

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

As performed by Terry Schwab, with the Grand Teton Music Festival, July 2009  
Nicholas McGegan, conductor

### OVERTURE

*At end, narrator says:*

I know a place where the wild thyme blows,  
where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
quite over canopied with luscious 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:  
if you will patiently dance in our round  
and see our moonlight revels, go with us.

### No.1 SCHERZO

*At end, narrator says:*

How now, spirit, whither wander you?

*Narrator continues to say (without music – the L'istesso tempo of No. 2 has been cut):*

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
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 of spirits; I'll be gone:  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

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 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 loved 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.  
Men call me Robin Goodfellow, I am he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,  
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;  
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm;  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm,  
Those that Hobgoblin call me, and sweet Puck,  
I do their work, and they shall have good luck.  
But room, fairy! Here comes Oberon.  
And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

**No. 2A (Allegro vivace section of No. 2)**

*At end, narrator says:*

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee.  
...Having once its 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 off from 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 over-hear their conference.

**No. 3 ALLEGRO MA NON TROPPO –**

(MUSIC)

READ ON CUE:

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. Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices and let me rest.

Help me, Lysander, help me! do they best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!  
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.  
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!  
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?  
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

**No. 5 ALLEGRO APPASSIONATO**

*At end, narrator says:*

On the ground  
Sleep sound;  
I'll apply  
To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy.  
When thou wak'st  
Thou tak'st  
True delight  
In the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye:  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown;  
Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill;  
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

**No. 7 NOCTURNE**

## **No. 8 ANDANTE**

*Music - After the 1<sup>st</sup> Violins begin, then narrator says:*

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.

Sound music!

*Music – Con molto tranquillo. After 5 bars, narrator says:*

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 all to fair prosperity:  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus,  
All in jollity.

## **No. 9 WEDDING MARCH**

*At end, narrator says:*

Go, bring the players in; and take your places, ladies.

## **No. 10 FANFARE**

*At fermata (drumroll), narrator says:*

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

## FANFARE LAST FOUR BARS

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 lanthorn, 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:  
Wheras, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broach'd is 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.

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!

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:

Now die, die, die, die, die.

### **MARCIA FUNEBRE**

*Music – last 5 bars, then narrator says:*

Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?  
O Pyramus, arise!  
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?  
Dead, dead? A tomb  
Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
These thy 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:

*Music*

And, farewell, friends;  
Thus Thisby ends:  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*Music*

**No. 11 DANCE OF THE CLOWNS**

**No. 12 ORCHESTRA ONLY**

**FINALE: START At Bar 213 preceding by this reading:**

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.