

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Text based on version
edited by Barbara A. Mowat and Paul Werstine
with Michael Poston and Rebecca Niles
Folger Shakespeare Library
<http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org/?chapter=5&play=MND>
Created on Apr 23, 2016, from FDT version 0.9.2.

VILLANOVA THEATER
FINAL DRAFT 11/11/19

A Midsummer Night's Dream

By William Shakespeare

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Characters in the Play

Four lovers:

HERMIA
LYSANDER
HELENA
DEMETRIUS

THESEUS, duke of Athens
HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons
EGEUS, father to Hermia
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus

NICK BOTTOM, weaver
PETER QUINCE, carpenter
FRANCIS FLUTE, bellows-mender
TOM SNOOT, tinker
SNUG, joiner
ROBIN STARVELING, tailor

OBERON, king of the Fairies
TITANIA, queen of the Fairies
ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a “puck,” or hobgoblin, in
Oberon’s service
A FAIRY, in the service of Titania
Fairies attending upon Titania:
PEASEBLOSSOM
COBWEB
MOTE
MUSTARDSEED

Lords and Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

Other Fairies in the trains of Titania and Oberon

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, and Philostrate, with others.

THESEUS

Now faire Hippolyta, our nuptial houre
Drawes on apace: Foure happy days bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame or a Dowager 5
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIPPOLYTA

Foure days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night 10
Of our solemnities.

THESEUS

Go Philostrate,
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals; 15
The pale companion is not for our pompe,

Philostrate exits.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reveling. 20

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander
and Demetrius.*

EGEUS

Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke.

THESEUS

Thanks good Egeus. What's the news with thee?

EGEUS

Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.
My Noble Lord (stand forth Demetrius) 25
This man hath my consent to marry her
And, my gracious Duke (stand forth Lysander)
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou, thou, *Lysander*, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe: 30
~~Thou hast by Moone light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gaudes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, nosegays, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth)~~ 35
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborn harshnesse. And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace, 40
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, 45
Immediately provided in that case.

THESEUS

What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair Maide.
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe 50
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 himselfe he is, 55
But in this kinde, wanting your father's voice.
The other must be held the worthier.

HERMIA

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THESEUS

Rather your eyes must with his judgment looke.

HERMIA

I do entreat your Grace to pardon me. 60
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modesty
In such a presence here to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case, 65
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

THESEUS

Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood, 70
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mewd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone. 75
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happy is the Rose distill'd
Than that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessednesse. 80

HERMIA

So will I grow, so live, so die my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordship whose unwished yoke
My soule consents not to give sovereignty.

THESEUS

Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon 85
The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship:
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would, 90
Or on *Diana's* Altar to protest
For aye, austerity, and single life.

DEMETRIUS

Relent, sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yielde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

LYSANDER

You have her father's love, *Demetrius*: 95
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 her,
I do estate unto *Demetrius*. 100

LYSANDER

I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd: My love is more than his:
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more than all these boasts can be) 105
I am belov'd 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 soule: and she (sweet Lady) dotes, 110
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THESEUS

I must confesse that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof:
But being overfull of selfe-affaires, 115
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Father's will; 120
Or else the Law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolyta*, what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and *Egeus*, go along: 125
I must employ you in some businesse
Against our nuptial and conferre with you
Of something, nearly that concernes your selves.

EGEUS

With duty and desire we follow you.

All but Hermia and Lysander exit.

LYSANDER

How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale? 130
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA

Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER

Hermia, for aught that I could ever reade,
Could ever hear by tale or history, 135
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

HERMIA

O crosse! Too high to be enthrall'd to lowe.

LYSANDER

Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

HERMIA

O spite! Too old to be engaged to young. 140

LYSANDER

Or else it stood upon the choice of merit. [friends]

HERMIA

O hell! To choose love by another's eye.

LYSANDER

Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary, as a sound: 145
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collid night,
That (in a spleene) unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The jaws of darkness do devour it up: 150
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA

If then true Lovers have beene ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience
Because it is a customary crosse, 155
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares, poore Fancy's followers.

LYSANDER

A good persuasion; therefore, heare me, *Hermia*,
I have a Widow Aunt, a dowager,

Of great revenue, and she hath no childe, 160
From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues,
And she respects me, as her only sonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then 165
Steale forth thy father's house tomorrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do observance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee. 170

HERMIA

My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus Doves, 175
By that which knitteth soules and prospers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene
When the false Trojan under sail was seene,
By all the voves that ever men have broke,
(In number more than ever women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me, 180
Tomorrow truly will I meete with thee.

LYSANDER

Keepe promise, love: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

HERMIA

God speede, faire *Helena*, whither away?

HELENA

Call you me faire? That faire againe unsay,
Demetrius loves your faire: O happy fair! 185
Your eyes are loadstarres and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than Larke to shepherd's eare,
When wheate is greene, when hawthorne buds appeare.
Sickness is catching: O were favor so,
Your words I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go, 190
My eare 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. 195
O teach me how you looke and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

HERMIA
 I frowne upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA
 O that your frownes would teach my smiles such skill.

HERMIA
 I give him curses, yet he gives me love. 200

HELENA
 O that my prayers could such affection move.

HERMIA
 The more I hate, the more he followes me.

HELENA
 The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA
 His folly Helena, is none of mine. 205

HELENA
 None but your beauty, would that fault were mine

HERMIA
 Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.
~~Before the time I did Lysander see,~~
~~Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.~~ 210
~~O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,~~
~~That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!~~

LYSANDER
Helena, to you our mindes we will unfold,
 Tomorrow night, when *Phoebe* doth behold
 Her silver visage, in the wat'ry glasse, 215
 Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
 (A time that Lovers' flights doth still conceale)
 Through *Athens* gates have we devis'd to steale.

HERMIA
 And in the wood, where often you and I,
 Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lie, 220
 Emptying our bosomes, of their counsel swell'd:
 There my *Lysander* and my selfe shall meete
 And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes

To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farewell, sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us, 225
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
From lovers' foode till morrow deepe midnight.

Hermia exits

LYSANDER

I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. 230

Lysander exits.

HELENA

How happy some o're 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, 235
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 forme and dignity,
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the minde, 240
~~And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.~~
~~Nor hath Love's minde of any judgment taste:~~
~~Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.~~
And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd, 245
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjurd everywhere.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was only mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt, 250
So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did melt,
I will go[e] tell him of faire *Hermia's* flight:
Then to the wood will he, tomorrow night
Pursue her; and, for this intelligence,
If I have thankes, it is a deare expense: 255
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To have his sight thither, and back againe.

She exits.

Scene 2

*Enter Quince the carpenter, and Snug the joiner, and
Bottom the weaver, and Flute the bellows-mender, and
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. 5

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. 10

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. 15

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*. 20

BOTTOM What is *Pyramus*, a lover or a tyrant?

