariadne and Philomena,  
These are the forgers,  
And never, since that time,

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns<sup>12</sup> have we swaggering here,  
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?  
What, a play toward<sup>13</sup> I'll be an auditor;  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus. Thisbe, stand forth.

BOT. Thisbe, the flowers of odorous savours sweet.

QUIN. Odours, odours.

BOT. — odours savours sweet.  
So bath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear,  
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,  
And by and by I will to thee appear.

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here.

FLU. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand  
The noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLU. Most radiant Pyramus, most lovely  
Of colour like the red, red rose,  
Most brisky juvenal,<sup>14</sup> and wondrous tall,  
As true as trustful truth,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, ere it be day.  
QUIN. "Ninus' tomb," many times I have  
Answer to Pyramus; you shall not see me.  
Pyramus enter: your company I love.

FLU. O.—As true as trustful truth,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, ere it be day.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTON.

BOT. If I were fair, Thisbe would love me.

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange!  
This is no Pyramus; I'll kill my self.

That I loved, that loved, that loved, that loved,  
Come, tears, come, tears,  
Out, sword, and wound  
The paper of Pyramus  
Ay, that left pap,  
Where heart doth hop  
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,  
Now am I dead,  
Now am I dead,  
My soul is in the sky;  
I long, lose thy light,  
Moon, take thy flight,  
Now die, die, die, die, die,  
Now die, but an ace,<sup>17</sup> for him, for he is but an eye.

That is some satire, keen and critical,  
Not sorting with<sup>11</sup> a nuptial ceremony.  
*[Reads.]* A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth  
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!  
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?  
A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brief as I have known a play,  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted,  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself  
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry  
The passion of loud laughter never shies  
What are they that do play it?  
Hard-handed men, that work in Athens,  
Which never labour'd in their minds to do,  
And now have toil'd their unbreathed<sup>12</sup> limbs  
With this same play, against<sup>13</sup> your nuptial  
And we will hear it.

THISBE'S MANTLE, and exit.

heartily: I beseech your worship's  
good Master Cobweb: if  
Your name, honest

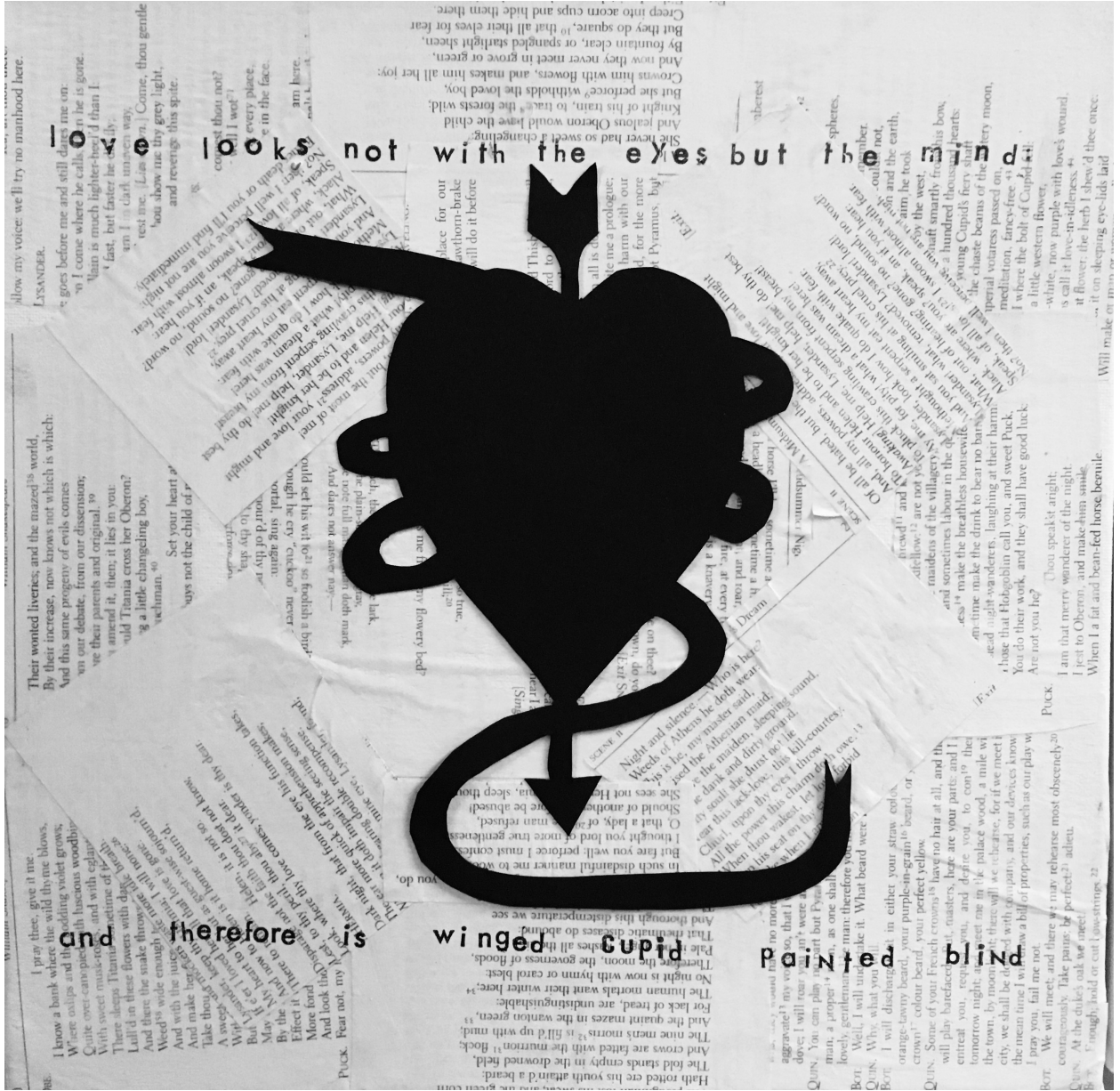
Through bog, through bush, through brickbat,  
Through bat, I'll lead you about a round,  
You shall not lose me, though it should  
Do you but follow, and I'll make you find him.  
I am a spirit of no common rate,  
The summer's last willow-leaf,<sup>14</sup> the cuckoo's note,  
The fallow's plough, the horned owl's scree,  
The raven's croak, the thrush's song, the cuckoo's note,  
The fallow's plough, the horned owl's scree,  
The raven's croak, the thrush's song, the cuckoo's note,

