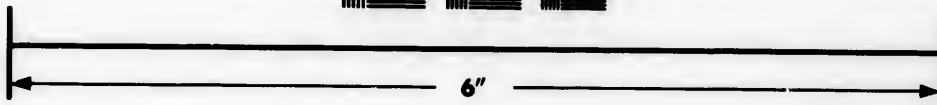
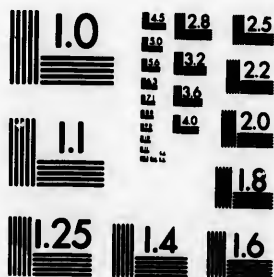


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

73 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1983

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

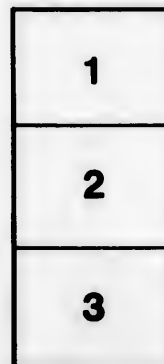
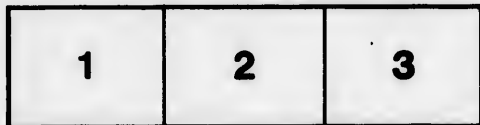
Library of the Public
Archives of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

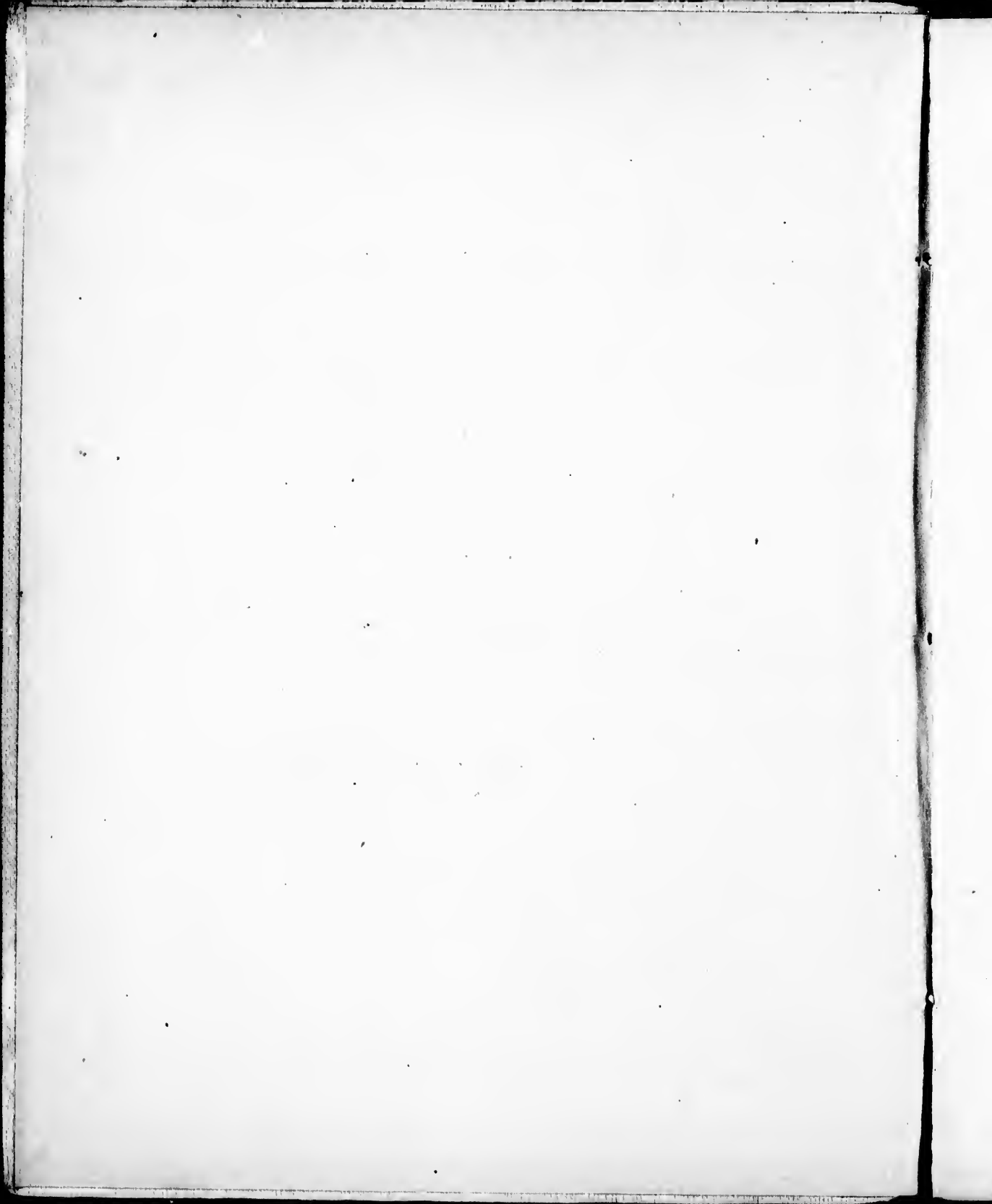
La bibliothèque des Archives
publiques du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