QUINCE A lover that kills himself most gallant 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 humor is for a
tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a
cat in, to make all split: 25

*The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks* 30

*Of prison gates.
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.* 35

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. 40

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.~~ 45

~~QUINCE That's all one. You shall play it in a Mask, and
you may speak as small as you will.~~

BOTTOM ~~And 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!" 50

QUINCE No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and, *Flute*,
you *Thisbe*.

BOTTOM Well, proceed. 55

QUINCE *Robin Starveling*, the tailor.

STARVELING Here, *Peter Quince*.

QUINCE *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbe's*
mother. *Tom Snout*, the tinker.

SNOUT Here, *Peter Quince*. 60

QUINCE You, *Pyramus's* father.—Myself, *Thisbe's*
father. *Snug* the joiner, you the *Lion's* part:
and I hope here is a play fitted.

SNUG Have you the Lion's part written? Pray you if it
be, give it me, for I am slow of study. 65

QUINCE You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but
roaring.

BOTTOM Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will
do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that
I will make the Duke say "Let him roar again. Let
him roar again!" 70

QUINCE If you should do it too terribly, you would
fright the Duchess and the Ladies that they would
shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL That would hang us, every mother's son. 75

BOTTOM I grant you, friends, if you should fright the
ladies out of their wits, they would have no more
discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my
voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking
dove. I will roar and 'twere any nightingale. 80

QUINCE You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus*
is a sweet-faced man, a proper man as one
shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely gentleman-like
man, therefore you must needs play
Pyramus. 85

BOTTOM Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I
best to play it in?

QUINCE Why, what you will.

BOTTOM I will discharge it in either your straw-color
beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain
beard, or ~~your French-crown-color'd beard,~~
your perfect yellow. 90

QUINCE ~~Some of your French crowns have no hair at
all, and then you will play barefaced.~~ But, masters,
here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, 95
request you, and desire you to con them
by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace
wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight, there
will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall
be dogged with company and our devices known. In 100

the meantime I will draw a bill of properties such as
our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

BOTTOM We will meet, and there we may rehearse
more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be
perfect, adieu.

105

QUINCE At the Duke's Oak we meet.

BOTTOM Enough, hold or cut bowstrings.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter a Fairy at one door and Robin Goodfellow at another.

ROBIN

How now spirit, whither wander you?

FAIRY

Over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier,
Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire, 5
I do wander everywhere, swifter than ye Moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the green.
~~The Cowslips tall, her pensioners be,~~
~~In their gold coats, spots you see,~~ 10
~~Those be Rubies, Fairy favors,~~
~~In those freckles, live their savor,~~
I must go seeke some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's eare. 15
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

ROBIN

The King doth keepe his Revels here tonight,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath, 20
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She never had so sweet a changeling.
And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe 25
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forests wilde.
But she (perforce) withholds the loved boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meete in grove or greene,
By fountaine cleare or spangled starlight sheene, 30
But they do square, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into Acorne cups and hide them there.

FAIRY

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish sprite 35
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the villagery,
~~Skim milke, and sometimes labor in the querne,~~
~~And bootlesse make the breathless housewife churn,~~
~~And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,~~

~~Misleade night wanderers, laughing at their harme,~~ 40
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke.
Are not you he?

ROBIN

Thou speakest aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night: 45
I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale.
And sometime lurke I in a Gossip's bowl
In very likenesse of a roasted crab: 50
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she, 55
~~And tailor cries and falls into a cough,~~
~~And then the whole choir hold their hips, and loffe,~~
~~And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,~~
~~A merrier houre was never wasted there.~~
But roome Fairy, here comes *Oberon*. 60

FAIRY

And here my mistress:
Would that he were gone.

*Enter Oberon the King of Fairies at one door, with his
train, and Titania the Queen at another, with hers.*

OBERON

Ill met by Moonlight.
Proud *Titania*.

TITANIA

What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy[ies] skip hence.
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

Tarry rash Wanton, am not I thy lord? 65

TITANIA

Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou hast stolne away from Fairy Land
And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,
Playing on pipes of *Corne*, and versing love
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here, 70

Come from the farthest steep of *India*?
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your warrior love,
To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,
To give their bed joy and prosperity. 75

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame *Titania*,
Glance at my credite with *Hippolyta*?
Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*?
Didst not thou leade him through the glimmering night 80
From *Perigouna*, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Aegles breake his faith,
With *Ariadne* and *Antiopa*?

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy,
And never since the middle summer's spring 85
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountaine, or by rushy brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport. 90
Therefore the Windes, piping to us in vaine,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs: Which falling in the Land,
Hath every petty River made so proud,
That they have overborne their Continents. 95
The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine,
The Plowman lost his sweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
~~The fold stands empty in the drowned field,~~
~~And Crowes are fatted with the murrain floeke,~~ 100
~~The nine men's Morris is filled up with mud,~~
~~And the quaint Mazes in the wanton green,~~
~~For lacke of tread are undistinguishable.~~
The human mortals want their winter here
No night is now with hymn or carol blest. 105
Therefore the Moone (the governess of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
That Rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: ~~hoared headed frosts~~ 110
~~Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,~~
~~And on old *Hiems*' chin and icy crowne,~~
~~An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds~~
~~Is as in mockery set.~~ The Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change 115

Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils,
Comes from our debate, from our dissension,
We are their parents and original. 120

OBERON

Do you amend it, then, it lies in you,
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest, 125
The Fairyland buys not the childe of me,
His mother was a Vot'ress of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* air, by night
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptune*'s yellow sands, 130
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire) 135
Would imitate, and sail upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die, 140
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round 145
And see our Moone-light revels, go[e] with us;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON

Give me that boy, and I will go[e] with thee.

TITANIA

Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. 150

Titania and her fairies exit.

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither; ~~thou rememb'rest~~
~~Since once I sat upon a promontory,~~
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's backe, 155
~~Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,~~
~~That the rude sea grew civil at her song,~~
~~And certain stars shot madly from their Spheres,~~
To hear the Sea-maid's music.

ROBIN

I remember. 160

OBERON

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aime he tooke
At a faire Vestal, throned by the West,
And loos'd his love shaft smartly from his bow, 165
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
~~But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft~~
~~Quench'd in the chaste beames of the wat'ry Moone,~~
And the imperial Vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free. 170
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell upon a little westerne flower;
~~Before, milke white; now purple with love's wound,~~
~~And maidens call it, Love in idlennesse.~~
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once, 175
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 herbe, and be thou here againe,
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league. 180

ROBIN

I'll put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

He exits.