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter heart'd than I.  
I follow'd fast; but faster he did fly.  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. *[Lies down.]* Come, thou gentle day!  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and to creep to his side.

*[Sleeps.]*

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.





allow my voice: we fly no manhood here.

By their liveries, and the mazed world.

I pray thee, give it me.

... goes before me and still dotes me on:  
... I come where he calls, for he is gone.  
... than is much lighter-hearted than I.  
... last, but faster he is fly-  
... am I in dark unopen way,  
... test me. (Lysander) Come, thou gentle  
... thou show me thy grey light,  
... and revenge this spite.

Set your heart at  
... says not the child of  
... would he be but his  
... sing, sing, sing, sing,  
... at any do thy stay,  
... the plume that  
... the plume that  
... the plume that

That night, that from the eye has motion takes,  
... I do not mean the reputation makes  
... where thy love comes, makes in thy dear  
... I shall not break  
... I shall not break  
... I shall not break

... looks not with the eyes but the mind

... wings, Cupid, painted blind

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MY SOUL IS IN THE SKY



36  
 Willie n Shakespeare

You would not do me thus much injur  
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do  
 But you must join in souls to mock me to  
 If you were men, as men you are in show,  
 You would not use a gentle lady so;  
 and swear and superpraise my parts.

SNOUT. There's another prodigious  
 through the horns necks; and he himself  
 thus, or to the same defect. — Tada  
 would wish you, — or, — I would requ  
 entertain you, — not to fear, not to tremble;  
 think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of m  
 thing; I am a man as other men are, — and there  
 his name, and tell them plainly, he  
 OJEN. Well, it shall be so. But there is b  
 the moonlight into a chamber; for y  
 meet by moonlight.

KNOWT. Doh! the moon  
 BOT. A calendar, a calen  
 find out moonshine  
 BOT. Why, then may you  
 a cat

Quin. Yes, it doth shine  
 BOT. Why, then may you  
 a cat

But who comes here? I am invisible,  
 And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

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

Henceforth be never number'd among men,  
 O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!  
 Darest thou have look'd upon him being awake,  
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!  
 Could not a worm,<sup>12</sup> an adder, do so much?  
 An adder did it; for with doubler<sup>13</sup> tongue  
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung  
 I am not gentle, or my speech is sooth,  
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

DEM. I think it, brought me to do so  
 y' nobody didst thou leave me so?  
 make me st... On we doth press to go?  
 we could press... from my side?  
 erk love, that would not let him bide,  
 lena, who more engirds the night  
 ll you fery oes<sup>28</sup> and eyes of light.  
 ek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
 I hate thee made me leave thee so?

