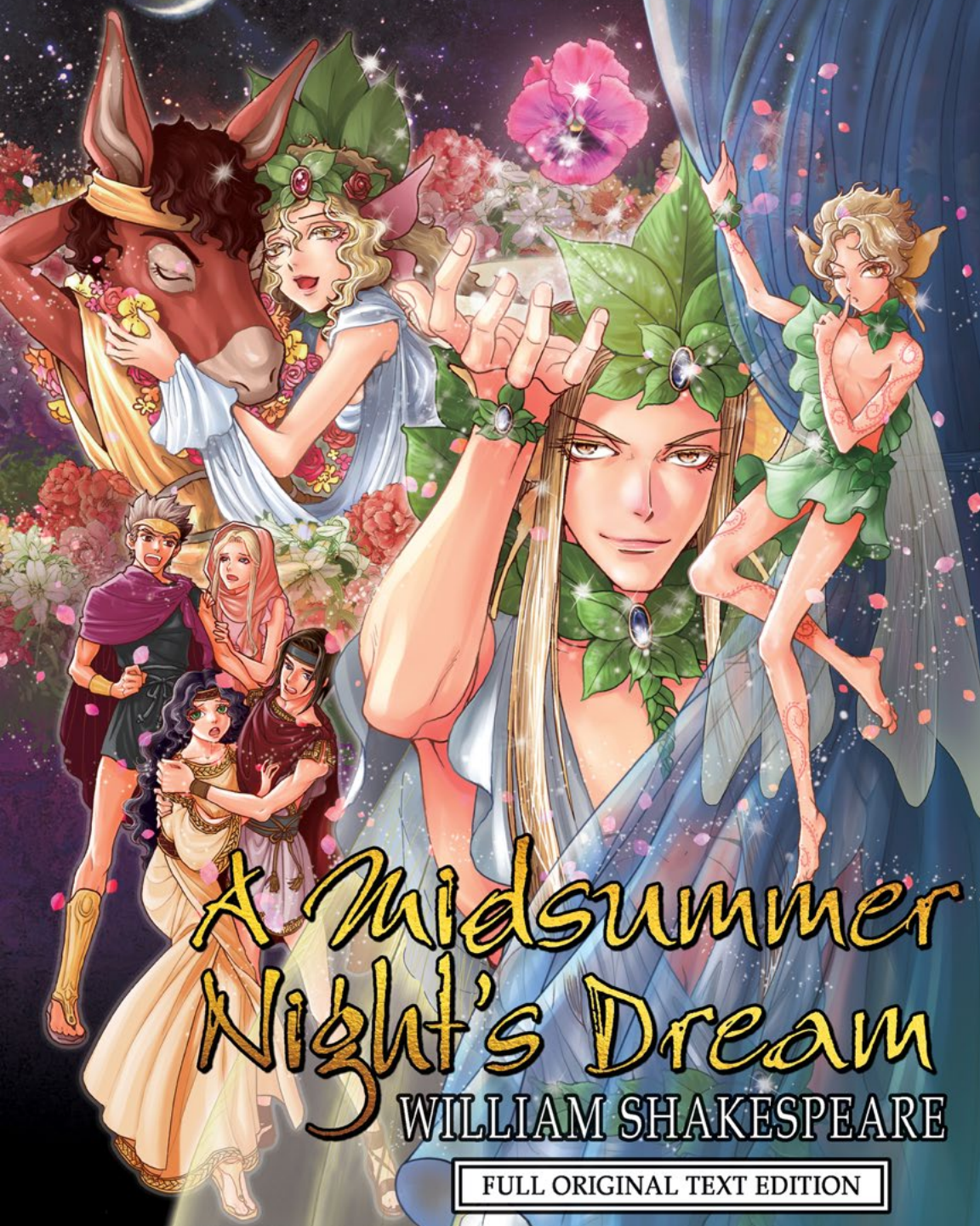




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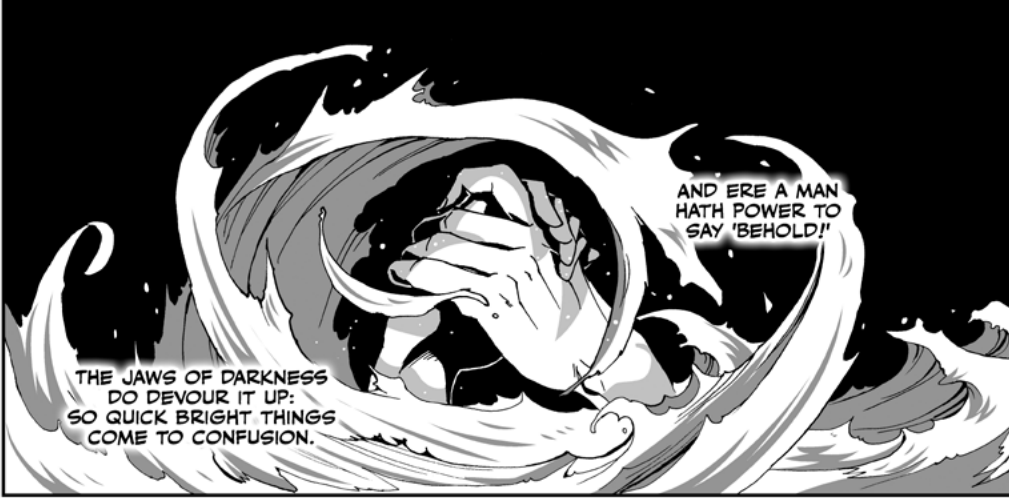


A Midsummer Night's Dream

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FULL ORIGINAL TEXT EDITION





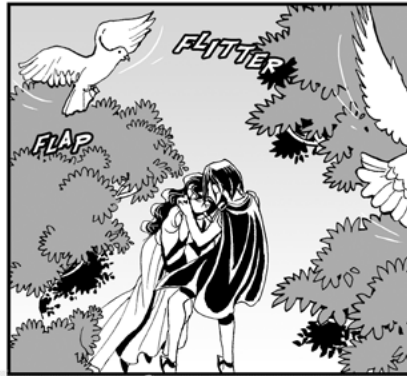