OBERON

Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes: 185
The next thing then she waking lookes upon,

(Be it on Lion, Bear, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On meddling Monkey, or on busy Ape)
She shall pursue it, with the soule of love.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight, 190
(As I can take it with another herbe)
I'll make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

DEMETRIUS
I love thee not, therefore pursue me not, 195
Where is *Lysander* and faire *Hermia*?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolne into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*. 200
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA
You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you. 205

DEMETRIUS
Do I entice you? Do I speak you faire?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HELENA
And even for that do I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel, and *Demetrius*, 210
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Use me but as your spaniel; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love, 215
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you do your dog?

DEMETRIUS
Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do look on thee.

HELENA
And I am sicke when I looke not on you. 220

DEMETRIUS

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place, 225
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company, 230
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEMETRIUS

~~I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.~~ 235

HELENA

~~The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tiger. Bootlesse speede 240
When cowardice pursues and valor flies,~~

DEMETRIUS

I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, 245
You do me mischief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sexe.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.
We should be woo'd and were not made to woove.

Demetrius exits.

I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, 250
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Helena exits.

OBERON

Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Enter Robin.

ROBIN

Ay, there it is. 255

OBERON

I pray thee give it me.
~~I know a banke where the wilde thyme blowes,
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;~~ 260
~~There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enamel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.~~
And with the its juice of this I'll streak *Titania's* her eyes, 265
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies, 270
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow. 275

ROBIN

Feare not my lord, your servant shall do so.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Titania, Queen of Fairies, with her train.

TITANIA

Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with Reremice, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elves coates, and some keepe backe 5
The clamorous Owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleepe.
Then to your offices and let me rest. *She lies down.*

Fairies sing.

FAIRIES

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs, be not seene. 10
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neare our Fairy Queene.*

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby. 15
Never harme, nor spell, nor charm
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night, with Lullaby.*

A FAIRY

*Weaving spiders come not here. 20
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neare;
Worm nor Snail, do no offence.*

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby. 30
Never harme, nor spell, nor charm
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night, with Lullaby.*

ANOTHER FAIRY

*Hence, away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Sentinel.*

Enter Oberon.

OBERON

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take:
Love and languish for his sake. 35
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Beare,
Pard, or Boar with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neare. 40

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

LYSANDER

Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in ye woods
And to speak troth I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA

Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I upon this banke will rest my head. 45

LYSANDER

One turfe shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

HERMIA

Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deare,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so neare. 50

LYSANDER

O take the sense sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference,
I meane that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath, 55
So then two bosomes and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

HERMIA

Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride, 60
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off, in human modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maide. 65
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;

Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end.

LYSANDER

Amen, amen to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Here is my bed, sleepe give thee all his rest. 70

HERMIA

With halfe that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd.

Enter Robin. They Sleepe.

ROBIN

Through the Forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love. 75
Night and silence: who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And here the maiden, sleeping sound, 80
On the danke and dirty ground.
~~Pretty soule, she durst not lie~~
~~Near this lack love, this kill courtesy.~~
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe: 85
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleepe his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*. *He exits.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

HELENA

Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*. 90

DEMETRIUS

I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA

O wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

DEMETRIUS

Stay on thy peril, I alone will go. *Demetrius exits.*

HELENA

O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace, 95
Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare, 100
For beastes that meet me runne away for feare.
~~Therefore no marvel, though *Demetrius*~~
~~Do as a monster, fly my presence thus.~~
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermia's* sphery eyne? 105
But who is here? *Lysander*, on the ground;
Dead or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.

LYSANDER

And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature showes art, 110
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

HELENA

Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though? 115
Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

LYSANDER

Content with *Hermia*? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love. 120
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reason, 125
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the Marshal to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I o'erlooke
Love's stories, written in love's richest booke.

HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne? 130
When at your hands did I deserve this scorne?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserve a sweete look from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency? 135
Good troth you do me wrong (good sooth you do)
In such disdainful manner, me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd, 140
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *She exits.*

LYSANDER

She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And never mayst thou come *Lysander* neare;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
~~The deepest loathing to the stomache brings:~~ 145
~~Or as the heresies that men do leave,~~
~~Are hated most of those they did deceive:~~
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your love and might, 150
To honor *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *He exits.*

HERMIA

Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my breast.
Aye me, for pity; what a dreame was here?
Lysander, looke how I do quake with feare: 155
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander, what, remov'd? *Lysander*, lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake and if you hear: 160
Speake, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Either death or you I'll finde immediately.
She exits.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter the Clowns,

(Bottom, Quince, Snout, Starveling, Snug, and Flute.)

BOTTOM Are we all met?

QUINCE Pat, pat. And here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. ~~This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring house,~~ and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke. 5

BOTTOM *Peter Quince?*

QUINCE What sayest thou, bully *Bottom*?

BOTTOM There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that? 10

SNOUT By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STARVELING I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done. 15

BOTTOM Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear. 20

QUINCE Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOTTOM No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight. 25

SNOUT Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lion?

STARVELING I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves,

to bring in (God shield us) a Lion among Ladies is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your Lion living: and we ought to look to it.	30
SNOUT Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lion.	35
BOTTOM Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the Lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; "Ladies," or "Fair ladies, I would wish you," or "I would request you," or "I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are," and there indeed let him name his name and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.	40 45
QUINCE Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moonlight into a chamber: for you know <i>Pyramus</i> and <i>Thisbe</i> meet by moonlight.	
SNOUT Doth the Moon shine that night we play our play?	50
BOTTOM A Calendar, a Calendar, look in the Almanac, find out Moonshine, find out Moonshine.	
QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.	
BOTTOM Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moon may shine in at the casement.	55
QUINCE Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber, for <i>Pyramus</i> and <i>Thisbe</i> (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.	60
SNOUT You can never bring in a wall. What say you, <i>Bottom</i> ?	65
BOTTOM Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some loam, or some	

roughcast about him. to signify wall; or let him
hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall
Pyramus and *Thisbe* whisper. 70

QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down
every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*,
you begin; when you have spoken your
speech, enter into that Brake, and so everyone
according to his cue. 75

Enter Robin

ROBIN, *aside*
What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here,
So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE Speak, *Pyramus*: *Thisbe*, stand forth. 80

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
Thisbe, the flowers of odious savors sweet.

QUINCE Odors, odors.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
...odors savors sweet.
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe deare.
But harke, a voice: Stay thou but here awhile, 85
And by and by I will to thee appear. *He exits.*

ROBIN, *aside*
A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er played here.

FLUTE Must I speak now?

QUINCE Ay marry must you. For you must understand
he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to
come again. 90

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, 95
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUINCE "Ninus' tomb," man: why, you must not
speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You
speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*,
enter. Your cue is past. It is "never tire." 100

FLUTE
O, *as true as truest horse, that yet would never*
tire.

