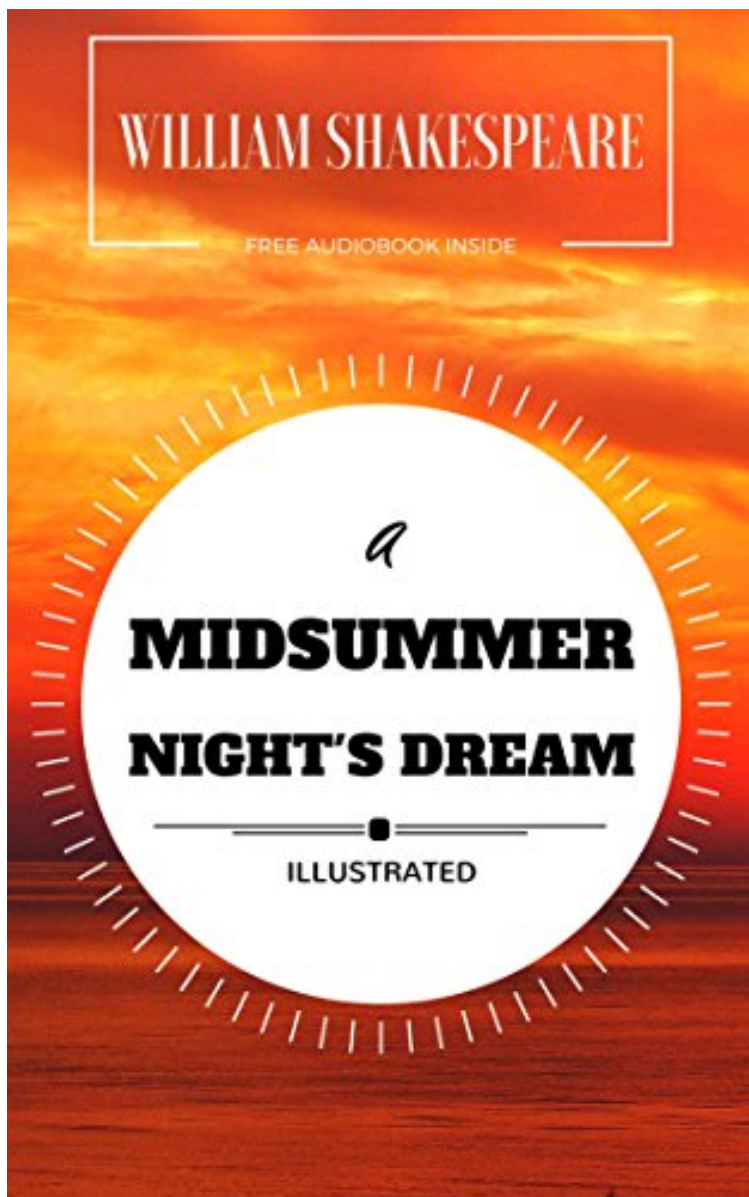


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Description : Description du produitAmong the most popular of all Shakespeares comedies, this play humorously celebrates the vagaries of love. With its several pairs of lovers, on-again, off-again romances, magic spells, fairies, and a bumbling troupe of would-be actors, the play continues to enchant audiences.

Unabridged reprint of an authoritative British edition, complete with explanatory footnotes.

Prsentation de l'diteurAbout A Midsummer Night's Dream by William ShakespeareHow is this book unique?E-reader tablet formatted, Font Adjustments100% Original contentUnabridged EditionAuthor

Biography Inside Illustrations included A Midsummer Night's Dream is a comedy play by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written between 1590 and 1597. It portrays the events surrounding the marriage of the Duke of Athens, Theseus, and Hippolyta. These include the adventures of four young Athenian lovers and a group of six amateur actors (the mechanicals), who are controlled and manipulated by the fairies who inhabit the forest in which most of the play is set. The play is one of Shakespeare's most popular works for the stage and is widely performed across the world. Traditionally seen as one of Shakespeare's more romantic and enchanting plays, A Midsummer Night's Dream has more recently been seen as a darker and more sinister play than generations of schoolchildren have ever imagined. The play has usually been seen as a comical tale with confused identities and the fickleness of youthful love, as the young lovers, Lysander, Hermia, Demetrius and Helena escape parental control and the "sharp Athenian law" of their elders by eloping into the forest outside the city. Unfortunately they stumble into civil war in fairyland, where King Oberon and Queen Titania fight over possession of a beautiful young Indian "changeling" boy. The appearance of the "rude mechanicals", a group of Athenian workers, including the weaver Nick Bottom, compounds the confusion. Chaos, confusion and "shaping fantasies" reign before the final settlement of the play, but underneath all the hilarity many critics have discerned more ambivalent attitudes towards coercive parental control, bestial sexuality and the destructive power of desire. These approaches in no way detract from the exquisite lyricism of many sections of the play, but make it a more complex and effective comedy than has often been appreciated. --Jerry Brotton Extrait Chapter 1 list of parts