HER. You speak not as you think it cannot be.  
 HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
 To fashion this false sport, in spite of<sup>29</sup> me.  
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived  
 To bait me with this foul derision?  
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid<sup>30</sup> the hasty-footed time

THE CLAMOROUS OWL THAT  
 NIGHTLY HOOTS AND WONDERS  
 AT OUR QUAIN SPIRITS

37

God shield us! — a lion among ladies  
 there is not a more fearful thing, for  
 ought to look to!

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 through the horns necks; and he himself  
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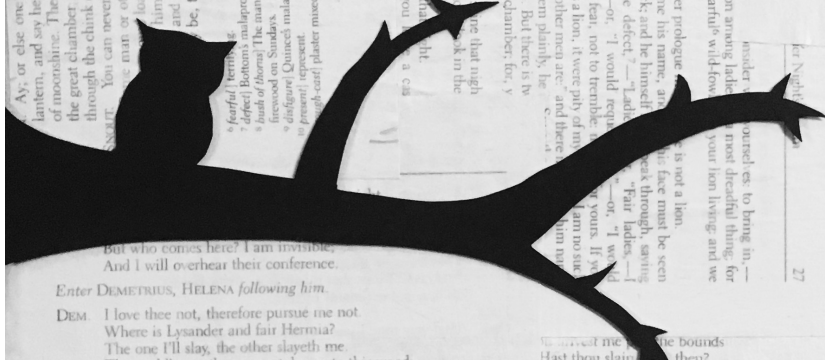
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SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?  
 BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?  
 [Exit SNOUT.]

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.<sup>17</sup> [Exit.]  
 BOT. 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; I  
 will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am  
 not afraid. [Sings.]