[Enter Robin, and Bottom as Pyramus with the
ass-head.]

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine.

QUINCE O monstrous. O strange. We are haunted; pray, 105
masters, fly masters, help.

Quince, Flute, Snout, Snug, and Starveling exit.

ROBIN
I'll follow you, I'll leade you about a Round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier,
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound: 110
A hog, a headless beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and roar, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turne.
He exits.

BOTTOM Why do they run away? This is a knavery of
them to make me afeard. 115

Enter Snout.

SNOUT O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What do I see on
thee?

BOTTOM What do you see? You see an Ass-head of your
own, do you?
Snout exits.

Enter Quince.

QUINCE Bless thee *Bottom*, bless thee; Thou art translated. *He exits.* 120

BOTTOM I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could; But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing that they shall hear I am not afraid. 125

*The ouzel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.*

*The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill* 130

TITANIA
What Angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

BOTTOM *sings*
*The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plainsong Cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer, nay* 135

~~For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "Cuckoo" never so?~~

TITANIA
I pray thee gentle mortal, sing againe,
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note; 140
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.

BOTTOM Methinks mistress, you should have little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together, nowadays. ~~The more the pity, that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can glean upon occasion.~~ 145

TITANIA
Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful. 150

BOTTOM Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own
turn.

TITANIA

Out of this wood, do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no. 155

~~I am a spirit of no common rate:~~

~~The Summer still doth tend upon my state,~~

~~And I do love thee; therefore go with me,~~

~~I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;~~

~~And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deepe~~ 160

~~And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe.~~

~~And I will purge thy mortal grossnesse so,~~

~~That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.~~

Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed.

*Enter four Fairies: Peaseblossom, Cobweb,
Mote, and Mustardseed.*

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready. 165

COBWEB And I.

MOTE And I.

MUSTARDSEED And I.

ALL Where shall we go?

TITANIA

Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman, 170

~~Hop in his walkes and gambole in his eyes,~~

Feede him with Apricocks and Dewberries,

~~With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,~~

The honey-bags steale from the humble-Bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, 175

And light them at the fiery Glowworms' eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,

To fan the Moonbeames from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him Elves, and do him courtesies. 180

PEASEBLOSSOM Hail, mortal.

COBWEB Hail.

MOTE Hail.

MUSTARDSEED Hail!

BOTTOM I cry your worships mercy heartily; I beseech
your worship's name. 185

COBWEB *Cobweb.*

BOTTOM I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
Master *Cobweb*: If I cut my finger, I shall make
bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman? 190

PEASEBLOSSOM *Peaseblossom.*

BOTTOM ~~I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash*,
your mother, and to master *Peasecod*, your father.~~
Good master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire you of
more acquaintance too. Your name I beseech
you sir? 195

MUSTARDSEED *Mustardseed.*

BOTTOM Good master *Mustardseed*, I know your patience
well: ~~that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef
hath devoured many a gentleman of your house.~~ I
promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes
water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance,
good master *Mustardseed*. 200

TITANIA

Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moon methinks, lookes with a wat'ry eye, 205
And when she weepes, weepe every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him silently.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Oberon, King of Fairies.

OBERON

~~I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity.~~

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

~~Here comes my messenger:~~ How now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove? 5

ROBIN

My mistress with a monster is in love,
Neare to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread upon *Athenian* stalls, 10
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus*' nuptial day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport, 15
Forsooke his Scene and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Ass's noll I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered,
And forth my Mimic comes: when they him spy, 20
~~As Wild Geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the gun's report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweepe the sky:~~
So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our stampe, here o'er and o'er one falls; 25
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
~~For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch, 30
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch,~~
I led them on in this distracted feare.
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass) 35
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBERON

This falls out better than I could devise:
But hast thou yet latch'd the *Athenian's* eyes
With the love juice, as I did bid thee do?

ROBIN

I tooke him sleeping (that is finish'd too) 40
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wak'd, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

OBERON

Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

ROBIN

This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS

O why rebuke you him that loves you so? 45
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deepe 50
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*? I'll believe as soone
This whole Earth may be bored, and that the Moone 55
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
~~Her brother's noontide with th' *Antipodes*.~~
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him.
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

DEMETRIUS

So should the murder'd look, and so should I, 60
Pierc'd through the heart with your sterne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer look as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering sphere.

HERMIA

What's this to my *Lysander*? Where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me? 65

DEMETRIUS

I'd rather give his carcasse to my hounds.

HERMIA

Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.

~~Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,~~ 70

~~Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch:
Could not a worne, an Adder do so much?~~

~~An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Than thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung.~~ 75

DEMETRIUS

You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood:
Nor is he dead for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA

I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS

And if I could, what should I get therefore? 80

HERMIA

A privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I:
See me no more whether he be dead or no.

She exits.

DEMETRIUS

There is no following her in this fierce veine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine. 85
So sorrowe's heavinessse doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

He lies down.

OBERON, *to Robin*

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite 90
And laid the love juice on some true-love's sight:

~~Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.~~

ROBIN

~~Then fate o'errules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.~~ 95

OBERON

About the wood, goe swifter than the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* look thou finde.
~~All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere
With sighes of love, that costs the fresh blood deare.~~
By some illusion see thou bring her here. 100
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appeare.

ROBIN I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bowe. *He exits.*

OBERON, *applying the nectar to Demetrius' eyes*
Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* archery, 105
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by, 110
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Robin.

ROBIN

Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee. 115
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

OBERON

Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

ROBIN

Then will two at once woo one, 120
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

They step aside.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorne and derision never come in tearse: 125
Looke when I vow I weepe; and voves so borne,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

HELENA

You do advance your cunning more and more, 130
When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
These voves are *Hermia*'s. Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath. and you will nothing weigh.
Your voves to her, and me (put in two scales) 135
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER

I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

HELENA

Nor none in my minde, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS, *awake*

O *Helena*, goddesse, nymph, perfect, divine, 140
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne!
Crystal is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus*' snow,
Fann'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow, 145
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seal of blisse.

HELENA

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy, 150
You would not do[e] me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do[e],
But you must join in soules to mocke me too?
~~If you were men, as men you are in show,~~
~~You would not use a gentle Lady so;~~ 155
~~To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,~~
~~When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.~~
~~You both are Rivals and love *Hermia*;~~
~~And now both Rivals to mocke *Helena*.~~

~~A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,~~ 160
~~To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,~~
~~With your derision; None of noble sort~~
~~Would so offend a Virgin, and extort~~
~~A poor soule's patience, all to make you sport.~~

LYSANDER

You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so, 165
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia's* love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death. 170

HELENA

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS

Lysander, keep thy *Hermia*. I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd, 175
There to remaine.

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy love comes, yonder is thy deare. 180

Enter Hermia.