THESEUS, Duke of Athens
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the s, betrothed to Theseus
EGEUS, an Athenian courtier, father to Hermia
LYSANDER, in love with Hermia
HERMIA, in love with Lysander, but ordered by her father to marry Demetrius
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia, though once a suitor to Helena
HELENA, in love with Demetrius
PETER QUINCE, a carpenter and leader of an amateur dramatic group, who speaks the PROLOGUE to their play
NICK BOTTOM, a weaver, who plays PYRAMUS in the amateur play
FRANCIS FLUTE, a bellows-mender, who plays THISBE in the amateur play
SNUG, a joiner, who plays a LION in the amateur play
TOM SNOUT, a tinker, who plays a WALL in the amateur play
ROBIN STARVELING, a tailor, who plays MOONSHINE in the amateur play
OBERON, King of Fairies
TITANIA, Queen of Fairies
ROBIN Goodfellow, also known as Puck, a sprite in the service of Oberon
PEASEBLOSSOM
COBWEB
MOTH
MUSTARDSEED
PHILOSTRATE, an official in Theseus' court
 Other Attendants at the court of Theseus; other Fairies attendant upon Oberon

Act 1 [Scene 1] running scene 1
 Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, with others [Philostrate and attendants]
THESEUS Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour draws on apace. Four happy days bring in another moon: but O, methinks, how slow this old moon wanes; she lingers my desires, like to a stepdame or a dowager long withering out a young man's revenue.
HIPPOLYTA Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights, four nights will quickly dream away the time. And then the moon, like to a silver bow new-bent in heaven, shall behold the night of our solemnities.
THESEUS Go, Philostrate, stir up the Athenian youth to merriments, awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth, turn melancholy forth to funerals: the pale companion is not for our pomp. [Exit Philostrate]
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword, and won thy love doing thee injuries. But I will wed thee in another key, with pomp, with triumph and with revelling.
 Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius
EGEUS Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke.
THESEUS Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
EGEUS Full of vexation come I, with complaint against my child, my daughter Hermia. Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, this man hath my consent to marry her. Stand forth, Lysander. And my gracious duke, this man hath bewitched the bosom of my child. - Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes, and interchanged love-tokens with my child. Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, with feigning voice verses of feigning love, and stol'n the impression of her fantasy with bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits, knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats - messengers of strong prevailment in unhardened youth - with cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart, turned 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 advised, fair maid, to you your father should be as a god, one that composed 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.
HERMIA I would my father looked but with my eyes.
THESEUS Rather your eyes must with his

