

## **A Midsummer Night's Dream Audition**

### **Monologues**

(Choose one if you want to audition for a lead or supporting role – you can still be considered for multiple roles!)

Useful site:

<https://www.litcharts.com/shakescleare/shakesp-eare-translations/a-midsummer-nights-dream>

### **THESEUS Act 1 Scene 1**

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.  
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.  
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 reveling.

### **HELENA Act Scene 1**

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.  
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 judgment taste.  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.  
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 show'rs 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.

### **HERMIA Act 3 Scene 2**

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep  
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day  
As he to me. Would he have stolen away  
From sleeping Hermia? Where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?  
Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the  
bounds  
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?  
Henceforth be never numbered among men.  
O, once tell true! Tell true, even for my sake!

### **LYSANDER Act 1 Scene 1**

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.

### **DEMETRIUS Act 2 Scene 1**

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll stay; the other stayeth 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.  
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?  
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.  
I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

**FLUTE, as Thisbe Act 5 Scene 1**

Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?  
O Pyramus, arise!  
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?  
Dead? Dead? A tomb  
Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
These lily lips,  
This cherry nose,  
These yellow cowslip cheeks  
Are gone, are gone!  
Lovers, make moan;  
His eyes were green as leeks.  
O Sisters Three,  
Come, come to me  
With hands as pale as milk.  
Lay them in gore,  
Since you have shore  
With shears his thread of silk.  
Tongue, not a word!  
Come, trusty sword,  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue!  
And farewell, friends.  
Thus Thisbe ends.  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

**BOTTOM, as Pyramus Act 5 Scene 1**

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.  
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,  
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,  
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.—  
But stay! O spite!  
But mark, poor knight,  
What dreadful dole is here!  
Eyes, do you see!  
How can it be!  
O dainty duck! O dear!  
Thy mantle good—  
What, stained with blood?  
Approach, ye Furies fell!  
O Fates, come, come,  
Cut thread and thrum,  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!  
O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,  
Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear,  
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame  
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with  
cheer?  
Come, tears, confound!  
Out, sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus;  
Ay, that left pap,  
Where heart doth hop.  
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.  
Now am I dead;  
Now am I fled;  
My soul is in the sky.  
Tongue, lose thy light!  
Moon, take thy flight!  
Now die, die, die, die, die.

### **OBERON Act 2 Scene 1**

Fetch me that flower; 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.  
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.  
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.  
But who comes here? I am invisible,  
And I will overhear their conference.

### **TITANIA Act 2 Scene 1**

These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
Never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our  
sport.  
And through this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter: the spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world  
By their increase now knows not which is which.  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension;  
We are their parents and original.  
The Fairyland buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a vot'ress of my order,  
And in the spicèd Indian air by night  
Full often hath she gossiped by my side  
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.

### **ROBIN (PUCK) Act 5 Scene 1**

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend:  
if you pardon, we will mend:  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call;  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.

### **QUINCE Act 5 Scene 1**

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 beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.  
This man with lime and roughcast doth present  
"Wall," that vile wall which did these lovers  
sunder;  
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are  
content  
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.  
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth "Moonshine," for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grisly beast (which "Lion" hight by name)  
The trusty Thisbe coming first by night  
Did scare away or rather did affright;  
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain.  
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast.  
And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.