HERMIA, *to Lysander*

~~Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,~~
~~The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,~~
~~Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,~~
~~It pays the hearing double recompense.~~
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found, 185
Mine ear (I thank it) brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

Why should hee stay whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA

What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?

LYSANDER
Lysander's love (that would not let him bide) 190
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee, made me leave thee so? 195

HERMIA
You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

HELENA
Lo[e], she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid, 200
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vowes, the houres that we have spent,
When we[e] have chid the hasty-footed time, 205
For parting us; O, is all forgot?
All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
We *Hermia*, like two Artificial gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, 210
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition, 215
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
~~Two of the first like coats in Heraldry,~~
~~Due but to one and crowned with one crest.~~
And will you rent our ancient love asunder, 220
To join with men in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA
I am amaz'd at your passionate words. 225
I scorne you not; It seems that you scorne me.

HELENA

Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
 (Who even but now did spurne me with his foote) 230
 To call me goddesse, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speakes he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Deny your love (so rich within his soule)
 And tender me (forsooth) affection, 235
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
~~What though I be not so in grace as you,~~
~~So hung upon with love, so fortunate?~~
~~(But miserable most, to love unlov'd)~~
 This you should pity, rather than despise. 240

HERMIA

I understand not what you meane by this.

HELENA

Ay, do[e]. Persever, counterfeit sad lookes,
 Make mouthes upon me when I turn my backe,
 Winke each at other, hold the sweete jest up;
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicl'd. 245
~~If you have any pity, grace, or manners,~~
~~You would not make me such an argument:~~
 But fare ye well, 'tis partly my owne fault,
 Which death or absence soone shall remedy.

LYSANDER

Stay, gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse, 250
 My love, my life, my soule, fair *Helena*.

HELENA

O excellent!

HERMIA [*to Lysander*]

Sweete, do not scorne her so.

DEMETRIUS [*to Lysander*]

If she cannot entreate, I can compel.

LYSANDER
 Thou canst compel, no more than she entreate. 255
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak praise.
Helen, I love thee. By my life, I do[e].
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false, that says I love thee not. 260

DEMETRIUS
 I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER
 If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS
 Quick, come.

HERMIA *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

[*She takes hold of Lysander.*]

LYSANDER
 Away, you ~~Ethiops~~. 265

DEMETRIUS
 No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;
 Take on as you would follow,
 But yet come not: You are a tame man, go.

LYSANDER, *to Hermia*
 Hang off thou cat, thou burr; vile thing let loose, 270
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

HERMIA
 Why are you growne so rude?
 What change is this, sweet Love?

LYSANDER
 Thy love? Out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
 Out loath'd med'cine; O hated potion hence. 275

HERMIA
 Do you not jest?

HELENA
 Yes, sooth, and so do you.

LYSANDER

Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS

I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; I'll not trust your word. 280

LYSANDER

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harme her so.

HERMIA

What, can you do me greater harme than hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes, my love?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*? 285
I am as faire now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me.
Why then, you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say? 290

LYSANDER

Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do[e] hate thee and love *Helena*. 295

[Hermia turns him loose.]

HERMIA

O me, you juggler, you cankerblossome,
You thief of love; What, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA

Fine, i' faith:
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 300
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

HERMIA

Puppet? why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 305
Betweene our statures; she hath urged her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevailed with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low? 310
How low am I, thou painted Maypole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA

I pray you though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst: 315
I have no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower than myselfe,
That I can match her. 320

HERMIA

Lower? harke againe.

HELENA

Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*, 325
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
~~He followed you, for love I followed him,~~
~~But he hath chid me hence, and threatened me~~
~~To strike me, spurne me, nay, to kill me too;~~
And now, so you will let me quiet go, 330
To *Athens* will I bear my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

HERMIA

Why get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

HELENA

A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde. 335

HERMIA

What, with *Lysander*?

HELENA

With *Demetrius*.

LYSANDER

Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee, *Helena*.

DEMETRIUS

No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA
O when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd, 340
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA
Little again? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her. 345

LYSANDER
Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hind'ring knotgrass made,
You bead, you acorne.

DEMETRIUS
You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your services. 350
Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

LYSANDER
Now she holds me not, 355
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

DEMETRIUS
Follow? Nay, I'll go[e] with thee, cheeke by jowl.

Demetrius and Lysander exit.

HERMIA
You Mistress, all this coil is long of you.

[Helena retreats].

Nay, go[e] not backe. 360

HELENA
I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. *[She exits].*

HERMIA
I am amazed and know not what to say. *She exits.* 365

OBERON, *to Robin*

This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willfully.

ROBIN

Believe me, King of shadowes, I mistook,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on? 370
~~And so far blamelesse proves my enterprise,~~
~~That I have 'noited an *Athenian's* eyes,~~
And so far am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteeme a sport.

OBERON

Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight, 375
Hie therefore Robin, overcast the night,
The starry Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping fog[ge] as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy Rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way. 380
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir[re] *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleepe 385
With leaden legs, and Batty wings doth creepe;
Then take the poison from *Lysander's* eye,
~~Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,~~
~~To take from thence all error, with his might,~~
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight. 390
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitless vision.
~~And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend,~~
~~With league, whose date till death shall never end.~~
Whiles I in this affaire do thee employ, 395
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

ROBIN

My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast, 400
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wand'ring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards; Damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial, 405
Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For feare lest day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBERON

But we are spirits of another sort: 410
I, with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And like a Forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Easterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with fair blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt-greene streamse. 415
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay;
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day. [*He exits.*]

ROBIN

Up and down, up and down,
I will leade them up and down.
I am feared in field and towne. 420
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

LYSANDER

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

ROBIN, [*in Demetrius' voice*]

Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

LYSANDER

I will be with thee straight. 425

ROBIN, [*in Demetrius' voice*]

Follow me then to plainer ground. [*Lysander exits.*]

Enter Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS *Lysander*, speak againe;

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head? 430

ROBIN, [*in Lysander's voice*]
Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe, 435
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

DEMETRIUS
Yea, art thou there?

ROBIN, [*in Lysander's voice*]
Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
They exit.

Enter Lysander.

LYSANDER
He goes before me, and still dares me on, 440
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day: 445
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius* and revenge this spite.
He lies down and sleeps.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

ROBIN, [*in Lysander's voice*]
Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

DEMETRIUS
Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place, 450
And dar'st not stand nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

ROBIN, [*in Lysander's voice*]
Come hither. I am here.

DEMETRIUS
Nay, then, thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this deare,
If ever I thy face by daylight see. 455
Now go thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By day's approach looke to be visited.
[He lies down and sleeps.]

Enter Helena.

HELENA

O weary night, O long and tedious night, 460
Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens* by daylight,
From these that my poore company detest;
And sleepe that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steale me awhile from mine owne company. 465

[She lies down and sleeps.]