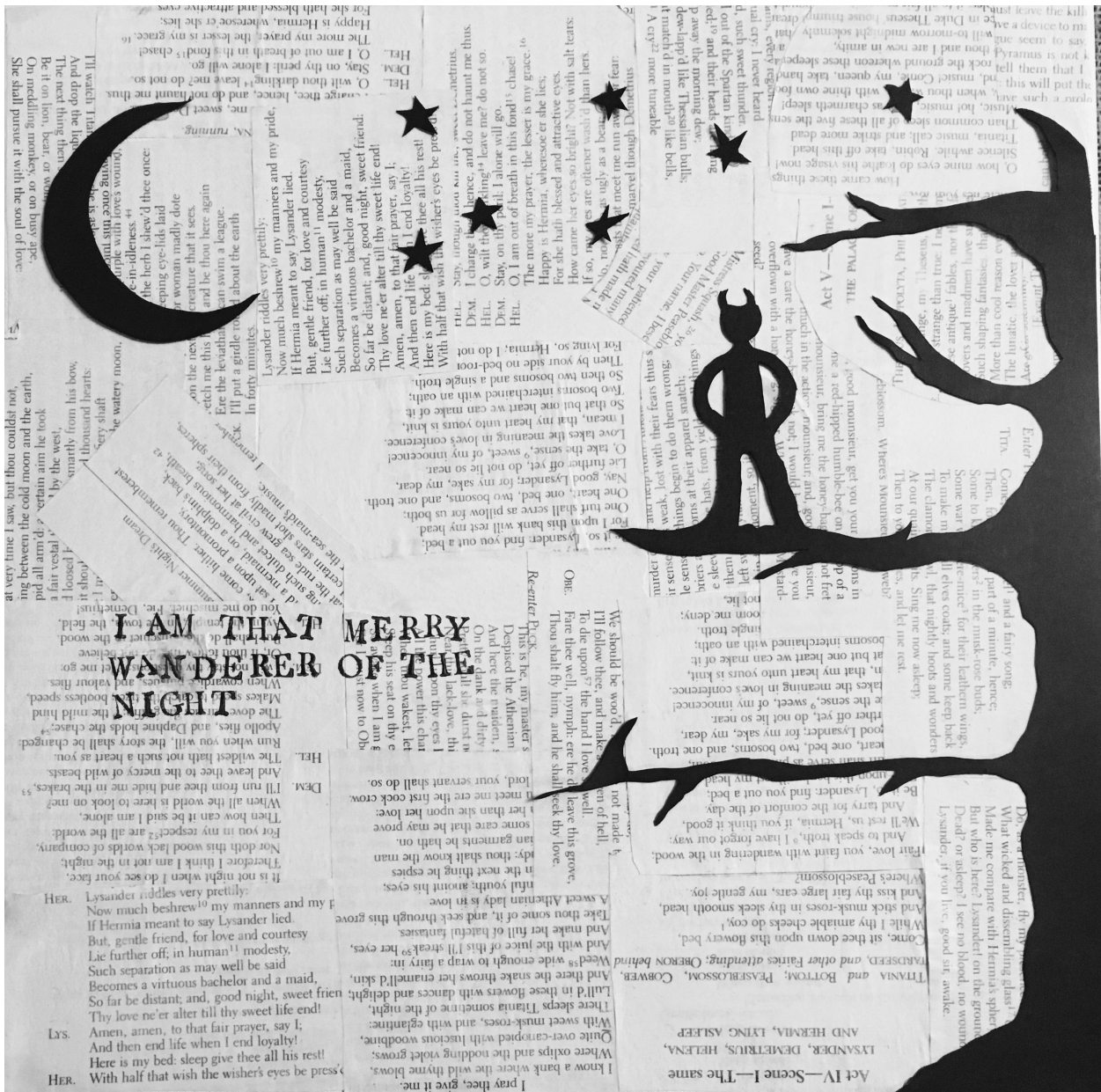






HEL. Wherefore was I to this kept? Whence comes this scorn?  
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do.  
In such a hateful manner I must confess  
I thank you much, for more true gentleness  
Should one man reprove, than I have seen  
In any other man. O, that I were  
As she is! O, that I were as she is!  
Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there  
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!  
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things,  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,  
Or as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive,  
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
Thou shalt be hated of the eyes that see thee.  
[Exit Hermia.]  
Lysander and Helena.  
Lys. Why should you think that I should woo so long?  
Scorn and derision never come in tears.  
Look, when I vow, I weep, and vow no more.  
In their nativity all truth appears.  
How can these things in me seem false?  
Bearing the badge of faith, to win your love,  
You do advise your cunning to deceive me?  
When they shall tell you of my holy vows,  
These vows were Hermia's, not mine, O, how  
What hempen home-spun have I woven here,  
So near the cradle of the sacred sleep,  
What, a play towards my purpose, to beguile  
An actor too perhaps?  
Re-enter Lysander.  
Lys. He goes before me, and he does me wrong.  
When I come where he calls, then he calls me  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I.  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly.  
That fallen am I in dark uneven ground,  
And here will rest me. [Lies down.]  
For if but once thou show me thy fair face,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge myself.  
Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.  
Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou here?  
DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot  
Thou run'st before me, shifting every way,  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face,  
Where art thou now?  
Puck. Come hither, you are called.  
DEM. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt not  
If ever I thy face by daylight see.  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed,  
By day's approach look to be visited.  
Re-enter Helena.  
HEL. O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,  
That I may back to Athens by daylight,  
From these that my poor company detest:  
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.  
[Lies down and sleeps.]  
Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds makes up four.  
Here she comes, curst and sad:  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.





# I AM THAT MERRY WANDERER OF THE NIGHT

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd  
 Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!  
 And then end life when I end loyalty!  
 Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,  
 Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!  
 So far be distant, and, good night, sweet friend,  
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
 Lie further off, in human modesty,  
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
 If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.  
 Now much beshrew<sup>61</sup> my manners and my pride,  
 Lysander riddles very prettily:  
 In forty minutes, and do not hunt me thus,  
 I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
 Ere the levathah<sup>62</sup> can swim a league.  
 Catch me this in the night,  
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.  
 I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.  
 Catch me this in the night,  
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

HER. I know bank where the wild thyme blows,  
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
 Quite over-cropied with luscious woodbine,  
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
 Their sweets sleep Tiana's measure of the night,  
 And there the snake throws her charmed skin,  
 Laid in these flowers with dances and delight;  
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Act IV—Scene I—The same  
 LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,  
 AND HERMIA, TYING ASLEEP  
 TITANIA and BOTTOM; PASTELLOSSOM, CORNER,  
 PARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; CORNER behind  
 Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.  
 What wicket and dissembling class  
 Made me compare with Hermia's spleen  
 But who is here? Lysander on the ground  
 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound  
 Lysander, if you live, good sit, awake!

So I, being young, but now ripe, see the  
And touching now the marshal to my will,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes, where I dobrook  
Written in love's richest book.  
"This beauty's macklen-born"

Such separation may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
So far be distant, and, good night, sweet friend!  
They love ne'er alter till they sweet life end.  
Amen, amen, to that fair purpose,  
Which shall be our end life with thee.

Enter PUCK.  
PUCK Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve<sup>1</sup>  
This flower's force in stirring love.