Titania and

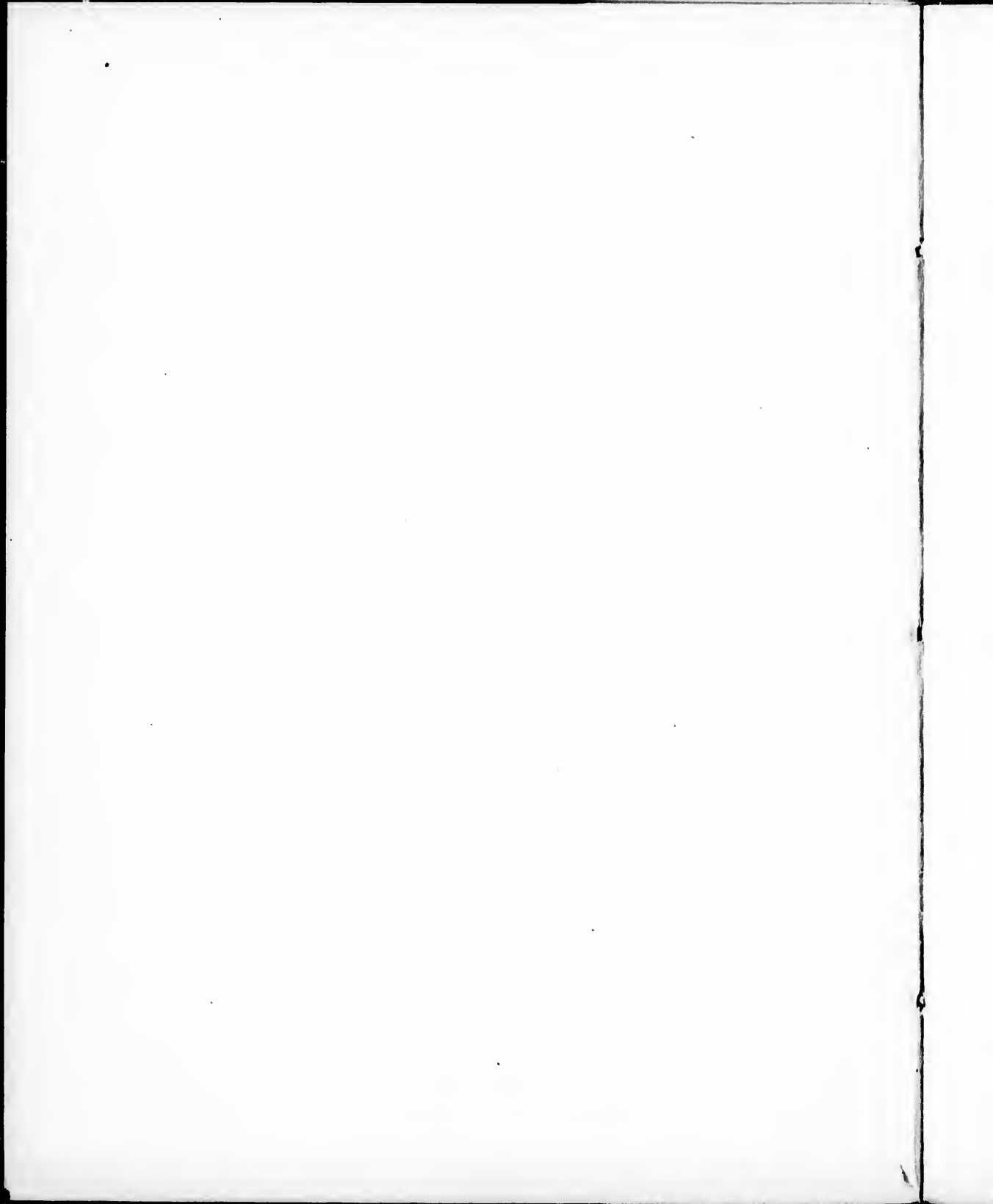
Oberon

from

Shakespeare's

"A Midsummer
Night's Dream."

Arranged by F. A. Dixon.



The Episode of the Quarrel
between
Titania and Oberon,
from
Shakespeare's
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

**Specially arranged for Representation with the
Mendelssohn Music,**

By F. H. Dixon.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1898,
by Frederick H. Dixon, at the Department of Agriculture.

NOTE,—This arrangement carries out in perfect and regular sequence the incident of Titania's quarrel with Oberon, including, as an essential preliminary, the scene in which the Athenian artizans prepare for their moonlight rehearsal. The words of Shakespeare remain, with one or two verbal modifications, intact, only those portions being omitted which do not relate to the episode.

F. A. D.

OTTAWA :
PUBLISHED BY J. DURIE AND SONS,
1898.

87704

Titania and Oberon.

THE OVERTURE.

ACT I.

SCENE II.—A Room in Quince's House. Daytime.

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

Quin. Is all our company here ?

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

Quin. 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
duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

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

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

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.

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

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

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. 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.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;

And Phibbus' car
 Shall shine from far,
 And make and mar
 The foolish Fates.

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

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take 'Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

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

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

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby
 too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice,
 'Thisne, Thisne ;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover
 dear ! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear !'

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

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

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

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. 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.

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

Bot. 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.'

Quin. 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.

Bot. 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.

Quin. 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.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. 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.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. 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 dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

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

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough ; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt L.*

Act II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens. Night.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy L., and Puck R.