ROBIN

Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes up foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poore females mad. 470

Enter Hermia.

HERMIA

Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbl'd with the dew and torne with briers,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day, 475
Heavens shield *Lysander* if they meane a fray.

[She lies down and sleeps.]

ROBIN

On the ground sleepe sound.
I'll apply to your eye gentle lover, remedy

*[Robin applies the nectar
to Lysander's eyes.]*

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former Lady's eye, 480
And the Country Proverb knowne,
That every man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be showne.
Jack shall have *Jill*; naught shall go[e] ill.
The man shall have his Mare again, and all shall be well.

He exits.

ACT 4

Scene 1

[*With the four lovers still asleep onstage,] enter
Titania, Queen of Fairies, and Bottom and Fairies,
and Oberon, the King, behind them*

TITANIA

Come, sit thee downe upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do[e] coy,
And sticke muskroses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM Where's *Peaseblossom*? 5

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.

BOTTOM Scratch my head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's
Monsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB Ready.

BOTTOM *Monsieur Cobweb*, good monsieur, get you 10
your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipped
humble-Bee on the top of a thistle; and good
Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. ~~Do[e] not fret~~
~~yourself too much in the action, Monsieur; and,~~
good *Monsieur*, have a care the honey bag break 15
~~not, I would be loath to have you overflowne with a~~
~~honey bag, signior. [*Cobweb exits*].~~ Where's *Monsieur*
Mustardseed?

~~MUSTARDSEED Ready.~~

~~BOTTOM Give me your neaf, Monsieur *Mustardseed*. 20~~
~~Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Monsieur.~~

MUSTARDSEED What's your will?

BOTTOM Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery 25
Cobweb to scratch. ~~I must to the Barber's~~
~~Monsieur, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about~~
~~the face. And I am such a tender asse, if my hair do~~
~~but tickle me, I must scratch.~~

TITANIA

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love.

BOTTOM I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's
have the tongs and the bones. 30

TITANIA
Or say sweete love, what thou desirest to eat.

~~BOTTOM Truly, a peck of Provender. I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinkes I have a great desire
to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweete hay, hath no
fellow.~~ 35

TITANIA
I have a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrel's hoard,
And fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM I had rather have a handful or two of dried
peas. But I pray you let none of your people stir
me, I have an exposition of sleepe come upon me. 40

TITANIA
Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honeysuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm. 45
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

OBERON
Welcome, good *Robin*.
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do[e] begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful foole, 50
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
~~For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls;~~ 55
~~Stood now within the pretty flouriets' eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.~~
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes begg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe, 60
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe, 65
From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine,
That he awaking when the other do[e],
May all to *Athens* back againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame. 70
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

[*He applies the nectar to her eyes.*]

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.*~~ 75
Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

TITANIA

My *Oberon*, what visions have I seene!
Methought I was enamor'd of an Asse.

OBERON

There lies your love.

TITANIA

How came these things to pass? 80
Oh, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

OBERON

Silence awhile. *Robin* take off this head:
~~*Titania*, music call, and strike more dead~~
~~Than common sleepe; of all these, five the sense.~~

TITANIA

~~Music, ho music, such as charmeth sleep~~ 85

ROBIN [*removing the ass-head from Bottom*]

Now when thou wak'st, with thine owne fool's eyes peepe.

OBERON

~~Sound music; come my Queen, take hands with me.~~ [*Music.*]
~~And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.~~ 90

[Titania and Oberon dance.]

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will tomorrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus*' house triumphantly,
~~And blesse it to all faire prosperity.~~
~~There shall the paires of faithful Lovers be~~ 95
~~Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.~~

ROBIN

Faire King attend, and marke.
I do[e] hear the morning Larke.

OBERON

Then my Queen in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade; 100
~~We the Globe can compasse soone,~~
~~Swifter than the wandering Moone.~~

TITANIA

Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found, 105
With these mortals on the ground.

Oberon, Robin, and Titania exit.

*Wind horns. Enter Theseus and
all his train ,Hippolyta, Egeus.*

THESEUS

Go[e] one of you, finde out the Forester,
For ~~now our observation is perform'd,~~
~~And~~ since we have the vaward of the day,
My Love shall hear the music of my hounds. 110
~~Uncouple in the Westerne valley, let them go[e];~~
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forester.
We will faire Queene, up to the mountain's top,
And marke the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction. 115

HIPPOLYTA

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once.
When in a wood of *Crete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region neare, 120
Seeme all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS

My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew, 125
~~Crook kneed, and dewlapp'd like *Thessalian* bulls,~~
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holloed to, nor cheered with horne,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*; 130
Judge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

EGEUS

My Lord, this is my daughter here asleepe,
And this *Lysander*; this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedar's Helena*, 135
I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS

No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speake, Egeus, Is not this the day 140
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS It is, my Lord.

THESEUS

Go[e] bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes.

*Wind horns and they wake.
Shouts within, they all start up.*

THESEUS

Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,
Begin these woodbirds but to couple now? 145
[*Demetrius, Helena, Hermia, and Lysander kneel.*]

LYSANDER

Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS

I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are Rival enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy, 150

To sleepe by hate, and fear no enmity.

LYSANDER

My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truly say how I came here.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake) 155

And now I do[e] bethinke me, so it is;

I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be

Without the peril of the *Athenian* Law.

EGEUS

Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough; 160

I beg the Law, the Law upon his head:

They would have stol'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You of your wife and me of my consent; 165

~~Of my consent, that she should be your wife.~~

DEMETRIUS

~~My Lord, faire Helen told me of their stealth,~~

~~Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,~~

~~And I in fury hither followed them;~~

~~Faire *Helena*, in fancy following me.~~ 170

But my good lord, I wot not by what power,

(But by some power it is) my love

To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,

Which in my childhood I did dote upon: 175

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw *Hermia*,

But like a sicknesse did I loathe this food, 180

But as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now do[e] I wish it, love it, long for it,

And will forevermore be true to it.

THESEUS

~~Fair Lovers, you are fortunately met;~~
~~Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.~~ 185

Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the Temple by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
~~And for the morning now is something worne,~~
~~Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.~~ 190
Away, with us to *Athens*; Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come *Hippolyta*.

*Theseus and his train,
including Hippolyta and Egeus, exit.*

DEMETRIUS
These things seeme small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountaines turned into clouds. 195

HERMIA
Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

HELENA
So methinks:
And I have found *Demetrius* like a jewel,
Mine owne and not mine owne. 200

DEMETRIUS
~~Are you sure~~
~~That we are awake?~~ It seems to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here and bid us follow him?

HERMIA
Yea, and my father. 205

HELENA
And *Hippolyta*.

