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hath not seen, man's hand is able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: so adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. Exit SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house. Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING. QUINCE Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet? STARVELING He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported. FLUTE If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it? QUINCE It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he. FLUTE No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. QUINCE Yea and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice. FLUTE You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught. Enter SNUG. SNUG Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. FLUTE O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing. Enter BOTTOM. BOTTOM Where are these lads? where are these hearts? QUINCE Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour! BOTTOM Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out. QUINCE Let us hear, sweet Bottom. BOTTOM Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! Exeunt ACT V SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants. HIPPOLYTA 'Tis strange my Theseus, that these lovers speak of, THESEUS More strange than true: I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover and the poet Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt; The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear! HIPPOLYTA But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigured so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images And grows to something of great constancy. But, howsoever, strange and admirable. THESEUS Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth. Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA. Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts! LYSANDER More than to us Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed! THESEUS Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have, To wear away this long age of three hours Between our after-supper and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate. PHILOSTRATE Here, mighty Theseus. THESEUS Say, what abridgement have you for this evening? What masque? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight? PHILOSTRATE There is a brief how many sports are ripe: Make choice of which your highness will see first. Giving a paper THESEUS [Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.' We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules. Reads The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.' That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror. Reads The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.' That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with 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? PHILOSTRATE 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 tears The passion of loud laughter never shed. THESEUS What are they that do play it? PHILOSTRATE Hard-handed men that work in Athens here, Which never labour'd in their minds till now. And now have toll'd their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptial. THESEUS And we will hear it. PHILOSTRATE No, my noble lord: It is not for you: I have heard it over, And it is nothing, nothing in the world; Unless you can find sport in their intents, Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, To do you service. THESEUS I will hear that play. For never anything can be amiss, When simpleness and duty tender it. Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies. Exit PHILOSTRATE. HIPPOLYTA I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged And duty in his service perishing. THESEUS Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing. HIPPOLYTA He says they can do nothing in this kind. THESEUS The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect Takes it in might, not merit. Where I have come, great clerks have purposed To greet me with premeditated welcomes; Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practised accent in their fears And in conclusion dully have broke off. Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet, Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; And in the modesty of fearful duty I read as much as from the rattling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence. Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity In least speak most, to my capacity. Re-enter PHILOSTRATE. PHILOSTRATE So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd. THESEUS Let him approach. Flourish of trumpets Enter QUINCE for the Prologue. Prologue If we offend, It is with our good will, That you should think, we come not to offend, But with good will. To show our simple skill, That is the true beginning of our end. Consider then we come but in despite. We do not come as minding to contest you, Our true intent is, All for your delight. We are not here, That you should here repent you. The actors are at hand and by their show You shall know all that you are like to know. THESEUS This fellow doth not stand upon points. LYSANDER He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. HIPPOLYTA Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government. THESEUS His speech, was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next? Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion. Prologue. 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 Thisby 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 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 Thisby, 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 Thisby's mantle slain: Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast; And Thisby, 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. Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine. THESEUS I wonder if the lion be to speak. DEMETRIUS No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do. Wall In this same interlude it doth befall That I, one Snout by name, present a wall; And such a wall, as I would have you think, That had in it a crannied hole or chink, Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, Did whisper often very secretly. This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show That I am that same wall, the truth is so: And this the cranny is, right and sinister, Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper. THESEUS Would you desire lime and hair to speak better? DEMETRIUS It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord. Enter Pyramus. THESEUS Pyramus draws near the wall: silence! Pyramus O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black! O night, which ever art when day is not! O night, O night, which ever art when day is not! O night, O night! alack, alack, alack, I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot! And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, that stand'st between her father's ground and mine! Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eye! Wall holds up his fingers Thanks, courteous wall: love shield thee well for this! But what see I? No Thisby do I see. O wick'd wall, through whom I see no bliss! Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me! THESEUS The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again. Pyramus No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes. Enter Thisbe. Thisbe O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, For parting my fair Pyramus and me! My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones, Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee. Pyramus I see a voice: now will I to the chink, To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby! Thisbe My love thou art, my love I think. Pyramus Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace; And, like Limander, am I trusty still. Thisbe And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill. Pyramus Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true. Thisbe As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you. Pyramus O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall! Thisbe I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all. Pyramus Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway? Thisbe Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe. Wall Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so; And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. Exit THESEUS. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours. DEMETRIUS No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning. HIPPOLYTA This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard. THESEUS The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. HIPPOLYTA It must be your imagination then, and not theirs. THESEUS If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion. Enter Lion and Moonshine. Lion You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor, May now perchance both quake and tremble here, When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar. Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam; For, if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 'twere pity on my life. THESEUS A very gentle beast, of a good conscience. DEMETRIUS The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw. LYSANDER This lion is a very fox for his valour. THESEUS True; and a goose for his discretion. DEMETRIUS Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose. THESEUS His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon. Moonshine This lantern doth the horned moon present;-- DEMETRIUS He should have worn the horns on his head. THESEUS He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference. Moonshine This lantern doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be. THESEUS This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon? DEMETRIUS He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff. HIPPOLYTA I am aware of this moon: would he would change! THESEUS It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time. LYSANDER Proceed, Moon. Moonshine All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog. DEMETRIUS Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe. Enter Thisbe. Thisbe This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love? Lion [Roaring] Oh-- Thisbe runs off. DEMETRIUS Well roared, Lion. THESEUS Well run, Thisbe. HIPPOLYTA Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit. THESEUS Well moused, Lion. LYSANDER And so the lion vanished. DEMETRIUS And then came Pyramus. Enter Pyramus. Pyramus 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 Thisby 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, stain'd with blood! Approach, ye Furies fell! O Fates, come, come, Cut thread and thrum; Quail, crush, conclude, and quell! THESEUS This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad. HIPPOLYTA Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man. Pyramus O wherofore, Nature, didst thou lions frame? Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear, Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer. Come, tears, confound; Out, sword, and wound The pap of Pyramus; Ay, that left pap, Where heart doth hop: Stabs himself 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: Exit Moonshine. Now die, die, die, die. Dies DEMETRIUS. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one. LYSANDER Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing. THESEUS With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass. HIPPOLYTA How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover? THESEUS She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play. Re-enter Thisbe. HIPPOLYTA Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief. DEMETRIUS A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us. LYSANDER She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes. DEMETRIUS And thus she means, videlicet-- Thisbe Asleep, my love? What, dead, my dove? O Pyramus, arise! Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb Must cover thy sweet eyes. These My 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 shorn With shears his thread of silk. Tongue, not a word: Come, trusty sword; Come, blade, my breast imbrue; Stabs herself And, farewell, friends; Thus Thisby ends: Adieu, adieu, adieu. Dies THESEUS. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead. DEMETRIUS Ay, and Wall too. BOTTOM [Starting up] No assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company? THESEUS No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. A dance. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fair time. I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn. As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed. A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels and new jollity. Exeunt. Enter PUCK. PUCK Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf behowls the moon; Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, All with weary task fordone. Now the wasted brands do glow, Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, Puts the wretch that lies in woe In remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night That the graves all gaping wide, Every one lets forth his sprite, In the church-way paths to glide: And we fairies, that do run By the triple Hecate's team, From the presence of the sun, Following darkness like a dream, Now are frolic: not a mouse Shall disturb this hallow'd house: I am sent with broom before, To sweep the dust behind the door. Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train. OBERON Through the house give gathering light, By the dead and drowsy fire: Every elf and fairy sprite Hop as light as bird from brier; And this ditty, after me, Sing, and dance it trippingly. TITANIA First, rehearse your song by rote To each word a warbling note: Hand in hand, with fairy grace, Will we sing, and bless this place. Song and dance. OBERON Through, until the break of day, Through this house each fairy stray, To the best bride-bed will we, Which by us shall blessed be; And the issue there create Ever shall be fortunate. So shall all the couples three Ever true in loving be; And the blots of Nature's hand Shall not in their issue stand; Never mole, hare lip, nor scar, Nor mark prodigious, such as are Despised in nativity, Shall upon their children be. With this field-dew consecrate: Every fairy take his gait; And each several chamber bless, Through this palace, with sweet peace: And the owner of it blest Ever shall in safety rest. Trip away; make no stay: Meet me all by break of day. Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train. PUCK 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 unearn'd 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. Made it to the bottom? Congratulations! Let us know what you thought of the A Midsummer Night's Dream PDF (or indeed of the whole play if you read it!) below in the comments section:



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