Puck. How now, sprit ! whither wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
 I do wander every where,
 Swifter 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 :

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob (a) of spirits ; I'll be gone :
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
 Take heed the queen come not within his sight ;
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she as her attendant hath

(a)—buffoon.

A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king ;
 She never had so sweet a changeling :
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;
 But she perforce withholds the lovéd boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all
 her joy.

And now they never meet in grove or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square, that all their elves
 for fear

Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. 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 fright the maidens of the villagery ;
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the
 quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife
 churn ;
 And sometimes make the drink to bear no
 barm ;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their
 harm ?
 Those that "Hobgoblin" call you, and "sweet
 Puck,"

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

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her form ; down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their lips
 and laugh ;
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and
 swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But, room, fairy ! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he
 were gone !

*Enter, to music (the first 18 bars of the "FAIRY
 MARCH," without repeats,) Oberon, with
 his train L. ; Titania, with hers. R.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

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

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton ! am not I thy lord ?

.....

Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest :
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order :
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands ;

.....

And for her sake do I rear up her boy :
And for her sake I will not part with him.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us.
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away !
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit Titania with her train R.*

Obe. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this
grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.
 My gentle Puck, come hither.....

.....
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shew'd thee
 once :

The maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [*Exit* L.]

Obe. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
 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 :
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
 As I can take it with another herb,
 I'll make her render up her page to me.

.....
Re-enter Puck L.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome,
 wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe.

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows ;
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ;
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
 There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
 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.

[*Exeunt L.*

CURTAIN.

THE SCHERZO.

SCENE II.—A Sylvan Glade. Night.