LYSANDER
And he did bid us follow to the Temple.

DEMETRIUS
Why then we are awake; let's follow him,
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

Lovers exit.

BOTTOM, *waking up* When my cue comes, call me, 210
and I will answer. My next is, most fair *Pyramus*.
Hey-ho. *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the bellows-mender?
Snout the tinker? *Starveling*? God's my life! Stolen
hence, and left me asleep: I have had a most rare
vision. I had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say, 215
what dream it was. Man is but an Asse if he go[e] about
to expound this dreame. Methought I was, there
is no man can tell what. Methought I was and
methought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool if
he will offer to say, what methought I had. The eye of 220
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,
man's hand is not 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
dreame. It shall be called *Bottom's Dreame* because 225
it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the
latter end of a play, before the Duke. ~~Peradventure,~~
~~to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her~~
~~death.~~

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

QUINCE Have you sent to *Bottome'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 marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it? 5

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 handicraftman in *Athens*. 10

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 the joiner.

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. 15

FLUTE O sweet bully *Bottom*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; ~~he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day.~~ And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd. He would have deserv'd it. ~~Sixpence a day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.~~ 20

Enter Bottom.

BOTTOM Where are these lads? Where are these hearts? 25

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 everything right as it fell
out. 30

QUINCE Let us hear, sweet Bottome.

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, meete 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 *Thisbe* have clean
linen: and let not him that plays the Lion pare his
nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lion's clawes. 40
And most dear Actors, eate no Onions nor Garlic, for
we are to utter sweete breath, and I do[e] not doubt but
to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more
words: away, go away. 45

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and his Lords

HIPPOLYTA

'Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these lovers speak of.

THESEUS

More strange than true. I never may believe
These antic fables nor these Fairy toys,
Lovers and madmen have such seething braines,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend 5
More than coole 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 a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heaven to Earth, from Earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things 15
Unknown; the Poet's pen turns them to shapes,
And gives to aire 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. 20
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
Howe easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?~~

HIPPOLYTA

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 25
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And growes to something of great constancy;
But howsoever, strange and admirable.

*Enter Lovers: Lysander,
Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.*

THESEUS

Here come the lovers full of joy and mirth:
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts. 30

LYSANDER

More than to us,
Waite in your royal walks, your board, your bed.

THESEUS

Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have, 35
To weare away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bedtime?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre? 40
Call *Philostrate*.

PHILOSTRATE

Here mighty *Theseus*.

THESEUS

Say what abridgment have you for this evening?
What masque? What music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight? 45

PHILOSTRATE

There is a briefe how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highnesse will see first.

LYSANDER

The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch to the harpe.

THESEUS

We'll none of that. That have I told my Love 50
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

LYSANDER

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

THESEUS

That is an old device, and it was played
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror. 55

LYSANDER

~~The thrice-three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.~~

THESEUS

~~That is some satire keene and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.~~

LYSANDER

A tedious brief Scene of young *Pyramus*, 60
And his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth.

THESEUS

Merry and tragical? Tedious and briefe?
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, 65
Which is as briefe, as I have knowne 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* 70
Therein doth kill himself. Which when I saw
Rehears'd, I must confesse, made mine eyes water;
but more merry tears, the passion of loud laughter
Never shed.

THESEUS

What are they that do play it? 75

PHILOSTRATE

Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labor'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THESEUS

And we will hear it. 80

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~~ 85
~~To do[e] you service.~~

THESEUS

I will hear that play.
~~For never anything can be amiss~~
~~When simpleness and duty tender it.~~
Go[e] bring them in, and take your places, Ladies. 90

Philostrate exits.

HIPPOLYTA

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd;
And duty in his service perishing.

THESEUS

Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIPPOLYTA

He says, they can do[e] nothing in this kinde.

THESEUS

The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. 95
~~Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;~~
~~And what poore duty cannot do[e], noble respect~~
~~Takes it in might, not merit.~~
Where I have come, great Clerkes have purposed
To greeete me with premeditated welcomes; 100
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practic'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete, 105
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, 110
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

[Enter Philostrate.]

PHILOSTRATE [EGEUS]

So please your Grace, the Prologue is addressed.

THESEUS Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

PROLOGUE

If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke we come not to offend, 115
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 content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight, 120
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.

Prologue exits.

THESEUS This fellow doth not stand upon points. 125

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 this Prologue like
a child on a Recorder, a sound, but not in 130
government.

THESEUS His speech was like a tangled chain: nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter Pyramus (Bottom), and Thisbe (Flute), and
Wall (Snout), and Moonshine (Starveling),
and Lion (Snug), and Prologue (Quince).*

QUINCE, *as Prologue*

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine. 135
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisbe* is certaine.
This man, with lime and roughcast doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers sunder; 140
And through wall's chink (poor soules), they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moonshine. For if you will know, 145
By moonshine did these Lovers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninus*' tombe, there, there to wooe:
This grisly beast (which "Lion" hight by name)
The trusty *Thisbe*, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright: 150
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did staine.
 Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,
 And findes his trusty *Thisbe's* Mantle slaine;
 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, 155
 He bravely broach'd 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* twaine,
 At large discourse, while here they do remaine. 160

THESEUS I wonder if the lion be to speake.

DEMETRIUS No wonder, my Lord: one lion may when
 many Asses do[e].

Lion, Thisbe, Moonshine, and Prologue exit.

SNOUT, *as Wall*

In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
 That I, one Snout (by name) present a wall: 165
 And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
 That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
 Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*
 Did whisper often, very secretly.
~~This loame, this roughcast, and this stone doth show,~~ 170
~~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? 175

DEMETRIUS It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard
 discourse, my Lord.

THESEUS *Pyramus* draws near the Wall, silence.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

O grim-look'd night, o night with hue so blacke,
 O night, which ever art, when day is not: 180
 O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke
 I feare my *Thisbe's* promise is forgot.
 And thou o wall, o sweet and O lovely wall,
 That stands between her father's ground and mine, 185
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 Show me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eyne.
 Thanks courteous wall. *Jove* shield thee well for this. 190
 But what see I? No *Thisbe* do[e] I see.
 O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving mee.

THESEUS The wall methinks being sensible, should
 curse againe. 195

BOTTOM No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving
 me is Thisbe's cue*; she is to enter, 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 (Flute).

FLUTE, *as Thisbe* 200
 O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 For parting my faire *Pyramus* and me.
 My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones';
 Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 I see a voice; now will I to the chinke
 To spy and I can heare my *Thisbe's* face. 205
Thisbe?

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
 My love, thou art, my love I thinke.

~~BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lover's grace,
 And like *Limander* am I trusty still.~~

~~FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
 And I like Helen till the Fates me kill.~~ 210

~~BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.~~

~~FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
 As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.~~

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
 I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus* 215
 Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straightway?