Enter PUCK.  
PUCK What hempen home-spuns<sup>2</sup> are swarming here,  
What a plot towards<sup>3</sup> it has the auditor,  
An actor too perhaps, and one sweet-voiced,  
Speak, Pyramus, This that I see here,  
Burr: Think'st thou the flowers of the forest sweet,  
Ofloury colours,  
BOT: O flowers sweet and sweet,  
So hath the breath, the sweetest This do  
But bark is voice, my words are white,  
And by and by will do me harm:  
PUCK A stranger Pyramus than I have heard here:  
FLL: Must I speak now?  
QUIN: As marry, must you, for you understand us better  
noise that he heard, and is to  
an you not hate me, as I know you do:  
it you must join in souls to mock the too?  
you were men, as men you are in show,  
an would not use a gentle lady so:  
accow and swear, and superpraise my parts.<sup>4</sup>

SO FAR BE DISTANT,  
AND GOODNIGHT SWEET  
FRIEND:  
THY LOVE NEER ALTER  
UNIL THY SWEET LIFE  
END!

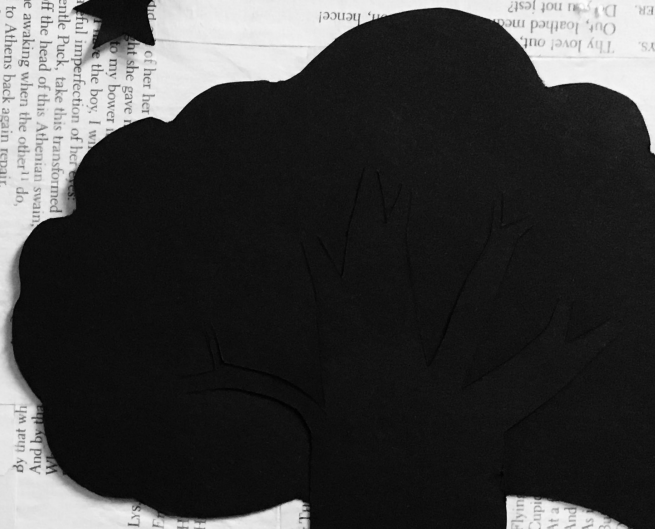
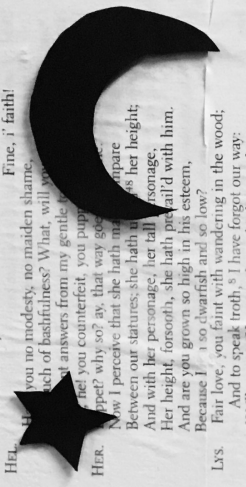
Herma's love I yield you up the part;  
And young of Helena to me become.  
DEM: Tempest's I too much in me narrow on my spurr;  
HEL: And I am sick when I do look on thee.  
DEM: You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night

Then, my queen, in silence  
We the globe can compass  
Come, my lord, and in our flight  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground.

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HER: O met you juggler! you canker-blossom!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night  
And stolen my love's heart from him? Fine, if' faith!  
HER: You no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No answer from my gentle love?  
HER: You counterfeit, you puppet,  
Between our statures; she hath more of 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?  
Lys: Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;  
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way;  
We'll rest us, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.  
HER: For I upon this bank shall sleep my head;  
Lys: One turf shall serve for us both;  
HER: One heart, one bed, one bosom, and one troth,  
Lys: Nay, good Lysander, make me dear,  
HER: Lie further off yet, do, lie so near,  
Lys: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference;  
I mean, that my heart into yours is knit,  
See as thou wast wont to see:  
Be as thou wast wont to be;  
But first I will release the fairy queen.



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HER: One heart, one bed, one bosom, and one troth,  
Lys: Nay, good Lysander, make me dear,  
HER: Lie further off yet, do, lie so near,  
Lys: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference;  
I mean, that my heart into yours is knit,  
See as thou wast wont to see:  
Be as thou wast wont to be;  
But first I will release the fairy queen.

HER: O met you juggler! you canker-blossom!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night  
And stolen my love's heart from him? Fine, if' faith!  
HER: You no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No answer from my gentle love?  
HER: You counterfeit, you puppet,  
Between our statures; she hath more of 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?  
Lys: Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;  
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way;  
We'll rest us, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.  
HER: For I upon this bank shall sleep my head;  
Lys: One turf shall serve for us both;  
HER: One heart, one bed, one bosom, and one troth,  
Lys: Nay, good Lysander, make me dear,  
HER: Lie further off yet, do, lie so near,  
Lys: O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
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