THE JAWS OF DARKNESS
DO DEVOUR IT UP:
SO QUICK BRIGHT THINGS
COME TO CONFUSION.

AND ERE A MAN
HATH POWER TO
SAY 'BEHOLD!'



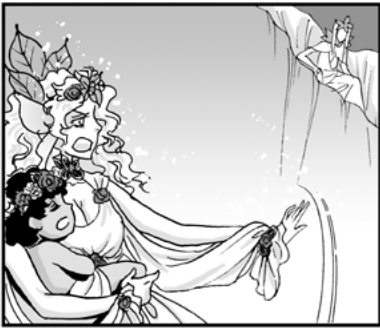
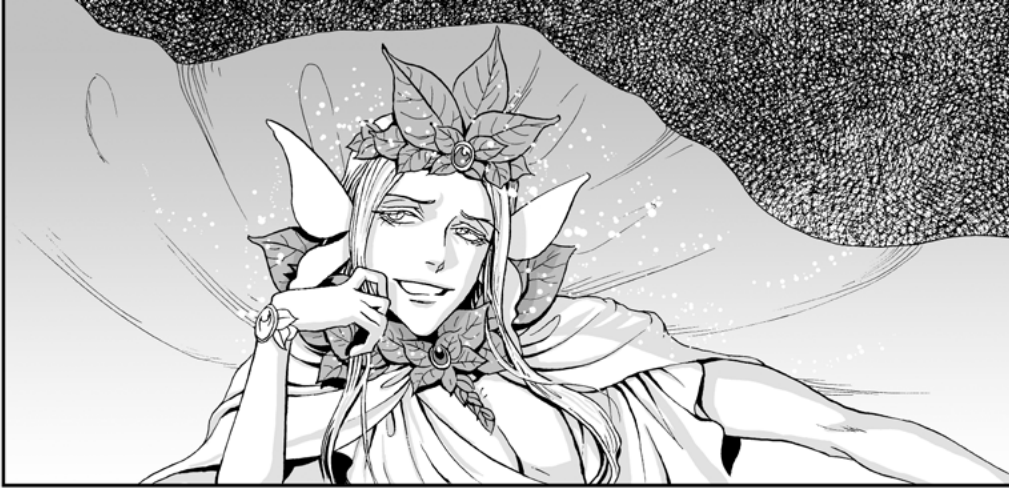
IF THEN TRUE
LOVERS HAVE BEEN
EVER CROSS'D,
IT STANDS AS AN
EDICT IN DESTINY:

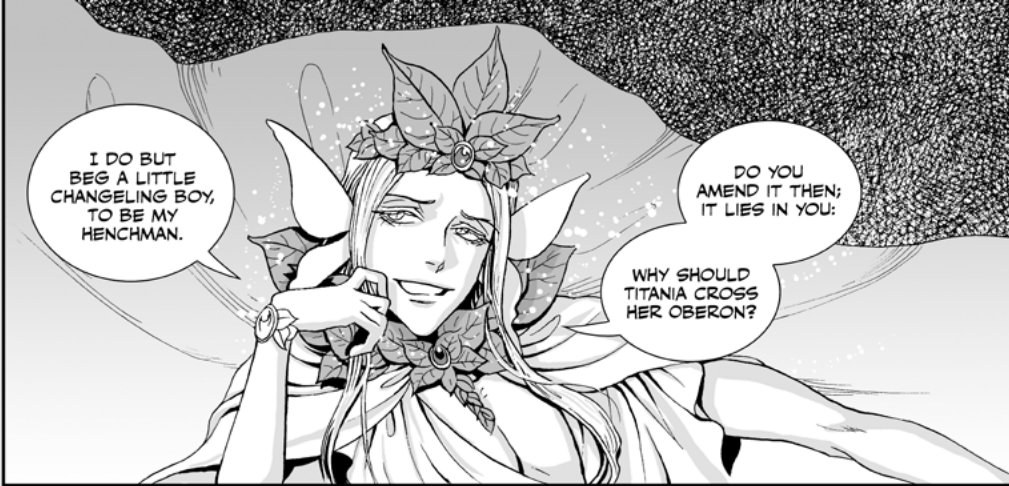
THEN
LET US TEACH
OUR TRIAL
PATIENCE,



BECAUSE IT IS
A CUSTOMARY CROSS,
AS DUE TO LOVE
AS THOUGHTS
AND DREAMS AND SIGHS,
WISHES AND TEARS,
POOR FANCY'S
FOLLOWERS.







I DO BUT
BEG A LITTLE
CHANGELING BOY,
TO BE MY
HENCHMAN.

DO YOU
AMEND IT THEN;
IT LIES IN YOU:

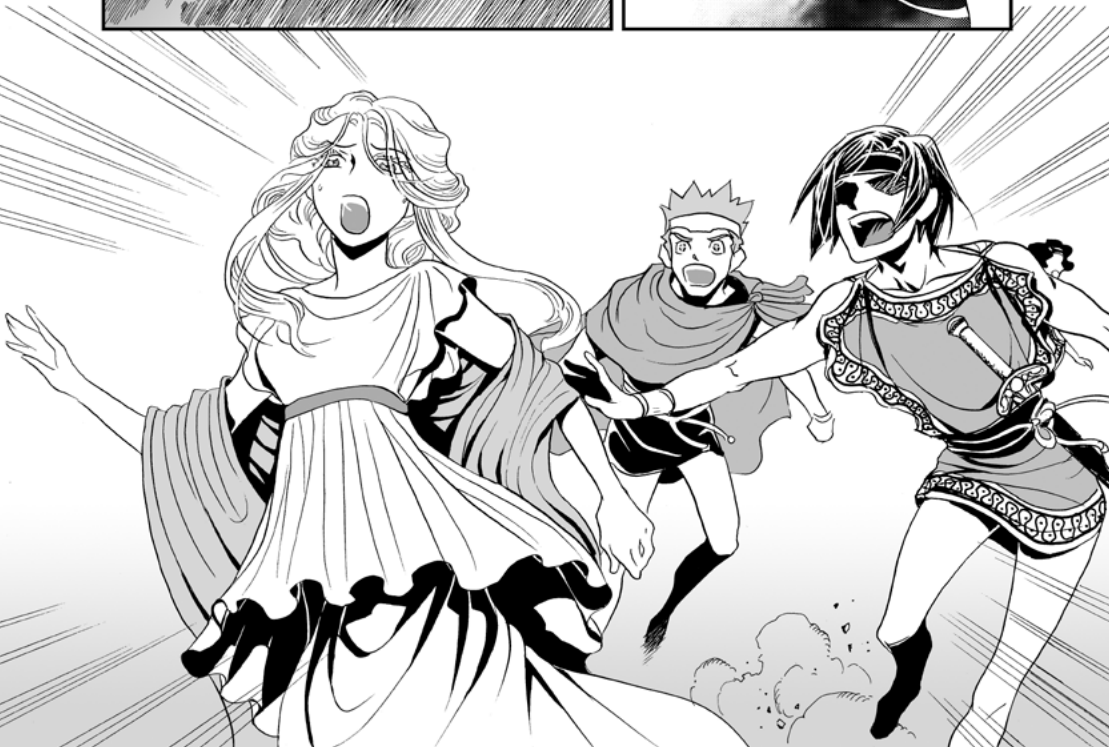
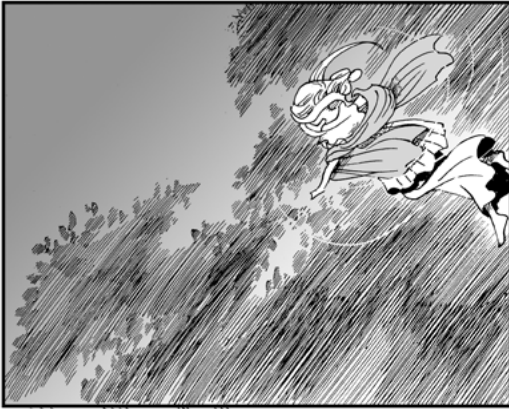
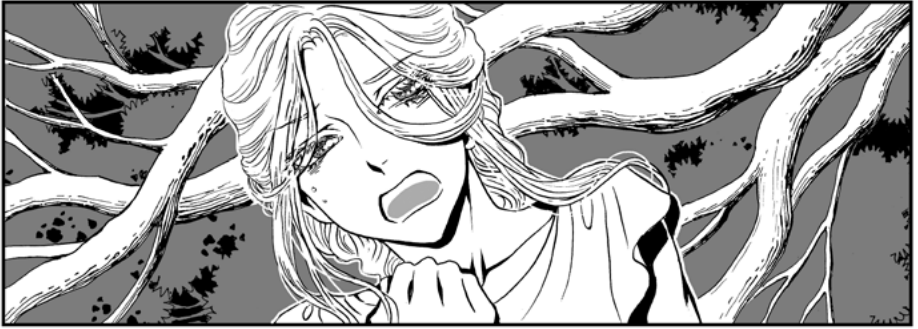
WHY SHOULD
TITANIA CROSS
HER OBERON?

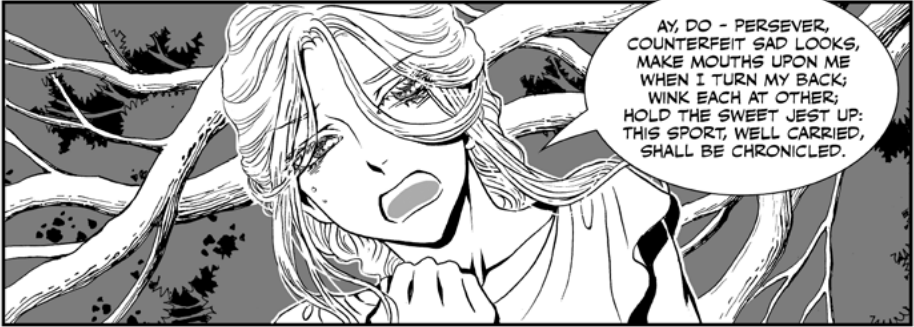


SET YOUR
HEART AT REST:
THE FAIRY LAND
BUYS NOT
THE CHILD
OF ME.