judgement look.HERMIA I do entreat your grace to pardon me.I know not by what power I am made bold,Nor how it may concern my modestyIn such a presence here to plead my thoughts:But I beseech your grace that I may knowThe worst that may befall me in this case,If I refuse to wed Demetrius.THESEUS Either to die the death or to abjureForever the society of men. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,Know of your youth, examine well your blood,Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,You can endure the livery of a nun,For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,To live a barren sister all your life,Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.Thrice blest they that master so their blood,To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.But earthlier happy is the rose distilledThan that which withering on the virgin thornGrows, lives and dies in single blessedness.HERMIA So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,Ere I will yield my virgin patent upUnto his lordship, whose unwish'd yokeMy soul consents not to give sovereignty.THESEUS Take time to pause, and by the next newmoon -The sealing day betwixt my love and me,For everlasting bond of fellowship -Upon that day either prepare to dieFor disobedience to your father's will,Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,Or on Diana's altar to protestFor aye austerity and single life.DEMETRIUS Relent, sweet Hermia.- And, Lysander, yieldThy craz'd title to my certain right.LYSANDER You have her father's love, Demetrius:Let me have Hermia's. Do you marry him.EGEUS Scornful Lysander! True, he hath my love;And what is mine my love shall render him.And she is mine, and all my right of herI do estate unto Demetrius.LYSANDER I am, my lord, as well derived as he,As well possessed: my love is more than his,My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,If not with vantage, as Demetrius',And, which is more than all these boasts can be,I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.Why should not I then prosecute my right?Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,And won her soul: and she, sweet lady, dotes,Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,Upon this spotted and inconstant man.THESEUS I must confess that I have heard so much,And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof,But, being over-full of self-affairs,My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come,And come, Egeus, you shall go with me.I have some private schooling for you both.For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourselfTo fit your fancies to your father's will,Or else the law of Athens yields you up -Which by no means we may extenuate -To death or to a vow of single life.-Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love?-Demetrius and Egeus, go along:I must employ you in some businessAgainst our nuptial and confer with youOf something nearly that concerns yourselves.EGEUS With duty and desire we follow you.Exeunt all but Lysander and HermiaLYSANDER How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?How chance the roses there do fade so fast?HERMIA Belike for want of rain, which I could wellBeteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.LYSANDER Ay me, for aught that I could ever read,Could ever hear by tale or history,The course of true love never did run smooth.But either it was different in blood-HERMIA O cross! Too high to be enthralled to low.LYSANDER Or else misgraff'd in respect of years-HERMIA O spite! Too old to be engaged to young.LYSANDER Or else it stood upon the choice of merit-HERMIA O hell! To choose love by another's eyes.LYSANDER Or if there were a sympathy in choice,War, death or sickness did lay siege to it,Making it momentary as a sound,Swift as a shadow, short as any dream: Brief as the lightning in the collied night,That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'The jaws of darkness do devour it up:So quick bright things come to confusion.HERMIA If then true lovers have been ever crossed,It stands as an edict in destiny. Then let us teach our trial patience,Because it is a customary cross,As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.LYSANDER A good persuasion. Therefore hear me,Hermia.I have a widow aunt, a dowagerOf great revenue, and she hath no child.From Athens is her house removed seven leagues,And she respects me as her only son. There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,And to that place the sharp Athenian lawCannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, thenSteal forth thy father's house tomorrow night,And in the wood, a league without the town,Where I did meet thee once with Helena,To do observance to a morn of May,There will I stay for thee.HERMIA My good Lysander!I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,By his best arrow with the golden head,By the simplicity of Venus' doves,By that which knitteth souls and prospers love,And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,When the false Trojan under sail was seen,By all the vows that ever men have broke,In number more than ever women spoke,In that same place thou hast appointed me,Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.LYSANDER Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.Enter HelenaHERMIA 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 lodestars, and your tongue's sweet airMore tuneable than lark to shepherd's earWhen wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,Your words I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go,My ear should catch your voice, my eye your

eye, My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, The rest I'll give to be to you translated. 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 The more I hate, the more he follows me. HELENA The more I love, the more he hateth me. HERMIA His folly, Helena, is none of mine. HELENA None, but your beauty: would that fault weremine! HERMIA Take comfort: he no more shall see my face. Lysander and myself will fly this place. Before the time I did Lysander see, Seemed Athens like a paradise to me. O, then, what graces in my love do dwell, That he hath turned a heaven into hell! LYSANDER Helen, to you our minds we will unfold: Tomorrow 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 devised 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, And thence from Athens turn away our eyes, To seek new friends and strange companions. Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us, And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! - Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight. Exit LYSANDER I will, my Hermia. - Helena, adieu. As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! Exit 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 doth know. And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, So I, admiring of his qualities. Things base and vile, holding no quantity, Love can transpose to form and dignity. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taste, Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste. And therefore is love said to be a child, Because in choice he is often beguiled. As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, So the boy love is perjured everywhere. For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne, He hailed down oaths that he was only mine. And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt. I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight: Then to the wood will he tomorrow 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] running scene 2 Enter Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the tinker and Starveling the tailor 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 on to a point. QUINCE Marry, our play is 'The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.' BOTTOM 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 gallantly 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. 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. QUINCE Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. FLUTE Here, Peter Quince. QUINCE You must take Thisbe on you. FLUTE What is Thisbe? 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 Thisbe too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisbe dear and lady dear!'