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

Bottom and Flute exit.

SNOUT, *as Wall*
Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *He exits.*

THESEUS Now is the wall down between the two
neighbors. 220

DEMETRIUS No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
willful to hear without warning.

HIPPOLYTA This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THESEUS The best in this kind are but shadowes, and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
them. 225

HIPPOLYTA It must be your imagination then, and not
theirs.

THESEUS If wee imagine no worse of them than they of
themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here
come two noble beasts, in a man and a lion. 230

Enter Lion (Snug) and Moonshine (Starveling).

SNUG, *as Lion*
You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble here, 235
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, as *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 of my life. 240

THESEUS A very gentle beast, and 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 valor.~~ 245

~~THESEUS True, and a Goose for his discretion.~~

~~DEMETRIUS Not so my lord: for his valor cannot carry
his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.~~

THESEUS His discretion I am sure cannot carry his
valor, for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well;
leave it to his discretion, and let us harken to the
Moone. 250

STARVELING, *as Moonshine*
This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

~~DEMETRIUS He should have worn the hornes on his
head.~~ 255

~~THESEUS Hee is no crescent, and his horns are invisible
within the circumference.~~

STARVELING, *as Moonshine*
This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present:
Myself, the man i' th' Moon do seeme to be.

THESEUS This is the greatest error of all the rest; the
man should be put into the Lanthorn. How is it else
the man i' th' moon? 260

DEMETRIUS He dares not come there for the candle,
for you see, it is already in snuff.

~~HIPPOLYTA I am weary of this Moon; would he would
change.~~ 265

~~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. 270

STARVELING, *as Moonshine* All that I have to say is to tell
you that the Lanthorn is the Moone; I the man i' th'
Moone; this thornbush, my thornbush; and this dog,
my dog.

DEMETRIUS Why, all these should be in the Lanthorne: 275
for all these are in the Moone. But silence, here
comes *Thisbe*.

Enter Thisbe (Flute).

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
This is old *Ninny's* tombe: where is my love?

SNUG, *as Lion* Oh.

*The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off,
dropping her mantle.*

DEMETRIUS Well roar'd Lion. 280

THESEUS Well run *Thisbe*.

HIPPOLYTA Well shone Moone. Truly, the Moone shines
with a good grace.

Lion worries the mantle.

THESEUS Well mous'd, Lion.

Enter Pyramus (Bottom).

DEMETRIUS And then came *Pyramus*. 285
Lion exits.

LYSANDER And so the lion vanish'd.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thank thee Moon, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering [~~beames~~] gleams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* sight. 290
But stay: O spite! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see! How can it be! 295
O dainty Ducke: O dear!

Thy mantle good; what stain'd with blood!
 Approach, you Furies fell:
 O Fates, come, come: Cut thread and thrum, 300
 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. 305

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 O wherefore Nature, didst thou Lions frame?
 Since lion wilde hath here deflower'd my deare;
 Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame
 That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere? 310
 Come tearse, confound: Out sword, and wound
 The pap of *Pyramus*:
 Ay, that left pap, Where heart doth hop. 315
 Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
 Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,
 Tongue lose thy light, Moone, take thy flight, 320
 Now die, die, die, die, die.

DEMETRIUS No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but
 one.

LYSANDER Lesse than an ace man. For he is dead, he is 325
 nothing.

THESEUS With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet
 recover, and prove an Asse.

HIPPOLYTA How chance Moonshine is gone before?
 Thisbe comes backe and finds her lover. 330

Enter Thisbe (Flute).

THESEUS She will find him by starlight.
 Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

HIPPOLYTA Methinks she should not use a long one for
 such a *Pyramus*. I hope she will be brief.

DEMETRIUS ~~A mote will turne the balance, which *Pyramus*,~~ 335
~~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*— 340

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
 Asleep, my love? What, dead, my dove?
 O Pyramus, arise:
 Speake, Speake. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tombe 345
 Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 These Lily Lips, this cherry nose,
 These yellow Cowslip cheekes
 Are gone, are gone: Lovers, make moan: 350
 His eyes were greene as leekes.
~~O Sisters Three, come, come to mee~~
~~With hands as pale as Milke.~~ 355
~~Lay them in gore, since you have shore~~
~~With sheares, his thread of silke.~~
 Tongue, not a word: Come trusty sword: 360
 Come blade, my breast imbrue:
 And farewell friends, thus Thisbe ends;
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

THESEUS Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the 365
 dead.

DEMETRIUS Ay, and Wall too.

BOTTOM No, I assure you, the wall is downe that
 parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the
 Epilogue or to heare a Bergomask dance, between 370
 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 need none to be blam'd. Marry, if
 hee that writ it had play'd *Pyramus* and hung 375
 himself in *Thisbe's* garter, it would have been a fine
 Tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd.
 But come, your Bergomask; let your
 Epilogue alone.

[Dance, and the players exit.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. 380
 Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
~~I feare we shall outsleepe the coming morne,~~
~~As much as we this night have overwatch'd.~~
 This palpable-grosse play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends to bed. 385

A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly Revels; and new jollity.

They exit.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

ROBIN

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the Wolfe behowls the Moone,
Whilst the heavy plowman snores, 390
All with weary taske fordone.
Now the wasted brands do[e] glow,
Whilst the screech-owle, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud. 395
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, 400
By the triple *Hecate*'s teame,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darknesse like a dreame,
Now are frolic; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallow'd house. 405
I am sent with broome before,
To sweepe the dust behinde the doore.

*Enter Oberon and Titania, King and Queen of Fairies,
with all their train.*

OBERON

Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every Elf and Fairy sprite, 410
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. 415
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song. [Oberon leads the Fairies in song and dance.]

[OBERON]

~~Now until the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.~~

~~To the best Bride bed will we,~~ 420
~~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:~~ 425
~~And the blots of Nature's hand,~~
~~Shall not in their issue stand.~~
~~Never mole, harelip, nor scar,~~
~~Nor marke prodigious, such as are~~
~~Despised in nativity,~~ 430
~~Shall upon their children be.~~
~~With this field dew consecrate,~~
~~Every Fairy take his gait,~~
~~And each several chamber blesse,~~
~~Through this palace, with sweet peace,~~ 435
~~Ever shall in safety rest,~~
~~And the owner of it blest.~~
 Trip away; make no stay;
 Meet me all by breake of day.

ROBIN

If we shadowes have offended, 440
 Thinke but this (and all is mended)
 That you have but slumbered here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weake and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dreame, 445
 Gentles, do[e] not reprehend.
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
 If we have unearned lucke,
 Now to 'scape the Serpent's tongue, 450
 We will make amends ere long:
 Else the *Pucke* a liar call.
 So good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And *Robin* shall restore amends. 455