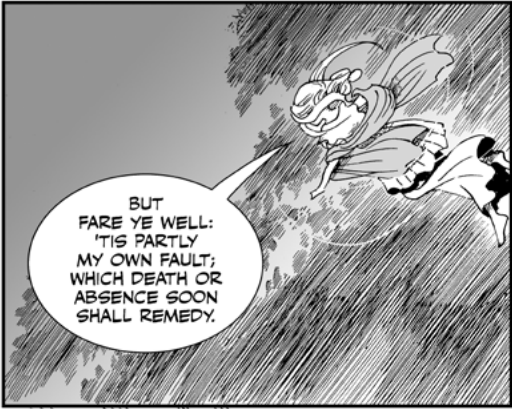


HIS MOTHER WAS
A VOTRESS OF
MY ORDER: AND,
IN THE SPICED
INDIAN AIR, BY NIGHT,
FULL OFTEN HATH
SHE GOSSIP'D
BY MY SIDE,

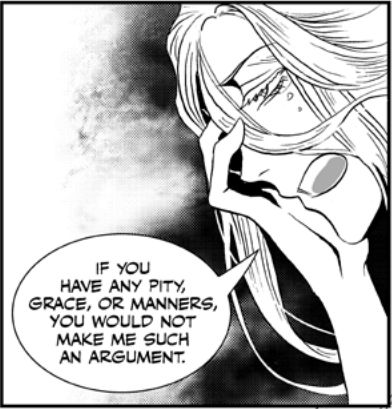




AY, DO - PERSEVER,
COUNTERFEIT SAD LOOKS,
MAKE MOUTHS UPON ME
WHEN I TURN MY BACK;
WINK EACH AT OTHER;
HOLD THE SWEET JEST UP:
THIS SPORT; WELL CARRIED,
SHALL BE CHRONICLED.



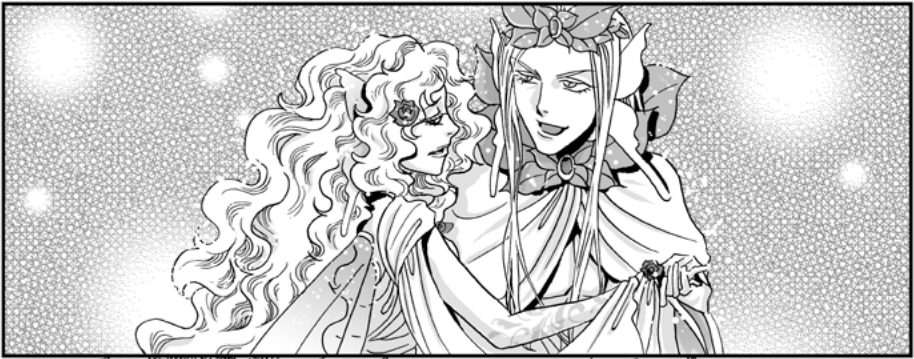
BUT
FARE YE WELL:
'TIS PARTLY
MY OWN FAULT;
WHICH DEATH OR
ABSENCE SOON
SHALL REMEDY.

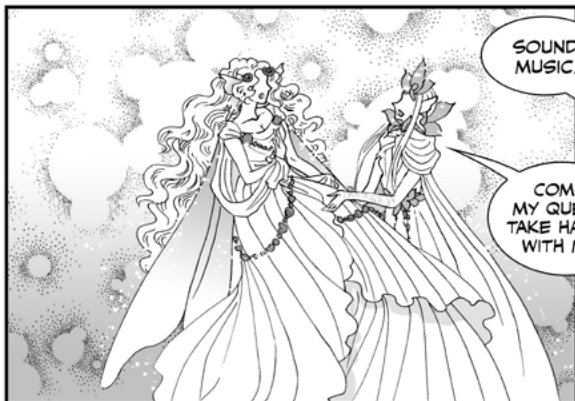


IF YOU
HAVE ANY PITY,
GRACE, OR MANNERS,
YOU WOULD NOT
MAKE ME SUCH
AN ARGUMENT.