Fairies enter R. and L. to the music of the "FAIRY MARCH." (played through.) At its close, enter Titania with her train, at back.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some war with rere-mice for their leathern
 wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some
 keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and
 wonders
 At our quaint spirits. (*Exeunt some fairies*
R. and L.) Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

First Fairy. You spotted snakes with double
 tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, he not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
 Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla,
 lullaby :
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

First Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence, you long-legged spinners,
 hence !
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm nor snail, do not offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Sec. Fairy. Hence, away ! now all is well :
 One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies* R. and L. *Titania sleeps at back* R. C.]

Enter Oberon at back R.; *he squeezes the flower on
 Titania's eyelids.*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love take :

Love and languish for his sake :
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wakest, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit back R.*]

.....

CURTAIN.

— —

THE "INTERMEZZO."

Act III.

SCENE I.—The same. Titania lying asleep at back R. C. Fairies enter, group and pose to the music of the "NOTTURNO"

[*At the close of the march, exeunt fairies L and R.*

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

Bot. Are we all met ?

Quin. 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.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, Bully Bottom ?

Bot. 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 ?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

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

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 killed indeed ; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver ; this will put them out of fear.

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

Bot. No, make it two more ; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion ?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves ; to bring in,—God shield us !—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing ; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living : and we ought to look to't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. 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.

Quin. 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.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanac ; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. 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.

Quin. 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.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom ?

Bot. 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.

Quin. 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. [R. C.]

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

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. ——— odours savours sweet :
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby,
dear.

But hark, a voice ! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.

[*Exit.* L. 2 E.

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

[*Exit.* L. 2 E.

Flu. Must I speak now ?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you ; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant
brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would
never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. '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.'

Flu. O, —As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head on.

[L. 2 E.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

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

*[Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout and Starveling run off
—Quince and Snout R., the rest L.]*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and
burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit R.]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is knavery of
them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout R.

Snout. O Bottom, thou are changed! what do I
see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass head of your
own, do you?

[Exit Snout L.]

Re-enter Quince. R.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated. *[Exit L.]*

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.*

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill ;

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer 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 ?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note ;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move
me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee

Bot. 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. Nay, I can gleek (a) upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tiat. 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.
Peaseblossom? Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

*Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-
seed. L. 2 E.*

(a) joke.

First Fai. Ready.

Sec. Fai. And I.

Third Fai. And I.

Fourth Fai. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes :
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fai. Hail, mortal !

Sec. Fai. Hail !

Third Fai. Hail !

Fourth Fai. Hail !

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

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. 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 ?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mrs. 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?

Mus. Mustardseed.

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

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt* L. 2 E.]

FAIRY BALLETS

CURTAIN.

Repeat last 14 bars of the "NOTTURNO"

Act IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Morning.

Enter Titania and Bottom, R. 2 E, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending, R. & L.; Oberon behind, unseen.

Tita. 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.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's
Mounsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a
red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a
thistle ; and, good mounsieur, bring me the
honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much
in the action, mounsieur ; and, good moun-
sieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I

would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed ?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, (b) Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, will thou hear some music, my sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reascnable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender : I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

ist.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me : I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms, Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt Fairies R. & L.*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist ; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight ?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity ;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her ;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometime on the
buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,

And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child :
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes :
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain ;
 That, he, awaking, back to Athens go
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

(touches her eyes with herb.)

Be as thou wast wont to be ;
 See as thou wast wont to see :
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen !

Tita. *(Awaking)* My Oberon ! what visions have I
 seen !

Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass ?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now !

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

(Puck takes off ass's head gently.)

Titania, music call ;

.....

Tita. Music, ho ! music, such as charmeth sleep ;

[*Music.*

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music ! Come, my queen, take hands
with me.

And rock the ground whereon this sleeper be.
Now, thou and I are new in amity.

.....
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark :
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade :
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With this mortal on the ground.

[*They go up stage and stand c. while the fairies
move past them in procession, to the music of the
" WEDDING MARCH."* [Tableau,

CURTAIN.

—
THE END.

Printed at the Free Press Office,
OTTAWA, CAN.