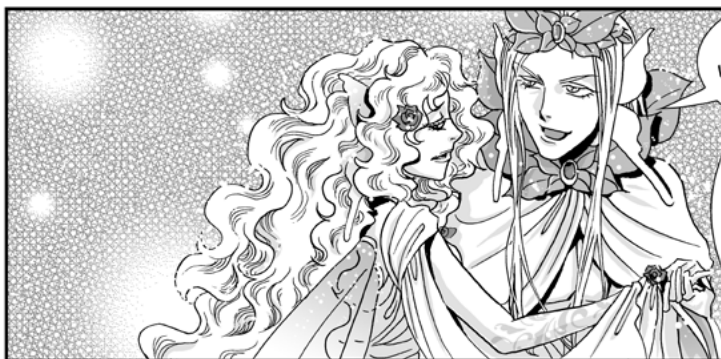
STAY,
GENTLE HELENA;
HEAR MY EXCUSE:
MY LOVE,
MY LIFE, MY SOUL,
FAIR HELENA!





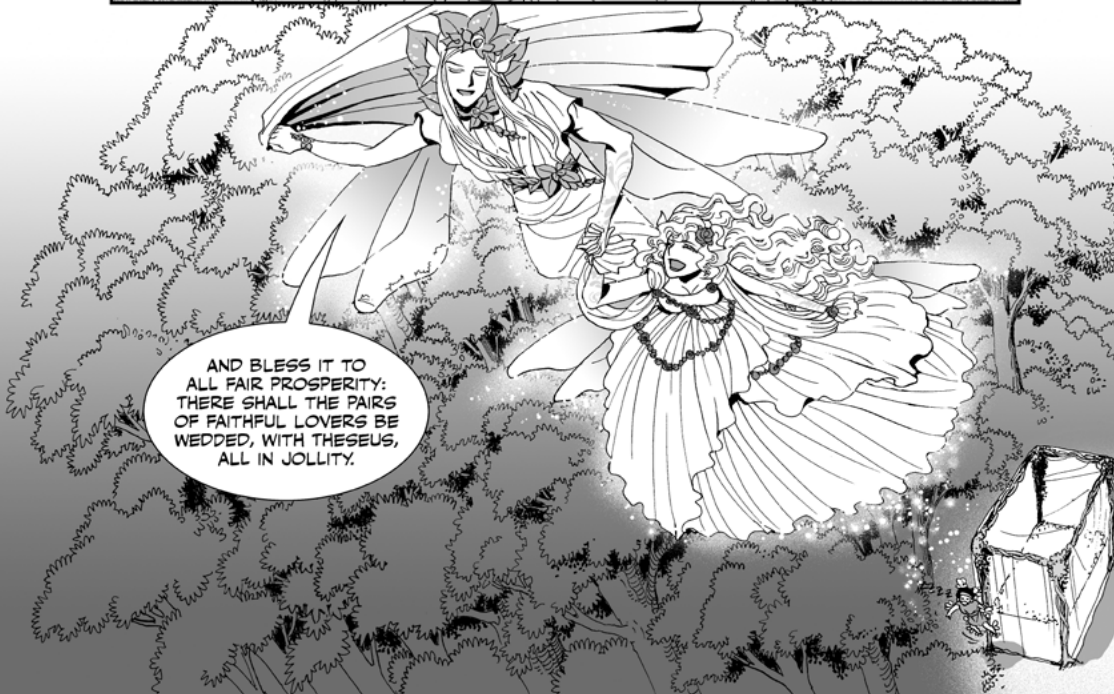
SOUND,
MUSIC!

COME,
MY QUEEN,
TAKE HANDS
WITH ME,



AND ROCK
THE GROUND
WHEREON THESE
SLEEPERS BE.

NOW THOU
AND I ARE
NEW IN AMITY,
AND WILL
TO-MORROW
MIDNIGHT
SOLEMNLY DANCE
IN DUKE
THESEUS' HOUSE
TRIUMPHANTLY,



AND BLESS IT TO
ALL FAIR PROSPERITY:
THERE SHALL THE PAIRS
OF FAITHFUL LOVERS BE
WEDDED, WITH THESEUS,
ALL IN JOLLITY.

